

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: "Teenwoordigheid"

Skriflesing: Lukas 9:28-43

"Die hart van aanbidding is die teenwoordigheid van die Lewende Jesus."
(Anoniem)



Lied 163

Soos 'n wildsbok wat smag na water,
smag my siel na U, o Heer.
U alleen is my hartsverlange
en ek bring aan U die eer.
U alleen is my bron van krag;
in U teenwoordigheid wil ek wag,
U alleen is my hartsverlange
en ek bring aan U die eer.



Where there is devotional music, God is always at hand with His gracious presence. (Johann Sebastian Bach)

How thin and insecure is that little beach of white sand we call consciousness. I've always known that in my writing it is the dark troubled sea of which I know nothing, save its presence, that carried me. I've always felt that creating was a fearless and a timid, a despairing and hopeful, launching out into that unknown. (Athol Fugard)

Broodjies vir die pad

The key is to keep company only with people who uplift you, whose presence calls forth your best. (Epictetus)

I am a most noteworthy sinner, but I have cried out to the Lord for grace and mercy, and they have covered me completely. I have found the sweetest consolation since I made it my whole purpose to enjoy His marvellous Presence. (Christopher Columbus)

Trust the River

Richard Rohr

Grace and mercy teach us that we are all much larger than the good or bad stories we tell about ourselves or about one another. Please don't get caught in your small stories; they are usually less than half true, and therefore not really "true" at all. They're usually based on hurts and unconscious agendas that allow us to see and judge things in a very selective way. They're not the whole You, not the Great You, not the Great River. Therefore it is not where your big life can really happen. No wonder the Spirit is described as "flowing water" and as "a spring inside you" (John 4:10-14) or, at the end of the Bible, as a "river of life" (Revelation 22:1-2). Strangely, your real life is not about "you." It is a part of a much larger stream called God.

I believe that faith might be precisely that ability to trust the Big River of God's providential love, which is to trust the visible embodiment (the Son), the flow (the Holy Spirit), and the source itself (the Father). This is a divine process that we don't have to change, coerce, or improve. We just need to allow it and enjoy it. That takes immense confidence, especially when we're hurting. Usually, I can feel myself get panicky. Then I want to quickly make things right. I lose my ability to be present and I go up into my head and start obsessing. Soon I tend to be overly focused in my head to such a point that I don't really feel or experience things in my heart and body. I'm oriented toward goals and making things happen, trying to push or even create my own river. Yet the Big River is already flowing through me and I am only one small part of it.

Faith does not need to push the river precisely because it is able to trust that *there is a river*. The river is flowing; we are already in it. This is probably the deepest meaning of "divine providence." So do not be afraid. We have been proactively given the Spirit by a very proactive God. Jesus understands this gift as a foregone conclusion: "If you, who are evil, know how to give your children what is good, how much more will the heavenly Father give you the Holy Spirit?" (Luke 11:13).

Simone Weil said, "It is grace that forms a void inside of us and it is also grace that fills that void." Grace leads us to the state of emptiness, to that momentary sense of meaninglessness in which we ask, "What is it all for? What does it all mean?" Without grace we will not enter into such a necessary void, and without grace the void will not be filled. All we can do is try to keep our hands cupped and open. And it is even grace to do that. But we must want grace and know we need it.

Ask yourself regularly, "What am I afraid of? Does it matter? Will it matter at the end or in the great scheme of things? Is it worth holding on to?" Grace will lead you into such fears and emptiness, and grace alone can fill them up, *if we are willing to stay in the void*. It is a kind of "negative capability" that God seems to make constant use of. We mustn't engineer an answer too quickly. We mustn't get settled too fast. We all want to manufacture an answer to take away our anxiety and settle the dust. To stay in God's hands, to trust, means that we usually have to let go of our attachments to *feelings*—which are going to pass away anyway (which is the irony of it all). People of deep faith develop a high tolerance for ambiguity, and come to recognize that it is only the small self that needs certitude or

perfect order all the time. The Godself is perfectly at home in the River of Mystery.

Gateway to Silence:

Everything is grace.

Reference:

Adapted from Richard Rohr, *Everything Belongs: The Gift of Contemplative Prayer* (The Crossroad Publishing Company: 2003), 46, 53, 142-144.

