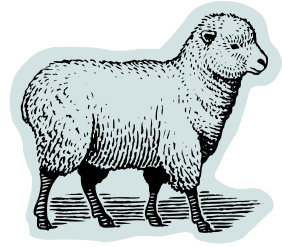


HELGA'S EDITORIAL



Dear Friends,

Jesus said in John 15:13 *“Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”*

What a joy it is that Spring is here bringing new life, lighter nights and gardens full of colour and fragrance. Life always seems easier in spring and summer.

Jesus died at the beginning of Spring. I wonder whether we meditate on the thoughts He might have had on His long climb to Golgotha. He was 33 years old and in the prime of life; loved by His family and friends. He had a powerful vocation and a deep love for all living things.

How might Jesus have felt as He took His long, torturous journey to the Cross; when He saw the beautiful vegetation; heard the bird songs and smelt the fragrance of the flowers. The teeming daily life of the Via Delarosa would bring Him memories of better times.

How precious was the friendship of Joseph of Arimathea who picked up the cross and carried it for Jesus when He was experiencing overwhelming fatigue.

This was a day of destiny. Jesus died on the Cross to reconcile us to God so God could offer us new life and forgiveness of sins.

UCHM is a loving community. We have learnt to be friends and

support each other during the trials and struggles which are part of life's rich tapestry.

As we stand at the foot of the Cross on Good Friday, may we thank Jesus for being our friend and resolve to allow Him a deeper place in our lives. May He enable us to love our neighbour and seek only good for our fellow man.

Thank you for the many ways you encourage us; your financial gifts and most of all the prayers you pray for us. You are greatly appreciated.

May your Easter be blessed and may the Lord give you His peace.

Helga Taylor
Managing Director

Quote: - "A friend is a present you give yourself". - Robert Louis Stevenson



Hope is the Thing With Feathers

'Hope' is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chilliest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.

By Emily Dickinson
Taken from www.poemhunter.com



ADVANCED COUNSELLING SKILLS

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

27 credits at Level 3

COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 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)

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COUNSELLING Level 4 – Year 1

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

60 credits at Level 4

COMMENCING OCTOBER 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

Web site www.uchm.org

LEVEL 1

UNITED CHURCHES HEALING MINISTRY

PASTORAL CARE TRAINING

INNER HEALING



Friday Eve 8th April 2016 6:00-9:30pm

Saturday 9th April 9:30am-4:30pm

Trainer: - Helga Taylor

Registered member MBACP (snr Accred)

ACC Accred Counsellor Manager

BACP Snr accredited Trainer 1999-2010

City and Guild 730/7 Teaching Certificate

ACC Fellow



A Blessed Easter

*Easter comes with spring
Which exhibits great rebirth.
All the wonders of God's Creation
Come alive upon this earth,
But the greatest wonder
To behold and cherish dear,
Is living with the knowledge
That our Lord, He did appear.*

*He died for all of us
To cast our sins away,
His death was not in vain, though,
If we live in Him each day.*

*Written by Sharon Donnelly
Taken from www.elftown.com*

Early Morning Cuppa

A couple are arguing about who should make the coffee in the morning. The wife says: "I think you should do it because you get up first."



He replies: "The kitchen is your domain, and you do all the cooking so you know where everything is. I think you should make the coffee."

"No way," she says. "You should do it. The Bible even says so."

"What are you talking about?"

She grabs the family Bible, thumbs through and points to the appropriate section: "Hebrews".



UCHM News

- **Team News**

We welcome Victoria Field and Dianne Hollingworth who are joining as Placement Counsellors. We also welcome back Ian Summerskill and Sally Rowe who have re-joined as CPD counsellors and Phil McSweeney who has taken over the role of Caretaker. Wendy Ferreira has been accepted as a CPD counsellor and is going to work at the Bradford Surgery, while Helen Walinski-Kiehl has been joined at New College by Chris Hartley and Rosie Dempsey who will also continue as counsellors at UCHM. Nicky Hall has taken time out as a Placement Counsellor.

- **Grants**

We have been awarded two grants towards the cost of upgrading the heating system, one for £1,000 from Allchurches Trust and another of £10,000 by Awards for All.

No Jacket Required

"For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." - Ephesians 2:8,9

I shook my head in disbelief.

