

## Toetrede

### Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

## Woorddiens

**Tema: Gaan dit beter? Word dit meer? Is daar groei?**

**Skriflesing: Markus 4:26-34**

**Broodjies vir die pad**

**Winter**

Nou lê die aarde nagtelang en week  
in die donker stil genade van die reën,

en skemer huise en takke daeliks bleek  
deur die wit mistigheid en suisings heen.

Dis alles ryk en rustig van die swaar  
geheime wasdom wat sy paaie vind  
deur warm aarde na elke skeut en blaar,

en ver en nabty alles duister bind  
in vog en vrugbaarheid en groot verlange;

tot ons 'n helder middag skielik sien  
die gras blink, en die jong graan teen die hange,

en weet dat alle rus die lewe dien:  
hoe kon ek dink dat somer ryker is

as hierdie groei se stil geheimenis?

*N.P. van Wyk Louw*



The Bible is a collection of narratives (even those long lists of "begats" and obtuse purity laws serve their respective narratives). They ought not to be systematized, synthesized or homogenized. "God is a name (without concept)," insists Jean-Luc Nancy (*Dis-Enclosure*, p. 87) Each ought to be taken on its own terms and for its own purposes. Nor ought these stories be reduced to concepts or principles or plans. They are wild and cannot be tamed or dominated by us.



Mark's narrative of the public life of Jesus has begun with his baptism, the call of his disciples and the first accusations against him by the general public: "he is beside himself." Then Mark launches a long section of parables by explaining that Jesus spoke "the word" to the public in parables only, "but explained everything in private to his disciples." The parable Jesus tells at first seems quite straightforward. He compares the "Kingdom of God" to a tiny seed, so small it is not even noticed. Its embedding and generation are not even seen and seem to be haphazard and spontaneous. But its growth can be very substantial and productive. Given the

dominance of farming in the lives of Jesus' hearers, he uses a common, ordinary, everyday experience, but re-presents it in such a way that he catches the imagination. Its meaning is clear, but never settled. (We can assume it stuck in the hearts and minds of those who first heard it because it got included in the written record.) This simple story never stops yielding a harvest, down to today.



The story Jesus tells finally raises more questions than it answers. Jesus uses something taken for granted and causes us to see something entirely new. Someone throws some seed on the ground. After a few days it sprouts and grows and no one knows how. Taking that image even further, Jesus refers to a mustard seed, which is conventionally regarded as the smallest of all seeds. Playing with these routine things raised to a new level of meaningfulness by story-telling is how one can find the beginning of a path to the "kingdom of God." Which Jesus will continue to talk about and in the end quietly and submissively fulfill with his own life at the conclusion of Mark's narrative.

Writing about his friend, Tolkien's, *Lord of the Rings*, C.S. Lewis made an observation about myth that could apply to all story-telling, "...The value of the myth is that it takes all the things we know and restores to them rich significance which has been hidden by 'the veil of familiarity'." "As long as the story lingers in our mind, the real things are more themselves.." (*On Stories*, p. 90)

Mark pointedly writes that "With many parables Jesus spoke the Word." Mark does *not* write that Jesus used stories to illustrate "the Word." The stories were "the Word." They do not have layers to be peeled away to get to a hidden or esoteric or conceptual meaning. There is no work of analysis or dissection or categorizing or even allegorizing or moralizing to be done. This kind of story does not introduce us to ideas, but to a Name "(without concept)." It does not invite speculative dallying, but personal commitment to a relationship with a God who does not always put all the cards on the table or even play by the same rules we know, but who has demonstrated a radical commitment to our well-being. It engenders-- overnight, while we were asleep when the "seed" was out of sight and out of mind-- an irresistible curiosity, a willingness to start out on a relationship we will never fully understand but we can never fully forget either.

"As long as the story lingers in our minds, the real things are more themselves." Writing about the "christian parable," Jean-Luc Nancy says, "the excess of its truth does not have the indeterminate character of a general lesson that, in some way out of proportion with each particular case, would suggest a regulatory principle." "...If you do not understand, do not look for the reason in an obscurity of the text but only within yourself, in the obscurity of your heart." "...There is a message there for those who want to and know how to be called." (*Noli me tangere*, pp 8-9)



## Bloedgebrek vir die Uitwoners van Winter

Bring vir my die vaalheid van die maan, of die sombere  
blink van sterre, as jou mense in die donker begrafnis hou en die  
wildehond wegraak, onder die stowwerige pote van sy prooi.  
Kom stamp jou voete aan my kant,  
kom maak jou hande amper brandwarm  
om my koue straat, konkavuur,  
maar vertel my van die woede van jou winter.  
Van sakke kole op 'n twaalfrand special en hoe ver die  
pad na hitte is.  
Van jou vriend Vusi oor die straat  
met wie julle een oggend middel laasjaar heeltemal  
bevroe en heeltemal verniet, na 'n ambulans toe gehardloop het.  
Vergas my, op koue stories oor die maan, heelnag bo jou  
kop deur 'n skreef in sink en die laaste vyftig jaar se straatgeluide, wat  
nooit verander het nie.  
Kom sit hier by my in die dansende vlammelik.  
Kop op my skouer en jou fluister saggies in my oor.  
Van viruskinders, jonk soos die oggend, maar Godvroeg  
in die grond en die Amerikaanse medisynes, so duur, dit kon niemand red nie.  
Dan huil en vloek ons gedemp saam oor die ironie in  
Mark Shuttleworth,  
se fokken dollardanse langs die maan.  
  
