

Helga's Editorial

Luke 2:10 "And the angel said to them, be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Dear Friends,

Another year is ending and it is Christmas time again. We question where the year has gone. When did winter turn to spring and spring turn to summer; summer to autumn and now winter again. Have we enjoyed the seasons? Are we part of the cycle of our year or do we enjoy one season more than another and perhaps hate winter and Christmas.

Because we are humans we are in a constant cycle of change and aging. We are on a journey that leads to everlasting life. The seasons are not the problem; perhaps we retain memories of certain events either good or bad; we may struggle with our temperament, beliefs, standards and personalities by projecting them outward on to circumstances or the people to whom we relate.

Jesus, the Prince of peace, was happy to be born as a baby. He graciously entered our world and humanity. He lived and died to bring salvation and everlasting life. He taught us how to live abundantly; to love people; to serve God and to enjoy the world which He has created for us.

Thank you for praying for UCHM and for gifting time and money. You have enabled us to continue to offer God's love and healing to many people when most charities have struggled financially and some have closed.

Everyone at UCHM sends you our love and thanks. We pray that this will be a season of rest and peace and that you will be surrounded by the blessing of God and experience the deep love of your family and friends. May you be strengthened and guided as you look toward the New Year. May you have a time of special joy as you holiday and be part of the beautiful world in which we live.

God bless you and keep you,
Helga

Quote: - "A candle loses nothing of its light when lighting another." Kahlil Gibran





Advanced Counselling Skills - Level 3

Commencing Summer 2014

Exploring Counselling Skills and Theory From a
Christian Perspective

Advanced Diploma in Counselling - Level 4



Commencing September 2014

A distinctive, integrative Counsellor Training
Programme for Christians and all who wish to work
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A substantial Core Counselling Course
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Accreditation Purposes

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www.uchm.org

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Entry stage for anyone wanting to become a counsellor or for people involved in pastoral care work to develop their listening skills and gain a basic understanding of counselling theory

TRAINER: Helga Taylor

17-18 January 2014

14-15 February 2014

14-15 March 2014

11-12 April 2014

**4 Friday evening all day Saturday weekends
over 4 months**

For an information pack please contact us on:

Tel: 01484 461098

Email: training@uchm.org

Upcoming Training -
As part of UCHM's Continuing Professional Development
Training Programme:

Egan Skilled Helper Model

Friday 28th and Saturday 29th
March 2014 -
9.00am—5.30pm

Looking at Homosexuality

Trainer: Michael Huxley

Friday 11th and Saturday 12th April
2014 - 9.30am—4.30pm

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.

*As the rain hides the stars,
as the autumn mist
hides the hills,
as the clouds veil
the blue of the sky, so
the dark happenings of my lot
hide the shining of thy face from me.
Yet, if I may hold thy hand in the darkness,
it is enough, since I know,
that though I may stumble in my going,
Thou dost not fall.*

*Alistair MacLean
Taken from the book *Hebridean Altars**



Prayer Diary

December

2 nd	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (new)
3 rd	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
9 th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
10 th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One UCHM Placement Meeting Year 1
17 th	UCHM Manager's Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One UCHM Placement Meeting Year 2
21 st —1 st Jan	UCHM closed for the Christmas Holidays

January

7 th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
13 th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (new) Affiliated Standards Committee Meeting
14 th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One
17 th —18 th	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level 2
21 st	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year Two
22 nd	Finance Committee Meeting
27 th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (new)
28 th	UCHM Manager's Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One

February

4 th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
6 th	Trustees Meeting
10 th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (new)
11 th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year One
14 th —15 th	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level 2
17 th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three (new)
18 th	UCHM Manager's Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Year Two
19 th	Affiliates and Surgeries Training Day

Christmas (or any other) Shopping!

Do you shop online?

Raise money with those last minute Christmas gifts and anything else



It's very simple - just visit

<http://www.easyfundraising.org.uk/causes/uchm/> to register and shop with over 2000 well known retailers like Amazon, Argos, M&S, eBay and many more.

Whenever you go to shop, visit Easyfundraising first and click through to the retailer who will make a donation to UCHM.

We have just received a cheque for £23.32 for the last quarter and so far we have raised nearly £100



We'd be really grateful if you could use easyfundraising too. It won't cost you a penny extra to shop and you can even save money with special offers and voucher codes.

