

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstreek van die kerse

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...

*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 heerlik, Heer, u grote Naam!*

Ek sien die veld – die bosse, berge, vlaktes.
Ek hoor hoe fluister grasse, stroom en wind.
O Heer, U sorg vir klein, vir groot, vir alles
en U sorg dag na dag vir my, u kind.

Woorddiens

Tema: "Beelde soos in *Image...*"

Skriflesing: Matteus 22:15-22

"The beginning of love is the will to let those we love be perfectly themselves, the resolution not to twist them to fit our own image. If in loving them we do not love what they are, but only their potential likeness to ourselves, then we do not love them: we only love the reflection of ourselves we find in them"

– Thomas Merton, *No Man Is an Island*

Broodjies vir die pad

Ryk Hattingh

All of us have a place in history. Mine is clouds.

– Richard Brautigan

"My aard, soos 'n vonk,
is ook onkenbaar," beskryf
jy jouself in
Huilboek

'n laaste testament

ongeteken.

Op *Monitor*

lewer ek 'n kort huldeblyk

oor jou vroegoggend

in hierdie verraderlike paradys

waar ons steeds sing van bomme.

"Skoenmaker hou jou by jou lees!",

sou jy kon uitroep.

"Wat weet jy van verlange

na 'n vaderland

wat klou soos nag

aan 'n kietiekombers?"

My vooraf geredigeerde

afseidswoorde

verklap helaas nie

hoe ek nie tranes kon keer

oor hoe jy

voor sonsopkoms

in 'n ander tydsone

deur 'n tonnel

beweeg

kaalvoet

tot binne-in my grafskrif.

11 Oktober 2017

Joan Hambidge



"Human beings are not born once and for all on the day their mothers give birth to them, but ... life obliges them over and over again to give birth to themselves."

– Gabriel García Márquez



"Sometimes we must undergo hardships, breakups, and narcissistic wounds, which shatter the flattering image that we had of ourselves, in order to discover two truths: that we are not who we thought we were; and that the loss of a cherished pleasure is not necessarily the loss of true happiness and well-being. (109)"

– Jean-Yves Leloup, *Compassion and Meditation: The Spiritual Dynamic between Buddhism and Christianity*

Jean-Yves Leloup, an Orthodox theologian, is well known in Europe, North and South America as a popular author on spirituality and psychology. He is the founder of the Institute of Other Civilization Studies and the International College of Therapists. He has written more than fifty books and has also translated and commented the gospels of Thomas, Miriam of Magdala, Philip and John.



"You must give birth to your images. They are the future waiting to be born. Fear not the strangeness you feel. The future must enter you long before it happens. Just wait for the birth, for the the hour of the new clarity."

– Rainer Maria Rilke



"Look again at that dot. That's here. That's home. That's us. On it everyone you love, everyone you know, everyone you ever heard of, every human being who ever was, lived out their lives. The aggregate of our joy and suffering, thousands of confident religions, ideologies, and economic doctrines, every hunter and forager,

every hero and coward, every creator and destroyer of civilization, every king and peasant, every young couple in love, every mother and father, hopeful child, inventor and explorer, every teacher of morals, every corrupt politician, every "superstar," every "supreme leader," every saint and sinner in the history of our species lived there-on a mote of dust suspended in a sunbeam.

The Earth is a very small stage in a vast cosmic arena. Think of the endless cruelties visited by the inhabitants of one corner of this pixel on the scarcely distinguishable inhabitants of some other corner, how frequent their misunderstandings, how eager they are to kill one another, how fervent their hatreds. Think of the rivers of blood spilled by all those generals and emperors so that, in glory and triumph, they could become the momentary masters of a fraction of a dot.

Our posturings, our imagined self-importance, the delusion that we have some privileged position in the Universe, are challenged by this point of pale light. Our planet is a lonely speck in the great enveloping cosmic dark. In our obscurity, in all this vastness, there is no hint that help will come from elsewhere to save us from ourselves.

