



Helga's Editorial

Luke 2v10-11 “And the angel said to them, “Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which will come to all people; for to you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.”

Dear Friends,

Well.....didn't we have a wonderful 20th celebration service? You came by bus, train and car to thank God for his faithfulness and love expressed through the Ministry of United Churches Healing Ministry and to give Him thanks and praise. Thank you for the many gifts of money you have blessed us with. Such generosity is amazing!

Thank you so much for your support, not only on this special evening but through all the 20 years God has led us. From 4 members from Scapegoat Hill Baptist Church to the huge team of voluntary workers who serve God at UCHM; our two Affiliated Organisations and three surgeries come together to care for His people in their time of difficulty and struggle.

May we remember this at Christmas when we meditate upon the Nativity Scene and look upon Jesus laid in a manger. God gave us His deepest treasure; His precious Son to come and be clothed in our humanity. Let us lay aside all the clever human wisdom and questions about whether it was a cave, manger, shepherds or real Kings etc. He came to bear our sicknesses and diseases and by His stripes we are healed. He came as a weak dependent baby to grow and develop as we grow and develop. He

is the priest who suffered as we suffer but without sin.

As we meditate on the Nativity scene may we pause to marvel. This is the creator of the world we gaze upon; the one before whom all the angels, arc angels and all the host of heaven bow down; the Creator of the universe, the Mighty God who laid aside His glory and took on human form. The most wonderful gift and the most amazing evidence of God's love. Jesus cried, was fed and needed his nappy changing. He was dependent on the love of His Mother and Father to grow physically, psychologically and spiritually as He grew to full manhood. **He knows just how much we hurt; He knows all about the deepest valleys we tread. He knows about our pains, fears and agonies. HE KNOWS AND HE CARES.**

May we this Christmas have some of the shackles of our fears and anxieties loosened and learn to not to fear because Jesus came and was born on this Earth. He showed us how to live and die. How to trust God, serve and be obedient.

May God's blessing and peace rest on our lives this Christmas and in our homes may we know the deep abiding joy of being His child.

All at UCHM wish you a Happy, Peaceful and Blessed Christmas as we journey into 2013 together,

Love
Helga

Changes to Healing Leaves

As we mentioned in the previous edition, we are altering the distribution of the Magazine.

We will continue to produce four editions per year, however they will be distributed as follows:

December - Post and Email

March - Email **only**

June - Post and Email

September - Email **only**

Unless you are on the email list, you will not receive a magazine in March. To continue receiving all the copies of the magazine, please let us have your email address by contacting us on:

Tel: 01484 461098

Or Email: uchm@uchm.org

Alternatively paper copies will be available to pick up from the office.



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Upcoming Training -

**As part of UCHM's Continuing Professional Development
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Ethical Framework and Stages of Human Development

Trainer: Sandra Conaghan

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Egan Skilled Helper Model

Trainer: TBC

Friday 28th and Saturday 29th June 2013—9.00am—5.30pm

Racial Awareness

Trainer: Helga Taylor

Friday 4th October 2013— 9.00am—5.30pm

Child Protection Issues

Trainer: Sandra Conaghan

Saturday 5th October 2013— 9.00am—5.30pm

For booking forms or more information please contact the centre on 01484 461098, email training@uchm.org, or visit our website - www.uchm.org - where booking forms can be downloaded to print out

UCHM is a charity providing accessible counselling services throughout the region. Your contribution will be used to sustain the work of the Charity.

Turkey pot pie



This pie is a delicious recipe for leftover roast turkey. Serve with mash or bubble and squeak.

Ingredients

For the filling

- * 1 tbsp vegetable oil
- * 100g/3½oz smoked bacon lardons
- * 1 onion, sliced
- * 1 garlic clove, crushed
- * 2 carrots, chopped
- * 200g/7oz roast turkey, shredded
- * 100g/3½oz cooked prawns, peeled
- * 1 red chili, chopped
- * 1 tbsp tomato purée
- * 200ml/7fl oz red wine
- * 100ml/3½oz chicken stock
- * 1 free range egg, beaten for egg wash
- * 250g/10oz shortcrust pastry

Preparation method

- 1) Heat the oil in a frying pan over a medium heat. Fry the bacon lardons until crisp. Remove the lardons using a slotted spoon and set aside.
- 2) In same pan, fry the onions and garlic for 5-6 minutes, or until golden-brown and softened.
- 3) Add the remaining ingredients, except the egg and pastry. Bring the mixture to the boil and simmer for 25 minutes. Set aside to cool.
- 4) Preheat the oven to 180C/350F/Gas 5.
- 5) Divide the mixture between four individual pie dishes. Cut the pastry into four pieces, each big enough to cover the pie dish. Brush the edge of each dish with egg wash and cover with the pastry. Trim any excess pastry and brush the lid with the remaining egg wash.
- 6) Cook for 20-25 minutes until the lid is crisp and golden-brown.

