

Die weiße Bergenfürst,

when God sent his cleanest Angels into the catacombs.

His most robust, the most joyful, the most vibrant, the most assiduous Angels, his liveliest Angels, his happiest Angels.

Yes, God sent them all into the catacombs to fetch his son Jesus Christ, who had conquered the death.

Yes, our Great God sent his whitest, most radiant, most vibrant angels all in yellow, in the catacombs, to fetch his only son Jesus Christ, who died on the cross, crucified, drunk vinegar to save us from all our sins.

They were wild, spirited, very ready to get dirty from head to toe, their fine clothes, from their caps to their boots, armed with their sturdiest gloves. Their excitement was out of the ordinary, their songs high joy, high peace, high happiness, high life, all joyful, joyful to roll away the stone of Christ's tomb, mowing the lawn, scraping the earth, removing dry grass, gathering wilted fruit, cleaning the garden where the Lord Jesus Christ had been buried.

Sinnklair Verlag

They were a whole chariot of workmen, all excited to remove dry grass, to hunt rats, to sweep the pavements, to gather wilted fruit, to scrape the earth, to mow the lawn, their zeal was a delight to the king, who in his dark room was preparing to come out.

The workers of the Lord, Die weiße Bergenfürst, with the cries of warriors, shouts of high joy, high peace, high rejoicing, joyfully and dancing while cleaning up the garden where Christ had been buried, so that the King on death would not go out into a dirty garden, but into clean and glittering courts, for on the cross everything had already been fulfilled by office.

Yes, what joy Christ felt when he heard so many noises all around, like a roar of thunder, those joyful sighs of bonfire and peace while die weiße Bergenfürst scraped the earth, removed the dry grass, mowed the lawn, gathered the withered fruit, drove away the rats, while they waxed the pavements, washed the roofs, as they swept the floors, they were all black with dust and dirt but filled with much happiness.

The Lord Jesus Christ heard them all, the noises that made:

their trucks that announced them; Broum-Broum-Broum
their rakes scraping the earth; crish-crash-cresh
their pickaxes that mowed the lawn; pfusch-pfusch-pfusch
their brooms sweeping the cobblestones; ssch-ssch-ssch
their songs that hunted the rats: husch-husch-husch
The Lord heard them all, their Happiness.

Unstoppable was their joy when the King on Death ordered the stone that covered his darkroom to roll up forever and ever, perhaps not for the first time but for the last time, for the great faith in the last of hopes, the second manna.

Die weiße Bergenfürst shouted for joy and flew with Christ to paradise, his eternal home.

Amen



Sinnklair Verlag

Ps.45