

DIE ESSENSIE VAN NEO-SPEKTRUM:

Hier erken ons dat die KRAG wat in ons is nie van ons is nie
Hier ontmoet ons 'n God wat LEWE en LIEFDE is
Hier laat ons 'n GELOOFWAARDIGE stem hoor
Hier word alle mense MENSWAARDIG behandel
Hier is ruimte vir ANDERSDENKENDES
Hier gee 'n wysheidsirkel aan elkeen 'n STEM
Hier is geen VERWYDERING of VEROORDELING nie

KONTAKBESONDERHEDE

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Leierspan: Almal se insette welkom



ACIM: Begin 11 April Kolping
Gesamentlike ete: 5 Mei 2013



BESONDERHEDE VIR EPOS NUUSBRIEF EN SMS TEMA

Naam en Van

E-Mail _____ Sel _____

Woonadres

ADRES

Vanaf N1 ± 8km tot by sirkel en uit in Koebergweg — tweede straat regs is:
Biccard Straat (Kolping Centre aan jou regterkant) Durbanville

Bankrekening vir bydraes

FNB: Wysheidsirkel

Takkode: 201-409

Rekening: 551 601 09804

BAIE DANKIE

Ons vra 'n maandelikse bydrae
hetsy per koevert of per EFT

Groot ASSEBLIEF en DANKIE



Neo-Spektrum

7 April 2013

HALLELUJAH

DIE ROEP NA LIEFDE AS LIEFDE ROEP

STILTE IN DIE KAPEL

~ THE LETTERS — LEONARD COHEN ~

You never liked to get the letters that I sent.

But now you've got the gist of what my letters meant.

You're reading them again, the ones you didn't burn.

You press them to your lips, my pages of concern.

I said there'd been a flood. I said there's nothing left.

I hoped that you would come. I gave you my address.

Your story was so long, the plot was so intense,

It took you years to cross. The lines of self-defence.

The wounded forms appear: The loss, the full extent;

And simple kindness here, the solitude of strength.

You walk into my room. You stand there at my desk,

Begin your letter to the one who's coming next.

IN DIE TEENWOORDIGHEID VAN GOD

⁸“Luister, daar kom die man wat ek liefhet! Hy spring oor die berge, hy wip oor die rante.

⁹Die man wat ek liefhet, maak soos 'n ribbok, soos 'n takboklam. Kyk, daar staan hy agter ons huis se muur, hy kyk by die venster in, hy loer deur die latwerk! ¹⁰Die man wat ek liefhet, praat, hy sê vir my: ‘Staan op, my liefing, my mooiste, kom na my toe!’ ¹¹Kyk, die reëntyd is verby, die reën is oor, dis weg. ¹²Daar is bloeisel in die veld, dit het tyd geword om te sing; die tortelduif se stem klink oor ons land. ¹³Die voorvye kom al uit, die wingerde bot en versprei hulle geur. Staan op, my liefing, my mooiste, kom na my toe!

¹⁴My duif in die klipskeure, in die skuiplek teen die krans, wys my jou gesig, laat hoor my jou stem. Jou stem is strelend, jou gesig lieflik.’ ¹⁵“Vang vir ons die jakkalse, die klein jakkalsies wat die wingerde verniel, ons wingerde wat al bot. ¹⁶Die man wat ek liefhet, is myne, en ek syne. Hy laat sy skape tussen die lelies wei ¹⁷tot die aandwind begin waai en die skaduwees lank word. Kom terug, man wat ek liefhet, maak soos 'n ribbok, soos 'n takboklam op die Beterberge. (Hooglied 2:7-17)

GESPREKSIRKEL

HALLELUJAH — LEONARD COHEN

*I've heard there was a secret chord that David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?*

*It goes like this [C] the fourth [F], the fifth [G], the minor fall [am], the major lift [F]
The baffled king composing Hallelujah ...*

***Your faith was strong but you needed proof you saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you***

***She tied you to a kitchen chair, she broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah ...***

Baby I have been here before I've seen this room, I've walked this floor

I used to live alone before I knew you. I've seen your flag on the marble arch

Love is not a victory march, it's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah ...

There was a time when you let me know what's really going on below

But now you never show that to me, do you?

And remember when I moved in you and the holy dove was moving too

And every breath we drew was Hallelujah ...

Maybe there's a God above but all I've ever learned from love

Was how to shoot somebody who outdrew you

It's not a cry you can hear at night, it's not somebody who has seen the light

It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah ...

You say I took the name in vain I don't even know the name

But if I did, well, really, what's it to you?

There's a blaze of light in every word it doesn't matter which you heard

The holy or the broken Hallelujah ...

I did my best, it wasn't much I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch

I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you

And even though it all went wrong I'll stand before the Lord of Song

With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah ...

DIE LIEFDE ROEP OM LIEF TE HÊ —

Seksuele, platoniese, broederlike, self en Goddelik liefde reflekteer almal die LIEFDE

1. Dawid (geliefde van God) laat sy liefde deur musiek hoor en hoor net 'n Hallelujah

2. Liefde wat bewyse soek, is selfsugtig en destruktief en roep in 'despair' Hallelujah

3. Verwerpte roep wat die glorie van liefde onthou maar nou is dit gebroke Hallelujah

4. Wanneer seksuele liefde verneuk word, is elke asem 'n vergete roep na Hallelujah

5. Verbitterde erkenning dat sy liefde nie met blydschap roep maar 'n koue Hallelujah

6. Naam van God word nie gesê nie slegs ervaar deur liefde wat heilig roep Hallelujah

7. Waarheid en Regverdigheid is die opsomming van Torah wat altyd roep: Hallelujah

Sleutel tot LIEFDE lê in vergiffenis waarvan Dawid & Simson voorbeelde is.

Giving Hands



GIVING TRANSFORMS HAVING INTO BEING

~ HALLELUJAH — LEONARD COHEN ~

Giving Hands



HERINNERING EN SEËNBEDE

~ IF IT BE YOUR WILL — LEONARD COHEN ~

*If it be your will that I speak no more
And my voice be still as it was before
I will speak no more I shall abide until
I am spoken for if it be your will*

*If it be your will that a voice be true
from this broken hill I will sing to you,
from this broken hill all your praises they shall ring
If it be your will to let me sing*

*From this broken hill all your praises they shall ring
If it be your will to let me sing
If it be your will if there is a choice
Let the rivers fill, let the hills rejoice
Let your mercy spill on all these burning hearts in hell
If it be your will to make us well*

*And draw us near and bind us tight
All your children here in their rags of light
In our rags of light all dressed to kill and end this night
If it be your will — if it be your will*

STILTE EN DOOF VAN KERSE

~ THE FAITH — LEONARD COHEN ~