

## Toetrede

---

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

### Lied 464

O Heer my God, as ek in eerbied wonder –  
en al u werke elke dag aanskou:  
Die son en maan, die aarde, sterre, wolke,  
hoe U dit elke dag so onderhou...

*Dan moet ek juig, my Redder en my God!  
Hoe groot is U; hoe groot is U!  
Want deur die hele skepping klink dit saam:  
Hoe heerlik, Heer, u grote Naam!*

Ek sien die veld – die bosse, berge, vlaktes.  
Ek hoor hoe fluister grasse, stroom en wind.  
O Heer, U sorg vir klein, vir groot, vir alles  
en U sorg dag na dag vir my, u kind.

## Woorddiens

---

Tema: Geloofsverskille: sou Jesus en  
Boeddha vriende kon wees?

Skriflesing: Lukas: 12:49-56

### Broodjies vir die pad

“If you want to identify me, ask me not where I live, or what I like to eat, or how I comb my hair, but ask me what I am living for, in detail, ask me what I think is keeping me from living fully for the thing I want to live for.”

— Thomas Merton

“Do not depend on the hope of results. You may have to face the fact that your work will be apparently worthless and even achieve no result at all, if not perhaps results opposite to what you expect. As you get used to this idea, you start more and more to concentrate not on the results, but on the value, the rightness, the truth of the work itself. You gradually struggle less and less for an idea and more and more for specific people. In the end, it is the reality of personal relationship that saves everything.”

— Thomas Merton

“Only the man who has had to face despair is really convinced that he needs mercy. Those who do not want

mercy never seek it. It is better to find God on the threshold of despair than to risk our lives in a complacency that has never felt the need of forgiveness. A life that is without problems may literally be more hopeless than one that always verges on despair.”

— Thomas Merton, No Man Is an Island

### Le quattro stagioni

Ek hoor hoe vier viole  
in tale met my praat  
Klanke van 'n simfonie  
wat deur die snare  
van 'n stringkwartet  
my h art se taal ook praat.

Soos dansense strykstokke  
haastig oor die snare  
van vier viole gly,  
druis vier seisoene se vibrasies  
vuurwarm deur my!

Stringkwartet van vier seisoene  
herfs en lente vars –  
somerdonderstorms  
wat klinkend deur die are  
van 'n houthart bars

Wyl winterkoue hale  
my hart deurboor met smart  
vertel *Le quattro stagioni* die storie  
van vier seisoene in my hart.

*Loretta Szikra*

“Every day, think as you wake up, today I am fortunate to be alive, I have a precious human life, I am not going to waste it. I am going to use all my energies to develop myself, to expand my heart out to others; to achieve enlightenment for the benefit of all beings. I am going to have kind thoughts towards others, I am not going to get angry or think badly about others. I am going to benefit others as much as I can.”

— The Dalai Lama

“People take different roads seeking fulfillment and happiness. Just because they're not on your road doesn't mean they've gotten lost.”

— Dalai Lama XIV

### Going Home: Jesus and Buddha as Brothers

by Thich Nhat Hanh

Exiled from Vietnam over thirty years ago, Thich Nhat Hanh has become known as a healer of the heart, a monk who shows us how the everyday world can both enrich and endanger our spiritual lives. In **Going Home** he shows us the relationship between Buddha and Jesus by presenting a conversation between the two. In this unique way we learn how such concepts as resurrection and mindfulness converge. The

brotherhood between Jesus and Buddha can teach us to "practice in such a way that Buddha is born every moment of our daily life, that Jesus Christ is born every moment of our daily life."

**Thích Nhất Hạnh** is a Vietnamese Buddhist monk, teacher, author, poet and peace activist who now lives in southwest France where he was in exile for many years. Born **Nguyễn Xuân Bảo**, Thích Nhất Hạnh joined a Zen (Vietnamese: Thiền) monastery at the age of 16, and studied Buddhism as a novice. Upon his ordination as a monk in 1949, he assumed the Dharma name Thích Nhất Hạnh. Thích is an honorary family name used by all Vietnamese monks and nuns, meaning that they are part of the Shakya (Shakyamuni Buddha) clan. He is often considered the most influential living figure in the lineage of Lâm Tế (Vietnamese Rinzai) Thiền, and perhaps also in Zen Buddhism as a whole.

