

Toetrede

Liturgie van die Lig

Aansteek van die kerse

Lied 284

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
waar haat is, laat ek daar u liefde bring.
Laat ek in pyn en smart vertroostend wees
en krag gee deur geloof in U, o Heer.

Refrein (slegs na strofes 1 en 2)

*O Heer, help my om altyd so te leef –
om ander hoër as myself te ag,
ja, om lief te hê – ander bo myself –
en ook eerder te gee as te verwag.*

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
en laat ek hoop gee waar daar twyfel is.
Ek wil u lig in duisternis laat skyn.
Laat ware vreugde altyd uit my straal.

Laat, Heer, u vrede deur my vloei...
leer my om ook soos U te kan vergeef.
Maak my bereid om aan myself te sterf,
dat ander U al meer in my kan sien.

Woorddiens

Tema: Uitnodigings

Skriflesing: Johannes 1:29-42

Broodjies vir die pad

Krismisoggend

Dis krismisoggend
Tralala
Merrie merrie amal
Dis krismis vidag
Die suit'chies is an, die ha'chies is
gekam
Rokkies met alleranne colours
Alles wat mal is
Want dit is krismisoggend, tralala
Die krismisnommes ruk
Wanne die band'chie die carols druk
Merrie merrie amal
Dis krismis vidag
Die kê'klokke lui
Hie kê amal nou veby
Die uncle ennie aunty met hul krosie va
vyf

En oem Danie en Aunt Mart loep nog
steeds hand ommie lyf
Doeminie trek sy boor'chie reg
Vidag preek hy al jou sônnes weg

Die ou wie oek een kee innie jaar
Sy gesig innie ke'k kê wys
Sit voo innie bankie en maak hom tuis,
Want dis krismis vidag, tralala

Kinne'chies met blink skoen'chies en
linte loep saam met ouma en ma en pa
Wan dis tyd om wee familie te wies

En t'wyl die nuwe skoen'chies nog druk
Ennie carols innie kê'k nog ruk,
En amal nog bly is vi die Jesuskind
lies amal uittie sêlle boek,
"dink ma net aan dié wat minner het"
Heer, sal u op hul behoeftes let,
Wan it is krismis,
Tralala ...

Jeremy Dames

"Words are flowing out like endless rain into a paper cup,
They slither wildly as they slip away across the universe
Pools of sorrow, waves of joy are drifting through my open
mind,
Possessing and caressing me.
Images of broken light which dance before me like a million
eyes,
They call me on and on across the universe,
Thoughts meander like a restless wind inside a letter box
They tumble blindly as they make their way
Across the universe
Sounds of laughter shades of love are
Ringing through my open ears inciting and inviting me
Limitless undying love which shines around me like a
Million suns, and calls me on and on
Across the universe"
— John Lennon

"I think we delight to praise what we enjoy because the
praise not merely expresses but completes the enjoyment; it
is its appointed consummation. It is not out of compliment
that lovers keep on telling one another how beautiful they
are; the delight is incomplete till it is expressed. It is
frustrating to have discovered a new author and not to be
able to tell anyone how good he is; to come suddenly, at the
turn of the road, upon some mountain valley of unexpected
grandeur and then to have to keep silent because the people
with you care for it no more than for a tin can in the ditch; to
hear a good joke and find no one to share it with. . . . The
Scotch catechism says that man's chief end is 'to glorify God
and enjoy Him forever.' But we shall then know that these
are the same thing. Fully to enjoy is to glorify. In
commanding us to glorify Him, God is inviting us to enjoy
Him."

— C.S. Lewis, Reflections on the Psalms

"Blessed be the mind that dreamed the day
the blueprint of your life
would begin to glow on earth,
illuminating all the faces and voices
that would arrive to invite
your soul to growth.

Praised be your father and mother,
who loved you before you were,
and trusted to call you here
with no idea who you would be.

Blessed be those who have loved you
into becoming who you were meant to be,
blessed be those who have crossed your life
with dark gifts of hurt and loss
that have helped to school your mind
in the art of disappointment.