So please make a difference and take a look at easyfundraising today -

<http://www.easyfundraising.org.uk/causes/uchm/>

I KEEP MY SNOWMAN IN THE FREEZER

*I keep my snowman in the freezer
Just behind the pies
He likes it there, he told me so
I can see it in his eyes.*

*I made him on a cold, cold morning
When the snow was fresh and deep
Now he sits in the freezer
Near the fish that we got cheap.*

*I keep my snowman in the freezer
And look at him each day.
If I'd left him in the garden
He'd simply have melted away.*

*But now he's like my Grandma
Living somewhere safe and nice;
He's in a frosty, snowy palace
On a throne of coldest ice.*

*I keep my snowman in the freezer
Near a lump of frozen beef
And I've got a treat for him in August:
I'm taking him to Tenerife!*



by Ian McMillan—taken from www.christmas-time.com

Come Follow Me...

Once upon a time, there was a man who looked upon Christmas as a lot of humbug.

He wasn't a Scrooge. He was a very kind and decent person, generous to his family, upright in all his dealings with other men. But he didn't believe all that stuff about an incarnation which churches proclaim at Christmas. And he was too honest to pretend that he did.

"I am truly sorry to distress you," he told his wife, who was a faithful churchgoer, "but I simply cannot understand this claim that God became man. It doesn't make any sense to me."

On Christmas Eve, his wife and children went to church for the midnight service. He declined to accompany them. "I'd feel like a hypocrite," he explained. "I'd much rather stay at home. But I'll wait up for you."

Shortly after his family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window and watched the flurries getting heavier and heavier.

"If we must have a Christmas," he reflected, "it's nice to have a white one."

He went back to his chair by the fireside and began to read his newspaper. A few minutes later, he was startled by a thudding sound. It was quickly followed by another, then another. He thought that someone must be throwing snow balls at his living room window.

When he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. They had been caught in the storm, and in a desperate search for shelter had tried to fly through his window.

I can't let those poor creatures lie there and freeze, he thought. But how can I help them?

Then he remembered the barn where the children's pony was stabled. It would provide a warm shelter. He quickly put on his coat and galoshes

and tramped through the deepening snow to the barn. He opened the doors wide and turned on the light. But the birds didn't come in.

Food will bring them in, he thought. So he hurried back to the house for bread crumbs, which he sprinkled on the snow to make a trail into the barn. To his dismay, the birds ignored the bread crumbs and continued to flop around helplessly in the snow. He tried shooing them into the barn by walking around and waving his arms. They scattered in every direction - except into the warm, lighted barn.

"They find me a strange and terrifying creature," he said to himself, "and I can't seem to think of any way to let them know they can trust me. If only I could be a bird myself for a few minutes, perhaps I could lead them to safety."

Just at that moment, the church bells began to ring. He stood silently for a while, listening to the bells pealing the glad tidings of Christmas. Then he sank to his knees in the snow.

"Now I understand," he whispered. "Now I see why you had to do it."

