

The Salvation Army Sjum Sisters



Tradition and Tactics

RESCUE THE PERISHING, CARE FOR THE DYING, SNATCH THEM IN PITY FROM SIN AND THE GRAVE

In his book "In Darkest England and the Way Out", General William Booth speaks of his Slum Crusade thusly: "I have a hundred women under my orders...most of them are the children of the poor who have known hardship from their youth up. Some are ladies born and bred, who have not been afraid to exchange the comfort of a West End drawing room for service among the vilest of the vile, and residence in small and fetid rooms whose walls were infested with vermin. They live the life of the Crucified for the sake of the men and women for whom He lived and died. They form one of the branches of the activity of the Army upon which I dwell with deepest sympathy.

They are the front; they are at close quarters with the enemy."

These women go forth in Apostolic fashion...visiting the sick, looking after children, showing the women how to keep themselves and their homes decent, often discharging the sick mother's duties themselves; cultivating peace, advocating temperance, counseling in temporalities, and ceaselessly preaching the religion of Jesus Christ to the Outcasts of Society."¹

From its very beginning, The Salvation Army has been known for its holistic, incarnational ministry style. The Slum Sisters (and brothers) of the early Army became poor in order to reach the poor with the Good News of God's Kingdom. Their model for mission was Jesus—who left Heaven to live among us, to understand our feelings, circumstances and lifestyles.¹¹

"Our sister just gives herself to the slums. She sleeps and eats the slums, and that takes a bit of doing till you are used to it! She came one night after spending all night at her post, and sank on her knees beside the table. Her prayer was indeed a speaking to God because she knew Him as a Friend, she could bring the sense of His presence to all who knelt with her. The Divine light seemed to shine through the gloom of a hard winter in the slums; and the refreshing and renewing left no one untouched. A warm handshake, a 'God bless you', a radiant smile, and she was gone."²

"In 1890, Captain Emma Bowen sent the first slum sisters in pairs into the streets of New York City. Scrubbing floors, cooking meals, washing stroke victims and simply living among the poor. Captain Bowen and her women earned the respect of the people they served."²¹

"CHRISTIANITY IS NOT ABOUT MAKING US SAFE FROM THE WORLD BUT ABOUT MAKING US DANGEROUS TO THE WORLD."³



Warfare Terminology

Slum Sister—any Salvation Army soldier or officer who lives, loves and labors in the slum neighborhood she ministers in. There are also slum brothers who do the same.

Incarnational Living—living in the neighborhood you minister in—following Jesus' example.

Street Combat—hitting the streets to pitch the Gospel and offer prayer to all you meet, one by one.

KISS THE PROSTITUTE

“One morning I stood outside the large gates of a local police court and temporary prison. As the gates opened, I witnessed a woman, two policemen walking in front of her and two behind, one fellow had her by the right arm and another by the left. Her hair was uncombed, matted and disheveled. Her right temple was blackened with bruises: clots of dry blood stood upon her left temple. Her clothes were torn and bloodstained. The atmosphere of the morning was laden with her curses and her oaths, she tossed her head wildly as the six policemen dragged her away.

What Could I Do?

One more moment and the golden opportunity to be of help would be gone. Could I offer prayer? No, there was not time. Could I sing? It would be absurd. Could I give her money? She could not take it. Could I quote a verse of Scripture? She would not heed it. Whether it was a Divine suggestion or not I did not stop to think, but the impulse of a burning desire which filled my heart as she passed made me step forward and kiss her on the cheek. Whether the police were taken off their guard by my extraordinary action and relaxed their grasp I do not know, but with one wrench she freed her arms and clasped her hands, as the wind spread her matted and disheveled hair and she looked toward the grey skies and said, “My God!” She looked around wildly for a moment and then said, “My God, who has kissed me? Nobody has kissed me since my mother died.” Lifting her tattered apron, she buried her face in her hands and like a little lamb was led away to the vehicle which took her to prison.

