

## HELGA'S EDITORIAL



**Luke 2v 9-11 “And an angel of the Lord appeared to them. And the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them “Be not afraid; for behold I bring you good news of a 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.”**”

**Dictionary definition** of Joy: - great happiness, pleasure, bliss, gladness, rapture, solace and much more

What was your experience of joy this year? Has it been a good year or one which held more than its fair share of difficulty and pain?

Difficult times in our lives are not helped by feelings of low self esteem. We seem to wrongly connect our suffering with emotions of punishment; atoning for our sins; or have a sense that suffering is somehow good for our spiritual development.

Christmas always takes me back to the special time in Israel when we visit Bethlehem. Our meditations there are rich and full of wonder. It was here that Jesus was born; it was here that the angelic choir sang earth's welcome to Jesus the Son of God.

Why shepherds? They were considered to be one of the lowliest people. They were often judged as unclean because they were so busy tending their sheep that they were unable to keep many of the laws in the Jewish Torah, yet it was granted to them to see the sky lit up with a heavenly choir of angels telling of the birth of God's son.

Why angels? Well probably because of the very special child who was being born. The Jewish custom was that at the birth of a boy child all the men of the village came to sing praises to God outside the house to welcome the child. Jesus could not be born in his own village so God provided angels and what a message they brought mankind.

Joy is not just a response to a special and wonderful happening; it is a gift from God and one of the fruits of the Spirit. In the hardest valleys of our lives we may suddenly be filled with an incredible joy. An inner strength and awareness that life is worth living; God is in charge and on His throne and there is a promise of a happy future ahead. This gift of joy often follows a move of the Holy Spirit within our hearts. He strengthens us and brings hope.

All at UCHM pray that this Christmas you will know the love of Jesus; may He fill you with His Joy and Peace and may His love overflow your hearts and homes.

We send our grateful thanks for your prayers, gifts and support which has energised us during this year and given us, and those we serve, that inexpressible gift of joy.

Love  
Helga

**Quote:** - "I asked God for all things, that I might enjoy life. God gave life that I might enjoy all things." **Unknown Author**

## **A Christmas Dream**

From our happy home  
Through the world we roam  
One week in all the year,  
Making winter spring  
With the joy we bring  
For Christmas-tide is here.

Now the eastern star  
Shines from afar  
To light the poorest home;  
Hearts warmer grow,  
Gifts freely flow,  
For Christmas-tide has come.

Now gay trees rise  
Before young eyes,  
Abloom with tempting cheer;  
Blithe voices sing,  
And blithe bells ring,  
For Christmas-tide is here.

Oh, happy chime,  
Oh, blessed time,  
That draws us all so near!  
"Welcome, dear day,"  
All creatures say,  
For Christmas-tide is here.

Author: Louisa May Alcott  
Taken from [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com)

# Little Tree

Little tree  
little silent Christmas tree  
you are so little  
you are more like a flower

Who found you in the green forest  
and were you very sorry to come away?  
see I will comfort you  
because you smell so sweetly

I will kiss your cool bark  
and hug you safe and tight  
just as your mother would,  
only don't be afraid

Look the spangles  
that sleep all the year in a dark box  
dreaming of being taken out and allowed to shine,  
the balls the chains red and gold the fluffy threads,

Put up your little arms  
and I'll give them all to you to hold  
every finger shall have its ring  
and there won't be a single place dark or unhappy

Then when you're quite dressed  
you'll stand in the window for everyone to see  
and how they'll stare!  
oh but you'll be very proud

And my little sister and I will take hands  
and looking up at our beautiful tree  
we'll dance and sing  
"Noel Noel"

Author: E. E. Cummings  
Taken from [www.poetry-archive.com](http://www.poetry-archive.com)

# UNITED CHURCHES HEALING MINISTRY

## Christian Counselling, College and Resource Centre

We offer ACC recognised counsellor training courses from Introduction to Diploma level for people who are interested in becoming a counsellor or learning some counselling skills.

