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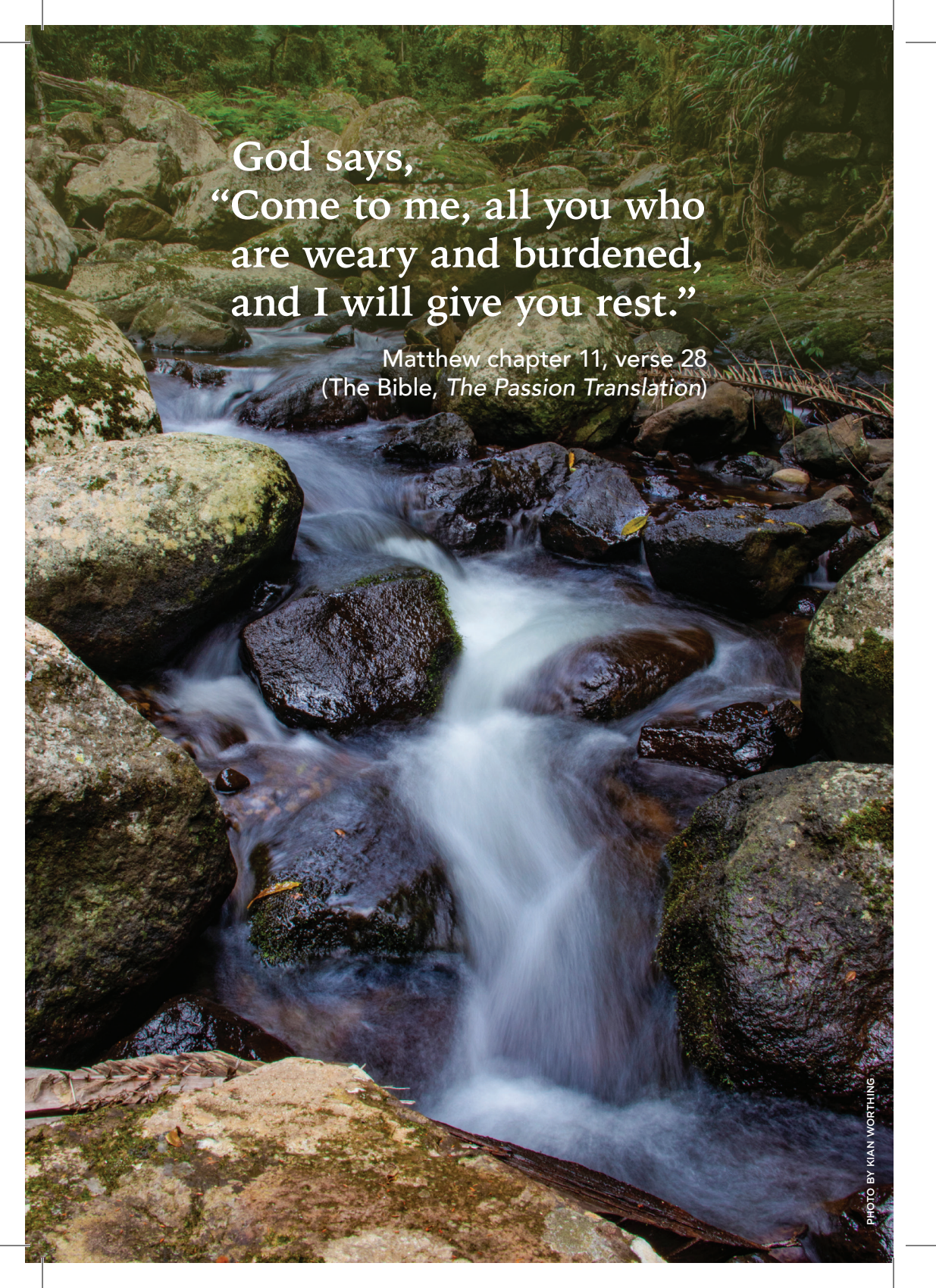
WARCRY

CULTURE & SPIRITUALITY

Travelling light

The art of letting go



A long-exposure photograph of a small waterfall cascading over mossy rocks in a lush forest. The water is blurred, creating a soft, white flow as it tumbles over dark, wet stones. The surrounding environment is dense with green foliage and ferns, creating a serene and natural setting.

