

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 Gespreksgroep



ACIM op Donderdag 30 Augustus 2012

Kom reis saam met ons in hierdie amazing boek

Kontak Terblanche vir meer info



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 is aan jou regterkant)

Durbanville

Bankrekening vir bydraes

FNB: Wysheidsirkel

Takkode: 201-409

Rekening: 551 601 09804

BAIE DANKIE

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

Groot ASSEBLIEF en BAIE dankie



Neo-Spektrum

19 Augustus 2012

**God is ALTYD dieselfde
Om die seëninge van God
elke dag te sien.**

STILTE IN DIE KAPEL

~ OMBRA MAI FU ~ THOMAS OTTEN ~

IN DIE TEENWOORDIGHEID VAN GOD

En ek het die heilige stad, die nuwe Jerusalem,
van God af uit die hemel uit sien afkom.
Die stad was gereed soos 'n bruid wat vir haar man versier is.
Toe het ek 'n harde stem van die troon af hoor sê:
"Kyk, die woonplek van God is nou by die mense.
Hy sal by hulle bly; hulle sal sy volk wees,
en God self sal by hulle wees as hulle God.
Hy sal al die tranes van hulle oë afdroog.
Die dood sal daar nie meer wees nie.
Ook leed, smart en pyn sal daar nie meer wees nie.
Die dinge van vroeër het verbygegaan."
Toe sê Hy wat op die troon sit: "Kyk, Ek maak alles nuut."

~ Openbaring 21:2-5 ~

STILTE VAN BUTE

~ CENT MILLE CHANSONS ~

*There will be one hundred thousand songs
when the time comes
for one hundred thousand seasons.
Hundred thousand lovers - like us two ...*

~ FRIDA BOCCARA ~

STILTE VAN BINNE

GESPREKSIRKEL

Die God van gister en môre is dieselfde God as vandag

Daarna kom hulle in Jerigo aan. Toe Jesus en sy dissipels en 'n aansienlike menigte weer daarvandaan verder gaan, sit daar 'n blinde bedelaar, Bartimeus, seun van Timeus, langs die pad. Toe hy hoor dat dit Jesus van Nasaret is, het hy begin uitroep: "Jesus, Seun van Dawid, ontferm U tog oor my!" Baie mense het met hom geraas en gesê hy moet stilbly. Maar hy het al hoe harder uitgeroep: "Seun van Dawid, ontferm U tog oor my!" Jesus het gaan staan en gesê: "Roep hom nader." Hulle roep toe die blinde man en sê vir hom: "Hou moed! Staar op! Hy roep jou." Hy het sy bokleed net daar gelos en opgespring en na Jesus toe gegaan. Jesus vra vir hom: "Wat wil jy hê moet Ek vir jou doen?" "Rabboeni," sê die blinde man vir Hom, "dat ek kan sien." Jesus sê daarop vir hom: "Jy kan maar gaan. Jou geloof het jou gered." Dadelik kon hy sien en het hy op die pad agter Jesus aan gegaan. (Markus 10:46-52)

ONS SAL SIEN AS ONS OË OOPGAAN — (INKEER)

ONS SAL SIEN AS ONS ORE OOPGAAN — (UITKEER)

ONS SAL SIEN AS ONS HARTE OOPGAAN — (BEKEER)

ONS SAL SIEN AS ONS VERSTAND OOPGAAN — (OMKEER)

ONS SAL SIEN AS ONS SIEL OOPGAAN — (TERUGKEER)

There was once a stonecutter, who was dissatisfied with himself and with his position in life. One day, he passed a wealthy merchant's house, and through the open gateway, saw many possessions and important visitors. **"How powerful that merchant must be!"** thought the stonecutter. He became very envious, and wished that he could be like the merchant. Then he would no longer have to live the life of a mere stonecutter. To his great surprise, he suddenly became the merchant, enjoying more luxuries and power than he had ever dreamed of, envied and detested by those less wealthy than himself. But soon a high official passed by, carried in a sedan chair, accompanied by attendants and escorted by soldiers beating gongs. Everyone, no matter how wealthy, had to bow low before the procession. **"How powerful that official is!"** he thought. **"I wish that I could be a high official!"** The he became the high official, carried everywhere in his embroidered sedan chair, feared and hated by the people all around, who had to bow down before him as he passed. It was a hot summer day and the official felt very uncomfortable in the sticky sedan chair. He looked up at the sun. It shone proudly in the sky, unaffected by his presence. **"How powerful the sun is!"** he thought. **"I wish I could be the sun!"** Then he became the sun, shining fiercely down on everyone, scorching the fields, cursed by the farmers and labourers. But a huge black cloud moved between him and the earth, so that his light could no longer shine on everything below. **"How powerful that storm cloud is!"** he thought. **"I wish that I could be a cloud!"** Then he became the cloud, flooding the fields and villages, shouted at by everyone. But soon he found that he was being pushed away by some great force and realized that it was the wind. **"How powerful it is!"** he thought. **"I wish that I could be the wind!"** Then he became the wind, blowing tiles off the roofs of houses, uprooting trees, hated and feared by all below him. But after a while he ran up against something that would not move, no matter how forcefully he blew against it - a huge, towering stone. **"How powerful that stone is!"** he thought **"I wish that I could be a stone!"** The he became the stone, more powerful than anything else on earth. But as he stood there, he heard the sound of a hammer pounding a chisel into the solid rock and felt himself being changed. **"What could be more powerful than I, the stone?"** he thought. He looked down and saw below him the figure of a stonecutter. FROM: THE TAO OF POOH — BY: BENJAMIN HOFF

FOR WHAT YOU GIVE, YOU BECOME !!

~ HERE IS YOUR PARADISE — CHRIS DE BURGH ~

HERINNERING EN SEËNBEDE

Die Here waak oor die ritme van my lewe

... Hly het altyd vir my tyd.

Daarom ontbreek dit my nie aan tyd

om die lewe te vier nie.

*Ek hoef nie angstig van een taak na die ander te jaag
sonder om ooit die voldoening van die voltooiing te proe nie.*

Telkens weer skenk Hly my die geleentheid

om sorgeloos en ontspanne te geniet

van die goeie dinge

wat ek nie self verwerf het nie,

maar wat ek sommer so uit vrye guns ontvang.

Ek voel nie bedreig deur my medemens nie —

hulle is nie my mededingers teen wie ek my

aansien en identiteit met prestasie

moet beskerm en handhaaf nie.

Al tref teenspoed en teleurstelling my,

weet ek nog: ek bestaan,

ek lewe ...

en dis 'n wonderwerk —

In hierdie elementêre lewenswonder

sal ek my eindeloos verlustig.

~ Japannese Gedig ~

AS ONS UITSTAP

*"When the voice of the Silent touches my words
I know him and therefore know myself."*

~ RABINDRANATH TAGORE ~