

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

**Skriflesing** : Johannes 12 : 20-28

**Tema** : Jesus op sig waarde. Is ons kykers of luisteraars? Het ons woorde nog verbeeldingskrag?

### BROODJIES VIR DIE PAD

“A scrupulous writer, in every sentence that he writes, will ask himself at least four questions, thus: 1. What am I trying to say? 2. What words will express it? 3. What image or idiom will make it clearer? 4. Is this image fresh enough to have an effect?”

— George Orwell, *Politics and the English Language*

“Christ alone, of all the philosophers, magicians, etc., has affirmed eternal life as the most important certainty, the infinity of time, the futility of death, the necessity and purpose of serenity and devotion. He lived serenely, as an artist greater than all other artists, scorning marble and clay and paint, working in the living flesh. In other words, this peerless artist, scarcely conceivable with the blunt instrument of our modern, nervous and obtuse brains, made neither statues nor paintings nor books. He maintained in no uncertain terms that he made ... living men, immortals.”

— Vincent van Gogh

“Sometimes it is the people no one can imagine anything of who do the things no one can imagine.”

— Alan Turing

“The work of the eyes is done. Go now and do the heart-work on the images imprisoned within you.”

— Rainer Maria Rilke

“And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye.”

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

“People generally see what they look for, and hear what they listen for.”

— Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*

“You don't love someone for their looks, or their clothes, or for their fancy car, but because they sing a song only you can hear.”

— oscar wilde

“A writer - and, I believe, generally all persons - must think that whatever happens to him or her is a resource. All things have been given to us for a purpose, and an artist must feel this more intensely. All that happens to us, including our humiliations, our misfortunes, our embarrassments, all is given to us as raw material, as clay, so that we may shape our art.”

— Jorge Luis Borges, *Twenty-Four Conversations with Borges: Interviews by Roberto Alifano 1981-1983*

“I wonder how many people I've looked at all my life and never seen.”

— John Steinbeck, *The Winter of Our Discontent*

“Love does not consist of gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction.”

— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Airman's Odyssey*

“We are like sculptors, constantly carving out of others the image we long for, need, love or desire, often against reality, against their benefit, and always, in the end, a disappointment, because it does not fit them.”

— Anais Nin

“. . . sometimes one feels freer speaking to a stranger than to people one knows. Why is that?”

“Probably because a stranger sees us the way we are, not as he wishes to think we are.”

— Carlos Ruiz Zafón, *The Shadow of the Wind*

“But, you know, I feel more fellowship with the defeated than with saints. Heroism and sanctity don't really appeal to me, I imagine. What interests me is being a man.”

— Albert Camus, *The Plague*

### “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

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## BROOD VIR DIE PAD

### **Jana Luther: Engels hou só Afrikaans se arms omhoog**

By my vorige rubriek, oor “doen”, skryf Henning Viljoen: “Die grootste mol is die liewe ‘aauwsum’. Waar op aarde het dit sy oorsprong?”

Nou ja, hoe meer dinge verander . . . In Mei 1993 skryf ene mnr. K. aan wyle Johan Spies, wat destyds dié rubriek behartig het: “Alles is vreeslik, verskriklik, ontsettend. Het die mense dan geen woordeskat en taalgevoel nie?” Ná ’n naweek saam met ’n groep studente teken hy veral beswaar aan teen “vreeslik” wat so “onvanpas” gebruik word: “Hulle verlang so vreeslik huis toe; ’n eerstejaartjie is so vreeslik gesteld op haar voorkoms; sy was so vreeslik bly toe haar ma onverwags opdaag. Wat het dit alles met vrees te doen? . . . Asof daar tegelyk vrees en blydskap in een boesem kan wees.”

Vervang “vreeslik”, “verskriklik”, “ontsettend” met “amazing”, “awesome”, “terrible” en Spies se tweekant-antwoord van destyds bly ’n klippie vir die sak en nog een vir die skoën.

“Nommer een,” skryf hy: “Dis seker slegte styl en ’n teken van onrypheid as ’n spreker of skrywer een woord sonder variasie oor en oor gebruik . . . Jong mense wat hul eie taal nog moet ontdek, is geneig om meer as volle gebruik te maak van ’n nuwe woord wat hulle in die hande kry.”

“Nommer twee,” skryf hy: “Die volle gebruik, bo genoem, lei tot afslyting van so ’n woord waardeur naderhand net een deel van sy oorspronklike inhoud oorbly. ‘Vreeslik’ verloor só alles wat met angs en vrees te doen het en hy behou net die sterk emosie wat met angs en vrees gepaardgaan. Dan beteken hy net ‘hewig, baie, erg, in hoë mate’. So ’n woord verloor sy eie persoonlikheid en hy word net ’n stut onder ’n ander woord waarvan die arms omhoog gehou moet word.”

Betekenisafslyting – dat woorde “emosionele jassies” kry wat hulle dan geskik maak om as tussenwerpsels en as kragwoorde “ander se arms op te hou” – is ’n natuurlike proses. As voorbeelde noem Spies “geweldig”, “ontsettend” en “vrek”, wat meestal voor ’n woord staan waarvoor hulle as “wapendraer” optree: geweldig hoog, ontsettend belangrik, vrek lelik.

’n Afgeslyte woord kan selfs ’n inhoud volle-dig in stryd met sy vorige betekenis kry, soos “dood-” in “doodgewoon”, “doodgelukkig”, “doodvriendelik”. Oor Spies se tweede punt hoef ons ons nie veel sake te maak nie; wat nie doodmaak nie, maak sterk(er). Sy eerste punt verdien wel ’n knoop in die sakdoek, met ’n tweede daarby. Hier lê Henning– se eintlike knoop: Anders as drie dekades gelede, is die stutte en wapendraers waarmee Afrikaans se arms deesdae “omhoog gehou” word, Engelse woorde. Wie moet ons bedank?

Hier is een raaiskoot: Van “awesome” vind ek in Afrikaanse dagblaie van 1989 geen enkele spoor nie. Die volgende jaar lewer net een trefslag op: in ’n resensie van die Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, wat elke weekmiddag op M-Net se K-TV-kanaal “die kleinspan betower” het. “Hul taal pas by hul geweldlose gevegsmetodes en is gegrond op ’n mengsel van die dialek van Kaliforniese branderplankryers (“zoomiest” en “awesome” is hul gunstelingwoorde),” skryf Elmarie Rautenbach op 11 April 1990 onder die nogal gepaste opskrif: “Skilpaaie van anderste vere word helde”.

- Luther is ’n woordeboekmaker en lid van die Taalkommissie. Die mening van skrywers is hul eie en weerspieël nie noodwendig dié van Netwerk24 nie.