



SIEBENQUELL

When Interiority is lacking



Our senses are receptive for everything that comes from the outside, and that is wonderful. That is why they are given to us. Images make an impression on us, as do sounds of all kinds. Smells penetrate deep into our memories as does that which we taste, and our skin reacts to temperature and humidity.

In these weeks a world all it sown is offered to us. Lights multiply the light of the street lights and enchants dark streets and plazas, indeed, even gardens and house fronts. Music rings forth from Christmas markets – often even live music by brass bands and trumpet choirs. Noses and taste buds are enticed by beverages and dishes that are typical for this time of year, and people gather in front of booths in the evening or on the weekend.

During these days I head from many people how much they love this »Christmas spirit«. Advent begins for them when the Christmas markets open. They need all the decorations at home as well and wherever they spend their time in order to enter into this Christmas spirit. It disquiets them and they feel empty when this outer world is not given – for whatever reasons. Thus, they believe, that only the outer world can give them that, which will make them happy and content and fall ever deeper into swift consumption.

If we become such people, directed from the outside, we run the danger of pursuing ever more restlessly, indeed more hec-
tically, that which supposedly make us happy. Yet, a mere homey feeling will not truly satisfy us. Perhaps we unconsciously
feel the emptiness and are afraid to come to rest and be confronted with it.

It is tragic that precisely the season of Advent has gone so very wrong. Yet, it is the natural consequence of how life evolves
when interiority is lacking. Then the »Christmas spirit« becomes the essential thing and we comes addicted to things that
appear to be lovely, but are utterly inconsequential for one who is waiting for the coming of God into our world and into my
heart. For this, the yearning for heaven is required and the search for the path there. Indeed, it requires a receptive heart
and a patient forbearance.

Truly lived Advent invites us to once more become people of interiority. The praying person of psalm 63 says: »God, my God,
for you I search. My throat thirsts for you.« Advent is the time of hope for the true salvation that will come, and this will be
deeper and wider than a feel-good mood.

How do we keep hope alive and where can we find the divine, indeed, God himself?

Isaac the Syrian, a hermit and briefly the bishop of Nineveh, said in the 7th century: »Strive to enter the treasury that is within
you, and you will see the heavenly! For that and this are one and the same. By entering in, you will look upon both. The lad-
der to the Kingdom of Heaven is hidden within your soul.«

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