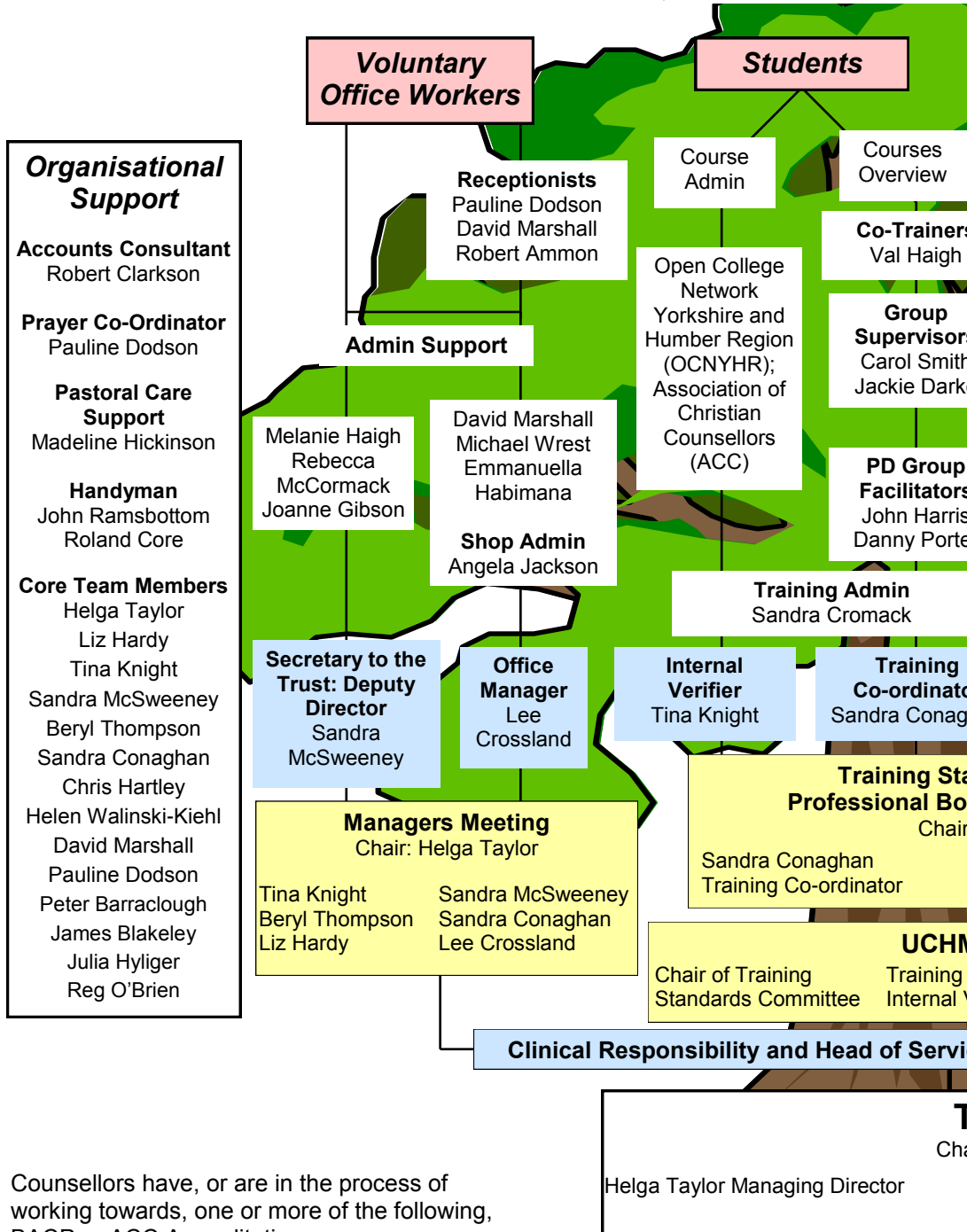
From ~ (Christmas - Do You Hear What I Hear?, Paul H. Dunn, 1987, pp 90- 91)

