



SA GEMEENTE
SA CONGREGATION



'As goeie bedienaars van die veelvoudige genade van God moet elkeen, namate hy 'n genadegawe ontvang het, die ander dien.'

1 Petrus 4:10

Maandelikse Bybel Bespreking

'Jy moet die aarde liefhê soos jouself

In sy teologiese nadenke oor die skepping en ekologie wys Professor Johan Buitendag daarop dat ons verhouding met die aarde 'n wesenlike deel van ons geloofsidentiteit is. Hy sluit aan by Jurgen Moltmann, wat skryf: *"Liefde vir die aarde is nie 'n opsie nie, dit is die voorwaarde vir die lewe van alle wesens – mense ingesluit."* Wanneer Jesus die tweede grootste gebod gee – *"Jy moet jou naaste liefhê soos jouself"* (Markus 12:31) – wys Moltmann daarop dat die aarde deel van hierdie "naaste" is. Ons bestaan is so verweef met die skepping, dat om die aarde lief te hê, is om onself en ons medemens lief te hê.

Hierdie perspektief vra 'n radikale herbesinning van rentmeesterskap. Die aarde is nie bloot 'n voorraadkamer om leeg te maak nie, maar 'n lewende geskenk van God wat versorg, gekoester en volhoubaar bestuur moet word. Ons is nie eienaars nie, maar bewaarders – geroep om te "bewoon, bewerk en bewaar" (Genesis 2:15).

Teologies gesproke herinner die Reformasie ons daaraan dat God soewerein oor Sy skepping is (Calvyn), en dat elke mens 'n roeping het (Luther) om diensbaar te wees in die plek en tyd waarin hy of sy geplaas is. Hierdie diensbaarheid sluit ons omgang met die natuurlike wêreld, ons gebruik van hulpbronne, en ons besluite oor die ekonomie en gemeenskap in.

Om die aarde lief te hê soos onself, beteken dat ons leef met 'n ingesteldheid van sorg, dankbaarheid en verantwoordelikheid. Dit vra dat ons, ons voetspoor oorweeg, ons besluite opweeg, en ons optrede laat getuig van God se liefde vir alles wat Hy gemaak het.

Die skepping is nie 'n gebruiksvoorwerp nie, maar dit is ons *Heimat* – die Godgegewe tuiste waarin ons leef en floreer. Soos Professor Johan Buitendag afsluit: *Ons moet vermy om te dink dat die mens in die sentrum van die skepping is, en beseef "dat daar net een planeet is, Gaia, die blou planeet, ons moeder, ons Heimat"* (Moltmann). Hoe bevoorreg is ons om in hierdie lewende huis te woon – saam met alles wat God gemaak het – om dit te bewoon, te bewerk en te bewaar tot eer van Hom.

Met erkenning aan Prof. Johan Buitendag en Jurgen Moltmann.

Andrè Harmzen



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Tema vir die Maand

“Verantwoordelike Rentmeesterskap”

Tyd, Gawes en Lewe as verhouding met God

1 Petrus 4:10 roep ons tot 'n hoë standaard om elke gawe te gebruik “*om die ander te dien*”. Dit sluit drie kern-areas in: tyd, gawes, en ons verhouding met God.

Ons *tyd* is kosbaar – dit is God se gawe aan ons. Die vraag is: waaraan bestee ons dit? Word dit gevul met dinge wat bou, of dinge wat breek? Bring dit ons nader aan God, of neem dit ons verder weg?

Ons *gawes* – talente, vaardighede en finansies – is geleenthede om te dien. In die gelykenis van die talente (Matt. 25) leer Jesus ons dat die getroue gebruik van wat ons ontvang het, lei tot groter geleenthede en vreugde.

Ons *verhouding* met God is die fondasie wat alles dra. Johannes Calvyn herinner ons dat die hele lewe voor God geleef word (“Coram Deo”). Dit beteken ons bestuur ons tyd, gawes en lewe met Hom as ons hoogste doel.

In hierdie maand nooi ons jou uit om doelbewus te leef as rentmeester - om jou tyd met wysheid te gebruik, jou gawes in diens van ander te stel en jou verhouding met God te verdiep. Só leef ons, ons geloof prakties uit – tot seën vir ons gemeente, tot versterking van die Kerk as geloofs-netwerk en tot eer van ons Here.

Ek sien uit om saam jou by die erediens, ons lewens voor God te lê.

Seënwense,
Andrè



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IN HIERDIE UITGAWE

TIENER NAWEKE

POEDINGS

RESEP VAN DIE MAAND

“EVERY TUESDAY, A MIRACLE”

“LET US SERVE ONE ANOTHER”

SHALOM

KONTAK ONS

Tiener Naweke



Year 7-9 - 5-7 September

Year 10-13 - 24-26 Oktober

'n Kamp waar elke tiener op hulle vlak bedien word. Vier kragtige sessies oor Jesus se liefde en volgelingskap, met lofprijsing, kleingroepe en leiers wat saam reis.

Baie speletjies, heerlike kos, Afrikaanse pret en Engelse leer.

