



SIEBENQUELL

Hear



almost lost the thread

I feel alone

and scour heaven

I find no peace

no word to you

that fits

what, how and whom shall I tell
into this world
unexpectedly my grandchild asks me
Grandma, can you pray

old words come to mind:

»These words, which have been entrusted to you, here and now, imprint them on your heart,
keep them deep within your innermost soul, teach them to your children, repeat them,
here and on the way, wherever you are, when you go to sleep and when you get up,
these words entrusted to you.

Bind them as a sign on your hand, wear them as a cord around your forehead,
as a remembrance close to your eyes, and carve them on the jambs of thy door,
write them on the palm of thy hand, that the days of thy life may increase,
and those of your sons and daughters, that you may flourish and not wither,

Trees by the wellspring

Hear, Israel« *

* Deuteronomium 6, 6-9 according to Huub Oosterhuis

Sylvia Ditt

Vallendar, September 2nd, 2021