



SIEBENQUELL

Two Gardeners



SOURCE: JOSEF GRABNER©UNSPLASH

As is generally known, in the back, somewhat hidden, part of the garden of the resurrection lays a large round stone. Two gardeners sat silently on it, happy to keep one another company.

The older one chewed thoughtfully on a fig, while the younger one made a somewhat dreamy impression. The older gardener then noticed small, glistening pearls of water in the beard of his colleague.

“You have dew drops in your beard”, he said.

“Those are tears”, answered the younger man with a smile as warm as a sunrise early in the morning after a long night.

The older gardener nodded. “I saw her, the weeping woman. She confused the two of us.”

“She had tears on her eyes”, said the younger man and immediately tears of emotion sprang into his own eyes. “She sought me with all the strength she had within her. It is something extraordinary, something divine, to be sought like that, as the one, whom her soul loved.” A quiet sigh escaped his lips, as tender and fragile as the first spring blossoms of the garden. In the ears of the older gardener, it sounded like a Hallelujah.

“I encountered you one before, a little over a year ago. I was actually only curious and wanted to find out for myself who you are after all the hearsay. Your words deeply disturbed me.”

The younger man looked at him and asked, “What did I speak about back then?”

“About a gardener who wanted to give a fig tree a chance. I was already doing this job for years, but after hearing your story, I wanted to be a gardener like that.”

The younger man smiled. “Yes, indeed. I am glad to hear it. Did you succeed?”

„Not far from here I found a withered fig tree. The people tell me that it was cursed. But I raised it back to life.” He then reached into his traveller’s bag and pulled out a piece of fruit and offered it to the younger man. “Would you like a fig?”

With the fig in his hand, the young gardener asked, „Was all the toil and effort worth it?”

“Definitely! “ And after it was said, a sigh of relief passed his lips and in the ears of the younger man it sounded like a Hallelujah.

After the younger man had taken an energetic bite out of the fig, some of its juice dripped into his beard. The drops glistened exactly like tears in the warm morning light. “My, how delicious. Indeed, my friend, not all moments of curse, even if they were originally uttered by God, will stand forever. Only his words of love and blessing stand forever. Did you happen to see the angels at the tomb?”

“No, I did not. I heard voices coming from the tomb when the weeping women leaned down into it.”

“Yes, yes, said the younger man. “Those were the angels. And do you know what? They are equally an example of the fact that no curse lasts forever, like the cursed fig tree you helped back to life. One of those angels was on watchman’s duty for centuries before the entrance of another garden, but today is his first day as one who does not keep people out and away, but rather introduces them to the delights of a garden.”

With obvious relish written on his face, he turned again to the gardener who had helped a fig tree toward resurrection and said, “You do not seem especially surprised to see me here.”

The old gardener nodded. “I practiced on the old fig tree, but we both know, that it was never only about the fig tree.”

„A good first step. You have experienced that is far more difficult to suppress life and love than people generally tend to believe. Nails, wood, tombs and stones (and here he let his hand gently glide over the stone on which the two of them sat) cannot hold authentic love and life back. The heart is deep!”

„I understand you, my young friend. You had to come back. You are like I am, or better put, I have become like you. We cannot but be what we are. We simply want to help them back to life. I knew that you would come back, because you want to

take your people into a new future just as I wanted to help the fig tree to a new future. But your way was longer and more painful than mine. Your digging was more laborious and deeper than mine. And your fertilizing demanded far more sweat and blood than mine did”.

The younger man closed his eyes and was silent. Only many heartbeats later did the older gardener continue to speak. “Now, my friend, I ask. Was all the toil and effort worth it?”

“Definitely!” And after the eternally young gardener had said it, a bright laughter of the two gardeners rang through the garden, echoed out of the empty tomb, climbed up to the heavens, exploded into tiny glistening drop that looked like dew, and tears and juice, and then gently rained down upon a hungry, waiting earth.

As is generally known, in the back, somewhat hidden, part of the garden of the resurrection lays a large round stone. If you sit down on it, you can hear the bright, joyous, understanding laughter of the two gardeners. And, no, you are not mistaken. It sounds like a Hallelujah.

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