



Maranatha Mare

September 2015

Jaargang 42 No 8

By die poskantoor as nuusblad geregistreer

Psalm 148

Looft de Heer! Halleluja, ja looft nu de Here.
Looft Hem die daar hoog in de hemelen troont.

Looft engelen, cherubs en serafs de Here.

Looft Hem die gij dient en eerbied betoont.

Gij zon en gij maan, en gij lichtende sterren,
gij wolken die hoog door het uitspansel zweeft,

gij diepten de zeeën, looft looft nu de Here

looft Hem, gij die diep in de wateren leeft.

Gij bergen en heuvels, Hij gaf u uw krachten,

Hij gaf u uw schoonheid, looft, looft nu de Heer,

Gij hagel en sneeuw, gij bliksem en donder,

gij gaat als Hij spreekt en ge keert tot Hem weer.

Gij vorsten der aarde, gij ouden en jongen,

gij mannen en vrouwen looft allen tezaam.

Looft allen de Heer, want Zijn naam is verheven,

looft allen de Heer, looft Zijn heilige naam.

Zijn majesteit is over hemel en aarde,

Hij geeft aan Zijn volk overwinning en eer.

Hij leert hun te zingen, Hij leert hun te juichen,

Hij leert hun te bidden. Geloofd zij de Heer!

Overgenomen uit : "De Gouden Horizon" – e. ijskes-kooger

Van binnen of van buiten?

Waar krijgen we onze levenskracht en inspiratie vandaan – van binnen of van buiten?

- Extroversen van buiten en introversen van binnen, zeggen de psychologen. Extroversen krijgen hun energie van de wereld buiten zichzelf, van mensen en activiteiten. Daar genieten ze van. Introversen worden daar moe van. Te veel aanspraak op je aandacht. Te veel mensen en lawaai. Ze hebben even stilte nodig, alleen zijn. Om ervaringen te processeren. Om zin te maken van wat er gebeurt.
- De oudere generatie (Baby Boomers en ouder) van binnen en de jongere generatie (X, Y en Z) van buiten, zeggen de generatietheoretici. De ouderen zijn zelf-gemotiveerd. Ze weten zelf wat ze willen. De jongeren worden geïnspireerd door wat mensen zeggen en van hen verwachten. Dit motiveert tot actie.

Of we introvert zijn of extrovert, ouder of jonger, als *gelovigen* krijgen we een hele bijzondere kracht van binne. De kracht van Gods Geest werkt *in* ons hart en ons denken. De uitkomst van dit werk zal gezien worden in onze levenshouding, optreden en relaties – de vruchten van de Geest.

De vrucht van de Geest is liefde: niet alleen onze geliefden en vrienden liefhebben, maar ook bidden voor wie ons moeilijk vallen; een taaie, gedetermineerde goedgezindheid tegenover anderen, ook wanneer het ons niet makkelijk valt.

De vrucht van de Geest is *vreugde*, het gevolg van dankbaarheid voor Gods goedheid. Klagen, ons bedreigd voelen, gedepimeerd zijn vanwege onze levensomstandigheden, komen makkelijk en natuurlijk vanuit ons aardse menszijn. Gods Geest maakt het voor ons mogelijk om verder te zien: de goedheid en genade van God. De eenvoud van een leven in God.

De vrucht van de Geest is *vrede*, die alle verstand te boven gaat. Op aarde is er geen vrede. In God wel. Met de ogen op God, kan het buiten ook hoe stormachtig zijn, maar binnen is er rust en harmonie als God je hele blik vult.

De vrucht van de Geest is *geduld*, doorgaan. Doorgaan, wat het leven ook inhoudt. Soms moet je wachten, soms begrijp je niets. Antwoorden zijn er niet. Geduldig doorgaan in geloof en vertrouwen. Doorgaan met een rustig hart is geduld.

De vrucht van de Geest is *vriendelijkheid*, liefde-in-actie. Dit vraagt van je tijd, energie en een oprechte belangstelling voor anderen. Dit is de wil om te helpen, dit is zacht en sympatiek zijn. De ander ruimte geven.

De vrucht van de Geest is *getrouwheid* aan God die ons altijd trouw blijft.

De vrucht van de Geest is *verdraagzaamheid*, om anderen te aanvaarden zoals ze zijn, net als God ons aanvaard heeft zoals we zijn. Een groter geschenk dan aanvaarding kan niet gegeven of ontvangen worden.

