

## Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstek van die kerse

### Lied 509

Op berge en in dale  
en oral is my God;  
waar ons ook telkemale  
mag swerwe, daar is God!  
Waar ons gedagtes swewe  
of styg, ook daar is God;  
omlaag en hoog verhewe,  
ja, oral is my God!

Roem, Christen, heel my lewe  
is veilig in my God;  
waar alles my begewe,  
of waar ek ly, is God;  
waar troue vriendehande  
nie red nie, daar is God;  
selfs in die dood se bande  
ja, oral is my God!

## Woorddiens

Tema: Die oorleweringe van ouer mense

Skriflesing: Markus 7:1-23

Broodjies vir die pad

### **mot en roes**

skielik van onthou:  
bokse vol ou boeke  
waar ek jare gebêre het  
stil waters  
vir een een-  
dag en dig notas opgegaar  
vol woorde sorgvul gestoorde  
waar weer  
my hand dit mak sou vind  
maar nie boekgehou  
met motte en met  
muf en rotte en nou  
is hierdeels geskifte al  
wat veel woordelikheid oorhou

*Ilse van Staden*

“Every generation imagines itself to be more intelligent than the one that went before it, and wiser than the one that comes after it.”

— George Orwell

“Only a generation of readers will spawn a generation of writers.”

— Steven Spielberg

“There is divine beauty in learning... To learn means to accept the postulate that life did not begin at my birth. Others have been here before me, and I walk in their footsteps. The books I have read were composed by generations of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, teachers and disciples. I am the sum total of their experiences, their quests. And so are you.”

— Elie Wiesel

“This book is to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped shells, were destroyed by the war.”

— Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*

This is the testament of Paul Bäumer, who enlists with his classmates in the German army of World War I. These young men become enthusiastic soldiers, but their world of duty, culture, and progress breaks into pieces under the first bombardment in the trenches.

Through years of vivid horror, Paul holds fast to a single vow: to fight against the hatred that meaninglessly pits young men of the same generation but different uniforms against one another – if only he can come out of the war alive.

[https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/355697.All\\_Quiet\\_on\\_the\\_Western\\_Front](https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/355697.All_Quiet_on_the_Western_Front)

Erich Maria Remarque is one of the best known and most widely read authors of German literature in the twentieth century.

Remarque's biography is essentially marked and his writing fundamentally influenced by German history of the twentieth century: Childhood and youth in imperial Osnabrück, World War I, the Weimar Republic, and most of all his exile in Switzerland and the United States. With the novel *All Quiet On the Western Front*, first published in 1929, Remarque attained world-wide recognition continuing today.

Examples of his other novels also internationally published are: *The Road Back* (1931), *Three Comrades* (1936, 38), *Arch of Triumph* (1945), *The Black Obelisk* (1956), and *Night in Lisbon* (1962).

Remarque's novels have been translated in more than fifty languages; globally the total edition comes up to several million copies.

[https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4116.Erich\\_Maria\\_Remarque](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4116.Erich_Maria_Remarque)

“But we are living in a skeptical and, if I may use the phrase, a thought-tormented age; and sometimes I fear that this new generation, educated or hypereducated as it is, will lack those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humor which belonged to an older day..”

— James Joyce

“Do not believe in anything simply because you have heard it. Do not believe in anything simply because it is spoken and rumored by many. Do not believe in anything simply because it is found written in your religious books. Do not believe in anything merely on the authority of your teachers and elders. Do not believe in traditions because they have been handed down for many generations. But after observation and analysis, when you find that anything agrees with reason and is conducive to the good and benefit of one and all, then accept it and live up to it.”

— Buddha Siddhartha Guatama Shakyamuni

Gautama Buddha (Sanskrit: गौतम बुद्ध) born as Prince Siddhārtha (Sanskrit: सिद्धार्थ) was a spiritual teacher from the Indian subcontinent, on whose teachings Buddhism was founded.

Gautama is the primary figure in Buddhism, and accounts of his life, discourses, and monastic rules are believed by Buddhists to have been summarized after his death and memorized by his followers. Various collections of teachings attributed to him were passed down by oral tradition, and first committed to writing about 400 years later.

