

***Religion is of life, and the life of religion is to do what is good***

*(Doctrine of Life 8)*

**The New Church** is an international organization of people striving to improve their conscious relationship with the Lord, Jesus Christ, the one God who rules heaven and earth.

We extend a warm welcome to everyone, and invite you to take what you like and return it freely. We use the Bible and the Heavenly Doctrine revealed by the Lord and published by Emanuel Swedenborg to guide us in our lives, especially in our relationships. We freely share our love and understanding with each other, and try to give one another support in our spiritual journeys.

Temporarily the Hurstville Society is without a **Pastor**. During this period the Society will be served by lay leaders and visiting preachers.

**Worship Services** are held each Sunday at 10:00 AM. **Sunday School** is held concurrently with the worship service (prior notice required).

**Young People's Group** is held once a month in conjunction with the Young People's Group at the New Church at 2 Shirley St, Roseville.

**A tea and social** in conjunction with **discussion** meets on the 1st Friday of each month (January excepted) beginning at 7 00 pm. This will be conducted by visiting ministers when available or lay led as appropriate.

**Bible Study** and **Discussion Classes** previously held midweek have been suspended until further notice.

**The Swedenborg Bookroom**, at 22 Dudley Street, Penshurst, contains books by and about Emanuel Swedenborg for sale or loan. It is open by appointment.

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Call or come at anytime.

## **The New Church Newsletter**

### **Hurstville Society April 2006**



*Would you like a sweet surprise?  
Well, close your eyes;  
A window, curtains open wide;  
Now, what do you see,  
Over by that flowering tree?  
A girl, a radiant, lovely girl.  
Dorothy, it's you, it's you!  
Oh, it is true, it's really true, then,  
"To grow old in Heaven is to grow young, again."*

Norman Heldon

## In Loving Memory of Dot Heldon

Our Newsletter this month is dedicated to our long standing member and dear friend, Dot. She passed into the spiritual world on Saturday evening 25<sup>th</sup> February, 2006. She was in her 91<sup>st</sup> year. Over ninety people attended her memorial service at the Hurstville New Church on Thursday 2<sup>nd</sup> March rejoicing in her life but saddened by how much we will miss her presence.

This wonderful lady has been a quiet unassuming influence in the Hurstville Society since she was a young woman. Our Membership Register shows the signature of D Wellington on 7<sup>th</sup> March 1937. Minute books and church news leave in no doubt that Dot was an active member from that date. A couple of years later she married Ossian Heldon, a young man very prominent in the uses of the society, who was the eldest son of Edith and Fredrik Heldon (name changed from Hellberg). Dot was the backbone of the Women's Guild, serving for many years as Secretary/Treasurer and making herself readily available to help organise social functions often hosting them at her own home. When the Women's Guild and Theta Alpha groups amalgamated in the 1980s to become the Theta Alpha Guild she joined Theta Alpha International taking on their uses also. Her talented hands were busy making New Church Day gifts for New Church children scattered across the wide expanse of our continent. It seems to most of us that 'Aunty' Dot has always been there.

Included in this issue is the Memorial Address given from the heart by Rev Ian Arnold who kindly flew down from Brisbane on the day. Also there are excerpts from family Eulogies (full scripts available on request) which give you a more in depth picture of Dorothy Jean Heldon. Norm's simple and beautiful poem on the front page was especially written for Dot's service.

### Memorial Address for Mrs Dot Heldon

by Rev Ian Arnold

Whilst we rightly look to the Lord Jesus Christ for both inspiration and guidance and for those succinct statements of His to try to live by; one of

## Easter Services

Our **Good Friday** service on 14<sup>th</sup> April at 7.30 pm is planned to offer something a little different. The pews will be rearranged to create an atmosphere for us to join together and focus on the events of the Last Supper.

**Easter Sunday**, 16<sup>th</sup> April, will be at the usual time of 10 am.

## Newsletter Mailout Changes

After many, many years of faithful service in assembling and mailing out the Calendars and Newsletters **Rhonda Hall** has decided it is time to finish up. Many thanks Rhonda for a job well done.

Last month's mailout was handled by **Robert Cooper**. However, as Robert has taken on a new job in Canberra (working for the Dept of Criminology though returning to Sydney at weekends) it is unclear whether he will be able to do this job on a permanent basis. Any further changes will be advised next issue.