Prayer Diary

December

3rd	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (New Course)
4th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
10th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (Last Session)
12th-13th	Helga away at ACC Board Meeting and chairing ACC Training Development Group
17th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (New Course)
22nd—1st	Centre closed for Christmas Holidays
January 2013	

January

8th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time???
14th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (New Course)
18th—19th	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
22nd	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One
24th—25th	Helga Training UCHM's Advanced Counselling Skills conference at the ACC National Conference, Swanwick
28th	Helga training UCHM Model session on the Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (New Course)
29th	UCHM Finance and Property Meeting

February

5th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
6th	Helga away at ACC Board Meeting
8th—9th	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
11th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (New Course) External Moderation day at Philippi Trust
18th	UCHM Exam Board
26th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One
27th	UCHM Affiliates and Surgeries Training Day

The Story Of the Candy Cane

Of all the beautiful traditions of Christmas, few are so ancient in meaning and so rich in symbolism as the Candy Cane. From the beginning of the tradition of the Christmas Tree, it was customary to decorate the tree with symbols of the newborn Christ. Candles represented the Light of the World, the Star recalled that first Christmas night, and the shepherd's crook symbolized the humble shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem who were first to receive the news, "Unto You is Born a Saviour."

Christmas tree decorations in Europe, from which our tradition comes, were customarily made of food, principally cookies and candy. This symbolically expresses thanks for "Our Daily Bread" as well as providing a Christmas treat for the children. Thus, the shepherd's crook becomes a candy cane.

As time went on, many ornaments took a more permanent nature but the Candy Cane retains the original use and meaning of Christmas Tree ornaments.

Candy Canes on the Christmas tree symbolize the Shepherds in the fields on that first Christmas night, shepherds who heard the angel chorus and came to worship at the crib of the newborn King. They are also sign of our thanks to God for the food he has given us all during the year, and not least of all, they are an inexpensive and delightful Christmas treat for the family.

Author Unknown—Taken from www.christianstories.com



True Christmas Spirit

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.



It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas -- oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it like overspending, the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma -- the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, tie sand so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way. Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; and shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church, mostly black. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoe.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. it was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.

Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids -- all kids -- and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church.

On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me. His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years.

For each Christmas, I followed the tradition -- one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on. The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure.

The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning, it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad.

The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope...



May we all remember the true Christmas spirit this year, and always.

Author Unknown—taken from www.skywriting.net

THE SNEEZE

They walked in tandem, each of the ninety-two students filing into the already crowded auditorium. With their rich maroon gowns flowing ... and the traditional caps, they looked almost as grown up as they felt.

Dads swallowed hard behind broad smiles, and Moms freely brushed away tears.

This class would NOT pray during the commencements - not by choice, but because of a recent court ruling prohibiting it.

The principal and several students were careful to stay within the guidelines allowed by the ruling. They gave inspirational and challenging speeches, but no one mentioned divine guidance and no one asked for blessings on the graduates or their families.

The speeches were nice, but they were routine ... until the final speech received a standing ovation.

A solitary student walked proudly to the microphone. He stood still and silent for just a moment, and then, it happened.

All 92 students, every single one of them, suddenly SNEEZED!!!!

The student on stage simply looked at the audience and said, "GOD BLESS YOU, each and every one of you!" And he walked off stage ...

The audience exploded into applause. This graduating class had found a unique way to invoke God's blessing on their future with or without the court's approval.

The Voice of Christmas

He had been a long time member of the church but refused to show up for services let alone join.

He was an integral part of the Christmas Choir, but would not attend rehearsals.

Still, everyone looked forward to seeing him once a year. So much, in fact, they would hold a seat for him at the candle light service every Christmas Eve.

Many of the congregation would arrive early to get a good seat nearby the gentleman.