<https://www.goodreads.com/>

"We can reject everything else: religion, ideology, all received wisdom. But we cannot escape the necessity of love and compassion.... This, then, is my true religion, my simple faith. In this sense, there is no need for temple or church, for mosque or synagogue, no need for complicated philosophy, doctrine or dogma. Our own heart, our own mind, is the temple. The doctrine is compassion. Love for others and respect for their rights and dignity, no matter who or what they are: ultimately these are all we need. So long as we practice these in our daily lives, then no matter if we are learned or unlearned, whether we believe in Buddha or God, or follow some other religion or none at all, as long as we have compassion for others and conduct ourselves with restraint out of a sense of responsibility, there is no doubt we will be happy."  
— Dalai Lama XIV

### Brood vir die pad

Die taal in ons hande is kwesbaar en ook kragtig

"Once upon a time there was an old woman. Blind but wise." Met dié woorde begin die Amerikaanse skrywer Toni Morrison – wat vroeër in die week op 88 dood is – in 1993 haar Nobel-lesing.

Op 'n dag, vertel Morrison verder, word hierdie blinde vrou deur 'n groep kinders besoek wat met haar wil spot. Een van hulle kom voor haar staan en vra: "Ou vrou, is die voëltjie in my hand dood of lewend?"

Ná 'n lang stilte antwoord sy: "Ek weet nie of die -voëltjie wat jy vashou lewend of dood is nie, maar ek weet wel dat dit in jôu hande is."

Daarmee het die wyse ou vrou bedoel dat die voëltjie – dood of lewend – húl verantwoordelikheid is.

Vir die doel van haar lesing interpreteer Morrison die voëltjie as verteenwoordigend van taal en die ou vrou as tekenend van 'n geoeffende skrywer.

Die vrou gee om oor hoe die taal hanteer word, die taal wat sy met moedersmelk ingekry het en waarin sy droom. Sy verstaan dat 'n dooie taal nie bloot 'n taal is wat nie meer gepraat of geskryf word nie, maar een wat narsisties en dominerend geraak het, en skuilplek vir despote bied.

Dit verdra nie nuwe idees of stories nie, en kan herken word aan die tendens onder die gebruikers daarvan om die genuanseerde, komplekse en lewegewende eienskappe van taal vir gemeenheid en magsmisbruik te verruil.

So 'n verdrukkende taal is nie bloot verteenwoordigend van geweld nie, dit ís geweld. En hierdie taal, wat in talle vorme voorkom, moet aan die kaak gestel word en verwerp word.

Dit is 'n dodelike diskoers vir die verdrukker en die verdrukte.

Maar die wyse ou vrou in Morrison se vertelling is nie net bewus van die kwesbaarheid van taal nie, maar ook van die krag daarvan: "Be it grand or slender, blasting or refusing to sanctify; whether it laughs out loud or is a cry without an alphabet, the choice word, the chosen silence, unmolested language surges towards knowledge, not its destruction."

Te midde van die sentimentele of populistiese retoriek wat tans op politieke maar ook op sosiale media en godsdienstige vlak gedy, dien Morrison se Nobel-lesing (wat ook in haar onlangse bundel *Mouth Full of Blood: Essays, Speeches, Meditations* opgeneem is) steeds as 'n tydige oproep om nie ons verantwoordelikheid ten opsigte van sorgsame woordwerk te versaak nie.

Want, soos Morrison skryf: "We die. That may be the meaning of life. But we *do* language. That may be the measure of our lives." – RRV

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/die-taal-in-ons-hande-is-kwesbaar-en-ook-kragtig-20190809>

### 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.*

Mag jou pad gelyk en reguit loop,  
'n bries teen jou rug, jou hart vol hoop.

Mag die son jou siel verbly,  
die reën sag sif oor jou land.

En, tot ons weer ontmoet,  
hou God jou in Sy hand.

— Ou Ierse seëngebed (verwerk deur Marie de Kock)