## News Notes

Sadly we have to report that **Bill Hall**, long time member and stalwart of the Sydney Society, passed into the spiritual world on 24<sup>th</sup> March after a massive stroke several days earlier. There will be a service at the Northern Suburbs Crematorium on Friday 31<sup>st</sup> March at 11.15 am in the North Chapel. As well the regular service at Roseville on Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> April will contain a memorial address.

The Hurstville congregation journeyed to Roseville to join with them for their **Harvest Thanksgiving Service** and luncheon afterwards on 12<sup>th</sup> March. An enjoyable time was had by all.

## April Birthdays

Happy Birthday to **Donna Heldon** (5<sup>th</sup>), **Gaye Heldon** (15<sup>th</sup>), **Merv Kennedy** (17<sup>th</sup>), **Huiling Sun** (20<sup>th</sup>), **Kerry Horner** (22<sup>nd</sup>), **David Horner** (25<sup>th</sup>)

## Thanks Wonderful Friends

Many thanks to everyone for the warm welcome you've given me and my family, as well as for all your help in getting us settled into our stay here! We've already said goodbye to Bri as she returned to the USA after her brief internship here, helping with preparing lay services, and soon Miriam will be heading back also.

After spending a week here in Hurstville, with Jon and Mim and Bri exploring some of the sights around Sydney and connecting with old and new friends their age, the four of us went up to Cairns for a short holiday snorkelling on the Great Barrier Reef and touring the rain forest. We were fortunate to miss Cyclone Larry by a week! Bri then left for home, and my kids and I travelled on to Melbourne and Adelaide to visit relatives and New Church friends in both places. Highlights were flying by helicopter over the 12 (or 11 or 18 depending how you count them!) Apostles in Victoria, being in Melbourne for the opening of the Commonwealth Games (we never did see the Queen!), and driving through the Coorong in South Australia in 4 wheel drive vehicles to the untamed 90 mile beach along the Southern Ocean, only to get bogged down in the sand on the beach as the tide came in. Lots of excitement and true Aussie adventure!

Now we're back in Hurstville, in full swing with the Hurstville Society's activities, and enjoying the time we are able to spend with you while I do my part to help with lay leading. In a few weeks Andrea and Chris will be joining me and Jon, ready to get to know you a little and to try new adventures in Aus.

With warm regards,  
Roslyn Taylor

PS Ros brought back with her a newspaper cutting from the **Adelaide Advertiser** 18<sup>th</sup> March. It reads: "Exclusive Blocks In Demand – A Twilight viewing last month of Bryn Athyn Estate – a prime Mitcham land division – proved a success . . ." It turns out that this is the property of the late Charles and Daphne Norton, General Church members, who named it Bryn Athyn when they lived there. It is in the foothills overlooking Adelaide, with a superb view over the city and coastline. After Mrs. Norton's death a few years ago, the family sold the property to a developer. Hence the name Bryn Athyn Estate!

the most sublime and memorable of them all was given by Him through the prophet Micah some seven plus hundred years before He Himself walked this earth. It was at a time when people were inclined to religious display and ostentation. They were into the idea, sadly mistaken, that the bigger the offering, the greater the show, the more costly the sacrifice, the more it won them favour with God. Through Micah the Lord tried to tell them otherwise. These weren't the things that interested Him, won His favour, or endeared them to Him. It's different from that. "What does the Lord require of you?" Micah was given to ask, "But to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God."

We know the message is for everyone in every age, for us today as much as for people all those centuries ago. Even so, the force of the Hebrew is somewhat lost in translation. Our Bibles have Micah saying, "He has shown you, *O man*, what is good, and what does the Lord require of you, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God." The original language more clearly carries the idea of this message being addressed to all. "He has shown you, *O humanity*, what is good, and what does the Lord require of you, but to do justly – or to be discerning and to exercise wise judgment; to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God."

It's lovely isn't it? It's simple. It's straightforward. It's easily remembered. The Lord doesn't ask of us big things. Religion is not about flashiness or sacrifice. It's not even about services of worship or hymn singing, though some of us find these helpful; and it's not about Boards and Committees or maintenance of buildings, though these are necessary. It's all so much quieter, less obvious, more or less out of sight. Religion and a religious life is all in the doing; in the way we manage our lives. Angels, we are told, do not inquire of newcomers what Church they belonged to or faith they subscribed to, but how and in what way they lived their lives.

