



SIEBENQUELL

» A good story is always a journey.«

10 Years of Siebenquell

**»Come, we will find a
treasure«**



In the beginning was the Word,
and the Word was with God,
and the Word was God.

He was in the beginning with God.

All things came into being through the Word,
and without the Word not one thing came into being.

What has come into being in him was life,
and the life was the light of all people.

(John 1, 1-4)

I never thought I would be able to give my love of the Word a name. Maybe I was not so much looking, but rather found something. Looking back on the past 10 years of Siebenquell, I cannot remember exactly when it started for me. Sometimes it seems to me as if it were considerably more than 10 years, and other times I feel like I've only been on the path for a short time. Who has not experienced that?

The significance of being on the path, of having accepted the invitation, continually captivates me. A mixture of curiosity and the question: What is behind all this?

The deep longing for love, security, solidarity and a hope against all hope.

The basic thought of my soul: We are all entrusted to each other and the questions:

How does life follow Him? What serves life? How does light come into the world?

What always seems important to me to consider: not for me alone and not contrived.

It must have its seat in the midst of life and be authentic.

At the same time, it is an act that is woven into an all-encompassing mystery.

I often thought this was a contradiction, too much of an ambivalence.

But little by little, through the stories and all the work on the path with Rosemarie and Erik, a new dimension opened up to me.

We are all born into these tensions. There is an interconnectedness, but I have not yet recognised it. A line from a song by Hermann van Veen comes to mind: »Everything matters, even what does not matter to me, matters«. It has to be interpreted and filled with life.

I learned to live what is inside me. But slowly, step by step. Helpful and significant questions were and are: How do you know this? What do you do with it?

Oh, it took me a long time to understand these questions and to take them seriously.

It was often very challenging and also painful to face my reality.

But I found a richness in myself that would probably have remained hidden.

The stories pervade my life, there is nothing that remains meaningless. Whether in playing with my grandchildren, in my everyday work, in my encounters with people or in immersing myself in the biblical stories, many things show me how interwoven they are.

Everything carries something of the great treasure, the mystery, the stories of the Creator.

It was and is up to me to be attentive, to take the stories seriously and to interpret them. In this way, many things came to light and new stories were born.

It is still a great voyage of discovery that brings to mind images: Of green, rolling hills, rugged rocky edges, dark forests, roaring seas, gentle mountain lakes and seemingly impassable stretches of road. In the midst of it all, we humans and our stories. My attentiveness and love grew: for writing, for words, poetry, music, literature, the relationships between all living things and also for myself. I began to wrestle with being human, with society, with apparent ideals. Everything that I previously thought I had to separate according to old custom, for example: spirituality and everyday life, I surrendered to my deep conviction of interconnectedness. I trusted myself and my counterpart. My trust was returned very graciously, even given as a gift! In the process, I questioned many things and it was and is very helpful not to be without masterful companions and companions on the way. It is often as if I have found something along the way, like a journey, that makes me search. Like a voice whose sound reaches my ears, a touch that opens my eyes and a heart that slowly warms. My question is and remains: Do I accept the invitation, in defiance of all custom? The invitation is extended, at all times, and I can tell you, the treasures of memory of the past 10 years with Siebenquell have an effect even in the deepest crises of life, but I will tell you about that another time.

What has certainly not gone unnoticed by you, dear readers, is my love of poetry. There, too, I was given space and opportunity to let it become visible. My poems reflect the ambivalence of life, are often somewhat unwieldy and taciturn. I cannot explain this, but perhaps I can give some idea of it: I try to order, to compress and want to find, even if only one word, which comforts and liberates....

Life after Him

I found in myself
on a long wandering
an imprint
an imprint
like one of the seven seals

it was as familiar as it was foreign

told old things as new

for my ear?
for my eyes?
for my soul?
for my heart?

i wanted to know that I was safe in her

but this was not enough
it invited me
against all habit
to embark
into the old barge
to discover new land

Storms on the high seas
could caress them
they entrusted me with unspeakable depths
and helped me to salvage treasures

slowly, what I thought would protect me,
withdrew from me

and my nakedness they covered gently
so that I would not freeze in the cold of the world

they showed me
dignity, gift and mission
Life from person to person

can you hear me?
can you see me?
who can free their soul on their own?
who stills hunger and thirst?
do you know of this?

du you wish to find?
would you then come along and seek?

against all hunger, all thirst, all cold?

to find a home and to be on the way
to be on the way
and no one alone

Sylvia Ditt

Vallendar, November 2, 2023