

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

Tema: Drumpelgangers. 'n Herbesoek aan Psalm 84

Skriflesing: Psalm 84

Broodjies vir die pad

"If we become addicted to the external, our interiority will haunt us. We will become hungry with a hunger no image, person, or deed can still. To be wholesome, we must remain truthful to our vulnerable complexity. In order to keep our balance, we need to hold the interior and exterior, visible and invisible, known and unknown, temporal and eternal, ancient and new, together. No one else can undertake this task for you. You are the one and only threshold of an inner world. This wholesomeness is holiness. To be holy is to be natural, to befriend the worlds that come to balance in you."
— John O'Donohue, *Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom*

"Crossing the threshold of faith means that we work out of a sense of dignity and see service as a vocation. It means we serve selflessly and are prepared to begin over time and time again without giving in to weariness — as if all that has been done so far were only a step on the journey toward the Kingdom, the fullness of life. It is the quiet time of waiting after the daily sowing and contemplation of the harvest that has been gathered. It is giving thanks to the Lord because he is good and asking him not to forsake the work of his hands (see Ps 138:8)."

— Pope Francis, *Only Love Can Save Us: Letters, Homilies, and Talks of Cardinal Jorge Bergoglio*

"No one you love is ever truly lost."
— Ernest Hemingway

"Life isn't about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself."
— George Bernard Shaw

"...we are custodians of deep and ancient thresholds. In the human face you see that potential and the miracle of undying possibility."

— John O'Donohue, *Anam Cara: A Book of Celtic Wisdom*

"Liminal space is always an experience of displacement in the hope of a new point of view. No wonder Jesus called it "turning around." Unfortunately, the Greek word *meta-noia*, which literally means to move "beyond the mind," is usually translated "repentance" and no longer points to its much deeper meaning."

— Richard Rohr, *Everything Belongs: The Gift of Contemplative Prayer*

"That is what learning is. You suddenly understand something you've understood all your life, but in a new way."

— Doris Lessing

"Do you know what people really want? Everyone, I mean. Everybody in the world is thinking: I wish there was just one other person I could really talk to, who could really understand me, who'd be kind to me. That's what people really want, if they're telling the truth."

— Doris Lessing, *The Golden Notebook*

"Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

"He allowed himself to be swayed by his conviction that human beings are not born once and for all on the day their mothers give birth to them, but that life obliges them over and over again to give birth to themselves."

— Gabriel García Márquez, *Love in the Time of Cholera*

"The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without"

— Ernest Hemingway

"He had said that our lives are steered by uncertainties, many of which are disruptive or even daunting; but that if we persevere and remain generous of heart, we may be granted a moment of lucidity—a moment in which all that has happened to us suddenly comes into focus as a necessary course of events, even as we find ourselves on the threshold of the life we had been meant to lead all along."

— Amor Towles, *A Gentleman in Moscow*

"Only the man who has had to face despair is really convinced that he needs mercy. Those who do not want mercy never seek it. It is better to find God on the threshold of despair than to risk our lives in a complacency that has never felt the need of forgiveness. A life that is without problems may literally be more hopeless than one that always verges on despair."

— Thomas Merton, *No Man Is an Island*

"Confuse the sacred and secular in your environment. Create a liminal, neither here nor there, milieu. It is always in the liminal places that significant things happen, so work at creating liminality."

— Thomas Moore, *A Religion of One's Own: A Guide to Creating a Personal Spirituality in a Secular World*

"In the universe, there are things that are known, and things that are unknown, and in between them, there are doors."

— William Blake

"If he is indeed wise he does not bid you enter the house of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind."

— Khalil Gibran, *The Prophet*

"Every day, a piece of music, a short story, or a poem dies because its existence is no longer justified in our time. And things that were once considered immortal have become mortal again, no one knows them anymore. Even though they deserve to survive."

— Elfriede Jelinek, *The Piano Teacher*

"There are two basic motivating forces: fear and love. When we are afraid, we pull back from life. When we are in love, we open to all that life has to offer with passion, excitement, and acceptance. We need to learn to love ourselves first, in all our glory and our imperfections. If we cannot love ourselves, we cannot fully open to our ability to love others or our potential to create. Evolution and all hopes for a better world rest in the fearlessness and open-hearted vision of people who embrace life."

— John Lennon

"I don't like people who have never fallen or stumbled. Their virtue is lifeless and it isn't of much value. Life hasn't revealed its beauty to them."

— Boris Pasternak

"If, then, I were asked for the most important advice I could give, that which I considered to be the most useful to the men of our century, I should simply say: in the name of God, stop a moment, cease your work, look around you."

— Leo Tolstoy, *Essays, Letters and Miscellanies*

Dreams

Frederick Buechner

NO MATTER HOW PROSAIC, practical, and ploddingly unimaginative we may be, we have dreams like everybody else. All of us do. In them even the most down-to-earth and pedestrian of us leave earth behind and go flying, not walking, through the air like pelicans. Even the most respectable go strolling along crowded pavements naked as truth. Even the confirmed disbelievers in an afterlife hold converse with the dead just as the most dyed-in-the-wool debunkers of the supernatural have adventures that would make Madame Blavatsky's hair stand on end.

