



SIEBENQUELL

To see deeper and be blessed



SOURCE: ROSEMARIE MONNERJAHN, APRIL 2015

»The beauty of the world is the first witness to blessing«, says John O'Donohue.*

When we perceive it with our senses and take it up into our soul, then we sense in our depths, that friendliness resides within everything and it envelopes us. We are surrounded by blessing.

Yet, do we give it a chance to touch us and to work within us? We move out from our homes to face the manifold appointments of our daily lives, mostly occupied with that which lies before us or that which we just left behind. We mull over what was, worry about what could come, feel rushed and bemoan the slow pace of our progress. Once in a while we might note the fresh green of spring, a blossoming magnolia tree, apple blossoms or fields of canola – yes... lovely – and?

All the while we yearn to be seen with a loving gaze, to receive blessing, to once again sense our dignity. Yet, we tend to limit this to individual turning points of our lives. Then we pray for blessing, for our children, in times of grave illness, before a great journey, or for the success of our relationships.

For the Celtic Christians blessing could be experienced within every moment, in every place, in every encounter. That which was offered to them, they received in gratitude and with a waking spirit; they received it into their souls, honouring it as a strengthening and, finally, they took it along as a friendly gift and were able to move on as those who were blessed.

How this is possible for us today is shown in a poem composed in these days:

Route 61 in the Springtime

*On both sides of route 61
my drive home is accompanied
by the banks in imperial adornment
and let me sense the fullness
of my lofty dignity
Red branches wave to me
White ones raise their oath hand
and promise me eternal fidelity*

*Intoxicated by so much homage
I slow my drive
and drag out my exit
I give the news reader
no chance
to disturb
the coloured joy of this hour
with reports of long traffic jams
willi bruners*

Let us be childlike in the best sense of the word, look deeper, draw blessing and move on bestowing blessing.

*Rosemarie Monnerjahn
May 5, 2015, Vallendar*

** from »To Bless the Space Between us«, S. 187*