

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: Wie is ek/jy?

Skriflesing: Markus 8:27

"I am one of the searchers. There are, I believe, millions of us. We are not unhappy, but neither are we really content. We continue to explore life, hoping to uncover its ultimate secret. We continue to explore ourselves, hoping to understand. We like to walk along the beach, we are drawn by the ocean, taken by its power, its unceasing motion, its mystery and unspeakable beauty. We like forests and mountains, deserts and hidden rivers, and the lonely cities as well. Our sadness is as much a part of our lives as is our laughter. To share our sadness with one we love is perhaps as great a joy as we can know - unless it be to share our laughter. We searchers are ambitious only for life itself, for everything beautiful it can provide. Most of all we love and want to be loved. We want to live in a relationship that will not impede our wandering, nor prevent our search, nor lock us in prison walls; that will take us for what little we have to give. We do not want to prove ourselves to another or compete for love.

For wanderers, dreamers, and lovers, for lonely men and women who dare to ask of life everything good and beautiful. It is for those who are too gentle to live among wolves."
 — James Kavanaugh, There Are Men Too Gentle to Live Among Wolves

Broodjies vir die pad

"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*

Brood vir die pad

“Human beings do not live forever, Reuven. We live less than the time it takes to blink an eye, if we measure our lives against eternity. So it may be asked what value is there to a human life. There is so much pain in the world. What does it mean to have to suffer so much if our lives are nothing more than the blink of an eye?

I learned a long time ago, Reuven, that a blink of an eye in itself is nothing. But the eye that blinks, that is something. A span of life is nothing. But the man who lives that span, he is something. He can fill that tiny span with meaning, so its quality is immeasurable though its quantity may be insignificant. Do you understand what I am saying? A man must fill his life with meaning, meaning is not automatically given to life.

It is hard work to fill one's life with meaning. That I do not think you understand yet. A life filled with meaning is worthy of rest. I want to be worthy of rest when I am no longer here.”

— Chaim Potok, *The Chosen*

'n Tyd om oor 'n weg anders as ons eie te besin

RRV

In 'n kort oordenking met die opskrif “On the Road Again” herinner die Ou Testamentikus Walter Brueggemann ons daaraan dat Lydenstyd – die seisoen in die kerklike jaar voor die Pase – 'n tyd is om weer opnuut oor die betekenis van Jesus se pad na Jerusalem, die plek waar die groot konfrontasie met godsdienstige en politieke maghebbers plaasgevind het, na te dink.

In Lydenstyd stap navolgers as't ware weer hierdie pad, bewus dat dit 'n gevaarlike reis is, 'n weg vol swaarkry, slaggate, terugslae en teenstanders.

Miskien, skryf Brueggemann verder, kan Lydenstyd vir ons 'n tyd wees om afskeid te neem van die vernietigende vrees en selfsug wat dikwels ons lewens kenmerk.

Dit kan 'n tyd wees om 'n plek van sjaloom (van vrede) as ons bestemming te kies – 'n plek waar bronne en gawes gedeel word, waar die ekonomie en politiek insluitend is, waar dade van gasvryheid en geregtigheid aan die orde van die dag is, en waar mense nie deur hebsug en oormatige selfbeheptheid aangedryf word nie.

Die titel van die boekie waarin Brueggemann se oordenking verskyn, is dan ook *A Way other than Our Own*.

In Robert Pirsig se boek *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is 'n toneel waar die verteller as aanmoediging vir sy seun op hul reis die onderskeid tussen 'n ego-bergklimmer en 'n selflose bergklimmer verduidelik.

Vir die ongeoefende oog lyk hulle eenders. Beide sit die een voet voor die ander, asem in en uit, en stop wanneer hulle moeg is. Maar die verskil is groot. Die ego-bergklimmer is soos 'n instrument wat nie reg ingestel is nie:

“He puts his foot down an instant too soon or too late. He's likely to miss a beautiful passage of sunlight through the trees . .

. He goes too fast or too slow for the conditions and when he talks it is for-ever about somewhere else, something else. He is here, but he is not here.”

Deur die eeue is Lydenstyd deur mense en gemeenskappe as 'n geleentheid benut om by wyse van spreke weer reg ingestel te word, om weer in pas te kom.

Om deur stil word en selfonderzoek hul lewens in die lig van Christus se kruisweg in oënskou te neem, en die moontlikheid te oordink dat die weg die toekoms in dalk “a way other than our own” mag wees.

Talle ken ook die versoeking van stemme wat fluister dat hierdie ánder pad net te moeilik is en dalk nie eens nodig of die moeite werd is nie.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/n-tyd-om-oor-n-weg-anders-as-ons-eie-te-besin-20180217>

“Your question is the most difficult in the world. It is not a question I can answer simply with yes or no. I am not an Atheist. I do not know if I can define myself as a Pantheist. The problem involved is too vast for our limited minds. May I not reply with a parable? The human mind, no matter how highly trained, cannot grasp the universe. We are in the position of a little child, entering a huge library whose walls are covered to the ceiling with books in many different tongues. The child knows that someone must have written those books. It does not know who or how. It does not understand the languages in which they are written. The child notes a definite plan in the arrangement of the books, a mysterious order, which it does not comprehend, but only dimly suspects. That, it seems to me, is the attitude of the human mind, even the greatest and most cultured, toward God. We see a universe marvelously arranged, obeying certain laws, but we understand the laws only dimly. Our limited minds cannot grasp the mysterious force that sways the constellations. I am fascinated by Spinoza's Pantheism. I admire even more his contributions to modern thought. Spinoza is the greatest of modern philosophers, because he is the first philosopher who deals with the soul and the body as one, not as two separate things.”

— Albert Einstein

“What am I in the eyes of most people — a nonentity, an eccentric, or an unpleasant person — somebody who has no position in society and will never have; in short, the lowest of the low. All right, then — even if that were absolutely true, then I should one day like to show by my work what such an eccentric, such a nobody, has in his heart. That is my ambition, based less on resentment than on love in spite of everything, based more on a feeling of serenity than on passion. Though I am often in the depths of misery, there is still calmness, pure harmony and music inside me. I see paintings or drawings in the poorest cottages, in the dirtiest corners. And my mind is driven towards these things with an irresistible momentum.”

— Vincent van Gogh

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.*