



SIEBENQUELL

The Fairy Tale of the sad Sadness



QUELLENANGABE: R. MONNERJAHN 2011

Once upon a time there was a tiny woman who walked along a dusty path through the fields. She was obviously quite old, yet her gait was light and her smile had the fresh luster of a carefree girl.

She stood still and looked down at a huddled figure sitting at the side of the path.

The creature, who sat in the dust of the path, seemed almost to be disembodied. It called to mind a grey blanket with human contours.

The tiny woman leaned down toward the figure and asked, "Who are you?"

Two almost lifeless eyes looked wearily up at her: »I? I am Sadness«, whispered the voice hesitantly and so quietly, that it could hardly be heard.

»Ah, Sadness!« cried the tiny woman with gladness, as if she was greeting an old acquaintance.

»Do you know me?« Sadness asked suspiciously.

»Of course I know you! You accompanied me for a stretch of the path repeatedly over the years.«

»Yes, but . . .«, Sadness replied with suspicion, »why do you not then flee from me? Have you no fear?«

»Why should I run from you, my dear? You know only too well that you overtake all those who flee. But I would ask you this: Why do you look so discouraged?«

»I... I am sad«, replied the grey figure.

The tiny woman sat next to her. »So, you are sad, are you?«, she said and nodded her head understandingly. »Tell me, what grieves you so.«

Sadness sighed deeply.

»Ah, you know«, she began, hesitant and also astonished, that someone actually wanted to listen to her, »it's just that nobody likes me. It is simply my destiny to walk among human beings and to stay with them for a time. But when I come to them, they shrink back. They fear me and avoid me like the plague.«

Sadness swallowed hard.

»They invented sentences with which they wanted to banish me. They say: 'Balderdash! Life is carefree', and their false smiles lead to stomach cramps and breathlessness. They say: 'Praise that which hardens you', and then have heart pains. They say: 'You simply have to pull yourself together', and they feel the tearing in their shoulder and their backs. They say: 'Only weaklings cry', and the pent up tears almost burst their heads. Or they numb themselves with alcohol and drugs, so that they do not have to feel anything.«

»Oh yes«, the tiny woman confirmed, »I have also often encountered such people.«

Sadness shrank a little further into herself. »Yet, all I want to do is help people. When I am very close to them, they can encounter themselves. I help them to build a nest in order to tend to their wounds. Those who are sad have a particularly thin skin. Some suffering breaks open again, like a poorly healed wound, and that hurts a lot. But only those who allow sadness to happen and cry all the unwept tears can truly heal their wounds. But people do not want me to help them with this. Instead, they paint a garish smile over their wounds. Or they put on a heavy armour of bitterness.«

Sadness was silent. At first her weeping was soft, then it grew stronger and finally it was utterly despairing. The tiny old woman took the cowering figure into her arms. How soft and gentle she feels, she thought, and tenderly stroked the trembling bundle.

»Go ahead and weep, Sadness«, she whispered lovingly, »rest so that you can gather your strength again. From now on, you shall not wander alone. I will accompany you, so that discouragement does not win yet more power..«

Sadness stopped crying. She straightened up and gazed in amazement at her new companion.

»But... but – who are you?«

»I?« said the tiny, old woman with a smile. »I am Hope.«

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