God says,
“Come to me, all you who
are weary and burdened,
and I will give you rest.”

Matthew chapter 11, verse 28
(The Bible, *The Passion Translation*)



The Salvation Army is about giving hope where it's needed most.

What is The Salvation Army?

The Salvation Army, an international movement, is an evangelical part of the universal Christian Church.

Vision Statement

Wherever there is hardship or injustice, Salvos will live, love and fight alongside others to transform Australia one life at a time with the love of Jesus.

Mission Statement

The Salvation Army is a Christian movement dedicated to sharing the love of Jesus by:

- Caring for people
- Creating faith pathways
- Building healthy communities
- Working for justice

WARCRY

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Finished with fakery



From the editor

On Sunday 1 March, Australians across the country will participate in the 31st Clean Up Australia Day. Volunteers will collect rubbish of all descriptions from parks, beaches, rivers and roadsides. Some of it will be recycled, some re-used and some will end up in landfill.

Cleaning up and decluttering — whether it's our homes, schools, work areas or local communities — is cathartic and energising, especially when we see the end result.

The process of simplifying our lives can also free us from the clutter of things, from overloaded schedules, and from the endless stream of information, demands and noise that too often fill our lives in the Western world.

Emotionally and spiritually, letting go of old habits, perceptions and fears that clutter our minds and hearts and are heavy loads to carry around, can also free us to more fully enjoy the present, and travel much lighter into the future.

Simone Worthing
Assistant Editor

Travelling light

The art of letting go

BY DANIELLE STRICKLAND



I'm knee-deep in stuff collected over many years of doing 'life'. The task at hand is to discard the unusable, pass on the recyclable and pack the rest. It's hard work because to sort it properly I have to pay attention.

With every item I pick up, I think about how often I've used it and try to judge how important it is. Is it necessary? Would my family even notice if it was gone? I can't help but reflect on how useful an exercise this is. Don't get me wrong — I don't like it. Not one bit. 'Ain't nobody got time for this', if you get my meaning.

The thing is, though, once I dived in and started the process, it became cathartic. It was healing to remember where things had come from and the people associated with them on the journey. It was liberating to let go of some things — including memories — that just don't need to come along. It was expanding to make room in our lives. To make space. To have some 'empty' in our cupboards, drawers and lives.

INTERNAL DECLUTTERING

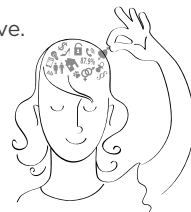
I started wondering why I hadn't done it sooner. How much easier it would have been to live with the sorting done. And that got me thinking about all the packing necessary in our internal lives. Those places are at least as cluttered and unsorted as the things we see with our eyes. What if we took the time to sort through the unseen places with the same intention? What if we had the sorting bins out all the time? We could throw out old things, ripped things, nasty things — all the time. We could chuck all the unnecessary baggage in a bin labelled 'discard' and let-it-go. I have a hunch it'd

be a much better way to live. A lot lighter. A lot cleaner.

What if there are things that have served us for a while, but we don't need any more? Attitudes, perceptions, fears. What if we could recycle the good — pass it on to someone who's now in the spot we used to be? I wonder if, like growing children, our attitudes and personalities grow, and the old clothes and playthings that were once essential are no longer needed. What kind of life would I have if I let those things go, too? What if I acknowledged the growth and packed up the old stuff and passed it on to someone who needs it right now? It'd be a bit scary. Am I sure I don't need it any more? Is it still necessary? Might I shrink back and require that size again?

I remember trying to help a hoarder friend of mine. Her apartment was packed with garbage bags from floor to ceiling. There was only one way to get through the stuff, so we started with the first bag. I pulled out some clothes that were obviously not her size. She told me why she needed to keep them — she would definitely hit that size again in the future and what would she do without this bag of clothes? I guess that's part of the problem for people who live in the future and not the present. It requires a lot of baggage.

