



SIEBENQUELL

»A good story is always a journey.«
10 Years of Siebenquell

Remembrance keeps alive



Our first Siebenquell trip took us with a group to Dublin. On the very first day there, we made a discovery that I recorded in the sixth impulse of our story. At that time, I started like this:

»Remembering keeps us alive as to who was and what was. Remembering is as much a part of consciously living life as the vision that gives us the power to shape the future.

To remember means to nourish one's roots. It is like the work of a gardener who loosens and fertilises the soil, who cuts out what is lifeless or rotting, who nurtures plants in their own way and neediness, so that they blossom and bear fruit.«

Our Siebenquell journey, like all journeys in our minds and hearts, began much earlier and I am amazed at what I discover when I go back to those roots. I see my journey through and with bibliodrama that led me to the Spiritual Centre in Vallendar. The first encounter with Erik, the »Canadian« as many said at the time, happened at a bibliodrama weekend in Advent 2005 on Isaiah 9: »The people who dwell in darkness have seen a great light«. Then memories emerge of »WortWeise« evenings where Erik's love of stories fascinated me - Oscar Wilde's »Happy Prince«, Jean Giono's »The Man Who Planted Trees«, Mark Twain's humorous reflections on language and so many more.

A strong root strand that I see clearly in front of me concerns the evening lectures on Narrative Theology. My oldest memory is of one of the many wisdoms of the Celts when they talk about the need to fill a "pond" within oneself. Various and regularly we should fill it with treasures that we encounter: stories, poems, images from nature, from art, music. Today, more than 16 years later, I realise how much this concern goes along with our Siebenquell journey. Yes, when I look around and listen, it seems to me that this concern is more important than ever. What is available to me from my inner pond determines how I tell stories, which images I can use for what I am experiencing or what is going on inside me. The poverty of speech of many people, their inability to tell stories, is a direct consequence of the empty pond. If I feed myself only cheap food, the soul finds nothing to express itself. The inner life begins to wither and threatens to die. Our Sienquell work wants to prevent exactly this. We always strive not to let our inner pond dry up, but to fill it and also to offer all those who are travelling with us a variety of things with which they can also keep their inner life alive and expand it. And so it is not surprising that they and all of us love to exchange, share treasures and give each other insights into what is going on inside us. We find words, can understand metaphors, dare to tell. So erinnere ich mich heute sehr lebendig an den Vortrag über die Bedeutung des Teichs. Ich erkenne, wie wirksam dieser Gedanke in all unserer Arbeit ist – oft unbewusst und unausgesprochen, aber präsent und ich freue mich, dass jeder Schritt auf unserer Reise neue Erinnerungen schafft.

A visit to a garden in Dublin in May 2013 had triggered my reflection on the life-giving power of memory and perhaps it will do you good to read the whole impulse again in our jubilee year:

»Years ago, the Garden of Remembrance was created in the middle of Dublin, **a small park with a lowered water basin in the shape of a cross** and a large sculpture at the front of the »Children of Lir« from an old Irish legend, as a symbol of death and resurrection.

Since 1966, this garden has commemorated all those people who were courageous fighters for liberation in the sorrowful history of the oppression of the Irish people: Men with visions, remembering the dignity of humanity, which they can only live in freedom.

If a pedestrian passes by here in the evening, he cannot enter: a blue metal gate with a large cross blocks the entrance. In typical Celtic fashion, it is decorated with circles. The circle is the sign of completion, it symbolises unity and shows that everything is held together.

Every morning the gate is opened - and in the process the cross opens! The reminder of Jesus' death opens the way into this garden, where the memory of darkness, of suffering, sacrifice and death is kept alive, where at the same time the engine of life, the visions of all these people, lives on. The garden tells of suffering and salvation, of darkness and light.

The morning visitor walks through it attentively and feels his own life enveloped, which carries light and dark within it and in which cross and resurrection always happen.

And he feels a hint of an inkling of God, our perfecter.«

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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