This couldn't be the right place. After all, I couldn't possibly be welcome here.

I had been given an invitation several times, by several different people, and had finally decided to see what this place was all about.

But, this just couldn't be the right place.

Quickly, I glanced down at the invitation that I clutched in my hand. I scanned past the words, "Come as you are. No jacket required." and found the location.

Yes, I was at the right place.

I peered through the window again and saw a room of people whose faces seemed to glow with joy. All were neatly dressed, adorned in fine garments and appeared strangely clean as they dined at this exquisite restaurant.

Ashamed, I looked down at my own tattered and torn clothing, covered in stains. I was dirty, in fact, filthy. A foul smell seemed to consume me and I couldn't shake the grime that clung to my body.

As I turned around to leave, the words from the invitation seemed to leap out at me... ..

."Come as you are. No jacket required."

I decided to give it a shot. Mustering up every bit of courage I could find, I opened the door to this restaurant and walked up to a man standing behind a podium.

"Your name, sir?" he asked me with a smile.

"Jimmy D. Brown," I mumbled without looking up. I thrust my hands deep into my pockets, hoping to conceal their stains.

He didn't seem to notice the filth that I was covered in and he continued, "Very good, sir. A table is reserved in your name. Would you like to be seated?"

I couldn't believe what I heard! A grin broke out on my face and I said, "Yes, of course!"

He lead me to a table and, sure enough, there was a placard with my name written on it in a deep, dark red. As I browsed over a menu, I saw many delightful items listed.

There were things like, "peace," "joy," "blessings," "confidence," "assurance," "hope," "love," "faith," and "mercy." I realized that this was no ordinary restaurant!

I flipped the menu back to the front in order to see where I was at...

"God's Grace," was the name of this place!

The man returned and said, "I recommend the '**Special of the Day**'. With it, you are entitled to heaping portions of everything on this menu."

You've got to be kidding! I thought to myself. You mean, I can have ALL of this!

"What is the 'Special of the Day' I asked with excitement ringing in my voice.

"Salvation," was his reply.

"I'll take it," I practically cried out.

Then, as quickly as I made that statement, the joy left my body. A sick, painful ache jerked through my stomach and tears filled my eyes.

Between my sobs I said...

"Mister, look at me. I'm dirty and nasty. I'm unclean and unworthy of such things. I'd love to have all of this, but, but, I just can't afford it."

Undaunted, the man smiled again. "Sir, your cheque has already been taken care of by that Gentleman over there," he said pointing to the front of the room. **"His Name is Jesus."**

Turning, I saw a man whose very presence seemed to light the room. He was almost too much to look at. I found myself walking towards Him and in a shaking voice I whispered, "Sir, I'll wash the dishes or sweep the floors or take out the trash. I'll do anything I can do to repay you for all of this."

He opened His arms and said with a smile, "Son, all of this is yours if you just come unto me.

Ask me to clean you up and I will. Ask me to take away the stains and it is done. Ask me to allow you to feast at my table and you will eat. Remember, the table is reserved in your name. All you must do is accept this gift that I offer you."

Astonished, I fell at his feet and said, "Please, Jesus. Please clean up my life. Please change me and sit me at your table and give me this new life."

Immediately, I heard the words, **"It is finished."** I looked down and white robes adorned my squeaky clean body. Something strange and wonderful had happened. I felt new, like a weight had been lifted and I found myself seated at His table.

"The 'Special of the Day' has been served," the Lord said to me. "Salvation is yours."

We sat and talked for a great while and I so enjoyed the time that I spent with Him. He told me, me of all people, that He would like to me to come back as often as I liked for another helping from God's Grace. He made it clear that He wanted me to spend as much time with Him as possible.

As it drew near time for me to go back outside into the "real world," He whispered to me softly, "And Lo, I am with you always."

And then, He said something to me that I will never forget. He said...

"My child, do you see these empty tables throughout this room?"

"Yes, Lord. I see them. What do they mean?" I replied.

"These are reserved tables...but the individuals whose names are on each placard have not accepted their invitations to dine. Would you be so kind as to hand out these invitations to those who have not joined us yet?" [Jesus](#) asked.

"Of course," I said with excitement as I picked up the invitations.

"Go ye therefore into all nations," He said as I turned to leave.

