

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstreek van die kerse

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.

Woorddiens

Tema: Wat doen donkertes aan ons?

Skriflesing: Johannes 1:1-14

"What hurts you, blesses you. Darkness is your candle."
– Jalaluddin Rumi

Broodjies vir die pad

Oop gesprek op Stellenbosch (vir Johan Degenaar)

Ons soek na Rooikappie en wolwespel,
die helfte word jou nooit vertel;
druiswyn en varsgesnede brood,
sing met die wolwe as die hekse dans.

Hy sit Sokraties hande by mekaar:
"Wat bedoel jy as jy dit só sê?"

Daar mors 'n wynvlek op die rand
van deug en skoonheid se verband.

Ek praat oor Ashforth en die skadu's van Soweto,
vreemde hane wat onder die eike kraai:
mens is 'n mens deur andere
wat jou met toorkrag af kan maai.

Hy glimlag effens, verwys na bande wat weer brand
rondom twee Afrikaanse akademies:
dit wat ons uit die onderstroom kan skep is lewe,
dit wat jy ongeskape laat, word hel.
Die fabels skep bewussyn oor die lewe;
red jou lewe deur jou fabels te vertel.

Maar as jy eendag wil gesels,
swyg by kollegas, kom oordag:
ek hou 'n ekstra bottel in die Laan,
maar kan my deur nie meer so oop laat staan.

Heinrich Matthee

"Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you."
– Friedrich Nietzsche

"All the darkness in the world cannot extinguish the light of a single candle."
– Francis of Assisi, The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi

"We can easily forgive a child who is afraid of the dark; the real tragedy of life is when men are afraid of the light."
– Plato



Sonnet XVII

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.
I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;
so I love you because I know no other way than this:

where I does not exist, nor you,
so close that your hand on my chest is my hand,
so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep.

Pablo Neruda



"Knowing your own darkness is the best method for dealing with the darknesses of other people."
– C.G. Jung

"One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious."
– C.G. Jung

"To love or have loved, that is enough. Ask nothing further. There is no other pearl to be found in the dark folds of life."
– Victor Hugo, Les Misérables



When Great Trees Fall

When great trees fall,
rocks on distant hills shudder,
lions hunker down
in tall grasses,
and even elephants
lumber after safety.

When great trees fall
in forests,
small things recoil into silence,
their senses
eroded beyond fear.

When great souls die,
the air around us becomes

light, rare, sterile.
 We breathe, briefly.
 Our eyes, briefly,
 see with
 a hurtful clarity.
 Our memory, suddenly sharpened,
 examines,
 gnaws on kind words
 unsaid,
 promised walks
 never taken.

Great souls die and
 our reality, bound to
 them, takes leave of us.
 Our souls,
 dependent upon their
 nurture,
 now shrink, wizened.
 Our minds, formed
 and informed by their
 radiance,
 fall away.
 We are not so much maddened
 as reduced to the unutterable ignorance
 of dark, cold
 caves.

And when great souls die,
 after a period peace blooms,
 slowly and always
 irregularly. Spaces fill
 with a kind of
 soothing electric vibration.
 Our senses, restored, never
 to be the same, whisper to us.
 They existed. They existed.
 We can be. Be and be
 better. For they existed."

Maya Angelou



Do not go gentle into that good night,
 Old age should burn and rage at close of day;
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
 Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
 Because their words had forked no lightning they
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
 Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
 And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
 Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
 Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
 Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
 Do not go gentle into that good night.
 Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas, Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Brood vir die pad

Hoop wéét van die leegte en van nag en van klag

Geloof sien beter in die donker, skryf Dirkie Smit verlede week in sy laaste rubriek hier, met verwysing na 'n stelling van die 19de- eeuse Deense filosoof Søren Kierkegaard.

In 'n onderhoud 'n paar jaar gelede vertel die Amerikaanse politikus Joe Biden hoe sy vrou hierdie aanhaling van Kierkegaard teen sy spieël opgeplak het nadat hul seun aan breinkanker oorlede is.

Dalk spreek Kierkegaard se woorde tot mense omdat ons die aanvoeling het dat dit juis in donker tye is, in tye wanneer ons nie 'n uitweg sien nie, dat die ware aard en krag van geloof die duidelikste te voorskyn kom.

Vir baie mense vandag is die tye inderdaad donker, op persoonlike en sosiopolitieke vlak. En sommige ander mag weer met Bob Dylan se woorde op sy album Time out of Mind identifiseer: "Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear/ It is not dark yet, but it's getting there."

In sulke donker – of donker wordende – tye is die versoeking daar om die toevlug tot 'n soort optimistiese voorspoeddenke te neem.

In sy boek Hope without Optimism daag die Britse literêre kenner Terry Eagleton egter só 'n lewenshouding uit. Hy erken dat hy dalk nie die beste persoon is om oor hoop te skryf nie, aangesien sy persoonlikheid van so 'n aard is dat die spreekwoordelike glas vir hom nie slegs halfleeg is nie, maar boonop met 'n giftige vloeistof gevul is.

Tog is die punt wat Eagleton in sy boek maak diepsinnig. Hoop moet nie sonder meer met 'n vrolike lewensuitkyk verwar word nie. Of aan 'n self-misleidende optimisme wat die donker ontken, gelykgestel word nie.

Hoop wat die naam werd is, is 'n hoop wat – teologies uitgedruk – nie 'n ompad om lyding en die kruis na opstanding neem nie.

Geestelike waardes soos geloof en hoop se diepste betekenis, sou ons kon sê, lê juis daarin dat dit wéét van donker, van nag, van klag, van die leegte, van uitroep uit die dieptes.

Wanneer ons met ons eie vermoëns in die donker nag van swaarkry nie ons hand voor ons oë kan sien nie, skryf Kierkegaard in sy Gospel of Sufferings, sien geloof die Onsienlike, want geloof sien beter in die donker. Geloof, skryf Kierkegaard verder, is nie soos die dokter wat sê dat alles reg is en dan vertrek nie, al is alles nie reg nie.

Nee, wanneer geloof troos, neem dit midde-in die donker naas ons plek in en sê: "Ek gaan by jou bly sodat as ek goedkoop of valse woorde spreek, jy jou woede op my kan uithaal." –RRV

<http://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/hoop-weet-van-die-leegte-en-van-nag-en-van-klag-20170901>



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.*