

# MARANATHA MARE

mei 2011

Jaargang 38 No 4

By die poskantoor as nuusblad geregistreer

## Psalm 100

Jyg, alman wat lewe, jyg vorie Jirre,  
rieldans, sing en gjee vi Hom die ere.  
Staan nader voor Hy se aangaseg,  
prysig Hom met jou se Griekwadig.

Die Jirre is ok God en onthou lat Hy  
nou 'n Griekwavolk vi Hom kom berei,  
Griekwasse om te Hom te dien en vrees,  
en veëense in Hy se weidingse te wees.

Gat by Hy se hekke in met lof,  
sing psalms in Hom kraal se stof.  
Kom in Hy se hit nou alman saam,  
Kom prysig Hom en skrou Hy se Naam.

Die jimmel sit oor jou sosse heilige karos  
en Hy se goetheit sal jou nooit wee los,  
Hy se waarlike liefde sit wag  
vi jou en vi jou se nageslag.

*Innie skylte vannie Jirre – Griekwapsalme en ander gedigte – Hans du Plesses*

mei 2011/2

## Sinvol

Sinvolheid is iets waaraan alle mense in ons gemeente, ons kerk, ons land, ons wêreld, behoefte het.

Min mense sal vandag daarmee stry dat bioloë, fisici en chemici 'n ontsaglike bydrae gemaak het om ons 'n beter insig te gee in die ontwikkeling van die aarde en haar lewende wesens. Dié insigte het gehelp om 'n groot deel van die mensdom welvarend en hulle lewe veel gemakliker te maak.

Dit is egter te betwyfel of hierdie wetenskaplikes, soos sommige van hulle beweer, daarmee ook die raaisel van die lewe self opgelos het – laat staan nog die *sin* van die lewe. Die sin van die lewe lê vermoedelik nie in die biologiese of fisiese aspekte daarvan nie. Dit kan daarom ook nie deur navorsing – hoe goed die navorsing dan ook al mag wees – ontdek word nie.

Van den Beukel, voormalige professor in fisika aan die Tegniese Universiteit van Delft, tref in sy boek *Met andere ogen* die volgende vergelyking: 'n Man staan voor 'n skildery van Picasso en probeer uitmaak wat dit *beteken*. 'n Skeikundige sal hom oor die samestelling van die verf kan inlig. 'n Fisikus sal hom alles kan vertel van die terugkaatsing van die lig van die skildery na die oog. 'n Neurofisioloog sal in detail vir hom kan verduidelik hoe die ligprikkel van die skildery af, die sensusistiem stimuleer, en chemiese reaksies in die brein veroorsaak, om die persoon in staat te stel om te kan sien.



Hy sou 'n interdisciplinêre groep van die beste chemici, fisici en neurofisioloë byeen kon bring om die *betekenis* van die skildery te ontdek en te verstaan. As hulle slegs maar hulle vak beoefen, sou hulle tot die konklusie moes kom dat die skildery geen sin maak en geen

betekenis het nie. Iets wat sommige geleerdes, op grond van hulle navorsing ook oor die lewe sê.

'n Mens het nie kennis nodig om oor die *sin* van die lewe te praat nie. Veel eerder *insig* in die oorsprong, rigting en doel van die geheel. En dít kan geen enkele wetenskap jou gee nie. Dié geheim kan nie nagevors word nie. Dit moet aan jou *geopenbaar* word, soos wat die betekenis van 'n kunswerk soos Picasso se *Guernica*, Rodin se *Die kreet* sigself in jou aanskouing daarvan openbaar en aangryp. 'n Mens hoef nie te wonder oor wat dit beteken wanneer jy voor die werk staan nie. Jy kan die uitgebeelde emosie saam met die kunstenaar voel.



Die openbaring van die sin van die lewe is die terrein van godsdiens, waar simbole en rites mense vir vlietende oomblikke 'n blik gee op die samehang en doel van die geheel. Soos wat die paradoksale simbool van die nagmaal jou konfronteer met: “om werklik te lewe beteken om jouself prys te gee ter wille van onverdienslike mense”.