I don't want to live in the past. I want the past to spur me on. I want to acknowledge the faithfulness of God on the whole journey. I want to give the past a place. But I don't want to live there. And I certainly don't want to try to walk looking backward — that'll only take me in circles. But I also don't





want to live a 'what if' life either. Always thinking the future could change, always looking forward to what's coming without being 'present' in this moment, in this time.

Packing is about the present. What do you need to bring with you right now? What is required for this time? What is necessary? What is important? What is worth lugging around the world and unpacking on the other side?

When Jesus sent out his disciples (followers), he told them to take nothing with them except one bag. I think that exercise wasn't a rule, but an opportunity to rely on the provision of God for the present time. I think it was about the sorting and the packing of our lives so we can reach out to others with open hands. Freely we give; freely we receive.

So, if packing is a metaphor for my life, I hope I have the tenacity to get the sorting done. To dive into the bags and boxes of my thoughts, attitudes and habits and discard — to really let go — the things I don't need any more, and to keep the essential things. I hope I travel light into the future and rely on God's presence in the here and now to meet my every need.

Come to think of it, packing might be required for any journey. All of us are invited to move. I pray that you enjoy the power of the packing process as you move along in your spiritual journey. The best way to start is with what's in front of you.

Danielle Strickland is a justice advocate, communicator, peacemaker and spiritual leader. For more information, visit daniellestrickland.com

Drenching rains but drought persists

BY LAUREN MARTIN

Many farmers in drought-affected areas of New South Wales are celebrating recent rain, but more is needed to break the drought, according to Salvation Army rural chaplain Dianne Lawson.

"It's a positive start. This rain has filled a lot of on-farm dams and some of the rivers have started to flow that haven't flowed for a while, but it's certainly not drought-breaking," she said.

"Spirits are lifted [by the rain] and some farmers are taking a gamble and planting crops. There's more hope than there was a month ago. We just need the follow-up rain now. That's what we're praying for."

As of 10 February, The Salvation Army had distributed just over \$15 million to more than 5000 households as part of the Australian Government Drought Community Support Initiative (DCSI) that was introduced on 21 November last year.

Denise Thomas, The Salvation Army DCSI program coordinator, said her team had received around 15,000 applications for assistance in recent months.

"We have 27 employees, 18 chaplains and a crew of dedicated volunteers working full-time to stand alongside individuals and families affected by the drought. Salvation Army officers (ministers) in drought-affected areas are also on the front line supporting individuals, families



and communities that are hurting.

"Those completing drought assessments are saying: 'Every week the stories are getting worse'."

Denise said that, despite the recent rain, recovery is going to take years. "People are more and more desperate. Even though people have seen some rain now, the farmers say it will take five years of good sustainable rain to get back to just half of what they had and half of the income they had prior to the commencement of the drought. Some may never recover from significant debt.

"Farmers are walking off their farms daily. Some have de-stocked completely. Some farmers are not earning any money from their farms."

Dianne and Rusty Lawson, Western NSW rural chaplains, are currently travelling around the drought-stricken townships of Gilgandra, Warren, Coonamble and Coonabarabran. A group of retired Salvation Army officers is with them, in their caravans and mobile homes, to put on concerts, visit nursing homes, take part in combined church services, and bring some joy and encouragement to those doing it tough.

The Professor and the Madman

The solution to our problems
doesn't rest with us.

BY MARK HADLEY



If you are tired, you can rest. If you are sick, you can go to the doctor. If you are struggling with someone, you can reason with them or, if nothing else, keep your distance. But what if the person who hates you is your own mind? Where can you escape to? *The Professor and the Madman* is a moving story about a mind at war with itself, and those who do more than look on.

James Murray, played by Mel Gibson, faces a monolithic task. It's 1878 and Oxford University Press has been striving for years to complete the definitive dictionary of the English language. Yet its delegates remain dubious about how a Scotsman without a single degree can steer their august project. Murray might not be a professor, but his self-education is staggering. He has 23 languages at his command, from the familiar to the obscure. But will they be enough? The English world is awash with imports, jargon and idiom that desperately need defining. So, the Scotsman hits on a scheme to have that world mail him its contributions — a 'dictionary by

democracy'. What he doesn't anticipate, though, is that his most prolific supplier will be the inmate of an insane asylum.

