



SIEBENQUELL

From the inside to the outside: To be Hopeful



Throughout our Wellspring Days in the first half of the year, the thought is woven what we should befriend the rhythm of life and increasingly practice letting life flow from the inside to the outside.

Thus, I was repeatedly occupied in the past weeks with the origin and the beginning of every life. Every birth brings life from the inside to the outside. Every birth brings the life of God, holy life, into the world. In every conception a new creative beginning is set: a child starts to develop, an idea takes on form, a process begins to mature. In the end, it must be born, brought into the world!

»The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; therefore the child to be born will be called holy—the Son of God.« (Lk 1, 35) We honour and highly esteem what the angel said to Mary, but it also applies to us and all that we »bear«: The new life comes from God and is holy. It flows out of us, yet its origins lay deeper: »For with you is the fountain of life« (Ps 36)

Everything that we know and reverently accompany during the way of a human child into life - to conceive, to be pregnant, to give birth, and then to turn to the newborn with joy and care- all this also applies to every life which God plants within us. It can be the first idea for a painting, a melody that lives in me and grows, an inspiration to fashion life anew, an intuition in dealing with a relationship, or an intuition in how to deal with myself. Something new starts to live within me. It is possible,

that has long been desired, but sometime it comes as a total surprise and sometimes it seems foreign, irritating, and even frightening. Yet, it is there. It lives within us and we begin to be pregnant with it. This new life only has a chance if we let it grow and if we bear it, if we protect and nourish it. It is allowed to mature until it is ready, under struggles and labour, to be born into the world. Then, when the new life, which until now has been growing unseen, is visible and tangible, we often speak of wonder. We marvel and share our joy with one another and we accompany it with care and safe-keeping, until it can live on its own.

All these thoughts are at work in me. They reconnected me with my own experiences of becoming a mother. They opened me to the inner processes which the composer Arvo Pärt underwent until »his« music found its ways into the world.

Then I encountered a text from Karl Rahner, which immediately captivated me. It speaks of how Christian hope only blesses us when we existentially engage with the incomprehensible God and accept him silently and unconditionally, »in the hushing of our claims«. I read on, I read it more than once, and against the background of that on which I was just working, I was filled with a new image of conception, bearing and giving birth:

**When a spark of an inkling falls into us, as to how God is, who he is,
and this awakens a hope in us,
beyond our small, needy hopes,
then we should nurture it, bear it, contemplate it silently, and let it grow.
Then a hope will be born and light come into the world that carries unto eternity.**

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