

Maranatha Mare

Maart 2016

Jaargang 43 No 2

By die poskantoor as nuusblad geregistreer

Kerkconcert

Hoor! 't orgel speelt - en een fontein van klanken
sproeit overal zijn gouden druppels in het rond;
muziek hecht zich aan koop'ren kronen, banken
en dringt in 't hart van mensen waar ze antwoord vond.

Eén groot orkest van vele orgelpijpen,
alsof er eng'len spelen op hobo en fluit,
alsof viool, cymbaal en harp elkaar begrijpen,
en ieder zingt met eigen stem zijn blijdschap uit;
een stem, die alle talen van het hart kan spreken,
een melodie, die hemelhoog en aardediep
de hardste muren om het mensenhart kan breken:
hoor! 't orgel speelt - een antwoord op Gods stem, die riep.

Nel Benschop

(overgenomen uit "Hemelhoog & Aardediep")

Opgedragen aan de nieuwe organist door een gemeentelid

Gezegende Pasen

Pasen, niet Kerst, is het oudste en centrale Christelijke feest. Vóór Pasen zijn de 40 dagen van de Lijdenstijd en na Pasen de 50 dagen van Pinksteren.

Pasen op een zondag? Natuurlijk! Dit heet toch 'Paaszondag'.

Maar dit was niet altijd vanzelfsprekend. In de vroegste kerk hebben ze de opstanding van Jezus *elke* zondag gevierd. Erfenis daarvan is dat men spreekt van 7 lijdensweken, maar alleen 40 dagen telt. Vasten doet men niet op een zondag. Zondag is de opstandingsdag, de dag van feest.

Ergens in de eerste twee eeuwen werd het gebruikelijk om de opstanding op één dag in het jaar op een speciale wijze te vieren. Gelijk waren er verschillende meningen: moet dit Paasfeest gevierd worden op de eerste dag van het *Joodse Pascha*, of moet het altijd op een *zondag* zijn?

Voor degenen die op een zondag besloten hebben, was de volgende vraag: *welke* zondag? Sommigen wilden het op de zondag na het Joodse Pascha, terwijl anderen vonden dat het de eerste zondag na de lente (in het noordelijke halfrond) dag-en-nachtevening (equinox) moet zijn.

Bij de Synode van Nicea in 325 BC werd besloten dat alle Christenen Pasen op dezelfde dag zouden vieren. Ze besloten ook hoe de datum berekend zou worden – heel erg ingewikkeld. Daarom kan de datum wisselen vanaf eind maart, zoals dit jaar het geval is, tot eind april.

Waar Engels "Easter" en Duits "Ostern" waarschijnlijk komen van Estre, een Germaanse godin van de lente, nemen de meeste talen hun naam voor dit feest van het Joodse "pesach", in de Grieks van de vroege kerk vertaald met "pascha".

In sommige tradities wordt er op Paaszondag gedoopt, belijdenis aflegging gedaan en avondmaal gevierd. De Paaskaars wordt aangestoken. De gebruikelijke groet op Paaszondag is: "Christus is opgestaan" en het antwoord: "De Heer is waarlijk opgestaan."

De hazen en eieren die we met Pasen overal vinden, hadden oorspronkelijk te maken met fertiliteit en waren deel van Europese en Midden-Oosterse lentefeesten. Sommige Christenen beschouwen ze als van "heidense" oorsprong en doen niet daaraan mee. Anderen menen dat ze heel goed deel mogen zijn van de vreugdevolle vieringen van nieuw leven in Christus. Het is gebruik om helderkleurige eieren te versteken voor kinderen om te vinden.

Wat ook de datum, wat ook de gebruiken, waar het om gaat met Pasen is door de eeuwen heen hetzelfde gebleven. Jezus en zijn nieuwe leven betekent nieuw leven voor ons. We kunnen het nieuwe leven met dank uit Gods hand aannemen en dan willen we nieuw gaan leven in het licht van Pasen.

Aan u allen een gezegende Pasen.

De Heer is opgestaan.

De Heer is waarlijk opgestaan!