Later I went to the prison in the hope of seeing her. When I approached the warden she said “We think her mind has gone. She does nothing but pace up and down her cell asking me every time I go in if I know who kissed her.”

“Would you let me go in and speak to her?” I asked “I am her only and best friend.” And so the door was opened and I slipped in. Her face was clean, her eyes were large and beautiful and she said “Do you know who kissed me?” And then she told me her story.

“When I was a girl, seven years old, my widowed mother died. She died poor, in a back basement, in the dark. When she was dying she called me to her, took my little face in her hands and kissed it, and said to me ‘My poor little girl. My defenseless little girl. O God have pity on my little girl, and when I am gone protect her and take care of her.’ From that day to this, nobody ever put a kiss upon my face until recently.” Then again she asked me, “Do you know who kissed me?” I said, “It was I who kissed you.”

Then I told her of He who went to the cross and bore our sins upon Himself and was wounded for our transgressions, that He might put the kiss of pardon on our brow. In Him she found light and joy and comfort and salvation and healing and love. Before she was released, the warden testified not only to the change in her life, but to its beauty. She was made, through Christ, the means of salvation to numbers of others who were down as low as she had been and who were bound with as heavy fetters as those which she herself had been bound.⁴

WARFARE TACTICS

- Be in the places where the people are...the prison, the street corner, the Laundromat, the coffee shop, the alleyways...
- Follow those “Divine suggestions” When Holy Spirit gives you an impulse toward action, obey Him!
- Don’t be afraid of what bystanders will think of you.
- Follow-through and seek people out.



WEEP O’ER THE ERRING ONE, LIFT UP THE FALLEN TELL THEM OF JESUS, THE MIGHTY TO SAVE.

THE SLUM BRIGADE

Here is a report from the headquarters of our Slum Brigade
as to the work that the Sisters have done.⁵

Mrs. W. Of Haggerston Slum—heavy drinker, wrecked home, husband a drunkard, place dirty and filthy, terribly poor. Saved now over two years. Home in A1 shape, plenty of employment at cane-chair bottoming. Husband now also saved.

A.M. in the Dials—was a great drunkard, thriftless, did not go to the trouble of seeking work. Was in a slum meeting when he heard the Captain speak on ‘Seek ye first the Kingdom of God’ called out and said “do you mean if I ask God for work, He’ll give it to me?” Of course she said “Yes!” He was converted that night, found work and is now employed in the Gas Works, old Kent Road.

T. of Rotherhithe Slum—was a great drunkard, is a carpenter; saved about nine months ago but having to work in a public house on Sunday, he gave it up, he has not been able to get another job and has nothing but what we have given him for making seats.

Lodging-House Frank—we found him in a lodging house 6 months ago, living with a fallen girl, often starving, drinking when he could get any money, thriftless, idle, no heart for work. Got them both saved, married and five weeks after he got work. He has a home of his own now and promises to make a fine officer.

“Perhaps the duty which absorbs the greatest part of their time
is...the systematic house-to-house and room-to-room

visitation of all the worst
homes in their
neighborhood...these visits
are oftentimes lengthened into
prayer meetings which in-
clude singing and speaking
to a more interested audi-
ence and certainly a more
needy one than can be found
in the walls of any church.”⁶



*“I can’t forget them, they had a genuine humanity and concern
for those who were fatherless. One time I went to the Children’s
Hospital with a slum sister. We knocked on the door and walked
in. Inside we saw four feet sticking out from
under a sofa. The children thought their father was coming. When
we met the mother we could see that she had been badly beaten,
but she protested that she had walked into a door.”⁷*

“SOME OF MY BEST MEN ARE WOMEN”⁵

KNOW GRACE

I have a friend, let's call her Grace. She's been living on the streets for the past 40 years and has a horrific past of addiction, abuse, rape, homelessness, and disease. One night, she showed up at the door and simply said "I'm here." We took her in and she detoxed on my bed while myself and three other sisters spent time in prayer and worship, interceding over her. Over the next thirty days she became a new person. The same Grace who for forty years prior, could not go a day without getting high was now praising God for her recovery. Her body which was so run down from years of the drugs, physical and sexual abuse she endured that she needed a cane to walk was now on her feet jumping and leaping and praising God. I was floored and completely humbled. It was an answer to prayer, because over the time I had known her, I had almost given up hope that she would ever come to choose Jesus and be freed from the bondage of addiction and death. It is easy in ministry over time, to become disillusioned and jaded. Yet through our relationship, I learned about humility, poverty of spirit, hope and freedom. The day Grace walked into my home, was the day she reminded me that **love never fails**.

