

## Toetrede

### Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

#### Lied 358

Welkom, o stille nag van vrede,  
 onder die suiderkruis,  
 wyl stemme uit die ou verlede  
 oor sterreheemel ruis.

#### Refrein

*Kersfees kom, Kersfees kom –  
 gee aan God die eer.*

*Skenk ons 'n helder Somerkersfees  
 in hierdie land, o Heer.*

Hoor jy hoe sag die klokke beier  
 In eeue-oue taal.

Kyk, selfs die nagtelike swye  
 vertel die ou verhaal.

## Woorddiens

**Tema: “Sprinkane en heuning. Is ons wat ons eet? En wat het kos met Kersfees te doen?”**

### Skriflesing: Markus 1:1-8 (1953)

<sup>1</sup> DIE begin van die evangelie van Jesus Christus, die Seun van God.

<sup>2</sup> Soos geskrywe is in die Profete: Kyk, Ek stuur my boodskapper voor u aangesig, wat u pad voor U uit sal regmaak —

<sup>3</sup> die stem van een wat roep in die woestyn: Berei die weg van die Here, maak sy paaie reguit!

<sup>4</sup> Johannes het gekom en was besig om in die woestyn te doop en die doop van bekering tot vergifnis van sondes te verkondig.

<sup>5</sup> En die hele Joodse land en die inwoners van Jerusalem het uitgegaan na hom toe, en almal is deur hom gedoop in die Jordaanrivier met belydenis van hulle sondes.

<sup>6</sup> En Johannes was gekleed met kameelhare en 'n leergord om sy heupe, en hy het sprinkane en wilde heuning geëet.

<sup>7</sup> En hy het gepreek en gesê: Hy wat sterker is as ek, kom ná my, en ek is nie waardig om neer te buk en sy skoenriem los te maak nie.

<sup>8</sup> Ek het julle wel met water gedoop, maar Hy sal julle doop met die Heilige Gees.

### Broodjies vir die pad

“Because here's something else that's weird but true: in the day-to-day trenches of adult life, there is actually no such thing as atheism. There is no such thing as not worshipping. Everybody worships. The only choice we get is what to worship. And the compelling reason for maybe choosing some sort of god or spiritual-type thing to worship—

be it JC or Allah, be it YHWH or the Wiccan Mother Goddess, or the Four Noble Truths, or some inviolable set of ethical principles—is that pretty much anything else you worship will eat you alive. If you worship money and things, if they are where you tap real meaning in life, then you will never have enough, never feel you have enough. It's the truth. Worship your body and beauty and sexual allure and you will always feel ugly. And when time and age start showing, you will die a million deaths before they finally grieve you. On one level, we all know this stuff already. It's been codified as myths, proverbs, clichés, epigrams, parables; the skeleton of every great story. The whole trick is keeping the truth up front in daily consciousness.

Worship power, you will end up feeling weak and afraid, and you will need ever more power over others to numb you to your own fear. Worship your intellect, being seen as smart, you will end up feeling stupid, a fraud, always on the verge of being found out. But the insidious thing about these forms of worship is not that they're evil or sinful, it's that they're unconscious. They are default settings.

They're the kind of worship you just gradually slip into, day after day, getting more and more selective about what you see and how you measure value without ever being fully aware that that's what you're doing.”

— David Foster Wallace, *This Is Water: Some Thoughts, Delivered on a Significant Occasion, about Living a Compassionate Life*

David Foster Wallace worked surprising turns on nearly everything: novels, journalism, vacation. His life was an information hunt, collecting hows and whys. "I received 500,000 discrete bits of information today," he once said, "of which maybe 25 are important. My job is to make some sense of it." He wanted to write "stuff about what it feels like to live. Instead of being a relief from what it feels like to live." Readers curled up in the nooks and clearings of his style: his comedy, his brilliance, his humaneness.

His life was a map that ends at the wrong destination. Wallace was an A student through high school, he played football, he played tennis, he wrote a philosophy thesis and a novel before he graduated from Amherst, he went to writing school, published the novel, made a city of squalling, bruising, kneecapping editors and writers fall moony-eyed in love with him. He published a thousand-page novel, received the only award you get in the nation for being a genius, wrote essays providing the best feel anywhere of what it means to be alive in the contemporary world, accepted a special chair at California's Pomona College to teach writing, married, published another book and, last month [Sept. 2008], hanged himself at age 46.

-excerpt from **The Lost Years & Last Days of David Foster Wallace** by David Lipsky in *Rolling Stone Magazine* October 30, 2008.

Among Wallace's honors were a Whiting Writers Award (1987), a Lannan Literary Award (1996), a *Paris Review* Aga Khan Prize for Fiction (1997), a National Magazine Award (2001), three O. Henry Awards (1988, 1999, 2002), and a MacArthur Foundation "Genius" Grant.

