

Steek gerus 'n kers aan terwyl jy lees en aanbid.

Skriflesing : Johannes 1: 6-8 en 19-28

Tema : 'n Stem en lig . Om daarvan te "getuig".

BROODJIES VIR DIE PAD

"A painter should begin every canvas with a wash of black, because all things in nature are dark except where exposed by the light."

— Leonardo da Vinci

"Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass."

— Anton Chekhov

"Be a good witness by the way you live. The way we live is often more convincing than the words we say."

— Billy Graham, Billy graham in quotes

"Thus in this oneness Jesus Christ is the Mediator, the Reconciler, between God and man. Thus He comes forward to MAN on behalf of GOD calling for and awakening faith, love and hope, and to GOD on behalf of MAN, representing man, making satisfaction and interceding. Thus He attests and guarantees to God's free GRACE and at the same time attests and guarantees to God man's free GRATITUDE."

— Karl Barth, The Humanity of God

Every once in the bluest moon, if you are lucky, you encounter someone with such powerful and generous light in their eyes that they rekindle the lost light within you and return it magnified; someone whose calm, kind, steady gaze penetrates the very center of your being and, refusing to look away from even the most shadowy parts of you, falls upon you like a benediction.

That we can do this for each other, but that it happens so rarely, is both the great miracle and the great tragedy, for there is no loneliness like the loneliness of having your light unmet.- MARIA POPOVA-

"One glance at a book and you hear the voice of another person, perhaps someone dead for 1,000 years. To read is to voyage through time."

— Carl Sagan

"In coming to a close after so many bold assertions, I would like to return to the promise made at the outset to be mindful of the need for moderation and caution. Indeed, I do not forget that my voice is but one voice, my experience a mere drop in the sea, my knowledge no greater than the visual field in a microscope, my mind's eye a mirror that reflects a small corner of the world, and my ideas—a subjective confession."

— C.G. Jung, Modern Man in Search of a Soul

"To hear never-heard sounds,
To see never-seen colors and shapes,
To try to understand the imperceptible
Power pervading the world;
To fly and find pure ethereal substances
That are not of matter
But of that invisible soul pervading reality.
To hear another soul and to whisper to another soul;
To be a lantern in the darkness
Or an umbrella in a stormy day;
To feel much more than know.
To be the eyes of an eagle, slope of a mountain;
To be a wave understanding the influence of the moon;
To be a tree and read the memory of the leaves;
To be an insignificant pedestrian on the streets
Of crazy cities watching, watching, and watching.
To be a smile on the face of a woman
And shine in her memory
As a moment saved without planning."

— **Dejan Stojanovic**

Dejan Stojanović (Serbian: Дејан Стојановић, pronounced [dejan stojanovitɕ]; born 11 March 1959) is a Serbian poet, writer, essayist,[1][2] philosopher, businessman, and former journalist. His poetry is characterized by a recognizable system of thought[3] and poetic devices, bordering on philosophy, and, overall, it has a highly reflective tone.[4] According to the critic Petar V. Arbutina, "Stojanović belongs to the small and autochthonous circle of poets who have been the main creative and artistic force of the Serbian poetry in the last several decades.

Our Stories

THIS IS ALL PART of the story about what it has been like for the last ten years or so to be me, and before anybody else has the chance to ask it, I will ask it myself: Who cares? What in the world could be less

important than who I am and who my father and mother were, the mistakes I have made together with the occasional discoveries, the bad times and good times, the moments of grace. If I were a public figure and my story had had some impact on the world at large, that might be some justification for telling it, but I am a very private figure indeed, living very much out of the mainstream of things in the hills of Vermont, and my life has had very little impact on anybody much except for the people closest to me and the comparative few who have read books I've written and been one way or another touched by them.

