

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

Tema: Huis toe, gesinne en sibbe

Skriflesing: Psalm 133 en Markus 4:35-41

Broodjies vir die pad

vir pa

ek het jou net een keer
hoor sing, my pa
toe jy vertel het hoedat jy
gewitbroek en gedas
vir die niggies
langs grootrivier
opsitkers gebring het
hoedat julle gesing
en gedans het
totdat julle vroemôre
sand uit julle vellies geskop het
o die witbroek het nie size nie
en die witbroek sit nie nice nie
die witbroek het nie plooi nie
en die witbroek sit nie mooi nie
en vir jou het ek
net een keer gesing, my pa
toe grootrivier stil geword het
in jou lyf
en noordkaap se sand
uit my hande
oor hout en blom geval het
miskien het jy tóé ook
tailor made witbroek
op die walle van 'n goue rivier
o die witbroek het nou size
en die witbroek sit nou nice
gesing en gedans

Thomas Deacon, 2021

"I don't believe an accident of birth makes people sisters or brothers. It makes them siblings, gives them mutuality of parentage. Sisterhood and brotherhood is a condition people have to work at."

— Maya Angelou

"There is more security, in fact, with Christ in the middle of a stormy sea than without Christ in the warm stillness of our bathtub."

— Jared C. Wilson, *The Imperfect Disciple: Grace for People Who Can't Get Their Act Together*

"I believe that what we become depends on what our fathers teach us at odd moments, when they aren't trying to teach us. We are formed by little scraps of wisdom."

— Umberto Eco, *Foucault's Pendulum*

"This is part of what a family is about, not just love. It's knowing that your family will be there watching out for you. Nothing else will give you that. Not money. Not fame. Not work."

— Mitch Albom, *Tuesdays with Morrie*

"We need people in our lives with whom we can be as open as possible. To have real conversations with people may seem like such a simple, obvious suggestion, but it involves courage and risk."

— Thomas Moore, *Care of the Soul: A Guide for Cultivating Depth and Sacredness in Everyday Life*

"I certainly believe we all suffer damage, one way or another. How could we not, except in a world of perfect parents, siblings, neighbours, companions? And then there is the question on which so much depends, of how we react to the damage: whether we admit it or repress it, and how this affects our dealings with others. Some admit the damage, and try to mitigate it; some spend their lives trying to help others who are damaged; and there are those whose main concern is to avoid further damage to themselves, at whatever cost. And those are the ones who are ruthless, and the ones to be careful of."

— Julian Barnes, *The Sense of an Ending*

"There is divine beauty in learning... To learn means to accept the postulate that life did not begin at my birth. Others have been here before me, and I walk in their footsteps. The books I have read were composed by generations of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, teachers and disciples. I am the sum total of their experiences, their quests. And so are you."

— Elie Wiesel

"Strong convictions do not necessarily signal a powerful sense of self: very often quite the opposite. Intensely held beliefs may be no more than a person's unconscious effort to build a sense of self to fill what, underneath, is experienced as a vacuum."

— Gabor Maté, *When the Body Says No: The Cost of Hidden Stress*

"How I treat a brother or sister from day to day, how I react to the sin-scarred wino on the street, how I respond to interruptions from people I dislike, how I deal with normal people in their normal confusion on a normal day may be a better indication of my reverence for life than the anti-abortion sticker on the bumper of my car."

— Brennan Manning, *The Ragamuffin Gospel: Good News for the Bedraggled, Beat-Up, and Burnt Out*

"Music gives me a sense of self-sufficiency and nourishment. I don't need anyone or anything. I bathe in it as in amniotic fluid; it surrounds and protects me. It's also stable, ever-available and something I can control - that is, I can reach for it whenever I want. I can also choose music that reflects my mood, or if I want, helps to soothe it...music-seeking offers excitement and tension that I can immediately resolve and a reward I can immediately attain - unlike other tensions in my life and other desired rewards. Music is a source of beauty and meaning outside myself that I can claim as my own

without exploring how, in my life, I keep from directly experiencing those qualities. Addiction, in this sense, is the lazy man's path to transcendence."

— Gabor Maté, *In the Realm of Hungry Ghosts: Close Encounters with Addiction*

If the idea of God as both Three and One seems far-fetched and obfuscating, look in the mirror someday. There is (a) the interior life known only to yourself and those you choose to communicate it to (the Father). There is (b) the visible face which in some measure reflects that inner life (the Son). And there is (c) the invisible power you have in order to communicate that interior life in such a way that others do not merely know about it, but know it in the sense of its becoming part of who they are (the Holy Spirit). Yet what you are looking at in the mirror is clearly and indivisibly the one and only You.

— Frederick Beuchner, *Wishful Thinking*

Brood vir die pad

Family

Frederick Buechner

The Human Family. It's a good phrase, reminding us not only that we come from the same beginning and are headed toward the same conclusion, but that in the meantime our lives are elaborately and inescapably linked. A famine in one part of the world affects people in all parts of the world. An assassination in Dallas or Sarajevo affects everybody. No one is an island. It is well worth remembering.

