

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: "Toegesluit of Uitgesluit?"

Skriflesing: Johannes 20:19-31

Lied 409

Hoor jy die Paasfeesklokke?

Hul lui van vroegdag af;

hul jubel oor die wêreld:

Die Heer is uit die graf!

Hy, Christus, die oorwinnaar,

is uit die donker uit!

Die Heer, die sleuteldraer,

sal ook my graf ontsluit.

Broodjies vir die pad

Hope, insofar as it is hope of resurrection, is the living contradiction of what it proceeds from and what is placed under the sign of the Cross and death. (Paul Ricoeur)

The function of prayer is not to influence God, but rather to change the nature of the one who prays. (Soren Kierkegaard)

We continue to shape our personality all our life. If we knew ourselves perfectly, we should die. (Albert Camus)



The Lament of a Believer in Exile

Ah, Jesus Where have you gone? When did we lose you?

Was it when we became so certain that we possessed you That we persecuted Jews, excommunicated doubters, Burned heretics, and used violence and war to achieve conversion?

Was it when our first-century images, Collided with expanding knowledge? Or when Biblical scholars informed us that the Bible does not Really support what we once believed?

Was it when we watched your followers distorting people with guilt, Fear, bigotry, intolerance, and anger?

Was it when we noticed that many who called you Lord And read their Bibles regularly Also practiced slavery, defended segregation, approved lynching, Abused children, diminished women, And hated homosexuals?

Was it when we finally realized that the Jesus who promised Abundant life could not be the source of self-hatred, or One who encourages us to grovel in life-destroying penitence?

Was it when it dawned on us that serving you would require The surrender of those security-building prejudices That masquerade as our sweet sicknesses?

We still yearn for you Jesus, but we no longer know where To seek your presence.

Do we look for you in those churches that practice certainty? Or are you hiding in those churches that so fear controversy That they make "unity" a god, and stand for so little That they die of boredom?

Can you ever be found in those churches that have Rejected the powerless and the marginalized, The lepers and Samaritans of our day, Those you called our brothers and sisters?

Or must we now look for you outside ecclesiastical settings, Where love and kindness expect no reward, Where questions are viewed as the deepest expressions of trust?

Is it even possible, Jesus, that we Christians are the villains Who killed you? Smothering you underneath literal Bibles, dated creeds, Irrelevant doctrines, and dying structures?

If these things are the source of your disappearance, Jesus, Will you then reemerge if these things are removed? Will that bring resurrection?

Or were you, as some now suggest, never more than an illusion? By burying and distorting you were we simply Protecting ourselves from having to face that realization?

I still seek to possess what I believe you are, Jesus: Access to and embodiment of the Source of Life, The Source of Love, The Ground of Being, A doorway into the mystery of holiness.

It is through that doorway that I desire to walk. Will you meet me there? Will you challenge me, Guide me, confront me, reveal your truth to me & in me?

Finally, at the end of this journey, Jesus, Will you embrace me inside the ultimate reality That I call God in whom I live & move & have my being?

-John Shelby Spong



We are so obsessed with doing that we have no time and no imagination left for being. As a result, men are valued not for what they are but for what they do or what they have - for their usefulness. (Thomas Merton)



Om Velddrif te verf

Andries Bezuidenhout

Velddrif sit by die mond van die Bergrivier. 'n Plaaslike boer, ene Theunis Smit, het sy veë hier deur die rivier gejaag om aan die oorkant te gaan wei, van daar die naam Velddrif.

Later was daar 'n pont om die rivier oor te steek. Deesdae ry jy oor 'n brug as jy van die Kaap se kant af kom, 'n soutmyn op links wat Walvisbaai se flaminke oproep, 'n hotel met 'n stoep wat op die rivier uitkyk op regs as jy by die dorp aankom.

Volgens Wikipedia is hier plante soos *Euclea racemosa* (Kersbos), *Babiana ringens* (Rotstert), *Willdenowia incurvata* (Sonkwas Riet), *Limonium* (Strandroos) en *Leucospermum rodolentum* (Sandveld Luisebos). Dis die tipe name wat Johann Lodewyk Marais met groot vrug in gedigte sou kon gebruik, maar ek is seker hy sou eers die inligting en spelling kontroleer – dis immers Wikipedia.

