

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aanstek van die kerse

Lied 358

Welkom, o stille nag van vrede,
 onder die suiderkruis,
 wyl stemme uit die ou verlede
 oor sterrehemel ruis.

Refrein

*Kersfees kom, Kersfees kom –
 gee aan God die eer.*

*Skenk ons 'n helder Somerkersfees
 in hierdie land, o Heer.*

Hoor jy hoe sag die klokke beier
 In eeue-oue taal.

Kyk, selfs die nagtelike swye
 vertel die ou verhaal.

Voel jy ook nou sy warm liefde
 As ons die dag gedenk,
 Toe Hy sy Seun aan ons gegee het –
 Ons grootste kersgeskenk.

*Christus kom, Christus kom –
 gee aan God die eer.*

*Skenk ons 'n helder Somerkersfees
 in hierdie land, o Heer.*

Woorddiens

Tema: Wat beplan jy vir...? En wat van die onbeplande?

Skriflesing: Matteus 24:36-44

Broodjies vir die pad

“The finest of pleasures are always the unexpected ones.”
 — Erin Morgenstern, *The Night Circus*

“This being human is a guest house. Every morning is a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor...Welcome and entertain them all. Treat each guest honorably. The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in. Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.”
 — Mawlana Jalal-al-Din Rumi

Sonreis

jy stuur 'n brief na Nooitgedacht
 met groot gehaas
 en woorde sag

jou poskoets stop by Soekmekaar
 met los karos
 is jy gewaar
 en ek

ek wag vir jou op Wensfontein
 met oornagbaard
 en goedkoop wyn

vanaand is ver
 'n sonreis weg

Andries Fourie

“We no longer live on what we have, but on promises, no longer in the present day, but in the darkness of the future, which, we expect, will at last bring the proper sunrise. We refuse to recognize that everything better is purchased at the price of something worse; that, for example, the hope of grater freedom is canceled out by increased enslavement to the state, not to speak of the terrible perils to which the most brilliant discoveries of science expose us. The less we understand of what our [forebears] sought, the less we understand ourselves, and thus we help with all our might to rob the individual of his roots and his guiding instincts, so that he becomes a particle in the mass, ruled only by what Neitzche called the spirit of gravity. (p.236)”

— Carl Gustav Jung, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*

“If you will stay close to nature, to its simplicity, to the small things hardly noticeable, those things can unexpectedly become great and immeasurable.”

— Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*

“The glass ceiling of happiness is held in place by two stout pillars, one psychological, the other biological. On the psychological level, happiness depends on expectations rather than objective conditions. We don't become satisfied by leading a peaceful and prosperous existence. Rather, we become satisfied when reality matches our expectations. The bad news is that as conditions improve, expectations balloon. Dramatic improvements in conditions, as humankind has experienced in recent decades, translate into greater expectations rather than greater contentment. If we don't do something about this, our future achievements too might leave us as dissatisfied as ever. On”

— Yuval Noah Harari, *Homo Deus: A Brief History of Tomorrow*

“The size and age of the Cosmos are beyond ordinary human understanding. Lost somewhere between immensity and eternity is our tiny planetary home. In a cosmic perspective, most human concerns seem insignificant, even petty. And

yet our species is young and curious and brave and shows much promise. In the last few millennia we have made the most astonishing and unexpected discoveries about the Cosmos and our place within it, explorations that are exhilarating to consider. They remind us that humans have evolved to wonder, that understanding is a joy, that knowledge is prerequisite to survival. I believe our future depends on how well we know this Cosmos in which we float like a mote of dust in the morning sky.”

— Carl Sagan, *Cosmos*

“Putting things off is the biggest waste of life: it snatches away each day as it comes, and denies us the present by promising the future. The greatest obstacle to living is expectancy, which hangs upon tomorrow, and loses today. You are arranging what lies in Fortune's control, and abandoning what lies in yours. What are you looking at? To what goal are you straining? The whole future lies in uncertainty: live immediately.”

— Seneca

“One of the most terrible losses man endures in his lifetime is not even noticed by most people, much less mourned. Which is astonishing, because what we lose is in many ways one of the essential qualities that sets us apart from other creatures. I'm talking about the loss of the sense of wonder that is such an integral part of our world when we are children. However, as we grow older, that sense of wonder shrinks from cosmic to microscopic by the time we are adults. Kids say "Wow!" all the time. Opening their mouths fully, their eyes light up with genuine awe and glee. The word emanates not so much from a voice box as from an astonished soul that has once again been shown that the world is full of amazing unexpected things. When was the last time you let fly a loud, truly heartfelt "WOW?"