These words spoken through Micah came to mind and began to be the focus of my thinking as I thought about Mrs Heldon, recalled meetings with her, and listened to family members talk about her. Hers was a quietly gone about relationship with the Lord. The larger part of it was within her, just lovely glimpses of it shining through. She didn't regale people about faith

yet in keeping with these words lived a religious life. She found great inner strength in her faith but wasn't one for foisting it on others. There was always this quiet privacy about her.

Mrs Heldon, your Mum, grandmother and great-grandmother, was born on 2<sup>nd</sup> May 1915, not all that long into World War 1 when you think about it, the second daughter of Henry and Maud Wellington. There were 4 children in the family, Thelma, Dot, Harry and now the sole survivor, Audrey, living in Care at Bulimba in Brisbane. Working in the railways, as her father did, necessitating the family moving fairly frequently. What seems, however, a stabilising factor in her childhood and as a young person was Dot's involvement with her Church. She was a keen and committed member of The Church of England, attending – as often people did in those days – 3 times on a Sunday. Yet once she married her husband Ossian or “Ossie” and converted she remained a loyal member of The New Church all her life. That commitment and loyalty survived, notwithstanding the early untimely death of Ossie after only 24 years of marriage. There were of course 5 children of their marriage, Brian, Ken, Chris, Patricia and Kaye. There are 18 grand-children and 32 great-grandchildren, 55 direct descendants in all. Now no longer physically with us, you who are her family will treasure all the more that most recent family reunion and the photos taken at the time and look upon the effort to organise it, and getting there, as being all the more worthwhile.

It was with and amongst her family that Dot Heldon seemed happiest. She loved welcoming the new babies and nursed the latest grandchild to arrive just weeks ago, Gabrielle, Darren's and Kate's little one, even sitting up in her bed giving her a bottle. Who knows but that Dot, who loved children so much, will be an angel mother, even with many to care for, in heaven? What a mother! It's not all that long ago that she was travelling Australia and, before that, the world, keeping up with you all. And love her as you do, especially appreciating this about her, it is such a tribute to her the way she carried on after losing Ossie, always there for you, though shattering at the time losing him must have been. It is, I know, one of the things best remembered and warmly admired about Dot, the way she coped with everything life threw at her. There were no scenes; no histrionics; no

body rising from the tomb. It was a glorification so complete that after the resurrection, the Lord was not even born of Mary, but was both “conceived and born” of Jehovah (AC 2628). He is no longer the Son of Mary, which is why the Lord called her “woman”, not mother.

But He had to come on earth first, to have temptations, and the last temptation was on the cross: “This union [of Father and Son, soul and body] was fully achieved by the passion of the cross,” because it was “the last temptation which the Lord underwent in the world, and temptations create a link.” TCR 126

“Temptations create a link.” That link, or conjunction, is what redeems us today. The glorification enabled redemption to take place. His daily temptations formed that link or conjunction, and to this day people receive from this the eternal possibility of being raised into heaven, and being saved. The Lord Himself as Creator and Redeemer, mediates for us still by means of the human taken on by birth, but glorified.

The Lord removed our sins by bearing them: “He did not take away sins, but bore them.., He suffered that there should be represented, in Himself, the church in respect to its maltreatment of the Word.” (Lord 65) As the Word had been crucified by human evil, so was He crucified by it, for He was the Word made flesh, and He fulfilled it.

Is it easier for us today because of His Advent? Yes, because He conquered ALL evils, all we have to face today are the tendencies to them, not the evils themselves (unless of course we have succumbed to temptation, and must repent of actual evil practices) But overcoming tendencies is the “easy yoke, the light burden.” All we need to do is examine ourselves to discover an evil, then say to ourselves, “I will not do this evil because it is a sin against the Lord.” We are immediately forgiven, because the Lord already caused us to see it. (TCR 539) But we are not yet redeemed: after confessing an evil, now we have to avoid it whenever it recurs in our life. We have to keep at it, all our life. The Holy Supper focuses the Divine redemption on this purpose in life. Then gradually the evil is remitted, that is sent away, and we are redeemed. Just as redemption was accomplished all through the Lord's life, so our redemption takes place all through our regeneration. But His victory over hell prepared the way, so that “where I am, there you may be also.”

the light from heaven, substituting false ideas for Divine Truth. It threatened the end of the human race.