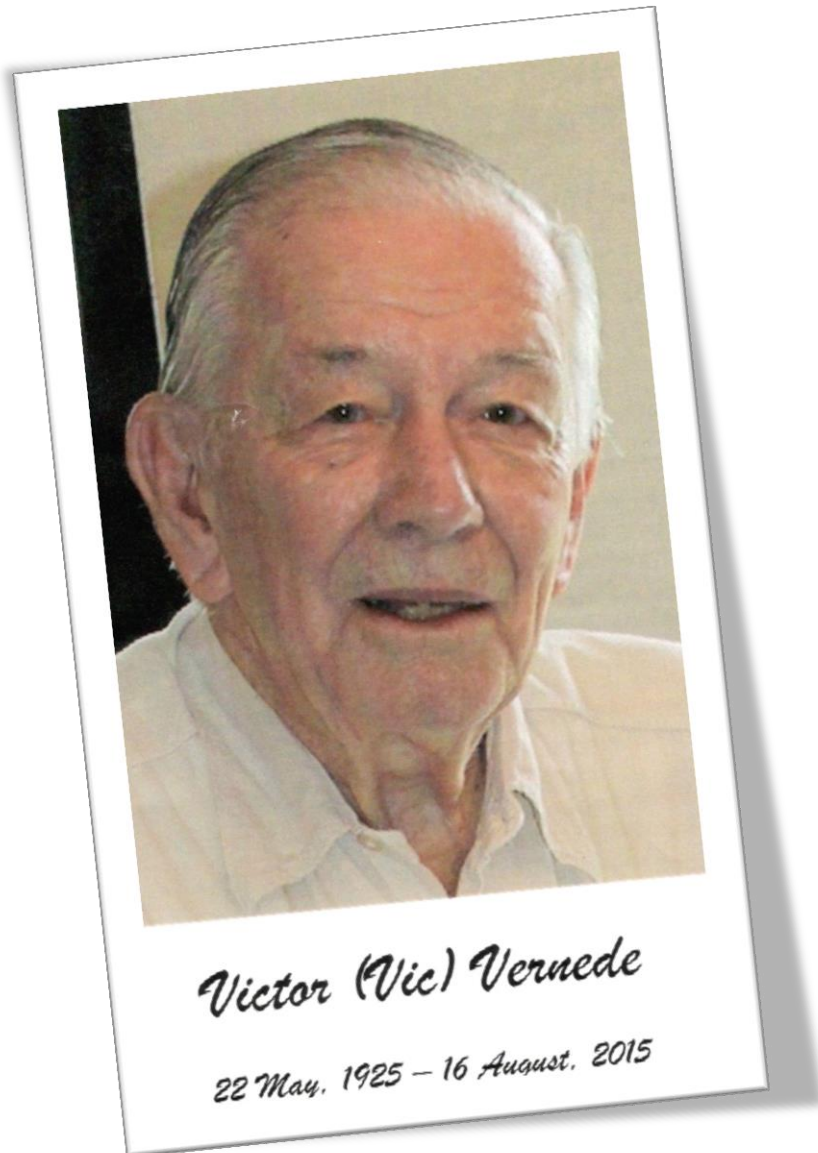
De vrucht van de Geest is *zelfbeheersing* – geen ongezonde onderdrukking van emoties of behoeften – maar eerder jezelf voortdurend en bewust stellen in dienst van God en niet van boosheid. De keuze aan wie je het oor en je leven geeft.

De vraag is dan: waar krijgen *wij* onze levenskracht en inspiratie vandaan?

- Van *buiten*, van mensen en dingen, van het aardse?
- Of van *binnen*, van Gods Geest die in ons werkt?

Aan de *vruchten* zal men dit zien.

Yolanda Dreyer



Onze zeer geliefde Vic Vernede is op zondag 16 augustus 2015 's morgens om 9h15 overleden.

Onze gedachten en gebeden gaan uit naar zijn zuster Peta (Nel), zoon Scipion en Penny, dochter Martine en Bruno en de kleinkinderen.

De uitvaartdienst voor Vic vindt plaats op vrijdag 21 Augustus om 11h00 in de Maranatha Kerk.

De volgende herinneringen en verhalen van zijn familie, geven een beeld van een rijke en volle leven (een beetje ingekort om ze allemaal te kunnen plaatsen-redactie).

Rust zacht lieve Vic, wij zullen je missen!

Eulogy – Pap – from Scipion

Before I start I wanted to let you know that Vic (Pap) was quite a softie and when sad, always shed a tear. As his son, please forgive me as I might do the same today.

“Onze Lieve Heer, U heeft U discipel tuis geroepen”.

“Our Father in Heaven, you have called your disciple home”.

Here we are in the house of God which was Pap’s home.

As his son I have always admired, and been so proud of my father who lived his life by his Christian beliefs, forever a honest, dedicated, caring, principled, loving and wonderful man.

From as long as I can remember we came to the Maranatha church. The church was always an integral part of our lives. Pap was always actively involved with church duties, fund raising, supporting the sick, “Katechatie”, “Huisbezoek” and more. Martine and I were part of the Sunday school program. I remember Ds. Stutterheim who lived on the same property. I still have a pastel portrait of myself drawn by him. The older I got the more I debated and challenged different Christian value systems with Pap. I even remember Pap having such a debate with my daughter Monica many years later. Pap encouraged this. He was never an enforcer but led by example and practiced what he preached. I respected that enormously.

As Hanja will tell you, right to the end he was concerned about his “receiving duty” here at the church. The church community under the leadership of Yolanda have been amazing. The last weeks we received such a wonderful support for which I must thank you. Hanja, Arie and Rietje Spoon, Jan Smit and daughter Arma and Kobus still had a quiet moment with him in hospital.

For Paps 90th birthday 2 months ago I have been trying to put together a book on his life’s history. This book is struggling to get to completion as I am continuously getting more and more pictures and stories.

For today I thought I would share important parts of this story.

Pap was born in Tegal – Indonesia on 22 May, 1925. His father was a Navy man and his mother the daughter Czech family Horak (her father and Engineer with Scoda).

Peta (Nel), was his sister who is with us today and he had an older brother Ted.

He went to school in Indonesia and talked fondly of his childhood times there. One of his childhood sweethearts was Alette, they were separated by the war, but found each other again in the 1970’s. Indonesia for us always revolved around wonderful Indonesian food - rijst tafels and nasi goreng. His friend Bert van Omme was also from Indonesia and a good cook.

During the 30’s Vic was at school but they would take 6 month holidays which included travels back to Holland, Singapore and also Prague.

The Second World War intervened and the family was split up into different Japanese concentration camps. All stories of the time reflect a tragic period which none of them ever forgot.

After the war, back in Holland, Pap went into the Marines. He was a proud Marine and still has his Marine Crest proudly at his home. His time in the camps and his period at the marines were the basis of an incredibly disciplined life. Everything had

its place and everything was always tidy. In my young days I was often disciplined because I didn't follow the rules of tidiness – I was not an angel.

