

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

**Tema: Sou jy blind wees, wat sou jy wou sien?  
Sou jy doof wees, wat sou jy wou hoor?  
Sou jy stom wees, wat sou jy wou sê?**

**Skriflesing: Markus 7:31-37 en Psalm 146**

### Broodjies vir die pad

"If I was blind, I would still see you.  
If I was deaf, I would still hear you.  
If I was mute, I would still speak to you.  
If I was crippled, I would still carry you.  
If I was dying, I would still live for you."

— Matshona Dhliwayo

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"Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see."

— Mark Twain

"People where you live," the little prince said, "grow five thousand roses in one garden... yet they don't find what they're looking for...  
They don't find it," I answered.  
And yet what they're looking for could be found in a single rose, or a little water..."  
Of course," I answered.  
And the little prince added, "But eyes are blind. You have to look with the heart."

— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*

"It is the tyranny of hidden prejudices that makes us deaf to what speaks to us in tradition."

— Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and Method*

"Life's splendor forever lies in wait about each one of us in all its fullness, but veiled from view, deep down, invisible, far off. It is there, though, not hostile, not reluctant, not deaf. If you summon it by the right word, by its right name, it will come."

— Franz Kafka, *Diaries*, 1910-1923

"What matters deafness of the ear, when the mind hears? The one true deafness, the incurable deafness, is that of the mind."

— Victor Hugo

"It seems to me that there is in each of us a capacity to comprehend the impressions and emotions which have been

experienced by mankind from the beginning. Each individual has a subconscious memory of the green earth and murmuring waters, and blindness and deafness cannot rob him of this gift from past generations. This inherited capacity is a sort of sixth sense- a soul-sense which sees, hears, feels, all in one."

— Helen Keller

"C. S. Lewis introduced the phrase "pain, the megaphone of God." "God whispers to us in our pleasures, speaks in our conscience, but shouts in our pains," he said; "it is His megaphone to rouse a deaf world."<sup>3</sup> The word megaphone is apropos, because by its nature pain shouts. When I stub my toe or twist an ankle, pain loudly announces to my brain that something is wrong. Similarly, the existence of suffering on this earth is, I believe, a scream to all of us that something is wrong. It halts us in our tracks and forces us to consider other values."

— Philip Yancey, *Where Is God When It Hurts?*

"The great movement of the spiritual life is from a deaf, nonhearing life to a life of listening."

— Henri J.M. Nouwen, *Discernment: Reading the Signs of Daily Life*

### Not for the Wise

**I AM AFRAID THAT** prayer is really not for the wise. The wise avoid it on two bases, at least two. In the first place, if there really is a God who has this power to heal, to make whole, then it is wise to be very cautious indeed because if you go to him for healing, healing may be exactly what you will receive, and are you entirely sure that you want to be healed? By all accounts, after all, the process is not necessarily either quick or easy. And in the meanwhile, things could be a great deal worse. "Lord, take my sin from me—but not yet," Saint Augustine is said to have prayed. It is a wise man who bewares of God bearing gifts. In the second place, the wise look at twentieth-century man—civilized, rational, and at great cost emancipated from the dark superstitions of the past—and suggest that to petition some unseen power for special favors is a very childish procedure indeed.

In a way, "childish" is the very word to describe it. A child has not made up his mind yet about what is and what is not possible. He has no fixed preconceptions about what reality is; and if someone tells him that the mossy place under the lilac bush is a magic place, he may wait until he thinks that no one is watching him, but then he will very probably crawl in under the lilac bush to see for himself. A child also knows how to accept a gift. He does not worry about losing his dignity or becoming indebted if he accepts it. His conscience does not bother him because the gift is free and he has not earned it and therefore really has no right to it. He just takes it, with joy. In fact, if it is something that he wants very much, he may even ask for it. And lastly, a child knows how to trust. It is late at night and very dark and there is the sound of sirens as his father wakes him. He does not explain anything but just takes him by the hand and gets him up, and the child is scared out of his wits and has no idea what is going on, but he takes his father's hand anyway and

lets his father lead him wherever he chooses into the darkness.

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, Originally published in *The Magnificent Defeat*

## Seisoene wat wissel. 'n kans vir nuut kyk

*Wilhelm Jordaan*

Ek het nou genoeg gehad van klappertand en bibberbene in die voortslepende winterkoue. Daarom sing ek uit volle bors dié “profesie” saam met Johannes Kerkerrel: “Hier kom die somer, die son / Hier kom die somer, die son / Dae soos heuning / Warm en lou . . .”

Dit is mos 1 September, nie waar nie? Al speel die weerprofeet nie heeltemal saam nie! Ek wil nou uitbundig die bedwelmeling van lente vier: Al die veld is vrolik, hier galop 'n goggatjie, daarso dans 'n mier.

Wat só in die lente gebeur, help ons om met nuwe oë te kyk, tesame met 'n tikkie weemoed.

Die “tesame” is die “tweedrag van verlange” waarna die Nederlandse digter Henriëtte Roland--Holst verwys: Verlange na vroeë drome wat verlore geraak het en, saam daarmee, die verlange na dit wat waarlik nuut kan wees; nuwe- bloeisels wat oopbeur.