But I talk about my life anyway because if, on the one hand, hardly anything could be less important, on the other hand, hardly anything could be more important. My story is important not because it is mine, God knows, but because if I tell it anything like right, the chances are you will recognize that in many ways it is also yours. Maybe nothing is more important than that we keep track, you and I, of these stories of who we are and where we have come from and the people we have met along the way because it is precisely through these stories in all their particularity, as I have long believed and often said, that God makes himself known to each of us most powerfully and personally. If this is true, it means that to lose track of our stories is to be profoundly impoverished not only humanly but spiritually. -Originally published in Telling Secrets
Frederick Buechner

BROOD VIR DIE PAD

Tanya van Wyk: Dink in hierdie feestyd oor wat 'huis' beteken

“Ek wil huis toe gaan.”

Dis net 'n paar woorde – maar voor of agter dit kan 'n hele wêreld lê. Party mense sê dit met sekerheid. Dit hou verband met hul “komvandaan” en hul “na-toe-gaan”.

“Huis” is 'n lig wat op die stoep brand. Dit is arms wat in verwelkoming oopgegooi word. Dit is die geur van Sondagkos.

En ek wonder soms: Bestaan hierdie idilliese plek werklik? My een kollega wonder ook al jare daarvoor. Sy sê sy kan sien dat iets op mense se gesig of in hul liggaamstaal gebeur as hulle die woord “huis” of die Engelse woord “home” sê, maar sy sien ook hoe mense die idee van die perfekte “huis” idealiseer, soms met nadelige gevolge.

In die seisoen van familiebyeenkomste of “huis toe gaan”, wonder ek dus opnuut oor wat “huis” beteken. Ek het 13 van my grootwordjare op 'n hoewe naby Heidelberg gewoon en oop ruimtes leer ken. Ná 'n ruk het daardie oop ruimtes gevaarlik geword, en toe bestee ek (ons) die volgende tien jaar in die “dorp”, waar daar straatligte en winkels was.

Vir die daaropvolgende dekade het ek verskillende “huise” gehad: eers my klein eenslaapkamerwoonstelletjie by die universiteit en toe my “getroude” huis, en toe . . . toe moes ek soos talle ander opnuut “huis” bedink en die laaste dekade in my lewe het te doen gehad met 'n gesond-word-proses en 'n grootword-proses. Dit was 'n “inwaartse reis” (as ek by Cas Wepener se Karel Schoeman-boek woorde mag leen).

Daarom assosieer ek waar ek nou is, meer met “huis” as ooit te vore. Hierdie tyd van die jaar is ons geneig om soms eensydig op die idilliese “huis” te fokus en dit tot elke prys in stand te probeer hou.

Huis bestaan egter nie net in een vorm nie – nie vir almal nie. Vir sommige is “huis” nie meer daar nie, of het dit dalk nooit bestaan nie. Sommige het nodig om van die huis af weg te gaan en nuwe horisonne te ondersoek. Ander het nodig om van die huis af weg te vlug omdat dit onveilig geword het. Nog ander, soos 'n vriend wat in Iran gebore is, later 12 jaar in Suid-Afrika gewoon het en toe die afgelope drie jaar in Kanada van die gevolge van Eskom probeer wegkom het, wil terugkom huis toe (vir hom Suid-Afrika).

“Huis” het nie 'n enkele definisie nie.

Dus: Moenie in hierdie Kerstyd mense jammer kry wie se huis nie dieselfde as joune lyk nie. Moenie hulle in jou ideale familie-huis indwing nie. Moenie hulle verkwalik as hulle na 'n ander huis toe wil gaan nie.

Laat hulle kom, óf gaan, soos inasem en uitasem. In die Johannes-evangelie sê Jesus dat sy Vader se huis baie plek het. Mag ons vir mekaar in hierdie seisoen daardie breë ruimte gun.

- Van Wyk is medeprofessor in sistematiese teologie by die Universiteit van Pretoria. Die menings van skrywers is hul eie en weerspieël nie noodwendig dié van Netwerk24 nie.

wynandqnel@outlook.com 082 901 5877

