

The Salvation Army in Bulgaria



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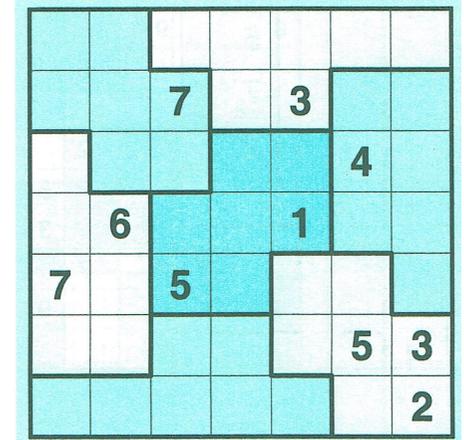
TEAM BULGARIA

PUZZLES

SUDOKU

HOW TO PLAY

Complete the grid such that each row, each column and each tile contains the digits 1-9



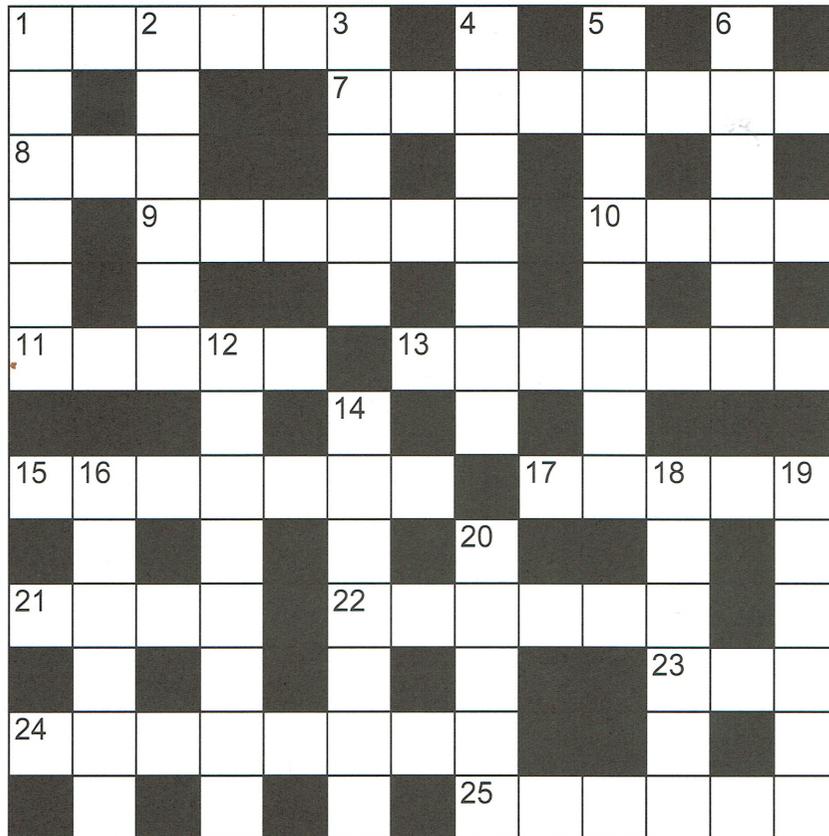
WORD SEARCH

Cooking

S	E	T	A	L	P	T	D	T	E	V	S	Q	M	H
R	E	M	I	T	G	G	E	L	T	T	E	K	R	T
E	V	A	W	O	R	C	I	M	E	K	U	R	H	R
F	Q	J	A	T	F	X	S	C	S	M	B	Z	E	R
R	P	B	J	Y	H	C	J	R	E	N	N	I	D	T
I	N	G	R	E	D	I	E	N	T	S	A	I	V	E
G	S	T	N	E	M	I	D	N	O	C	S	F	D	I
E	N	I	H	C	A	M	G	N	I	H	S	A	W	M
R	C	A	N	Z	P	D	T	O	W	G	R	I	L	L
A	N	U	P	K	E	A	K	A	W	L	E	W	O	T
T	F	F	T	E	B	U	S	N	S	H	C	T	H	D
O	A	S	F	L	C	H	L	Z	I	M	I	X	E	R
R	D	J	E	I	E	U	O	A	S	F	P	S	S	E
H	U	U	A	R	S	R	A	U	R	I	E	S	K	Y
A	P	R	A	X	Q	Z	Y	S	R	S	S	S	Y	N