The time of Gautama's birth and death is uncertain: most historians in the early 20th century dated his lifetime as circa 563 BCE to 483 BCE, but more recent opinion dates his death to between 486 and 483 BCE or, according to some, between 411 and 400 BCE. However, at a specialist symposium on this question held in 1988 in Göttingen, the majority of those scholars who presented definite opinions gave dates within 20 years either side of 400 BCE for the Buddha's death, with others supporting earlier or later dates. These alternative chronologies, however, have not yet been accepted by all other historians.

[https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/2167493.Gautama\\_Buddha](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/2167493.Gautama_Buddha)

## Brood vir die pad

Liberale leraars het nie woorde vir die dood

*Christina Landman*

As jy die nuus aansit, is dit net onheilsgeskiedenis. Oral gaan almal aaklig dood.

Ek wonder toe waar 'n mens nog 'n bietjie heilsgeskiedenis sal raakloop. By oumense, natuurlik, dog ek. Hulle weet van die lewe. En hulle raak aan die dood.

Maar ek is toe ook bekommerd. Die kerk is so aan die vernuwe dat ek wonder of iemand nog na oumense luister.

Gewoonlik as dominees oor oumense praat, dan maak hulle goedge grappies oor hulle. Soos die ware grappie van die dominee wat op huisbesoek in die ouetehuis vir die tannie vra waar die ou oom dan vanaand is. Sy sê toe: “Nee, dominee, ek praat nou onder korrupsie, maar ek dink hy het sy fosfaatklief laat uithaal.”

Ek sit toe af na 'n aftreeoord. Daar het ek ure se plesier om met oumense te praat oor lewens wat heilsaam was, en die dood wat hoop bring.

Iemand het eenkeer gesê jy moenie vir 'n oumens vra hoe dit gaan nie, want dan vertel hy jou, en dit kan die res van die dag vat. Maar hier vra ek toe 'n tannie hoe dit gaan, en sy sê: “Lekker, ons loop die pad van die lewendes!”

Die projek se naam is “Op pad met God na die hiernamaals”. Ek was eers verskonend om die woord “dood” te gebruik. Want toe ek jonk was, was dit baie swak smaak om oor die dood te praat. Maar hier hoor ek die hoopvolste dinge oor die dood.

Die bejaardes leef in 'n tyd van skielike verlies. Jou man, vrou, buurvrou, broer – skielik is hulle weg nadat die dokter hulle nog gesond verklaar het. Dan begin die pad van herstel – wat hulle dikwels met God alleen moet loop, sonder dat die kerk baie kom kuier. En dan staan jy met jou eie dood hier voor jou, en die dominee stotter.

Die dominees het te liberaal geword om te praat van “God kom pluk sy blomme” en “Eunice sing nou in die hemelse koor”. En dis goed so. Maar ons liberale teologieë gee ons niks anders om in die plek daarvan te sit nie.

En so luister ek hoe die oumense praat van saam met God stap. Dis vroom – maar vir hulle so werklik. 'n Vrou sal vertel hoe sy in 'n pragtige tuin gesit, regtig lekker tee gedrink en gewag het om in die hemel in te gaan – totdat die dokter haar 'n inspuiting gegee het om al die medisynes teen te werk wat sy ingekry het.

En dan sal haar man bekommerd wees of dit nou Gereformeerd is dat sy so sê. En of dit die dominee se goedkeuring sal wegdra. En dit is eintlik nou maar hoe dit met ons oumense werk: Die mans leer God deur die dominee uit die Bybel ken; en die vroue leer God uit ervaring ken.

Almal se geliefkoosde naam vir God is “Vader”, en hulle voel veilig by hom. Dit sal ook ná die dood gebeur. Daar sal baie lig wees. En hy sal 'n Regter wees, maar Christus sal daar staan en in hul plek geoordeel word.

Hierdie onderhoude was met gegoede bejaardes. Maar iemand vertel my dat almal nou ouetehuse oopmaak. Want niemand wil oumense by die huis hê nie. Arm oumense se hele staatstoelae gaan natuurlik na die ouetehuis, terwyl hulle saam in 'n kamer bly met een toilet – wat net een maal per dag gespoel mag word.

Die kerk moet hom natuurlik bekommer oor oumense se toiletbehoefes. Maar veral kan die kerk leer uit die drome, die verhale en die teologieë wat in oumense se koppe is. Dis daar waar ons nog 'n bietjie heilsgeskiedenis sal vind.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/liberale-leraars-het-nie-woorde-vir-die-dood-20180828>

## 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.*