Hoe weet 'n mens dat dit “waar” is? Daar is net een manier om uit te vind: om so te lewe. Dis wanneer jy die evangelie lewe dat die sin van die lewe aan jou geopenbaar word.

Dit is nie 'n lewensin wat in 'n spesifieke dogma of wetenskaplike formule uitgedruk kan word nie. Jy ontvang dit as die *ervaring* van 'n vervulde lewe. Die Bybel sou sê jy ontvang dit in die vorm van die “vrug van die Gees van God”: “liefde, vreugde, vrede, geduld, vriendelikheid, goedhartigheid, getrouheid, nederigheid, selfbeheersing” (Galasiërs 5:22).

Hierdie ervaring is egter dikwels kortstondig, sodat mens naderhand wonder of jy jouself verbeel het dat jy vir 'n oomblik, 'n dag, 'n week

vervulling geken het. Maar dit was nie verbeelding nie. Ons beleef dit dalk nie almal dieselfde nie. Net soos wat ons ook nie dieselfde reageer op 'n bepaalde kunswerk nie. Maar ook daarin lê die wonder en misterie van God en die lewe. Dat verskillende mense sin en betekenis op totaal uiteenlopende maniere kan vind.

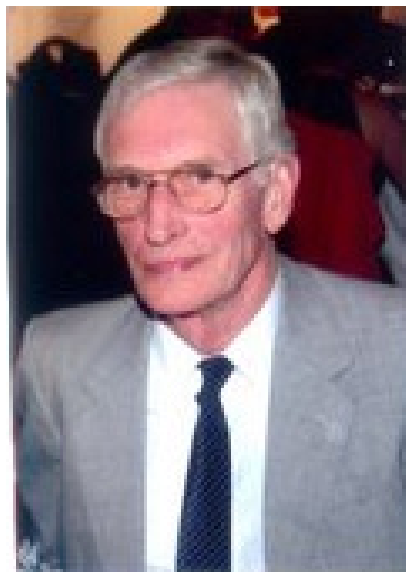
Vir my is dit die tye wanneer ek by iemand kan wees wat op daardie stadium voel asof niemand anders by hulle kan of wil wees nie. Ook wanneer ek iemand kan help om iets van hulself en daardeur ook van hul verhouding met die wêreld en met God te verstaan.

God is teenwoordig waar daar ook al liefde en deernis is. Maar God is ook teenwoordig in elke menslike ervaring van sin en betekenis. My bede is dat julle in hierdie lydens- en paastyd vervulling en so ook vir God sal ken.

**Carusta van der Merwe**

## **Gemeentenieuws**

### **MARINUS HENDRIK VAN DAMME**



**19 Augustus 1934 - Bussum, Nederland**

**23 Maart 2011 - Johannesburg, Zuid-Afrika**

Onze gedachten en gebeden gaan uit naar de familie van Rien van Damme:

Reni Dries & familie  
Sandra, Daniel & Tamarr  
Peter, Karen, Kenan, Jared & Jenna  
Irene, Mark, Darren, Bradley & Nicola  
Onno, Linda, Jesse, Liam & Ethan

Thomas Dreyer, de vader van Yolanda is op 80-jarige leeftijd overleden op vrijdag 8 april. Zijn uitvaartdienst vond plaats op dinsdag 12 april in de Parow gemeente, en is door Yolanda zelf geleid. Onze gedachten en gebeden gaan uit naar Yolanda's moeder, Yolanda zelf en haar broers en families.

### **Nicholas Reinten Springbok Parade**

On Sunday 17th of april, Nicholas received his Springbok Award, which is the top award for Scouts in South Africa. His award was handed to him by the Chief Scout of South Africa, Reverend Vukile Mehana.

