



SIEBENQUELL

From Transfiguration to Clarity



In a moment of great joy, have you known the desire to say to this very moment: »Remain a while! You are so lovely!«? Goethe allows the universal genius Faust to wager with Mephisto, that no such moment exists for him. And he loses the wager.

Those who have consciously experienced such minutes and hours know the feeling. This is how it should always be. Why?

I see before me the face of a barely 5 year of girl. She is attentively watching figure skaters in a small stadium in a city in the Italian mountains. Her entire tiny face expresses enchantment. She is immersed in the beauty and elegance of the movements. Her eyes pursue the skaters and everything the child saw she seemed to absorb and then to lose herself within it. Ever since, I carry this image of the child within myself as an image of transfiguration.

I can understand the disciples of Jesus, who experience his transfiguration on a high mountain, very well. Peter wants to hold on to this moment. He now clearly sees Jesus as he is. In Moses he sees fidelity and the covenant

of God, in Elijah he sees the combative great prophet, who knows the yearning for death and whom God offers life. Jesus stands in this lineage, and all at once everything is so clear: its origins and its meaning. This must not be lost!

That is true - and it happens differently than our childlike wishes. The bright moment passes by, the path leads back to the valley and then to Jerusalem.

There are times when we feel whole, in which it becomes clear to us where we come from, where we are heading and for what we live. We recognize, that we have found that, for which we have yearned, and sense, how all that is dark and heavy falls away from us. We are fulfilled, animated, and possibly transfigured.

Our grandmother could absorb and interior is such moments in herself, but also let them go again. Then she carried the experience in her heart like a treasure and remembered it, when she needs to pass through the valleys. The essence of moments of happiness, the clarity of where from and where to, thus remained alive in her in such a way, that they could carry her throughout her life - and, God knows, her life knew hard times. Thus, we should not mourn the passing of times of particularly happy experiences. We should carry them and integrate them, for they assure us, that we are always carried by the God of life and that we too stand in the great lineage of the Story of God with his people.

Back then, the little girl in the stadium gradually emerged from her absorption, took her mother's hand and went home, lightly and joyously. Perhaps this bright moment still radiates in her heart after all this time.

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