After the Marines Pap went Nyenrode University to study. Pap has over the years, as an Alumni, stayed in contact with his university friends and still participated in reunions. From this time Pap has built up friendships and networks around the world. After his studies he was looking for work. But Peta, his sister and the ever vivacious air hostess for KLM, arranged for him to come to the Union of South Africa. This was in 1951.

With Pap's arrival in South Africa he made new friendships with John Segren and they travelled around South Africa and Mocambique together. As a family we spent many weekends with the Segren family. They have maintained contact and regularly invited Pap over for supper. He always told me how much he enjoyed this.

On Pap's arrival in Cape Town he had no place to stay and had to get the paperwork done at the Dutch Consulate – where Mum (Margriet) worked as a secretary. I think it was love at first sight because they then got married on 24 September, 1955.

I have only recently found the most beautiful wedding pictures of their Cape Town wedding. Pap loved Mum dearly and she was a beautiful bride. Mum provided and looked after us always with a smile and endless energy. When someone was in need, she used to cook. Her way of giving was through food. Pap never stopped loving Mum. In sorting out his paperwork I have found private notes to her after she passed away in 2001. It started on 2 February, 2002 – “Ik moet ergens en begin maken om elke dag een praatje met je te maken om het contact te onderhouden”.

So, now we are in 1955. Pap got a new job and they moved to Linden in Johannesburg. I was born in 1957 and my sister Martine in 1960.

We were brought up in a loving Christian home. We were never rich in monetary terms but so rich in values, friendships and were always provided for. Mum loved looking after the home, was always sewing, cooking and having fun at auctions when not having her day off with tennis friends.

They moved to 199 Oak Avenue in Ferndale. In those days it was still dirt roads. There was a dairy opposite us where I would get lost on expeditions to play and milk the cows. It was an acre of paradise with huge trees that I absolutely loved. I remember Pap coming home one day saying that he had paid off the bond and being so proud – only later did I understand how much it meant to him.

In 2005, after 49 years at 199, Pap moved to 19 Maroela and this is where the next set of friends has come from. You have all been an integral part of Vic's life and over the last weeks have been a pillar of support to Pen and I. I have to thank you all for messages, support and goodies that have been dropped off, with a special mention to Derek, Rene and Ina.

In the early 70's Pap left KGL Investments and part of his settlement was taking over the trading of the company SA Power Services – with no capital and a handshake. It was a tough time but he soldiered on and always provided. We were never aware how tough it was at that time. I was in my senior school year. Pap continued in the business where I eventually joined him in 1991. I was able to pay Pap for his shares as

to ensure his retirement wellbeing and he retired officially in 1996 but gave his input for many years after this. I have been able to grow the company which has allowed me to also provide for my daughters, Monica and Amelia, schooling and education.

As I have mentioned before, Pap and Alette found each other in the 70's and maintained contact. After Mum passed away in 2001 and Alette husband had also passed on, Vic went to see Alette in San Francisco and she also came to South Africa a few times. As she had also been in the Jap camps and talked about it more freely, I think it was a huge release for Pap and they were good company and companions.

On every visit to the USA he usually went through Holland – also for Nyenrode reunions. He always maintained close contact with our Dutch family including Vic's brother Ted's children Ankimon, Munk and Edwin and their spouses and children and Ted's second wife Vera and children Eduard and Frederic.

I always stayed with Pap every time I came to Johannesburg which was usually two times per month. I used to call and ask if the B&B was free and if I could stay. Obviously it was always free and we had some special times together. I will cherish these visits forever and will miss my B&B. But he was a busy man. There were the Friends of the library, the Evertson Trust, Mr Jansen, helping Nel, Dietz and many more. I sometimes felt I had to make an appointment to see him. Not really, he loved what he did and you are all here and were an important part of his life. In a way I think he left a little legacy.

My sister Martine and Bruno with children Natalie and Daniel live in New Zealand. It has been a difficult time for them too being so far away. Fortunately Martine, Daniel and Natalie were here in June and has some quality time with Pap.

Vic's reason for being in South Africa was because of Nel. Nel's husband Len, his sons and family have played an important part in Vic's life. These stories go back many years where Nel has also lived in her Dunkeld home. I think many Sunday lunches were had with Bruce and Gail at their house. Debbie, Lisa, Lexi, Shannon have and are still supporting Nel.

I have 5 wonderful daughters and a lovely wife Penny. Without them I wouldn't have had the strength to pull through this difficult time. Monica in Sydney and Amelia in London have been a pillar of strength with lots of messages and skype sessions. Tash has had to keep the home fires burning while Pen has been supporting me here. Lulu and Mice, with GG and Makis, have carried us through. For them I am eternally grateful. They have all played an important part in Vic's life and were regular visitors, supporters and friends. He was a special grandad to all – always interested, always supporting and giving loving advice.

For those special friends that I haven't mentioned, please excuse me but you know the important role that you played in my father's life. He had a full life, always enquiring, reading, asking, writing and communicating. I will miss him dearly as I think you will too. Let us celebrate his life. He has set me a very high standard to follow but will try to do so with all my heart. I am sure that he is at peace and has a chance to be with Mum where I know they will both be free and happy.

Message from Martine

My thoughts and prayers are with you this morning from New Zealand, where it is about 9 o'clock at night right now.

In this time of loss and sadness, I am thankful in many ways:-

- Thankful that I had such a loving father and also my wonderful Mum, Margriet.
- Thankful that Natalie, Daniel and I could be there to celebrate Pap's 90th birthday with family and friends. It was a privilege to be there with you. Little did I think then, that I would be writing some words for his funeral today.
- Thankful for precious moments spent with Pap in the Pilanesberg Game Reserve recently. He enjoyed the bush and the wildlife even though his health was not what it had been.
- We are thankful for the trips that Pap made to visit us in New Zealand and that my children got to know and love their Opa. Pap passed away on Daniel's 10th birthday, and so this day will now not only be a birthday celebration, but a day of remembrance too.
- Thankful to you, Scip and Penny for all that you have done to make sure that Pap had the best possible care in these last days and also for keeping us so well informed, which was a great comfort.
- Thank you, too to Vic's church family your support today.