Yolanda Dreyer



Paas Ontbijt

U wordt vriendelijk uitgenodigd voor een Paas Ontbijt op Zondag, 27 Maart in de grote Zaal, Philadelphia

Tijd: : 8h30 voor 8h45

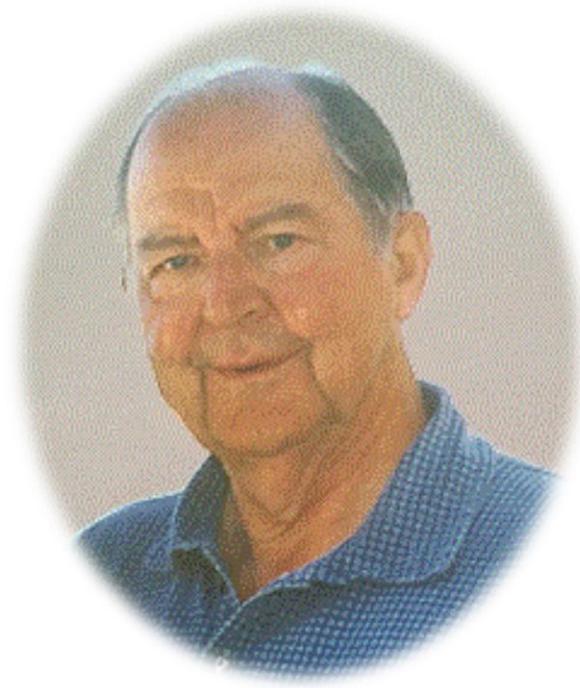
Kosten: donatie

RSVP:

Charlotte Reinten 083-441-2141

charlotte@yneldo.com





Cor Joustra
21/10/1927 - 29/01-2016

Karen's Eulogy

Dad –

You will always be remembered for your heart of gold,

One of the best the world could hold

Never selfish, always kind

What a beautiful memory you've left behind.

I would like to thank each one of you for attending this memorial service for dad, and for your love and support to the family. We are privileged to have had so much time to enjoy the sunshine that dad brought into our lives and so we think of this not as an occasion of sadness but rather as a celebration of his wonderful life. I am grateful and amazed that my dad lived such a long life. His lifetime spanned 88 years and in his life he has seen many wonderful things. He saw wonderful things because he chose to see everything as a wonderful thing. By that I mean that Dad was the most positive man I have ever met: positive in his outlook on life, positive in his spirit of adventure and positive in his dealings with people. He loved people: all people. No matter who they were or what they did. He had the unique gift to only see the good in people. Even people who wronged him became or remained his friends.

There is a particular category of people that dad loved above all – women. Dad loved ladies. I don't mean that in a crass or vulgar way, to the contrary. I mean that in its purest most beautiful form, for he was a true gentleman.....

But it is also true to say that we would quite often catch him openly admiring some gorgeous woman walking past, and his eyes would just get stuck. I sometimes wonder if that was why he loved having his office on the 49th floor of the Carlton Centre for so many years, as inevitably he would have to travel at least part of the way trapped with a woman in the elevator!

For 20 years, from the time that my mother unexpectedly died, dad lived on his own. He lived on his own but he was never alone. He had a prolific social life, enjoying the company of others and of course there was his work which he loved. One of dad's great pleasures was to walk every day at Zoo Lake, where he made many friends and acquaintances. Actually in truth everywhere dad went, he made many friends and acquaintances. He was just that kind of a man. But back to Zoo Lake. Dad loved Zoo Lake. He would walk around Zoo Lake 10 times at such a rapid pace that no one, not even Martin (who is a silver medal comrades runner) could keep up with him! He did this right up until he was no longer able to walk and even then he made sure that his caregivers pushed him around Zoo Lake in a wheelchair.

Dad had a very close relationship with his 2 grandchildren Richard and Ashley. For many years, he used to fetch Richard and Ashley from school once a week and they would spend the afternoon together. This day became a day that everyone looked forward to and became fondly known as “**opa-day**”.

Having constant goals kept dad young, active and adventurous. He was always planning his next round the world trip, or planning who he was going to see or what he was going to do. How many 80 year olds do you know that would go camping in the desert in Western Australia, crawl into a tent half his size, sit on a concrete concourse at the Sydney Opera House for 14 hours waiting for new year or fly to Cuba, Holland, Germany, Portugal, Croatia and Indonesia by himself?

