



SIEBENQUELL

Is Darkness all we have?

Open for the New



QUELLENANGABE: R. MONNERJAHN 2013

During these autumn weeks it often takes a long time before the fog disperses and the sunlight can break through. Sometimes the fog lasts the entire day. It can then happen, that we speak of the darkness that is spreading – out loud before others or quietly within ourselves. These are words about nights that are growing longer, about the heavy feeling and perhaps about the heaviness that dwells within us.

Several years ago we were with a small group in the Rocky Mountains and planned to ride to the top of Sulphur Mountain with the gondola the next morning, an altitude of approximately 2.300 m. Yet, the heavens were grey on that morning and I would have rather stayed in bed. We set out, the enormous parking lot at the gondola's Valley Station was empty – understandably! The gondola seemed to run only for us in this dreariness. Slowly we rose higher - and it kept growing darker.

What a delight as slowly rays penetrated the gloom and we gradually emerged from the darkness into a day of creation! The sky was sparkling blue, no cloud was above us – only sunshine!

None of us will ever forget this joy.

We should hold fast to this joy, because the days of fog will return, and then we should remember that fog is not a novelty:

Fog is not a novelty

**Pain is not a novelty
and illness and death are
not a novelty either**

But the word

I love you

is a novelty

Raffaef's Madonna in Dresden

is a novelty

every flash of inspiration

among small minds

is a novelty

the face of a child

is a novelty

Under the rainbow

of its smile

this world recovers

in each moment anew

from its defeats

w.bruners

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