

Steek èrens in jou woonplek 'n kers aan terwyl jy lees.

Tema: "Toe dit nog donker was . . ."

Skriflesing: Johannes 20:1-18

"We have, as human beings, a storytelling problem. We're a bit too quick to come up with explanations for things we don't really have an explanation for."

— Malcolm Gladwell, *Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking*

Broodjies vir die pad

"Spiritual crises happen to us every day. Most of them are sufficiently low grade, devoid of enduring consequences, so we pay no attention and keep on rolling. A spiritual crisis occurs when our identity, our roles, our values, or our road map are substantially called into question, prove ineffective, or are overwhelmed by experience that cannot be contained by our understandings of self and world."

— James Hollis, Ph.D.

van Pestilensies

2 April 2020

"...elkeen het hierdie plaag binne hom want geen-een in hierdie wêreld nie; - geen-een, kan ooit daarvan vry wees nie"
-**Albert Camus, die Plaag (A.C.)**

i)
wie is die skrywer
van hierdie pandemie?
is daar 'n god wat ons
wil laat verstaan
dat hy nog in beheer is
van die blou lug
of is dit die mens
se doen en late
wat moes kom vertel
van 'n plaag wat moes kom -
soos in die woorde van 'n skim
soos die vertelling
van 'n hedendaagse Sint Regverdige?

ii)
die pestilensie moes kom
sodat ons weer siel kon kry,
ons wat saam gesleur is
in dit wat die norm geword het.
ons, die gode van elke revolusie
onder die son
in ons goue karre;
ons huis-paleise;

stook ons ons besighede
vir ons eie profyte;
besoedel ons hulpbronne;
vernietig die reënwoede
om ons daarop te beroem
dat ons suksesvolle
god-hede van ambisie is -
mense waarop die gemeenskap
kan staatmaak

nou afgesluit met maskers
(soos hofnarre)
om ons van mekaar
se asemi af weg te hou

in hierdie maskerade
sal ons weer
moet leer
om ons huisies só te bou
dat hulle eerder uitkyk oor die see

Bester Meyer

<https://versindaba.co.za/2020/04/08/bester-meyer-van-pestilensies/>

"When I get honest, I admit I am a bundle of paradoxes. I believe and I doubt, I hope and get discouraged, I love and I hate, I feel bad about feeling good, I feel guilty about not feeling guilty. I am trusting and suspicious. I am honest and I still play games. Aristotle said I am a rational animal; I say I am an angel with an incredible capacity for beer.

To live by grace means to acknowledge my whole life story, the light side and the dark. In admitting my shadow side I learn who I am and what God's grace means. As Thomas Merton put it, "A saint is not someone who is good but who experiences the goodness of God."

The gospel of grace nullifies our adulation of televangelists, charismatic superstars, and local church heroes. It obliterates the two-class citizenship theory operative in many American churches. For grace proclaims the awesome truth that all is gift. All that is good is ours not by right but by the sheer bounty of a gracious God. While there is much we may have earned--our degree and our salary, our home and garden, a Miller Lite and a good night's sleep--all this is possible only because we have been given so much: life itself, eyes to see and hands to touch, a mind to shape ideas, and a heart to beat with love. We have been given God in our souls and Christ in our flesh. We have the power to believe where others deny, to hope where others despair, to love where others hurt. This and so much more is sheer gift; it is not reward for our faithfulness, our generous disposition, or our heroic life of prayer. Even our fidelity is a gift, "If we but turn to God," said St. Augustine, "that itself is a gift of God."

My deepest awareness of myself is that I am deeply loved by Jesus Christ and I have done nothing to earn it or deserve it."
— Brennan Manning, *The Ragamuffin Gospel: Good News for the Bedraggled, Beat-Up, and Burnt Out*

"We are all like the bright moon, we still have our darker side."

— Khalil Gibran

"Courage is not something that you already have that makes you brave when the tough times start. Courage is what you earn when you've been through the tough times and you discover they aren't so tough after all."

— Malcolm Gladwell, David and Goliath: Underdogs, Misfits, and the Art of Battling Giants

"The point of the resurrection...is that the present bodily life is not valueless just because it will die...What you do with your body in the present matters because God has a great future in store for it...What you do in the present—by painting, preaching, singing, sewing, praying, teaching, building hospitals, digging wells, campaigning for justice, writing poems, caring for the needy, loving your neighbor as yourself—will last into God's future. These activities are not simply ways of making the present life a little less beastly, a little more bearable, until the day when we leave it behind altogether (as the hymn so mistakenly puts it...). They are part of what we may call building for God's kingdom."

