

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Lied 280

Here, Redder, groot en magtig,
U oorskou ons lewenspad.
In u liefde en genade
het U ook ons hand kom vat.
Heer, u leiding bring bevryding
U het ook my hand kom vat.
U het ook my hand kom vat.

Lei my, Heer, na dié bestemming
in u Woord my opgedra.
Laat my leef en werk met vreugde
want dit sal volharding vra.
God my Here – U is Here!
Vas kan ek op U vertrou.
Vas kan ek op U vertrou.

Woorddiens

Tema: Jakobus, die broer van Jesus en
pelgrimstogte

Skriflesing: Markus 6:1-6

Broodjies vir die pad

“Sometimes, you need the ocean light,
and colors you’ve never seen before
painted through an evening sky.

Sometimes you need your God
to be a simple invitation
not a telling word of wisdom.

Sometimes you need only the first shyness
that comes from being shown things
far beyond your understanding,

so that you can fly and become free
by being still and by being still here.

And then there are times you want to be
brought to ground by touch
and touch alone.

To know those arms around you
and to make your home in the world
just by being wanted.

To see eyes looking back at you,
as eyes should see you at last,

seeing you, as you always wanted to be seen,
seeing you, as you yourself
had always wanted to see the world.”
— David Whyte, Pilgrim

Poet David Whyte grew up with a strong, imaginative influence from his Irish mother among the hills and valleys of his father’s Yorkshire. He now makes his home in the Pacific Northwest of the United States.

The author of seven books of poetry and three books of prose, David Whyte holds a degree in Marine Zoology and has traveled extensively, including living and working as a naturalist guide in the Galapagos Islands and leading anthropological and natural history expeditions in the Andes, Amazon and Himalaya. He brings this wealth of experience to his poetry, lectures and workshops.

His life as a poet has created a readership and listenership in three normally mutually exclusive areas: the literate world of readings that most poets inhabit, the psychological and theological worlds of philosophical enquiry and the world of vocation, work and organizational leadership.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/87686.David_Whyte

Consolations: The Solace, Nourishment and Underlying Meaning of Everyday Words

by David Whyte

With the imagery of a poet and the reflection of a philosopher, David Whyte turns his attention to 52 ordinary words, each its own particular doorway into the underlying currents of human life.

Beginning with ALONE and closing with WORK, each chapter is a meditation on meaning and context, an invitation to shift and broaden our perspectives on the inevitable vicissitudes of life: pain and joy, honesty and anger, confession and vulnerability, the experience of feeling besieged and the desire to run away from it all. Through this lens, procrastination may be a necessary ripening; hiding an act of freedom; and shyness the appropriate confusion and helplessness that accompanies the first stage of revelation.

CONSOLATIONS invites readers into a poetic and thoughtful consideration of words whose meaning and interpretation influence the paths we choose and the way we traverse them throughout our lives.

<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/24108839-consolations>

“The way of trust is a movement into obscurity, into the undefined, into ambiguity, not into some predetermined, clearly delineated plan for the future. The next step discloses itself only out of a discernment of God acting in the desert of the present moment. The reality of naked trust is the life of the pilgrim who leaves what is nailed down, obvious, and secure, and walks into the unknown without any rational explanation to justify the decision or guarantee the future. Why? Because God has signaled the movement and offered it his presence and his promise.”

— Brennan Manning, *Ruthless Trust: The Ragamuffin's Path to God*

“None of your knowledge, your reading, your connections will be of any use here: two legs suffice, and big eyes to see with. Walk alone, across mountains or through forests. You are nobody to the hills or the thick boughs heavy with greenery. You are no longer a role, or a status, not even an individual, but a body, a body that feels sharp stones on the paths, the caress of long grass and the freshness of the wind. When you walk, the world has neither present nor future: nothing but the cycle of mornings and evenings. Always the same thing to do all day: walk. But the walker who marvels while walking (the blue of the rocks in a July evening light, the silvery green of olive leaves at noon, the violet morning hills) has no past, no plans, no experience. He has within him the eternal child. While walking I am but a simple gaze.”
— Frédéric Gros, *A Philosophy of Walking*

In *A Philosophy of Walking*, a bestseller in France, leading thinker Frédéric Gros charts the many different ways we get from A to B — the pilgrimage, the promenade, the protest march, the nature ramble — and reveals what they say about us.

Gros draws attention to other thinkers who also saw walking as something central to their practice. On his travels he ponders Thoreau’s eager seclusion in Walden Woods; the reason Rimbaud walked in a fury, while Nerval rambled to cure his melancholy. He shows us how Rousseau walked in order to think, while Nietzsche wandered the mountainside to write. In contrast, Kant marched through his hometown every day, exactly at the same hour, to escape the compulsion of thought. Brilliant and erudite, *A Philosophy of Walking* is an entertaining and insightful manifesto for putting one foot in front of the other.

