



SIEBENQUELL

A Voice of Bygone Days



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You who were born later cultivate an almost childlike memory of those days, which we witnesses went through after Jesus returned to His Father. It is as if we prayed for God's Spirit in an almost raptured state and then received it »right on time« for the Feast of Shavout.

Slowly, now, and listen to what I say:

This time was completely different from the weeks that preceded it, just after the great catastrophe. At that time, we had locked ourselves into our grief and fear and believed that everything was lost. We were silent, we talked, and then we were silent again. Each of us pursued his thoughts, his memories and ideas, and even his disappointments.

How had it all begun? I return to that question again and again. You still know me as Levi, who had been called away from his customs table a few years before. I think hardly anyone understood that moment as well as the painter Caravaggio. Look at that painting! It was so unexpected. I was so caught up in counting my money, not

even looking up, holding onto it with my eyes and fingers. Or was I the one who was pointing at the person who was counting, thus drawing attention away from himself? It was all within me – it struck me to the core. At that moment, the miracle of my life was about to happen. I could not explain it. Do you know this? First I hesitated and then I was afraid it was already too late, I jumped up, almost knocked over the table and ran after Jesus.

Everything changed after that: it was simpler and richer, both more uncertain and clearer - the beginning of a new life.

And then the shock of this great catastrophe!

That we got through it and returned to life, we owe to the great love and patience of our Master. He never tired of showing himself to us, talking to us, being with us, even answering our questions and doubts. He kept at it, but so did we! Whenever we did not expect it, he was in our midst.

Yes, I, who as a tax collector once belonged to the rabble, to the scum of the people, was a witness of his life and death, but then - and this is the most precious thing - I became a witness of his resurrected life.

He granted us forty days to understand all this; then he left us and we knew that we would not see him again on earth. That was a real farewell, with a blessing, with a mission and a promise. I tell you: it was good for us - and for all of you! Now it was our turn!

When I look back today, I see how much we had grown and matured during those weeks. We had gained a whole new perspective. And again and again I looked at the incredible moment three years before, when everything had begun and I had stumbled out of my life at that time and a deep peace grew within me. I slowly got an inkling that my story was part of God's great story with His people. It never ends.

Now it was up to us to tell that story and to witness to everything that had happened.

How good it was that we were all together. We prayed together, we looked ahead, we chose a successor for Judas Iscariot; we planned and shared our experiences. We readied ourselves to take leave and set out. When and how, we did not know in those days.

But we stood on good and steady ground, open, willing and full of confidence.

And when the city was as full of people as it rarely is during the year and we did not expect it at all, the Spirit drove us out and there was no stopping and no turning back, for any of us.

And now, dear readers, it is your turn! Count on HIM, every day!

Rosemarie Monnerjahn

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