

Prayerletter DIAKONIA March 2025

Delightfully light and beautiful - singing, playing, dancing

He paints with his finger in the sand.
He appears as a child in a circle of rabbis.
He plays like an unruly boy at the market.
He wants to make the spoilsports dance.
He marvels at the enchanting anemone carpets.
He lives carefree like the birds in the sky.
He collects friends who may be just as childlike as he is.



Do we actually realise that the wisdom that was with God has appeared among us in this lightness? 'It is as if spring has sprung after a long, hard winter.' This is how the first account of Francis of Assisi begins. He symbolically lived the life of Jesus and rediscovered the secret of earthly happiness in it. With a passage from the Book of Proverbs (Proverbs 8.22.27-31), he would like to repeat this to us:

The Lord created me in the beginning of his ways,
I was formed before the works of primeval times.
I was at the beginning, at the origin of the earth.
When he built the heavens, I was there,
when he measured out the circle of the earth above the waters,
when he moved the clouds in the firmament
and caused springs to flow from the primordial sea,
when he set the boundaries of the vast sea
and the waters were not allowed to cross them,
when he laid the foundations of the earth,
I was with him as his beloved child!
I was his joy day after day
and was allowed to play before him all the time.
I played on his earthly round
and it was my great joy
to be with people.

Does this security, this lightness also exist for me, for us? Can I remember it? I move uneasily to the images of my early childhood. I search for images that show me playing so joyfully, so at peace and absorbed. They are there! There I am, like the radiant little princess in the swinging dress printed with roses. Can I evoke in myself what it feels like when I am happy, dancing and playing?

The key to this memory room is stuck. It probably hasn't been moved for a while. Encouragement comes from inside like an inviting smile. I see Jesus taking a child in his arms, holding it lovingly and blessing it. He watches him as my grandfather watched me when I made my first safe attempts at climbing on him and piled up building blocks at his feet. Let the children come to me...

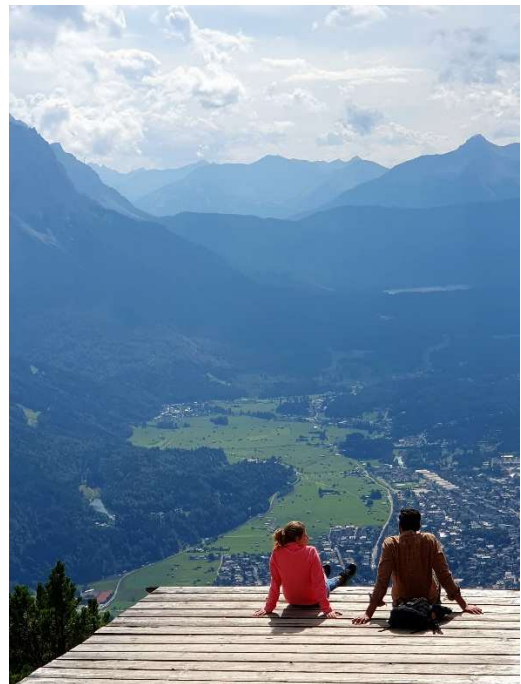
Is this an image for our lives? Our images of Christ on so many altars - here in Germany - look different. Something in us wants to oppose cheerfulness and serenity. But it does exist, the sphere of true life, which is not determined by strictness, obedience and control, but by the joyful glance of the seventh day of creation. There still remains room for singing, playing and dancing. This wants to be conquered, experienced and preserved.

Singing, playing, dancing has a beginning and an end and also has its rules. Wisdom includes recognising and exploring our lives within this framework. Jesus has brought the lightness and joy of our being from heaven to earth anew. This did not save him from threat, suffering and death, but - I suspect - he knew he was in the protective care of his and our heavenly Father like a beloved child.

Some of us will meet in Moshi in July to sing, dance and celebrate music. I look forward to seeing you there! Until then, there is still a lot to think about and prepare for many of us: Personal, communal and organisational matters. In this and in the moments of the seventh day of creation, I wish you a time under God's guidance with a prayer by Herrmann Glettler, Bishop of Innsbruck, Austria

Hammock

When everything becomes too much for me,
the overheated expectations and news,
then I lie down in your hammock
and just watch - what you do.
When everything gets too loud for me,
the outrage, the noise, the shouting,
then I lie down in your hammock
and just listen - to what you say.
When everything becomes too heavy for me,
the worries, the fighting, the being strong,
then I lie down in your hammock
and marvel at how easy it is for me - for you.
When everything gets too stupid for me,
the bickering, the arguments, the stupid talk,
then I lie down in your hammock
and let you surprise me.
Better to hang out with you more often - my God,
even if not everything is okay.



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