

Väter erzählen ihren Glauben

„... ER stellte sein Gesetz auf in Jakob, (... und gebot unseren Vätern, ihre Kinder das alles zu lehren...“ (aus Psalm 78)

Heute Morgen, beim Beten der Laudes, wurden mir Verse aus dem 78. Psalm vorgelegt.

Darin heißt es:

„... ER stellte sein Gesetz auf in Jakob, /
gab in Israel Weisung *
und gebot unseren Vätern,
ihre Kinder das alles zu lehren,
damit das kommende Geschlecht davon erfahre, /

die Kinder späterer Zeiten; *
sie sollten aufstehen und es weitergeben an ihre Kinder,

damit sie ihr Vertrauen auf Gott setzen, /
die Taten Gottes nicht vergessen *
und seine Gebote bewahren
und nicht werden wie ihre Väter, /
jenes Geschlecht voll Trotz und Empörung, *

das wankelmütige Geschlecht,
dessen Geist nicht treu zu Gott hielt....“

Zuerst überlas bzw. über-betete ich diesen Text. Doch nach der Laudes spürte ich in mir das innere Bedürfnis, diesen Text noch einmal zur Hand zu nehmen.

Und dann fiel mir auf, woran ich hängen blieb; an den Worten:

„... ER stellte sein Gesetz auf in Jakob, (...) und gebot unseren VÄTERN, ihre Kinder das alles zu lehren...“



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Die Vater-Rolle

Nach diesem Text scheint die Aufgabenverteilung ganz klar zu sein: Die Weitergabe des Glaubens ist Sache der Väter!

Genau das ist es aber, was mich stutzig werden lässt.

Denn die Realität heute sieht ganz anders aus. Heute sind es vorwiegend die Frauen, die sich als Erzieherinnen in Kindergärten oder als Religionslehrerinnen in der Primarstufe um die Glaubensweitergabe kümmern.

Und auch in unseren Gemeinden können wir sehen, dass es vorwiegend Frauen sind, die sich als „Tisch-Mütter“ (wie sie früher oft genannt wurden) bzw. als Katechetinnen bei der Vorbereitung zur Erstkommunion und auch zur Firmung in den Dienst nehmen lassen.

Bei diesen Aufgaben Männer resp. Väter zu finden, ist eher eine Seltenheit.

Allenfalls bei den geistlichen Berufen finden wir noch ‚Väter‘, die für die Glaubensweitergabe zuständig sind; den „**Pater**“ oder den „**Abbas**“ (-> Abt) oder den Papst (entlehnt von ‚Papa‘). Doch in der römisch-katholischen Kirche sind dies in den seltensten Fällen ‚echte‘ = biologische Väter. Allenfalls werden sie als „geistliche Väter“ bezeichnet.

Ist das nicht erstaunlich, was sich da in der Kultur- und Religionsgeschichte für ein Wandel vollzogen hat??

Permanenter Rollenwandel

Der Rollenwechsel, der sich da stickum vollzogen hat, schlägt einen großen Bogen zu den Fragen heute in der Gender-Debatte in unserer römisch-katholischen Kirche.

Zwischen dem Text des 78. Psalms und der heutigen Wirklichkeit können wir erkennen, dass bestimmte Rollenverständnisse und auch die Ausübung von bestimmten Rollen und Aufgaben in Religion und Kirche einem stetigen Wandel unterworfen waren und auch noch sind.

Für mich ist dies ein Grund mehr, dass wir in der römisch-katholischen Kirche heute die Frage nach der Rolle der Frau(en) und ob und welche Verantwortungen und Ämter sie in unserer Kirche übernehmen, nicht mehr apodiktisch verhindern, geschweige denn mit fragwürdigen, vermeintlichen Verweisen auf die sogenannte ‚Tradition‘ beantworten können.

So, wie in der Vergangenheit das Leben in der Kirche einem Wandel unterworfen war, so wird es das auch heute und in Zukunft so bleiben.

Wer sich diesem Wandel verweigert, muss sich die Frage gefallen lassen, ob er/sie sich damit nicht auch der geistlichen Dynamik eines lebendigen, für das alltägliche Leben relevanten Glaubens verweigert!

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A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul,
like these sweet mornings

*I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite
sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents.*

I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents.

I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment; and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now.

When, while the lovely valley teems with vapour around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in his own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats around us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul and absorb its power, like the form of a beloved mistress, then I often think with longing, Oh, would I could describe these conceptions, could impress upon paper all that is living so full and warm within me, that it might be the mirror of my soul, as my soul is the mirror of the infinite God!

O my friend – but it is too much for my strength – I sink under the weight of the splendour of these visions! A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine.

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