



SIEBENQUELL

She stood at the window



She stood at the window, poised for morning prayer. After dark days, today it was bright and clear, the sky was already radiant in blue and her daily prayer was forming in her:

I arise today

In the name of Silence
Womb of the Word,
In the name of Stillness
Home of Belonging,
In the name of the Solitude
Of the Soul and the Earth.

I arise today

Blessed by all things,
Wings of breath,
Delight of eyes,
Wonder of whisper,
Intimacy of touch,
Eternity of soul,
Urgency of thought,
Miracle of health,
Embrace of God.

May I live this day

Compassionate of heart,
Clear in word,
Gracious in awareness,
Courageous in thought,
Generous in love. *

Then she prayed according to old tradition: »O God, come to my assistance!« and wove her most personal intentions into her prayer: for her mother, who was old and sick, for her grandson, who could not find his place in life, and for many others. When she had prayed for protection and blessing for everyone and had come to the end, her gaze went out the open window again: a small white cloud was in the sky, compact yet light and fibrous at the edges. As she stood there, she noticed that the wind was gently moving the cloud, making it more and more transparent and light. And before it disappeared from the woman's field of vision, it had dissipated completely, leaving only the blue of the sky.

It was like an image of the burdens on her soul, which became lighter and lighter, the more trustingly and - yes, also more radically - she could hand them over to God. This is how it can look, she thought to herself, this is the only way.

And the comfort and strength of this image carried her through the whole day.

»On the day I called, you answered me; my strength of soul you increased. For though the Lord is high, he regards the lowly, but the haughty he knows from afar.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, you preserve my life; you stretch out your hand against the wrath of my enemies, and your right hand delivers me.

The Lord will fulfill his purpose for me; your steadfast love, O Lord, endures forever. Do not forsake the work of your hands!« (from Psalm 138)

* John O'Donohue

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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