It is perhaps this relentless determination that helped him through the biggest trial of all – cancer. Exactly 4 years ago today, dad received the dreadful news that he had a massive tumour in his left lung. Surgery was out of the question, but he did not let chemo get him down. At the age of 84 he would drive himself to his chemo treatment, and then drive himself home again. He would continue with his usual activities which included going overseas, socialising, going to the office, entertaining, and walking at Zoo Lake.

All this time he still lived in a double storey house by himself until 2 months ago when he was admitted to St Mary's Frail care in a very weak and vulnerable state.

There, a most exceptional team of nurses cared for him while the nuns prayed for him until last Friday when he finally died.

Dad will always be an inspiration to us. We are so grateful and privileged to be his daughters and even if only a tiny amount of dad's goodness rubs off on us, it will be more than enough.

Nicola's Eulogy

From my side, I'd like to give thanks for a caring father, who loved me unconditionally all my life, would have done ANYTHING in the world for each of his daughters, and also welcomed Rob wholeheartedly into the family. Dad you mean so much to me!

What a privilege it has been to spend so much of my adult life in the company of my adorable Dad. Wherever Rob and I have lived in the world, Cor would always be the first there to see us and our environment, and through our mutual love of travel, adventure and one another, we had unforgettable precious times together.

Dad's tenacity and reluctance to take NO for an answer when trying to achieve the best outcome and amazing ability at organising, seems to have found its way in a small way into my genes. I will always remain inspired by Dad's zest for life, love of harmony, positive outlook, energy and courage.

I am very privileged to share with you a beautiful poem written by Ashley for Opa around a year ago. But before I do that...

Thank you to you all for coming this important day, to pay your respects, and remember this remarkable man. There is also a gathering of family and friends being held in Holland this afternoon, arranged by Cor's sister Sieta. Thank you to everyone who has been a special part of Dad's life and to everyone who has contributed to this special occasion today. The Bach music that Milton will be playing when we leave the church is a favourite piece of Cor's, which he used to sing with his sister-in-law Betty as long ago as when he and Jackie were engaged.

We would love you to join us for a social gathering straight after these formalities wrap up. We have chosen an informal setting at Moyo Zoo Lake, being one of his favourite places, because we are hoping that this will encourage everyone to continue sharing memories of Cor, and celebrate his life. It is just down the road, so please do join us. For those unsure of directions, pick up a map at the door, we look forward to seeing you there. Here is Ashley's poem:

OPA
YOU ARE A MAN, BUT NOT MERELY A MAN,
YOU'RE A SOLDIER, YOU ARE THE TRUTH,
YOU WALK WITH TRIUMPH, THOUGH YOU ARE BRUISED.
YOUR SMILE GENERATES WARMTH, NO ONE CAN IGNORE,
YOU LOVE ENDLESSLY, ALTHOUGH YOU ARE SORE.
YOUR HEART NEVER DIMS, AND YOUR EYES EVER SING.
FOR YOU ARE NOT MERELY A MAN, YOU ARE A KING.

TRIBUTE TO MR COR JOUSTRA 5th FEBRUARY 2016

I am honoured to be here to speak to you – family, friends and business associates as we pay out last respects to Cor Joustra who sadly passed away peacefully last Friday. As his son in law and business partner I would like to pay tribute to Cor not only as a family member but also from a business perspective which has always consumed a major part of his life.

We all know that age 88 he has had a very fulfilled life but we also know that, had disease not taken him, he would have easily lived another 88 years so was his positive outlook and zest for life, and although he loved celebrating his birthday every year he really only believed that he was really only 21 years old!

Cor always had very strong business and moral values of honesty, integrity and loyalty and he lived these values. He was everybody's friend and he attracted people with his smiling face and open and engaging countenance. His friendliness also came across by his ever present strong and rather unusual handshake!

He had a genuine respect for everyone he met and always showed an extra interest in people and their everyday lives.

In fact one lady supplier had a baby boy 40 years ago and he still used to ask her how the baby was to which, in exasperation, the one day she blurted out "Mr Joustra – my baby is now 40 years old and a grandad and he is fine!"

Another lady supplier that he had known for many years was always reminded by him how she had broken her arm on her honeymoon 30 years ago!

Cor always relished the good things in life including, art, travelling, food and wine (and the odd J&B whisky) as well as spending time with family, and keeping fit by walking. But – he also loved his work and he would often say to us after another overseas trip that he really enjoyed it but that it was really nice to get back to work!