That's the eye-opening part.

After Grace had 30 days clean, she moved into her own place a short distance away. Sadly, it offered her too much independence too soon. Within a couple days she relapsed - but I knew a new Grace. I knew that she was an over-comer, that this wouldn't keep her down. She was out getting high for about three days - all the while an Army of women were tracking her down.

The day Grace called me to say she was ready to try again we had a van load of people who loved her, come and pick her up, and she spent the next three months living at our house. My roommate, bless her heart, gave up her room and slept on the couch those three months. Grace became stronger and stronger every day, and she was so full of joy. She certainly had left her old life behind - and gave all the glory to Jesus Christ. In that September, Grace moved into her own place and celebrated her six month clean date the following month. Everything was great, until Christmas.

I was walking up Main Street - and there was Grace—she was high. As I approached her, it broke my heart to see her dilated eyes stare back at me. She kept saying "I'm fine, don't worry about me" - but I could see that she wasn't fine and I was worried. As I was standing there, she called a taxi to take her to her drug dealer's house. As the taxi pulled up, I cried out to her "Grace, you don't have to do this, you are strong. You've beaten this before, you can beat this again" Then she looked at me, with her deep dark eyes. That look spoke volumes to me. It said, "I am scared." I could see in her eyes how she wanted to stay with me and then - she was gone. She got into the cab. I couldn't do anything to stop her. I watched her leave. That time, she was out bingeing for just over a week. We didn't know where she was. We didn't even know if she was alive.

That's the heart-breaking part.

Then, as I was sitting at work one morning (I work at a Salvation Army Transitional Housing Facility) lo and behold Grace walked in. She looked as beat up as she did that first night when she came to our door. She was a wreck but a very beautiful wreck because I was just so glad to see her alive. We helped her to detox again. We advocated for her and because her first 9 months of recovery had gone so well, she was given a second chance at her transitional building. Today Grace is back to living a healthy and clean life and even better, she is living up to what she has already attained in Christ. She is my hope and inspiration.

That's the rewarding part!^o

WARFARE TACTICS

- Commit to journeying through life with the people Jesus sends you, it will be eye-opening, heart-breaking and rewarding—all the extremes that Jesus experiences as He journeys with us.
- Guard yourself against complacency and hopelessness. Avoid becoming emotionally numb to people and their situations—it's the easy way out. Stay prayed up, with your spiritual armor on!
- Be prepared—when someone shows up and needs help, know how to access the help they need, and have a plan to walk that out with them.



TOUCHED BY A LOVING HEART, WAKENED BY KINDNESS; CHORDS THAT WERE BROKEN WILL VIBRATE ONCE MORE.

TO THE FRONT THE CRY IS RINGING!

Living in the slums, the campus was the street and that's where I 'got schooled'. The faculty were brothers and sisters in Christ who modeled maturity, devotion and love. I call them family because we plowed the fields of the neighborhood shoulder to shoulder every day and every night. No retreating, hell defeating! It was in those hours that we learned Scriptural truths and what they mean in everyday life. **"The fellowship is in the fight!"** we'd always say—and we meant it. We loved one another deep-spiritedly. Holy Spirit bound us together and we are still bound today. Holy Hallelujah indeed. We lived radically - as material minimalists, cash-poor, in the sketchy side of town. Our doors were always open to the stranger, the alien and the outcast, and we did not love our lives so much as to shrink from death. In this setting, we not just an Army. We're a family. It's a host of enlisted women and men, bound to the Cross of Christ, finely tuned to the timbre of Holy Spirit, committed to taking the Narrow Way and soberly counting the cost of following the One who saved our lives.