[https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4339.David\\_Foster\\_Wallace](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4339.David_Foster_Wallace)



“People ask me, 'What is the use of climbing Mount Everest?' and my answer must at once be, 'It is of no use.' There is not the slightest

prospect of any gain whatsoever. Oh, we may learn a little about the behaviour of the human body at high altitudes, and possibly medical men may turn our observation to some account for the purposes of aviation. But otherwise nothing will come of it. We shall not bring back a single bit of gold or silver, not a gem, nor any coal or iron... If you cannot understand that there is something in man which responds to the challenge of this mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle is the struggle of life itself upward and forever upward, then you won't see why we go. What we get from this adventure is just sheer joy. And joy is, after all, the end of life. We do not live to eat and make money. We eat and make money to be able to live. That is what life means and what life is for.”  
— George Mallory, *Climbing Everest: The Complete Writings of George Mallory*



“I want to be able to listen to recording of piano sonatas and know who's playing. I want to go to classical concerts and know when you're meant to clap. I want to be able to 'get' modern jazz without it all sounding like this terrible mistake, and I want to know who the Velvet Underground are exactly. I want to be fully engaged in the World of Ideas, I want to understand complex economics, and what people see in Bob Dylan. I want to possess radical but humane and well-informed political ideals, and I want to hold passionate but reasoned debates round wooden kitchen tables, saying things like 'define your terms!' and 'your premise is patently specious!' and then suddenly to discover that the sun's come up and we've been talking all night. I want to use words like 'eponymous' and 'solipsistic' and 'utilitarian' with confidence. I want to learn to appreciate fine wines, and exotic liquers, and fine single malts, and learn how to drink them without turning into a complete div, and to eat strange and exotic foods, plovers' eggs and lobster thermidor, things that sound barely edible, or that I can't pronounce...Most of all I want to read books; books thick as brick, leather-bound books with incredibly thin paper and those purple ribbons to mark where you left off; cheap, dusty, second-hand books of collected verse, incredibly expensive, imported books of incomprehensible essays from foreign universities.

At some point I'd like to have an original idea...And all of these are the things that a university education's going to give me.”  
— David Nicholls, *Starter for Ten*



“Imagine if we had a food system that actually produced wholesome food. Imagine if it produced that food in a way that restored the land. Imagine if we could eat every meal knowing these few simple things: What it is we're eating. Where it came from. How it found its way to our table. And what it really cost. If that was the reality, then every meal would have the potential to be a perfect meal. We would not need to go hunting for our connection to our food and the web of life that produces it. We would no longer need any reminding that we eat by the grace of nature, not industry, and that what we're eating is never anything more or less than the body of the world. I don't want to have to forage every meal. Most people don't want to learn to garden or hunt. But we can change the way we make and get our food so that it becomes food again—something that feeds our bodies and our souls. Imagine it: Every meal would connect us to the joy of living and the wonder of nature. Every meal would be like saying grace.”  
— Michael Pollan, *The Omnivore's Dilemma: A Natural History of Four Meals*

## Brood vir die pad

### Nou is die tyd om anders oor tyd en toekoms te dink

Hoewel Kersmusiek al sedert Oktober in supermarkte speel, is dit eers in die komende dae wat Christene wêreldwyd Advent as die eerste seisoen van die kerklike jaar vier.

Advent is ontleen aan die Latynse woord *adventus* wat “koms” beteken, en dit word as 'n tyd van afwagting en gereedmaking in die lig van die koms van Christus beskou.

Christene en kerke fokus daarom in hierdie dae op die Bybeltekste wat praat van die verlangete na die koms van die Messias en nuutheid, asook op die belofte van Christus se tweede koms.

Advent, sou ons kon sê, is die tyd wat gelowiges wil skool om anders oor tyd en die toekoms te dink.

Die Duitse teoloog Jürgen Moltmann onderskei tussen twee moontlike maniere van praat oor die toekoms, wat hy dan met die Latynse woorde *futurum* en *adventus* verbind. Die toekoms in die sin van *futurum* is die tyd wat bloot op die hede volg – jy kan dit op die kalender vind. Maar vir Moltmann is daar ook 'n ander verstaan van die toekoms wat met *adventus* verbind kan word.

Hiervolgens is die toekoms oop vir die moontlikheid dat werklike nuutheid ons tyd kan binnekom en omvorm. Dis die tyd wat gestempel word deur die feit dat God na ons toe kom, dit is toe-koms.

Die Franse filosoof Jacques Derrida maak 'n soortgelyke punt wanneer hy oor die onderskeid in Frans tussen *le futur* en *l'avenir* praat. *Le futur* (die toekoms) is die tyd wat sal wees, hetsy môre of in die volgende eeu. Dit is die toekoms wat voorspelbaar, programmeerbaar en geskeduleerd is.

Dan is daar ook *l'avenir* (die toe-koms). Dit verwys na die totaal onverwagte aankoms van iemand, 'n koms wat ek nie kon voorsien nie.

In wese draai Advent om die verstaan van die toekoms as *adventus* of *l'avenir*, die steun op die belofte dat iets nuuts kan gebeur (vergelyk Jesaja 43:19: “Kyk, ek gaan iets nuuts doen”).

Midde-in ons gebrokenheid en ervarings van donkerte en trauma kan ons die beloftewoord hoor dat onvoorsiene en onverwagse nuutheid ons lewens kan binnekom. Vasgelope verhoudings kan herstel, oortredings kan vergewe word, geregtigheid kan geskied, genesing kan plaasvind. Daarom die Bybelse taal oor die Gees en die Bruid wat roep: Kom! (Openbaring 21:17).

Of in die woorde van Leonard Cohen se lied -“Come Healing”, 'n “adventslid” wat onder meer uit Joodse geloofstradisies put: “O see the darkness yielding/ That tore the light apart/ Come -healing of the reason/ Come healing of the heart.” – RRV

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/nou-is-die-tyd-om-anders-oor-tyd-en-toekoms-te-dink-20171201>

### 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.*