

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

Tema: Bevryding as genesing. Wat is dit in die lewe wat ons bind en wanneer is ons werklik vry?

Skriflesing: Lukas 4:31-37 en Psalm 71:1-9

Broodjies vir die pad

Desember

Desember
by die see
laataand
lê ons saam
op die bed
ek lees 'n storie
vir jou
ek hoor hoe
die slaap
jou kom haal
langs my
styf teenaan my
onder die kombers
jy's veilig
jy's warm
jy's naby
ek maak my oë toe
sê stil dankie
raak bewus
van hierdie goue oomblikke
my kleivoete ten spyt
is ek begenadig
is ek ryk
het ek oorvloed
ontbreek niks my nie
dis die laaste gedagte
wat deur my kop gaan
voordat ek vir laas
die storieboek neersit
die slaap
my ook vind
en kom haal

Willem de Swyger

“God wills our liberation, our exodus from Egypt. God wills our reconciliation, our return from exile. God wills our enlightenment, our seeing. God wills our forgiveness, our release from sin and guilt. God wills that we see ourselves as God’s beloved. God wills our resurrection, our passage from death to life. God wills for us food and drink that satisfy our hunger and thirst. God wills, comprehensively, our well-being—not just my well-being as an individual but the well-being of all of us and of the whole of creation. In short, God wills our salvation, our healing, here on earth. The Christian life is about participating in the salvation of God.”

— Marcus J. Borg, *The God We Never Knew: Beyond Dogmatic Religion to a More Authentic Contemporary Faith*

“Be a lamp, or a lifeboat, or a ladder. Help someone's soul heal. Walk out of your house like a shepherd.”

— Rumi

“Somewhere we know that without silence words lose their meaning, that without listening speaking no longer heals, that without distance closeness cannot cure.”

— Henri J.M. Nouwen

“This life therefore is not righteousness, but growth in righteousness, not health, but healing, not being but becoming, not rest but exercise. We are not yet what we shall be, but we are growing toward it, the process is not yet finished, but it is going on, this is not the end, but it is **the** road. All does not yet gleam in glory, but all is being purified.”

— Martin Luther

“There is a LIGHT in this world. A healing spirit more powerful than any darkness we may encounter. We sometime lose sight of this force when there is suffering, and too much pain. Then suddenly, the spirit will emerge through the lives of ordinary people who hear a call and answer in extraordinary ways.”

— Richard Attenborough

“We have been called to heal wounds, to unite what has fallen apart, and to bring home those who have lost their way.”

— St. Francis of Assisi

“In my early professional years I was asking the question: How can I treat, or cure, or change this person? Now I would phrase the question in this way: How can I provide a relationship which this person may use for his own personal growth?”

— Carl R. Rogers

Anorexia

Frederick Buechner

NOTHING FOR BREAKFAST. A diet soda for lunch. Maybe a little lettuce with low-calorie dressing for supper. Or once in a while, when everybody has gone to bed, a binge on ice cream, which you get rid of in the bathroom later. Relentless exercise.

Obsession with food, cooking great quantities of it for everybody except yourself. In time you come to look like a victim of Dachau—the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, the marionette arms and calfless legs. If you are a woman, you stop menstruating. If you are told your life itself is in jeopardy, it makes no difference, because not even dying is as fearsome as getting fat, a view that the combined industries of fashion, dietetic food, and advertising all endorse. In every respect but this, you may be as sane as everybody else. In this, you are mad as a hatter.

Anorexia seems to be a modern disease, but old phrases like *pinning away* and *wasting away* suggest it may have been around unnamed for a long time. Nobody seems to know what it's all about, though there are endless theories. Young anorexics want to strike free of parental control, they say, and where does it assume a more elemental form than in "Take a bite for Mummy, a bite for Daddy"? So that is where they draw the battle line. The more desperately they are urged to eat, the more desperately they resist. Their bodies are their last citadel, and they are prepared to defend them literally to the death. Yet on the other side of it, of course, they desperately need Mummy and Daddy and are scared stiff of the very independence they are fighting to achieve.

The craving to be free and independent. The craving to be taken care of and safe. The magic of the sickness is that it meets both these cravings at once. By not eating you take your stand against the world that is telling you what to do. By not eating you make your body so much smaller, lighter, weaker that in effect it becomes a child's body again, and the world flocks to your rescue. Is something like this at the heart of it?

Most anorexics are young women. Feeling that a male-dominated world has given them no models for what full womanhood means, do they believe that the golden key to that Wonderland garden is to make themselves as little as Alice had to in order to pass through the tiny curtained door? Who can say for sure?