Enter William Chester-Minor. Sean Penn plays a retired American army surgeon who has fled to London in the hope of outrunning personal demons. He is convinced that a soldier from the civil war hunts him every night, bent on murder. In a fit of terror, he shoots an innocent father, and is committed to Broadmoor Asylum for the criminally insane. Chester-Minor's life becomes a maze of horror and rage. However, the dictionary project offers a ray of hope. Through it he finds a true friend in Murray, and a path to purpose and peace — if the world will let him take it.

The revelation that Murray is working with a madman threatens to undermine the credibility of the entire project. Viewers will expect all sorts of clever arguments to be mounted by Murray at this point, arguing the equality of all men or the immensity of Chester-Minor's contribution. Yet it's actually his faith that takes centre stage. Instead of trying to argue the insane man's merits, Murray offers his

opponents the need that connects us all:

“What about repentance, what about redemption? What are you so afraid of — that a bad man could be redeemed? Is it not what we tell our children? What we whisper in their ears?”

We live in an age of increasing awareness regarding physical and mental health, but paradoxically mental illness remains as stigmatised as in Murray’s day. Rampant individualism has made us so confident of our ability to choose our paths that we cannot conceive of anyone who would ‘let themselves’ fall so far. Those who find their level on the streets are labelled bludgers. Even self-harm is unfairly associated with attention seeking. When will we realise that people contemplate suicide not because they want others to look, but because they are overwhelmed by society’s gaze and can no longer bear to look at themselves?

The Professor and the Madman demonstrates how our compassion can be blocked by our secret fears. The dread



that there might be conditions that can defeat even our best self-discipline and determination terrifies us. So, like the lepers of antiquity, we drive these unsolvable problems to the margins of society where we can safely ignore them. What we fail to see is our shared problem.

One thing that made the historical ministry of Jesus Christ so controversial was its attractiveness to society’s least regarded. Some of his contemporaries claimed it revealed Jesus’ lack of standards; others that it was a proof of his own debauchery. Jesus’ response? He told people we’re all united by our need for God, but you need to see your sickness before you go searching for a cure.

Jesus said to them, “It is not the healthy who need a doctor, but the sick. I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners.”

It’s madness to think we can escape this world’s troubles, that we’ll never face a problem that a credit card couldn’t solve. But it’s brilliance to realise the solution to our problems doesn’t rest with us. Chester-Minor picks up from Murray’s language that he’s a God-fearing man. He thinks that explains his confidence. But Murray says the only qualification for the strength he’s drawing on is admitting to God he needs help:

Murray: It’s all by grace alone.

Chester: I wish I had experienced more of that.

Murray: You, will sir. You will.

No surprise that the man who ends up showing Chester-Minor God’s grace is the man who knows the value of it.

Finished with fakery

No place for masks at the local bakery.

BY BELINDA CASSIE

Can we sit and chat for a while? Would that be okay? I mean, in an ideal world, you and I would be hanging out at Bourke Street Bakery right now. The guy at the counter pretty much knows how I take my coffee, and he'll catch on to how you take yours soon enough. I love Bourke Street Bakery, not just because the staff are so friendly (and, just between you and me, the coffee guy, with his tattoos, beard and man-bun, could totally score a magazine

cover shoot), and not just because the almond praline croissant is absolutely worth the calories.

No, what I really love about Bourke Street Bakery is how quickly conversation becomes real there. Maybe it's the atmosphere; maybe it's the almond praline croissant (seriously, it is that good); maybe it's the wink the coffee guy gives me when he brings out



“

A mask is heavy – why not set it aside?

”

the coffee; or maybe, just maybe, it's because we're all a little weary of the pretence. I don't know what it is really, but what I do know is that guards are eased down and masks set aside at Bourke Street.

