

## Toetrede

### Liturgie van die Lig

#### Aansteek van die kerse

#### Lied 266

Ons Vader wat woon in die hemel,  
geheilig sy u Naam.  
Laat u ryk kom, u wil geskied  
soos in die hemel so ook op die aarde.  
Gee ons vandag ons dag se brood  
en vergeef ons al ons skulde,  
net soos ons vergewe dié wat teen ons sondig.  
Laat kom ons nie in die versoeking,  
maar verlos ons van die Bose.  
Van U is die ryk en die sterkte en die ere,  
vir ewig en ewig, amen.  
Vir ewig en ewig, amen.

## Woorddiens

Tema: Wins en verlies in ons binneste

Skriflesing: Markus 8:27-38

### Broodjies vir die pad

"I have always been fascinated by the law of reversed effort. Sometimes I call it the "backwards law." When you try to stay on the surface of the water, you sink; but when you try to sink, you float. When you hold your breath, you lose it—which immediately calls to mind an ancient and much neglected saying, "Whosoever would save his soul shall lose it."

— Alan W. Watts, *The Wisdom of Insecurity*

Alan Wilson Watts was a British philosopher, writer and speaker, who held both a Master's in Theology and a Doctorate of Divinity. Famous for his research on comparative religion, he was best known as an interpreter and popularizer of Asian philosophies for a Western audience. He wrote over 25 books and numerous articles on subjects such as personal identity, the true nature of reality, higher consciousness, the meaning of life, concepts and images of God and the non-material pursuit of happiness. In his books he relates his experience to scientific knowledge and to the teachings of Eastern and Western religion and philosophy.

[https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1501668.Alan\\_W\\_Watts](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/1501668.Alan_W_Watts)

"The life I touch for good or ill will touch another life, and in turn another, until who knows where the trembling stops or in what far place my touch will be felt."

— Frederick Buechner, *The Hungering Dark*

"You can kiss your family and friends good-bye and put miles between you, but at the same time you carry them with you in your heart, your mind, your stomach, because you do not just live in a world but a world lives in you."

— Frederick Buechner

"Only yesterday I was no different than them, yet I was saved. I am explaining to you the way of life of a people who say every sort of wicked thing about me because I sacrificed their friendship to gain my own soul. I left the dark paths of their duplicity and turned my eyes toward the light where there is salvation, truth, and justice. They have exiled me now from their society, yet I am content. Mankind only exiles the one whose large spirit rebels against injustice and tyranny. He who does not prefer exile to servility is not free in the true and necessary sense of freedom."

— Kahlil Gibran

### Fyn - soos fynbos

Ek sien jou staan teen krans  
en klippilare.

Daar is fynbos in jou arms  
en jou vel is soos ivoor.  
Die winterson toor heuning  
en amber uit jou hare.

Die aarde is van jou bewus -  
sy weet jy is 'n kaalvoetkind  
wat net partymaal skoene dra.  
(Sy ken jou vrae,  
maar elke antwoord hou sy in geheimenis -  
as jy dit soek, sal jy dit vind.)

Selfs die bergwind wis  
dat hy sag met jou moet maak,  
hoe teer hy aan jou siel moet raak,  
dat sy asem jou moet koester  
as jy dans voor krans  
en klippilare.

Jou vel is soos ivoor,  
die son blos oor jou wang  
en teen die holte van jou slaap.

En daar is fynbos in jou hande -  
'n bossie veldblom  
uit die ooptes van die Kaap.

*Carma Shaw*

"I have come to believe that by and large the human family all has the same secrets, which are both very telling and very important to tell. They are telling in the sense that they tell what is perhaps the central paradox of our condition—that what we hunger for perhaps more than anything else is to be known in our full humanness, and yet that is often just what we also fear more than anything else. It is important to tell

at least from time to time the secret of who we truly and fully are—even if we tell it only to ourselves—because otherwise we run the risk of losing track of who we truly and fully are and little by little come to accept instead the highly edited version which we put forth in hope that the world will find it more acceptable than the real thing. It is important to tell our secrets too because it makes it easier that way to see where we have been in our lives and where we are going. It also makes it easier for other people to tell us a secret or two of their own, and exchanges like that have a lot to do with what being a family is all about and what being human is all about.”

— Frederick Buechner, *Telling Secrets*

“My soul is from elsewhere, I'm sure of that, and I intend to end up there.”