Work and his business is what made him tick – doing deals, talking to people, negotiating and visiting suppliers and customers is what he loved. This is why he would never retire and wanted to stay involved in the business well into his eighties. Even when he sold his shares to me – he wanted to and did remain very involved in the business almost on a daily basis.

Cor was stimulated by his passion for dealing with people and life was unthinkable without going into the office, via post office, via the bank, via a coffee, via possibly a customer and back to the office to check emails and chat to the staff. This was his daily routine and he loved it – but obviously more recently it became more difficult for him, although he only saw the health problem as a temporary issue – so was his positive outlook on life!

I was involved in business with Cor over the past 28 years and in that time we acquired 4 additional businesses to IMC and moved production facilities and offices twice after the Carlton Centre. It is common knowledge that partnerships are often called 'sinking' ships because they don't last – but in our case the partnership lasted even though we were also family!

Over this time I would be lying if I said we did not have our differences, but overall it was a successful association both in terms of remaining friends and growing a successful and profitable business. To achieve this I must give Cor the credit as his attention to upholding honest straight down the line business principles along with his high moral values were beyond reproach, consistent over the years, and valued by all with whom he dealt.

He was a person with a great sense of humour and always a twinkle in his eye especially when it came to women. He was never arrogant and often quite humble always seeking advice especially from women. He was always very engaging and Sara and Zita would chat to him daily – not that he always took their advice! He would often end up doing his own thing, much to their frustration.

As I said he loved women – and when in his office the mere sound of a female voice in reception would have him scampering out to see who it was, and then to meet, greet and quite often engage in a long conversation with the lady.

Once when 2 airhostesses arrived to deliver candles for a candle holder – their beauty got the better of him and with great enthusiasm he ended up on the back seat of their car intertwined with the airhostesses trying to remove the candles – much to their embarrassment as these 25 year old beauties came back into the office with red faces. As for Mr Joustra – well he just had one of the best days of his life!

Cor was also a creature of habit. Routine was something he loved – Zoo Lake walk, post office, bank, coffee talk, walk etc. – but even his clothing was a habit. He loved wearing the same favourite clothing and the ladies (Sara and Zita), on more than one occasion had to give him the subtle hint that he should get rid of certain clothing for work.

In fact, one particular day he showed Zita his favourite pair of long trousers and he wanted to know from her if they could be repaired. On inspection she discovered that they were threadbare and completely moth-eaten! He was mortified when advised that he should dispose of them immediately in the bin!

Cor came from a non-techno era so computers were never his strong point. You must remember, however, that Cor thought he was still 21 and he took on the computer challenge anyway. He actually became quite proficient at downloading e-mails etc. However on one particular occasion he was having a problem downloading his emails and after a good while he summoned Zita to his office to help download the attachments. She soon discovered the reason he couldn't download the attachment was because he was using the aircon remote instead of the mouse and the aircon was doing all sorts of strange gyrations on the wall behind him. Using the correct mouse sorted that problem out!!

Cor was a man of principle. This I learnt years ago when asking for his daughter's hand in marriage while he was walking at great speed around Zoo Lake. I was really pleased and happy when I popped the question and he said YES – but then 2 words which were always the hallmark of his negotiating skills – IN PRINCIPLE – YES! He

loved those words – In Principle, because you see Yes actually becomes meaningless. Until he has sorted through the In Principles. The answer could actually be yes, no, maybe or nothing and he would not be lying and it would give some time to make a calculated decision! Yes, he was sharp and always covered himself.

Cor was a negotiator – the best I ever knew! In fact without getting angry and a smile on his face, he could tell a person to get lost and they would actually look forward to the trip! He didn't have enemies – he only had some rather 'difficult' friends to deal with.

Not many years ago he sheepishly told me how he got caught in a roadblock after 1 too many drinks.....and managed without difficulty to sweet-talk the officer out of arresting him and even got the police to escort him home around the corner!

Another quality of the man in business was that he was always very accurate and fastidious about his admin and paperwork. He was Old School, so in our company large manual schedules and a manual cash book were the order of the day. Along with all this manual stuff was a brain as sharp as a pin and there not many better than Cor at doing quick mental calculations when talking to customers or suppliers. His ability to work out percentages, margins, profits etc was quite phenomenal and he amazed me the way he never ever made a mistake when calculating to make a profit. Simply put, he kept things simple, he was hard but fair and an extremely good businessman. With Cor when it came to money and negotiating a deal – you may think you have won the battle but you were sure to lose the war!

