

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

Tema: Godverlate

Skriflesing: Markus 15:16-41

³³ Toe die sesde uur aanbreek, het dit oor die hele aarde donker geword tot die negende uur toe. ³⁴ Op die negende uur het Jesus met 'n harde stem uitgeroep: "Eloï, Eloï, lemá sabagtáni?" wat, as dit vertaal word, beteken, 'My God, my God, waarom het U My verlaat?'

Broodjies vir die pad

To participate in the sacrificial life and death of Jesus Christ is to live already in his kingdom. This is the essence of the Christian message, the heart of the Good News, and it is why the cross has become the chief Christian symbol. A cross of all things—a guillotine, a gallows—but the cross at the same time as the crossroads of eternity and time, as the place where such a mighty heart was broken that the healing power of God himself could flow through it into a sick and broken world. It was for this reason that of all the possible words they could have used to describe the day of his death, the word they settled on was "good." *Good Friday.*
— Frederick Buechner

"To laugh often and much; to win the respect of the intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the beauty in others; to leave the world a bit better whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know that one life has breathed easier because you lived here. This is to have succeeded."
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

"A social order bent on producing wealth as an end in itself cannot avoid the creation of a people whose souls are superficial and whose daily life is captured by sentimentalities. They will ask questions like "why does a good God let bad things happen to good people" such people cannot imagine that a people once existed who produced and sang the psalms. If we learn to say "God" we will do so with the prayer "My God my God why have you forsaken me?"
— Stanley Hauerwas

"Do not abandon yourselves to despair. We are the Easter people and hallelujah is our song."
— Pope John Paul II (Karol Wojtyła)

"Christ of the burnt men"

(Thomas Merton)

Jy sal my ook al hoe meer wen, glimlaggende skerts-oog blink-oog Christus wat my vervaarde jare op jou afstand gadeslaan het: jy het jou hande nie tóé uitgesteek toe ek

jou sengende wonde aan my lyf ontvang het nie maar fel jou kruis geteken oor my, in hand en romp en hoof, en deur die beswyming onder druppende bloedplasma- en soutwatersakke kom skyn voor my met net die trekking van 'n glimlag van uiterste pyn om die mondhoëke, jou oë blink van 'n verskriklike akkoord.
En ek begryp, jy het my geteken vir die avontuur van jóú, ek wat vuur bemin en altyd waaghalsig was –
– O wat is die brand in brein en hart wat brandender brand as die vlam aan die lyf en wat gaan gloei in klip en sand onder my eenvoetig-springende begrip agter jou ságsinnigheid aan?: Nee, iets heerliker: as jy eindelijk omdraai met oë wit en stip en ver en skouers gemantel met 'n verwoede en stormende son: o my kosmiese Christus: drie-en-dertig jaar verdoesel in die klein en donker vlees wat jy in een nag oopgevelek het om jóú vir my te bevry opdat ek jou raaksien, raak weet, raak het, en nog wag jy dat ek moet sê, heeluit moet sê: gryp my hande dan, amper sonder vingers vir jou: kundige timmerman.

Sheila Cussons

"The Layers

I have walked through many lives,
some of them my own,
and I am not who I was,
though some principle of being
abides, from which I struggle
not to stray.
When I look behind,
as I am compelled to look
before I can gather strength
to proceed on my journey,
I see the milestones dwindling
toward the horizon
and the slow fires trailing
from the abandoned camp-sites,
over which scavenger angels
wheel on heavy wings.
Oh, I have made myself a tribe
out of my true affections,
and my tribe is scattered!
How shall the heart be reconciled
to its feast of losses?
In a rising wind
the manic dust of my friends,
those who fell along the way,
bitterly stings my face.
Yet I turn, I turn,
exulting somewhat,
with my will intact to go
wherever I need to go,
and every stone on the road
precious to me.
In my darkest night,
when the moon was covered
and I roamed through wreckage,
a nimbus-clouded voice

directed me:

“Live in the layers,
not on the litter.”

Though I lack the art
to decipher it,
no doubt the next chapter
in my book of transformations
is already written.

I am not done with my changes.”