Gefeliciteerd Nicholas en ook aan zijn moeder Scout Master Charlotte en vader Paul en zus Bianca en grootmoeder Jannie vd Eijkel, die over de jaren hun ondersteuning gegeven hebben.



mei 2011/6

## **Van de Diaconie**

Graag wil de diaconie u allemaal bedanken voor u medewerking met onze Dankdienst voor de Ondersteuningsraad op de 10de April. De spullen zullen maandag de 18de afgeleverd worden. We hebben weer een auto vol op kunnen halen en verder is er R2272 gecollecteerd. We weten zeker dat dit heel erg op prijs gesteld zal worden door de Ondersteuningsraad en op zijn beurt hun 'klanten'. Nu het opeens zo koud is zijn we ook blij dat we de Dankdienst dit jaar een maand vroeger gehouden hebben! Hoop dat u allemaal warm blijft en niet kou vat!

Groetjes,

**Rieneke - Namens de Diaconie**

## **Fashion Show**

Uw aandacht wordt gevraagd voor de winter Fashion show, dat gehouden zal worden in de kerkzaal op zaterdag 28 mei 2011. Het gebeuren begint om 10 uur en gaat door tot 1 uur. Verschillende dames van de kerk hebben kaartjes te koop tegen R75 per persoon, R50 voor pensionarissen en studenten. Er zijn prijzen voor de mooiste tafel, nummers op stoelen en nummers op de kaartjes. De vorige keer was het heel gezellig en wij hopen dat u ook deze gezelligheid wilt mee maken en daarmee ondersteunt u ook het studiefonds.

Bedankt,

## **Dien Verstappen**

*PS : Zie verderop in de agenda details van een oefenloop voor alle Fashion show modellen(dames en heren) op zondag 15 mei.*

## **Bericht uit de binnenstad**

In Nederland bestaat de Stichting Comité Soweto en zij sturen viermaal per jaar een Vriendenbrief aan vrienden daar. Dat zijn dan vrienden in mijn oude gemeente Zuidwolde, maar ook in gemeenten in Rotterdam, Utrecht, Doetinchem, Aalten en elders. Dan zijn er heel wat individuen verspreid over het hele land en dat zijn veelal mensen die ik als tourgids in ZA heb leren kennen. Die Stichting maakt ons zendingwerk mede mogelijk. Zou iemand deze Vriendenbrief willen ontvangen, laat me maar gerust weten. Er is ook veel inlichting op onze website [www.fdprojects.co.za](http://www.fdprojects.co.za).

En hoe graag zouden we niet vrienden willen uitnodigen om ons in het

mei 2011/7

centrum van het uitgebreide netwerk in de St Andrew-kerk, Fairview, op te zoeken! Ontmoet arme mensen die geestelijk rijk worden! Hier bestaat een kerk die eigenlijk al dood was, maar nu multifunctioneel zeven dagen per week leeft in de meest hopeloze stadswijk van Johannesburg. Zoek maar op internet naar *Migrant Labour in South Africa* en zoek naar de naam van Jeppestown.

Zelf ben ik nu meer vrij en ik kan tijd besteden aan de eeuwoude ontzaglijke probleem van *migrant labour*, zo oud als het gevonden goud in Langlaagte (1886). De NG Kerk noemde dit systeem zestig jaar geleden al de kanker in onze samenleving! Al in de tijd van De Klerk stond vast dat dit systeem uitgewist moest worden en het was een belofte van de ANC om daaraan volle aandacht te geven. Bitter weinig is intussen gedaan, nee, het is in feite veel erger geworden vanwege nog meer moreel verval en werkeloosheid (tot 75%! ). Ik noem dit hel! Maar het is maar een stap van geloof om hier een beetje hemel te bevelen!

Ik mag hier met mandaat van een sterk bestuur en een begaafde directeur m'n emeritaat uitstellen! Hoi, hoi!

Hartelijke groeten van Joop en niet minder van Wil.