I walked into God's Grace dirty and hungry. Stained in sin. My righteousness as filthy rags. And Jesus cleaned me up. I walked out a brand new man...robed in white, His righteousness.

And so, I'll keep my promise to my Lord. I'll go. I'll spread the Word.

I'll share the Gospel... ..

I'll hand out the invitations.

Have you been to God's Grace? There's a table reserved in your name, and here's your invitation...

"Come as you are. No jacket required."

Author - Jimmy Brown
- Taken from: www.christianstories.com

UCHM's 2017 Pilgrimage to Israel

Thursday 27th April – Thursday 11th May 2017

Flying Manchester to Tel Aviv

**Staying Knights Palace in Old City, Jerusalem &
Ma'agan on the shores of Galilee**

**Because the currency market is volatile at the moment, we
are expecting the cost to be in the region of £2,300.**

**(Should this alter by the time of the pilgrimage we will
inform you and issue a refund) - includes flights, half board
accommodation, coaches, all entrances and gratuities**

**Request a brochure by contacting UCHM on 01484
461098 or email uchm@uchm.org**

FOR THE EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME

To travel around Israel has a profound effect upon one's faith. To be able to gaze at the same hills and valleys which the Lord knew and walked upon; to enjoy the vistas of Lake Galilee and the places whose names we are so familiar with enriches our reading of the Bible. When walking along the streets of the Old City of Jerusalem we are walking in the place where God's relationship with His people has been formed. No-one returns from a pilgrimage like this without our faith being strengthened and encouraged.

We don't stay in busy, modern hotels. We stay in the Knight's Palace Hotel actually inside the Old City Walls of Jerusalem, and in Galilee we stay in Ma'agan, which is literally on the shores of Galilee. Both these places have a lovely atmosphere and the management know us and look after us well.

There are cheaper, shorter, more whistle-stop tours, but we believe that the UCHM Pilgrimage gives a good mix of meditation, teaching, worship and space for personal reflection.

We are aware that this is not a cheap holiday but there are no hidden extras to catch you by surprise. The price covers flights, coach travel inside Israel, all site entrances, half board accommodation and all tips and gratuities. All you need to buy are your lunches! (and souvenirs)

We are just finalising the details for the pilgrimage so if you are interested in receiving more information then please contact us on 01484 461098 or email uchm@uchm.org and we will send you out a brochure as soon as these are ready.

Prayer Diary

March

1st	Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
7th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
8th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
18 th - 19 th	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
21st	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
22nd	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
25th - 29th	Centre Closed for Easter Holidays

April

5th	Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
6th	UCHM Affiliated Groups and Surgeries Training Day
8th - 9th	Inner Healing Pastoral Care Weekend
11th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
12th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
21st	Trustees Meeting
22nd - 23rd	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
25th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
26th	Manager's Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two

May

2nd	Centre Closed for May Day Bank Holiday
3rd	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
9th	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
10th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
23rd	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
24th	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
30th - 31st	Centre Closed for Spring Bank

The Rich Family in Church

I'll never forget Easter 1946. I was 14, my little sister Ocy was 12, and my older sister Darlene 16. We lived at home with our mother, and the four of us knew what it was to do without many things. My dad had died five years before, leaving Mom with seven school kids to raise and no money.

By 1946 my older sisters were married and my brothers had left home. A month before Easter the pastor of our church announced that a special Easter offering would be taken to help a poor family. He asked everyone to save and give sacrificially.

When we got home, we talked about what we could do. We decided to buy 50 pounds of potatoes and live on them for a month. This would allow us to save \$20 of our grocery money for the offering. When we thought that if we kept our electric lights turned out as much as possible and didn't listen to the radio, we'd save money on that month's electric bill. Darlene got as many house and yard cleaning jobs as possible, and both of us babysat for everyone we could. For 15 cents we could buy enough cotton loops to make three pot holders to sell for \$1.

We made \$20 on pot holders. That month was one of the best of our lives.

Every day we counted the money to see how much we had saved. At night we'd sit in the dark and talk about how the poor family was going to enjoy having the money the church would give them. We had about 80 people in church, so figured that whatever amount of money we had to give, the offering would surely be 20 times that much. After all, every Sunday the pastor had reminded everyone to save for the sacrificial offering.

