

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: "Jesus, Lasarus-lewe, dood en siel"

Skriflesing 1: Johannes 11:1-45 (1953)

Skriflesing 2: Psalm 130 (1953)

Broodjies vir die pad

The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.
Marcus Tullius Cicero

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything - all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure - these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important.

Steve Jobs

Our life always expresses the result of our dominant thoughts.

Soren Kierkegaard

I arise in the morning torn between a desire to improve the world and a desire to enjoy the world. This makes it hard to plan the day.

E. B. White

It is not length of life, but depth of life.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Whether from the prophets in the bleakest circumstances with no apparent sign of hope to Jesus himself and those who believed his witness, biblical texts assert boldly over and over a claim that meaning persists in human life. Is life merely a fragile artifice that finally returns to dust or is there something more lasting, more enduring? In response to the horrors of the Twentieth century, some influenced by the critique of postmodern ideas have asserted in new ways and with new urgency the biblical claims that our existence is something significantly more than we can reduce to conceptual, manageable terms. And belief/acceptance of this something more-- call it "gift," or "superabundance of meaning"-- infuses this life with meaning that is communitarian and ethical. For one example, John Milbank writes: ""Resurrection is no proof of divinity, nor a kind of vindication of Jesus' mission. And not very good 'evidence' survives, only the record of some strongly insisted-upon personal testimonies." "To remember the resurrection, to hope for universal resurrection, is a 'political' act: for it is the

ultimate refusal of all denials of community." "The resurrection is about the persistence of the ordinary...." (The Postmodern God, Graham Ward, ed. 1997, p. 273) Paradoxically, belief in life that persists against decay and even death has implications not for life after death, but life before death! To believe/accept is to make a decision that human life is something more than mere survival. This belief always seems somehow "miraculous," from beyond human accomplishment, from God. Contrasted with the only alternative, it truly honors "persistence of the ordinary."



Meier's final conclusions on this episode may be worth citing at some length:

The upshot of this lengthy disquisition is that the Fourth Gospel's story of Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead is not a pure creation of John the Evangelist but rather goes back to a miracle story circulating in the Johannine tradition before the Gospel was written. ... At the same time, one must be cautious about making historical claims; the tradition passed through many decades and many modifications before it came to the Evangelist. In the end, I find myself adopting a position similar to the one I hold with regard to the Lucan story of the raising of the son of the widow of Nain. The signs of a lengthy tradition history and the anchoring of the event in a set place (plus in the Johannine tradition, the presence of the proper names of the principal actors, something contrary to the general tendency of the miracle traditions in all Four Gospels) incline me to think that the the Lazarus story ultimately reflects some incident in the life of the historical Jesus. As in all the other stories of raising the dead, the question of what actually happened cannot be resolved by us today. It is possible that a story about Jesus healing a mortally ill Lazarus grew into a story of raising the dead. However, there is no indication in the tradition histories suggested by most present-day scholars that the story of Lazarus ever existed as a story of healing rather than a story of restoring the dead to life. I think it likely that John 11:1-45 goes back ultimately to some event involving Lazarus, a disciple of Jesus, and that this event was believed by Jesus' disciples even during his lifetime to be a miracle of raising the dead. In other words, the basic idea that Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead does not seem to have been simply created out of thin air by the early church.

A final observation on arguments about the historicity of the Lazarus story: Once we appreciate how a short and isolated story about Jesus raising Lazarus grew over decades into the huge theological masterpiece of John the Evangelist, we can understand why the silence of the other evangelists provides no solid proof that the raising of Lazarus cannot go back to an event in the life of Jesus. In the early tradition, the raising of Lazarus was not a major cause of Jesus' arrest and passion; that connection is a creation of the Fourth Evangelist. Nor did the earliest form of the story in the tradition carry such

impressive literary and theological weight; it was much more Synoptic-like in appearance. [A Marginal Jew: II,831f]

<http://gregoryjenks.com/2014/03/31/lent-5a-6-april-2014>



Life-giving God

Life-giving God,
at the dawn of time your spirit hovered over the waters of the deep
and brought form and life to creation.

Overshadow your world today
and give to us a new sense of wonder and responsibility
for this planet
and all its creatures.
(Silence)

Life is sometimes complicated and many of us feel powerless to make a difference.
Our coping capacities run low.
Fears and dangers can block out the awareness of the goodness
and the strength that surrounds us.

