

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstek van die kerse

Lied 188

O God, so ryk en goed,
gee ons solank ons lewe
altyd 'n blye hart;
as dit u wil is: vrede.

Laat u genade ons
beveilig teen gevaar,
in donker ure ons
van struikeling bewaar.

Lof, eer sing ons voor God,
die bron van alle lewe –
die Vader, Seun en Gees,
almagtig en verhewe.

Drie-enig God, ons roem
u krag en majesteit.

O Heer, ons wil U noem:
ons God in ewigheid!

Woorddiens

Tema: Om te deel, wat en hoeveel?

Skriflesing: Markus 6:30-44

Broodjies vir die pad

“Compassion asks us to go where it hurts, to enter into the places of pain, to share in brokenness, fear, confusion, and anguish. Compassion challenges us to cry out with those in misery, to mourn with those who are lonely, to weep with those in tears. Compassion requires us to be weak with the weak, vulnerable with the vulnerable, and powerless with the powerless. Compassion means full immersion in the condition of being human.”

— Henri J.M. Nouwen

“When we honestly ask ourselves which person in our lives mean the most to us, we often find that it is those who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen rather to share our pain and touch our wounds with a warm and tender hand. The friend who can be silent with us in a moment of despair or confusion, who can stay with us in an

hour of grief and bereavement, who can tolerate not knowing, not curing, not healing and face with us the reality of our powerlessness, that is a friend who cares.”

— Henri J.M. Nouwen, *Out of Solitude: Three Meditations on the Christian Life*

“We are travelers on a cosmic journey, stardust, swirling and dancing in the eddies and whirlpools of infinity. Life is eternal. We have stopped for a moment to encounter each other, to meet, to love, to share. This is a precious moment. It is a little parenthesis in eternity.”

— Paulo Coelho, *The Alchemist*

“I close my eyes and I let my body shut itself down and I let my mind wander. It wanders to a familiar place. A place I don't talk about or acknowledge exists. A place where there is only me. A place that I hate. I am alone. Alone here and alone in the world. Alone in my heart and alone in my mind. Alone everywhere, all the time, for as long as I can remember. Alone with my Family, alone with my friends, alone in a Room full of People. Alone when I wake, alone through each awful day, alone when I finally meet the blackness. I am alone in my horror. Alone in my horror. I don't want to be alone. I have never wanted to be alone. I f..... hate it. I hate that I have no one to talk to, I hate that I have no one to call, I hate that I have no one to hold my hand, hug me, tell me everything is going to be all right. I hate that I have no one to share my hopes and dreams with, I hate that I no longer have any hopes or dreams, I hate that I have no one to tell me to hold on, that I can find them again. I hate that when I scream, and I scream bloody murder, that I am screaming into emptiness. I hate that there is no one to hear my scream and that there is no one to help me learn how to stop screaming. . . More than anything, all I have ever wanted is to be close to someone. More than anything, all I have ever wanted is to feel as if I wasn't alone.”

— James Frey, *A Million Little Pieces*

James Christopher Frey is an American author and entrepreneur. After battling with alcohol addiction and spending time in rehab, he wrote *A Million Little Pieces* which was published in 2003 in America and the following year in the UK to critical acclaim. He wrote the sequel, *My Friend Leonard* about life after rehab, which was published in 2005 in the US and the year after in the UK.

James Frey now lives in New York with his wife, daughter and dog. He is still writing. Most recently he has published *Bright Shiny Morning*, and his new book *The Final Testament of the Holy Bible* will publish on 12 April and is available for pre-order now.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/822.James_Frey

"Share your weaknesses. Share your hard moments. Share your real side. It'll either scare away every fake person in your life or it will inspire them to finally let go of that mirage called "perfection," which will open the doors to the most important relationships you'll ever be a part of."

— Dan Pearce, *Single Dad Laughing*

Dan Pearce is an American-born author, photographer, and artist, most widely known for his world-popular blog *Single Dad Laughing*, where he writes and shares content for hundreds of thousands of daily subscribers.

Dan is also the author of the book *The Real Dad Rules* which has hit #1 in *Fatherhood* on Amazon.com multiple times.

He has been featured in large publications and editorial pieces and has appeared on national and morning television programs and national radio shows.

His most notable works include:

16 Ways I Blew My Marriage
I'm Christian Unless You're Gay
The Disease Called "Perfection"
You just broke your child. Congratulations.