- Bread knife
- Condiments
- Cutlery
- Dinner
- Dishwasher
- Egg timer
- Grill
- Ingredients
- Kettle
- Microwave
- Mixer
- Plates
- Recipes
- Refrigerator
- Saucepan
- Sink
- Table
- Towel
- Washing machine
- Whisk

CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 - Game participant (6)
- 7 - Discovers (8)
- 8 - Cereal grain (3)
- 9 - Take in (6)
- 10 - Military branch (4)
- 11 - Japanese fish dish (5)
- 13 - Approve or support (7)
- 15 - Typical example (7)
- 17 - Rigid (5)
- 21 - Walk awkwardly (4)
- 22 - Complex problem (6)
- 23 - Weapon (3)
- 24 - Lookouts (8)
- 25 - Adornment (6)

Down

- 1 - Confirms (6)
- 2 - Jinks (6)
- 3 - Indian coin (5)
- 4 - Wire mesh (7)
- 5 - Escape (8)
- 6 - Disgraces (6)
- 12 - Areas of excess heat (8)
- 14 - Loss of memory (7)
- 16 - Opens up (6)
- 18 - Pictures (6)
- 19 - Aniseed flavour herb (6)
- 20 - Inaugural (5)

Alida Margaretha Bosshardt

Alida Margaretha Bosshardt

(8 June 1913-25 June 2007), better known as Major Bosshardt, was an officer in The Salvation Army, and more or less the public face of the Army in the Netherlands.

Born in Utrecht, Alida became a member of the Salvation Army after visiting one of their meetings when she was 18. Before that, she was not religious. Her father was a Roman Catholic, her mother was Dutch Reformed. From 1934 she worked in the Salvation Army's children's home in Amsterdam.

During the German occupation in the Second World War, Alida took care of the mostly Jewish children who had been brought by their parents to the home. After the war, she worked at the Salvation Army's national headquarters in Amsterdam. She noticed that they had no activities in the De Wallen, Amsterdam's red-light district, and obtained permission to start working there. Her work for the prostitutes gained her national fame. In 1965, she accompanied Princess Beatrix on a secret visit of the red-light district.

In 1978, Alida retired. She had already been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in the Salvation Army, but she was still generally known as "Major Bosshardt". After her retirement, she was still a prominent member of the Salvation Army, regularly appearing on television and speaking at conferences and church services.

In 2004, Yad Vashem recognized Alida as a "Righteous Among the Nations", for her work in the Second World War.

In 1941 The Germans forbade the Salvation Army to carry on with its work. Uniforms could not be worn and money and buildings were confiscated. But the Army did not surrender. To be able to continue its work, all children's homes became private homes. The Salvation Army refused to become a part of 'Wnterhulp,' an organisation initiated by the Germans.

Alida took three Jewish sisters - Hendrina, Dimpfina and Helena



Alida Margaretha Bosshardt (Cont'd)

into the Army's care because of their circumstances at home. The girls' mother was pregnant and also found shelter with The Salvation Army. Not long after baby Roos was born, the home was ordered to become part of Wnterhulp. Alida fled with the 70 children, of whom many were Jewish, to the northern part of Amsterdam.

They made their way by train and on foot to another part of the country, where the children were homed in ten different places. During the many times they had to move, baby Roos was covered by blankets because of her Jewish looks.

Without enough money to buy food for the children, Alida went out to collect food, despite this being forbidden. Although she was betrayed and captured by the German forces she escaped two weeks later after her interrogator "forgot" to lock the door behind him.

The Dutch resistance provided the captain with addresses to home the children and she found safety for more than 75 Jewish children. No names or addresses were written down, so the Germans could not trace them in the files.

