

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: Krummels van 'n gebed

Skriflesing: Johannes 17:20-26

Lied 203

Loof Hom wat in groot genade
ons deur eeue heen behou;
loof Hom vir sy reddingsdade -
vas kan ons op Hom vertrou.

Loof Hom, prys Hom!

Loof en prys Hom!

Hy's genadig en getrou.

Mense, soos die veld se blomme,
bloei maar vir 'n korte tyd;
ewig oor ons kleine kommer
waak Gods goedertierenheid:

Loof Hom, prys Hom!

Loof en prys Hom -

ewige geregtigheid.

Broodjies vir die pad

"I have given no definition of love. This is impossible, because there is no higher principle by which it could be defined. It is life itself in its actual unity. The forms and structures in which love embodies itself are the forms and structures in which love overcomes its self-destructive forces."

— Paul Tillich, *The Protestant Era*

"The separation of faith and love is always a consequence of a deterioration of religion."

— Paul Tillich, *Dynamics of Faith*

Paul Tillich was born 20 August 1886 in Starzeddel then a province of Brandenburg Germany (now part of Poland). His family moved to Berlin in 1900 when his father was called to a position as a Lutheran pastor. After graduating from the Friedrich Wilhelm Gymnasium in 1904 Tillich attended the universities of Berlin Tübingen and Breslau. He graduated in 1911 from the University of Breslau with a doctoral degree in philosophy.

In 1912 Tillich was ordained as a minister in the Lutheran Church. For the next two decades he lectured on philosophy and theology at many universities including Berlin Dresden and

Frankfurt. He also spent four years serving as a military chaplain during World War I. His philosophical and theological views developed as he gained exposure to varied academic environments from the neo-orthodoxy of Karl Barth to the existentialism of Heidegger. His liberalism and opposition to the Nazi movement led to his dismissal in 1933. Fortunately Reinhold Niebuhr whom he had met in Germany offered him a position at the Union Theological Seminary in New York. Tillich became a U.S. citizen in 1940 then took up a position at Harvard in 1954 followed by one at the University of Chicago in 1962 where he was to remain until the end of his life.

[...]

Tillich's best-known work is his three-volume *Systematic Theology* (1951 1957 and 1963) which was based on his Gifford Lectures. His work clearly has an apologetic approach. He characterised theology as the methodical interpretation of the contents of the Christian faith. That is the Christian faith had to be interpreted and could only be interpreted by reason. Following Aquinas Tillich sought to show how revelation could be reconciled with reason since in the end there could be no insurmountable conflict between the two. His understanding of religion emphasised the importance of symbolism and he held that reason played the role of interpreting revelation through true symbols. **True symbols were for Tillich an expression of the infinite through the finite. The implications for his Christology were certainly unorthodox significantly in his view that Christ could not be identified with God in any literal sense but rather a symbolic revelation from God of what humanity ought to be.** Tillich's work also attracted interest and exerted influence beyond theological readership most notably in his work on existentialism as expressed in *The Courage to Be* published in 1952.

<http://www.giffordlectures.org/lecturers/paul-tillich>



A PRAYER OF PROTEST

Since our mothers and fathers cried out,
since you heard their cries and noticed,
since we left the brick production of Egypt,
since you foiled the production schedules of Pharaoh,
we have known your name,
we have sensed your passion,
we have treasured your vision of justice.

And now we turn to you again,
whose precious name we know.
We turn to you because there are
still impossible production schedules,
still exploitative systems,
still cries of pain at injustice,
still cheap labor that yields misery.

We turn to you in impatience and exasperation,
wondering, "How long?" before you answer
our pleading question,
hear our petition,
since you are not a labor boss and do not set wages.

We bid you, stir up those who can change things;
do your stirring in the jaded halls of government;
do your stirring in the cynical offices of the corporations;
do your stirring amid the voting public too anxious to care;
do your stirring in the church that thinks too much about purity
and not enough about wages.

Move, as you moved in ancient Egyptian days.
 Move the waters and the flocks and the herds
 toward new statutes and regulations,
 new equity and good health care,
 new dignity that cannot be given on the cheap.
 We have known now long since,
 that you reject *cheap grace*;
 even as we now know that you reject *cheap labor*.

You, God of justice and dignity and equity,
 keep the promises you bodied in Jesus,
 that the poor may be first-class members of society,
 that the needy may have good care and respect,
 that the poor earth may rejoice in well-being,
 that we may all come to Sabbath rest together,
 the owner and the worker,
 the leisure class and the labor class,
 all at peace in dignity and justice,
 not on the cheap, but good measure,
 pressed down,
 running over... forgiven.