I was talking to a friend not long ago (not at Bourke Street Bakery — I should hit those guys up for a coffee for all the free plugs I'm giving here) about how done I am with fakery in general. I don't know about you, but it just takes a lot more effort than I am prepared to put in. It's hard work keeping a mask in place. It's hard work remembering which mask you wear and when you wear it. It's hard work trying to be someone you're not.

I get why we do it, honestly I do. For the longest time I had this idea of who I was supposed to be. Somewhere along the line, I figured that to be loved, to be known, to be accepted in the church, I had to be 'a good Christian girl'. I had to have it all together, serve well on a Sunday and live well during the week. While I was at it, I'd best keep a smile in place as I did it, too. I was supposed to be demure, ladylike, know all the Christian 'stuff' and keep myself untainted by the world. It even sounds exhausting!

Demure and ladylike are two words rarely ascribed to me. I'm loud, my laugh is raucous, I love fiercely, and I relish the fact that I'm still learning 'the stuff' (rue the day I think I've got it all figured out).

That same friend I mentioned earlier reminded me of something I've come to treasure, and maybe it's a word for you, too. See, when God called me his beloved, he knew that this vessel was cracked and flawed. But regardless, he still calls me his own. In the Bible, Jeremiah chapter 1 verse 5 says that, even before I was formed, God knew me. It's staggering to think that the creator of the universe, the same one who placed the stars and moon in the sky, causes the waves to roll in and the clouds to roll by, this Sovereign King knows me. And the thing is, he knows you, too.

A mask is heavy — why not set it aside? No need for pretence here, my friend, you are known and you are loved by the King of Kings, and that's a truth you can rest in. Now, how about an almond praline croissant?

Belinda Cassie is a Salvation Army chaplain with the Salvos' Inner City Social Mission, Sydney.



Beautifully made

How confronting debilitating ways of thinking and making some changes in her life brought Sue to a place of acceptance and hope.

BY SUE DAVIES

I was born with rare deformity — the thigh bone, or femur, on my left leg didn't form and my parents were told I probably wouldn't walk. I was determined though, and at 14 months of age I was fitted with my first artificial leg and started to walk. My amazing parents supported me and fought for the best for me. Growing up though, and even now, I've had to wrestle with how I was made. To only have one leg, in a world where long-legged women are beautiful, was a huge issue and I wondered if anyone would ever love me and accept me as a beautiful person.

I married my husband Bryce in 1989, we were commissioned as Salvation Army officers (ministers) in 1994 and appointed to Adelaide.

During my second pregnancy in 1995, I was struggling. I spent almost five months in a wheelchair, and then found it difficult, after our daughter was born, to cope with a new baby, an active toddler, a full-time appointment, and my own health and mobility. I had reactive depression then, and felt quite isolated and unsupported.

At the start of 2000 we moved to Brisbane and worked with The Salvation Army's Recovery Services. I loved it and recovered well. In 2006 we were back in a local corps (church) and I tried to be the perfect minister. By November I hit the wall and ended up in a very dark place called depression. It was a culmination of 40 years with a deformity, dealing with life, motherhood, perfectionism, trying to please people — everything.

I took a couple of months out to rest, and for the next two years just did what I could. Bryce was terrific and supported me totally. I began focusing on the ways of thinking and looking at life that were debilitating me. I confronted these problems and worked on making changes.

Knowing that I needed help, I began visiting a Catholic nun. She gave me a special amount of love and listening time and allowed me to be angry and hurt and be myself in a safe environment. Through these times I was able to regain a sense of God's love and goodness in my life. She also showed me Psalm 139, verses 13-16, which have become incredibly significant in my life now: "You are the one who put me together inside my mother's body, and I praise you because of the wonderful way you created me. Everything you do is marvellous! Of this I have no doubt. Nothing about me is hidden from you! I was secretly woven together deep in the earth below, but with your own eyes you saw my body being formed..." (The Bible, *Contemporary English Version*).

Those words have helped me believe that God can make something out of my frailties. I am not a mistake. God made me unique. I am wonderfully made! I have also remained on some medication



Sue (second from left), with her husband Bryce, and daughters — supporting each other through the journey of life.