Cor's business DNA is embedded in the companies which I have taken over. This DNA will remain a part of the group hopefully for many years to come and thanks must go to Cor for starting his legacy as far back as 1962.

Mr Cor Joustra was an institution and a legend and well loved by all who met and had dealings with him. From all of us at IMC and Extratech, and I think I can also talk on behalf of the hundreds of suppliers and customers and contacts over the years, we celebrate a man who lived life to the fullest. We love you and miss you but understand that you are in a far better place now.

Go in peace Cor

Prepared by Son-in-law Martin Krige

Two Tombstones: The Story of the Samaritan Woman and Jesus Christ

Jesus, tired from the long walk, sat wearily beside the well about noontime. Soon a Samaritan woman came to draw water, and Jesus said to her,

“Please give me a drink.”

The woman was surprised, for Jews refuse to have anything to do with Samaritans. She said to Jesus, “You are a Jew, and I am a Samaritan woman. Why are you asking me for a drink?” Jesus replied, “If you only knew the gift God has for you and who you are speaking to, you would ask me, and I would give you living water.”

“But sir, you don’t have a rope or a bucket,” she said, “and this well is very deep. Where would you get this living water? And besides, do you think you’re greater than our ancestor Jacob, who gave us this well? How can you offer better water than he and his sons and his animals enjoyed?”

Jesus replied, “Anyone who drinks this water will soon become thirsty again. But those who drink the water I give will never be thirsty again. It becomes a fresh, bubbling spring within them, giving them eternal life.”

“Please, sir,” the woman said, “give me this water! Then I’ll never be thirsty again, and I won’t have to come here to get water.”

“Go and get your husband,” Jesus told her.

“I don’t have a husband,” the woman replied.

Jesus said, “You’re right! You don’t have a husband—for you have had five husbands, and you aren’t even married to the man you’re living with now. You certainly spoke the truth!”

“Sir,” the woman said, “you must be a prophet.” . . .

“I know the Messiah is coming—the one who is called Christ. When he comes, he will explain everything to us. ”Then Jesus told her, “I Am the Messiah!”....

The woman left her water jar beside the well and ran back to the village, telling everyone, “Come and see a man who told me everything I ever did! Could he possibly be the Messiah?”

John 4:6 – 7, 9 – 19, 25 – 26, 28 – 29

Two Tombstones

I had driven by the place countless times. Daily I passed the small plot of land on the way to my office. Daily I told myself, someday I need to stop there.

Today, that “someday” came. I convinced a tight-fisted schedule to give me thirty minutes, and I drove in.

The intersection appears no different from any other in San Antoni a Burger King, a Rodeway Inn, a restaurant. But turn northwest, go under the cast-iron sign, and you will find yourself on an island of history that is holding its own against the river of progress.

The name on the sign? Locke Hill Cemetery.

As I parked, a darkened sky threatened rain. A lonely path invited me to walk through the two-hundred-plus tombstones. The fatherly oak trees arched above me,

providing a ceiling for the solemn chambers. Tall grass, still wet from the morning dew, brushed my ankles.

The tombstones, though weathered and chipped, were alive with yesterday. *Ruhet in herrn* accents the markers that bear names like Schmidt, Faustman, Grundmeyer, and Eckert.

Ruth Lacey is buried there. Born in the days of Napoleon—1807.

Died over a century ago —1877.

I stood on the same spot where a mother wept on a cold day some eight decades past. The tombstone read simply, “Baby Boldt—Born and died December 10, 1910.”

Eighteen-year-old Harry Ferguson was laid to rest in 1883 under these words, “Sleep sweetly tired young pilgrim.” I wondered what wearied him so.

Then I saw it. It was chiseled into a tombstone on the northern end of the cemetery. The stone marks the destination of the body of Grace Llewellen Smith. No date of birth is listed, no date of death. Just the names of her two husbands, and this epitaph:

*Sleeps, but rests not.
Loved, but was loved not.
Tried to please, but pleased not.
Died as she lived—alone.*

Words of futility

I stared at the marker and wondered about Grace Llewellen Smith. I wondered about her life. I wondered if she’d written the words . . . or just lived them. I wondered if she deserved the pain. I wondered if she was bitter or beaten. I wondered if she was plain. I wondered if she was beautiful.