Today I would like to share a few favourite memories of Pap:

- I remember Pap waking me up in the mornings with a cup of tea, saying, "Wakey, wakey, rise and shine", or "Wake up, Martine ! Shake the bottle before use !".
- Pap also enjoyed listening to his radio and would tune in to his favourite programmes in the mornings and evenings. Even on our recent visit, we enjoyed listening to an Afrikaans programme together. During Pap's visits in New Zealand, Bruno would lend him his little radio, so that he could keep up with the news there.
- Saturday afternoon tennis at the Bryanston Country Club was a weekly institution and at one point I joined him to knock a few balls in the practice court. The best part for me would be the afternoon tea in the clubhouse!
- Pap was a good swimmer and we enjoyed our visits to the pool at the Country Club. It was always the most fun when Pap joined us in the pool.
- Lastly, I will not forget the times when he would pretend that the car was a war plane and say, " Contact !" before he switched the engine on.

Over the past few days I have been surprised at the number of people who have contacted me and expressed how much Vic meant to them. I am so touched by these messages and want to thank you as they are a great comfort at this time.

Pap seems to have been gifted in making contact with people and showing them his love and care. He loved the Lord Jesus and the church and I remember that when I attended this church as a little girl, he would always make a point of speaking to people after the service, especially those who lived alone. He also made a point of visiting family and friends in his travels overseas and kept in touch by phone, email, Skype and Facebook. He was always reaching out to others and I think that he took a

little of the love of heaven and brought it to people on earth. Just as it says in 1 John 4:12: "No one has ever seen God, but if we love one another, God lives in us and his love is made complete in us."

Yet he remained humble. Just recently I thanked him for being such a wonderful Dad, and his reply was, "Thank you for your kind words, but I don't think that I deserve it."

We will miss Vic so much. But I would like to leave you with the comforting words that Jesus spoke to his disciples in John 14: 1-3: "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, trust also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I am going there to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am."

Monica Vernede

Before I left to go travelling again I was lucky enough to spend some quality time with Opa, going through some of his old photo albums. Although he was seemingly reluctant to undertake this task, we placed all of his old albums on the familiar round table in his dining room and started to go through them. In those few hours I think I learnt more about my amazing grandfather than in the lifetime that I had known him. It was so much more about the stories behind the photographs than the photographs themselves, and Opa's avidity and descriptiveness in his story telling made me feel like I was travelling on the journey through his life with him. This journey began with his childhood growing up in the shadow of the volcano in Java, to his part in a terrible war which left his family separated, only to reunite and find each other again. From his time at university in Holland, to his long trip down the Atlantic to Cape Town to reunite with his sister Nel, to meeting Oma at the Dutch embassy and falling in love. Opa knew almost everyone in every photograph by name, and those who he couldn't name he would still attach a story to. Amazingly he had kept in contact with the majority of these people, true to the consideration that everyone who has contributed to your life in some way should never lose their importance in it.

Opa was a man of unwavering values and selflessness. He sets an example that I will always hope to follow. He adapted and changed to every situation and lived with the highest level of dignity. Not many others my age could say that their grandfather not only told them what LinkedIn was, but also maintained and understood one of these accounts alongside Twitter and Facebook.

Opa's most dear accomplishments would be those of his family, his raising alongside Oma two wonderful children, one of whom I am lucky enough to call my dad. It is an accomplishment in itself that he supported my dad through his mining years, living in the bush and digging escape tunnels under their house. The love and support that he has shown to them has been passed on to all of his grandchildren through Martine and my dad, and we are all so lucky for this.

He is now in a happier place where he can impress upon the rest of the angels whilst watching over us. Although I am not there to honour his memory at his funeral, I will feel him wherever I am, and he will always be most dearly cherished.

Amelia Vernede

Oupa, or Vic was a man too peaceful and humble to be mourned. We are all in mourning today but we mourn for his friends for the loss of his unconditional care and support, we mourn for his family for the loss of his guidance and strength and we mourn for the people who never got the chance to know him, to be in the presence of a man who is so whole he spread kindness and peace with his footsteps.

We are not mourning Oupa today, we are celebrating his life.

It is not possible for me to speak about my whole relationship with Oupa, there truly are no words. I want to share a story of a moment we had together. Before I left to London I stayed with Oupa for a few days because I thought it was long overdue. It was an incredibly special trip for me because it was one of the few times where we sat alone as adults and discussed our remarkably mutual interests. Our afternoon ritual became making a cup of tea, opening the tin of Pennies special biscuits and whipping out the huge atlas. We used the maps to tell stories of where he grew up in Indonesia, where our whole family have spread across the globe and philosophized about history and the present. After I had packed my bags and was about to leave for the airport I saw a small very neatly wrapped present on his table. He handed it to me and I opened it to discover a book of advice. I took that book with me and every time I read it the words come out in Oupa's voice. I am incredibly blessed that I got to call Vic my Oupa. He has taught me so much and those lessons will shape the person I become.

Natalie Lagesse

Vic is my closest grandparent, after Margriet joined heaven; Opa stood in for her, and for my Meme and Pepe too in many ways. When we left South Africa, Opa vowed to never visit us, and then proceeded to come every year that he could. I think that that not only says something about how determined he could be, but also about how loving he was, and such a sensitive, family man.

Living on the other side of the world has been amazing in many ways, but as a person who is very family orientated the connection that Opa provided to all of you has been very precious to me.

From a young age Opa allowed me to recognise the value of the wisdom of your elders; and I began to view any time with him as an opportunity to learn something about living life well, and about the incredible person he was.

