

In the abbey Maria Frieden our beloved sister

Sr. M. Luise Trapp

went in the Palm Sunday night to the eternal home of the father.

She gave her soul to the Lord shortly before midnight on April 4, 2020, and it made sense that she was alone at the time. For she was a true hermit, but she lived this vocation in vocation quietly and unobtrusively in the midst of the community.

Sister Luise did not change her baptismal name when she was clothed as novice in 1961: she had always been the Luiserl and as a native of Regensburg, she always held the Bavarian flag high in these northern climes of the rough Eifel.

Luiserl grew up as the latest child with 3 brothers and one sister in a family of professors. Her birthday fell on 19.11.1923. Her father was a Latin professor, one brother

became a Jesuit, she herself first studied German Literature and, so one would say today, social education. For one year she taught at the elementary school and then turned to the Trappists, which so well suited her own name. In fact, she was widely related to the famous singing Trapp family. She actually wanted to become a Carthusian, but there was no Carthusian in Germany.

She quickly got on well in monastic life, she was also a prioress in the meantime, but for the longest time she was a secretary. To my knowledge, however, she never had a typewriter, especially not a PC, but she had an incredibly beautiful handwriting. Her figure was inconspicuous, roundish, with thick glasses because of myopia, but with which she could look at and analyze the smallest things. Sr. Luise was a cheerful person by nature, but she also had a certain Bavarian "steadfastness" and could certainly weather, even if in sophisticated Bavarian. As a clearly inner person, she was always surrounded by books and smiles, especially by animals, smurfs and vessels, which one would not expect from a Trappist. Sr. Luise was an extraordinary person, intelligent, well-read, eloquent and "straightforward".

However, one hardly ever got to see her. But her heart was always very much in the community, especially during the last years of her bedriddenness, which she never complained about. She loved being alone, incomprehensibly for most people. She never really talked about her prayer life, but I remember that she talked about looking at the picture without pictures. And she had the gift of expressing a lot with few words or just signs, strokes, caricatures (her famous dog in any mood!) Until the end she listened to the office and the services over the loudspeaker and knew exactly who was present and sang along, what was read at the table, how the sermon was... She could listen well and even better she could keep silent. Secretly she also wrote poetry, but she probably never showed it to anyone. Posthumously I found several of her poems. Here are a few sentences, in keeping with the Holy Week ahead:

You have made everything homesick;
everything is bathed in quiet melancholy:
Your flowers and trees, your grasses and every bush;
the mountains and valleys, the stones,
the waters, the clouds and the stars.
Your animals too; they especially...
But one day you will solve all muteness;
one day you will bring all longing back -
and I'll know that everything - like me - has suffered into you.



Because of the Corona crisis we will hold the funeral with Requiem without guests on Tuesday, 7.4. at 10 am in Maria Frieden.