

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Woorddiens

Tema: "Berou"

Skriflesing: Psalm 32

Berou

Berou, wat 'n bitter reaksie
op 'n ondeurdagte aksie.
Gedryf deur die gewete
oor dade, swaar vergete
En netsoos nat en droog
hand aan hand moet loop,
staan Vergifnis verhewe en hoog
aan Berou vasgeknoop.

<http://blogs.litnet.co.za/aa3cher/2014/01/13/berou/>

Broodjies vir die pad

Lied 266

Ons Vader wat woon in die hemel,
geheilig sy u Naam.
Laat u ryk kom, u wil geskied
soos in die hemel so ook op die aarde.
Gee ons vandag ons dag se brood
en vergeef ons al ons skulde,
net soos ons vergewe dié wat teen ons sondig.
Laat kom ons nie in die versoeking,
maar verlos ons van die Bose.
Van U is die ryk en die sterkte en die ere,
vir ewig en ewig, amen.
Vir ewig en ewig, amen.



Did I offer peace today? Did I bring a smile to someone's face? Did I say words of healing? Did I let go of my anger and resentment? Did I forgive? Did I love? These are the real questions. I must trust that the little bit of love that I sow now will bear many fruits, here in this world and the life to come. Henri Nouwen

"I am told that the proximity of punishment arouses real repentance in the criminal and sometimes awakens a feeling of genuine remorse in the most hardened heart; I am told this is due to fear."

– Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *White Nights*

"One can no more keep the mind from returning to an idea than the sea from returning to a shore. For a sailor, this is called the tide; in the case of the guilty it is called remorse. God stirs up the soul as well as the ocean."

– Victor Hugo, *Les Misérables*

"And this is what I want you to understand, that good, real good, was born out of your father's remorse. Sometimes, I think everything he did, feeding the poor on the streets, building the orphanage, giving money to friends in need, it was all his way of redeeming himself. And that, I believe, is what true redemption is, Amir jan, when guilt leads to good."

– Khaled Hosseini, *The Kite Runner*

"It's important in life to conclude things properly. Only then can you let go. Otherwise you are left with words you should have said but never did, and your heart is heavy with remorse."

– Yann Martel, *Life of Pi*

"Chronic remorse, as all the moralists are agreed, is a most undesirable sentiment. If you have behaved badly, repent, make what amends you can and address yourself to the task of behaving better next time. On no account brood over your wrongdoing. Rolling in the muck is not the best way of getting clean."

– Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

Aldous Leonard Huxley was an English writer and one of the most prominent members of the famous Huxley family. He spent the latter part of his life in the United States, living in Los Angeles from 1937 until his death in 1963. Best known for his novels and wide-ranging output of essays, he also published short stories, poetry, travel writing, and film stories and scripts. Through his novels and essays Huxley functioned as an examiner and sometimes critic of social mores, norms and ideals. Huxley was a humanist but was also interested towards the end of his life in spiritual subjects such as parapsychology and philosophical mysticism. By the end of his life, Huxley was widely acknowledged as one of the pre-eminent intellectuals of his time.

"The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed."

– C.G. Jung



Iets oor bome

“For me, trees have always been the most penetrating preachers. I revere them when they live in tribes and families, in forests and groves. And even more I revere them when they stand alone. They are like lonely persons. Not like hermits who have stolen away out of some weakness, but like great, solitary men, like Beethoven and Nietzsche. In their highest boughs the world rustles, their roots rest in infinity; but they do not lose themselves there, they struggle with all the force of their lives for one thing only: to fulfil themselves according to their own laws, to build up their own form, to represent themselves. Nothing is holier, nothing is more exemplary than a beautiful, strong tree. When a tree is cut down and reveals its naked death-wound to the sun, one can read its whole history in the luminous, inscribed disk of its trunk: in the rings of its years, its scars, all the struggle, all the suffering, all the sickness, all the happiness and prosperity stand truly written, the narrow years and the luxurious years, the attacks withstood, the storms endured. And every young farmboy knows that the hardest and noblest wood has the narrowest rings, that high on the mountains and in continuing danger the most indestructible, the strongest, the ideal trees grow.

Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth. They do not preach learning and precepts, they preach, undeterred by particulars, the ancient law of life.

A tree says: A kernel is hidden in me, a spark, a thought, I am life from eternal life. The attempt and the risk that the eternal mother took with me is unique, unique the form and veins of my skin, unique the smallest play of leaves in my branches and the smallest scar on my bark. I was made to form and reveal the eternal in my smallest special detail.

A tree says: My strength is trust. I know nothing about my fathers, I know nothing about the thousand children that every year spring out of me. I live out the secret of my seed to the very end, and I care for nothing else. I trust that God is in me. I trust that my labor is holy. Out of this trust I live.

