

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

Tema: Uitgevang, nuuskierig of aangetrokke?

Skriflesing: Lukas 5:1-11 en Psalm 138

Broodjies vir die pad

**Na die gedig VROEGHERFS
van NP van vyk Louw.**

die jaar breek oop in sluise
die lug was swart ... toe
die eerste druppels val
nou bruisend teen die helder lug
sproei die water
'n reënboog vir ons trug
o, Heer, laat hierdie jaar
heilig word
uit alle dood en wanhoop
nuwe lewe spruit
waar vol riviere loop
'n enkel jeug weer drome droom
U wind wat wolke waai
my op laat kyk na bo

Margaret Cordier

“Learning

After some time, you learn the subtle difference between holding a hand and imprisoning a soul;
You learn that love does not equal sex, and that company does not equal security, and you start to learn...
That kisses are not contracts and gifts are not promises, and you start to accept defeat with the head up high and open eyes,
and you learn to build all roads on today, because the terrain of tomorrow is too insecure for plans... and the future has its own way of falling apart in half.

And you learn that if it's too much even the warmth of the sun can burn.

So you plant your own garden and embellish your own soul, instead of waiting for someone to bring flowers to you.

And you learn that you can actually bear hardship, that you are actually strong,

and you are actually worthy, and you learn and learn...and so every day.

Over time you learn that being with someone because they offer you a good future, means that sooner or later you'll want to return to your past.

Over time you comprehend that only who is capable of loving you with your flaws, with no intention of changing you can bring you all happiness.

Over time you learn that if you are with a person only to accompany your own solitude, irremediably you'll end up wishing not to see them again.

Over time you learn that real friends are few and whoever doesn't fight for them, sooner or later, will find himself surrounded only with false friendships.

Over time you learn that words spoken in moments of anger continue hurting throughout a lifetime.

Over time you learn that everyone can apologize, but forgiveness is an attribute solely of great souls.

Over time you comprehend that if you have hurt a friend harshly it is very likely that your friendship will never be the same.

Over time you realize that despite being happy with your friends, you cry for those you let go.

Over time you realize that every experience lived, with each person, is unrepeatable.

Over time you realize that whoever humiliates or scorns another human being, sooner or later will suffer the same humiliations or scorn in tenfold.

Over time you learn to build your roads on today, because the path of tomorrow doesn't exist.

Over time you comprehend that rushing things or forcing them to happen causes the finale to be different from expected.

Over time you realize that in fact the best was not the future, but the moment you were living just that instant.

Over time you will see that even when you are happy with those around you, you'll yearn for those who walked away.

Over time you will learn to forgive or ask for forgiveness, say you love, say you miss, say you need, say you want to be friends, since before a grave, it will no longer make sense.

But unfortunately, only over time..."

— Jorge Luis Borges

“Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover.”

— H. Jackson Brown Jr., P.S. I Love You

The Face of Christ

Frederick Buechner

I ENTERED UNION Theological Seminary in the fall of 1954. If anyone had told me as little as a year or so earlier that I was going to do such a thing, I would have been no less surprised than if I had been told I was going to enter the Indianapolis 500. The preceding year I had become in some sense a Christian, though the chances are I would have hesitated to put it like that, and I find something in that way of expressing it which even now makes me feel uncomfortable. "To become a Christian" sounds like an achievement, like becoming a millionaire. I thought of it rather, and think of it still, more as a lucky break, a step in the right direction. Though I was brought up in a family where church played virtually no role at all, through a series of events from childhood on I was moved, for the most part without any inkling of it, closer and closer to a feeling for that Mystery out of which the church arose in the first place until, finally, the Mystery itself came to have a face for me, and the face it came to have for me was the face of Christ. It was a slow, obscure process . . . and the result of it was that I ended up being so moved by what I felt that I found it inadequate simply to keep it inside myself like a secret but had to do something about it.

- Originally published in *Now and Then*

<https://www.frederickbuechner.com/quote-of-the-day/2022/2/1/the-face-of-christ>

“You risked your life, but what else have you ever risked? Have you risked disapproval? Have you ever risked economic security? Have you ever risked a belief? I see nothing particularly courageous about risking one's life. So you lose it, you go to your hero's heaven and everything is milk and honey 'til the end of time. Right? You get your reward and suffer no earthly consequences. That's not courage. Real courage is risking something that might force you to rethink your thoughts and suffer change and stretch consciousness. Real courage is risking one's clichés.”

— Tom Robbins, *Another Roadside Attraction*

“We're all lonely for something we don't know we're lonely for. How else to explain the curious feeling that goes around feeling like missing somebody we've never even met?”

— David Foster Wallace

Brood vir die pad

Wat is op die lysie wat jy graag sal maak?

RRV

Ek maak graag lysies.

Meestal is dit lysies van dinge om te doen, maar soms is dit ook van herinneringe, idees, en voornemens.

En dikwels wanneer ek lysies maak, dink ek aan die mooi boek van die Italiaanse skrywer Umberto Eco met die Engelse titel *The Infinity of Lists* (wat in 2009 verskyn het).

Eco se boek is eintlik 'n lys van lyste soos dit deur die eeue in die letterkunde neerslag gevind het, vanaf Homerus tot by James Joyce. Dit bevat ook talle ter sake afbeeldings aangesien dit deel gevorm het van 'n uitstalling in die Louvre waarvan hy die gas-kurator was. Eco vind lyste fassinerend en hy noem dit selfs die oorsprong van kultuur.

The Infinity of Lists bevat dan ook talle interessante (en ook vreemde) lyste van name, beelde, plekke, voorwerpe en gevoelens soos te vinde in die werk van onder andere William Shakespeare, François Rabelais, Thomas Mann, Italo Calvino, Roland Barthes en Jorge Luis Borges, en selfs ook in sy eie romans *The Name of the Rose* en *Baudolino*. 'n Aantal lyste uit die Bybel en ander geestelike tekste is ook ingesluit.

Waarom, sou ons kon vra, maak ons so graag lysies? Vir Eco het dit deels daarmee te make dat deur dinge te lys en te katalogiseer ons probeer om orde te midde van oneindigheid te vind. Ons probeer om só 'n greep te kry op dit wat buite ons begrip en beheer lê. Daarom Eco se opmerking in 'n onderhoud met *Der Spiegel* ná die verskyning van sy boek: “Ons maak lysies omdat ons nie wil sterf nie.”

Eco onderskei ook tussen praktiese lysies (soos 'n inkopielys, gastelys, of museumkatalogus) en wat hy “poëtiese lyste” noem (soos geestelike litanieë of pogings om die eienskappe van 'n geliefde te lys). Albei hierdie soort lyste kan duiselingwekkend wees, maar van laasgenoemde soort is dit by uitstek waar dat dit ten spyte van ons beste pogings nie volledig of voldoende is of kan wees nie. Daarom moet ons lysies dus eintlik altyd met 'n “ensovoorts” eindig.

Hier aan die begin van die jaar is dit dalk goed om oor ons maak van lysies na te dink. En dit kan juis bevrydend wees om “die oneindigheid van lyste” voor oë te hou.

Ons het verder die geleentheid om saam met al ons praktiese lysies, ook dié soort lyste te oordink en te maak wat naas ons sorg ook ons seëninge tel. Asook lyste wat nie boekhou van die kwaad nie, maar – al is dit stamellend – probeer gestalte gee aan skoonheid en liefde.

<https://www.netwerk24.com/netwerk24/stemme/sielsdinge/geestelike-waardes-wat-is-op-die-lysie-wat-jy-graag-sal-maak-20220129>

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