— Stanley Kunitz, *The Collected Poems*

“In me there is darkness,
But with You there is light;
I am lonely, but You do not leave me;
I am feeble in heart, but with You there is help;
I am restless, but with You there is peace.
In me there is bitterness, but with You there is patience;
I do not understand Your ways,
But You know the way for me.”

“Lord Jesus Christ,
You were poor
And in distress, a captive and forsaken as I am.
You know all man’s troubles;
You abide with me
When all men fail me;
You remember and seek me;
It is Your will that I should know You
And turn to You.
Lord, I hear Your call and follow;
Help me.”

— Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Letters and Papers from Prison*

Brood vir die pad

“That a good man may have his back to the wall is no more than we knew already, but that God could have His back to the wall is a boast for all insurgents forever. Christianity is the only religion on earth that has felt that omnipotence made God incomplete. Christianity alone felt that God, to be wholly God, must have been a rebel as well as a king. Alone of all creeds, Christianity has added courage to the virtues of the Creator. For the only courage worth calling courage must necessarily mean that the soul passes a breaking point -- and does not break. In this indeed I approach a matter more dark and awful than it is easy to discuss; and I apologize in advance if any of my phrases fall wrong or seem irreverent touching a matter which the greatest saints and thinkers have justly feared to approach. But in the terrific tale of the Passion there is a distinct emotional suggestion that the author of all things (in some unthinkable way) went not only through agony, but through doubt. It is written, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." No; but the Lord thy God may tempt Himself; and it seems as if this was what happened in Gethsemane. In a garden Satan tempted man: and in a garden God tempted God. He passed in some superhuman manner through our human horror of pessimism. When the world shook and the sun was wiped out of heaven, it was not at the crucifixion, but at the cry from the cross: the cry which confessed that God was forsaken of God. And now let the revolutionists choose a creed from all the creeds and a god from all the gods of the world, carefully weighing all the gods of inevitable recurrence and of unalterable power. They will not find another god who has himself been in revolt. Nay (the matter grows too difficult for human speech), but let the atheists themselves choose a god. They will find only one

divinity who ever uttered their isolation; only one religion in which God seemed for an instant to be an atheist.”

— G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*

“Abandon the urge to simplify everything, to look for formulas and easy answers, and to begin to think multidimensionally, to glory in the mystery and paradoxes of life, not to be dismayed by the multitude of causes and consequences that are inherent in each experience -- to appreciate the fact that life is complex.”

— M. Scott Peck

Bede

Laat dit dan wees, o Heer, dat ek
'n duisend jaar gelee teen God
en mens gesondig het . . .
Dan weet ek nou, op u bevel
is hierdie skurfte blootgestel:

In watter dieptes, stankbesmet
en met verrotte slym besmeer,
het ek nie daar versleg,
dat selfs U, Heer, van my moes wyk . . .
my nie wou reinig van die slyk?

Laat my dan maar soos Lasarus
tevrede wees met streling van
elk honger hondetong;
dan weet ek tog, dis u besluit,
die vloekstraf van 'n donker huid.

As dit u straf is, dat ek so
moet ly, dan wil ek swyg, o Heer;
leer my berusting dan;
laat my dan maar my kruisweg gaan,
tot waar ek voor die donker staan . . .

SV Petersen

In honesty you have to admit to a wise man that prayer is not for the wise, not for the prudent, not for the sophisticated. Instead it is for those who recognize that in face of their deepest needs, all their wisdom is quite helpless. It is for those who are willing to persist in doing something that is both childish and crucial.

— Frederick Buechner

“Christians don't simply learn or study or use Scripture; we assimilate it, take it into our lives in such a way that it gets metabolized into acts of love, cups of cold water, missions into all the world, healing and evangelism and justice in Jesus' name, hands raised in adoration of the Father, feet washed in company with the Son.”

— Eugene H. Peterson, *Eat This Book: A Conversation in the Art of Spiritual Reading*

“Earthly contemplation means to the Christian, we have said, this above all: that behind all that we directly encounter the Face of the incarnate Logos becomes visible... Contemplation does not ignore the "historical Gethsemane," does not ignore the mystery of evil, guilt and its bloody atonement. The happiness of contemplation is a true happiness, indeed the supreme happiness; but it is founded upon sorrow.”

— Josef Pieper, *Happiness and Contemplation*