There were many occasions where Opa taught me about everything from cleanliness and organisation; to love, and relationship with our father in heaven. He said not long ago that, you need to spend time with God, using the Bible and worship to 'tune in' like a radio, and then when you tune your radio well you hear our papa's voice far more clearly. This illustrates something small of Opa's great wisdom.

He was also always so full of strongly delivered advice, and the biggest thing to me was that he saw what my dreams really were and valued them, because he truly loves and values me. Even though I barely got to see him over my life, I have learnt so much from him, as I'm sure many of you have, and every moment with him became more precious; I was never able to take him for granted and I am so glad of that because in the end it is not the quantity of time that you spend with someone that matters, but the quality.

Coming to South Africa again I was able to really see how much he loved all of you, his friends and family; he truly loved you. And he taught me that the strongest, and most valuable, thing that you can do in life is to unconditionally love those around you and take care of people; I hope that I can adopt some fraction of that.

I am deeply honoured to be his granddaughter, and I am honoured that he has spent some of his time and love on me.

Edwin & Louise

Zondag 16 augustus kregen wij het bericht dat onze oom Vic verwacht, maar toch onverwacht is overleden. Na het overlijden van zijn broer Ted in november 2001, werd Vic voor ons de Pater Familias. Dat wil zeggen dat hij altijd uit onverwachte hoek van zich liet horen.

Hieronder volgt een korte impressie van zijn leven.

"Als we aan jou denken, zien we een vrolijke, joviale, hartelijke, oprechte en charmante man. **Every inch a gentleman!!!** We zien je nóg lopen naar de kerk in Rotterdam waar we jou zouden ontmoeten. Met ferme pas en een klein rugzakje om (immers: **travel easy, travel light**) kwam je aanlopen. Ook al **heel modern** voor die tijd met een **cell phone**. Je reisde heel wat af per trein. Trouw bezocht je dan je Nijenrode-vrienden.

In **2001** maakte je met Margriet een trip door Europa. Over de mooie stad Wenen raakten jullie niet uitgepraat. Het had jullie hart gestolen. Ook hebben we een heel gezellige zondag in de tuin van tante Claartje doorgebracht, waar zo goed als iedereen, klein en groot, bij aanwezig was. Wat hebben jullie genoten!

Dit bezoek werd zowel een hoogte- als een dieptepunt voor ons allemaal, want bij terugkomst in Zuid Afrika bleek Margriet ernstig ziek te zijn. Ze is vervolgens nog geen 3 maanden later op 23 december komen te overlijden.

Hierna ben je nog 2 keer in Nederland geweest, maar het reizen werd steeds minder plezierig. Je bleek steeds meer last van je knieën te krijgen.

Je liet je hoofd niet hangen en werd een **moderne senior**, die zich prompt aanmeldde op Facebook. Zo bleek je nog sneller en beter op de hoogte te blijven van al je vrienden en vriendinnen waar ook ter wereld. Je wist ons dingen te vertellen over onze kinderen, die ze ons **niet** wilden vertellen! Dat had je al op Facebook gelezen.

Je was **trouw** aan je oude makkers, maar ook de happy birthday cards en telefoontjes sloeg je niet over.

Ook was je erg **behulpzaam**. Samen met Nel deed je de wekelijkse boodschappen, bracht haar financiën op orde en ging met haar lunchen op de Bryanston Country Club. Jullie waren 2 handen op 1 buik!

Je **belangstelling** ging vooral uit naar de **jeugd**, de kleinkinderen en alle neefjes en nichtjes, email adressen doorsturend naar **Claire** die door **Australië en Nieuw Zeeland** reist. Hierdoor heeft ze al vele **vriendinnen (!)** van jou ontmoet.

Ook de **marine carrière** van **Victor en Joske** werd op de voet gevolgd. Je genoot van de verhalen over de West, de piratenbestrijding voor de kust van Somalië en de NATO missies.

Trots was je ook op de 'kleine' **Michèle**, die inmiddels een goede baan in de **scheepvaart** wereld heeft gevonden.

Je **90ste** verjaardag heb je groots gevierd, je verheugde je op de komst van Martine, Nathalie en Daniel uit Nieuw Zeeland. Ze hebben een geweldige tijd doorgebracht met jou. Kortom een vrolijk weerzien.

Kort daarna bleek je last te krijgen van je maag. Na een paar onderzoeken bleek je er erger aan toe te zijn dan iedereen had verwacht en ben je na een kort, heftig ziekbed komen te overlijden.

Het is goed zo, Vic, en zoals je zei: **"Ik ga naar huis"**. Wij wensen je een goede reis en **WELKOM THUIS!!!**

Carel en Munk , Christine , Duco en Michiel

Hoe dierbaar open en warm kan een oom zijn? Altijd belangstellend luisterend en kritisch naar ons familie. Familie is een klein woord maar met een oh zo grote betekenis!!! Blood is thicker than water en dat is zoooo waar.

Vic was van alles op de hoogte en dat kwam omdat hij oprecht geïnteresseerd was in mensen en in zijn omgeving . Nog geheel van deze tijd en behalve oom ook fb vriend, wie kan dat zeggen van zijn 90 jarige oom?

Vic, wij gaan je missen, je kaarten met veel tekst, je humor, je twinkle in the eye maar vooral je voorbeeld als een oprecht en oh zo aimabele oom.

Ankimon, Theo, Monique and Pauline

Whenever I think of Vic I have this warm and proud feeling. My charming 90-year old uncle in Johannesburg who is so with it – he is on Facebook, he watches De Wereld Draait Door, and gives regular comments on this programme- - and who is so interested in everybody and everything that's going on within the family, with his friends and in the world in general. A conversation with Vic was fun and interesting. We used to Skype quite regularly and I had to update him on all the news of our family, and I mean all our family, not just Edwin and Marion, no all our children; he knew what everyone was doing and all the latest developments around all of us. Vic was the nestor of our family and this role really suited him; Vic's Christmas letter of last year was good fun for everybody.

