The book cover features a central illustration of a woman in a long, dark, flowing dress standing on a rocky shore, looking out at a vast blue sea under a clear blue sky. She has her hands raised in a gesture of prayer or awe. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of yellow and pink floral patterns. The title is written in a large, stylized, blue serif font with a white outline, and the subtitle is in a smaller, similar font.

FROM FROZEN
IN
HILARIOUS PANIC
To the Warmth of Divine Love and Gratitude

An Intimate Portrait
My Life In Poetic Verse

Isolde Gabrielle Amadeah

With Foreword By BROTHER DAVID STEINDL-RAST

My wish to all who read this book is that you are inspired in some way to augment and validate the precious Gift that is You.

I simply know that God had a plan, and his Angels too; so, if this book has found you, smile and receive the abundance of Blessings, as you read every step on this path. Thank you, Deo gratias.

Isolde Gabrielle Amadeah



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To my children: Elisabeth Maria and Karl Christopher
who continue to bless me with unending joy.



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A note to the Reader: This book is written in poetic free verse and first
person narrative. All punctuation, grammar, and spelling is intentional by
the author.

FOREWORD by Brother David Steindl-Rast

A human life: What mystery! I find it hard to decide what amazes me more when I look at biographies, the sheer limitless variety of scenarios, or the basic sameness of the plot. In reading an autobiography, it is the sameness with our own life's plot that makes it possible for us to identify with the author, but it is the difference of the scenario that thrills us. Even the very way in which Isolde Gabrielle Amadeah is presenting her life's story here is thrillingly different. She does not so much narrate it, as turning it into a musical composition.

Life and music have this in common: though them and in them we encounter the divine Mystery. What makes Mystery so mysterious happens here, too: Neither around life nor around music can we wrap our intellect – we cannot grasp them. But we can, on the contrary, allow *ourselves* to be grasped, gripped, moved – and when that happens, we suddenly understand. Yes, we cannot *grasp* the essence of music, but we can *understand* music, can understand even life, in moments when we dare to let ourselves be deeply moved by Mystery.

For me personally, being moved by this book comes easily. Quite apart from my friendship with Isolde and with her mother, the very places where her life story unfolds – Vienna, Salzburg, Southern California – are hubs of my own history. And how could what Isolde calls, her “Benedictine Connection,” fail to connect us? I can even trace my vocation as a Benedictine monk to the church of St. Peter's Arch-Abbey in Salzburg, the church where Isolde got married. But all this remains ripples on the surface of the plot's deep undercurrent that runs from fear and panic towards deep trust God's motherly caring. To be moved by this life-giving current, that is what I wish every reader of these pages.

David Steindl-Rast OSB

Europakloster, St. Gilgen, Austria; November 11, 2018

DEDICATION

With gratitude to all my 'magical' earth angels, friends and foes, who rekindled, by a spark, a new Light within me. To quote Dr. Albert Schweitzer 1875-1965 Medical Missionary, Organist, Nobel Prize Winner and Philosopher: *"At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each one of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of these who have lighted the flame within us."*

With gratitude ad infinitum for generosity in sharing wisdom, loving guidance, and most of all for consistent loving validation to Brother David Steindl Rast OSB, Benedictine Monk, author and champion in the movement of Gratitude being the Heart of Prayer, were in all of his many books, with fearless trust in God, Brother David explains the unfathomable mystery of life. My mother's savior friend, and my personal treasured Austrian friend and mentor.

Habe Dank.