We also offer Continuing Professional Development Training for counsellors in a variety of subjects and Pastoral Care conferences for people doing more informal listening roles

### **INTRODUCTION TO COUNSELLING SKILLS IN A CHRISTIAN SETTING - Level 2**

6 Credits at **Certa** Level 2

*(Certa is an operating name of Open College Network, Yorkshire and Humber Region)*

Initial introductory training for those wanting to train as a counsellor.

Suitable for those who have experience in Pastoral Care but who have little, or no, previous experience of training.

**COMMENCING JANUARY 2016**

On completion you will gain a Level 2 Introduction to Counselling Skills  
**Progress to Level 3**

# **ADVANCED COUNSELLING SKILLS**

## **Level 3**

### **The Knowledge, Skills and Attitudes Framework for Counselling - Basic Practice Course**

27 credits at **Certa** level 3

A distinctive Christian Counsellor Training Programme integrating the Christian Faith with Person Centred counselling skills

#### **COMMENCING JANUARY 2016**

On completion you will gain a Level 3 in Advanced Counselling Skills (for Pastoral Carers if you have completed and achieved the Level 2 and Level 3 you will gain a Diploma in Pastoral Care)

**Progress to Level 4**

# **UCHM ADVANCED DIPLOMA in COUNSELLING**

## **Level 4 – Year 1**

**This is a substantial core counselling course with supervised placement which trains and equips counsellors to the standard required for counsellor accreditation.**

A distinctive Christian Counsellor Training Programme, integrating spirituality with Person Centred Counselling Skills and Psychodynamic Insight

60 credits at **Certa** Level 4

#### **COMMENCING JANUARY 12<sup>TH</sup> 2016**

On completion and achievement of both years you will gain a Level 4 Diploma in Christian Counselling which is the gateway to accreditation

**For further information please contact:**

Tel/Fax: 01484 461098, E Mail [training@uchm.org](mailto:training@uchm.org)

Web site [www.uchm.org](http://www.uchm.org)

# Christmas at Sea

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;  
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;  
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;  
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;  
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.  
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,  
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;  
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;  
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,  
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide race roared;  
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:  
So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,  
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;  
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'long-shore home;  
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;  
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;  
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)  
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,  
And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,  
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;  
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,  
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,  
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;  
And O the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,  
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.  
'All hands to loose top gallant sails,' I heard the captain call.  
'By the Lord, she'll never stand it,' our first mate, Jackson, cried.  
... 'It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson,' he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,  
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.  
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,  
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,  
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;  
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,  
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

Author: Robert Louis Stephenson



# Christmas Crayons

My childhood was filled with laughter, love, and happy memories -- especially during the holidays, but the yuletide that stands out most is the year of the Christmas Crayons.

I was nine that December, little sis Diane was eight and big brother Dennis was 10. Since all of us were sophisticated non-believers in the man in the big red suit, Mom thought she'd be straight with us.

"Money's tight so you're each getting one small gift so I can get your dad the dresser he needs," Mom warned.

Dennis made a grumpy face, but Diane and I weren't too upset. After all, we had plenty of Barbies and board games to occupy our free time.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Dad was at work so Mom brought out a huge box and a gigantic roll of red wrapping paper.

"I need you kids to help wrap but remember, Dad's dresser is our secret," Mom winked as Diane and I grabbed scotch tape and Dennis found the scissors. After the box was gaily decorated, Mom let the three of us drag it into her sewing room -- Dad would never look in there.

Since we always got up early Christmas morning, we could put it under the tree and surprise Dad when he got up for Christmas breakfast. I knew my parents always stayed up late on Christmas Eve, then put presents out before they slipped off to bed.

Since I was nine and had my own alarm, I set it for 12:15am so I could sneak out and look at the loot under the tree.

