



SIEBENQUELL

A Hymn of Praise to the Knitters



QUELLENANGABE: PATRIZIA MONNERJAHN 2015

Indeed, it was you,
who formed my kidneys,
who wove me in the body of my mother!...
My core was not hidden from you
as I was made in secret,
brightly woven in the depths of the earth;
your eyes saw my core,
and within your book all the days were written
that were yet to be formed,
but which were yet to be lived.

Psalm 139 according to Martin Buber

I have a favorite knitted sweater. It was personally knitted for me. It was not bought off the rack as a piece which could have been made for any random person. It was made only for me. It fits me perfectly, because it was tailor made, prepared to fit me. I know that it is so, because my measurements were taken.

I love my knitted sweater. I take special care of it. If someone is smoking in a room, then I do not wear it, because I do not want to absorb the stench. I take great care that no stain blemishes it. It suits me perfectly. Its colour has been chosen to suit my taste. It is made of the finest wool and it is a pure delight to let my hands glide over the weave of the wool. It is precious and very valuable to me.

And, most importantly to me, a memory is woven into every fibre of this knitted sweater. A person granted me this pleasure. She sat down, looked upon me, and knitted for me. If she had not cast her gaze upon me, this knitted sweater would not exist.

If you are wondering why I am writing a hymn of praise to a knitter, then because every knitter takes part in a work of God. The first knitter is God. And everything I have said about the knitted sweater can also be said of my life.

For I also have a life that I deeply love. It was personally prepared, knitted and brightly woven for me. God gave careful thought to it, as he wove it. My life is one of a kind and not a result of mass production that could have been made for any random person. My life was meant for me from the very start. This life suits me, was tailor made for me, cut to my measure. I know that it is so, because my measure was taken while I was still in my mother's womb.

I often wish that I would lovingly treat my life as I do my knitted sweater. I should care for it so painstakingly and lovingly. I should avoid the places and rooms where my life absorbs that which does me no good, and where I take on a smell that is not mine. I should care for my life just as I do my favourite sweater, so that it is never unnecessarily stained. For the divine knitter of Psalm 139 made my life to measure. She wonderfully wove my life, and it is the finest material. It should be as great a pleasure to allow my thoughts to glide over my life as it is to let my hand stroke the wool, for my life is precious and very valuable to me.

In every fibre of my life a memory has also been woven. There is a knitter who has granted me the joy of my life. She sat down, looked at me and wove a life for me, and only for me. If she had not cast her gaze upon me, this life would not exist.

At the beginning of the African Catechism there stands the familiar question, "Why did God create you?" The answer is rather surprising. "Because he thought you might enjoy it!"

I know why my knitter made a knitted sweater for me. She thought I might enjoy it. She was right. My God, who lovingly made and brightly wove my life also thought I might enjoy it. For that reason, he even wants my life to rise from the dead. And now, after 40 days, I want to increasingly live in such a way that I can say to my God: You are right!

A joyous Easter to you.

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