Vars betekenisvol en Lewensveranderd.

Koste per kind: £100.00

Year 7-9 - Indien jy saam wil gaan, kontak die kerkkantoor; Year 10-13- [Skryf hier in](#)

Kontak persoon: Katinka Crossman: katinka@sagemeente.com

Waar: Oakwood Youth Camp WaterlooRoad, Bracknell, Wokingham RG40 3DA

'n Paklys sal ontvang word saam met die bevestigings e-pos wat gestuur word, sodra jy bespreek het.

Skryf in vir watter jaar jou kind in sal wees op 1 September 2025



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Poedings



14 SEPTEMBER 2025

BRING JOU GUNSTELING
POEDING SAAM...

ONS GAAN ALMAL LEKKER SAAM KUIER NA DIE DIENS...

SIEN JULLE BY DIE
EREDIENS OM 09:00



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Resep van die Maand

Roereier op roosterbrood

Jy het nodig:

- 3 eiers
- sout en peper na smaak
- 'garlic en herb seasoning'
- botter
- bietjie melk
- tamatiesous

Wat om te doen:

- Meng eier, melk en speserye saam.
- Verhit 'n pan op die stoof- moet asb nie brand nie.
- Gooi desert lepel botter in die pan.
- Gooi eier en melk mengsel in pan en roer tot gaar.
- Dien op en bedien saam met roosterbrood.
- Moenie vergeet om tamatiesous oor te gooi nie.



Baie dankie aan Lucas Wassermann (Junior kok),
wat sy staatmaker resep met ons gedeel het!



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“Every Tuesday, a Miracle”

Erkenning: Facebook - By Grace Jenkins

"My name's Karen. I'm 78. Last winter I sat alone in my apartment, listening to the radiator clank like an old heartbeat. My kids call once a week. My husband's been gone 12 years. I felt.... invisible. Like wallpaper.

One Tuesday, I saw kids from the elementary school across the street shuffling home. Heads down. Shoulders slumped. One boy, maybe 10, got shoved into the snow by bigger kids. He didn't cry. Just brushed himself off, eyes empty. My chest hurt. That's not right, I thought. Kids shouldn't carry that weight.

I didn't have money for a food fridge or coats. But I had time. And I had...little things. Things my grandma taught me when I felt small.

So I walked across the street. Not to the park (too many people staring), not to a bench (too cold), but right to the school's side door where kids streamed out. I held a sign made on my printer "FREE LESSONS: WHISTLE LIKE A BIRD. READ CLOUDS. TIE A SHOE IN THE DARK. TUESDAYS. MY APARTMENT #3B."

The first week, nobody came. Kids snickered. "Crazy old lady," I heard. My hands shook holding the sign. Stupid idea, Karen.

Then, the boy from the snow, Leo, showed up. Just stood there, scuffing his worn sneakers. "Can... can you really read clouds?" he mumbled.

"Sure can," I said, my voice wobbly. "That puffy one? Means happy weather tomorrow. That grey, angry one? Rain's coming. Tells a story, see?"

He stared up, really looked. For the first time, his eyes weren't flat. They were.... curious.

I taught him to whistle with two fingers. It took 20 tries. He got it. A tiny, clear sound. He grinned. Actually grinned. "Can you teach me the shoe thing?"

Every Tuesday, Leo came. Then Maya, who stuttered and hid behind her hair. She learned to tie knots, strong, beautiful knots, her hands moving with purpose. No stuttering then. Then Sam, scared of the dark, learned to tie his shoes blindfolded. "Now I'm brave," he whispered, holding my hand tight.



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“Every Tuesday, a Miracle”

Erkenning: Facebook - By Grace Jenkins

We didn't fix the world. We sat on my lumpy couch, drinking weak tea. I taught them to fold paper boats, to spot the North Star, to hum a lullaby my grandma sang. Little things. Useless things, some might say. But Leo stopped getting shoved. Maya read aloud in class. Sam slept without a nightlight.

One Tuesday, the school principal knocked. My heart sank. Trespassing? Causing trouble?

She handed me a drawing. Leo made it. A stick-figure me, pointing at clouds shaped like hearts. Underneath "Ms. Karen sees magic. So do we."

The principal's eyes were wet. "They talk about your lessons. Not just the what... but the how. You make them feel.... seen." She paused. "Could you... maybe come into the school? Just for an hour?"

Now, every Tuesday, I sit in the library. Kids pile around my chair. We don't fix broken toasters or give away coats. We fold paper cranes. We listen to the wind. We find shapes in steam rising from hot chocolate.

Last week, Leo brought his little sister. She's 6. Shy. She whispered, "Can you teach me to whistle really loud?"

As she blew air through her fingers, struggling, I remembered that empty Tuesday. The radiator's clank. The boy in the snow.

Now? Now it's the sound of small, determined lips whistling. Of paper folding. Of laughter that wasn't there before.

They call it my "Library of Little Things." But it's not mine. It's theirs. Every cloud read, every knot tied, every note hummed... it's them saying, "I matter. You matter. This world matters."