I felt a little sad when I spied only three small gifts that Christmas Eve. I frowned at the smallest tagged "Darlene", but didn't dare shake it, smell it, or touch it. I was old enough to know Christmas held little magic if I already guessed my one and only gift. I trudged back to my room and reset my alarm for 6:15 before slinking back under my smiley face quilt. I was extra quiet so as not to wake my little sister softly snoring under her Strawberry Shortcake blanket on the other twin bed.

Two blinks later my shrieking alarm clock signalled Christmas morning was

finally here. I popped out of bed and shrugged into my blue fuzzy bathrobe before I yanked the pink quilt off of Diane. We heard Dennis already galloping down the stairs, so Diane and I quickly followed.

As soon as we entered the living room I blinked a few times in the hopes our three tiny gifts would have multiplied over night, but no such luck. Without a word we trudged off to the sewing room to get Dad's gift. By the time we'd dragged it under the tree, Mom was in the kitchen putting her famous cinnamon rolls into the oven and we already smelled Dad's coffee perking.

"Time for presents. Hurry up!" Diane tugged mom's bathrobe, then all five of us scrambled back into the living room.

"Youngest first," Dad commanded when Dennis started reaching for his gift. Diane quickly ripped the festive paper off her cereal-sized package and promptly pulled out a bright red colouring book with a goofy grinning elf on the cover.

"Thanks," she squeaked in her best trying-to-be-happy voice.

I was next, so I grabbed the smaller box with my name on it and carefully peeled off the paper.

"Geeze -- think we got all day?" Dennis grumbled.

My smile was genuine as I inspected my big box of 64 Crayola Crayons.

"Wow! It even has a built in sharpener. Thanks."

Mom and Dad grinned as Dennis ripped the paper off his one measly gift.

"Neat. A model car," my brother mumbled with all the enthusiasm reserved for a visit to the dentist for three silver fillings.

Mom and Dad chuckled softly, then Mom smiled. "Kids, why don't you help Dad open his present?"

The three of us huddled around the huge box while Dad stayed parked in his Lazy-Boy.

"Go ahead. You didn't get to open much this year," Dad nodded.

The three of us quickly ripped into the bright red paper, and Dennis pulled the tape off the huge brown box. Shouts of "Wow!" and "Groovy!" filled the room as the three of us discovered more than a dozen wrapped gifts nestled inside the big box.

Dennis frantically grabbed at all the boxes bearing his name -- boys were such animals! I glanced shyly at Dad to see if he was disappointed.

"What about the dresser?" I asked.

Mom laughed. "We got a new one last summer, remember? I saved the box for this Christmas surprise."

The next moments were a blur of flying paper and gasps of delight. I don't recall the other gifts I gushed over that year, but I think about the Christmas Crayons every December.

These days when Christmas means big ticket items like portable DVD players and Nintendo games for elementary school kids, I long for a simpler time when a box of 64 crayons (with its very own built in sharpener!) brought pure joy.

Yes, I'm glad my childhood was filled with laughter, love and one special Yuletide -- coloured with the joy of Christmas Crayons.

~ Darlene Buechel ~ [www.skywriting.net](http://www.skywriting.net)



# Prayer Diary

## December

- 1<sup>st</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One  
Group Supervision  
UCHM Commissioning Service
- 15<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One  
23<sup>rd</sup> - 3<sup>rd</sup> UCHM closed for Christmas Holidays  
January 2016

## January

- 5<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two  
Group Supervision  
UCHM Monthly Worship Time
- 11<sup>th</sup> Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
- 12<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
- 19<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
- 22<sup>nd</sup> - 23<sup>rd</sup> Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
- 25<sup>th</sup> Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
- 26<sup>th</sup> UCHM Managers Meeting  
Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One

## February

- 2<sup>nd</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two  
Group Supervision  
UCHM Monthly Worship Time
- 8<sup>th</sup> Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
- 9<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
- 22<sup>nd</sup> Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
- 23<sup>rd</sup> UCHM Managers Meeting  
Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
- 26<sup>th</sup> - 27<sup>th</sup> Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two  
Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two

## A Christmas Puppy

Many and many a year ago,  
In a city bleak and dark,  
A Christmas miracle began one night  
With a hungry puppy's bark.