Labels are for the lazy.

That prostitute" could just as easily become your friend Mary, "that drug dealer" is Juan, "that transvestite" is Laurel and "that crazy guy that wets himself" is your friend Michael. There are all kinds of folks in your neighborhood that are just waiting to be your friends, It's always easier to glance over a person's appearance/behavior/circumstance and categorize them rather than spending time learning names, drinking coffee together and striking up conversation about your journey and their journey and finding points of connection and commonality. It's the harder thing (awkward, time-consuming, sacrificial) but hey, it's what Jesus did, so there you go. Besides - when was the last time *you* were labeled rather than get a chance to share who you really are inside and what you're about? It stinks, right? Look beyond the exterior. Give someone a chance to reveal to you who they really are - the beauty and the brokenness.

Remembering A Name Bestows Dignity (and makes friends)

I love meeting people. I also love remembering people. Early on, as I met more people than I could reasonably remember their names/locations/situations, I quickly began to ask God for help as well as enlisting the 'post-it system'. Here's how it played out. After arriving home from a day of being out and about in the neighborhood and meeting people, I'd write their name on a post-it note (Traci) along with where I had met them (at the Stanley hotel) what came up in conversation (used to live in Toronto) and a distinguishing feature to help her stand out in my memory (has a pet rat living in her hoodie). Pretty soon the wall of my room was covered in yellow sticky paper, as I walked through my community I could greet folks by name. I still use this tool to get to know people. To me, remembering a name bestows dignity. It says "You are worth remembering and I value you." Friendship soon follows if you keep at it.



Comparisons Are Lethal (you'll shoot your eye out)

One of the foxiest schemes the devil uses in my life is comparisons - My giftings to yours. My opportunities to yours. My stuff to your stuff. My recognition and reputation to yours. At the end of the day I start wishing I was more like you! Falling into this slimy pit breeds inferiority, self-doubt and eventually, I become paralyzed. I'm serious - I can't accomplish anything because I'm so afraid to fail. So I stop trying. At all. At that point, I'm no good to anyone and I spend my time creeping on facebook all day constantly refreshing my page to see what other people are doing and saying. If I can nip that thinking in the bud and take those wicked thoughts captive to Christ Jesus then I can appreciate the good stuff in you and celebrate the good stuff in me and not only live out the calling I have received but live up to what I have already attained. Trust me—comparisons are lethal - we waste time, energy and brainspace getting caught up in measuring ourselves against one another (coming up short every time). You'll poke your eye out. Please, don't learn the hard way. Comparisons are lethal.

Reality Is Rewarding But Escapism Is Easier

You know what? Ministry is hard work. Even when I'm anointed and walking in my calling - really getting to know people, and allowing others to get to know me, it can be heartbreaking, exhausting, frustrating and discouraging. Building the Kingdom brings beauty along with brokenness. There is a strong temptation to "check out" at the end of a day, to come home and watch TV, hang out online, read meaningless novels, and take facebook quizzes like "what 80's rock band are you?" All of these activities numb my brain and lock the activities, conversations and drama of the day on the outside of my conscious mind. I escape. What's wrong with that? Welllll...when I engage in escapism I fail to acknowledge how all of the brokenness and stress, etc. are weighing on my mind and heart and spirit. Instead, it builds up like ice on my windshield in Winnipeg in winter. Have you ever tried to chip that off? Lord Jesus have mercy. If I just let that stuff pile up, I'll start feeling heavy all the time, depressed and next thing you know, I'm having breakdowns and maybe even on medication or leaving ministry altogether. No...turn off laptop Heather, I need to get with my Father and download where I'm at on my insides. I consider it 'daily maintenance', and it's a process and a discipline. Pray it out. Weep. Ask questions. Intercede and unload. God loves that stuff. It doesn't mean that I never go see movies or surf online - but when I do, I'm not avoiding stuff that needs to be dealt with.