Vic and I go a long way back. I was fortunate to be with tante Margriet and oom Vic when I stayed with them for about a year when I was about 19 years old and visited

South Africa for the first time. Little did I know then that I would be spending so much time in that lovely country. Tante Margriet was 'lief en zorgzaam' and an excellent cook. Oom Vic was the hardworking man of the house who played tennis at the Bryanston Country Club on Saturday afternoons and who went to church on Sunday. Vic was friendly and rather strict. Later on the Tante and the Oom disappeared, our relationship changed into that of adults and from then on we enjoyed our numerous conversations about politics, recent topics and our family history with Ted, Oma Driebergen and Nel. It was very sad when Margriet passed away and we all missed her very much. We all got milder as we grew older but Vic could still have some strong opinions and sometimes we had to agree on the agree-to-disagree attitude; often with a big smile on both our faces and always with a good sense of humour.

Theo and I were lucky to have seen him quite often in the past few years and we treasure the memories of our dinners at the Bryanston Country Club. One of these dinners is still fresh on our minds with Nel and Len and Mick and Annette. We had such a wonderful evening together and many, many laughs; wij raakten niet uitgepraat! Once again one of those memorable evenings, so warm, so dear, so happy and so glad to be part of this family.

Vic was what we now call a 'people person' and if he would still be in business he would be a top 'netwerker'. He brought people together, old and young, and he was the type of person who was really interested in the people around him; nothing superficial there, it was real, warm and loving.

Vic and Nel were always close as brother and sister and it was so special to see how much closer they became after Len passed away, what fun they had together, every Friday, and how Vic helped Nel in so many ways. I loved seeing them together and talk to them via the Skype; they were as we would say in Holland: like Jut and Jul!

Lieve, lieve Vic, you are not with us anymore but I think we can say that you have had a long and good life. We love you Vic and will never forget you and I'll always keep that warm feeling when I think of you and when I'll talk about you. Thank you for being such a nice and special uncle.

Lisette

Fare thee well Lieve Oom Vic . Your eyes often spoke with enthusiasm and you were always 'game' to join in whatever way – tennis, swimming, family picnics and even dancing, which continued at the tender age of late eighties.

You were also a comforter and I remember as a young child when we were staying in the cottage at Oak Ave and the heavens opened lightning and thunder struck. You told us to pull the bell if we were frightened. Before we knew it there you were there in your kimono assuring us that everything was alright and stayed with us till the storm was over. You were a community man and known to be a keen tennis player at the Bryanston Club where you spent most Saturday afternoons. De Nederlandsche Kerk also played a big role in your life, which gave you meaning and purpose.

I recall you visiting your Mum often in Holland and you made regular trips to her. I admired your caring qualities and how you assured your Mum of your love and support despite being continents apart. And you still had the courage to continuing journeying on in life without Tante Margiet. Not many men can do that. I admire you for that. Your grandfathering role extended to many more grandchildren than your own and you did it with so much interest, love and care. You had a full life with rocky roads but you always seemed to find the inner courage to make the most of every situation. I will remember you for the twinkle in your eyes that had many interesting stories to tell some which I possibly never will hear again. May you journey on in the Light and be at peace.



Van de diaconie

Hiermee wil de diaconie iedere Gemeentelid bedanken die zo mildeljk bijgedragen hebben met de Barmhartigheids Dienst gehouden op Zondag 12 Juli. De Ondersteuningsraad heeft alles met dank ontvangen, om het uit te kunnen delen waar het zo broodnodig is.

Ook onze dank en waardering!

Groetjes,

Joke De Jong

Nuwe uitdrukking van gelowig wees

Nick ry al jare lank motorfiets. Amanda reël al jare lank uitreikpartytjies vir kwesbare gemeenskappe. Albei voel dat hulle meer wil doen, meer wil gee. Maar hoe? Hulle is gewone mense wat vir 'n gewone salaris werk. Hulle moet dit fyn bestuur om vir die gesin te kan sorg.

Die nood in ons land is groot. Volhoubare voorsiening van kos, klere, opvoeding, geld is altyd nodig, altyd welkom. Maar hoe gemaak as jy nie 'n duik in daardie nood kan maak nie omdat jy self sukkel om liggaam en siel aanmekaar te hou? Wat maak ons met hierdie gevoel dat dit nie meer genoeg is om aan die legio *drives for charity* deel

te neem nie?

Aha! Jy stig jou eie motorfietsklub. Met 'n visie en 'n missie wat jou droom verwoord. Om betrokke te raak. Om te help. Om te dien. Sonder om opgemerk te word. Soos asem. Soos wind. Soos God se Gees. Hulle kies 'n naam: Pneuma, die Griekse woord vir Gees. Hulle werk soos God se asem onder mense. Jy kan dit nie altyd sien nie, maar jy kan die uitwerking daarvan sien.

Hulle kan dalk nie die massiewe materiële nood in hul omgewing verlig nie, maar hulle weet uit eie ervaring hoe dit voel wanneer iemand vir jou kyk en jou nie sien nie; vir jou luister maar jou nie hoor nie. Dis dan wat hulle sal doen. Hulle sal mense sien en hoor. Hulle sal vir mense bevestig dat hul lewens waarde het.

En hulle doen dit, sonder trompetgeskal. Amanda ontwerp 'n *patch* vir hul baadjies wat hul geloof uitbeeld. Want dis wie hulle wil wees: mense wat ander mense behandel soos wat God mense behandel.