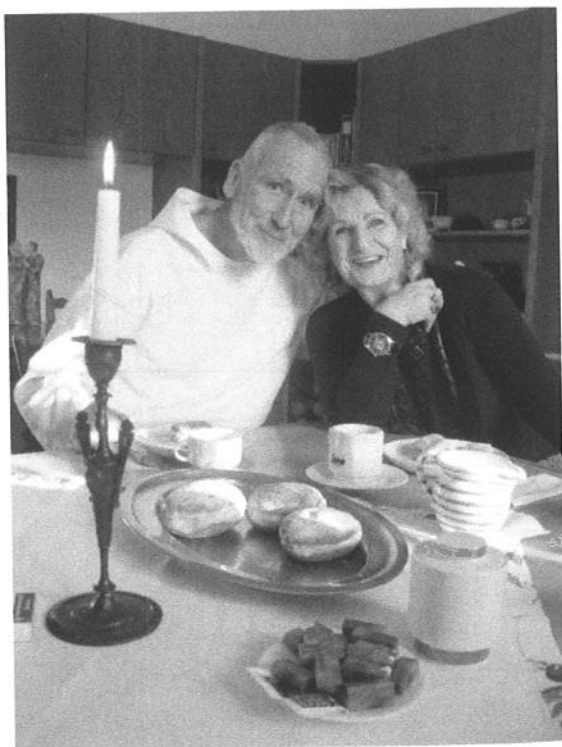
Photo of Br. David taken by me - Isolde - in Big Sur

— ❧ — INTERLUDE — ❧ —

Canticum **C**anticorum **D**avid

ODE TO BR. DAVID STEINDL RAST O.S.B.

The Chiaroscuro Effect of a Personal Friendship



POEM:  DE to BROTHER DAVID STEINDL RAST, O.S.B.

The Chiaroscuro Effect of a Personal Friendship:
 Gaining Clarity in the 3-Dimensional Contrast of Shading -
 The analytical Division of Light Shaping the Expansion of my Being.
 In the darkest hour
 when life overwhelms into
 watercolor hues to
 fade and hide
 deep within, on tiptoes
 a glimpse - sensing
 shimmering hope.



Divine Grace hears,
 as often - on angel's wings
 extending yet another olive branch in
 Big Sur, Camaldesi Retreat;
 the simple meal, the
 reconnect in kitchen duty
 the washing of monastic pots and pans
 with Brother David Steindl Rast.
 Gentle, in the Dialect of our
 Cultured Viennese
 (believe you me, the crude - proletarian dialect
 your ears would rather not)
 And so, we find, so much the same,
 Neulandschule, our language,
 wartime memories,
 fears and also merriment.
 Continued visits, in Europe, lectures,
 meals with friends and tablecloth,
 the sharing of the evening Mass -
 Europahaus.
 For my mother - her Savior you came to be
 one heart one soul - Neulandschule Kamaraderie.
 Back to Big Sur, Esalen -- the Institute,

