



SIEBENQUELL

» A good story is always a journey.«

10 Years of Siebenquell

An unexpected Journey- Never without Companions



SOURCE: KLAUS RÖSEL

I am telling you this story because two storytellers have infected us to listen to all of God's stories, in me, in each other, in creation and in all of scripture. We have heard so many different stories in the last 10 years, many emotions have been awakened and many »aha« - experiences have been possible. Sparks were lit, warm words gave comfort, the biblical stories became accessible as well as seven wellsprings that make life and growth possible. In the midst of everyday life. Life and salvation. In abundance. And for all. Simple.

A simple place in Israel and in Vallendar: seven wellsprings and grass, some bread and some fish. And it is enough. We do not simply assume that others will accept our weakness. Generally, we also rarely assume that the Spirit of God will take care of our weakness. If we honestly look at our prayer life, we would have to ask critical questions. Do we show ourselves to God as we are? Do we dare to express what is inside us, our questions, insecurities, fears, doubts? Do we not wear masks before God?

By now we know why they do this for us and who better to describe it than the father of narrative theology John Shea:

*These are some of the stories that have been told to me.
But if all the forests that ever were cut down
and all the wood of those forests were turned to paper
and all the quills that ever were
dipped into all the ink that ever was
and those quills put into the hands of all the scribes that ever wrote:
even then not all that Jesus did and said
while he lived among us in the flesh could be recorded.
But I tell you these things so that we may have life.
I never saw him. I never heard him. I never touched him.
But there were those who did. And they told others, who told others, who told others still,
who eventually told me.
And now, in my turn, I tell you
so that you, too, can tell others.
And so, you see, there will never be an end to it. John Shea*

Yes, there will never be an end to it.

Thank you that the two storytellers tell the stories with and for us, because this way there will never be an end. We are grateful and very happy to have travelled 56000 km to the Wellspring Days, 4928 km to the Hearth Fire, to have listened to 30 podcasts in the Shea course, to have been graced with 51 reflections in Advent, 367 reflections in »May you be sheltered« and 247 reflections on the website of Siebenquell. A truly great gift - so that we might live.

»We are blessed!«

Three women were allowed to sit on a bench and it has taken on meaning not only for these women, it is significant for the storyteller because it is the bench of the guild. The place where stories stretch the soul and the gift of storytelling unfolds.

I would like to tell another story of the one who is often referred to as the doubter, or worse the unbeliever, but who is a faithful friend to me.

Many know this story, but the people of Siebenquell know the pearl of this story. One of the 12 was not in the room when Jesus, after the resurrection, came through closed doors, to his own and breathed peace into them and even came back again a week later because people need more than one chance. My friend was along them, even though he said before, »Unless I see the mark of the nails in his hands, and put my finger in the mark of the nails and my hand in his side, I will not believe.«

I know this well. Because when the stories of God are distant from my life, I cannot relate to them, my faith was sometimes full of doubts, and one or two sermons and interpretations fed my doubts rather than my faith.

For my friend, in the room of the closed door, the greatest joy of reunion arose; the relationship with his beloved friend was restored. Jesus takes him, the others and me into his vulnerability and so the relationship can unfold repeatedly, including my relationship with him.

Two set out 10 years ago and opened a space with seven wellsprings. They interwove and weave the stories of God with the stories of us human beings, of me, and of many others. Gradually my doubts, my insecurities, my fears took on meaning. Questions were questions, not statements, and these two were interested in the questions.

In addition, like the disciples of the resurrection, I discovered more deeply, more freely and more broadly my faith, my heart's desire and my relationship with Jesus of Nazareth. From the beginning, the word "take the stories seriously" accompanied me. Sometimes it was easy to take the story seriously and other times it was exhausting, tedious, but what a joy it was and is for me when I discover the pearl of the story. The two of them show me the way to find it.

So Siebenquell became a home for my soul. We have been going to this well for 10 years and I have the impression that it is inexhaustible. Here I once again discover the connection to my friend in the room of the closed doors. He too rediscovered his source and I can imagine that it also became inexhaustible for him.

The biblical stories are increasingly gaining the power to touch and move me, as I love to share them with others. In the telling, my heart's voice has not only been awakened, it has been strengthened and my inspiration is flowing more and more. For that, I am infinitely grateful. Siebenquell and narrative theology became and is for me an inexhaustible well from which I draw and draw.

For 10 years these two storytellers have been my guides, no, I would like to say my companions, I love that word, and the two of them never tire of stretching my heart. That is what companions do! For that, I thank the two weavers of tales.

I would like to end with a blessing that Josefa wrote for these two narrators a few years ago and which sums up for me everything I wish for them today:

Your stories are a blessing,
salubrious your tales.
The touch my hungry soul
and nourish it with precious words
like the fare of milk and honey.

Your stories flow into daily life,
In order to reside there for all days,
gently to touch and to work,
so that experiences and feelings

form themselves into words.

May your stories touch innumerable hearts
and set people into motion,
whose yearning is as deep as the wellsprings,
from which living waters flow.

May your stories ripple forth,
Always new and without number,
like the stone which falls into the water
and sends out waves, one after the other.

May you, like the bright rainbows in the clouds,
Touching heaven and earth,
make the eyes of people to shine.
And may your hearts burn,
burn like the arsonist of the heart.

Dear Companions, thank you for the seat on the bench and I will gladly continue to tell the stories
with you and for you so that we may have life.

Sr. Andrea Pütz op
Datteln, October 5th, 2023