Busy, busy, busy till He Comes Back! (yikes)

It's easy to unwittingly adopt an life of 'busyness' if I'm not careful. A schedule that is heavy on meetings, programs, and planning with family time, housework and facebook (!) plugged into all the spare moments leaves me running around like a chicken with its head cut off. What gets choked out in a life like that? I'll tell you - it's quality solitude time with The Word, the Trinity, myself. My strategy? I need to be ruthless with my time, and jealously guard what I have intentionally set aside for the Lord. In those moments, I'm listening to what *He* has to say (both the rhema and the logos Word) and what His expectations are. Then I'll know what I ought to be doing the rest of the time-the activities that I was created to do, that fulfill my calling and bring about Kingdom Advance. I also know what I can say a firm "No"

to - because maybe it's someone else's calling, not the 'God timing' for it, or doesn't amount to a hill of beans in the Heavenlies. So the bottom line? I believe in hard work, puttin' my hand to the plow and not turning back, but I also want to be about my Father's business. Don't you?

At The End Of The Day, Jesus Will Always Know (and so will I)

I esteem to set the bar high and just be holy. Not because I'm trying to win a holiness contest, but because it Just. Feels. Good. When I'm with Jesus and the Father and the whole host of Heaven on the Day of Judgement and we're going over the details of my life and how I handled myself and treated others, how I spent my time and my talents and how I brought the Good News into the world around me, I want there to be as few instances as possible where I missed the mark. I'm talking about the times when my thoughts about people or decisions are just plain miserable. The words that I've spread about others that were gossipy, petty or just plain untrue. When I've made others feel small or betrayed. Then there are my actions in the Name of Jesus Christ - am I powered by love, gratitude and a passion for souls? Or am I running on guilt, obligation, what others will think of me and building my own reputation? Sometimes, I just have to stop myself and say "girl, don't you dare let Love leak out". In the end, "everything is uncovered and laid bare before the eyes of him to whom we must give account." (Hebrews 4:13) At the end of the day, Jesus will always know the truth and He will judge the thoughts and intentions of my heart. I want to be filled to the brim with Love.¹⁹

THOUGH THEY ARE SLIGHTING HIM, STILL HE IS WAITING, WAITING A PENITENT CHILD TO RECEIVE.

ANGEL IN THE ALLEYWAY

My first night on Street Combat I was in an alley and I met a girl named Angel. She was shooting up. It was eye-opening for me, and though I wasn't afraid (I was never afraid to be there) I saw in that moment what I knew was living Hell. My heart broke and I could see in her eyes that she longed for freedom and I couldn't stand the thought of Angel being tortured for all of Eternity this way. That night my eyes were opened to the stronghold of sin that the enemy of our souls has on so many. I went home and wept—for Angel and her glaringly obvious addiction, but also for other forms of bondage that society labels as 'normal'. I cried for people everywhere that didn't know Christ. For those who knew Him but had rejected Him. For those that knew Him but were satisfied to do 'just enough' to get by. The more I cried the more my eyes were open to a world that so desperately needs a Savior.⁹



WARFARE TACTICS

- Get out and about in your neighborhood
- Be seen as Jesus people
- Be unashamedly identifiable as The Salvation Army.
- Be ready to testify at any moment, to anyone, effectively
- Let your heart be broken for what breaks the Father's Heart
- Try Tears.
- Show up with Holy Spirit, ingenuity and if needed—a grocery cart
- Demonstrate a spirit of Salvationism in times of popularity or persecution

In most places, Open Air meetings are out of style. Our guys do them at least twice a week. The march consists of a portable sound system sitting in a grocery cart (rescued from a back alley) blasting the live music of soldiers all sallied up (that is, in uniform) shouting the praises of Yahweh through a tough block of hurt and sin. Then they set up at a little 'park' and sing and preach and pray and testify their hearts out to crowds that seem to be growing larger and more hostile (by that I mean that there are only more hecklers, they must be on to our schedule) And when they go home at the end of the meeting, it is to slum rooms just a couple of blocks away. In other words—they live there.¹

8 Share a coffee or a meal ∞ Do something together that you'll both enjoy ∞ Find out what makes them tick & talk about it ∞ Accept every gift given (as long as it's legal) whether you'll wear it or not ∞

LOVE.LOVE.LOVE.