In 1944, the captain often cycled into the country to find food. Often, she was given cigarettes, which she exchanged for potatoes. Although, Alida did not tell the Army leaders, as The Salvation Army prohibits smoking so accepting cigarettes was forbidden.

During the Second World War Alida succeeded in keeping the four sisters together and under her wing.

They later wrote to the Yad Vashem committee: 'Although she had nothing, Major Bosshardt has been able to give us a feeling of warmth and protection in this period. The major is like a mother for us and she still calls us "her children".'

'We thank our lives, our children and grandchildren to her.'

'With indefatigable energy and great love, she was the chaplain and social worker to the diverse population of the red-light district. For many years she lived, slept and had her office in one room in the building that housed the Salvation Army Headquarters. Through a network of centres she served the homeless and those with alcohol problems. She was instrumental in helping to formulate laws to safeguard the health of those in the trade of prostitution.'



Recipe - Nutty Nougat

Nougat is an almost magical sweet that emerges from honey-flavoured meringue made with boiled syrup. Since any other nuts or candied fruits can be used instead of almonds, so long as you have eggs, sugar and honey, you have the potential for making an treat.



INGREDIENTS

225g/8oz/1 cup Granulated Sugar

225g/8oz/1 cup Clear Honey or Golden Syrup

1 Large Egg White

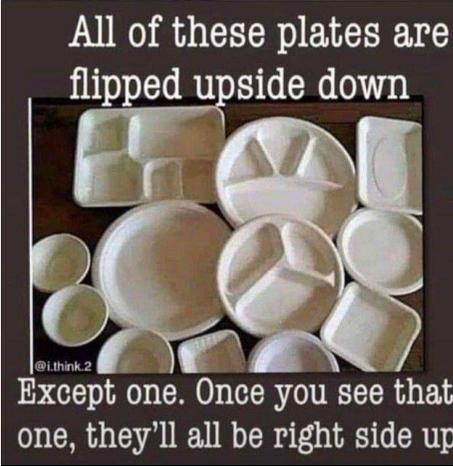
115g/4oz/1cup Flaked Almonds or Chopped pistachio Nuts, Roasted

- 1) Line a 17.5cm/7in square cake pan with parchment paper. Place the sugar, honey or syrup and 60ml/4tbsp water in a large, heavy pan and heat gently, stirring frequently, until the sugar has completely dissolved.
- 2) Bring the syrup to the boil and boil gently to the soft crack stage (when the syrup dropped into cold water separates into hard but not brittle threads) or 151°C/304°F on a sugar thermometer.
- 3) Meanwhile, whisk the egg white until very stiff, but not crumbly, then slowly drizzle in the syrup while whisking constantly.
- 4) Quickly stir in the nuts and pour the mixture into the prepared tin. Leave to cool but. Before the nougat becomes too hard, cut it into squares. Store in an airtight container.

MAKES

500g/1¼lb

A Little Bit of Humour



HELP WITH JIGSAW

A little silver-haired lady calls her neighbour and says, "Please come over here and help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't figure out how to get started."

Her neighbour asks,

"What is it supposed to be when it's finished'?"

The little silver haired lady says, "According to the picture on the box, it's a rooster."

Her neighbour decides to go over and help with the puzzle. She lets him in and shows him where she has the puzzle spread all over the table.

He studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says, "First of all, no matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster."

He takes her hand and says, "Secondly. I want you to relax. Let's have a nice cup of tea, and then," he said with a deep sigh.....

"Lets put all the Corn Flakes back in the box."

Alida Margaretha Bosshard (Cont'd)

Adding: 'It is not hard to imagine the young Alida in occupied Holland, working to keep safe the 80 children in her charge. At risk to her own life she would cycle past the Nazi soldiers with Jewish babies hidden in the wicker baskets on her bicycle, taking them to safe houses. For saving the lives of many Jewish children she was honoured with the Yad Vashem Award.