### **Joop en Wil Lensink**

Tijdelijk woonadres: 52 Heidi Ave, Florida Glenn

### **Bericht van de SVB (Nederlandse Ambassade)**

Mijn naam is Annemiek en ik ben werkzaam op de Nederlandse Ambassade te Pretoria. Ik werk voor de SVB (Sociale Verzekerings Bank) in Nederland.

Graag wil ik het volgende onder uw aandacht brengen:

Er wonen ruim 3000 AOW klanten in Zuid Afrika. Aan deze klanten wordt ieder jaar (rond de verjaardag van de klant) een zogenaamd 'levensbewijs' gepost. Dit levensbewijs moet door een bevoegd orgaan worden getekend en aan de SVB in Deventer worden terug gestuurd. Een bevoegd orgaan is een postmeester, de politie of een Commissioner of Oath. Ook kan ik het levensbewijs tekenen. De klant moet in dat geval wel in persoon bij de ambassade verschijnen.

Het komt regelmatig voor dat:

- of de klant het levensbewijs niet ontvangt

- of dat de SVB het in Zuid Afrika geposte formulier niet terug ontvangt wegens het niet altijd optimaal functioneren van de Zuid-Afrikaanse postbrieven

Dit kan als gevolg hebben dat het AOW pensioen niet langer aan de klant wordt uitbetaald.

Het is daarom belangrijk dat de klant in de gaten houdt dat het levensbewijs is ontvangen.

De klant kan het levensbewijs ook bij de ambassade afgeven, van daaruit zal het dan per diplomatieke koerier naar Nederland worden gestuurd (geen NL postzegel nodig). Ook kan ik het formulier tekenen. Het - door een bevoegde instantie ondertekende - formulier kan ook aan mij worden gepost.

Hebt u nog vragen of verdere toelichting nodig, neemt u dan contact met mij op?

Met hartelijke groet,

**Annemiek Ebersohn-Onderweegs**

SVB Pretoria

Tel: 012 425 4590

Maandag t/m donderdag 08:00 - 12:30

## **Blog van Bernard uit Ierland**

Ik plaats op verzoek nog een paar inschrijvingen van Bernard's blog:

### **Monday, March 28, 2011 : A new beginning, again.**

So I thought let me write this blog post before this week runs away with me!

A lot has happened since the last time I wrote.

I went for an interview with Zevas, a tele-sales company, on Friday morning. My first real corporate interview went well, very calm and very relaxed, as I have discovered, that most Irish people are, no matter the situation, always very comforting.

I got offered the job on Saturday morning via e-mail and have since accepted and will be starting my training at 09:30 tomorrow morning.

I have today off to recover and organise my life again do some shopping and the like!

Saturday was the day of the show and Eoghan's 21st.

I was allowed to take part in a few of the pieces in the Kiely-Walsh show which took place at the Everyman Palace Theater.

mei 2011/9

We were in for 10 doing rehearsals and such the whole day and the actual show started at 5 and was done about half 7.

Most of us then headed down to Clonakilty in West Cork for Eoghans birthday!

Was such a rocking night, good food, good music (a live band), a CHOCOLATE FOUNTAIN and really really good company in all the dancers!!

Most of stayed up until like 6 before we went to bed and had class at 11 the next day anyhow!!

Crashed last night after the class and had a really decent sleep! Ready for a new week with brand new challenges, my first 9-5 job :) Peace out.

**Saturday, April 9, 2011 :**

**Hi, my name is Bernard and I'm calling from O2 Business.**

"...This is just a quick call to chat to you about the new packages that O2 have launched that make it really simple for businesses to tailor packages to suite their specific communications needs"

This is what my job is all about, ringing up SME's and trying to set appointments for them to meet with our sales consultants in order to purchase Fixed Line, Broadband, Mobiles and Mobile Broadband.

Anyway let's go back a little bit, I just checked and discovered that I haven't posted in a while, my bad.

So I was due to start training on Tuesday morning and that got postponed to Wednesday morning, so 9am sharp I was in the office ready to take on life's new challenges! I was introduced to my two bosses, Padraig, my team manager and Dan, the commercial manager for Zervas.

