

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Woorddiens

Lesing 1: Lukas 24:36-48 (1953)

³⁶ EN terwyl hulle hieroor praat, staan Jesus self in hul midde en sê vir hulle: Vrede vir julle!

³⁷ Toe het hulle verskrik en baie bang geword en gemeen dat hulle 'n gees sien.

³⁸ En Hy sê vir hulle: Waarom is julle ontsteld en waarom kom daar twyfel in julle hart op?

³⁹ Kyk na my hande en my voete, want dit is Ek self. Voel aan My en kyk; want 'n gees het nie vlees en bene soos julle sien dat Ek het nie.

⁴⁰ En terwyl Hy dit sê, wys Hy hulle sy hande en sy voete.

⁴¹ En toe hulle van blydschap nog nie kon glo nie en hulle verwonder, sê Hy vir hulle: Het julle hier iets om te eet?

⁴² Daarop gee hulle Hom 'n stuk gebraaide vis en 'n stuk heuningkoek.

⁴³ En Hy het dit geneem en voor hulle oë geëet.

⁴⁴ En Hy sê vir hulle: Dit is die woorde wat Ek met julle gespreek het toe Ek nog by julle was, dat alles wat oor My geskrywe is in die wet van Moses en die profete en die psalms, vervul moet word.

⁴⁵ Toe open Hy hulle verstand om die Skrifte te verstaan.

⁴⁶ En Hy sê vir hulle: So is dit geskrywe, en so moes die Christus ly en op die derde dag uit die dode opstaan,

⁴⁷ en bekering en vergewing van sondes in sy Naam verkondig word aan al die nasies, van Jerusalem af en verder.

⁴⁸ En julle is getuies van hierdie dinge.

Lesing 2: Handeling 3:12-19 (1953)

Broodjies vir die Pad

"Is not our expectation and our readiness to hear the new also necessarily determined by the old that has already taken possession of us?"

~ Hans-Georg Gadamer

Paul Ricoeur offered and then re-examined his notion of "attestation" in essays and books throughout his remarkable career. He said he was navigating between those two giants who opened and closed Modernity, Descartes and Nietzsche, (Oneself As Another, p.21 ff). On the one hand, he understood the necessary and inescapable role of doubt- doubt about our capacities for understanding or acting divested of our own motives, our tendency to favor interpretations that benefited our needs and prejudices and, certainly, the

gap between what we professed and what we actually did. Doubt, a little humility is a healthy thing. On the other hand, he grappled with what do we do with claims that have no reservations, in particular biblical claims, including the specific claim that Jesus was raised from the dead. We live somewhere between these two poles, between self-doubt and the audacity of such biblical claims. While never escaping such self doubts (and we ought not to believe we can as a corrective to our own limitations), we are compelled to make a decision about such bold claims as these biblical announcements not because they overwhelm or eliminate our doubts, but because we have discovered them to be true in the actual wrinkles and folds of our personal lives. This decision is what he calls "attestation." Because "attestation" is personal, it is never made in words that we simply parrot from others, even the eloquence of scripture, but it is made in plain, ordinary, everyday language. Furthermore, and just as importantly, we attest not only with words, but in the choices we make and the actions we take. We never reach a static resolution. We continue to go back and forth between our "doubts"/ "fears" and testimony. And in the decision to become a witness, to testify, "we wager on a certain set of values and then try to be consistent with them; verification is therefore a question of our whole life. No one can escape this." ("Lecture on Ideology and Utopia," quoted in Theology after Ricoeur, p.206) With confidence that only comes from personal experience, we can "attest" in our lives to the power of the love of God put on dazzling display in the death and raised Jesus. The actions that flow from that claim should bring some sort of restoration in the lives of others in our sphere of influence; before we know it, we have become witnesses, too.

<http://www.sacraconversazione.org/?p=169>

Faith is not some hard, unchanging thing you cling to through the vicissitudes of life. Those who try to make it into this are doomed to become brittle, shattered creatures. Faith never grows harder, never so deviates from its nature and becomes actually destructive, than in the person who refuses to admit that faith is change. I don't mean simply that faith changes (though there is that). I mean that, just as any sense of divinity that we have comes from the natural order of things, is in some ultimate sense within the natural order of things, so too faith is folded into change, is the mutable and messy process of our lives rather than any fixed, mental product. Those who cling to the latter are inevitably left with nothing to hold on to, or left holding on to some nothing into which they have poured the best parts of themselves. Omni-potent, eternal, omniscient—what in the world do these rotten words really mean? Are we able to imagine such attributes, much less perceive them? I don't think so. Christ is the only way toward knowledge of God, and Christ is contingency.



