



SIEBENQUELL

We carry perfume into the land of the dead.



SOURCE: ROSEMARIE MONNERJAHN 2014

In resurrection stories, the women undertake the culturally dictated steps of showing reverence. They prepare valuable perfumed oils and await a corpse onto which they can pour it. They carry perfume into the land of the dead. The question remains: How could it come to this? The question is as valid for us as for the women. We undergo crises, problems and conflicts in our own lives, and while we move through them we note how often we forget what Jesus has said to us. Why do we forget?

Perhaps the story of the resurrection is only a piece of information that gets lost in the chaos of words and wounds that mark our daily lives.

Perhaps we cannot establish the connection between the Son of Man and our lives, so that we think, that his words are meant for others.

Perhaps we are so busy with our fantasies about how faith and discipleship work, that we reject everything that contradicts them.

Perhaps we cannot accept an experience of God that appears so totally other than what we expect.

There are many reasons why we forget. Yet, regardless of the reason, we will continue to carry perfume into the land of the dead until we experience a restructuring of our hearts. We need to allow ourselves to be surprised, because God will show us what life is really made of, and in this moment he will not confirm our expectations and concepts. It is not as we imagine! All of our concepts of dying; all of our concepts of resurrection; they will have to change, expand and deepen them.

We are a shaken people! We have withstood grave illness and mighty crises. During this Easter season we feel the loss of loved ones who are no longer with us since the last time we lit the Paschal Candle. We all stumble through life. We all heard the proclamation of death and resurrection and then we forgot it. We say, "That is something that happened to Jesus!", and then we drag out our catechesis from the dusty drawers at the back of our minds. Then we return with a renewed hardness to our overused and well-worn habits that never really served us well in the first place. We carry perfume into the land of the dead.

It is our hope, that during our flight to Emmaus, our escape from dying and rising in Jerusalem, someone is lurking on that path. There is a rumor that a stranger is waiting for us, so that he can lovingly listen to our stories. Then, in the midst of our premature convictions, he will say: I have a story for that! For, it is said, that he is an anointed one who knows how to deal with perfume. And he cannot bear it, when his beloved people carry perfume into the land of the dead.

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