We went straight into the training room and were met by Killian from O2 who would run through our training. 6 hours later, we had completed four days of training; needless to say I was completely zoned!!

Thursday and Friday was much of the same, writing scripts learning up the product etc etc, not very exciting I can guarantee you. On the Friday, however I was wearing my Netherlands jacket and was approached by one of the girls, asking if i was Dutch, as it turns out she is on work placement at Zervas and zij woont vlak bij Harderwijk.

So we got on really well and chatted a lot, was nice to meet someone with a similar "character trait" and of course all dutch people are funny

mei 2011/10

and fun to be around, reminds me of Hans, Wim, Sander, Brahim en Robin from the Danone Nations cup. XD

The weekend I was supposed to go to Belfast for a feis but a couple of circumstances meant that one or two people couldn't go so the costs escalated and i opted out rather to chill out at home, best decision ever, stayed in bed and did nothing!! I stayed at Lisa's (the Dutch girl) apartment Sunday evening because she lives in the city and I needed to be at work at 07:30 because we were going up to the O2 offices in Dublin on Monday. Got greeted there by a complimentary coffee and something sweet, never mind the fact that we had stopped 30min ago for a coffee, so i was beyond buzzing!

We got sat down with their internal tele sales team, to see what they did but more importantly HOW they did it. I was sat next to a guy called Philip, who picked my saffa accent instantly and proceeded to tell me how he'd been on holiday there for three weeks not so long ago, needless to say it was a really interesting day between picking his brain about the job and chatting about South Africa. Left Dublin a little late which meant we were only back at the office around 6:30, so I skipped dancing.

Rest of the week was boring, we were supposed to start dialling on the Tuesday, Tuesday became Wednesday and Wednesday became Thursday. It looked like it was going to be another one of those days where I sat doing nothing until about 3o'clock where we got a few leads to dial, finally something to do YAY.

Friday morning brought promise of more leads and come they did! Dialling the whole day, which was absolutely fantastic, managed a few appointments and O2 had reported back on some of the calls (calls are recorded for quality and training purposes) saying that they were impressed with my calls. thumbs up. whoop!

Saturday now, and I'm going up to Limerick later for the final feis before the worlds, on the dancing front I feel strong and fit and mentally prepared. Been skipping like crazy in class and pushing all aspects of everything!

Very excited to see everyone, OH YA mom is coming yippee :D

Looking forward to seeing everyone!!

Will post when I'm leaving for Dublin again!!

Peace out XD

<http://bernz117.blogspot.com/>

mei 2011/11

## **Doubtstorms – Max Lucado**

There are snowstorms. There are hailstorms. There are rainstorms. And there are doubtstorms.

Every so often a doubtstorm rolls into my life, bringing with it a flurry of questions and gale-force winds of fear. And, soon after it comes, a light shines through it.

Sometimes the storm comes after the evening news. Some nights I wonder why I watch it. Some nights it's just too much. From the steps of the Supreme Court to the steppes of South Africa, the news is usually gloomy ... thirty minutes of bite-sized tragedies. A handsome man in a nice suit with a warm voice gives bad news. They call him the anchorman. Good title. One needs an anchor in today's tempestuous waters.

Sometimes I wonder, *How can our world get so chaotic?*

Sometimes the storm comes when I'm at work. Story after story of homes that won't heal and hearts that won't melt. Always more hunger than food. More needs than money. More questions than answers. On Sundays I stand before a church with a three-point outline in my hand, thirty minutes on the clock, and a prayer on my lips. I do my best to say something that will convince a stranger that an unseen God still hears.

And I sometimes wonder why so many hearts have to hurt.

Do you ever get doubtstorms? Some of you don't, I know. I've talked to you. Some of you have a "Davidish" optimism that defies any Goliath. I used to think that you were naive at best and phony at worst.

I don't think that anymore.