Nuut kyk kom wel nie vanself nie. In Sarah Winman se roman *When God Was A Rabbit* vertel 'n karakter hoe sy by 'n wyse mens moes leer om nuut na alles te kyk: “Whenever I declared I was bored he would march me down to the water’s edge and make me describe all I could see in tones of enthusiasm and wonder, until my body- again reverberated with the excitement of life.”

Dit veronderstel dat jy jou sintuie oopstel, meer ontvanklik maak. Dán word vrolike veld, gogga se galop en mier se dans die natuur se lentemanier om jou die verruklike samehang van sien, hoor, ruik, proe en aanraak opnuut te laat beleef.

Nuut kyk kom met 'n kinderlik naïewe wysheid om die dinge van die wêreld te sien soos dit is en nie soos dit vermink is deur vooropgestelde opvattinge nie. Juis daarom sien die nuutkyker, soos die kind in die sprokie, die keiser se naaktheid raak, terwyl ander na hul asem snak oor die keiser se pragtige klere omdat hulle so voorgesê is of hulself dit wysgemaak het.

Miskien help dit om aan “nuut” te dink as 'n deur wat vir jou bedoel is en wat net jy kan oopmaak. Dit is jôú deurgang na 'n nuwe lewenseisoen. Ons sukkel met dié oopmaak omdat ons “nuut” en “nuwe” so gruwelik beperkend verstaan; dat dit verwys na goed – 'n nuwe huis, motor, klere, duur juweliersware, opwindende vakansiereise enso- (bestedende)voort. Alles dinge wat opwellinkies van blydschap besorg; welvaart waarmee jy 'n bietjie kan spog.

Maar “nuut” en “nuwe” het onverkende bybetekenisse wat opwindende moontlikhede inhou as jy dit verbeeldingryk ontgin en waar maak – soos “pas ontdek”, “pas gemaak” en “nie tevore gesien nie”.

Byvoorbeeld, wat in my verhouding met my man, vrou, kinders, vriende en kollegas gebeur, kan deur my houding en gedrag omgeskep word tot iets wat nie tevore gesien is nie. Dalk wag daar verrassings oor wat ontdek en nuut gemaak kan word – gebede, 'n kerk, 'n skool, 'n gesindheid, 'n taak, 'n werk, 'n ander manier van wees, dink en doen.

Miskien ontdek 'n mens só die lewenskrag van Albert Camus se insig: “In die diepte van die winter het ek gevind daar is 'n onoorwinlike somer in my.”

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<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Menings/seisoene-wat-wissel-n-kans-vir-nuut-kyk-20210831>

## Brood vir die pad

### Genade te midde van swakheid in roman uitgebeeld

*RRV*

“Mine is a parish like all the rest,” lui die openingsin van die Franse skrywer Georges Bernanos se *The Diary of a Country Priest* (1936; oorspronklike titel *Journal d’un curé de campagne*).

Die boek het as grondslag gedien vir Robert Bresson se gelyknamige rolprent (1951). En die invloed daarvan is verder te bespeur in Marilynne Robinson se roman *Gilead* (2004) en Paul Schrader se rolprent *First Reformed* (2017).

Soos die titel suggereer, word die roman aangebied as die dagboekinskrywings van 'n Franse priester op die platteland. Hy beskryf die toestand van sy gemeente as een van verveling en ongeërgdheid. Sy dagboek verwys dan ook meestal na alledaagse gebeurtenisse en belewenisse.

Die krag daarvan lê in die eerlike blik wat dit op sy menslikheid en geestelikheid bied. Deur sy dagboek leer ons van sy twyfel, mislukkings en beperkings. Asook van sommige mense in die gemeente se genadeloosheid teenoor hom, en van sy eie worsteling – om na homself en ander met liefde en genade te kyk.

Ontleders wys daarop dat genade inderdaad 'n kerntema in die Rooms-Katolieke Bernanos se roman is. Genade is hier allermins 'n goedkoop saak.

Genade sweef nie bo siekte en swaarkry nie; dit is midde-in die gewone lewe aanwesig.

In die laaste deel van die boek lees ons dat maagkanker by die priester gediagnoseer word. Hy gaan vir 'n wyle tuis by 'n ou klasmaat wat nie meer 'n priester is nie. Die roman eindig met 'n brief van die vriend waarin hy van die priester se afsterwe vertel. Hy het in die nag die priester bewusteloos op die grond gevind, en dadelik 'n ander priester ontbied om die laaste sakrament te kom bedien.

In 'n stadium het die priester sy bewussyn herwin, waartydens die gasheer verskoning aangebied het omdat die bedienaar van die kerk se laaste vertroosting nog nie opgedaag het nie. Waarop die priester sy hand geneem en met 'n hortende maar duidelike stem gesê het: “Does it matter? Grace is everywhere . . .”

“Tout est grâce” is hierdie laaste woorde in Frans. Alles is genade. Hierdie beliggaamde geloofsuiting kom te midde van swakte. En dit kan in verband gebring word met wat die priester vroeër in sy dagboek geskryf het: “No, I have not lost my faith . . . Sometimes I feel that my faith has withdrawn and still persists where certainly I should never have thought of seeking it, in my flesh, in my flesh and blood, my wretched flesh, my perish-able flesh which yet was baptized.”

<https://www.netwerk24.com/Stemme/Sielsgoed/geestelike-waardes-genade-te-midde-van-swakheid-in-roman-uitgebeeld-20210828>

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