He was too careless to mind his mom;  
So one day in the chilly fall,  
The puppy wandered away from her  
And now had no home at all.

Alone he'd lived for weeks gone by  
On what little food he found,  
And several times he had just escaped  
The catcher from the pound.

Until one night the shivering pup  
Found nothing whatever to eat  
As swirling snow began to fall  
And settle at his feet.

The fright he felt was only matched  
By his feeling of despair  
As people stepped right over him  
Without a thought or care.

At last the puppy faltered  
As he neared a humble home  
Where within a woman's tears fell  
As she knelt and prayed alone.

Precious little did the woman have  
To give her much-loved son;  
Her wages barely would buy his food  
When each day's work was done.

And now she waited with grieving heart  
For the passing of the night,  
For she had no gift to give her son  
At Christmas morning light.

And as she knelt and prayed and hoped,  
She heard a feeble bark;  
So she rose and opened up the door  
And looked into the dark.

Outside she found a sodden bundle  
Of tangled puppy fur  
With two big eyes with glistening tears  
That fastened tight on her.

Unable to deny those big sad eyes  
That looked at her with trust,  
She brought the puppy into the house  
Away from the cold wind's gust.

Inside she settled him near the hearth  
And warmed a precious cup  
Of milk and oats with cooking fat  
And watched him lap it up.

And then she brushed his golden fur  
And fluffed it as it dried  
And knew her prayers were answered  
When she brought the pup inside.

Around his neck she tied a bow  
(Of ribbon saved for years)  
And rejoiced because her son would not  
Wake up to grief and tears.

For now he'd have a Christmas puppy  
To give him lots of joy,  
And he would love the Christmas puppy  
More than any Christmas toy.

**Betty Killebrew**

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

## Christmas Giving

Christmas is for giving  
And for showing that we care,  
For honouring the Christ Child  
With the loving gifts we share.

The wise men gave of riches;  
The shepherds, faith and love.  
Each gift, in its own measure,  
Was smiled on from above.

Let every gift be treasured;  
Not always size or price  
Determines the extent of love  
And willing sacrifice

Handsome gifts with festive trim  
Bring smiles of sweet content,  
But modest gifts of humble means  
are oft times heaven sent.

Whether it be large or small,  
Each gift will share in part  
The message of true Christmas joy  
If given from the heart!

Written by Iris W. Bray  
Taken from -[www.christianstories.com](http://www.christianstories.com)



## The Missing Five Pound Note

Chippenham George worked for the Post Office and his job was to process all the mail that had illegible addresses.



One day just before Christmas, a letter landed on his desk simply addressed in shaky handwriting: 'To God'. With no other clue on the envelope, George opened the letter and read:

“Dear God,

I am an 93 year old widow living on the state pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had £100 in it, which was all the money I had in the world and no pension due until after Christmas.

Next week is Christmas and I had invited two of my friends over for Christmas lunch. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with. I have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. God; can you please help me?”



Chippenham George was really touched, and being kind hearted, he put a copy of the letter up on the staff notice board at the main Fareham sorting office where he worked. The letter touched the other postmen and they all dug into their pockets and

had a whip round.

Between them they raised £95. Using an officially franked Post Office envelope, they sent the cash on to the old lady, and for the rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of the nice thing they had done.

Christmas came and went. A few days later, another letter simply addressed to 'God' landed in the Sorting Office. Many of the postmen gathered around while George opened the letter. It read,

**Dear God,**

How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your generosity, I was able to provide a lovely luncheon for my friends.

We had a very nice day, and I told my friends of your wonderful gift - in fact we haven't gotten over it and even Father John, our parish priest, is beside himself with joy. By the way, there was £5 missing. I think it must have been those thieving fellows at the Post Office.