— Mawlana Jalal-al-Din Rumi

“ . . . some moment happens in your life that you say yes right up to the roots of your hair, that makes it worth having been born just to have happen. laughing with somebody till the tears run down your cheeks. waking up to the first snow. being in bed with somebody you love... whether you thank god for such a moment or thank your lucky stars, it is a moment that is trying to open up your whole life. If you turn your back on such a moment and hurry along to business as usual, it may lose you the ball game. if you throw your arms around such a moment and hug it like crazy, it may save your soul.”

— Frederick Buechner

“Addiction” might be the best word to explain the lostness that so deeply permeates society. Our addiction make us cling to what the world proclaims as the keys to self-fulfillment: accumulation of wealth and power; attainment of status and admiration; lavish consumption of food and drink, and sexual gratification without distinguishing between lust and love. These addictions create expectations that cannot but fail to satisfy our deepest needs. As long as we live within the world's delusions, our addictions condemn us to futile quests in “the distant country,” leaving us to face an endless series of disillusionments while our sense of self remains unfulfilled. In these days of increasing addictions, we have wandered far away from our Father's home. The addicted life can aptly be designated a life lived in “a distant country.” It is from there that our cry for deliverance rises up.”

— Henri J.M. Nouwen, *The Return of the Prodigal Son: A Story of Homecoming*

“I want neither a terrorist spirituality that keeps me in a perpetual state of fright about being in right relationship with my heavenly Father nor a sappy spirituality that portrays God as such a benign teddy bear that there is no aberrant behavior or desire of mine that he will not condone. I want a relationship with the Abba of Jesus, who is infinitely compassionate with my brokenness and at the same time an awesome, incomprehensible, and unwieldy Mystery.”

— Brennan Manning

## Brood vir die pad

Het ons nog tyd vir verwonderd wees oor die lewe?

Die eerste reëls van die Walliese digter W.H. Davies se gedig “Leisure” lui as volg:

“What is this life if, full of care, / We have no time to stand and stare . . .”

Dié vraag kan dalk met baie van ons resoneer, want dit gebeur immers maklik dat ons werk en sorge ons lewe só in beslag neem dat ons nie meer tyd het om verwonderd oor die lewe te wees nie.

Die daaglikse eise en gejaagdheid van ons lewens kan maak dat ons al hoe minder tyd het vir rus, dink, waarneem, mediteer, bid, mekaar, en vir vreemdelinge.

’n Sekere verstaan van tyd kry dan in hierdie proses ’n al hoe groter houvas op ons. Hiervolgens word tyd wat nie in diens van ekonomiese nuttigheid gebruik word nie, as ’n mors van kosbare tyd beskou.

Ons moet eerder ons tyd produktief gebruik om dinge te verkry, mense te beïndruk en netwerke te bou, aldus dié beskouing.

In sy boek *The Sabbath: Its Meaning for Modern Man* hou die Joodse geleerde Abraham Heschel egter ’n heel ander visie aan ons voor:

“There is a realm of time where the goal is not to have but to be, not to own but to give, not to subdue but to be in accord.”

Dit is in hierdie konteks wat Heschel oor die Joodse Sabbat nadink.

Ses dae van die week, skryf Heschel, worstel ons om wins uit die wêreld te wring, maar tydens die Sabbat gaan dit oor die versorging van die saad van God se tyd wat in ons geplant is.

Die Sabbat is daarom vir Heschel ’n heiligdom binne die argitektuur van die tyd.

Vir Heschel is die doel van die Sabbat ook nie daarin geleë om ons te laat rus sódat ons in die week meer produktief kan wees nie. Hy stel dit eerder as volg:

“The Sabbath is not for the sake of the weekdays; the weekdays are for the sake of the Sabbath. It is not an interlude but the climax of living.”

Gedagtes soos dié van Heschel oor die Sabbat verwoord iets van ’n alternatiewe logika tot ’n ver-ekonomisering van tyd wat maklik op ’n wrede wyse lewensvreugde uit ons pers. En wat ons van ons menslikheid én medemenslikheid beroof.

Davies se “Leisure” eindig met die gevolgtrekking dat dit inderdaad ’n verarmde lewe is as ons nie eens meer tyd het om tot stilstand te kom en te staar nie.

As ons nie meer tyd het nie, in die gedig se woorde, “to turn at Beauty’s glance / And watch her feet, how they can dance”. – RRV

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/het-ons-nog-tyd-vir-verwonderd-wees-oor-die-lewe-20180907>

## 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.*