

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteeek van die kerse

Lied 284

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
 waar haat is, laat ek daar u liefde bring.
 Laat ek in pyn en smart vertroostend wees
 en krag gee deur geloof in U, o Heer.

Refrein (slegs na strofes 1 en 2)
O Heer, help my om altyd so te leef –
om ander hoër as myself te ag,
ja, om lief te hê – ander bo myself –
en ook eerder te gee as te verwag.

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
 en laat ek hoop gee waar daar twyfel is.
 Ek wil u lig in duisternis laat skyn.
 Laat ware vreugde altyd uit my straal.

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
 leer my om ook soos U te kan vergeef.
 Maak my bereid om aan myself te sterf,
 dat ander U al meer in my kan sien.

Woorddiens

Tema: Hoe word ons beter?

Skriflesing: Markus:1:39-49

“People are like stained-glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out, but when the darkness sets in, their true beauty is revealed only if there is a light from within.”

— Elisabeth Kübler-Ross

Broodjies vir die pad

“Christianity is a life, not a doctrine . . . I'm not saying never doubt or question. The Lord gave you a mind so that you would make honest use of it. I'm saying you must be sure that the doubts and questions are your own.”

— Marilynne Robinson, Gilead

“Weary or bitter or bewildered as we may be, God is faithful. He lets us wander so we will know what it means to come home.”

— Marilynne Robinson, Home

“There is a saying that to understand is to forgive, but that is an error, so Papa used to say. You must forgive in order to understand. Until you forgive, you defend yourself against the possibility of understanding.”

— Marilynne Robinson, Home

Marilynne Robinson

Her 1980 novel, *Housekeeping*, won a Hemingway Foundation/PEN Award for best first novel and was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

Her second novel, *Gilead*, was acclaimed by critics and received the 2005 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction, the 2004 National Book Critics Circle Award for Fiction, and the 2005 Ambassador Book Award.

Her third novel, *Home*, was published in 2008 and was nominated for both the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award; it won the Orange Prize.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/7491.Marilynne_Robinson

Pablo Neruda. Vertaal deur De Waal Venter

El Perezoso
Pablo Neruda

Continuarán viajando cosas
de metal entre las estrellas
subirán hombres extenuados

Die lui aard

Hulle sal aanhou om tussen die sterre
 te vaar, hierdie goed van metaal,
 moeë manne sal opstyg
 om die sagte maan geweld aan te doen
 en daar hulle apteke te vestig.

In hierdie tyd van die uitgeswelde druif
 begin die wyn lewe kry
 tussen die see en die bergreekse.

In Chile dans die kersies,
 donker meisies sing
 en water skitter in kitare.

Die son raak aan elke deur
 en maak 'n wonderwerk van die koring.

Die eerste wyn is rooskleurig,
 soet met die teerheid van 'n kind
 die tweede wyn is kragtig
 sterk soos die stem van 'n matroos
 die derde wyn is 'n topaas,
 'n papawer en ook 'n vuur.

My huis het die see en die aarde,
 my vrou het pragtige oë
 die kleur van wilde haselneut,
 wanneer die nag kom
 trek die see wit en groen aan
 en later droom die maan in die windskuim
 soos 'n meisie van die see.

Ek wil regtig nie van planete verwissel nie.

<http://versindaba.co.za/2018/01/29/pablo-neruda-vertalings-in-afrikaans/>

“When you encounter another person, when you have dealings with anyone at all, it is as if a question is being put to you. So you must think, What is the Lord asking of me in this moment, in this situation? If you confront insult or antagonism, your first impulse will be to respond in kind. But if you think, as it were, This is an emissary sent from the Lord, and some benefit is intended for me, first of all the occasion to demonstrate my

faithfulness, the chance to show that I do in some small degree participate in the grace that saved me, you are free to act otherwise than as circumstances would seem to dictate. You are free to act by your own lights. You are freed at the same time of the impulse to hate or resent that person.”

— Marilynne Robinson, *Gilead*

“The Lord is more constant and far more extravagant than it seems to imply. Wherever you turn your eyes the world can shine like transfiguration. You don't have to bring a thing to it except a little willingness to see. Only, who could have the courage to see it?”

— Marilynne Robinson, *Gilead*

“Life is an island in an ocean of solitude and seclusion. Life is an island, rocks are its desires, trees its dreams, and flowers its loneliness, and it is in the middle of an ocean of solitude and seclusion.

Your life, my friend, is an island separated from all other islands and continents. Regardless of how many boats you send to other shores, you yourself are an island separated by its own pains, secluded its happiness and far away in its compassion and hidden in its secrets and mysteries.

I saw you, my friend, sitting upon a mound of gold, happy in your wealth and great in your riches and believing that a handful of gold is the secret chain that links the thoughts of the people with your own thoughts and links their feeling with your own.

