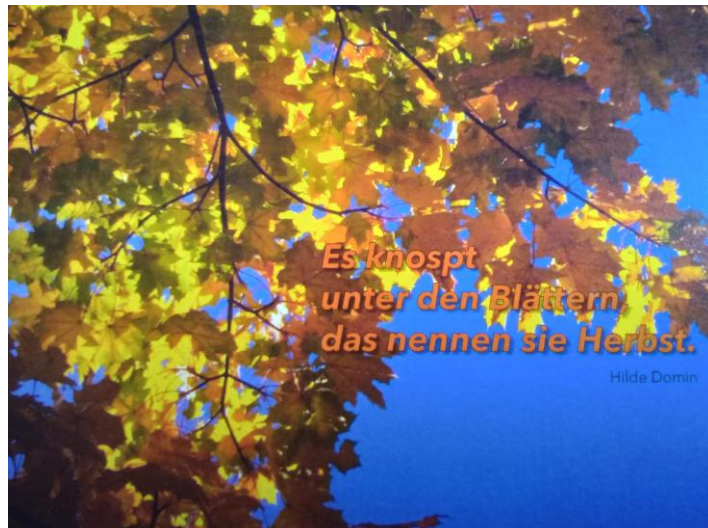




SIEBENQUELL

»It buds beneath the leaves.«



In December 2025, I attended a birthday party. Sylvia said a few words to us in her welcome speech, words that have stayed with me ever since. As soon as she had finished, I said to her, »That would make for a wonderful reflection.« Later, she gave me the text to publish, and I am delighted to share it with you today.

Sylvia wrote a text about transitions. Her words express the attitude we can adopt when we move from one stage of life to another. Now, at the beginning of a new year, we are all faced with this task: the transition from a year of shaping our lives to a new but unknown year of life possibilities. What attitude will we adopt? What perspective will we take? May Sylvia's words be both a help and a guide to us. Most importantly, may they be an inspiration for us.

Erik Riechers SAC

»IT BUDS BENEATH THE LEAVES: THEY CALL THIS AUTUMN.« (Hilde Domin)

With these words, I have invited you.

I am delighted that you are here!
I am very pleased to celebrate my birthday with you.
You have travelled from near and far to be here, especially at this time,
when so many other things are on our minds...
Here, in this room, you are giving me the gift of your time... Thank you!

I thought long and hard about whether or how I wanted to celebrate this milestone birthday.
Is it appropriate to celebrate this year?
A lot has happened, life and death.
Much of it was powerful, moving, and there were many processes to go through.
Some things could be handled well,
others had to be endured, but who here cannot relate to that?
That's how it is with getting older, and hopefully there will be many tales to tell.
That makes it all the more important to celebrate my birthday this year with you,
a special time for me, like a transition.
A time to look back, pause and realign myself.

And somehow, you are all present at different points in my life.

So I can say with happiness:
Thank you for what was –
and I can say with hope:
YES –
to what is to come,
whatever may come.

I am fortunate!
I am not alone.

I am fortunate
not to know hunger,
that rumbles in the stomach.
The table is set
with more than bread and wine.

I am fortunate
not to freeze
and, when I need to,
to stoke the fire
to warm myself.

I am fortunate,
I can look into friendly faces
and not only on special occasions.
Eyes fond of me!

I am also fortunate
to know and name pain,
thinking of those I miss, not only today.

I am fortunate
to feel this love as well.
They are not lost
and, through us,
are still here.

What good fortune, what abundance
in this time...
What else can you call it?

Carry buds of hope in my heart,
may they blossom.
So that I can let things be WELL—
AND WELL LET THINGS BE.

And I want to sing once more,
even if as quietly as possible.
May it be so:
every morning a new beginning,
words that blossom,
where we can live safely,
with whomever
we love.

YES, sing once more, even if
quieter than possible.

My thanks to you.
Even more a:
Thank God!

Dear friends, let's raise our glasses
to a happy, pleasant evening,
and good encounters!
Let's do right by living this.
TO LIFE!

Sylvia Ditt
Arzheim, den 08.01. 2026