But at least one thing is sure. By starving themselves, anorexics are speaking symbolically, and by trying above all else to make them start eating again, their families are in their own fashion speaking back the same way. Far beneath the issue of food there are, on both sides, unspoken issues of love, trust, fear, loss, separation. Father and mother, brother and sister, they are all of them afflicted together, acting out in pantomime a complex, subterranean drama whose nature they are at best only dimly aware of. And so, one way or another, are we all.

"So then, putting away falsehood, let all of us speak the truth to our neighbors, for we are members one of one another," says the author of Ephesians (4:25), and that is the heart of the matter.

"I need you." "I need to be myself." "I am afraid." "I am angry." "I am in pain." "Hear me." "Help me." "Let me try to help you." "Let us love one another." If we would only speak the truth to one another—parents and children, friends and enemies, husbands and wives, strangers and lovers—we would no longer have to act out our deepest feelings in symbols that none of us understand.

In our sickness, stubbornness, pride, we starve ourselves for what we hunger for above all else. "Speaking the truth in love" is another phrase from Ephesians (4:15). It is the only cure for the anorexia that afflicts us all.

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<https://www.frederickbuechner.com/quote-of-the-day/2018/1/22/anorexia>

Brood vir die pad

Neil Diamond het my laat besef wie ek is

Dana Snyman

Miskien sou dit beter gewees het as ek Bob Dylan of David Bowie se musiek ontdek het toe ek so 12, 13 jaar oud was. Of John Lennon. Of Pink Floyd.

Maar toe is dit Neil Diamond.

Dit moet in 1974 gewees het. My vriend, Stoffel, se grootbroer het in Witbank gewerk en een naweek toe kom kuier hy by hulle op Naboomspruit met sy Datsun SSS.

Die Saterdag ry ons saam met hom rond en iewers tussen die dorp en die Rondalia-vakansieoord druk hy 'n kasset in die speler; en toe is Neil Diamond se stem die SSS vol – Diamond se *Hot August Night*-album: "I am, I cried. I am, said I . . ."

Het ek toe vir Dylan of Bowie ontdek, sou ek moontlik gouer vroe begin vra het oor die NP, die Kerk, my onderwysers en die sterretjies op die meisies se borste in die *Scope*.

'n Week of wat later toe koop ek vir my *Hot August Night* met my sakgeld by Universitas in Sunnypark in Pretoria. En ek luister oor en oor daarna op ons Technics-hifi, meestal met oorfone op, sodat ek die klank kon oopdraai.

Die plaat – eintlik is dit 'n dubbelalbum – is gemaak van 'n konsert wat Diamond in 'n opelugteater in Los Angeles gehou het. Dit was die eerste keer wat ek so iets hoor: Diamond wat met die gehoor gesels en jy kan hoor hoe hulle hande klap en lag en gesels.

"This is a . . . this is the Greek Theater, this is the place that God made for performers . . . when they die they come to a place called the Greek Theater." Ná al die jare onthou ek steeds hoe Diamond die mense by die konsert welkom heet – soms fluister ek die woorde saam met hom wanneer ek na die plaat luister. "This is what it is, it is a performers' paradise. Take a look behind you, the trees and the sky. It's beautiful. This is going to be special . . ."

Hy verwelkom ook die mense wat in die bome buite die teater geklim en daarvandaan na die konsert kyk. "You tree people out there, God bless you, I'm singing for you too."

Ek het die plaat op 'n TDK-kasset opgeneem en eenkeer ry ons iewers heen en Pa sê: Wat van 'n bietjie Neil Diamond? Pa het nie al Diamond se liedjies geken nie, en toe ek die kasset in die Valiant se speler druk, begin Diamond met "Done Too Soon" waar hy sing oor bekende mense wat jonk dood is: "Jesus Christ, Fanny Bryce, Wolfie Mozart . . ." En toe Diamond kom by Patrice Lumumba, die Kongolese vryheidsvegter, toe swenk die Valiant gevaarlik na die regterkant van die pad. Maar Pa het niks gesê nie.

Diamond tree nie meer op nie. Hy ly aan Parkinson se siekte. Maandag verjaar hy, hy is dan 81 jaar oud.

Hy is dalk nie 'n Dylan of 'n Bowie nie, maar hy is die eerste een wat my laat besef wie ek altyd sal wees, elke keer wanneer hy sê: "You tree people out there, God bless you, I'm singing for you too."

<https://www.netwerk24.com/netwerk24/stemme/menings/neil-diamond-het-my-laat-besef-wie-ek-is-20220121>

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