the writing of your many books,
 in German first, translations follow,
 I have them all, personally signed by you,
 your loving, genuinely caring words, they touched me so!
 Horizons expanded,
 your voice still in my every cell, within my 'Being' – here:
 "Schau wie schoen das Bluemelein
 das Vogerl in seiner Dankbarkeit
 wie lieblich im Gesang zu Gott."

~~~~~

Cities, forest, mountains  
 philosophy, the ocean – concerns – Amnesty,  
 world hunger, ecology, responsibilities from  
 all – to every living Being – far, near, and farther wide!  
 The shadows that we conquer, in our everyday - ego, pride,  
 often, gets into the way, a real challenge, even  
 to the Holiest of 'Thee'.  
 Your praise, your validation  
 dearest Bruder David Steindl Rast  
 you loved my singing, my  
 serving God.  
 Countless times our souls did touch,  
 we talked, we listened,  
 we sang; you loved my rendition of  
 Schubert's Staendchen: "Zoegernd leise"  
 Hard it was for me  
 the saying of goodbye's – therefore  
 "Noch ein Gruesschen, noch ein Wort"  
 And so, my beloved friend, in your own words:  
 the wonder, evermore, that I could bless,  
 a gentle hug, with gratitude  
 in Dankbarkeit,  
 fuer immer – Deine Isolde bleib ich Dir.

Gruess Gott - Shalom – Namaste – Auf Wiedersehen - Alleluia – Amen.

May 21, 2018

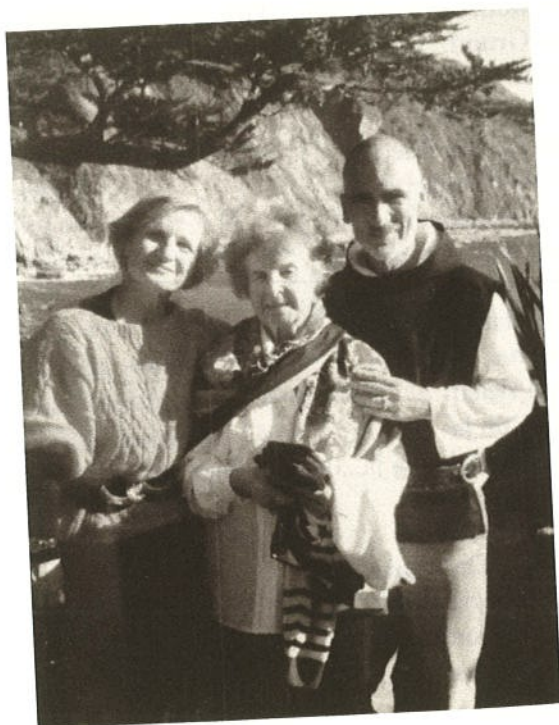
Started writing Thursday May 17th 4;30pm in an event Tent-  
outside of Chicago, Jonathan, Elisabeth- the video crew  
during set up for the Radio Interview;  
people all around like busy bees, and me,  
in my own world memory with Br. David Steindl Rast,  
no sound, no smell, no distraction I sense, nor feel.



Mein lieber Bruder David-Steindl Rast

Aller unser "Schatz"  
So sind wir hier  
Und wundern fest  
Wie ja man das bewerten kann.  
Neunzig Jahr auf dieser Erd  
Hast gut hinter Dich gebracht  
Wohl manche Huerden, stolpernd, stehst wieder auf  
Und Abweichungen waren auch dabei  
Sowie viel 'Self-Doubt'  
Ja wie man das wohl bewerten kann-, DU  
Unser reichster Grund  
Zum geben Dank  
"Habe Dank" ruftest Du  
von allen Seiten Deiner Buecher  
Dieses Leben voller Werke, mehr  
Buecher, Texte, Sessessionen  
Ein Vortrag hier, die Welt umrum  
Mal Salzburg Universitaet  
Dann Big Sur, Esalan  
Und wieder Buecher, Schriften  
Und immer diese vielen  
Unterbrechungen, oh ja-  
Schon wieder ein Besuch. Na ja...ora et labora, Besuch ist halt Gottes  
Arbeit auch.  
Deine liebevolle Gegenwart  
Da bist Du einfach – Da – ganz da!  
Und mit Geduld hoechst zu  
Ein Bluemelein allein kann Deine  
Aufmerksamkeit zu teilen wissen

“Aber schau die liebe Farb -, und der Geruch  
Ein Schmetterling, ein Voegelchen  
Wie schoen die Freud, Dir Gott ich gebe Dank.”  
Das was wir gelernt von Dir  
Und immer rufts das Herzlein auf  
“Habe Dank” in jeder Tat  
Und segne viel;  
Dein erstes Staunen dass Du Segnen kannst  
Darfst and kannst  
Vom lieben Gott geleitet, zum Jesu her gefuehrt, Sanctus Benedikt  
Geliebte Mutter Maria umarmt die naechtlichen Sorgenstunden Dir  
Zu Buddha mit Ehre die Weisheit erblickt  
Im Grund ist doch all das Selbe  
Mit Achsamkeit des Herzens  
Fuelle das Leben mit Liebe und Habe Dank.  
Credo in unum Deo, zoegernd leise  
In meinem Herzlein lebst Du fuer immer an-habe Dank-  
Deine Isolde Gabrielle Amadeah July 2016



POEM: **R**EMINISCING

## the Many Visits With Brother David

A photograph posted on my face book page, by my daughter, several days past; today I look once more and wonder, what has prevented me from leaving a comment or even a thank you nod- and the realization of all of it coming to an end; the days slip by the month- ageing, he, now being past his 90 's, and I, having a day with heart racing and wondering as to 'how long more of this time' - is granted.

Lost in memories  
Precious hours spent together  
exchanging love expressed  
in a wondrous flower here, a  
Butterfly, birds fluttering  
around his 'wisdom' head;  
My soul in flight –  
For a want – never to stop!  
Just now the feeling of  
A gentle hug.

August 25, 2017