The Lord came to save the human race. "Therefore in order that He might conquer evil by His own powers - which no man has been able to do, or is able to do - and so that He alone might become righteousness, He was willing to be born as are other men. If it had not been for this, there would have been no need of His being born." Arcana Coelestia 1573

Our human evils brought on the need for the Lord's birth. Was this dying for us? No: if anything, He died **from** us, because He "bore our iniquities." But bearing our sins means to suffer from our evils. If it were not for our human hereditary evils, there would be no need for the Advent. So it we all agree that the Lord "bore the sins of the human race." AC 1573 But to bear is to suffer and die from them, not to die for us.

So the only alternative left for God to save the human race, was by taking on the human form by being born as a baby, and receiving the human heredity from her: So He provided Mary of Galilee to do so: "Behold thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women." Luke 1.28

Once the Lord had taken our heredity, He could allow the hells close enough for Him to overcome them, without actually contacting the Divine in Him. For He overcame "from His own proper power," NOT from the Divine. He was fighting just like you and I do, against the evils that we know so well. But where we would fail, He "could not but conquer." A 1812. So great was His love that He was willing to suffer the temptations of our own evils, so that once having conquered them, "He always conquers." AC 9718, 9715, 8273 [That makes the Lord alone to be righteous.]

When did the Lord redeem us then, if it was not on the cross? The Lord "redeemed" us, i.e. "bought us back" from hell during His daily personal temptations. Temptations all through His entire life were Redemption. But the passion of the cross was the complete union of body and soul, the completion of the glorification process which the temptations also accomplished. There were two processes going on: glorification and redemption. On the cross, the Son and Father were united, which was glorification, or "making Divine" the

throwing of her hands into the air in despair and dismay; no bewailing the vastly different circumstances into which she was catapulted after Ossie's passing. She judged wisely and quietly that she had to get on with it, and simply and stoically did so.

Dot must have been a strong woman. The reality is that others might have wilted and gone under. Strong, but also a woman possessing mercy.

Our Church's teachings define mercy as 'love grieving'. The love was always there but of course, and for the very reason she loved, she grieved; grieved when life didn't unfold for her children as she believed best or saw to be in their best interests. She didn't want those around her to suffer or for life to come undone for them.

And then there was that third quality identified in the words spoken by Micah, about walking humbly with God.

That Dot walked with God we are in no doubt. That she walked humbly we are also in no doubt. The word 'humbly' here is better understood as the exercising of restraint and control, keeping oneself within boundaries out of our sense of the rightness of what God teaches us. Wasn't that Dot? Quietly restrained and controlled, at the same time living with her deep sense of the rightness of what God teaches us.

Years ago, I'm told, Dot had a recurring dream of opening inside doors in the house in which she was living and going into – and exploring – a room she never knew existed and in which she had never been before.

We've always got to be careful of rushing to assumptions as to the meaning of dreams. But what a particularly rich one, possibly having several meanings.

In her resurrection to life in the spiritual world it may well seem – or have seemed – to Dot that she was opening doors, or that doors were being opened – leading to wonders, realities and experiences such as she had never really known before. To read about them, as she did, is one thing; to

actually experience them is another. And it isn't just one door but many. Eventually one such door will open the way through to a group of people, in community, with whom she will feel an instant sense of belonging and of being truly at home. It's what is called 'judgement'. It is an uncomplicated and painless as that. People finding where they best fit, are happiest, and feel themselves to be truly useful. That body of hers, showing of late more than ever the wear and tear of the years, has been laid aside; a new energy, freshness and youthfulness will begin now to shine through.

We honour Dot in her passing, a woman in whom during her life here she seems to have grasped the essence of what life is all about and the key to a rounded and sustaining relationship with the Lord and those around her; doing justly (or judging wisely), loving mercy (love always reaching out, at times achingly so) and walking humbly with her God. *Amen.*

### **Dorothy Jean HELDON (nee Wellington) 1915-2006**

Excerpts from an Eulogy by Ken Heldon

Dorothy Jean Heldon was born in North Sydney. She took great pleasure in returning recently, for the first time in 90 years, to the house in which she was born and to St Thomas's North Sydney where she was baptized – both remain very much as they were all those years ago.