Was it his personality? No, he really kept to himself rarely sharing a word with anyone.

It was his voice. "Oh Holy Night" was his song.

Throughout his life he often wished for the chance to perform it at a local church. Although the spirit of Christmas had left his heart years ago with the passing of his wife, this one song, those special lyrics, belonged to him.

It was said that it was her favourite song and although poor, the richness of his voice was his gift to her. This church, that night, was always theirs.

As the service progressed anticipation would build. Everyone joined in singing "Silent Night," "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem" and others. Then the big moment would arrive.





The choir would stand, the church organ would begin to play. "O holy night, the stars are brightly shining" was the intro sung by the 12 member choir. Then, as if Heaven had open its doors, the choir softly faded and the man began to sing... "It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth! Long lay the world in sin and error pining, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices, For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn."

You could feel the excitement as music began to build to the refrain...

"Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices! O night divine, O night when Christ was born! O night, O holy night, O night divine!" By this time there was never a dry eye.

After the service the man would blend into the crowd and exit the rear door.

The tradition lived on until a month before Christmas that year.

He had joined his love, his reason to sing.

"What will they do?" one of the elders asked. "Who could take his place?"

No one. No one would dare attempt to fill his spot. It would be difficult indeed to come close to that long treasured moment.

"We will do the song in his memory" the choir director declared.

"But who among us will sing his part?"

"God had blessed us with his voice and His earthly choir is not made of

only one single voice," he assured them. "He will bless us again."

That Christmas Eve, as everyone filled the church, you could hear the choir warming up in the basement.

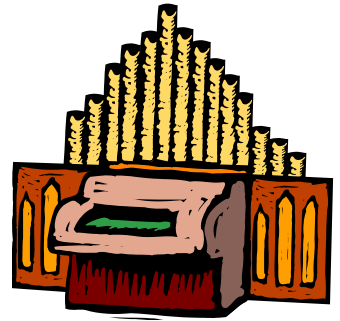
A small piano began playing followed by, "O holy night, the stars are brightly shining" then silence.

The minister began by welcoming everyone and in particular the visitors, "Family and friends who return home each year." "In the centre of the church you will notice a single seat holding a bouquet of Christmas flowers. It is in memory of a man we called, "The Voice of Christmas."

The service began building to that very moment they all waited for. Lights dimmed and a young child holding a single candle in his hand walked toward the front.

The organist began the intro and the choir stood to sing, "O holy night, the stars are brightly shining.."

There was a sudden hush and the faint sound of one small voice singing... "It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth! Long lay the world in sin and error pining, Till He appeared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope, the weary soul rejoices, For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn."



The organ stopped. The choir remained standing as everyone looked to see where the voice was coming from.

"Over there! I couldn't believe it. That beautiful voice was the child. The child holding the candle."

He slowly, nervously turned around toward the crowd and said, "I'm

sorry. I didn't mean to..." and he began to cry.

The choir director rushed to his side and assured him everything was fine.

Then the young boy said, "I always sang along but no one could hear me. Some man was always louder than me."

Laughter filled the church.

The minister declared, "God has indeed answered our prayers. We are blessed once again with "The Voice of Christmas."

The organist began again as the young boy was lifted up to sing and they all joined in... "Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices! O night divine, O night when Christ was born! O night, O holy night, O night divine!"

We are each called to be His Voice not only at Christmas but all year long.

Author - Bob Perk—Taken from www.skywriting.net



Christmas Past

Each Christmas I remember
The ones of long ago;
I see our mantelpiece adorned
With stockings in a row.

Each Christmas finds me dreaming
Of days that used to be,
When we hid presents here and there,
For all the family.

Each Christmas I remember
The fragrance in the air,
Of roasting turkey and mince pies
And cookies everywhere.

Each Christmas finds me longing
For Christmases now past,
And I am back in childhood
As long as memories last.

Written by Carice Williams—
taken from www.christianstories.com

A Blessing

May God reveal himself to you, in a way that suites you best.

May you know his deep love and forgiveness, and his care for you.

May you experience your life in the fullness of God, knowing that He
is there for you always.

