



SIEBENQUELL

»Life circulates within us, that God gave us«



Do you know that feeling when suddenly something comes together that you had no idea about before?

When the beauty of creation opens up before you like a work of art by an old master?

In these moments, the earth reveals itself as pure, good and beautiful, without losing its immensity. It is as if someone is putting the old order back into my heart and at the same time I am already in it. Moments in which we find ourselves in harmony with creation, because it gets lost so quickly in the noise of the world. I think these moments are called happiness and I was able to draw countless amounts of this happiness in the past week.

Slowly we arrived on an unknown island on the Baltic Sea. Along with the usual luggage, we had also brought our own everyday worries, but whom would we be if we had not also brought the worries and hardships of our time? I wanted to leave all this on the mainland, for a short time, but who succeeds in doing this completely?

We wanted to breathe a sigh of relief, to rest, to hold out our souls to the sky, to the sea, to leave everything that paralyses us, makes us small and darkens our world to the wind and surrender to the tides. We also brought with us our great joy and gratitude, for our lives have much that is good. This journey was a great gift to us. We shared the joy even now and called it happiness. A quiet, joyful equilibrium set in, as in the old familiar way, a rhythm for the body and a home for the soul was found, amazingly quickly.

We let ourselves be immersed in the pure, simple beauty of nature, which revealed itself to us every day in new images of creation.

Every morning was like a new beginning for me and we let ourselves drift gently. It was wondrously simple and good. How good it was not to be alone! But there are not many with whom I can share this.

I felt as if I were looking at everything with the eyes of a lover of life and at the same time I was in the middle of it, not detached from it all. I was wide awake and literally soaking it up with all my senses:

The rolling hills, the golden wheat fields, forests that lined the paths like cathedrals, dunes, sand, the glorious song of birds, seagulls circling, scents of elder and lime blossom;

moreover, the sea with its magnificent expanse, power of surging waves and sometimes gentle touching equanimity. The colours of blue, grey, green and golden glitter. It was always there.

The wind that moves everything, sometimes with power, sometimes quietly;

the sun that brings everything into the light so that the colours emerge. How, in the evening, the sun seemingly touches the sea to sink into it, only to rise again in the morning.

A sky spread over us, so blue, then so colourful, as if by an artist's hand, light and dark, sometimes full of defiant clouds or just a delicate white veil.

Every evening, touched and moved by the radiant light of the longest days, we embedded our thanks and our request for blessings.

The images are so close to our souls.

I want to hold, preserve and protect this happiness, may it remain, as long as possible! But how can this be done? No one can do it alone.

Who does not want to be interwoven with this elemental force of creation?

Life circulates within us,
that God gave us,
revolves as the dying and becoming
of this earth.

Fields shine serenely,
dark stand the forests:
Without them there can be no life
for us.

Birds in the heights,
fish in the lakes:
Without them there can be no life
for us.

God's creatures
fill hills and fields:
Without them there can be no life
for us.

Beautiful in the dying and becoming
Mother Earth revolves,
Bearing what she has been given,
God's life.

(In 1985 Kurt Marti received a request from the German hymnbook committees to create an "ecological hymn". The result is a remarkable and extraordinary modern hymn. The melody by Friedemann Gottschick takes up the theme in an ingenious form.)

Sylvia Ditt
Koblenz, June 30th, 2022