Die klub groei stadig maar seker, want die lede beleef dat dit nie saak maak wie jy is of waar jy vandaan kom nie. Ons gee nie om aan watter kerk jy behoort of nie behoort nie. Ons gee nie om oor die skandes in jou verlede nie – ons herinner jou dat dit deel is van wat jou tot hier gebring het. Waar jy nou is, deel van ons.

Die stigterslede is Hervormde lidmate. Hulle is ook diakens. Dit het al gebeur dat die motorfietsklub die gemeente se diakonie om hulp gevra het. Dit het ook al gebeur dat die motorfietsklub die gemeente se diakonie met hulpverlening ondersteun het. Verskillende dele van dieselfde liggaam van Christus wat oor en weer vir mekaar sorg.

Die Nederlandse Diensboek het 'n ordeningseremonie vir spesiale dienswerkers in die gemeente. Op 12 Julie 2015 hou die Pneumas 'n *patch ceremony* volgens hierdie diensorde in die kerk. Alle nuwe Pneumas sal in die toekoms hul *patch* volgens hierdie diensorde ontvang. Hulle is tegelyk deel van die gemeente, maar ook nie. Terwyl die Hervormde Teologiese Kollege se Voortgesette Teologiese Toerusting (VTT) besin oor nuwe uitdrukkings van gelowig wees, is Pneuma MCC 'n voorbeeld van kerkwees wat uit die hart van God spruit. Dit is 'n sprekende voorbeeld van die *fresh expressions* waaroor daar tydens die VTT gesels is.

Ds Carusta van der Merwe

Overgenomen uit Blitzpos van 20-08-2015

Engelen voor onderweg

En weer stonden we aan een graf.

Ditmaal bij het graf van ons schoonzusje. Zij was de jongste.

Haar sterven was een verlossing. De verschrikkelijke ziekte ALS verwoestte haar lichaam.

Bij de begrafenis van Peter, waar zij ook bij was, schreef ze op haar iPad (daar communiceerde zij mee): Het was niet zijn tijd, maar het had mijn tijd moeten zijn....

Zo verloren we in een paar maanden vijf familieleden. Elk sterven en elke begrafenis was anders. De situaties waren heel verschillend. De leeftijden evenzo.

Maar bij alle begrafenis was intens verdriet. Van een echtgenoot, van kinderen,

van kleinkinderen, maar ook van familie en vrienden. Ik wil dat niet vergeten. Je kunt met je eigen verdriet zo bezig zijn, dat je geen oog meer hebt voor het verdriet van een ander.

Mijn broer beschreef in een brief het afscheid van zijn vrouw. Een ontroerend bericht. En juist dat bericht wees me op iets waar ik in de afgelopen weken te weinig oog voor heb gehad. In zijn mail stond een heel kort zinnetje 'engelen namen het van ons over'.

Een heel kort zinnetje.

Ik moest terugdenken aan het sterven van mijn zwager. Nu alweer een maand geleden. Toen hebben we samen daar ook voor gebeden. 'Heer, zend Uw engelen.' Ook mijn zwager was lang en ernstig ziek geweest. Onder dat gebed gebeurden er bijzondere dingen. Niemand weet precies wat.

Maar waarom was het niet de komst van engelen? Engelen die het werk, de zorg van je overnemen. Engelen die een overledene brengen naar de hemel.

Ik zou daar ook graag in onze situatie onbevangen over willen spreken. Net zoals de Here Jezus dat deed: Lazarus stierf en de engelen kwamen. Engelen namen de zorg over. Engelen brachten Lazarus naar de hemel.

Jezus was er blijkbaar zo vol van dat Hij in zijn verhaal helemaal geen aandacht aan de begrafenis van Lazarus heeft besteed. Dat zal ook niet veel hebben voorgesteld.

Jezus vertelt wel van de begrafenis van de rijke man.

Reken maar dat de begrafenis van de rijke man indrukwekkend is geweest. Pracht en praal. En veel publiek.

Maar geen engelen.....

Ik schreef dat ik ook graag zo over het sterven van onze zoon zou willen spreken. Maar dat is wel moeilijker.

Het sterven van Peter was plotseling. Na zijn sterven was er niet het gevoel van weggedragen worden maar van weggerukt zijn. Geplukt worden als een bloem. Het gevoel van psalm 103 van dat gras dat ineens verdort. Door de hete woestijnwind die daar overheen raast.

'Gelijk het gras is ons kortstondig leven' en : 'als de wind daarover is gegaan, is het niet meer.'

Langdurige zieken kunnen naar het sterven verlangen. Dat kunnen ook jonge mensen zijn. Theo, die ik laatst begeleidde, en heel, heel erg ziek was, en erg veel pijn had, vroeg mij daarvoor te bidden. In die situaties is sterven: verlost worden:

'Laat de engelen maar komen!'

Sterven als winst. Zoals Paulus zegt: : 'Want voor mij is leven Christus en sterven winst', (Fill.1:21). Maar dat zeg ik niet een, twee, drie na. Wel, als in het algemeen over de dood spreek. Maar in onze situatie is dat moeilijker. Wat me nu opviel was dat Paulus het wel heel persoonlijk formuleert: want voor mij..

Zou hij ook aan anderen hebben gedacht? Anderen, die dat ook niet zomaar kunnen naspreken. Het geeft me wel een beetje moed. Blijkbaar hoeft elke gelovige dat niet altijd te zeggen. Paulus wijst niet naar mij maar naar zichzelf.

Weet je wie er in onze familie gemakkelijker over lijken te praten? De allerkleinsten.

Toen we deze week op de verjaardag van Peter allemaal bij het graf stonden en vooral 'naar beneden' keken, wees een van kleintjes met haar vingertje naar boven. 'Peter is in de hemel'. Haar moeder en vader hebben haar getroost met iets waar ze het zelf waarschijnlijk nog wel moeilijk mee hebben.

