

# *Who cares?*



Why, my soul, are you downcast?  
Why so disturbed within me?  
Put your hope in God,  
for I will yet praise him,  
my Savior and my God  
Psalm 43:5

# Workshop

## Aims:

1. To demystify mental illness
2. To better equip ourselves as a community of faith. Going back to our foundations.
3. To assist and pastorally care for people with mental illness and those caring for them
4. To look after our own health with better self-care strategies.
5. To have better access to resources.

## Facts & Figures

- Almost half of Australians will experience a mental illness at some point in their lives.
- At any point in time, 20% of Australians have a mental disorder.
- At any point in time, 14% of Australians have an anxiety disorder, 4% have a depressive disorder, 1.8% have bipolar affective disorder and 5% have a substance abuse problem.
- Around 1% of Australians have schizophrenia.
- Whilst women have higher rates of anxiety and depressive disorders, men have higher rates of substance abuse disorders.
- Overall, people in younger age groups experience higher rates of disorders.
- People may be more or less likely to develop a mental disorder, depending on their life experiences.
- People who have never been married experience almost twice the prevalence of mental disorders
- People who are homeless and people who have been incarcerated have higher rates of mental disorders.

Taken from the National Survey of Mental Health and Wellbeing: Summary of Results 2007

[illegible]

# Chosen Vessel

The Master was searching for a vessel to use;  
Before Him were many,  
Which one would he choose?

“Take me,” cried the gold one,  
“I’m shiny and bright.  
I’m of great value and I do things just right.  
My beauty and luster will outshine the rest,  
And for someone like you, Master,  
Gold would be the best.”

The Master passed on with no word at all,  
And looked at a silver urn narrow and tall,  
“I’ll serve you, dear Master, I’ll pour out your wine,  
I’ll be on your table whenever you dine.  
My lines are so graceful,  
My carvings so true,  
And silver will always compliment you.”

Unheeding, the Master passed on to the brass,  
Wide-mouthed and shallow and polished like glass.  
“Here! Here! Cried the vessel, “I know I will do,  
Place me on your table for all men to view.”  
“Look at me,” called the goblet of crystal clear,  
“My transparency shows my contents so dear.  
Though fragile am I, I will serve you with pride,  
And I’m sure I’ll be happy in your house to abide.”

The Master came next to a vessel of wood,  
Polished and carved, it solidly stood.  
“You may use me, dear Master,”  
The wooden bowl said,  
“But I’d rather you use me for fruit, not for bread.

Then the Master looked down and saw a vessel of clay,  
Empty and broken and helpless it lay,  
No hope had the vessel,  
That the Master might choose,  
To cleanse, and make whole, to fill and to use.

“Ah! This is the vessel I’ve been hoping to find,  
I’ll mend it and use it and make it all mine,  
I need not the vessel with pride in itself,  
Not one that is narrow to sit on the shelf,  
Nor one that is big-mouthed and shallow and loud,  
Nor one that displays its contents so proud.  
Not the one that thinks he can do all things just right,  
But this plain, earthly vessel, filled with power and might.”

Then gently He lifted the vessel of clay,  
Mended and cleansed it, and filled it that day;  
Spoke to it kindly - “There’s work you must do -  
Just pour out to others, as I pour out to you.”