Being the tidy, conscientious person that she was and with her strong regard for history, she wrote some very detailed memoirs about her early years – memoirs which are a joy to read.

She was a sixth generations Australian, with three First Fleet ancestors as well as French lineage going back to 1800 in Australia and well beyond that in France. About twenty years ago, she became a proud and enthusiastic member of the Fellowship of First Fleeters

Her father, an ex British Arm bandsman, later played clarinet and saxophone in orchestras and he also played for dances and in silent picture theatres. It is claimed that he was the first person to bring the score of the

But the belief that "He died for us and redeemed us on the cross, and saved us from hell," is not what happened: the Lord did not intercede or mediate with the Father as with another person, but instead, "He was made one with the Father." The "Father" was His Own Soul, and on the cross the Lord became united with the Father as Body and Soul. They became "at one", called the At-ONE-ment. It is today pronounced *at<sup>o</sup>nement*, but we need to emphasize the ONE in it: At-ONE-ment. For "God and Man is one Christ." (Athanasian Creed)

This simple explanation changes dogma into doctrine: but another silent falsehood must be corrected: Original Sin. Adam and Eve's sin condemns everyone to hell. But that is false. But if we remove Original Sin, something else has to take its place: and that is the Origin of Evil. If there is no Original Sin, then how did evil begin?

Evil began from the people enjoying feeling life to be their own, so much so that they wanted more of that feeling. So "Eve" was created. When people finally convinced themselves that God was NOT the Giver of life, but it came from themselves, THAT was the origin of evil. Eve ate, then Adam. People made the appearance of self-life to be reality. They fooled themselves into thinking human beings exist on their own. Today we call that Atheism.

So evil originated from a wrong decision, based on how things seem to be. But once evil existed, it was passed on to the next generation as human hereditary tendencies to the evils of the parents and ancestors. That was because up to that time, good tendencies had been passed from parents to children. Now evil tendencies replaced the good ones. Children became prone to their parents' and ancestors' evils. This continues, generation after generation. When the Lord made His advent by being born of Mary, He took on from her all human heredity, from A to Z.

Was that the *only* way He could overcome the evils? "For the purpose of putting on evil, against which He might fight, and which He might conquer, He came into the world. For Him to admit into Himself iniquities and evils, except by the **hereditary** way, is utterly impossible." Arcana Coelestia 1573

There was no other way. Humans invented evils. They were not equal to the task of removing them. They were like a huge mountain that almost blotted out

- Your family are your greatest treasure – look after them and love them through thick and thin.
- And, of course, on the subject of food – “it all goes down the same way.”

Nan was never one to wear her heart on her sleeve – in fact she was quite the opposite. But feelings are generally expressed better through actions than words anyway, and this was the case with Nanna.

Nanna once commented that she couldn't think of a thing that she would be remembered for after she was gone. In a way, she was right – Nanna won't be remembered for one thing – she will be remembered for many things by many people who knew her and loved her. Each of us will hold special memories of the times we shared with Nanna.



## **Did Christ Die for Us?**

By Rev Dr Erik E Sandstrom

The idea that Christ interceded with the Father to save us, by taking on our sins, and therefore died for us, is very attractive. It leaves us with the choice just to believe, and we are saved. This belief is that the crucifixion accomplished redemption: His blood redeemed us. However, this belief is false.

TO BELIEVE THAT THE PASSION ON THE CROSS WAS REDEMPTION ITSELF ... HAS SO PERVERTED THE WHOLE CHURCH THAT THERE IS NO REMAINDER OF SPIRITUALITY LEFT IN IT. TCR 132....

This idea kills the Church's spirituality. The reason is that it perpetuates a wrong idea of the Trinity: there are three Divine persons from eternity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, any one of whom could have come on earth. Why the Son came, no one knows. In any case, the “Father was propitiated when the Son died for mankind's sins, because this act revoked damnation for original sin, but only for those for whom the Son interceded. Thus Christ is Mediator with His Father, in perpetuity.” TCR 132

march “Colonel Bogey” to Australia. Perhaps it was through her father that she gained her love of music and particularly band music. As children, we were very familiar with the Hurstville Municipal Band and were told that they had won the metropolitan bank championship for 25 years playing “Colonel Bogey”. Certainly her children have that tune indelibly imprinted in their memories. [As postlude to the Memorial Service recorded music of this piece as played.]

