



## South Tyrol – Land of Myths and Legends

### Caldaro (Kaltern) Lake

**T**here once stood a magnificent city in the area where Lake Caldaro is now located. The inhabitants of this city were a wicked people, very much given to terrible vices. There was one house, a little higher and situated away from the city, in which a religious – but very poor – family lived. When Christ travelled around the various lands with his disciple Peter, he came into the area outside of the city.

They were tired from the journey, and very hungry, so Christ stopped at the little house of that pious family and asked for some food. The poor head of the household had not a morsel of food in the house, though. He apologised and brought a pitcher of fresh water so that the two strangers could at least quench the thirst. Peter then went down into the city to ask there, but came back empty-handed: everyone he asked had slammed the door in his face. When Christ saw his disciple Peter come back empty-handed and so disappointed, he asked him to tell what he had experienced in the city. When he heard of this cold-hearted behaviour, he immediately took the water jug in his hand and poured the water out of the window. In an instant, water flowed forth from the soil and flooded the wicked city. The pious people of that poor hut were now able to fish in the plentiful lake and grew rich from it. Even today, a house still stands on the spot where Christ once wept. It is known as Klughammer.

In this house, which is still called Klughammer today, there once lived a wealthy but ruthless farmer. He had expansive fertile grain fields and rich pastures and owned a multitude of horses, cattle and sheep. He was so miserly, though, that he never gave his workers their rightful wages. One day, Christ came into his Stube parlour in the form of a little old man and asked for something to eat or at least a glass of water with which to slake his thirst. The farmer showed him the door, saying: “Go to the devil! I’ll give you nothing to eat, and God hasn’t given me enough water to spare some for you!” The little man went on his way, much aggrieved, and wept along the road. The tears turned into a stream, which flooded the many fields and possessions of the blasphemer, and made him a poor man. (Caldaro)