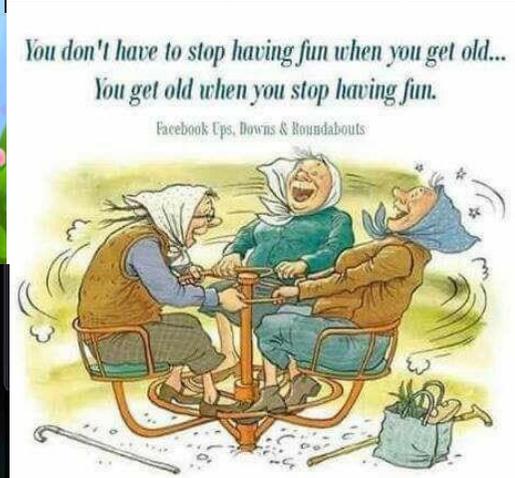
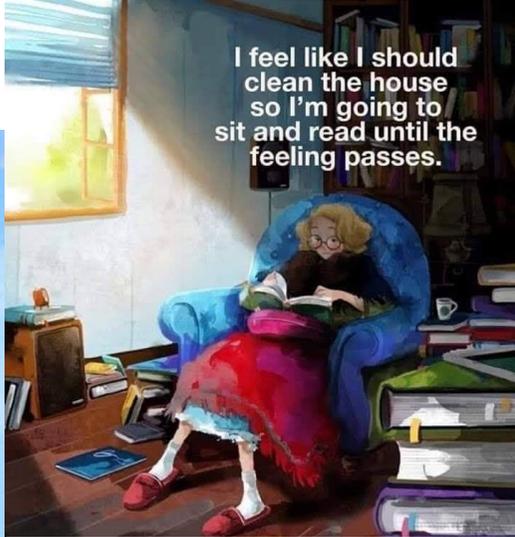
The photograph below shows the bronze statue that has been erected in Amsterdam



A sweet elderly lady in a nearby pew was heard saying a prayer. She was so innocent and sincere that I just had to share it with you: "Dear Lord: This last year has been very tough. You have taken my favourite actors Sean Connery, Kirk Douglas and Diana Rigg; my favourite singer from the 50's, Little Richard; even Charlie Daniels and Kenny Rogers my two favourite Country and Western singers; and from sports you took Maradona and Nobby Stiles." "I just wanted you to know that my favourite politicians are Nicola Sturgeon, Donald Trump, Macron and Jeremy Corbyn". Amen

Okay, Ralph...let me 'splain it you again. You're big, I'm little; BUT!!! You're dog, I'm cat...that makes me the boss. Got it????

Tomorrow is a new day
 Making mistakes is part of life
 Saying 'no' is okay
 Not everyone has to like you
 Beauty & strength come from within



Back in the Days....

Back in the days of tanners and bobs, when Mothers had patience and Fathers had jobs. When football team families wore hand me down shoes, and T.V gave only two channels to choose.



Back in the days of three penny bits, when schools employed nurses to search for your nits. When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted and all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.

Back in the days of hot ginger beers, when children remained so for more than six years.

When children respected what older folks said, and pot was a thing you kept under your bed. Back in the days of Listen with Mother, when neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.

When cars were so rare you could play in the street.

When Doctors made house calls; Police walked the beat.

Back in the days of Milligan's Goons, when butter was butter and songs all had tunes. It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea, and your annual break was a day by the sea.

Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green, Crackerjack pens and Lyons's ice cream.

When children could freely wear National Health glasses, and teachers all stood at the FRONT of their classes.

Back in the days of rocking and reeling, when mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.

When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools, and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.

Back in the days when I was a lad, I can't help but smile for the fun that I had. Hopscotch and roller skates; snowballs to lob.

Back in the days of tanners and bobs.

