



SIEBENQUELL

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**Loved through Life**

# **A Healthy Heart**

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QUELLENANGABE: ROSEMARIE MONNERJAHN 2015

She had grown old, the refined old lady of the neighbourhood. Yes, even somewhat forgetful, at times confused. With greater frequency her family had to check on her and they were uncertain as to how long she could continue to live on her own. Yet, despite all difficulties that old age in its ninth decade brought with it, she exuded a great inner peace and contentment. She enjoyed her grandchildren, each in her own way, whenever and wherever she connected with them. She could rejoice and express this joy in an almost exultant fashion. She could be alone without being lonely. She relished good books and even more her music and blessed everyone who visited her with her sunny and attentive manner. Even her physician enjoyed her and occasionally said that she had such a healthy heart, that it could be the heart of a young woman.

Yet, all those who were close to her knew how difficult her life had been. Her first great love fell during the war. Her husband died young and she had to raise her children by herself, under great deprivations. One of them died young and there were times when she thought she would never get over it. When I visited her and spoke of this, it would sometimes happen that we both were astonished that she had overcome all this. »I never knew envy of all those who had it easier than I did. No, I

never compared myself to them. I simply did what needed to be done. And – I always trusted in God. I could not live without him.«

Then she told me of her family, her siblings, her pious mother, and, above all, about her father. She always knew herself to be loved by him and that he appreciated her qualities and talents.

The more I reflect on this fine old lady, the clearer it becomes to me: Here is a woman, who did not only have a physically healthy heart in her.

In the biblical sense, the heart is the place of encounter of human frailty and divine love. In this sense, especially in this sense, she had a healthy heart. She knew, and knows always, where she can find the God, who loves and carries her, and whom she can encounter with everything that occurs.

Throughout her entire life it echoed within her: »You are my beloved daughter.«

Rosemarie Monnerjahn  
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