May we pause, and in this sacred place, be reminded
that we are a people of God,
that we are accepted and strengthened,
encouraged and blessed.
(Silence)

May we continue to look with compassion
on all in danger or recovering from, a natural disaster,
and from those catastrophes
we inflict on others and ourselves.

May we be empowered with your spirit
to faithfully serve and proclaim the good news of justice, peace
and love.

May we offer a word of healing to those who are injured,
hope to those in despair,
comfort to those who mourn or anxiously wait.

Let the powerful nations of the world
now spread goodwill and justice among all peoples.

Let there now be fostered in government leaders
a desire to search out pathways of collaboration.

Let people set on violence and destruction
now be encouraged to find their greatest strength
in pursuing pathways of reconciliation.
(Silence)

This is our prayer.
Amen.

http://www.rexaehuntprogressive.com/prayersaffirmationscollecton/prayersofttheistic/life-giving_god.html

Brood vir die pad

Inhalige tiran wat jou siel se vuur steel

Wilhelm Jordaan

Sondagoggend vroeg toe ek gaan stap, kom ek (onwillig) agter ek loop stadiger en 'n korter end as 'n jaar gelede. En was opeens bewus dat ouderdom 'n inhalige tiran is wat die veerkrag van jou lyf wegraap en die vuur van jou siel steel.

Toe, Maandagoggend, kom Beeld se troostertjie – 'n spesiale bylae getiteld (in vurige vlamme rooi en 'n spatsel besadigde blou): Lewe+ Vir mense oor 50. Met opskrifte uit die geslepe leksikon van positiwiteit: “Groot plusse wag anderkant horison van 50” en: “Grys hare bring goue geleentede”.

Dareem ook 'n advertensie wat die nodige perspektief bring – begrafnisversekering vir gemoedsrus as jy 'n senior burger is!

Dis die beweerde “gemoedsrus” wat pla.
“Gerontofobie”, vrees vir die ouderdom, is mos 'n werklikheid.

Gabriel García Márquez verwoord dit in sy tragies-komiese roman, *Love in the Time of Cholera*. Soos die bejaarde karakter dr. Juvenal Urbino te kenne gee, maak dié fobie hom tuis in jou organe – in jou “slapelose hart”, jou “misterieuse lewer” en in jou “hermetiese pankreas”.

Kortom, jy beleef jouself as 'n vergaande skeepswrak. En jy peil jou portuurs se wrakvlak aan hoe hard jy moet praat; hoeveel keer jy dieselfde ding moet herhaal; en aan die grimmige binnetaal waaroor net “ons” grinnik: Koop nie meer groen piesangs nie en eet ons nagereg eerste. Want 'n mens weet nooit nie□.□.□.

Klink nie lekker nie. Tog word baie van ons (dié oor 50, 60, 70, 80) juis op dié manier onnodig en voortydig oud. En die landskap van 'n bejaarde lewe word 'n grys, eenselwige verlatenheid.

Hoe anders dit kan wees, kom uit die einste Beeld-bylae. Met Marcel Proust, die Franse skrywer, wat gesê het: Die ontdekkingsreis van jou lewe gaan nie oor nuwe landskappe nie, maar oor nuwe oë. (En dit het niks met katarakte en swaksindheid te doen nie.)

Met nuwe oë se kyk, bedaar die gepieker oor ouderdomsellendes; praat jy minder oor brille en pille; waak jy teen oumenswrokkigheid en -suurheid én teen beteweterigheid oor alles.

Dan raak jy rustig betrokke by die voortgaande lewe wat eers eindig as jy nie meer asem het om te haal nie.

Die kunstenaars Bettie-Cilliers Barnard het op 90-jarige ouderdom oor dié lewenshouding gesê: “Ek is immer op soek na groter helderheid oor die mens se posisie in die groot heelal.”

Dit is nie net 'n kunstenaarsperspektief nie. Dit behoort elkeen se lewensinstink te wees: Om die groot én oënskynlik geringe besonderhede van ons bestaan te verken – van ons plek in die kosmos tot die alledaagsheid van kleinkinders op die skoot te tel en te kyk wie se naels die skoonste is; fyn te luister na jongmense; en altyd soekend te wees na begrip vir dit wat nuut, ongewoon en anders is.

<http://www.beeld.com/opinie/2014-04-01-rubriek-inhalige-tiran-wat-jou-siel-se-vuur-steel>