



SIEBENQUELL

Borrowing Wonder



We are in the midst of the 40 days that should prepare us for Easter. This should be a time that restores and deepens our joy and renews the life of God within us. Therefore, this should surely also be a time for our sense of wonder to grow.

Unfortunately, that is often not my impression during these forty days. Often it seems to be a time of glumness and dour faces. There is a grim determination to take sin seriously, but it often does not translate into a life that takes God seriously.

I recently attended a Sunday Mass that left me restless and troubled. The priest who presided that morning managed to celebrate the entire Eucharist without once looking up let alone looking at us. He never spoken one personal word, reading only what was within the Missal. No hint of emotion was evident in the monotone drone of reading the texts.

I left with some burning questions in my heart. Who could possibly be attracted by this? Who would sit through this and say, I want to be a part of this? But eventually, my questions started to change. I started asking: What has to happen to a person to end up working and living like that? Where is the sense of wonder?

Perhaps this last question is the most important query. Where is the sense of wonder? Once we have lost it, we should shrink from no effort to get it back. Fortunately, John Shea has written a beautiful poem entitled »Borrowing wonder«.

I was sent a photo of twin one-year old boys
pushing their eyes-wide, mouth-open faces
against the winter window
as the miracle of snow fell in their yard,
the same snow that is a threat
to the gripping power of my old feet,
even shod with safety boots.

I thought of my grandson's first sip
of lemonade, how his face
became a scrunch from forehead to chin,
his eyes momentarily disappearing.
As I watched,
the tart taste that now eludes my tongue's abilities
returned in a kinder form.

Chesterton said, »I have grown old,
but I have not lost wonder.«
A wonderful claim in itself.
But not mine.

I counter diminishment
by seeking the community of the blessed.
I borrow wonder from the young
without envy or regret,
drawing close to their fullness that spills over
to those who wait
and receive their witness.

In these magnificent lines lays an entire program for the 40 days of a holy springtime. Perhaps we all need to borrow wonder from those who have it, in order to be truly ready to celebrate Easter.

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