I wondered why some lives are so fruitful while others are so futile.

I caught myself wondering aloud, “Mrs. Smith, what broke your heart?”

Raindrops smudged my ink as I copied the words.

Loved, but was loved not...

Long nights. Empty beds. Silence. No response to messages left. No return to letters written. No love exchanged for love given.

Tried to please, but pleased not...

I could hear the hatchet of disappointment.

“How many times do I have to tell you?” Chop.

“You’ll never amount to anything.” Chop. Chop.

“Why can’t you do anything right?” Chop, chop, chop.

Died as she lived—alone.

How many Grace Llewellen Smiths are there? How many people will die in the loneliness in which they are living? The homeless in Atlanta. The happy-hour hopper in LA. A bag lady in Miami. The preacher in Nashville. Any person who doubts whether the world needs him. Any person who is convinced that no one really cares. Any person who has been given a ring, but never a heart; criticism, but never a chance; a bed, but never rest.

These are the victims of futility. And unless someone intervenes, unless something happens, the epitaph of Grace Smith will be theirs.

That's why the story you are about to read is significant. It's the story of another tombstone. This time, however, the tombstone doesn't mark the death of a person—it marks the birth.

Her eyes squint against the noonday sun. Her shoulders stoop under the weight of the water jar. Her feet trudge, stirring dust on the path. She keeps her eyes down so she can dodge the stares of the others.

She is a Samaritan; she knows the sting of racism. She is a woman; she's bumped her head on the ceiling of sexism. She's been married to five men. Five. Five different marriages. Five different beds. Five different rejections. She knows the sound of slamming doors.

She knows what it means to love and receive no love in return. Her current mate won't even give her his name. He only gives her a place to sleep.

If there is a Grace Llewellen Smith in the New Testament, it is this woman. The epitaph of insignificance could have been hers. And it would have been, except for an encounter with a stranger.

On this particular day, she came to the well at noon. Why hadn't she gone in the early morning with the other women? Maybe she had. Maybe she just needed an extra draw of water on a hot day. Or maybe not. Maybe it was the other women she was avoiding. A walk in the hot sun was a small price to pay in order to escape their sharp tongues.

"Here she comes."

"Have you heard? She's got a new man!"

"They say she'll sleep with anyone."

"Shhh. There she is."

So she came to the well at noon. She expected silence. She expected solitude. Instead, she found one who knew her better than she knew herself.

He was seated on the ground: legs outstretched, hands folded, back resting against the well. His eyes were closed. She stopped and looked at him. She looked around. No one was near. She looked back at him. He was obviously Jewish. What was he doing here? His eyes opened and hers ducked in embarrassment. She went quickly about her task.

Sensing her discomfort, Jesus asked her for water. But she was too streetwise to think that all he wanted was a drink. "Since when does an uptown fellow like you ask a girl like me for water?" She wanted to know what he really had in mind. Her intuition was partly correct. He was interested in more than water. He was interested in her heart.

They talked. Who could remember the last time a man had spoken to her with respect?

He told her about a spring of water that would quench not the thirst of the throat, but of the soul.

That intrigued her. “Sir, give me this water so that I won’t get thirsty and have to keep coming here to draw water.”

“Go, call your husband and come back.”

Her heart must have sunk. Here was a Jew who didn’t care if she was a Samaritan. Here was a man who didn’t look down on her as a woman.

Here was the closest thing to gentleness she’d ever seen. And now he was asking her about . . . that.

Anything but that. Maybe she considered lying. “Oh, my husband? He’s busy.”

Maybe she wanted to change the subject. Perhaps she wanted to leave—but she stayed. And she told the truth.

“I have no husband.” (Kindness has a way of inviting honesty.)

You probably know the rest of the story. I wish you didn’t. I wish you were hearing it for the first time. For if you were, you’d be wide eyed as you waited to see what Jesus would do next. Why? Because you’ve wanted to do the same thing.

You’ve wanted to take off your mask. You’ve wanted to stop pretending.

You’ve wondered what God would do if you opened your cobweb-covered door of secret sin.

This woman wondered what Jesus would do. She must have wondered if the kindness would cease when the truth was revealed. He will be angry. He will leave. He will think I’m worthless.