I think you are gifted. You are gifted with faith. You can see the rainbow before the clouds part. If you have this gift, then skip this chapter. I won't say anything you need to hear.

But others of you wonder ...

You wonder what others know that you don't. You wonder if you are blind or if they are. You wonder why some proclaim "Eureka" before the gold is found. You wonder why some shout "Land ho" before the fog has cleared. You wonder how some people believe so confidently while you believe so reluctantly.

As a result, you are a bit uncomfortable on the padded pew of blind belief. Your Bible hero is Thomas. Your middle name is Caution. Your queries are the bane of every Sunday school teacher.

"If God is so good, why do I sometimes feel so bad?"

“If his message is so clear, why do I get so confused?”

“If the Father is in control, why do good people have gut-wrenching problems?”

You wonder if it is a blessing or a curse to have a mind that never rests. But you would rather be a cynic than a hypocrite, so you continue to pray with one eye open and wonder:

- about starving children
- about the power of prayer
- about the depths of grace
- about Christians in cancer wards
- about who you are to ask such questions anyway.

Tough questions. Throw-in-the-towel questions. Questions the disciples must have asked in the storm.

All they could see were black skies as they bounced in the battered boat. Swirling clouds. Wind-driven white caps. Pessimism that buried the coastline. Gloom that swamped the bow. What could have been a pleasant trip became a white-knuckled ride through a sea of fear.

Their question—What hope do we have of surviving a stormy night?

My question—Where is God when his world is stormy?

Doubtstorms: turbulent days when the enemy is too big, the task too great, the future too bleak, and the answers too few.

Every so often a storm will come, and I'll look up into the blackening sky and say, “God, a little light, please?”

The light came for the disciples. A figure came to them walking on the water. It wasn't what they expected. Perhaps they were looking for angels to descend or heaven to open. Maybe they were listening for a divine proclamation to still the storm. We don't know what they were looking for. But one thing is for sure, they weren't looking for Jesus to come walking on the water.

“‘It's a ghost,’ they said and cried out in fear” (Matt. 14:26).

And since Jesus came in a way they didn't expect, they almost missed seeing the answer to their prayers.

And unless we look and listen closely, we risk making the same mistake. God's lights in our dark nights are as numerous as the stars, if only we'll look for them.

Can I share a few lights with you that have illuminated my world recently?

A friend and I sat in front of my house in his car and talked about his dilemma. His chief client pulled out on him, leaving him big bills and few solutions. What the client did wasn't right, but he did it anyway. The client's company was big and my friend's was small, and there wasn't a lot he could do. My friend was left with a den of hungry lions wanting six figures' worth of satisfaction.

"I called my uncle and told him what had happened. I told him I was thinking of filing for bankruptcy."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He didn't say anything," my friend responded. "After he was silent for a long time, I said it for him. 'We don't do it like that, do we?'"

"No, we don't," he told me. "So I'll pay the bills. If I have to sell my house, I'll pay my bills."

I was encouraged. Somebody still believed that if he did what was right, God would do what was best. There was still some we-don't-do-it-like-that faith in the world. The sky began to clear.

Light number two came from a cancer ward.

"We will celebrate forty-four years tomorrow," Jack said, feeding his wife.

She was bald. Her eyes were sunken, and her speech was slurred. She looked straight ahead, only opening her mouth when he brought the fork near. He wiped her cheek. He wiped his brow.

"She has been sick for five years," he told me. "She can't walk. She can't take care of herself. She can't even feed herself, but I love her. And," he spoke louder so she could hear, "we are going to beat this thing, aren't we, Honey?"

He fed her a few bites and spoke again, "We don't have insurance. When I could afford it, I thought I wouldn't need it. Now I owe this hospital more than \$50,000." He was quiet for a few moments as he gave her a drink. Then he continued. "But they don't pester me. They know I can't pay, but they admitted us with no questions asked. The doctors treat us like we are their best-paying patients. Who would've imagined such kindness?"