George could not help musing on Oscar Wilde's quote: 'A good deed never goes unpunished'

Author unknown  
Taken from [www.guy-sports.com](http://www.guy-sports.com)

# *Christmas Around the World*

*In the Northern Hemisphere  
it gets cold this time of year,  
frozen rivers stop their flow;  
the ground below covered with  
snow.*



*Families gathered together  
sheltered warmly from bad weather,  
sharing a meal on Christmas Day  
served in bone china from a tray.*

*Drinking chocolate hot and steamy  
eating pudding sweet and creamy;  
exchanging gifts 'midst Christmas cheer -  
Oh, what a lovely time of year!*

*In the Southern Hemisphere  
Christmas-time is drawing near;  
the weather's gone from cold to hot  
and winter-time has been forgot.*

*The sun is bright; white moon at night,  
a nice warm Christmas feels so right;  
children playing in the sun*



*running, jumping, having fun.*

*Barbecuing by the pool;  
water sparkling clear and cool,  
kin have come from far and near  
and hearts are filled with Christmas cheer.*

*No matter where on earth we live,  
do we remember Jesus's birth;  
do we bow down our heads to pray  
honouring Him on His own day?*

*A day that has been set apart  
to celebrate Him with glad heart;  
Loving Him and loving others -  
loving all mankind as brothers.*

*Just as we do on Christmas Day  
let us continue in this way;  
set each day apart for Him,  
For Jesus Christ; our Saviour King.*

*~ Belinda van Rensburg  
Skywriting.net*



# UCHM Prayer and Worship Meeting

Held on the 1<sup>st</sup> Tuesday of each month

There is no meeting in August

6.30pm start

Held at UCHM 78 New Street,  
Milnsbridge, Huddersfield

The meeting will be a time of prayer and worship with the opportunity for healing prayer if so desired. It is open to anyone who wishes to join in.



## A Christmas Carol

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him,  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for Him whom angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there.  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air,  
But only His mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the Beloved  
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part, -  
Yet what I can I give Him,  
Give my heart

Author: Christina Georgina Rossetti  
Taken from [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com)

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## UCHM News

- **Team News**

We welcome Annika Hayes, Ella Antoszkiewicz, Ellen Martin and Hazel Thompson who have joined as Placement Counsellors. We also welcome Sharon Moorhouse who has joined on a six month placement and is working in the office on Monday and Tuesday, and also 3 days in the charity shop.

We say thank you to Janette Valentine for managing the charity shop so well over the past year. Janette is remaining as a volunteer but has decided to step down from the managerial duties.

Congratulations to Jackie Ingham and Val Squires on being accepted as CPD Counsellors and Val Haigh on becoming a Core Team Member.

## Christmas First

The world was but a cradle,  
When the infant child was born.  
Nothing but a manger,  
For which to keep him warm.

The angels' chorus sang,  
There was frankincense and myrrh.  
But not a sound he made,  
This child, with heart so pure.

No mortal man could see,  
As the star shone down so bright.  
How this small defenceless babe,  
Would fill the world with light.

For on that peaceful night,  
God sent his only son.  
That one day he'd be a man,  
Eternal life would come.

So let us now rejoice,  
Our souls through him redeemed.  
Remember not the presents,  
But what Christmas truly means.....

By Geoffrey Caldwell

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





UCHM Charity Shop  
56 Market Street,  
Milnsbridge

## Opening Times

<b>Monday</b>	- 9.15am - 3.00pm
<b>Tuesday</b>	- closed
<b>Wednesday</b>	- 9.15am - 3.00pm
<b>Thursday</b>	- 9.15am - 3.00pm
<b>Friday</b>	- 9.15am - 3.00pm
<b>Saturday</b>	- 10.00am - 2.00pm

We sell a range of clothes, bric a brac, toys etc. Why not pop in and have a look for yourself.

Also, if you have any items that you no longer need then please feel free to drop it in either to the shop or the centre. If you are a UK taxpayer, then please ask about our gift aid scheme for shop donations.

