



SIEBENQUELL

A New Year's Blessing

» . . . to awaken in you a meadow of delight «



»Thank God, this horrible year is coming to an end«, someone remarked to me a few days ago, »it started poorly and carried on in the same vein.« I could understand him: an operation at the start of the year, a great deal of pressure at work, a heavy loss in his family; repeatedly his body reacted to the stress, which even afflicted him at the end of the year due to his obligations. We experience this often. We feel controlled and driven. We carry grief in us and cannot live it out. Losses shake us to the core, yet life must go on. We lose our inner equilibrium, and then we no longer see or feel that there was also a great deal of blessing, times of community and togetherness, grounds for joy and gratitude.

For many years we cultivated a custom in our home with our grown daughters. After Christmas we hung a roll of wallpaper in the kitchen. There each of us could write down what came to mind when looking back upon the year that was drawing to a close. The condition was, that it had to come from within and not from the calendar or a notebook. After four or five days, this square meter was tightly written over in five different handwritings – we gathered the entire fullness of our year in fascinating diversity. Delightful experiences came back to life, but the difficult moments were not silenced. Especially when a difficult year had come to an end, I experienced this gathering as something that gladdened my heart, since it demonstrated how much richness and fullness of life lay behind us and lived within us.

Thus, I lay a blessing upon your heart at the start of this New Year, born in the west Ireland and spoken over a beloved mother.

On the day when
The weight deadens
On your shoulders
And you stumble,
May the clay dance
To balance you.

And when your eyes
Freeze behind
The grey window
And the ghost of loss
Gets into you,
May a flock of colours,
Indigo, red, green
And azure blue,
Come to awaken in you
A meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays
In the currach* of thought
And a stain of ocean
Blackens beneath you,
May there come across the waters
A path of yellow moonlight
To bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
May the clarity of light be yours,
May the fluency of the ocean be yours,
May the protection of the ancestors be yours.
And so may a slow
Wind work these words
Of love around you,
An invisible cloak
To mind your life.

(John O'Donohue)

**Irish boat*

Rosemarie Monnerjahn
Vallendar, January 4th, 2017