The day before Easter, Ocy and I walked to the grocery store and got the manager to give us three crisp \$20 bills and one \$10 bill for all our change. We ran all the way home to show Mom and Darlene. We had never had so much money before.

That night we were so excited we could hardly sleep. We didn't care

that we wouldn't have new clothes for Easter; we had \$70 for the sacrificial offering.

We could hardly wait to get to church! On Sunday morning, rain was pouring. We didn't own an umbrella, and the church was over a mile from our home, but it didn't seem to matter how wet we got. Darlene had cardboard in her shoes to fill the holes. The cardboard came apart, and her feet got wet.

But we sat in church proudly. I heard some teenagers talking about the Smith girls having on their old dresses. I looked at them in their new clothes, and I felt rich.

When the sacrificial offering was taken, we were sitting on the second row from the front. Mom put in the \$10 bill, and each of us kids put in a \$20.

As we walked home after church, we sang all the way. At lunch Mom had a surprise for us. She had bought a dozen eggs, and we had boiled Easter eggs with our fried potatoes! Late that afternoon the minister drove up in his car. Mom went to the door, talked with him for a moment, and then came back with an envelope in her hand. We asked what it was, but she didn't say a word. She opened the envelope and out fell a bunch of money. There were three crisp \$20 bills, one \$10 and seventeen \$1 bills.

Mom put the money back in the envelope. We didn't talk, just sat and stared at the floor. We had gone from feeling like millionaires to feeling like poor white trash. We kids had such a happy life that we felt sorry for anyone who didn't have our Mom and Dad for parents and a house full of brothers and sisters and other kids visiting constantly. We thought it was fun to share silverware and see whether we got the spoon or the fork that night.

We had two knives that we passed around to whoever needed them. I knew we didn't have a lot of things that other people had, but I'd never thought we were poor.

That Easter day I found out we were. The minister had brought us the money for the poor family, so we must be poor. I didn't like

being poor. I looked at my dress and worn-out shoes and felt so ashamed--I didn't even want to go back to church. Everyone there probably already knew we were poor!

I thought about school. I was in the ninth grade and at the top of my class of over 100 students. I wondered if the kids at school knew that we were poor. I decided that I could quit school since I had finished the eighth grade. That was all the law required at that time. We sat in silence for a long time.

Then it got dark, and we went to bed. All that week, we girls went to school and came home, and no one talked much. Finally on Saturday, Mom asked us what we wanted to do with the money. What did poor people do with money? We didn't know. We'd never known we were poor. We didn't want to go to church on Sunday, but Mom said we had to. Although it was a sunny day, we didn't talk on the way.

Mom started to sing, but no one joined in and she only sang one verse. At church we had a missionary speaker. He talked about how churches in Africa made buildings out of sun dried bricks, but they needed money to buy roofs. He said \$100 would put a roof on a church. The minister said, "Can't we all sacrifice to help these poor people?" We looked at each other and smiled for the first time in a week.

Mom reached into her purse and pulled out the envelope. She passed it to Darlene. Darlene gave it to me, and I handed it to Ocy. Ocy put it in the offering.

When the offering was counted, the minister announced that it was a little over \$100. The missionary was excited. He hadn't expected such a large offering from our small church. He said, "You must have some rich people in this church." Suddenly it struck us! We had given \$87 of that "little over \$100."

We were the rich family in the church! Hadn't the missionary said so? From that day on I've never been poor again. I've always remembered how rich I am because I have Jesus!

Author Eddie Ogan
- taken from www.christianstories.com

A Lesson for a Lifetime

When I arrived at 6 a.m. in the large hospital kitchen, Rose was already checking name tags on the trays against the patient roster. Stainless steel shelves held rows of breakfast trays which we would soon be serving.

"Hi, I'm Janet." I tried to sound cheerful, although I already knew Rose's reputation for being impossible to work with. "I'm scheduled to work with you this week."

Rose, a middle-aged woman with graying hair, stopped what she was doing and peered over her reading glasses. I could tell from her expression she wasn't pleased to see a student worker.

"What do you want me to do? Start the coffee?"

Rose sullenly nodded and went back to checking name tags.

I filled the 40-cup pot with cold water and began making the coffee when Rose gruffly snapped, "That's not the way to make coffee." She stepped in and took over.

"I was just doing it the way our supervisor showed us to do it," I said in astonishment.