The Earth is the only world known so far to harbor life. There is nowhere else, at least in the near future, to which our species could migrate. Visit, yes. Settle, not yet. Like it or not, for the moment the Earth is where we make our stand.

It has been said that astronomy is a humbling and character-building experience. There is perhaps no better demonstration of the folly of human conceits than this distant image of our tiny world. To me, it underscores our responsibility to deal more kindly with one another, and to preserve and cherish the pale blue dot, the only home we've ever known."

— Carl Sagan, *Pale Blue Dot: A Vision of the Human Future in Space*



"The books or the music in which we thought the beauty was located will betray us if we trust to them; it was not in them, it only came through them, and what came through them was longing. These things—the beauty, the memory of our own past—are good images of what we really desire; but if they are mistaken for the thing itself they turn into dumb idols, breaking the hearts of their worshippers. For they are not the thing itself; they are only the scent of a flower we have not found, the echo of a tune we have not heard, news from a country we have never yet visited."

— C.S. Lewis (*The Weight of Glory*)

Brood vir die pad

Nie alles in lewe kan in geldwaarde uitgedruk word

RRV

Die skrywer en digter C. Louis Leipoldt – veral bekend vir sy beskrywing van Oktober as “die mooiste, mooiste maand” – dig in een van sy ander verse:

“Vir my sing maar liewers van blomme;

Van al wat die vlei laat verkleur . . .

Maar nooit nie, nee nooit nie, van geld!”

Hierdie woorde laat ons, ook in ons dag, met ’n vraag: Sing ons by wyse van spreke van blomme of sing ons van geld? Hierop mag sommige reageer: Is geld dan nie ook ’n gawe nie? En ander mag toevoeg: Is om van blomme te sing nie maar net ’n luukse vir hulle wat reeds geld het nie?

Maar te midde van sulke vrae voel ons aan dat daar agter verse soos hierdie van Leipoldt iets meer skuil. Miskien het dit te make met ’n weerstand teen ’n sekere lewensuitkyk waarvolgens alles en almal in terme van ekonomiese nut beskou word. Die lewe word daarvolgens tot die logika van die mark gereduseer.

In die proses verloor ons die vermoë om verwonderd te wees oor die dinge wat polsend van lewe is, maar wat nie met geld gekoop kan word nie.

In sy bekroonde werk *Le Prix de la Vérité* (in Engels vertaal as *The Price of Truth: Gift, Money, and Philosophy*) verken Marcel Hénaff juis hoe die logika van die mark toenemend ons waardes en identiteit stempel.

Hy haal as een van die boek se motto’s vir Seneka aan: “Ons vra nie meer wat dinge is nie, maar wat dit kos.”

Maar, skryf Hénaff verder, te midde van die krag van die mark se logika dat alles ’n prys het, weet ons dat die prys van vriendskap, die prys van gedeelde herinnering en die prys van lewe nie in geldwaarde uitgedruk kan word nie. Ook die waarheid kan nie met geld verseker word nie.

Daarom is ’n ander motto van die boek ’n gesegde van Sokrates: “Die bewys wat ek vir die waarheid van my stelling kan gee, is myns insiens ’n oortuigende een – my armoede”.

Een van die publikasies wat met die oog op die 500ste herdenking van die Reformasie verskyn het, heet *Salvation – Not For Sale*. Die titel verwoord die gedagte dat ook wat ons geloofslewe betref, die wesenlike dinge nie te koop is nie.

Kerkhervormers soos Martin Luther en Johannes Calvyn het met hul nadruk op genade hierdie logika goed verstaan. God se vryspraak, heling, bevryding – dit wat mense deur die eeue laat sing het – kan nie gekoop word nie.

Om die waarheid te sê, die eienaardige ekonomiese logika van die evangelie is dat dit verniet is.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/nie-alles-in-lewe-kan-in-geldwaarde-uitgedruk-word-20171013>



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.