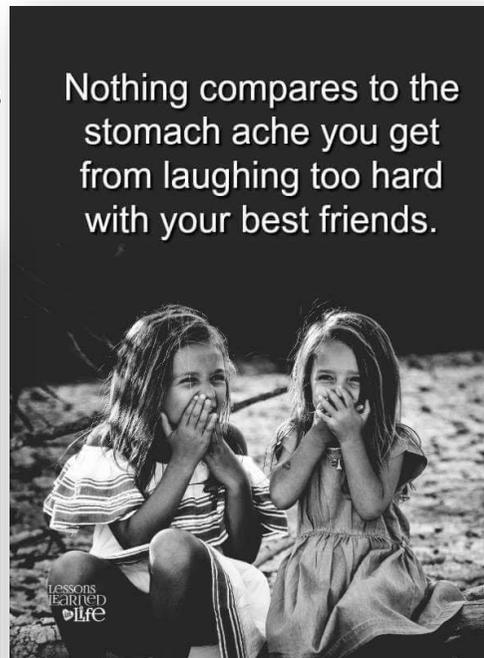
WHY CONNECTED? (cont'd)

He connected with people by talking to them, helping them with their problems and allowing them virtually unrestricted access to him. He sometimes had to sneak off on his own to pray but he never actually told people to go away and stop bothering him.

Jesus often got into trouble with the religious authorities for talking to the wrong kind of people - Samaritans, tax-collectors, "sinners", and by contaminating himself by touching people with various diseases who were classified as "unclean" by the rest of society. But that was Jesus' whole point - God wants an interconnected network of relationships across the whole of humanity, indeed across the whole of creation. The system was breaking down because some groups of society were not talking to, or relating in any meaningful way, to other groups of society. That was 2000 years ago. The Situation does not seem to have improved much. Despite the increased ability to connect, fewer meaningful connections are being made and those that are made are usually with people who think and behave like us. The challenge for those who want to follow Christ is to make a serious effort to establish connections with the others.



140 days in lockdown. I'M FINE. Thanks for asking.



I Have to ask Why ?

Well it's been quite a couple of weeks with the ongoing story of Meghan & Harry and The Royal Family.

I want to very quickly say that I'm not going to use these words to offer any opinion on the rights and wrongs of what they have said or how they went about it. I think I'll leave that to the Media and the Royal Family.! But what I do want to reflect on today is that theme within the interview of 'Why is this happening to me?'

We often try to find meaning in our circumstances, a purpose for the situation we are enduring. Unfortunately, we don't often receive any answers, or at least not while we're in the middle of everything.

Our experience is more akin to that well-known Old Testament character Job, who tried to trust God and accept the trials, but also cried out in frustration and bewilderment. *Job 3:25-26*

"What I feared has come upon me; what I dreaded has happened to me. I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, but only turmoil."

Instead of offering any reason for allowing the trials, God reminded him of His wisdom and power, and impressed on Job how limited his understanding was.

Now whilst God's response to Job is absolutely the right word at the right time, it might not be the reassurance Job or we always want to hear? We know His view includes every factor we cannot see that His might and intellect are beyond what we can grasp. But at the core of our questions, we're eager, even desperate to know whether we can trust the heart of the invisible God who wields control of our lives. Can we trust our Lord & Saviour who claims us as His children, when He chooses not to protect us from the pain and questions of our current circumstances?

Part of the answer lies in the difficulty of accepting the words of the old hymn '*Trust & Obey, for there's no other way*'. The truth is that we cannot trust Him to fix every situation like we would want because He never promised He would do so. He did promise to always be with us and be with us through everything that happens if we'll trust Him, and often He'll do it anyway, even if we give up on Him, because He loves us so much. But how do we trust the Lord when He doesn't guarantee the things we want in this life?



I Have to ask Why? (cont'd)

I want to say to you that God is totally trustworthy. But why should you believe me? Well don't but do entertain the possibility that any small thing that goes right could be His blessing, an expression of His love and compassion for you. Did you make that deadline? Perhaps He gave you the strength. Was someone kind to you? Maybe He prompted them to reach out. Is it a beautiful day outside? Consider the likelihood that He knew you needed it and is inviting you to enjoy it with Him.

Which one of these verses most closely expresses your trust and faith?

1. "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose".
2. "Taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man (or woman) who takes refuge in him".
3. "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever".

In the last few years, one of my favourite pieces of music that The Salvation Army band here in Bedford play, was composed by Geoffrey Nobes called "Prelude on The Hymn Tune "Lavenham". Geoff has been involved in music education for all his working life and has conducted choirs and bands on television and radio and on tour in this country and abroad. Together with Nick Fawcett this music has been crafted together, and for me is one of the most beautiful settings of music and words. The genius of the words and the lifting and lilting music speaks directly to our hearts about this question of - 'Why'.