If you’ve had the same anxieties, then get out your pencil. You’ll want to underline Jesus’ answer.

“You’re right. You have had five husbands and the man you are with now won’t even give you a name.”

No criticism? No anger? No what-kind-of-mess-have-you-made-of-your- life lectures? No. It wasn’t perfection that Jesus was seeking, it was honesty.

The woman was amazed.

“I can see that you are a prophet.” Translation? “There is something different about you. Do you mind if I ask you something?”

Then she asked the question that revealed the gaping hole in her soul.

“Where is God? My people say he is on the mountain. Your people say he is in Jerusalem. I don’t know where he is.”

I’d give a thousand sunsets to see the expression on Jesus’ face as he heard those words. Did his eyes water? Did he smile? Did he look up into the clouds and wink at his father?

Of all the places to find a hungry heart—Samaria?

Of all the Samaritans to be searching for God—a woman?

Of all the women to have an insatiable appetite for God—a five-time divorcée?

And of all the people to be chosen to personally receive the secret of the ages, an outcast among outcasts? The most “insignificant” person in the region?

Remarkable. Jesus didn’t reveal the secret to King Herod. He didn’t request an audience of the Sanhedrin and tell them the news. It wasn’t within the colonnades of a Roman court that he announced his identity.

No, it was in the shade of a well in a rejected land to an ostracized woman. His eyes must have danced as he whispered the secret.

“I am the Messiah.”

The most important phrase in the chapter is one easily overlooked.

“The woman left her water jar beside the well and ran back to the village, telling everyone, ‘Come and see a man who told me everything I ever did!

Could he possibly be the Messiah?’” (John 4:28–29 nlt)

Don’t miss the drama of the moment. Look at her eyes, wide with amazement. Listen to her as she struggles for words. “Y-y-y-you a-a-a-are the M-m-m-messiah!” And watch as she scrambles to her feet, takes one last look at this grinning Nazarene, turns and runs right into the burly chest of Peter. She almost falls, regains her balance, and hotfoots it toward her hometown.

Did you notice what she forgot? She forgot her water jar. She left behind the jug that had caused the sag in her shoulders. She left behind the burden she brought.

Suddenly the shame of the tattered romances disappeared. Suddenly the insignificance of her life was swallowed by the significance of the moment.

“God is here! God has come! God cares... for me!”

That is why she forgot her water jar. That is why she ran to the city.

That is why she grabbed the first person she saw and announced her discovery,

“I just talked to a man who knows everything I ever did . . . and he loves me anyway!”

The disciples offered Jesus some food. He refused it—he was too excited! He had just done what he does best. He had taken a life that was drifting and given it direction.

He was exuberant!

“Look!” he announced to disciples, pointing at the woman who was running to the village.

“Vast fields of human souls are ripening all around us, and are ready now for the reaping” (John 4:35).

Who could eat at a time like this?

For some of you the story of these two women is touching but distant.

You belong. You are needed and you know it. You’ve got more friends than you can visit and more tasks than you can accomplish. Insignificance will not be chiseled on your tombstone.

Be thankful.

But others of you are different. You paused at the epitaph because it was yours. You see the face of Grace Smith when you look into the mirror.

You know why the Samaritan woman was avoiding people. You do the same thing.

You know what it’s like to have no one sit by you at the cafeteria.

You’ve wondered what it would be like to have one good friend. You’ve been in love and you wonder if it is worth the pain to do it again.

And you, too, have wondered where in the world God is.

I have a friend named Joy who teaches underprivileged children in an inner city church. Her class is a lively group of nine-year-olds who love life and aren’t afraid of God. There is one exception, however—a timid girl by the name of Barbara.

Her difficult home life had left her afraid and insecure. For the weeks that my friend was teaching the class, Barbara never spoke. Never. While the other children talked, she sat. While the others sang, she was silent.

While the others giggled, she was quiet.

Always present. Always listening. Always speechless.

Until the day Joy gave a class on heaven. Joy talked about seeing God.

She talked about tearless eyes and deathless lives.

Barbara was fascinated. She wouldn't release Joy from her stare.

She listened with hunger. Then she raised her hand. "Mrs. Joy?"

Joy was stunned. Barbara had never asked a question. "Yes, Barbara?"