When we are stricken and cannot bear our lives any longer, then a tree has something to say to us: Be still! Be still! Look at me! Life is not easy, life is not difficult. Those are childish thoughts. Let God speak within you, and your thoughts will grow silent. You are anxious because your path leads away from mother and home. But every step and every day lead you back again to the mother. Home is neither here nor there. Home is within you, or home is nowhere at all.

A longing to wander tears my heart when I hear trees rustling in the wind at evening. If one listens to them silently for a long time, this longing reveals its kernel, its meaning. It is not so much a matter of escaping from one's suffering, though it may seem to be so. It is a longing for home, for a memory of the mother, for new metaphors for life. It leads home. Every path leads homeward, every step is birth, every step is death, every grave is mother.

So the tree rustles in the evening, when we stand uneasy before our own childish thoughts: Trees have long thoughts, long-breathing and restful, just as they have longer lives than ours. They are wiser than we are, as long as we do not listen to them. But when we have learned how to listen to trees, then the brevity and the quickness and the childlike hastiness of our thoughts achieve an incomparable joy. Whoever has learned how to listen to trees no longer wants to be a tree. He wants to be nothing except what he is. That is home. That is happiness.”

— Hermann Hesse, *Bäume. Betrachtungen und Gedichte*

<http://www.goodreads.com/quotes/27688-for-me-trees-have-always-been-the-most-penetrating-preachers>

Brood vir die pad

Soos die profete se woorde op die moltrein-mure?

DJS

’n Genoot van die Stellenbosse Instituut vir Gevorderde Navorsing (STIAS) hou ’n openbare lesing oor kolonialisme se psigologie van geweld. As kenner van die Britse Ryk kom sy voorbeelde meesal uit Australië se verre verlede, maar sy teorieë is ontstellend en laat die gedagtes ver dwaal, ook weg van ’n kolonie, na ander plekke en tye, ander kulture en omgewings.

Een sielkundige strategie, sê hy, is dié van stilte, van swye, letterlik doodse swye, dié van wegsteek, verbloem, nie noem, verwoord, erken nie – swye oor die vrees en geweld, die alledaagsheid van vernedering en aftakeling, meermale ook die vanselfsprekende van brutale fisiese geweld, alles bedek deur ’n sameswering van stilswye. Sy storie roep ander stories op, ewe ontstellend, en ander vrae.

Hoevele kulture van swye heers nie oral om ons nie? Hoevele duister wense en heilige, nooit-gehoorde dinge flikker nie om die grense van ons duister woorde omdat ons huiwer om hulle uit te spreek nie – in die aangrypende woorde van Van Wyk Louw? Hoeveel geweld leef daar nie in ons samelewing, ja, fisies en brutaal, maar ook subtiel, vernederend en aftakelend, uitsluitend en uitmergelend, wat mense stroop van waardigheid en hoop en in voortdurende vrees laat nie?

Hoevele sulke kulture heers nie in ons werkplekke nie? By ons skole? Op die web? As kenners reg is oor hoevele kinders in blywende vrees leef vir sielkundige geweld op sosiale media, hoeveel seer en swaar word dan nie daagliks in stilte verduur so tussen ons nie? En wat van doodse swye oor wat in gesinne en families gebeur? Sonder dat selfs nabye vriende daarvan weet? Hoeveel berigte oor gesinstragedies moet ons nog lees waarin bure en kennisse sê hulle sou dit nooit kon dink nie, hy was so saggeaard en sy so gelukkig – en die kindertjies tog so onskuldig?

Die lesing roep talle Bybelse beelde en metafore by my op wat die oordeel beskryf as blote openbaar-making van alles wat in die geheim gebeur het, niks meer nie.

Skielik sal almal álles weet – van die dakke verkondig, op die pleine uitgeroep, skielik bekénd, sigbaar, vir álmal om álles van ons te weet, te sien, te hóór. Daarna bly geen oordeel meer nodig nie, want dis rééds die oordeel, ons boeke óóp, vir almal om te lees. Kan ons iets ergers bedink? Byna soos historici wat na eeue sake tóg ontdek en oopvlek en opnoem.

Ná die lesing bly maal sulke beelde by my, saam met Paul Simon se destydse somber lirieke uit sy “Sound of Silence”:
“You do not know//Silence like a cancer grows.

<http://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/soos-die-profete-se-woorde-op-die-moltrein-mure-20170224>



Lied 526

Waar daar liefde is, en deernis,
waar daar liefde is, daar is God die Heer.

Ubi caritas, et amor

ubi caritas, Deus ibi est.