But families have a way of being islands notwithstanding—the Flanagans as distinct from the Schwartzes and the Schwartzes never to be confused with the Cherbonneaus or the Riondas. You think of a row of houses on a street. The same drama is going on in all of them—the human drama—but in each of them a unique drama is also going on. Though the wood walls are so thin you can hear a baby's cry through them, they are solid enough to keep out the world. If in the Schwartzes' house the baby dies—or grows up and gets married by the rambler roses in the backyard—all the other families on the street rally round and do what they can. But it is in the Schwartzes' house alone that what happens happens fully. With the best will in the world, nobody on the outside can know the richness and mystery of it, the foreshadowings of it deep in the past, the reverberations of it far in the future. With the best will in the world, nobody on the inside can make it known.

It is not so much that things happen in a family as it is that the family is the things that happen in it. The family is continually becoming what becomes of it. It is every christening and every commencement, every falling in love, every fight, every departure and return. It is the moment at breakfast when for no apparent reason somebody gets up and leaves the table. It is the sound of the phone ringing in the middle of the night or the lying awake hours waiting for it to ring. It is the waves pounding the boardwalk to pieces and the undercurrents so deep beneath the surface that you're hardly aware of them.

A family is a web so delicately woven that it takes almost nothing to set the whole thing shuddering or even to tear it to pieces. Yet the thread it's woven of is as strong as anything on earth. Sixty years after his father's death, the old man can't bring himself to remember it, or to stop remembering. Even when the twenty-year-old daughter runs out and never comes back, she can hear the raised voices from downstairs as she's going to sleep a thousand miles away, and every year when the old birthdays or death days come by, she marks each of them as surely as she

marks that the sun has gone under a cloud or the moon risen.

It is within the fragile yet formidable walls of your own family that you learn, or do not learn, what the phrase *human family* means.

<https://www.frederickbuechner.com/quote-of-the-day/2018/4/11/human-family>

Ons word en ís die stories wat ons vertel

Wilhelm Jordaan

Vandat die mens kon praat was hy 'n storieverteller. En die vertelwyse het gewissel van mondelings tot stukkie papirus en wasvelle; en van boeke tot internetplatforms.

Soms is die stories waar, soms blatante versinsel en soms 'n vernuftige vermenging.

Oor sulke stories het die Franse skrywer en filosoof Jean-Paul Sartre gesê: "Elke mens word omring deur sy eie stories en dié van ander. Alles wat met jou gebeur, beleef jy deur hierdie stories en jy probeer lewe of jy besig is om die stories te vertel."

Hoe ook, sulke stories kan verstaan word as uitings van die mens se behoefte om van gewet te wees. Nou nog meer vandat Covid-19 die kontak tussen mense, ook dié naaste aan jou, verskraal en mense in 'n greep van afsondering en eensaamheid plaas. Die baie soorte stories in die sosiale media kan ook verstaan word as 'n soort protes teen naamloosheid en lewensvlugtigheid.

Talle spalk hulself met oorgawe oop om van gewet te wees – 'n bietjie sterstatus.

Sulke eie stories word 'n kolliggie, 'n droompie om aan vas te hou om die bewuste en onbewuste verlange na 'n eie, betekenisvolle verhaal te stil. In die trant van storiemaak kan jy jou lewe telkens herskryf, applous of verguising daarvoor kry, jou storie bywerk en 'n "nuwe lewe" kry, al is dit fiktief. Dít sonder om dié ironie te snap: Jou uitgebasuinde internetsiel is 'n illusionêre verbon-denheid aan mense. Een trefslag ("hit") op jou insetsel word gevolg deur 'n ander en nog meer verbygaande ander – deel van 'n groeiende permanente kortstondigheid.

Dié groeiende kultuur van die saakmakende eie storie vind deesdae meer formeel neerslag in navorsing in die menswetenskappe en in psigoterapie en berading. Dit steun grootliks op die psigoanalise Sigmund Freud se "praatgenesing" – van 'n mens (die terapeut) wat met aandag, sensitiwiteit en nie-veroordelend luister na 'n ander, wat praat. En dat die "eie woorde" (die narratief) van die spreker heling bring.

Onder die vaandel van "edutainment" en "infotainment" word praatgenesing op TV gebanaliseer – weg van die spreekkamer-privaatheid en die ouwêreldse "couch". Dis 'n geval van "my eie storie" vertel vir 'n gehoor onder leiding van 'n beradende biepersoon om 'n versweë en getraumatiseerde mensheid tot genesende spraak te bring.

In navorsing word die eie subjektiewe storie al hoe meer gebruik om tot begrip te kom van mense se intens persoonlike belewenisse in moeilike en mensonterende lewensituasies, byvoorbeeld oor die durende nagevolge van apartheidstrauma en -ontneming. Daar is baie variasies op dié narratiewe tema. In byvoorbeeld outo-etnografie kan jy jou eie lewe, of 'n kernaspek daarvan, as 'n studie aanbied. Die diep beskryfde eie lewe word verstaan as "intieme wetenskap", wat dalk resoneer met die lewe van ander ter wille van mekaar se heling en genesing. So is ons en word ons die stories wat ons vertel.

* *Jordaan is 'n emeritus-professor in sielkunde.*

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/ons-word-en-is-die-stories-wat-ons-vertel-20210525>

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