Walter Brueggemann



Gekraakte pot

in memoriam Herman van Wyk

wat as die pot misluk
 of van die hitte kraak deur gebruik
 bars stukkend val
 sal die pottelbakker dalk nuwe klei
 op die skyf gooi 'n nuwe vorm
 met sy vingers uiforseer
 geglasuur simmetries volmaak gevuur?
 nee, dit is die gekraakte pot wat lewe saai
 sover hy gedra word die stukkende een
 wat weet van uitdeel en gee die onvolmaakte
 wat water uitstort mors geil groente gee
 wat weet die snotkop-predikantjie eintlik
 van hande vol bulle krukke wat vorentoe beur
 van voete gebreek sodat jy kon loop
 van hoe een voet die trap opsukkel en dan die ander
 sy eie parabel leer hom die les
 jy is die mislukte kruik seer en gekraak
 die lekkende pot wat water in oorvloed uitstort
 die gekraakte pot wat geil groei mors
 die gekraakte pot wat gebreek lê by die fontein
 die gebuigde wiel wat stukkend geval het in die put

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<http://versindaba.co.za/2016/04/29/hein-viljoen-gekraakte-pot/>



"Doubt isn't the opposite of faith; it is an element of faith."

— Paul Tillich

"The first duty of love is to listen."

— Paul Tillich

Brood vir die pad

In die felle sonlig van die Piazza Barberini

Dirkie Smit

Hul kinders was vreemd gefassineer, só vertel 'n kollega, deur
 dié vreemde gesig van die Kapusynse kript in Rome. Die

Kapusyne, 'n Franciskane-orde, só genoem vanweë hul tipiese
 hoofbedekking, is wêreldwyd vir dienswerk aan siekes en armes
 bekend. Hulle is die armstes onder die armes, heel lêterlik
 toegewy aan Franciscus se ideaal van vrywillige afsterwe om
 waarlik vry te wees vir naastes die diepste in nood, sonder
 terughou en vrees. Hulle probeer dié opneem en dra van die eie
 kruis in diens aan die wêreld radikaal uitleef. Maar dis g'n
 speletjie nie – vandáár dié makabere kript.

Dit bestaan uit vyf ondergrondse kapelle waardeur
 besoekers een ná die ander loop. Dit is uitgevoer met
 doodsbeendere van tot 40 000 Kapusyne oor die eeue, nié in
 herkenbare vorm soos geraamtes nie, maar met dieselfde sóort
 almal in één vertrek versamel – sê maar, 'n kapel vir arms, of
 vir pelvisse. Aaneengeryg soos kinders met skulpies, opmekaar
 gestapel, gerangskik in patrone, asof kunstenaars met dié bene
 wou sketse maak. Vreemd, grotesk, sommige sou sê grusaam.
 Dramatiese herinnering aan ons eie sterflikheid.

In een kapel lees besoekers: "Wat julle nou is, was ons ook
 eens, wat ons nou is, sal julle wees." Dis asof die beendere met
 verbygangers spot, hulle uitlag, met die makabere lag van
 finaliteit.

Sommige sou kon dink dit verteenwoordig 'n (selfs sieklike)
 fassinatie met die dood, maar dit sou 'n misverstand wees. Dis
 veeleer fassinatie met die lewe, maar dan 'n sóort lewe slegs
 moontlik danksy diepe bewussyn van die tydelikheid van alles
 stofliks. Talle filosowe deur alle eeue was immers oortuig dat
 sterwenskuns die begin is van ware lewenskuns, alléén die
 nodige perspektief, oriëntasie en waarde-bepaling kan bied. In
 die Middeleeue was dié gevoel wyd verbreid, uitgebeeld in talle
 kunswerke.

In sommige tradisies vervul die hemelvaart van Christus dié
 rol. Dié bring immers versekering en daarom vryheid om te kan
 liefhê en dien (Kol. 3:1-4). Gelowiges bly gevolglik nie staan en
 staar na die vreemde gesig nie, maar draai, inderdaad
 gefassineer, om na die stad, want dis tyd vir dóén, vir
 hán delinge (Hand. 1:11-12). Kapusyne neem dit net uiters
 radikaál op omdat hulle sulke radikale vryheid en
 dienswilligheid benodig by hul lede. Dié moes elke aand dáár
 kom nadink – oor léwe. Daarom is die lááste vertrek die kapel
 van opstanding, die nuwe lewe wat moontlik word.

Slegs daardéur kon hulle weer uit na buite, na die felle
 sonlig van die Piazza Barberini, met die polsende wêreldstad
 Rome óm hulle, ja, tot die uithoeke van die wêreld (Hand. 1:8).

<http://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/djs-in-die-felle-sonlig-van-die-piazza-barberini-20160430>



Lied 188

O God, so ryk en goed,
 gee ons solank ons lewe
 altyd 'n blye hart;
 as dit u wil is: vrede.
 Laat u genade ons
 beveilig teen gevaar,
 in donker ure ons
 van struikeling bewaar.