



SIEBENQUELL

How stories work ~ »and Hannah smiles!«



QUELLE: REINHOLD STECHER- KALENDER 2018

Recently I heard a story – it slowly entered into me in the form of song and I could not resist its pull. The singer took me along to the porch of his vacation home to which he had retreated in order to work on a manuscript. Then he hears voices from next door that ring through the hedge to him. He distinguishes between three persons and is swiftly fascinated by the youngest voice. It has the ring of a great deal of fine humour and, above all, he is enthused by its laughter. He already had perceived the name attached to the voice and so he quietly sings to himself: »The sun rises when Hannah laughs. When Hannah laughs! When Hannah laughs!«

On the next day, his attention seems to be more focused on the life next door than on his work. There is a liveliness there, guests come, the table is set, and always this laughter! He thinks to himself, that is must be joyous personalities given by life. And now he starts to ponder where such a laughter comes from - yoga, comedy, jokes? No, none of that can be the reason, yet whatever causes that laughter, he wants it as well.

Then the final day of vacation dawns and he goes to a sea bridge in order to take leave of his beloved island. He sits on a bench, relishes the sun of late summer, the play of the clouds and flight of the seagulls. And then?

»Still a few kindred spirits on the bench next to me,
a young woman tightly wrapped in a blanket
with sunglasses, like a black visor,
the familiar voice from the other side of the hedge.
She holds her face toward the bright sun,
frozen, motionless, she does not see it.
The two at her side brought her.
Hannah?
She senses the breeze that fans through her hair-
and Hannah smiles.« *

After listening to this song by Reinhard Mey, I was gripped and ashamed at the time. For I know this experience: I perceive things, develop an image, make my judgements and am so certain of myself!

However, sometimes our eyes are opened for reality as it is, long hidden to us. It is totally different and reveals a deep truth of which we had no inkling and which opens a new world to us. In Hebrew, the word »glorious« means both beauty and weight, indeed, heaviness. In this sense the newly perceived reality is in the truest sense of the word »glorious«.

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* Reinhard Mey: »Und Hannah lacht«