Taken from <http://www.christianstories.com>

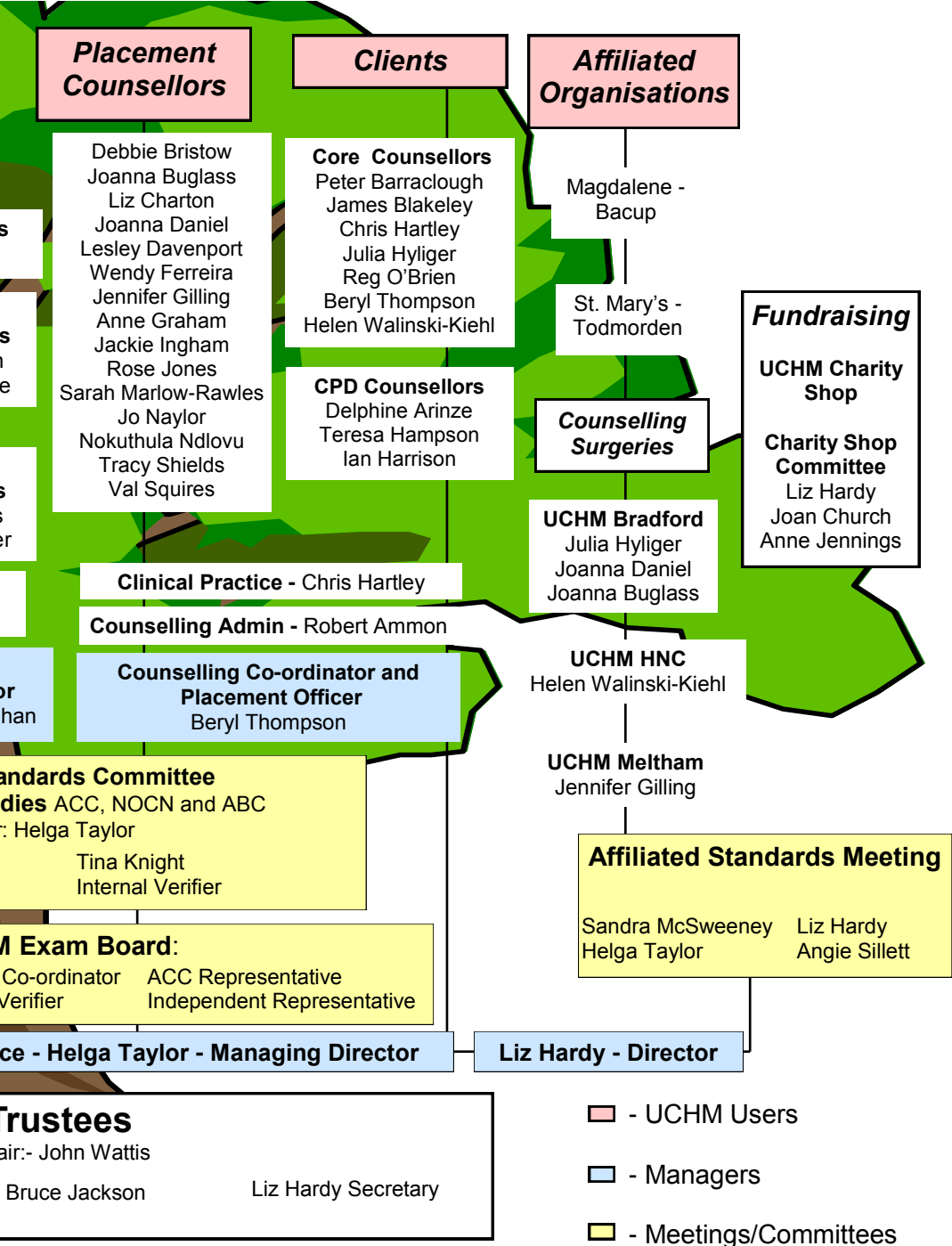


United Churches Healing Ministry

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nselling Service; OCN Accredited Training College



The Story of Papa Panov

An old shoemaker, Papa Panov was working very hard in his shop getting ready for Christmas. It was really hard work, he was old, lonely and nearly too blind to see what he was doing.

He sat daydreaming and had a dream that Jesus was going to visit him. He got up very excited and thought to himself... "Now what can I give to Jesus for a present?" He looked all around his little shop and he saw a tiny box on the top shelf. He remembered what was in it...some very tiny shoes, the best that he had ever made. He would give those to Jesus.

Papa Panov awoke early on Christmas morning. He was very excited at the thought of a visit from Jesus. He looked impatiently out of his door and down the road. There was a road sweeper, blue with cold and looking very hungry. Papa Panov invited him in and made him rest by the fire. Papa Panov gave the road sweeper his coat and a little of the soup that he had made. There was still enough left for Jesus when he came so it was alright. The road sweeper went away very happy.



A little while later Papa Panov looked out of his door again. He saw a tramp walking down the road. Nobody should spend Christmas like that thought Papa Panov so he invited the tramp in. The tramp got warm by the fire, had a little of the soup and Papa Panov gave him all of the money that he had. The tramp went away very happy.

It was getting late when Papa Panov looked out of his window again. He was very worried that Jesus was not going to come after all. There was a woman with a small baby passing. They were very cold, tired and hungry. Papa Panov invited them in to rest. He gave them the rest of his soup. "Oh dear," he thought. "Now there won't be any for Jesus." He looked at the baby with nothing on its feet in the icy cold weather. He remembered the little shoes and fetched the box down. The shoes fitted just right. Papa Panov gave the baby the shoes but was very upset at the thought of having nothing to give Jesus.



