

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

Tema: Heilige grond: Om met 'n dieper bewussyn te lewe

Skriflesing: Eksodus 3:1-15

### Broodjies vir die pad

“The most beautiful people we have known are those who have known defeat, known suffering, known struggle, known loss, and have found their way out of the depths. These persons have an appreciation, a sensitivity, and an understanding of life that fills them with compassion, gentleness, and a deep loving concern. Beautiful people do not just happen.”

— Elisabeth Kübler-Ross

“He taught them that the purpose of a man is to make his life holy—every aspect of his life: eating, drinking praying, sleeping. God is everywhere, he told them, and if it seems at times that He is hidden from us, it is only because we have not yet learned to seek Him correctly.”

— Chaim Potok, The Chosen

The more deeply you understand other people, the more you will appreciate them, the more reverent you will feel about them. To touch the soul of another human being is to walk on holy ground.

Stephen Covey

“As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light of meaning in the darkness of mere being.”

— Carl Gustav Jung

“What am I in the eyes of most people — a nonentity, an eccentric, or an unpleasant person — somebody who has no position in society and will never have; in short, the lowest of the low. All right, then — even if that were absolutely true, then I should one day like to show by my work what such an eccentric, such a nobody, has in his heart. That is my ambition, based less on resentment than on love in spite of everything, based more on a feeling of serenity than on passion. Though I am often in the depths of misery, there is still calmness, pure harmony and music inside me. I see paintings or drawings in the poorest cottages, in the dirtiest corners. And my mind is driven towards these things with an irresistible momentum.”

— Vincent Van Gogh

Ons brand dan 'n vuur in ons hart vir oom JP

Dana Snyman

Die hele dag lank talm die wolke oor ons dorpie by die see.

Dis winter, dit is koud, en dit reën, maar dis 'n huiwerige, tipies Kaapse reën: Nou fluister die druppels op die stoep se sinkdak, netnou wil-wil die son deur die wolke breek. Dis 'n sentimentele reën wat jou lus maak vir pannekoek en boontjiesop en rooiwyn.

Ek gaan staan in my klein voortuin. Uit oom JP en tannie Christa se huis op die hoek se skoorsteen trek 'n rokerige rokie. In die Welcome Dover brand weer 'n vuur.

Die honde kom staan by my, in die straat blink plasse water, en daardie woorde uit 'n Abraham H. de Vries-verhaal kom weer na my toe: “Ek het heimwee ná elke droom van geborgenheid.” Woorde wat gereeld by my opkom.

Op die hoek gaan oom JP-hulle se voordeur oop, en oom JP stap uit. Hy waai vir my oor die veldjie tussen ons, en ek waai terug.

Hy lyk moeg. 'n Paar dae gelede het die uitslag van die dokter in die Paarl se toetse gekom: Dit is toe kanker. Keel.

Oom JP is nou nog meer as tevore in sy tuin doenig. Werskaf in die beddings waarin nie regtig hoef gewerskaf te word nie. Staan soms als net stil en bekyk.

Ek stap oor na hom toe, en vra: “Sal oom 'n slag vir my wys?” Oom JP weet wat ek bedoel. Ek het al meer as een keer in die verbygaan vir hom gesê: “Oom moet asseblief vir my wys hoe oom se koolstoof werk.”

'n Koolstof is nie heeltemal vreemd vir my nie. Oorlede ouma Grieta het 'n Welcome Dover in haar kombuis op Volksrust gehad. Of was dit 'n Ellis de Lux? Ek weet dus hoe so 'n stoof kan dreun wanneer 'n vuur daarin brand.

Maar nes 'n mens soms net die behoefte het om Psalm 23 weer te gaan lees of te hoor of vir jouself op te sê, net so wil jy weer 'n koolstoof van naby beleef.

Ek stap agter oom JP aan na die vertrek aan die kant van die huis, iets tussen 'n braaikamer en 'n outydse boerekombuis, 'n plek van liefde.

En daar staan hy in die hoek: 'n Welcome Dover nommer 7. Pikswart. En hy dreun daardie dromerige dreun.

“Hoe ou hy is, wiet ek nie.” Oom JP praat van die ou Welcome of dit 'n lewende ding is met 'n hart waarin 'n vuur brand. “Baie oud.”

Oom JP verduidelik hoe so 'n stoof 'n hele winter lank 'n huis warm hou, en sorg dat die koffiewater kook, en die huismense boontjiesop het om te eet.

Toe raak hy stil, en toe staan ons twee net vir 'n rukkie stil daar met ons hande oop voor die ou altaar.

Oom JP is gisteroggend in Stellenbosch geopereer, en terwyl ek hier sit en skryf, weet ons nog nie hoe het die operasie afgegaan nie. Ons dink aan jou, oom JP. Ons brand 'n vuur in ons hart vir jou. Ons glo, ons vertrou.

Op pad terug na my huis, Woensdagoggend, in die dun reëntjie, deur die veldjie, kon jy sien die eerste madeliefies gaan binnekort beginne oopgaan en blom.

"The important thing is not to stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existence. One cannot help but be in awe when he contemplates the mysteries of eternity, of life, of the marvelous structure of reality. It is enough if one tries merely to comprehend a little of this mystery each day.

