

Lights and Shadows

Volume 16 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 16

Article 25

1972

Man and Nature are Created by One Thought

Hildegard Huttemann

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Huttemann, H. (1972). Man and Nature are Created by One Thought. *Lights and Shadows*, 16 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol16/iss1/25>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UNA Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Lights and Shadows* by an authorized editor of UNA Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact jpate1@una.edu.

HILDEGARD HUETTEPANN

Man and Nature are Created by One Thought

The shape of a plant and a gesture of a human being can be astonishingly similar. By looking at the sprouting branch I was reminded of a rare act performed in a small village church.

It was Easter Sunday. The houses were adorned with flowers and statuettes of Jesus and his mother Maria. The villagers were wandering over carpets of flowers which had been made for the procession just ended. The bells were ringing from the church up on the hill, calling the faithful to the Holy Communion. I loved the old place with its tiny castle, its medieval houses and its somehow burlesque inhabitants. Although I am not Catholic, I felt warmly that I belonged. I decided to follow them. The service had already begun. When I entered the chapel a picture of unbelievable beauty caught my eyes. The priest had taken the position for benediction, lifting his arms above his head, holding the white disc of the holy bread. Through the gothic window behind him, rays of light came pouring down, enfolding him like a second robe. And as if benediction were granted the perfect circle of the Hostie lay embedded in the golden circle of the sun.

The chalice of silver filled with wine to be transformed

by the Grace of God was presented with the same gesture of extraordinary beauty.

Enchanted and deeply moved, I stepped back and out into the golden springday. There, the fragrance of a new life promised another benediction.

A simple melody can be developed into a whole symphony. A single form or line can vary a thousandfold. Man and nature are created by one thought. Again, it was springtime when I was looking for some plant motifs to design certain floral patterns. I found many sprouts and grasses and to see their sculptured lines clearer I used a magnifying glass. As I looked at these little wonders, they seemed to change and became pillars and scrollwork, flames and men. And then I saw the praying priest again. The gesture was abstractly repeated in the sprout of a branch. The chiseled shaft resembled the folds of the robe. Two symmetrical, still closed leaves stretched out toward the light, framing the lifted head of a bud. A prayer for life.

Repetition and variation are interlacing elements in all nature. Man has been granted to recognize this and can therefore perform a second creation, while the rest of nature has to stay in secret silence.