The tears of dreams can be real enough to wet the pillow and the passions of them fierce enough to make the flesh burn. There are times we dream our way to a truth or an insight so overwhelming that it startles us awake and haunts us for years to come. As easily as from room to room, we move from things that happened so long ago we had forgotten them to things lying ahead that may be waiting to happen or trying to happen still. On our way we are as likely to meet old friends as perfect strangers. Sometimes, inexplicably, we meet casual acquaintances who for decades haven't so much as once crossed our minds.

Freudians and Jungians, prophets and poets, philosophers, fortune-tellers, and phonies all have their own claims about what dreams mean. Others claim they don't mean a thing. But there are at least two things they mean that seem incontrovertible.

One of them is that we are in constant touch with a world that is as real to us while we are in it, and has as much to do with who we are, and whose ultimate origin and destiny are as unknown and fascinating, as the world of waking reality. The other one is that our lives are a great deal richer, deeper, more intricately interrelated, more mysterious, and less limited by time and space than we commonly suppose.

People who tend to write off the validity of the religious experience in general and the experience of God in particular on the grounds that in the real world they can find no evidence for such things should take note. Maybe the real world is not the

only reality, and even if it should turn out to be, maybe they are not really looking at it realistically.

—Originally published in *Whistling in the Dark* and later in *Beyond Words*

<https://www.frederickbuechner.com/quote-of-the-day/2020/3/22/dreams>

Brood vir die pad

Bedags stry ek met die Here, snags bid ek

Wilhelm Jordaan

Snags as ek slaperig bekommerd is oor my kinders en kleinkinders, bid ek soms prewelend en vra die Here om hulle te bewaar. Maar in die helderte van die dag het ek 'n dispuut met die Here.

En die rede is eenvoudig: Hoe kan ek hom vertrou met die bewaring van my kinders as hy, as 'n pa, sy eie seun so stief behandel het – wat ook al die teologie wat reken sy seun moes sterf ter wille van almal se sondes en dat die Here vir ons sorg.

So byvoorbeeld sy afwesigheid toe sy seun sterwend aan 'n kruis op Golgota gehang het; met spykers deur die hande en voete. Verbeel jou dít: Hy roep dringend na sy pa en vra waarom het jy my verlaat. Maar dié pa was afwesig, soos pa's dikwels is. Geen taal of tyding van 'n sorgsame vader nie.

Moet ek myself berispe as ek só oor die Here dink en reken hy is, soos sommige teoloë sê, die Gans Andere wie se Vaderskap nie veel te doen het met pa's se pa-wees nie?

Ek wil respekvol hê die Here moet tog 'n bietjie soos 'n pa wees, soos my pa was.

Sodat, as ek eendag in die hemel kom, die Here nie sal omgee nie as ek my pa eerste groet – soos altyd met 'n uitbundige "hei Mister!", want die Here weet ek het ook na hom verlang: Pa se boet.

Indien nie, moet ek die Gans Andere verwonderend en verlangend verstaan as 'n onsigbare teenwoordigheid?

As 'n "iets" wat, buite die afmetings van tyd en ruimte, in swewende verlatenheid duim teen wysvinger gevryf het, sag soos 'n veertjie se kielie. En opeens was daar "lewe" wat uit die niks van sterrestof gekom het. En daaruit het alles wat was, wat is en sal wees, ontvou.

Die Bybel vertel die Here was vormloos in 'n brandende braambos en het ontwykend agter 'n rots weggekruip. En homself boonop 'n verhullende naam gegee: "Ek is wat ek is." So gans anders dat jy in Hebreeus sy naam nie eens kan noem of uitspreek nie.

Deur die eeue, en nou nog, ervaar baie mense die Here as "vormloos", as wesenlik afwesig so tussendeur wêreldoorloë en pandemies (soos nou met Covid-19), die allerverskriklikste geweld en al die ellendes wat mense aanvang en tref. Soos sy seun aan die kruis, roep mense hom aan, maar ervaar dikwels die Here is stom, tot stemloosheid geslaan. Is dít wat "gans anders" beteken?

Maar miskien, net miskien, het die Gans Andere 'n vaste vorm gevind in die geboorte van 'n kind wat ruik na stal en strooi en skaap en stof. En wat later aan 'n kruis sou hang om, te midde van die vader se afwesigheid, in 'n kindergebed sy vertrou en oorgawe uit te roep: "Vader, in u hande gee ek my gees oor."

Só, Godverlangend dan, mag ek iewers in 'n donker nag saggies pleit: "Vader, wees goed vir my kind. Vir almal, want ons álmal is U kinders."

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

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/bedags-stry-ek-met-die-here-snags-bid-ek-20210810>

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