

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

Tema: Maria, Moeder van Misterie

Skriflesing: Lukas 1:39-56

Broodjies vir die pad

Maria

'n Engel het dit self gebring,
die vreugde-boodskap – en jy het
'n lofsang tot Gods eer gesing,
Maria, nooi uit Nasaret!

Maar toe Josef van jou wou skei
en bure-agterdog jou pla,
het jy kon dink eenmaal sou hý
die hele wêreldskande dra?

Toe jy soms met 'n glimlag langs
jou liggaam stryk ... die stilte instaar ...
wis jy met hoeveel liefde en angs
sou hý sy hellevaart aanvaar?

Die nag daar in die stal – geeneen
om in jou nood by jou te staan –
het jy geweet dat hy alléén
Getsémané sou binnegaan?

Toe vorste uit die Ooste kom
om nederig hulde te betoon,
wis jy hoe die soldate hom
as koning van die volk sou kroon?

En toe hy in jou arms lê,
sy mondjie teen jou volle bors,
het jy geweet dat hy sou sê,
toe dit te laat was: Ek het dors!

Toe dit verby was en jy met
sy vriend Johannes huis toe gaan –
Maria, vrou van smarte, het
jy tóé die boodskap goed verstaan?

Elisabeth Eybers

“We must be willing to fail and to appreciate the truth that often “Life is not a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be lived.”

— M. Scott Peck

“And men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty waves of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, yet pass over the mystery of themselves without a thought.”

— St. Augustine of Hippo, Confessions

“Listen to your life. See it for the fathomless mystery it is. In the boredom and pain of it, no less than in the excitement and gladness: touch, taste, smell your way to the holy and

hidden heart of it, because in the last analysis all moments are key moments, and life itself is grace.”

— Frederick Buechner, *Now and Then: A Memoir of Vocation*

“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

“Things aren't all so tangible and sayable as people would usually have us believe; most experiences are unsayable, they happen in a space that no word has ever entered, and more unsayable than all other things are works of art, those mysterious existences, whose life endures beside our own small, transitory life”

— Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to a Young Poet*

“As soon as you look at the world through an ideology you are finished. No reality fits an ideology. Life is beyond that. ... That is why people are always searching for a meaning to life... Meaning is only found when you go beyond meaning. Life only makes sense when you perceive it as mystery and it makes no sense to the conceptualizing mind.”

— Anthony de Mello

“Wholeness is not achieved by cutting off a portion of one's being, but by integration of the contraries.”

— Carl Gustav Jung

“Oh, if only it were possible to find understanding,” Joseph exclaimed. “If only there were a dogma to believe in. Everything is contradictory, everything tangential; there are no certainties anywhere. Everything can be interpreted one way and then again interpreted in the opposite sense. The whole of world history can be explained as development and progress and can also be seen as nothing but decadence and meaninglessness. Isn't there any truth? Is there no real and valid doctrine?”

The master had never heard him speak so fervently. He walked on in silence for a little, then said: “There is truth, my boy. But the doctrine you desire, absolute, perfect dogma that alone provides wisdom, does not exist. Nor should you long for a perfect doctrine, my friend. Rather, you should long for the perfection of yourself. The deity is within you, not in ideas and books. Truth is lived, not taught. Be prepared for conflicts, Joseph Knecht - I can see that they already have begun.”

— Hermann Hesse, *The Glass Bead Game*

“Elizabeth is a good model for those of us who have inherited a church that's rich in wisdom but feeling spent. Can we who are older greet emergent experimenters with attentiveness and zeal? This is not a matter of ceding spiritual ground to the young, but of joining our vitality to theirs. Elizabeth was just as pregnant as Mary with

something new.”

— Ray Suarez, *Soul Proclamations: Singing the Magnificat with Mary*

“Intuition does not denote something contrary to reason, but something outside of the province of reason.”

— Carl Jung

“It is significant that whereas in the West Mary is primarily the Virgin, a being almost totally different from us in her absolute and celestial purity and freedom from all carnal pollution, in the East she is always referred to and glorified as Theotokos, the Mother of God, and virtually all icons depict her with the Child in her arms.”

— Alexander Schmemmann, *For the Life of the World*

“There can be no stronger proof of the impoverishment of our contemporary culture than the popular - though profoundly mistaken - definition of myth as falsehood.”

— Rollo May

“Cosmos is a Greek word for the order of the universe. It is, in a way, the opposite of Chaos. It implies the deep interconnectedness of all things. It conveys awe for the intricate and subtle way in which the universe is put together.”