I had to agree with him. Who would've imagined such kindness? In a thorny world of high-tech, expensive, often criticized health care, it was reassuring to find professionals who would serve two who had nothing to give in return.

Jack thanked me for coming, and I thanked God that once again a sinew of light reminded me of the sun behind the clouds.

Then, a few days later, another light.

Larry Brown is the coach of the San Antonio Spurs, the local professional basketball team. I don't know him personally (although rumor has it that he wants me to sign a multi-year contract and play point guard for the team ... nice fantasy).

Coach Brown recently spent an afternoon at a local men's store, signing autographs. He was scheduled to spend two hours, but ended up spending three. Pencil-and-pad-toting kids besieged the place, asking him questions and shaking his hand.

When he was finally able to slip out, he climbed into his car, only to notice a touching sight. A late-arriving youngster pedaled up, jumped off his bike, and ran to the window to see if the coach was still in the store. When he saw he wasn't, he turned slowly and sadly, walked over to his bike, and began to ride off.

Coach Brown turned off the ignition, climbed out of the car, and walked over to the boy. They chatted a few minutes, went next door to a drugstore, sat down at a table, and had a soft drink.

No reporters were near. No cameras were on. As far as these two knew, no one knew. I'm sure Larry Brown had other things to do that afternoon. No doubt he had other appointments to keep. But it's doubtful that anything he might have done that afternoon was more important than what he did.

In a world of big-bucked, high-glossed professional sports, it did me good to hear of one coach who is still a coach at heart. Hearing what he did was enough to blow away any lingering clouds of doubt and to leave me warmed by God's light ... his gentle light.

Gentle lights. God's solutions for doubtstorms. Gold-flecked glows that amber hope into blackness. Not thunderbolts. Not explosions of light. Just gentle lights.

A businessman choosing honesty. A hospital choosing compassion. A celebrity choosing kindness.

Visible evidence of the invisible hand.

Soft reminders that optimism is not just for fools.

Funny. None of the events were "religious." None of the encounters occurred in a ceremony or a church service. None will make the six o'clock news.

But such is the case with gentle lights.

When the disciples saw Jesus in the middle of their stormy night, they called him a ghost. A phantom. A hallucination. To them, the glow was anything but God.

When we see gentle lights on the horizon, we often have the same reaction. We dismiss occasional kindness as apparitions, accidents, or anomalies. Anything but God.

“When Jesus comes,” the disciples in the boat may have thought, “he’ll split the sky. The sea will be calm. The clouds will disperse.”

“When God comes,” we doubters think, “all pain will flee. Life will be tranquil. No questions will remain.”

And because we look for the bonfire, we miss the candle. Because we listen for the shout, we miss the whisper.

But it is in burnished candles that God comes, and through whispered promises he speaks: “When you doubt, look around; I am closer than you think.”

*Lucado, M. ©2001, ©1991. In the Eye of the Storm. Thomas Nelson  
Publishers: Nashville*

<http://www.maxlucado.com/pdf/doubtstorms.pdf>

## Dienstrooster mei 2011

	<b>1</b>	<b>8</b> <b>koffiedrinken</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>1</b>	E de Jong	F vd Kuil	F Goede
<b>2</b>	J Smit	C Reinten	E de Jong
<b>3</b>	R Boer	R Appel	J de Jong
<b>4</b>	W Strydom	HR Kettner	D Kruger
<b>5</b>	HR Kettner	T Morgenrood	W Kruger
<b>Begroeting</b>	D Verstappen	P Reinten	HR Kettner
<b>Bloemen</b>	D Kruger	F Smal	E Goede
<b>Koffie</b>		Paul le Roux	
		Eddie de Jong	
	<b>22</b>	<b>29</b>	
<b>1</b>	HR Kettner	KJ Leeuw	
<b>2</b>	D Verstappen	N vd Eijkel	
<b>3</b>	R Boer	W Strydom	
<b>4</b>	M Letterie	J de Jong	
<b>5</b>	J Pol	S Steen	
<b>Begroeting</b>	W Kruger	V Vernede	
<b>Bloemen</b>	W Rall	C Reinten	