Dan Pearce writes on topics that span from fatherhood, to relationships, to life, to the people and dynamics of society.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/3994285.Dan_Pearce

Brood vir die pad

Hoe Suid-Afrikaners met verlede kan omgaan

Nico Botha

Dit was die laaste tyd nogal opvallend hoe Afrikaanse rubrieksrywers opnuut worstel met die vraag oor hoe 'n mens met die verlede moet omgaan.

In *Beeld* blyk bydraes van vooraanstaandes soos dr. Danie Langner van die FAK, emeritus-professor Wilhelm Jordaan en Reggie Nel, dekaan van die teologiefakulteit aan die Universiteit Stellenbosch, dat hulle wegbeweeg van die oorvereenvoudigde benadering om die verlede te vergeet en aan die toekoms te bou.

Die werklikheid van die lewe in Suid-Afrika die afgelope kwarteeu het dié benadering die nekslag toegedien omdat die baie vroom gedagte "om aan die toekoms te bou" ontmasker is as 'n deurdragte strategie om die bestaande orde te handhaaf.

Maatskaplik-ekonomiese werklikhede openbaar onomwonde die volgende waarheid: Hoe meer ons probeer ontkom aan die verlede, des te meer bly die verlede ons metgesel.

Die een uiterste is dus om met mening te probeer wegkom van die verlede sonder om "ten bloede toe" daarmee te worstel. Die ander is om die verlede steeds as 'n nuttige politieke wapen teen ander aan te wend.

Die bedoeling is om die ander deur 'n verlamme skuldgevoel so te knak dat die doodskoot maklik toegedien kan word. Gevaarlike vorme van dié taktiek is om agter elke bos 'n rassie te probeer opjaag of om die rassismestok kwistig in te lê wanneer daar nie meer argumente is wat gedra word deur 'n gevoel vir die demokrasie en geregtigheid nie.

Dikwels is die grondslag van dié benadering 'n soort geheiligde Afrikanisme of 'n "racial nativism", waarvolgens net

diegene wat soos ek lyk of praat, vertrou en in belangrike poste aangestel word.

Op 'n ironiese manier bring dit 'n voortsetting van praktyke van die verlede mee. Die rubrieksrywers se bydraes behoort die gesprek op 'n positiewe manier te stimuleer.

As ek Langner reg verstaan, sê hy een van die konstruktiefste maniere om met die verlede om te gaan, is om die armoedevraagstuk te takel.

Een van die belangrikste redes waarom misluk is met die droom om armoede geskiedenis te maak, is omdat die geskiedenis van armoede verontagsaam is. Langner se verwysing na die oplossing van die "armblankevraagstuk" toon duidelik die aandrang om die verlede te vergeet bring mee dat ook die goeie en positiewe uit die verlede vergete raak.

Die herinnering aan hoe armoede vir een sektor van die samelewing opgelos is, behoort die hoop aan te wakker dat dit moontlik is om iets te doen aan die armoede waarin miljoene landgenote steeds vasgevang is.

Die aanhoudende misverstande en stryery onder Suid-Afrikaners spruit onteenseglik voort uit die onvermoë om op 'n kreatiewe wyse met die verlede om te gaan.

Jordaan meen dat ons mekaar se verlede moet herbesoek ter wille van begrip, vergifnis en respek. Maar hoe, waar en wanneer moet dit plaasvind?

Ons geskiedenis maak dit duidelik dat politici nie met dié taak te vertrou is nie, want hulle sal weer "heilige grond" vir hulself opeis. Die hele land – nie bloot die staat nie – is in so 'n mate gekaap dat die ANC elke duimbreedte probeer opeis.

Nel is reg as hy sê dat daar vandag nie meer veilige ruimtes is waarin ons eerlik met mekaar oor die waarheid kan praat nie.

Geen ander instelling is eintlik in so 'n goeie posisie soos geloofsgemeenskappe om 'n begrip van die samehang tussen verlede, hede en toekoms te help fasiliteer nie.

Die boodskap van geloofsgemeenskappe bly tog vergifnis, versoening en genesing – solank geregtigheid nie in die slag bly nie.

Botha is professor in teologie aan Unisa.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/hoe-suid-afrikaners-met-verlede-kan-omgaan-20180716>

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.