Night came. Papa Panov had not had a visit from Jesus. He went to bed feeling rather unhappy and very foolish.



That night Papa Panov had another dream. He dreamed that he met Jesus and asked him why he did not visit during the day. Jesus said, "But I did. I came as a road sweeper and you warmed, fed and clothed me. I came as a tramp and you fed me and gave me your money. I came as a baby, you looked after me and gave me shoes. By making all those people happy you have made me happy."

Author unknown

"M & M Christmas Poem"

As you hold these candies in your hand
And turn them, you will see
The 'M' becomes a 'W',
An 'E', and then a '3'.

They tell the Christmas Story--
I'm sure it's one you know.
It took place in a stable
A long, long time ago.

The 'E' is for the East,
Where the star shone so bright.
The 'M' is for the Manger,
where the Baby Jesus slept at night.

The '3' is for the Wise men,
Bearing gifts, with which they came.
'W' is for Worship,
Hallelujah! Praise His Name!

So as you eat these candies
Or share them with a friend,
Remember the meaning of Christmas:
It's a love that never ends.

Author: unknown - taken from www.scrapbook.com



UCHM News

- **Team News**

We welcome Liz Charton and Jackie Ingham as new placement counsellors and we also have Emma Davis and Adeola Iluyomade who are currently undergoing the selection procedure to become placement counsellors. We also welcome Roland Core as another handyman working Friday mornings, and Emmanualla Habimana who has joined as an Receptionist on a Tuesday. Teresa Hampson has completed her training and is now a CPD counsellor.

Goodbyes:

Michael Milne, who helped us with the Sports Hall duties retired at the end of September. Also Brian McKay, who did sports hall cleaning on Wednesdays, has left to concentrate on his decorating business.

Dawn Tucker's 2 year contract as CPD counsellor ended recently and she has decided to leave UCHM to concentrate on her private practice.

Morgen Hose has had to relinquish his time as an evening receptionist due to other commitments, and Rosie Dempsey and Janet Davison have ended their time as an Admin Support Workers.

Rev. Chris Thompson and Melanie Firth have both stepped down from the board of trustees, due to other commitments.

We thanks all of them for their contribution to UCHM and wish them well for the future.

Email edition

If you would like to receive the magazine by email, then please let us have your email address. This will mean you receive the magazine each quarter, as 2 per year are email only, and it will also help us to reduce our costs for printing and postage.

Just email uchm@uchm.org and let us know. Thank you

After Christmas

*Christmas came and Christmas went,
In one mad round of merriment.
The turkeys gone all stale and dry,
There's bags of rubbish piled up high.
It's all gone ever so flat,
But there's something to do about that.
I can show this year the door,
It's not needed anymore.*

*It's Auld Lang Syne and give a cheer,
I can look forward to a brand New Year.
I've lots of resolutions to make,
And most of them to do with cake.
I will turn over a brand new leaf,
I will definitely give up beef.
I must eat more fresh veg and fruit,
And jog and swim and wear a suit.
It's so important to look smart,
My fluffy slippers don't look the part.*

*The house will look so bright and clean,
Not a speck of dust or dirt to be seen.
I'll cook good meals that melt in the mouth,
And everyone will come from North and South.
To sample this amazing fare,*

*Even Delia Smith would stop and stare.
But wait a minute this won't do,
There's better things for a year so new.*

*Look a little deeper down inside,
And find those things we try to hide.
Like being afraid to show we care,
In a world that can seem so unfair.
So a more caring soul I'll try to be,
For the birth of a child in poverty.
Changed so much and drew a line,
From where we all now count the time.*

Written by a former client.



An Uncomfortable Bed

One autumn I went to stay for the hunting season with some friends in a chateau in Picardy. My friends were fond of practical joking, as all my friends are. I do not care to know any other sort of people. When I arrived, they gave me a princely reception, which at once aroused distrust in my breast. We had some capital shooting. They embraced me, they cajoled me, as if they expected to have great fun at my expense. I said to myself: "Look out, old ferret! They have something in preparation for you."

During the dinner, the mirth was excessive, far too great, in fact. I thought: "Here are people who take a double share of amusement, and apparently without reason. They must be looking out in their own minds for some good bit of fun. Assuredly I am to be the victim of the joke. Attention!"

