



SIEBENQUELL

Awakening to Myself



Oh, how happy I am to finally be able to talk, especially now that I am getting on in years! Why couldn't I do it for so long?! When I spoke, I usually looked down. Who really wanted to hear me!

Now, however, let me tell you a little bit:

I was the eternally longed for son of my parents, who had grown old. My father was a mighty figure, powerful even in his old age; he skillfully looked after us and everything that belonged to us. I looked up to him, he did everything well and right. Once, however, I became terribly afraid of him - I didn't understand him, not at all - but I cannot talk about that, never!

You know, we are nomads. Our importance grows with the size of our herds, but the challenges grow as well. The more animals, the more grazing land, the more water is needed. There are always conflicts - we are not the only ones on move! My father always managed to do all this well. I am his heir and since he has gone to his ancestors, I have tried to walk in his footsteps, in his intention.

I remained with all my possessions where I knew my way around and I managed my inheritance well. After all, I had learned from my father to deal with nature; I knew where the wells were and I knew the people. My father had mastered many problems and conflicts - so would I. So, what do you think? I even managed to gain arable land, the seeds came up and so I was able to enlarge the herds. »Wealthy« was what they called me, but increasingly with an envious undertone - as if I had not noticed! Finally it was said to my face: » Go away from us; for you have grown far too powerful for us! «

They treated my poorly: they had filled up all the wells that my father had found and dug up and which were so familiar to me. So I dug them up again with my servants, gave them the old names so that we could orientate ourselves again. In this way, they would remain in the maps of our memory. However - it was tiring. I felt small. My servants searched the valley for more springs, but every time they found fresh water, there were quarrels and arguments with the shepherds in the area. It wore me down. I did everything to be a good and successful successor of my father. Why was I not respected? I had the feeling that I was going in circles and had less and less air to breathe. Deeply buried memories came to the surface. As a child I had felt this in a similar fashion, tied up and filled with a fear that made me mute. At that time, heaven had freed me - and now? I looked down at myself, I straightened up, I looked over this so familiar valley. » I am a man, not a child « With a strong voice I called my people together and ordered them to prepare everything for departure. » We are leaving this valley«, I told them. »We will seek new grazing pastures. « I saw relief on their faces, they looked into my eyes and I could look them in the eye. Soon we set out.

Now I stand here in a spacious land. We have found water and I personally gave this well a fitting name: »Breadth«. I can breathe again and I sense confidence in myself again. Even more: I believe that for the first time I am really aware of myself, no longer as a child, no, as a man! And I think to myself: » Now the LORD has given us wide spaces and we have become fruitful in the land. « At last.

Oh father, did you not once set out from all that was familiar to you? From your country, from your kindred, from your father's house? You left everything far behind you. Now I have finally taken my first step into the wide world. May he - may I - be blessed!

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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