I saw you as a great conqueror leading a conquering army toward the fortress, then destroying and capturing it.

On second glance I found beyond the wall of your treasures a heart trembling in its solitude and seclusion like the trembling of a thirsty man within a cage of gold and jewels, but without water.

I saw you, my friend, sitting on a throne of glory surrounded by people extolling your charity, enumerating your gifts, gazing upon you as if they were in the presence of a prophet lifting their souls up into the planets and stars. I saw you looking at them, contentment and strength upon your face, as if you were to them as the soul is to the body.

On the second look I saw your secluded self standing beside your throne, suffering in its seclusion and quaking in its loneliness. I saw that self stretching its hands as if begging from unseen ghosts. I saw it looking above the shoulders of the people to a far horizon, empty of everything except its solitude and seclusion.

I saw you, my friend, passionately in love with a beautiful woman, filling her palms with your kisses as she looked at you with sympathy and affection in her eyes and sweetness of motherhood on her lips; I said, secretly, that love has erased his solitude and removed his seclusion and he is now within the eternal soul which draws toward itself, with love, those who were separated by solitude and seclusion.

On the second look I saw behind your soul another lonely soul, like a fog, trying in vain to become a drop of tears in the palm of that woman.

Your life, my friend, is a residence far away from any other residence and neighbors.

Your inner soul is a home far away from other homes named after you. If this residence is dark, you cannot light it with your neighbor's lamp; if it is empty you cannot fill it with the riches of your neighbor; were it in the middle of a desert, you could not move it to a garden planted by someone else.

Your inner soul, my friend, is surrounded with solitude and seclusion. Were it not for this solitude and this seclusion you would not be you and I would not be I. If it were not for that

solitude and seclusion, I would, if I heard your voice, think myself to be speaking; yet, if I saw your face, I would imagine that I were looking into a mirror.”

— Kahlil Gibran, *Mirrors of the Soul*

Brood vir die pad

Laat ons in tye van skaarste vir God vra om te voorsien

RRV

Die gesprek gaan oor godsdiens en migrasie. Navorsers uit verskillende vakdissiplines en wêrelddele gee oorsigte oor die situasie ten opsigte van vlugtelinge en ander migrante in hul onderskeie kontekste. Een spreker, gebore in Fidji, praat oor die groterwordende noodsaak om oor die lot van klimaatsverandering-vlugtelinge te besin.

En onwillekeurig dink 'n mens aan die talle oorstromings wat die afgelope week in die nuus was. Asook aan die huidige akute droogte in die Wes- en Oos-Kaap, met die gepaardgaande ingrypende implikasies wat waterskaarste vir mens en om-gewing inhou.

Gedurende hierdie gesprekke sit ek langs 'n Ou Testamentikus. Hy vertel my van sy navorsing oor die temas van migrasie en ballingskap in sekere Bybeltekste. Na aanleiding van ons interaksie gaan lees ek weer die eerste verse van Eksodus 17.

Dié gedeelte vertel hoe die hele volk uit die Sinwoestyn vertrek en uiteindelik kamp opgeslaan het, net om uit te vind daar is geen drinkwater nie. Die volk het toe met Moses rusie gemaak en gesê: “Gee jý vir ons water om te drink!” (vers 2).

Hulle verwyt hom boonop dat hy hulle uit Egipte laat trek het, net dat hulle en hul vee van die dors moet omkom.

Moses roep dan tot die Here, en ontvang die woord dat hy met sy kiere teen 'n rots moet slaan en water dan uit die rots sal stroom.

Moses noem dié plek Massa en Meriba (name wat met “op die proef stel” en “twis” saamhang), want hier het die volk rusie gemaak en gevra: “Is die Here met ons of nie?” (vers 7).

Hierdie teksgedeelte weerspieël iets van die alte menslike reaksie op ervarings van skaarste en tekort. Ons kla en maak rusie. Ons verwyt en blameer ander. Ons vra na die sin van dit alles, en wonder dalk selfs of God by ons is.

Eksodus 17 is egter nie net 'n verhaal oor murmurering en rusie nie, maar deel van 'n breër verhaal oor God se bevryding, voorsiening en teenwoordigheid. Tye van skaarste is daarom ook tye wanneer ons opnuut die begeerte kan uitspreek dat die God wat voortdurend voorsien, ons op die pad sal vergesel.

Wat herinner aan die 18de-eeuse Walliese gesangskrywer William Williams se “pelgrimslied”, wat begin met die woorde: “Guide me, O Thou great Redeemer/ Pilgrim through this barren land.” En later in die lied hoor ons die versugting: “Open the crystal fountain/ Whence the healing stream doth flow/ Let the fire and cloudy pillar/ Lead me all my journey through.”

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/laat-ons-in-tye-van-skaarste-vir-god-vra-om-te-voorsien-20180126>

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.*