NOt recently I bet. Because generally speaking wonder belongs to kids, with the rare exception of falling madly in love with another person, which invariably leads to a rebirth of wonder. As adults, we are not supposed to say or feel Wow, or wonder, or even true surprise because those things make us sound goofy, ingenuous, and childlike. How can you run the world if you are in constant awe of it?... The human heart has a long memory though and remembers what it was like to live through days where it was constantly surprised and delighted by the world around it.”

— Jonathan Carroll

Brood vir die pad

Het hy al ooit in sy lewe in 'n fabriek gewerk?

Dana Snyman

En dan sal almal van julle wat in die fabriek werk, bymeakaargeroep word. Die Grootbaas self sal ook daar wees, maar voor hy nog enigiets gesê het, sal jy reeds weet dit gaan oor die fabriek se voortbestaan. Die gerugte loop al lank reeds: Die fabriek maak 'n verlies. Die maatskappy aan wie die fabriek behoort, wil van julle ontslae raak.

Nou het die oomblik van waarheid aangebreek. Hier staan julle nou voor Die Grootbaas, wat spesiaal van die maatskappy se hoofkantoor af gevlieg en op die lughawe 'n Mercedes-Benz gehuur het om hiernatoe te kom.

Jy kan mos nie van Die Grootbaas verwag om in 'n Toyota Corolla rond te ry nie. Miskien sal Die Grootbaas eers 'n grappie probeer maak om julle kalm te probeer kry, en jy sal na sy blink skerppuntskoene kyk en wonder of hy al ooit in sy lewe in 'n fabriek gewerk het. Miskien sal Die Grootbaas ook iets oor die Springbokke se oorwinning in Japan sê om julle aan sy kant te probeer kry.

Die Grootbaas sal probeer klink na iemand wat werklik vir julle omgee, maar dat hy self ook maar net die slagoffer van die ekonomie en wêreldwye markkragte is. Die Grootbaas sal van “Die Mark” praat asof dit God is. Hy sal vir julle verduidelik hoe die fabriek eens 'n strukturele kostevoordeel gehad het, maar dat die stygende prys van elektrisiteit en grondstowwe nou daardie kostevoordeel uitgewis het, hoe ons in 'n globale wêreld leef, en hoe Die Mark, daardie ewige beskikker van voorspoed en teëspoed, bepaal dat wat julle in die fabriek vervaardig, veel goedkoper in China vervaardig word en dus eerder ingevoer kan word. Miskien sal jy, terwyl Die Grootbaas praat, wonder wat sal jou vrou en kinders sê as jy vir hulle vertel 'n Chinees het jou werk gesteel.

Dan sal Die Grootbaas kom by dit wat julle wil hoor, maar ook nie wil hoor nie. Hy sal nie reguit sê die fabriek gaan sluit nie. Hy sal allerhande deftige woorde gebruik. Miskien sal hy iets sê soos: “Die maatskappy het in ooreenstemming met sy strategiese oorsig en visie vir die toekoms besluit om werksaamhede by die fabriek te staak en met 'n proses van aflegging te begin.”

Eers sal jy kwaad wees. Die bliksems! Jou jongste een is 16 jaar oud en nou in gr. 10. Maar Die Grootbaas sal julle probeer gerusstel. Hy sal praat van vergoedingspakkette en die moontlikheid dat party van julle oorgeplaas kan word na een van die maatskappy se ander fabriekke.

Julle sal nie mooi weet wat om vir mekaar te sê nadat Die Grootbaas weg is nie. Party mense sal hulle selfone uithaal en vir hul geliefdes laat weet dit het toe gebeur. 'n Klomp van julle sal uitwyk na die rookarea en 'n sigaret aansteek. Miskien sal die vrou wat voor by ontvangs werk iets sê soos: “Ons moet net op die Here vertrou.”

Op pad huis toe sal jy miskien in die motor na die nuus oor die radio luister en dalk sal daar 'n berig wees oor julle fabriek wat gaan sluit, dat omtrent eenduisend mense hul werk daar gaan verloor, maar dat Die Mark positief daarop gereageer het, die maatskappy se aandeelprys het met 1,4% gestyg. By die huis sal die hond teen jou kom opspring, en jou vrou sal . . .

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/het-hy-al-ooit-in-sy-lewe-in-n-fabriek-gewerk-20191115>

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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