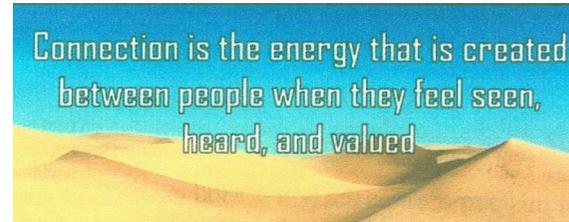
*Lord, there are times when I have to ask 'Why?'
Times when catastrophe gives faith the lie.
Innocents suffer and evil holds sway,
Grant me some answers, Lord, teach me your way.*

*Lord, there are times when I have to ask, 'What?' –
times when your love is not easy to spot.
What is life's purpose and what of me here?'
Grant me some answers, Lord, make your will clear.
Lord, there are times when I have to ask, 'How?' –
times when what's preached doesn't square with life*



WHY CONNECTED?

When deciding to produce this magazine, the word that came into my mind was "Connected" The purpose being that due to the Covid-19 Virus, we were all being advised to stay at home, wash our hands, wear a mask and when meeting other people stay at least 6 feet apart. This has proved to be difficult at times, and for so many months now we have not been able to "be connected" with friends and families that



don't live in the same house. Yet we live in an era in which connection has never been easier. In spite of these restrictions which started a year ago, my wife and I have been able to keep in touch with

our families and friends in Scotland, Australia, Canada, America and almost daily with our children and grandchildren who live in Bedford. The invention of the internet and mobile phones have shown just how interconnected our enormous world is. This has led to situations of serious mental trauma when any attempt is made to separate a young person from their smartphone or computer for more than a few minutes. But, bizarrely, the increase in technical connectedness has also led to an increase in the numbers of people reporting that they feel isolated, lonely, or "have no friends". They may have hundreds of people "following" them but no-one they can really call a friend.

So why should we connect with God? Basically, because God wants to connect with us. He didn't create Adam and Eve just for the sake of it. He came walking through the Garden of Eden in the cool of the day for a chat - to connect with his creation. But Adam and Eve very much did not want to connect and hid in the bushes until God called them out. He still wants to connect with us, but we have to be prepared, in the ever increasing busy-ness of the world, to allow that connection to be made. Jesus showed us a new way of connecting with God. Up to his time the Jews connected with God by rigorously keeping the law, observing the Sabbath and the other prescribed festivals and by making regular sacrifices at the temple. None of this seemed to matter much to Jesus.

“Rabboni?”

My voice cracked. And then came surging tumultuous joy!

I fell at his feet and clung to him. He was alive. I touched him – warm, solid and oh! So real.

My life was not over but here in flesh. Resurrected!

He spoke again “Do not hold on to me Mary, it is time to let me go. But I have a task for you. Tell my beloved brothers that I am alive and I will meet them in Galilee. I am returning to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.”

I looked into his eyes. They were brimming with love and boundless, joyful life. The horror, weariness and agony of grief were lifted away in an instant and I felt light as a feather. To do his bidding was my delight, so I went once again to the upper room.

My glowing face must have looked so strange to them.

Everyone there was pale and exhausted; puffy eyed from silent crying – there were no tears left. They could not believe what I had to say but just the remembrance of his beautiful face, alive and well; completely replacing the nightmare image of Friday; sustained me.

I was not raving again. I had never been more in my right mind – I had truly seen him. First he loved me; then he healed me; then he died for me. Rising, he gave me purpose and a reason for living. Living life in his freedom and joy which I had not dared to believe even existed.

Rejoice, rejoice with me. For God is good and his love endures forever. The Lord has made it possible for every one of us to truly live – because he truly is alive! ***There are no tears left!***

*God sent his Son, they called him Jesus;
He came to love, heal and forgive;
He lived and died to buy my pardon,
An empty grave is there to prove my Saviour lives.*

*Because her lives, I can face tomorrow;
Because he lives, all fear is gone;
Because I know he holds the future,
And life is worth the living just because he lives*

I Have to ask Why? (cont'd)

now.