"Is heaven for girls like me?"

Again, I would give a thousand sunsets to have seen Jesus' face as this tiny prayer reached his throne. For indeed that is what it was—a prayer.

An earnest prayer that a good God in heaven would remember a forgotten soul on earth. A prayer that God's grace would seep into the cracks and cover one the church let slip through. A prayer to take a life that no one else could use and use it as no one else could.

Not a prayer from a pulpit, but one from a bed in a convalescent home. Not a prayer prayed confidently by a black-robed seminarian, but one whispered fearfully by a recovering alcoholic.

A prayer to do what God does best: take the common and make it spectacular. To once again take the rod and divide the sea. To take a pebble and kill a Goliath. To take water and make sparkling wine. To take a peasant boy's lunch and feed a multitude. To take mud and restore sight. To take three spikes and a wooden beam and make them the hope of humanity. To take a rejected woman and make her a missionary.

There are two graves in this chapter. The first is the lonely one in the Locke Hill Cemetery. The grave of Grace Llewellen Smith. She knew not love. She knew not gratification. She knew only the pain of the chisel as it carved this epitaph into her life.

Sleeps, but rests not.
Loved, but was loved not.
Tried to please, but pleased not.
Died as she lived—alone.

That, however, is not the only grave in this story. The second is near a water well. The tombstone? A water jug. A forgotten water jug.

It has no words, but has great significance—for it is the burial place of insignificance.

Copyright © 2008 Max Lucado from the book "Cast of Characters: Common People in the Hands of an Uncommon God" published by Thomas Nelson; September 2008, ISBN: 978-0-8499-2124-7

Agenda maart 2016		
dinsdag 1	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
dinsdag 1	19h30	Orgelconcert Martin Mans St George's Anglican Church (buurkerk) Navraag/kaarten op kantoor: 011 482 1606/7
zondag 6 4^{de} lijdenszondag	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer Eredienst Commissie Vergadering
dinsdag 8	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
zondag 13 5^{de} lijdenszondag	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer Koffiedrinken
dinsdag 15	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
donderdag 17	10h00	KOFFIECLUB
zondag 20 Palmzondag	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer
dinsdag 22	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
donderdag 24 Witte Donderdag	18h30	Tenebraedienst
vrijdag 25 Goede Vrijdag	10h00	Eredienst Ds Y Dreyer Heilig Avondmaal
zondag 27 Paasfeest	08h30 10h00	Paasontbijt Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer
dinsdag 29	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor

Dienstrooster maart 2016			
	6 maart	13 maart Koffiedrinken	20 maart
1	H Kettner	E de Jong	F vd Kuil
2	T van Wyk	N Knoester	KJ Leeuw
3	W Strydom	M Letterie	J de Jong
4	D Kruger	J de Jong	M Letterie
5		A Knoester	K Strydom
6			
7			
Begroeting	W Kruger	H Kettner	I Pol
Bloemen	J vd Eijkel	W Mandelstam	E vd Kuil
Koffie		G Leeuw F le Roux	
	25 maart Goede Vrijdag	27 maart Pasen	
1	E Reinten	C Reinten	
2	E de Jong	T van Wyk	
3	H Kettner	D Kruger	
4	J de Jong	R Boer	
5	L Dibb	K Strydom	
Begroeting	J de Jong	P Reinten	
Bloemen	H Kettner	E Reinten	
	M Letterie		
	Geen		

Verjaardagen maart 2016

dinsdag 1	Joke de Jong	082 467 8551
dinsdag 1	Yulandi Knoester	074 130 6852
woensdag 2	Gitta Leeuw	
maandag 7	Leana Venter	011 867 1189
woensdag 9	Carla Goede	011 478 2484
zondag 13	Ronaldo van Weely	011 782 3402
donderdag 17	Jan-Willem Hoorweg	082 557 0047
zondag 20	Klaas-Jan Leeuw	012 661 2247
dinsdag 22	Marco Bianchi	082 461 3428
dinsdag 22	Fred Goede	011 478 2484
woensdag 23	Leo Gaymans	011 608 2088
donderdag 24	Rubens Andeweg	082 550 3769
zondag 27	Jacobus Bakkers	011 902 4340
maandag 28	Shon Morgenrood	011 827 5704
donderdag 31	Andre le Roux	011 462 7706

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