In her memoirs she recalled “my teenage years and early twenties were very happy, with a good job, lots of old time dancing and church on Sundays”. There are not many people left now who would remember her from then, but it is not hard for us now to picture her in those circumstances.

In 1936 she met her husband to be, Ossian Heldon and this marks the start of her involvement with the Hurstville New Church. They were married here in February 1939 and they commenced a family immediately. Her daughters were not long out of school when her husband died tragically in 1963 and so she spent forty-three years of her life as a widow, a burden that she carried stoically and with great courage. It can't have been easy but she would never have shown or admitted it.

I should make special mention of her craftwork, which was not far short of legendary and which played such a large part in her life. She always had something on the go, such as Christmas stockings for new great grandchildren, embroidery for the village fete, decorations for the church and Christmas tree biscuits by the truckload. Her portrait painted five years ago shows her with knitting in her hands – to most of us it says it all.

She was a very fine, patriotic but humble, Australian lady. Remember her as someone who obtained a great deal of enjoyment and satisfaction out of life: a person who gave much more in life than she took. Remember her as she is pictured at the 2003 family reunion photo – surrounded by her grandchildren and great grandchildren; giving and receiving love.



## **“For My Nanna” by her grand daughter, Cathy Kermond**

Read by Lara Walsh at the Memorial Service

You have seen it all, with the wisdom of years  
From the scrapes on the knees, to the blood, sweat and tears

You have been with us all, from a tiny babe  
And watched as we've grown, matured and aged

You have held our hands, since before we could walk  
And made us giggle, long before we could talk

Your love, like a rock, has made us secure  
For your hug, there is no better cure

Your stories of days, gone by long ago  
Entertain and educate, there is so much only you know

As a tower of strength, you have watched over your clan  
To see us all happy, would be your grandest plan

You have helped us on our way, with your love and devotion  
Along the bumpy road of life, filled with its myriad emotions

You have been a Nanna to many more than your own  
To children from around the world, making them feel at home

How can I sum up my Nanna, in just a few words  
To include all of your strengths, that seems almost absurd

I have tried a few times, over the years  
To capture a little of your essence, but just ended in tears

For the magnitude of translating, emotions to words  
Of feelings so great, the right words I've not heard

How much you mean to so many, if only you could know  
That your presence in our lives, means more than we can ever show

There is none like you, and never could there be  
For you are the most perfect Nanna in the world, to me.

## **Nanna Heldon Eulogy – by Phillip Walsh (grandson)**

Excerpts only

Some of my earliest memories of Nanna involve staying at her home in Lugarno during the school holidays - sometimes with cousins. In the room at the end of the hall, there was an old shopping trolley full of toys and games (many of them handmade by Nanna of course) - none of the fancy high-tech stuff that kids expect these days – just simple things like finger puppets, or a fishing game with hand-sewn fish, paper clips on their noses, and a fishing line made out of a wooden peg, a magnet and some string.

Nanna could entertain us all day. She would sit for hours and play scrabble with us, or we would shuffle a deck of cards at the kitchen table, and she would teach us to play patience.

Other times she would cook with us, baking biscuits, a cake, a slice, or some other sweet treat. Even years later, when we were older, we would still look forward to Nan arriving for Sunday night dinner with a tin of coconut ice, or custard slice, or another of her specialties.

Nanna could tell you the birthday of every one of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren off the top of her head. She never missed sending a birthday card, and she must have had connections within Australia Post, because they almost always arrived on the correct date.

She loved watching the St George Dragons play, and was a long time supporter of them (that anybody could live to the age of ninety while following the Dragons is testament alone to her strength.) She also loved cricket, and had a particular soft spot for Richie Benaud. If Richie were up here today talking about Nan, I can imagine he would describe her life as “a simply wonderful innings – one of the most splendid I have had the pleasure to witness.”

If I look at Nanna's life, and try to draw from it a few of the lessons that she can teach us all, I think they could be summed up by the following:

- You don't need a lot of money or possessions to be happy.
- When life reaches its lowest points, just keep your chin up and get on with it.