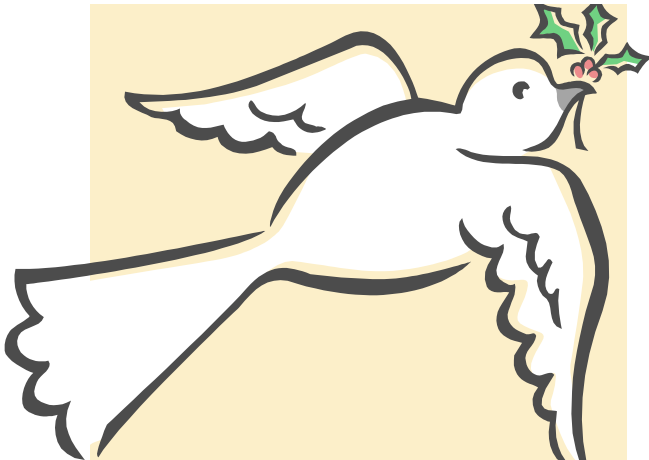
May you experience joy and comfort knowing your sins are all
forgiven.

And may you rest in peace, to one day emerge into a life everlasting.

May you know God.

Be blessed.

Nick Mangeolles, HCJB Global



Christmas Comes

Christmas comes with children singing,
Christmas comes with sleigh bells ringing,
Christmas comes with frosty nights,
Christmas comes with snowball fights.

Christmas comes with Santa Claus,
Christmas comes with snowy floors,
Christmas comes with robins and reindeer,
Christmas comes with a hearty cheer.

Christmas comes with gold, frankincense and myrrh,
Christmas comes with Jesus' birth,
Christmas comes with angels from afar,
Christmas comes with a wondrous star.

Christmas comes now, at last,
Christmas comes, like in the past,
Christmas comes after such a long wait,
Christmas comes and it will be great.

Amy Darnbrook
Taken from www.poemhunter.com



More Testimonies Celebrating Our Achievements Over 20 Years:

I came for Counselling to UCHM for some 60 odd weeks. Not being a Christian or even having a belief in God. I was very nervous about how that would work and whether or not I would be cohered in anyway.

How wrong I was!

The first couple of sessions went Ok but I still felt a little unsure. As time went by my initial thoughts of coming for a 'few weeks' soon brought me to the realisation of just how much help I needed and how much trouble I was really in; metaphorically speaking.

My time at Milnsbridge was some of the very best times of my life and those precious hours slipped away as I grew in confidence.

Although I feel I will need help again in the near future I can feel comfortable here in 'Healing Leaves' to be able to tell you all just how 'loved and cared for' I felt in that building.

So as a 'non believer' why would I want to read a Christian magazine - simple - it gives me comfort and memories that are precious. I miss the smile and the cup of water as I walked in to what I can only describe as a sanctuary.

A former client

My involvement with UCHM goes way back, long before it became a nationally recognised organisation, when a very small group of us met at Helga's house for monthly meetings. Things have of course moved on a lot since those days, and I recently completed (and enjoyed) the Advanced

Christian Counselling Training Course in the lovely UCHM Centre.

But it is that early association that I would like to mention here. During what was supposed to be a normal holiday to Kenya, I felt the Lord speaking to me about helping some of the needy children we had met. It was UCHM who encouraged me to step out in faith, and initially the project was under their umbrella, giving it a firm Christian base.

I always remember Helga giving me my first platform to speak about helping the children, and though I was pretty dry mouthed and basically useless, this broke down barriers for me and was hugely encouraging for future speaking engagements as our charity grew.

Eventually we became a registered charity in our own right - Mission Kenya. Over the years we were indeed able to help many children in Kenya, but Mission Kenya might never have even got off the ground without the love and support I received in those very early days.

So, thank you UCHM! Congratulations on your special anniversary, and I pray the Lord will bless you all for many more years to come.

With love, in Jesus

Anne Gyde

Buy Your Own Gift

Last Christmas, grandpa was feeling his age, and found that shopping for Christmas gifts had become too difficult. So he decided to send checks to everyone instead.

In each card he wrote, "Buy your own present!" and mailed them early.

He enjoyed the usual flurry of family festivities, and it was only after the holiday that he noticed that he had received very few cards in return. Puzzled over this, he went into his study, intending to write a couple of his relatives and ask what had happened. It was then, as he cleared off his cluttered desk that he got his answer.

Under a stack of papers, he was horrified to find the gift checks which he had forgotten to enclose with the cards.

Author Unknown—taken from www.christianstories.com





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