Verder met die pad aan is Dwarskersbos. Dit was nog altyd een van my drome om 'n plek met so 'n mooi naam kan sien, maar helaas, dit moes eerder Klinkersteenbos gewees het. As sekere voorstede van Sasolburg by die see was, sou dit dalk só gelyk het. Aan die ander kant, daar is iets bekoorliks aan die omgewing se dienlike estetika. Dis soos die ying-yang kombinasie van Swakopmund en Walvisbaai. Swakopmund met Duitse koffiewinkels en koloniale Jungendstil geboue en Walvisbaai met hawehyskrane en visfabrieke. Hier is dit Saldanha se staalfabrieke wat die pretensie van 'n plek soos Paternoster uitbalanseer.

Die mooiste deel van Velddrif is tegnies nie in Velddrif self nie, maar 'n plek met die pad af genaamd Laaiplek. Ek vind dit 'n toepaslike naam vir 'n hawe. Dit sê net wat dit is. Laaiplek is op die punt van 'n natuurlike skiereiland. Aand die een kant van die hawenedersetting, in die riviermond, is vasmeerplek vir skepe en aan die ander kant is die see. In die nywerheidsgeboue rondom die hawe is visfabrieke, 'n paar onaanstellerige eetplekke, 'n motorwerktuigkundige en 'n hotel.

By die parkeerterrein langs die see is twee geroesde karre geparkeer. In die een kar is 'n bejaarde man en vrou. In die bakkie langs sit 'n man met 'n mus. Hulle kuier met die venster oop. Hulle steek nie hulle lag weg as hulle kyk hoe ek foto's van die asblikke en doringdraad neem nie.

OM VELDDRIF TE SKILDER

Laai katebak met gespande doek,
 esel, kwasse, buisies, terpentyn.
 Rasper die pleknaam korrek uit.
 Vjelledgif. Pak uit, verken
 per motor, te voet.
 Teerpad, grondpad, dorpstraat.
 Soek jou landskaptoneel.
 Soutpan met vulstasie en flamink.
 Marina met palmboom en seiljag.
 Hotelstoep met brug en rivierloop.
 Bolangs kuif miswolke landwaarts
 en plek-plek soekligson.
 Kies perspektief.
 Voorgrond, aartappelland.
 Middelgrond, bloekoms, koringstoppels.
 Horison, steeds bloekoms.
 Kleur.
 Liggrou, donkergrou, geelgrys, blougrys.
 Binne toevalsmeetsnoere is opsies beperk:
 Skakerings grys, lewenslank vas

soos 'n tyddeelkontrak
 en die keuse van 'n oord
 binne Paasnaweek trefafstand
 êrens, op 'n plek soos dié
 en eintlik die enigste rede
 hoekom mens Velddrif sal skilder.

<http://versindaba.co.za/2016/03/30/andries-bezuidenhout-om-velddrif-te-verf/>

Brood vir die pad

In a collection of essays, *Counter-Experiences* (Kevin Hart, editor), inspired by the writings of Jean-Luc Marion, Emmanuel Falque makes a contribution that considers specifically John's honoring those who have not seen, but believe. He notes that Marion regards the resurrection as "miracle par excellence" in his 1989 writing, *Communio*. Falque continues: "The true miracle, according to Marion, is in this way 'a miracle of my consciousness,' a lived experience in the conversion of my way of looking at things rather than in the things themselves." "The miracle is thus not, or more, the 'objective fact' of the resurrection as such-- the sum total of which in the end is only noticed in the actual absence of the body-- but the act by which this resurrection works in me so that I can adhere to it by my consciousness, in this way overflowing all the 'good' reasons that I have to 'not believe' in the Resurrected One without 'having seen' (John 20:29)." "...[W]e cannot speak of what God is in Godself but only of what God does for us and with us." (pp 192-193)

The church's Easter claims can seem remote, strained even quaint if the assumption is that they are trying to induce belief in some strange event in the past. On the other hand, they can feel quite thrilling and deeply personal if they bring out of us a strong, new perspective on life-- and even death-- that infuses living with clear purpose and enthusiasm that we recognize has a limitless source outside ourselves; a "superabundance" to use a word so important to Marion! Never fully understanding God's actions we can gain absolute certainty of "what God does for us and with us."

<http://sacraconversazione.blogspot.co.za/2010/03/second-sunday-of-easter-year-c.html>



Lied 464

O Heer my God, as ek in eerbied wonder –
 en al u werke elke dag aanskou:
 Die son en maan, die aarde, sterre, wolke,
 hoe U dit elke dag so onderhou...

Refrein

Dan moet ek juig, my Redder en my God!
Hoe groot is U; hoe groot is U!
Want deur die hele skepping klink dit saam:
Hoe heerlijk, Heer, u grote Naam!