“

**I know the limitations
are not important to
God though, that he
loves me just as I am.**

”

to manage the depression. That's my lot and that's okay. My medication helps me do life — and I like the way I can do life being on them!

Setting aside a time to rest, refresh and rejuvenate has also played a vital role in my recovery. As time goes on, I am struggling with losing more mobility, increased pain in walking, and needing to spend up to 95 per cent of my time in a wheelchair. I no longer constantly struggle with what others think of me, but with the limitations of tiredness, pain and the general battles of life. I am now

on a journey to learn how to relinquish physical activities and accept the help of others — very tough for a control freak like me. I know the limitations are not important to God though, that he loves me just as I am.

I completed a counselling degree in 2009 and have spent the past decade working with ministers, and others, going through tough and painful times. I choose to live a hopeful and positive life and reach out to people as they journey through life.

I wonder if you've felt defeated and crushed by the circumstances of your world. Maybe you've been hurt or neglected or have had problems that seemingly can't be fixed. God specialises in people who are honest enough to be real about their weaknesses. You are not a mistake! I encourage you to find hope in God.

Sue Davies is a Salvation Army support officer (minister) based in Sydney.

Marinated mushrooms



Ingredients

4 portobello or flat mushrooms, 3 tbsp balsamic vinegar, 2 tbsp olive oil, 1 tsp dried basil, 1 tsp dried oregano, 3 tsp minced garlic

Method

Clean or peel mushrooms, as desired. Trim the stems so that they're level with the cap and sit flat. Combine vinegar, oil, basil, oregano and garlic in a small bowl or jug. Add mushrooms to a shallow dish large enough for each mushroom to sit on the base. Pour the marinade over and use a pastry or barbecue brush to coat each mushroom. Cover and refrigerate at least one hour. Fry or barbecue on medium heat for 12 to 15 minutes, turning once.

Tip for the race of life

“Since God cares for you,
let him carry all your
burdens and worries.”

1 Peter chapter 5, verse 7
(The Voice Bible translation)

Did you know?



- Australia sends over 5.3 million tonnes of food waste to landfill every year. This is enough to fill 9000 Olympic-sized swimming pools.
- Cigarette butts are often mistaken for cotton wool. However they are made of cellulose acetate (plastic).
- Electronic waste is growing at three times the rate of general household waste in Australia.
- NSW local councils spend around \$10 million each year responding to illegal dumping and illegal landfilling.
- The energy saved by recycling one plastic drink bottle will power a computer for 25 minutes
- Australians throw away about 7150 recyclable plastic bags a minute, with 429,000 recyclable plastic supermarket bags dumped into landfill every hour.
- Total global waste is expected to double from nearly two billion tonnes in 2016 to an estimated four billion tonnes by 2050 as consumer-oriented urban populations grow.

For more information, and to find out how to clean up Australia in a location near you, go to cleanup.org.au

	4		9		2			8
		7					1	9
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8	2		6				5	
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	8			3	1			5
6				5				1

Sudoku

Fill in the grid so that every row, every column and every 3x3 box contains the digits 1 to 9.

Tum-Tum

On which page of this week's *Warcry* is Tum-Tum hiding?



Answers: 1. Sunday 1 March 2020
2. Ian Kiernan 3. 1990 4. 17.7 million
5. No, it's attributed to John Wesley.
Tum-Tum: is hiding in the suitcase on the cover.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	1	2
4	5	6	7	8	9	1	2	3
5	6	7	8	9	1	2	3	4
6	7	8	9	1	2	3	4	5
7	8	9	1	2	3	4	5	6
8	9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
9	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Quick quiz



1. When is Clean Up Australia Day?
2. Who is the founder of this day?
3. When did this day kick off?
4. How many Australians have participated in this day during the past 30 years?
5. Is the phrase "cleanliness is next to godliness" in the Bible?

Want to know more?

Visit warcry.org.au/want-to-know-more or return the coupon to Warcry, PO Box 479, Blackburn VIC 3130.

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- ☐ to learn more about who Jesus is
☐ information about The Salvation Army
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