— "Old Man's Advice to Youth: 'Never Lose a Holy Curiosity.'" LIFE Magazine (2 May 1955) p. 64"

— Albert Einstein

"There is almost a sensual longing for communion with others who have a large vision. The immense fulfillment of the friendship between those engaged in furthering the evolution of consciousness has a quality impossible to describe."

— Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

"Religion knew the truth of metaphor and symbol for almost all of history until the past few hundred years, and especially until the wrongly named Enlightenment in the 17th and 18th centuries. Then we started confusing rational and provable with real. We actually regressed and went backward. In trying to defend its ground in the face of rationalism and scientism, religion tried to become "rational" itself and lost its alternative consciousness, which many of us call contemplation. It's as though we tried to deal with Mystery with the entirely wrong "software". We lost access to the higher levels of consciousness, the transrational, the transpersonal, the transcendent itself. Most tragic, we lost most inner experience of our own outer belief systems. That is the heart of religion's problem today, and it is indeed a deep and serious problem for upcoming generations. My generation took the symbols to literally, and now the following generation is just throwing them all out as useless. We are both losing. It might surprise you, but both religious fundamentalism and atheism are similar in that they are self-contained rational systems. Such a system works if you stay inside its chosen logic and territory."

— Richard Rohr, *Immortal Diamond: The Search for Our True Self*

"Instead of religious discourse being a type of drink designed to satisfy our thirst for answers, Jesus made his teaching salty, evoking thirst. Instead of offering a scientific explanation that would convince, or publicizing the miracles so as to compel his listeners, Jesus engaged in a poetic discourse that spoke to the heart of those who would listen. In a world where people believe they are not hungry, we must not offer food but rather an aroma that helps them desire the food that we cannot provide. We are a people who are born from a response to hints of the divine. Not only this, but we must embrace the idea that we are also called to be hints of the divine."

— Peter Rollins, *How (Not) to Speak of God: Marks of the Emerging Church*

"A cultured society that has fallen away from its religious traditions expects more from art than the aesthetic consciousness and the 'standpoint of art' can deliver. The

Romantic desire for a new mythology... gives the artist and his task in the world the consciousness of a new consecration. He is something like a 'secular saviour' for his creations are expected to achieve on a small scale the propitiation of disaster for which an unsaved world hopes."

— Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and Method*

## Brood vir die pad

### Wie vertel jou storie en wat is jou nalatenskap?

'Who lives, who dies, who tells your story?' lui die titel en refrein van die slotlied van *Hamilton*. Dié gewilde en veelbekroonde musiekblyspel fokus op die verhaal van Alexander Hamilton (c. 1755-1804), een van die minder bekende Amerikaanse stigtervaders.

'n Hooftema in *Hamilton* – wat sedert 2015 op Broadway opgevoer word, en onlangs as verfilmde verhoogstuk uitgereik is – het met nalatenskap te make, met hoe 'n lewe onthou word. Daarom die vraag: Wie vertel jou storie?

Alexander Hamilton – vertolk deur die begaafde Lin-Manuel Miranda (wat ook die storie en musiek geskryf het) – is dan ook deurgaans in 'n stryd gewikkel om vir homself naam te maak. Vroeg reeds verneem ons van sy moeilike jare as weeskind, maar ook dat hy as nuwe aankomeling in New York telkens verklaar: "I will not throw away my shot." Wees dus nie verbaas nie, voeg hy by, as die geskiedenisboeke eendag sy naam gaan noem nie. Die ambisieuse Hamilton werk voorts met drif en gedrongenheid, wat Aaron Burr (sy vriend en latere teenstander wat hom in 'n tweestryd doodskiet) laat vra: "Why do you write like you're running out of time?" Op morele vlak is Hamilton se lewe ook ambivalent, soos ons sien in die uitbeelding van sy liefde vir, maar ook sy ontrouheid aan, sy vrou Eliza (vertolk deur Philippa Soo).

Mettertyd besef Hamilton egter dat ons nie beheer oor ons nalatenskap het nie. Soos hy dit net voor sy dood in die lied "The World Was Wide Enough" stel: "Legacy. What is a legacy? It's planting seeds in a garden you never get to see." Hy sluit aan by 'n wysheid wat George Washington, Amerika se eerste president, in die vroeëre lied "History Has Its Eyes On You" met hom deel: "Let me tell you what I wish I'd known / When I was young and dreamed of glory / You have no control / Who lives, who dies, who tells your story."

Die slotlied van Hamilton begin met 'n herhaling van hierdie woorde van Washington, gevolg deur historiese figure soos Thomas Jefferson en James Madison se erkenning van Hamilton se invloedryke politieke bydrae. Maar dit is Eliza Hamilton wat die lied verder neem en voltooi. Ons hoor hoe sy in die dekades ná haar man se dood haarself weer, soos sy dit stel, terug in die verhaal geskryf het. Hoe sy haar teen slawerny uitgespreek het, die eerste private kinderskool in New York begin het, en op talle maniere Alexander se besondere nalatenskap help vestig het.

Inderdaad 'n merkwaardige nalatenskap. Dié van Eliza Hamilton. – RRV

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/wie-vertel-jou-storie-en-wat-is-jou-nalatenskap-20200821>