<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/18339944-a-philosophy-of-walking>

“They call themselves believers and thereby signify that they are pilgrims, strangers and aliens in the world. Indeed, a staff in the hand does not identify a pilgrim as definitely as calling oneself a believer publicly testifies that one is on a journey, because faith simply means: What I am seeking is not here, and for that very reason I believe it. Faith expressly signifies the deep, strong, blessed restlessness that drives the believer so that he cannot settle down at rest in this world, and therefore the person who has settled down completely at rest has also ceased to be a believer, because a believer cannot sit still as one sits with a pilgrim's staff in one's hand — a believer travels forward”
— Soren Kierkegaard

Brood vir die pad

Beskawing op spel oor geweld

Anton van Niekerk

Geweld en moord is buite beheer in Suid-Afrika. In 2018 is Hannah Cornelius – ’n skrandere student wat in my klasse gesit het – op ’n onvoorstelbaar wreedaardige manier verkrag en vermoor.

Onlangs is Tool Wessels in ’n oomblik op sy plaas te Bonnievale gefusilleer. Sy vrou, Liezel, het die aanval oorleef, maar is gemartel deurdat kookwater oor haar lyf gegooi is.

Naby Stellenbosch is Stefan Smit die jongste slagoffer. Hy het ’n lang, skynbaar vrugtelose stryd gevoer om onwettige plakkers van sy grond verwyder te kry; grond wat reeds in 1896 deur sy voorsate gekóóp en nie gevat is nie.

In Kaapstad is 180 treinwaens die afgelope vyf jaar weens brandstigting vernietig, teen ’n koste van R500 miljoen. Daar is ook ’n vlaag van aanvalle op groot vragmotors wat uitgebrand word. Christopher Kgomo is in so ’n aanval dood.

Wat is hier aan die gang? Om te praat van ’n volskaalse “volksmoord op wit mense” is kennelik hiperboliese onsin. Volksmoorde het plaasgevind onder die Nazi’s, in Biafra en in Rwanda en Burundi – ervarings wat baie ver verwyderd is van ons s’n. En wit mense is lank nie die enigste slagoffers van wat tans gebeur nie. Oderick Lucas, Stacey-Lee Adams en Courtney Peters is al drie jong kinders wat wreed op die Kaapse Vlakte verkrag en vermoor is.

Maar as dit gesê is, verander dit niks aan die feit dat ons op die oomblik ’n orgie van obsene geweld beleef nie. Dis een ding om te wil steel weens jou eie armoede, en soms speel roof ’n rol in hierdie dade. Maar te veel van wat hier gebeur, wek die indruk van sinlose, onverklaarbare geweld.

Die moord op Winnie Rust van Wellington is ’n voorbeeld. Hier is ’n vrou wat presies gedoen het wat goedgesindes sê bevoorregte mense in die nuwe Suid-Afrika behoort te doen: Neem ’n jongmens met potensiaal onder jou vlerk, skep vir hom geleentehede in die lewe. Tog het hy en sy oom omgedraai en haar binne ’n oogwink vermoor.

Is ’n irrasionele, roekelose vernietigingsug hier werksaam? Wat ons wel behoort te vrees, is ’n skrikwekkende brutalisering van ons samelewing – vorme van veragtelike geweld waarin die boodskap al hoe duideliker word: Die lewe van ’n mens het sy waarde verloor. Die ergste is die afstomping van hierdie gewaarwording onder baie van ons.

Wat sit hieragter? Ek wens ek weet. Is wat ons sien die sigbare gevolge van die radeloosheid van werkloosheid? Maar waarom is die oorgrote meerderheid van werkloosies dan nie so gewelddadig nie? Sien ons die finale uitwerking van geweldstigtende dwelms in die samelewing? Tog: Nie alle geweldenaars gebruik tik of heroïene nie.

Sien ons miskien die uiteindelijke gevolge van ’n maatskaplike stelsel van radikale ongelykheid? Veroorsaak armoede en ongelykheid geweld? Moontlik. Maar wat ons sien, is veral die verlies van respek vir en verantwoordelikheid teenoor die samelewing se vernaamste waardes: menswaardigheid en menslike lewe.

Dis ten diepste ’n waarde krisis. Dit sal verander moet word. So nie kan hierdie gewelddadigheid die begin wees van ’n afbreek van die reste van ’n burgerlike bewussyn, ’n terugkeer na Thomas Hobbes se “oorlog van almal teen almal”, waarin mense dreig om vir ander mense soos wolwe te word.

Gelukkig het ons nog media en ’n doeltreffende regstelsel wat gebeure blootlê en teen oortreders optree. Daar móét dringender as ooit saamgewerk word om hierdie kanker aan bande te lê. Vir Alfred North Whitehead is beskawing “the victory of persuasion over force”. Daar lê enorme uitdagings ten opsigte van sodanige oorreding vir ons voor. Ons beskawing is immers op die spel.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/beskawing-op-spel-oor-geweld-20190610>

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.*

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