*Wrestling with doubt I ask, ‘How can this be?’
Grant me some answers, Lord, help me to see.*

*Lord, there are times when the questions run fast –
times when I fear that my faith may not last.*

*Help me, support me, Lord, help me get through.
Lead me through darkness till light shines anew.*

For us today who ask the ‘Why’ question. I pray that you’ll start to see that He is good, even when life isn’t. That someday, even if you don’t understand what He’s doing or why he is doing it right now you’ll be able to trust who He is as your heavenly Father, and it will be enough.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR ...

A man and his wife in their 60s were celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary. Their guardian angels appeared to them and said that because they had been such a devoted couple they could each be granted a special request.



The wife wished for a trip around the world with her husband, and lo and behold, she immediately had the cruise tickets and documentation in her hands. The husband saw what she had got and wished for a female companion 30 years younger. Immediately he turned 90!

Meditation for Easter

Mary Magdalene — no tears left

What Mary Magdalene's experience might have been like at the first Easter

Come and see, come and see... Please come with me and see with your own eyes!

I've just come from the tomb, and I saw him. Jesus, he's alive! He's alive. Rabboni!

How can I even start to describe everything that has happened over the last few days? It all seems so unbelievable, impossible even, like a nightmare or a dream.

I have not really slept since Wednesday – Thursday night was filled with prayers, pleading with God for his safety after the arrest in the garden and then Friday. How could anyone sleep after Friday – the betrayal of every hope; unutterable shock. Nothing could efface the image burning in my eyes of his tormented, dying body on the cross.

I have cried every tear I had until there were none left in me. I am dry in mouth and skin and shrivelled in heart. His death was my death too.

But now?

At dawn this morning I took the perfume and left Jerusalem by the Garden gate. I wanted to be alone so I left the other women sleeping. We had clung to each other in our constant weeping since Friday but I needed to see the tomb again.

I wanted to be away from their neediness, guilt and agony and alone with my own.

I needed to say my own goodbye to the one I loved the most.

I was not ready to let him go. What was there for me without him? He was everything.

How could the one who had already raised my spirit from the death of abuse and addiction I was imprisoned in; the one whom I had seen raise three people from physical death; how could he be dead?

As I left the house it was as though I had also died and left my body

behind. Every detail is seared on my mind now but it had a dream-like unreality to it then.

The mist hung in the valleys. The dew on the grass beneath my feet and the grey olive branches overhead made the cool dawn silver in the paling light. There was an unnatural stillness in the air – as if the whole world was waiting for something.

At that moment I was flung to the ground.

The jar I carried smashed, infusing the air with spicy fragrance.

The earth was erupting ahead of me –

Did you feel the earthquake here? Can you still feel the vibrations in the air and earth?

That was the moment. I am sure of it.

All the numbness fell away and a tremendous, heady fear shook me as I clung to an upturned tree root. When some small courage had returned, I looked beyond the tree towards the tomb.

I could see that the rock had been moved away from the entrance – what could this mean? Had they taken his body away? Hadn't they done enough already?

I couldn't go on.

My trembling courage broke and with shaking knees I ran back to the upper room. I had to tell Peter and John. When I spoke of what I had seen they immediately got up and ran to the tomb.

I followed them but I couldn't keep up. But I saw them enter the tomb and pick up something white from within..

Then they left looking puzzled.

Alone again and weeping, I went to the tomb and peered inside.

There were two people there. But no Jesus. No body.

I was so weary and confused I didn't notice much about them. They asked me, "why are you crying? Why do you look for the living among the dead?"

So I said "they have taken him away, Jesus, I don't know where He is" ... but I didn't want to talk

I just wanted Jesus.

When I turned away there was yet another man. He asked me the same question. I begged him to tell me where Jesus was. Surely he would know if he worked in the burial ground?

He said just one word in response, and with it my world turned upside down. He said "Mary" and it was his voice.