— N.T. Wright, Surprised by Hope: Rethinking Heaven, the Resurrection, and the Mission of the Church

In *Surprised by Hope: Rethinking Heaven, the Resurrection, and the Mission of the Church*, top-selling author and Anglican bishop, N.T. Wright tackles the biblical question of what happens after we die and shows how most Christians get it wrong. We do not "go to" heaven; we are resurrected and heaven comes down to earth--a difference that makes all of the difference to how we live on earth. Following N.T. Wright's resonant exploration of a life of faith in *Simply Christian*, the award-winning author whom Newsweek calls "the world's leading New Testament scholar" takes on one of life's most controversial topics, a matter of life, death, spirituality, and survival for everyone living in the world today.

https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/2319645.Surprised_by_Hope

Brood vir die pad

Korona-krisis gee ons stilte, tyd en ruimte

Wilhelm Jordaan

Ek het Dinsdagoggend – op Dag 12 van inperking – met 'n beklemming wakker geword. En met 'n intense bewusheid van tyd wat min raak, selfs om is.

Met oplaaierende angs het ek apokalipties gedink oor watter soort tydmerker in die toekoms gebruik sal word om dié fase in die wêreldgeskiedenis te tipeer – steeds afgekort as n.C., maar wat beteken "ná Covid" eerder as die bekende "ná Christus".

Want wat seker is, is dat 'n lang voortdurende van die koronavirussiekte (Covid-19) en die saamgaande inperking enorme rampspoed en ellende van onberekenbare omvang vir die mensdom inhou; met 'n wêreld wat 'n *Mad Max*-flik soos 'n kinderpiekniek sal laat lyk . . .

Hoe verset 'n mens jou teen so 'n beklemming? Miskien deur 'n enorme verbeeldingsprong? In my geval die ironiese begeerte om juis nou te wil reis, terwyl dit nie kan nie!

Die "sprong" word aangehelp deur 'n skildery wat ons al jare het en tartend-prominent teen 'n muur hang waar jy dit elke dag kan sien – Ver in die wêreld Kittie. Só genoeg deur die

skilder self: Tertia du Toit (ma van die twee Spoegwolf-broers, Danie en Moskou du Toit) na aanleiding van die tradisionele volkswysie: "Ver in die wêreld, Kittie, Kittie . . . Kittie oor die see . . ."

Dit is van 'n welgeskape meisie in totale beweging – op pad met twee swaar outydse koffers, een in elke hand. Jy sien hoe die are van haar pols en hand geswel is van die gewig wat sy dra, maar sy dra dit lig.

Sy het 'n vrolike strooihoed, versier met bloedrooi blomme, op haar kop. Sy kyk glimlaggend terug na waar sy vandaan kom, maar haar hele lyf beur 'n ander rigting in. Sy is onderweg na iewers ver . . .

Reisgereedheid soos dié was nog altyd 'n belangrike metafoor vir die lewe self – die lewensreis van herhalende ontdekking waar die reis oor meer gaan as nuwe landskappe, plekke of wêrelddele, maar juis oor "nuwe oë" waarmee jy kyk, ook na jouself.

Só dat die ver reis weg van hiér na dáár ook 'n inwaartse reis is – die "Ver in die wêreld, Kittie" binne jou. Miskien juis nou dat ons almal ingeperk is en dat die gedwonge isolasie alleenheid en eensaamheid voed.

Dit laat dit my dink aan 'n padteken net anderkant Middelburg, Mpumalanga. Dit heet "Woest Alleen" en dit is sekerlik die alleroortreffende trap van "alleen". In kru taal kan ons dalk sê "d*****s alleen".

Om konstruktief alleen te wees is 'n lewenskuns wat baie van ons afgeleer het. Baie reken om alleen te wees is om nie van geweet te wees nie. En dit is net te pynlik. Jy moet tot elke prys ander mense om of by jou hê.

Die inperking gee aan ons drie dinge, 'n drieenheid van ruimte, tyd en stilte. Hulle werk saam om die eintlik belangrike goed in jou lewe te bevestig. Want in stiltebewussyn vind jy ruimte vir jouself en ander en hoe jy meer tyd kan maak vir jouself en ander.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/korona-krisis-gee-ons-stilte-tyd-en-ruimte-20200407>

"May Light always surround you;
Hope kindle and rebound you.
May your Hurts turn to Healing;
Your Heart embrace Feeling.
May Wounds become Wisdom;
Every Kindness a Prism.
May Laughter infect you;
Your Passion resurrect you.
May Goodness inspire
your Deepest Desires.
Through all that you Reach For,
May your arms Never Tire."
— D. Simone

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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