— Carl Sagan, *Cosmos*

“I want to learn how to hold the paradoxical poles of my identity together, to embrace the profoundly opposite truths that my sense of self is deeply dependent on others dancing with me and that I still have a sense of self when no one wants to dance.”

— Parker J. Palmer, *The Courage to Teach: Exploring the Inner Landscape of a Teacher's Life*

Uses of Memory

I AM INCLINED to believe that God's chief purpose in giving us memory is to enable us to go back in time so that if we didn't play those roles right the first time round, we can still have another go at it now. We cannot undo our old mistakes or their consequences any more than we can erase old wounds that we have both suffered and inflicted, but through the power that memory gives us of thinking, feeling, imagining our way back through time we can at long last finally finish with the past in the sense of removing its power to hurt us and other people and to stunt our growth as human beings.

The sad things that happened long ago will always remain part of who we are just as the glad and gracious things will too, but instead of being a burden of guilt, recrimination, and regret that make us constantly stumble as we go, even the saddest things can become, once we have made peace with them, a source of wisdom and strength for the journey that still lies ahead. It is through memory that we are able to reclaim much of our lives that we have long since written off by finding that in everything that has happened to us over the years God was offering us possibilities of new life and healing which, though we may have missed them at the time, we can still choose and be brought to life by and healed by all these years later.

— Frederich Buechner, Originally published in *Telling Secrets*

Brood vir die pad

Berei jou voor vir die verste reis wat daar is

Wilhelm Jordaan

Met elke jaareinde is dít die ritueel: Mense verstadig hul gebruiklike lewenshaas en gee hulle oor aan die sagter stemminge van die hart; om opnuut die warmte van 'n gesin se bymekaar wees te beleef. Ons glo dit hoort so en ons laat dit so gebeur.

Maar daar is ook ánder soorte jaareindes – dié waar die Kerstyd 'n vallei van somberte en donkerte is en waarin ander se vreugde en genieting net 'n bevestiging van eie verlange na gemeensaamheid is.

Miskien was dit van die oerbegin af so; dat die mens eensaamheid beleef en na gemeensaamheid verlang. Om van eensaamheid tot gemeensaamheid te kom, veronderstel beweging; miskien die verste reis wat 'n mens kan onderneem – van een mens na 'n ander. Die Franse digter Paul Éluard skryf eensaamheid is “die enigste dood” waaraan jy net kan ontsnap deur jouself in ander mense te vind, want “ons reis deur ons naastes”.

Eensaamheid het baie gesigte: Joseph Conrad skryf: “Wie weet wat eensaamheid is? Verby die woord na die naakte terreur daarvan.” Die digter Hendrik Marsman bevestig dié verskrikking: “Ek staan alleen / geen God of mense wat my bestaan betrek in 'n besielde verband . . .”

Neil Diamond sing skor: “ ‘I am’, I said / To no one there / And no one heard at all / Not even the chair / ‘I am’, I cried / ‘I am’, said I / And I am lost and can't even say why / Leavin' me lonely still.”

Om eensaam te wees, is om die pyn te beleef dat jy van mense afgesny voel. Jy staan buite die ligkring, op jouself aangewys, alleen en verlate in duisternis.

Uit die Rabbynse wysheidskat kom 'n prikkelende perspektief daaroor. Die vraag is: Hoe weet jy dat die nag in die dag oorgaan? As jy 'n skaap van 'n hond kan onderskei, sê een. 'n Ander sê: As jy 'n vyeboom van 'n dadelpalm kan onderskei. Dan sê die wyse rabbi: As jy in die gesig van 'n ander mens 'n medemens herken. Tot dán is dit nag.

Miskien help dít ons om te begryp donker en lig, nag en dag is deel van elke mens. En dat eensaamheid aan ons gegee is as die weefstof van die begeerte tot gemeensaamheid. Om te weet albei leef in jou eie hart; dat jy die gesig van die een in die gesig van die ander sal vind.

Dit is dié begrip wat maak dat mense graag in mekaar se teenwoordigheid vertoef – waar dit ook al kan gebeur in die mistieke ritueel van Desember: by Kersboom en by Kerse; in Pretoria en Alexandra; in Kaapstad, Polokwane en Malmesbury; in tronke, huise, paleise en krotte; by straathoeke, in kerke, kloosters, katedrale; onder bome in die veld; in siekesale; op skepe, treine en in skagte in die aarde.

In sulke ontmoetings – soos dit gedra word deur oë brandend van herkenning en begrip en deur die sagter woorde wat ons sê – word eensaamheid oorbrug en kom daar 'n genesende weet van mekaar . . .

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<https://www.netwerk24.com/netwerk24/stemme/menings/berei-jou-voor-vir-die-verste-reis-wat-daar-is-20211214>

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