<https://cac.org/trust-the-river-2016-02-04/>



That deep emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power, which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms my idea of God. (Albert Einstein)

No, I never saw an angel, but it is irrelevant whether I saw one or not. I feel their presence around me. (Paulo Coelho)

Sometimes the very presence of God is barred by our presuppositions and our intense and constant desire for triumph. (Ravi Zacharias)

Heathenism is a state of mind. You can take it that I'm referring to one who does not see his world. He has no mental light. He destroys almost unwittingly. He cannot feel any Gods presence in his life. He is the 21st century man. (David Bowie)

Brood vir die pad

Gejaag na waarheid oor dié priesters boei

Laetitia Pople

Spotlight Drama

Die prent bevestig weer die waarde van joernaliste as die waghonde en gewete van 'n gemeenskap. In 'n plaaslike bedryf waar internasionaal bekroonde ondersoekende verslaggewers sonder werk sit, is die prent 'n ironiese herinnering aan joernalistiek se eintlike taak, skryf Laetitia Pople.

Spotlight is 'n koerantdrama van die goeie ou soort soos *All the President's Men*. Dit is gegrond op The Boston Globe se ondersoekspan wat in 2001 'n reuse-skandaal van plaaslike priesters wat kinders gemolesteer het, onthul en só die Rooms-Katolieke Kerk op sy knieë gehad het. Dit is 'n ondersoek waarvan die waarde 15 jaar later steeds geld. Die koerant is met 'n Pulitzerprys bekroon.

Ook fliekgangere wat nie joernaliste is nie, sal hierby baat vind, want dit gaan om die jaag na die waarheid en dat geregtigheid geskied. 'n Gewone sterfling voel vertroue met die wete daar is mense soos dié wat nie besal gee nie. Dit is 'n Dawid-en-Goliath-verhaal.

Die prent speel af soos 'n onpretensieuse riller: Daar is misdadigers, maar ons sien hulle bykans nooit nie. Dit is pakkend omdat die uitlê van die feite boei. Ons sien hoe die span van vier deur stowwerige leggers snuffel en mense – gerespekteerde priesters en ringkoppe van Boston – trompop loop en ongemaklike vrae stel, wat feite weer en weer nagaan met 'n verbete puntenerigheid.

Hoewel die *Spotlight*-span self Katolieke was (hoewel afvallig) en die lesersbasis van hul koerant ook Katoliek is, het hulle voortgestoomroller ondanks familie en vriende se kommer en aanmanings.

Dit het juis 'n buitestander geveg, die nuwe, Joodse redakteur Marty Baron van *The Globe*, wat sy ondersoekspan aangesê het om weer te gaan krap, om breër te kyk en die instansie te takel. Om een individu te takel, sou niks baat nie.

Die prent speel met Baron se buitestandskap en die ander spanlede se diep wortels in Boston. So kom die netwerk van verdoeseling aan die lig en hoe ver dit strek onder die gemeenskap se kwansuise herders en leiers.

Die teikens was kinders uit arm gesinne en gebroke huise – hoogs kwesbare, afgeskepte kinders wat aanvanklik die “onskuldige” aandag van 'n man van God verwelkom het. Die slagoffers kom praat, en dié tonele wring die hart. Dit is hulle wat in *Spotlight* 'n stem kry.

Die aanvoerder van die *Spotlight*-span, Robby Robinson, sê dit verg 'n gemeenskap om 'n kind groot te maak, maar dat dit ook 'n gemeenskap verg om 'n kind te mishandel. Die aandadiges word die een ná die ander aan die kaak gestel.

Die spel is uitsonderlik. Dit is gaaf dat die Screen Actors Guild die ensemble vereer het, want hoe kies jy tussen die stil gravitas van Liev Schreiber as die redakteur, die uitdagende vuurvreter Mark Ruffalo se Rezendes, Michael Keaton se Robinson, wat met sy eie feilbaarheid as mens en joernalis gekonfronteer word, en Rachel McAdams wat so vasberade en met integriteit haar weg as Sacha Pfeiffer baan?

Bravo! vir die span en bravo! vir die prent. Die regisseur, Tom McCarthy, is bekend om uiteenlopende prente soos die Adam Sandler-voertuig *The Cobbler* en daardie onbesonge juweeltjie *The Visitor*. *Spotlight* span egter die kroon op sy regie-loopbaan.

<http://www.netwerk24.com/Vermaak/Flieks/gejaag-na-waarheid-oor-die-priesters-boei-20160203>



Lied 171

Heilig, heilig, heilig, heilig is die Heer.

Wie kan Hom (Haar) op aarde ooit na waarde eer?

Nogtans sal ek jubel, sing ek weer en weer:

Heilig, heilig, heilig, heilig is die Heer!