During the entire evening, everyone laughed in an exaggerated fashion. I smelled a practical joke in the air, as a dog smells game. But what was it? I was watchful, restless. I did not let a word or a meaning or a gesture escape me. Everyone seemed to me an object of suspicion, and I even looked distrustfully at the faces of the servants.

The hour rang for going to bed, and the whole household came to escort me to my room. Why? They called to me: "Good night." I entered the apartment, shut the door, and remained standing, without moving a single step, holding the wax candle in my hand.

I heard laughter and whispering in the corridor. Without doubt they were spying on me. I cast a glance around the walls, the furniture, the ceiling, the hangings, the floor. I saw nothing to justify suspicion. I heard persons moving about outside my door. I had no doubt they were looking through the keyhole.

An idea came into my head: "My candle may suddenly go



out, and leave me in darkness."

Then I went across to the mantelpiece, and lit all the wax candles that were on it. After that, I cast another glance around me without discovering anything. I advanced with short steps, carefully examining the apartment. Nothing. I inspected every article one after the other. Still nothing. I went over to the window. The shutters, large wooden shutters, were open. I shut them with great care, and then drew the curtains, enormous velvet curtains, and I placed a chair in front of them, so as to have nothing to fear from without.

Then I cautiously sat down. The armchair was solid. I did not venture to get into the bed. However, time was flying; and I ended by coming to the conclusion that I was ridiculous. If they were spying on me, as I supposed, they must, while waiting for the success of the joke they had



been preparing for me, have been laughing enormously at my terror. So I made up my mind to go to bed. But the bed was particularly suspicious-looking. I pulled at the curtains. They seemed to be secure. All the same, there was danger. I was going perhaps to receive a cold shower-bath from overhead, or perhaps, the moment I stretched myself out, to find myself sinking under the floor with my mattress. I searched in my memory for all the practical jokes of which I ever had experience. And I did not want to be caught. Ah! certainly not!

certainly not!

Then I suddenly bethought myself of a precaution which I consider one of extreme efficacy: I caught hold of the side of the mattress gingerly, and very slowly drew it toward me. It came away, followed by the sheet and the rest of the bedclothes. I dragged all these objects into the very middle of the room, facing the entrance door. I made my bed over again as best I could at some distance from the suspected bedstead and the corner which had filled me with such anxiety. Then, I extinguished all

the candles, and, groping my way, I slipped under the bedclothes. For at least another hour, I remained awake, starting at the slightest sound. Everything seemed quiet in the chateau. I fell asleep.

I must have been in a deep sleep for a long time, but all of a sudden, I was awakened with a start by the fall of a heavy body tumbling right on top of my own body, and, at the same time, I received on my face, on my neck, and on my chest a burning liquid which made me utter a howl of pain. And a dreadful noise, as if a sideboard laden with plates and dishes had fallen down, penetrated my ears.

I felt myself suffocating under the weight that was crushing me and preventing me from moving. I stretched out my hand to find out what was the nature of this object. I felt a face, a nose, and whiskers. Then with all my strength I launched out a blow over this face. But I



immediately received a hail of cuffings which made me jump straight out of the soaked sheets, and rush in my nightshirt into the corridor, the door of which I found open.

O stupor! it was broad daylight. The noise brought my friends hurrying into the apartment, and we found, sprawling over my improvised bed, the dismayed valet, who, while bringing me my morning cup of tea, had tripped over this obstacle in the middle of the floor, and fallen on his stomach, spilling, in spite of himself, my breakfast over my face.

The precautions I had taken in closing the shutters and going to sleep in the middle of the room had only brought about the interlude I had been striving to avoid.

Ah! how they all laughed that day!

Taken from <http://www.eastofheweb.com> - Author: Guy de Maupassant

Christ is the Light of Christmas

Christmas joy and lights aglow;
Christmas songs to warm and cheer
Excitement is on the children's faces
As anticipation fills the air —

But for some, it can be lonely
When loved ones have passed away,
Memories are all that linger
As the years begin to fade

But Christ's light should never dim;
It should ever shine out bright
Our ray of hope in this troubled world
Is our joy of eternal light

Christmas, when spent with Jesus,
Can warm our hurting hearts,
For as His light shines within us,
Its glow warms our deepest parts.

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