We don't need grand gestures to mend hearts. Sometimes, it's just teaching a kid how to whistle loud enough for the whole sky to hear."



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“Let Us Serve One Another”

The world doesn't run without farmers — and one day, you'll realize how much you needed us."

My name's Tom. I'm 67, a third-generation farmer from Iowa.

Forty-eight years I've been planting, ploughing, and praying for rain at the right time. I've pulled calves in the middle of snowstorms, hauled hay in hundred-degree heat, and fixed busted tractors at midnight so the work didn't fall behind.

Not once in my life has anyone asked me where I went to college. Mostly, they just want to know if the corn will be ready for harvest or if I've got eggs for sale at the market.

Last spring, my granddaughter Sophie asked me to speak at her school's career day. You know the line up — doctors, lawyers, an accountant in a crisp suit talking about "financial literacy." I was the only one in dusty boots with calloused hands and sunburn on my neck.

When it was my turn, I told the kids, "I've never sat in a lecture hall. But I've grown the food that's been on your dinner table since you were born. And when a blizzard hit in '79 and trucks couldn't make it through, my neighbours ate because I still had the means to grind flour and share milk from my cows."

The room got quiet. Then the questions came.

"How early do you wake up?"

"Do cows really have personalities?"

"Have you ever been kicked by a horse?" (Yes. Twice. And no, it's not fun.)

When the bell rang, one boy hung back. Small kid, shaggy hair, shirt with holes in it. He mumbled, "My dad's a mechanic, but people make fun of him 'cause he never finished school. He says I should be a teacher, not... you know... 'fixing stuff.'"

I looked him straight in the eye. "Kid, when your car won't start in the middle of nowhere, it's not a college professor who saves you. It's someone like your dad."

Here's the thing nobody told me when I was young — this country doesn't run without farmers. You can have all the CEOs you want, but if nobody plants the seed, waters the soil, and harvests the crop, your grocery store shelves go bare.



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We’ve made it sound like farming, ranching, or working the land is what you do if you can’t “make it” somewhere else. But the truth is, people like me choose this life because we love it — the sweat, the seasons, the satisfaction of knowing your work feeds not just your family, but strangers you’ll never meet.

Four years after high school, some kids walk away with diplomas. Others walk away with no debt, a truck full of tools, a skill passed down for generations, and the grit to survive when the power’s out and the roads are closed.

And guess what? When the store runs out of bread, it’s not a diploma that puts food on your table. A few weeks ago, that same boy’s mom stopped me at the feed store. She said, “You probably don’t remember, but you told my son that jobs like his dad’s matter. He’s spending the summer working with him in the garage. First time I’ve seen him excited about anything in years.”

That’s what people forget — for some kids, just hearing that their path is valuable changes everything. It’s not “just” milking cows, fixing tractors, or stacking hay. It’s about pride. Purpose. The kind that lasts long after the sun sets on your working years.

So next time you meet a teenager, don’t just ask, “Where are you going to college?” Ask, “What’s your plan?” And if they say, “I’m going to work the land,” or “I’m learning to farm with my uncle,” smile big and say, “That’s fantastic. We’re going to need you.”

Because we will. More than ever. And when the shelves are empty and the trucks can’t get through, you’ll be glad they showed up.

In a world that often praises titles and overlooks labour, let us remember: God’s kingdom is built not just in pulpits and boardrooms, but in barns, garages, kitchens, and workshops. The carpenter, the mechanic, the nurse, the builder, the farmer—they carry out sacred work, even when no one’s watching. Hands that mend, plant, lift, and serve are hands that echo Christ’s own. So when the storms come and the shelves run bare, it won’t be prestige that sustains us—it’ll be the quiet faithfulness of those who rise early, work late, and trust that their labour matters.

Blessed are the hands that serve with love. For through them, heaven touches earth.



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KALENDER

7 SEPTEMBER HUISKERK 9 UUR

14 SEPTEMBER EREDIENS 9 UUR

21 SEPTEMBER HUISKERK 9 UUR

28 SEPTEMBER HUISKERK 9 UUR

Shalom

Shalom was en is die mooiste seën
wat ons vir mekaar kan toewens

Shalom beteken:

“Mag vrede, guns en GOD se goedheid
jou hele menswees omring en beskerm

Mag vrede besit neem van jou hele
wêreld

Mag jy tevredenheid, volledigheid
heelheid, welstand en harmonie ervaar
Mag jy gesondheid, welvaart, veiligheid
volheid, rus en die afwesigheid van onmin
beleef”

JESUS word genoem: SAR SHALOM-
PRINS van vrede

SHALOM sê- GOD is in beheer!
Selfs in jou vreesagtigste, hartseerste
en verwardste situasie

Daarom kan HY vandag vir jou sê:
SHALOM... want Hy is in beheer!
‘n Wens vir jou vir die maand: SHALOM!!



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Erediens Tye

Ons Eredienste is elke 2de en 4de Sondag van die maand om 09:00

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Theydon Bois, CM16 7ER

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