Love, love, love. People just need love. It seems really simple, but just looking someone in the eye, giving them a smile and saying hello bestowed dignity and often had greater effect than I ever could have expected. So often the poor are ignored; people cross to the other side of the street or walk by without looking at them, as if that somehow makes them disappear, or helps the passer-by to feel less guilty. People need dignity. Love. And they need time. Sit down with someone—in a coffee shop or right on the sidewalk and strike up a conversation. Find your common ground. Share your name and then ask them theirs—and remember it. Foster a friendship wherein you get to know someone and they get to know you. The whole thing about relationships is that they are two way—this is the kind of vulnerability modeled by Christ. We all need to know that someone cares for us and that we are loved—rich or poor. More times than not it has nothing to do with what we say—actually we could learn to shut up more—and just be with people. ^{17, 10}



I moved to the "slums" when I was 17. I had lived in middle class suburban America up to that point, although I was not ignorant of the plight of the poor. However, I had no real experience with addiction or homelessness. I went not knowing what to expect, except that God was going to perform miracles. I made a friend who wanted to be clean. She wanted to live a life worthy of the Savior she had seen in us and wanted as her own. She was about 6 days clean when she had a bad "date". She went to the hospital, but because she was an addict the small amount of morphine they gave her did nothing to subdue the pain. Naturally, then, she bought a rock of cocaine, and went home to smoke it. That is where I ran into her. It was an absolute God-moment. As I was getting out of the elevator, she was getting in. She was in a wheel-chair, accompanied by her shady "boyfriend." I went back up to her room with her to hear her story. I was 18 years old. I think she was 19 or 20. She was beautiful, young—I could see that there was so much life left for her to live. But I was absolutely helpless as she told me of selling herself to a man just to be beaten, robbed, left for dead—and here she was trying to kick an addiction but at this point it was the only thing that could help her. As she lit her crack pipe with me standing in her tiny hotel room, I didn't know what to do—so I grabbed her hand and we prayed; me, her boyfriend, a fellow slum-sister, Regina, and her lit pipe. It was through experiences like that that I learned that ministry is not clear-cut. I've always known that, but I saw just how muddled things can really get out on the field. In that room with Regina, it was not time for me to tell her that drugs or bad, or that Jesus wanted to save her from her addictions—it was time for me to hold her hand, to bring her into the presence of a God who loves her.

I have learned that we are absolutely helpless without the power and the presence of God...the most effective tools for building relationships are loving people and learning what I like to call "the art of translation." We cannot go into a situation and assume we know what people need, or that we know how to love them—that is one of those things that must be done on an individual basis. It's about loving them and wanting better for them because we love them, not because it is what we are *supposed* to do. And that is why the art of translation is important—love is individual. The Gospel (while totally being for everyone) is also for the one.

We have to know how to reach people in a way they understand and know and feel that they are wanted, they are valued, they are loved. ²⁰

8 Invite them to do something normal ∞ Do laundry together ∞ Introduce them to your friends ∞ Make doctor/dentist/detox appointments ∞ Help to get ID ∞ With permission contact estranged family 8

PLEAD WITH THEM EARNESTLY, PLEAD WITH THEM GENTLY, HE WILL FORGIVE IF THEY ONLY BELIEVE.