Toch ondanks alle vragen, spoorde het berichtje van mijn broer over die engelen die het werk overnamen, mij aan ook in onze situatie ook aan engelen en hun werk te denken. De doktoren verklaarden, dat hij niets van het sterven heeft gemerkt. Peter was op de grond gevallen. Waarom mag ik er niet van uitgaan dat engelen hem opvingen? Jezus heeft gezegd dat geen mus ter aarde valt zonder de hemelse Vader. Waar je allemaal niet aan ligt te denken in een tijd van rouw en verdriet!

Maar waarom niet?

Je kunt slapeloze momenten zo nuttig invullen!

Weet je waar ik ook aan dacht?

Aan het andere werk van de engelen.

Engelen zijn toch meer dat hemelse uitvaartleiders. De Bijbel zegt: 'Engelen zijn dienende geesten, uitgezonden om hen bij te staan die deel zullen krijgen aan de redding'.

Engelen helpen niet alleen bij het sterven. Engelen helpen ook tijdens ons leven. De Bijbel staat er vol van. Van engelen die helpen, een engel die Elia bemoedigt, een engel die Jozef waarschuwt, een engel die Petrus bevrijdt. Ik heb er allemaal wel over gepreikt. Zelfs ooit een boekje over geschreven 😊.

Ik geloof dat engelen bestaan. Ze zijn na de tijd van de Bijbel niet met hun werk opgehouden. Maar ik moet bekennen dat ik in het leven van elke dag er maar erg weinig aan hun bestaan denk.

Engelen bij je sterven.

Ook engelen voor onderweg.

Ik ga er voor bidden.

Hulpvaardige engelen voor mijn schoondochter, voor mijn kinderen en kleinkinderen.

Bidden om een engel die bemoedigt, een engel die de weg wijst...

Hebben zij wel heel hard nodig!

Ik ook!

Ds Arie van der Veer

https://www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=987976184556529&id=352400388114115

Dienstrooster september 2015

	6 september	13 september Koffiedrinken	20 september	27 september
1	H Kettner	E de Jong	C Reinten	I Tanzer
2	F vd Kuil	KJ Leeuw	F vd Kuil	T van Wyk
3	R Boer	J de Jong	R Boer	D Kruger
4	M Letterie	N Knoester	H Kettner	W Strydom
5	W Kruger	A Knoester	C Strydom	A Basson
				W Kruger
Begroeting	I Pol	M Letterie	P Reinten	J de Jong
Bloemen	D Kruger	W Rall	J le Roux	
Koffie		G Leeuw		
		M Letterie		

Verjaardagen september 2015

Woensdag 2 September	Maria van den Steen	011 922 2260
Zondag 6 September	Phil Hertsberg	073 736 0589
Zondag 13 September	Irene Bekker-Welling	011 622 5472
Dinsdag 15 September	Arma Blaauwhof-Smit	011 969 6194
Dinsdag 22 September	Robert Janbroers	011 673 8434
Woensdag 23 September	Mila Bekker	011 622 5472
Woensdag 23 September	Wayne Morgenrood	011 828 6854
Donderdag 24 September	Paul Smit	011 942 1918
Vrijdag 25 September	Wilma Strydom	011 472 1647
Zaterdag 26 September	Carla Koning	011 973 1091
Zondag 27 September	Rina Knoester-van Zijl	072 244 4892
Maandag 28 September	Lucien Andeweg	084 616 3553
Dinsdag 29 September	Jan Smit	011 969 2572

Agenda september 2015

Dinsdag 1 september	9h00-13h00	Kerkkantoor
Zondag 6 september	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer
Dinsdag 8 september	9h00-13h00	Kerkkantoor
Donderdag 10 september	17h30	FINCOM
Zondag 13 september	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer Koffiedrinken en Braai
Dinsdag 15 september	9h00-13h00	Kerkkantoor
Donderdag 17 september	10h00 19h30	KOFFIECLUB Bijbelstudie Noord Rieneke 0117043602
Zondag 20 september	10h00	Eredienst Ds. Y Dreyer
Dinsdag 22 september	9h00-13h00	Kerkkantoor
Donderdag 24 september Heritage Day	09h00	ORANJEHOF MARKT
Zondag 27 september	10h00 11h00	Eredienst Ds. C van der Merwe Eredienstcommissie vergadering
Dinsdag 29 september	9h00-13h00	Kerkkantoor

LUNCH HOUR CONCERT

with

Jan-Willem Hoorweg (Bassoon)
Owen Franklin (Harpsichord and Piano)
Evelyne Handschin (Organ)

Performing works by Bach, Corelli, Vivaldi, Mendelssohn, Bolcom and Jenkins

Venue: Nederlandssprekende Gemeente Maranatha, Sherborne Rd 3, Parktown,

Date: 11 October 2015

Time: 11h00 for 12h00

Cost: R100 (includes a light lunch, served before the concert starts at noon)

MARANATHA KERK	
Webadres	http://www.nlgemeente.co.za
Facebook	http://tinyurl.com/FBMaranatha
Straatadres	Sherborneweg 3, PARKTOWN
Postadres	Nederlandsprekende Gemeente Postbus 84552 GREENSIDE 2034
Predikante	Ds Yolanda Dreyer 012 348 9850 / 082 893 2104 yolanda.dreyer@up.ac.za Ds Carusta van der Merwe 082 554 7715 carusta@gmail.com
Kerkkantoor Dinsdag ochtend 9h00 – 13h00	Arma Blaauwhof 011 726 1409 nlgemeente@mweb.co.za
Bank Details	Beneficiary: Ned. Hervormde Kerk Nedbank Current Account 1979 316872 Branch: Nedbank Fox Street Branch Code 190805
Scriba Redactrice Mare	Ellen van der Kuil 011 478 1082 / 083 626 3272 evdkuil@gmail.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