Laat jou naam jou eie wees.  
Laat jou taxi voor donker kom.  
Ek vra niemand vir genade nie,  
maar alleen vir geluk.  
  
Amen.

*Kabous Verwoed*



## Kinderbybel

Hoeveel keer het ek my hand oorspeel?  
Hoeveel keer het my grootword,  
U hart in twee verdeel?

Sal ek ooit weer die onskuld vind?  
Of het my menswees U magteloos,  
in die rooi kinderbybel vasgebind?

*Karel Ark*

## Brood vir die pad

### Aangewese op net die krag van verbeelding?

*Dirkie Smit*

Dis nogal 'n verbeeldingryke motto vir vanjaar se Wêreldomgewingsdag, wat Vrydag gevier is. 'n Mens se

gedagtes dwaal sommer as jy eers daaroor begin wonder. "Sewe miljard drome. Een planeet. Verbruik versigtig." Breedweg is die strekking duidelik. Ons het net een planeet waarop en waarvan ons lewe en wat ons met mekaar – én alle komende geslagte én alles wat lewe sáam met ons, tot plant en dier – deel. Indien algar vryelik, onbeteuel en ongetemper ons sewe miljard drome sou uitleef, onsself sou plesier en behaag soos ons mag wens en begeer, dán sou dié planeet op die lange duur nie almal kon huisves en versorg nie. Dáárom die oproep, verbruik versigtig. Eintlik roep die Engels nog meer assosiasies op, consume with care. Dalk verbruik verantwoordelik? Of verbruik verstandig, met oordeel? Want care laat ook dink aan omgee, aan sorg en versorging – vir ander om ons en vir ál hulle ná ons, die Bybelse derde en vierde geslag, ons kinders en kindskinders.

Maar kán ons? Die motto herinner aan die Poolse intellektueel Zygmunt Bauman se lesings Does Ethics Have a Chance in a World of Consumers?. Vir dié invloedryke sosioloog is dit nie 'n retoriiese vraag nie, maar 'n diepgrypende en eerlike versugting. In meesleurende analises van ons tydsgees en in gesprek met denkers uit vele dissiplines maak hy duidelik hoe groot ons probleme is – en veral hoe klein ons moontlikhede. Ons probleme is al groot bloot vanweë die omvang van die realiteit waarvan ons praat – die bedreiging van ons klimaat, die besoedeling van ons water, die benutting van ons energie, die voetspoor van ons vermorsing, die potensiaal van epidemies, die ongelykheid van ons verdelinge, die skaal van ons verstedeliking, die druk op ons demografie.

Maar die grootste rede tot kommer bied die beperktheid van ons moontlikhede. Want wat kan ons eintlik doen? Selfs as ons 'n verskil sou wou maak, hoe doen ons dit? Wat dra ons by, en hoe beduidend is dit? As dié motto ons aanspreek – wat doen ons dan in reaksie? En gaan dit verskil maak – as die ander ses-komma-hoeveel miljard nie óók nie? Hoe kry ons almal so ver? En is dit billik om te verwag van almal, wat dalk nikks het nie, gegee hoeveel sovele van ons reeds het en gehad het? En ás ons iets kleins sou doen, gebaseer op die geloof dat vele kleine dade saam wel groot verskil maak, hoe nuttig is dié klein bietjie besparing vergeleke met die reuseverbruik en vermorsing waaraan ons elders steeds meedoen? Mislei ons nie net onsself nie? Leef ons nie onvermydelik almal met vuil hande nie?

Dis ons moeilikheid, sê Bauman. Die morele verbeelding ontbreek ons – om te kan sien, droom, weet wat om te doen, selfs al wil ons. Ons gesamentlike morele verbeelding skiet te kort. In 'n wêreld van konsumpsie gebruik ons ons (sewe miljard) drome in diens van hê en gryp en geniet, eerder as in sorg. Lees net die koerante – oor die skandale, die hebsug, die korruptie. Het etiek enige kans in só 'n wêreld? Met sulke mense – soos ons?

<http://www.netwerk24.com/stemme/2015-06-06-djs-aangewese-op-net-die-krag-van-verbeelding>