## Agenda Mei 2011

zondag 1 Dag van de arbeid	10h00 11h00	Gaspredikant Eredienst-commissie
maandag 2	10h00	Bijbelstudie – ouderen in Noorde Jeltje 011 791 4592 / Vic 073 700 9610
dinsdag 3	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
woensdag 4		Dodenherdenking
donderdag 5		Bevrijdingsdag
zondag 8 Moederdag	9h50 10h00 11h00 17h30	Vorbereiding Eredienst Ds Y Dreyer Koffiedrinken Discussion Forum <b>Church in 2011 – What, Why, How?</b>
dinsdag 10	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
donderdag 12	17h30	FINCOM
zondag 15	9h50 10h00 11h00	Vorbereiding Eredienst Ds Y Dreyer Fashion Show Modellen Oefening
dinsdag 17	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
zaterdag 21	9h00 – 12h00	Computer Lessen Informeren bij Eddie/Joke/Ellen
zondag 22	9h45 10h00	Vorbereiding Eredienst Ds Y Dreyer
dinsdag 24	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor
donderdag 19	10h00 17h30	KOFFIECLUB Bijbelstudie Noorde - Rieneke 011 704 3602
zaterdag 28	10h00 – 13h00	Winter Fashion Show
zondag 29	9h50 10h00	Vorbereiding Eredienst Ds Y Dreyer
dinsdag 31	9h00 – 13h00	Kerkkantoor

## Verjaardagen Mei 2011

zondag 1 mei	Marijke Blaauwhof	011 969 2071
maandag 2 mei	Roos Visser	011 888 6523
woensdag 4 mei	Dawie McDonald	011 475 4375
zondag 8 mei	Ina Tanzer	011 768 6242
maandag 9 mei	Meta de Haas	011 465 6363
maandag 9 mei	Rietje Spoon	012 807 1157
dinsdag 10 mei	Martin vd Kuil	011 894 2556
zaterdag 14 mei	Nicolas Reinten	012 205 1437
zondag 15 mei	Frouk Smal	083 707 2478
zondag 22 mei	Vic Vernede	011 705 3553
zondag 22 mei	Corrie Wuestenenk	011 867 1886
maandag 23 mei	Margaret Storer	011 662 1310
dinsdag 24 mei	Rob Appel	011 864 1174
woensdag 25 mei	Evert de Jong	011 453 8928
donderdag 26 mei	Clara Bekker	011 622 5472
donderdag 26 mei	Ester Goede	011 478 2428
zaterdag 28 mei	Alea Koning	011 973 1091
dinsdag 31 mei	Joop Mojet	011 393 4928

## MARANATHA KERK

[www.nlgemeente.co.za](http://www.nlgemeente.co.za)

Straatadres	Sherborneweg 3 PARKTOWN
Postadres	Nederlandssprekende Gemeente Postbus 84552 GREENSIDE 2034
Predikante	Ds Yolanda Dreyer 012 348 9850 / 082 893 2104 yolanda.dreyer@up.ac.za
Kerkkantoor Dinsdag ochtend 9h00 – 13h00	Arma Blaauwhof 011 726 1409 nlgemeente@mweb.co.za
Bank Details	Beneficiary: Ned. Hervormde Kerk Nedbank Current Account 1979 316782 Branch Code 197905
Scriba	Ellen van der Kuil 011 478 1082 / 083 626 3272 vdkuil@iafrica.com
Scriba Registratie	Hanja Kettner 012 654 7692 / 082 546 8471 hanja.kettners@vodamail.co.za
Kassier	Marco van Wieringen 011 442 9696 marcovw@mweb.co.za
Koster	Aad van der Kuil 011 792 1145
Organist	Richard Steinmann 011 234 5857 steinmann@absamail.co.za
Redactrice Mare	Ellen van der Kuil 011 478 1082 / 083 626 3272 vdkuil@iafrica.com