When desolation surrounded you,
blessed be those who looked for you
and found you, their kind hands
urgent to open a blue window
in the gray wall formed around you.

Blessed be the gifts you never notice,
your health, eyes to behold the world,
thoughts to countenance the unknown,
memory to harvest vanished days,
your heart to feel the world's waves,
your breath to breathe the nourishment
of distance made intimate by earth.

On this echoing-day of your birth,
may you open the gift of solitude
in order to receive your soul;
enter the generosity of silence
to hear your hidden heart;
know the serenity of stillness
to be enfolded anew
by the miracle of your being."

— John O'Donohue, *To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings*

John O'Donohue, Ph.D., was born in County Clare in 1956. He spoke Irish as his native language and lived in a remote cottage in the west of Ireland until his untimely death in January 2008. A highly respected poet and philosopher, he lectured throughout Europe and America and wrote a number of popular books, including *Anam Cara* and *To Bless the Space Between Us*.

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6224.John_O_Donohue

Brood vir die pad

Tussen afsterwe van die oue en die nuwe se
geboorte

RRV

Die Italiaanse neo-Marxistiese denker Antonio Gramsci (1891-1937) se inskrywing in sy gevangenis-notaboek word dikwels

aangehaal: "Die oue is aan die sterf en die nuwe kan nog nie gebore word nie; in hierdie tussentyd kom 'n hele aantal morbiede simptome na vore."

Ook in ons dag word dié aanhaling herroep in 'n poging om ons tydsgees te beskryf, soos onlangs weer deur die politieke denker Nancy Fraser in haar geskrif "The Old is Dying and the New Cannot Be Born: From Progressive Neoliberalism to Trump and Beyond" (2019).

Hoewel Fraser nie die term "krisis" op 'n goedkoop manier wil gebruik nie, meen sy wel dat ons deesdae van 'n omvattende en veelvlakkige krisis kan praat wat op politieke, ekonomiese, ekologiese en sosiale vlak uitspeel.

Almal kan dalk nie met haar voorstelle vir 'n weg uit dié krisis saamstem nie (sy lewer 'n pleidooi vir 'n soort progressiewe populisme, wat sy van 'n reaksionêre populisme afgrens).

Maar haar aanvoeling dat onstabieleit en oorgang iets van ons huidige tydsgeewrig beskryf, sal waarskynlik met baie se sentimente vandag resoneer – ook gegewe Suid-Afrikaanse werklikhede.

Maar hoe reageer 'n mens verantwoordelik op hierdie gevoel dat ons onself "tussen die tye" bevind, 'n tyd waarin die oue nog roggel en die nuwe barensood beleef?

Sulke onseker en ontwrigte tydperke, leer die geskiedenis ons, kan 'n nostalgiese verlange kweek na 'n verlede wat skynbaar meer stabiel en voorspoedig was. Of dit kan sommige vatbaar maak vir 'n soort apokaliptiese doem-denke wat feitlik alles as tekens van die eindtyd interpreteer.

Albei hierdie reaksies ontkrag ons dan maklik om in werklike solidariteit met ons eie tyd te leef. Dit verlam ons om die huidige tyd, met sy krisisse en hoop, as óns tyd toe te sien.

Daarom behoort ons tesame met die vraag "Wat is in ons dag aan die gebeur?" ook te vra "Wat beteken dit vir ons, nou en hier, om in 'n tyd soos hierdie te lewe?" Alleenlik dan kan ons, ten spyte van 'n moontlike ervaring van 'n gebrek aan geborgenheid in die tyd, 'n weg anderkant 'n destruktiewe fanatisme en 'n verlamme wanhoop vind.

Teologies beskou, kan ons byvoeg, hang die vraag na die aard van ons tydsgees (en ons bemoeienis daarmee) met die vraag saam: "Wat is God tans besig om in ons midde te doen?" Want, soos die Britse teoloog Graham Ward in sy boek *Cities of God* skryf, "no time is arbitrary, all time is time of and for redemption, all time is grace".

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/tussen-afsterwe-van-die-oue-en-die-nuwe-se-geboorte-20200110>

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.*

Seën

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