∞ Give your full attention—be a great listener ∞ Offer practical help ∞ Avoid speaking Christianese and giving pat answers ∞

∞ Pray at a moment's notice ∞ Encourage at every opportunity ∞ Speak life and Scripture over their lives ∞ Make time as needed ∞

RAISING A FIGHTING FORCE

“How can we better ensure that the soldier grasp the principle that they are saved to serve; or better, saved to save? There would not be so many soldiers standing idle month after month, and year after year, if they had been brought to realize their responsibility. Ask yourself how many of your soldiers are active soul-winners. Some of the inactive ones do not strike you, perhaps, as being very capable. That may be because some pains have not been taken to develop them.”¹⁴

“Our young people need leading out to be more aggressive. In the early days, when boys and girls were converted they were immediately put up to give their testimony and trained to fight side by side with the adults. Nowadays, this will only be so if those appointed to be local leaders have the aggressive fighting spirit, a burning love for souls, which will constrain them to aim at nothing less than the conversion of each child and his development as an aggressive soldier.”¹⁴

“I heard a Salvation Army officer once who works in Addictions Rehabilitation say ‘If you send an alcoholic to be treated by a doctor, he becomes a healthy alcoholic. If you send him to a psychiatrist, he becomes a balanced alcoholic. If you send him to many of these programs, he becomes a sober alcoholic. But if you send him to Jesus Christ, He becomes a transformed man’ and that’s what we try to do—help people to become transformed. And if you want to reach the deep essence of a person with the life-changing message of Christ, you’ve got to spend time with them and help them to get their life straight again.”¹²

Great Grace. Thanks to:

- 1 Major Stephen Court
- 2 Sadie Morewood
- 3 Captain Rowan Castle
- 4 General Evangeline Booth
- 5 General William Booth
- 6 Maud Ballington Booth
- 7 Lennart Nilsson
- 8 Martyr Nicole Brindle
- 9 Martyr Linsey Beach
- 10 Cadet Xander Coleman
- 11 Major John Needham
- 12 General Eva Burrows
- 13 Major Geoff Ryan
- 14 Mrs. Bramwell Booth
- 15 Death & Glory, Tara Ayer
- 16 Holy ____, Denise Walker
- 17 Cadet Dawn Marie Paulson
- 18 General Arnold Brown
- 19 Cadet Heather Wrighteous Dolby
- 20 Cadet Jaime Riefer
- 21 William Kostlevy

“We didn’t just talk about evangelism and read books on it. We kitted up and headed for the front and never stopped to inquire politely of people ‘would you like to join us?’ We lived out heroic lives amid the everyday traffic and people flocked to our colors. The only question we asked was ‘Can you keep up?’ We were heroes, to saints and sinners alike.”¹³

“People can tell when you’re being fake—so can God. So be authentic with yourself and others, else you’ll just be wasting your time. The Gospel isn’t a quick-fix ‘help-others-get-into-heaven’ diet, it’s an entire life change. This ministry isn’t about ‘tithing your time’ one Sunday a week, but rather letting your love for God overflow into every aspect of your life.”⁹

“Keep showing up!
No matter how many times
someone says they will meet you and
doesn’t show—keep showing up.
Persistence pays off.”¹⁶

“If you want to effect changes in law, you
would rub shoulders with lawmakers. If
you want to end poverty, live in the slums
and understand what creates it.”¹⁵

“The front line of The Salvation Army must always run through the agony of the world.”¹⁸

“But mind,” says the Founder, “you must train and teach and develop your Army in actual service...they must learn as they fight and fight while they learn. They will train most rapidly in the field; and only in the field, with the Flag of victory waving over them, can they be made into veterans and inspired with the conviction that they are the soldiers of the Most High, and therefore invincible, unconquerable, and all-conquering.”⁵

“Many cadets you are sending to the Training Garrison have done no fighting! Their soldiers’ life seems to have been spent processioning or on parade! Many have not learnt to love souls. They love music, they love being seen at the front in neat uniform, or perhaps singing the solo, but fighting soldiers of a real fighting force they have not been. On the whole, the candidates are the pick of our younger soldiery. If their fighting qualities are so undeveloped, what fighting qualities are the rest of the soldiers displaying? They need helping. We look to you.”¹⁴