I have a friend—a friend whose faith I look to and lean on—who once told me she could wake up a Christian and go to bed an atheist, that every day was this vertiginous inward to and fro with God. I

found this both heartening and depressing: heartening in that if she experiences this spiritual vertigo, she whose life seems to me so lit by Christ, then I certainly needn't be ashamed of my own confusions; depressing in that if she experiences this, then there's no escape from it, ever. If I am honest with myself, I feel mostly the distance, and this incessant, desperate, sometimes (I have to believe) holy hunger to bridge it. Experience lives in the transitions. We feel ourselves alive in the anxiety of being alive. We feel God in the coming and going of God—or no, the coming and going of consciousness (God is constant). We are left with these fugitive instants of apprehension, in both senses of that word, which is one reason why poetry, which is designed not simply to arrest these instants but to integrate them into life, can be such a powerful aid to faith.

To wake when all is possible
before the agitations of the day
have gripped you

To come to the kitchen
and peel a little basketball
for breakfast

To tear the husk
like cotton padding a cloud of oil
misting out of its pinprick pores
clean and sharp as pepper

To ease
each pale pink section out of its case
so carefully without breaking
a single pearly cell

To slide each piece
into a cold blue china bowl
the juice pooling until the whole
fruit is divided from its skin
and only then to eat

so sweet
a discipline
precisely pointless a devout
involvement of the hands and senses
a pause a little emptiness

each year harder to live within
each year harder to live without

Craig Arnold, 1967–2009, "Meditation on a Grapefruit"

<http://www.hds.harvard.edu/news-events/harvard-divinity-bulletin/articles/by-love-we-are-led-to-god>

Brood vir die Pad

Wins en verlies in die kerk se nou straatjies

deur Wilhelm Jordaan

Twee artikels in Beeld (16 en 12 April) oor die Afrikaanse kerke – onderskeidelik deur Nelus Niemandt, moderator van die NG Kerk se algemene sinode, en die godsdiensskrywer Neels Jackson – is nie sonder ironie nie.

Albei skryf eiesoortig oor 'n nuwe bedeling, 'n nuwe lewe en 'n nuwe geslag leiers in die NG Kerk én ander Afrikaanse kerke.

Dit terwyl dié kerke se lidmaatgetalle jaarliks by die duisende daal en ál meer mense glo dié kerke se doodsklokke lui.

Hoe rym mens dit – dié gelyktydige “vordering” en “agteruitgang”? Dié ironie word enigsins opgehef in die lig van die volgende:

Een rede (en daar is inderdaad baie redes) vir dalende lidmaatskap is dat die Afrikaanse kerke toenemend nie meer 'n politiek-kulturele tuiste vir eksklusiewe Afrikaner-identiteit bied nie.

Dié verandering behels 'n gestadigde skuif weg van 'n verburgerlikte godsdiens (volksbelange en kerkbelange is één) na 'n belewenis van 'n diep gesetelde Christelike spiritualiteit.

Dit veronderstel dinge soos 'n soeke na 'n gedeelde kosmiese besef saam met die wetenskap; 'n daadwerklike uitreik na ander godsdienste; en die verrekening van spiritualiteit in die lewe se groot en klein besonderhede.

Deur apartheid het verburgerlikte godsdiens 'n greep op Afrikaner-denke gekry. Tekenend daarvan was die manier waarop die kerk en opeenvolgende NP-regerings hul politiek-kulturele bondgenootskap beoefen het.

Ná politieke vrywording in 1994 het baie mense gereken die kerk sal voortgaan om die Afrikaner se eksklusiwiteit en “uitverkorenheid” te bevestig. Dit het só gebeur en in sommige gemeentes duur dié verwagtings voort.

Ook nuwe kerke is gestig om “die volkseie” te bevestig.

Juis hierteen het nuwe kerkleiers én gewone mense algaande begin protesteer; met as rigshoer die opvatting dat die Afrikaanse kerke, miskien vir die eerste keer, die roepstem gehoor het om waarlik kerk te wees – ook in die lewe se nou straatjies en donker gangetjies.

Saam daarmee het teologiese ontwikkeling gekom; met 'n nuwe verstaan van mens, God, wêreld en kosmos in die lig van volgehoue kritiese geloofsverantwoording.

Vir sommige ouer mense was dié verandering te drasties. Hulle voel nie meer tuis in die kerk nie. Alles het “volksvreemd” geword en die “tradisie” word verloën. Baie van hulle het al die kerk verlaat en nog meer sál.

Vir veral jonger mense is die kerk se historiese, patriargale politieke bagasie verstikkend. Boonop is die veranderinge hierbo net nie ingrypend genoeg om hulle aktief aan die kerklike lewe te laat deelneem nie.

Ander het kerkloos geraak; of sluit by charismaties-fundamentalistiese groepe aan; of gaan op in buitekerk-like spiritualiteit.

Die Afrikaanse kerklewe verander dinamies. En lidmaatgetalle is werklik nie 'n betroubare barometer van die kerklike klimaat nie.

<http://www.beeld.com/Rubrieke/WilhelmJordaan/Wins-en-verlies-in-die-kerk-se-nou-straatjies-20120417>