"The patients like the coffee better the way I do it," she replied curtly.

Nothing I did pleased her. All morning her eagle eyes missed nothing and her sharp words stung. She literally trailed me around the kitchen.

Later, after breakfast had been served and the dishes had been washed, I set up my share of trays for the next meal. Then I busied myself cleaning the sink. Certainly Rose couldn't criticize the way I did that.

When I turned around, there stood Rose, rearranging all of the trays I

had just set up!

Totally exhausted, I trudged the six blocks home from the University of Minnesota Hospital late that June afternoon. As a third year university student working my way through school, I had never before encountered anyone like Rose.

Fighting back tears, I wrestled with my dilemma alone in my room. "Lord, what do you want me to do? I can't take much more of Rose."

I turned the possibilities over in my mind. Should I see if my supervisor would switch me to work with someone else? Scheduling was fairly flexible. On the other hand, I didn't want to be a quitter. I knew my older co-workers were watching to see if my actions matched my words.

The answer to my prayer caught me completely by surprise -- I needed to love Rose.

Love her? No way! Tolerate, yes, but loving her was impossible.

"Lord, I can't love Rose. You'll have to do it through me."

Working with Rose the next morning, I ignored the barbs thrown in my direction and did things Rose's way as much as possible to avoid friction. As I worked, I silently began to surround Rose with a warm blanket of prayers. "Lord, help me love Rose. Lord, bless Rose."

Over the next few days an amazing thing began to happen. As I prayed for this irritating woman, my focus shifted from what she was doing to me, and I started seeing Rose as the hurting person she was. The icy tension began to melt away.

Throughout the rest of the summer, we had numerous opportunities to work together. Each time she seemed genuinely happy to see me. As I worked with this lonely woman, I listened to her--something no one else had done.

I learned that she was burdened by elderly parents who needed her care, her own health problems, and an alcoholic husband she was thinking of leaving.

The days slipped by quickly as I finished the last several weeks of my summer job. Leaves were starting to turn yellow and red, and there was a cool, crispness in the air. I soon would be returning as a full-time university student.

One day, while I was working alone in one of the hospital kitchens, Rose entered the room. Instead of her blue uniform, she was wearing street clothes.

I looked at her in surprise. "Aren't you working today?"

"I got me another job and won't be working here no more," she said as she walked over and gave me a quick hug. "I just came to say good-bye." Then she turned abruptly and walked out the door.

Although I never saw Rose again, I still remember her vividly. That summer I learned a lesson I've never forgotten. The world is full of people like Rose--irritating, demanding, unlovable - yet hurting inside. I've found that love is the best way to turn an enemy into a friend.

"Love your enemies! Do good to them! Lend to them! And don't be concerned that they might not repay. Then your reward from heaven will be very great, and you will truly be acting as children of the Most High, for he is kind to the unthankful and to those who are wicked."

Luke 6:35 NLT

By Janet Seever

Taken from www.skywriting.net

Rejoice - An Early Easter Poem

“Rejoice, Rejoice! ” “For Jesus has risen from the grave! ”
His Father placed Him in the womb of a virgin
Then His life for us on a cross one day He gave.

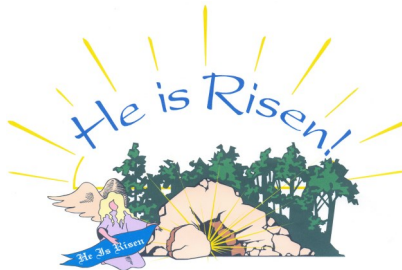
His Father said that He would rise up
Then, in three days ascend, unto His Father's home.
He is not where you now look for Him
He has rolled away the tombs, heavy stone.

While Mary was in the garden's yard
She had seen Jesus walking there.
While others were in such deep sorrow of loss
As the King's guards on watch, slept un-aware.

“The King of man has risen! ”
He did the job that was meant for humanity to do.
He died upon a cross at, ”Calvary”
He seen that His mission was complete
And He did this all for me and you.

So if you too seek after Him
You needn't go to the tomb to see.
Just kneel down before the cross in prayer
Asking God's forgiveness
Where He now, can always live inside of thee.

By; Linda Winchell
Taken from www.poemhunter.com



UCHM Prayer and Worship Meeting

Held on the 1st 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.



Easter Week

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring-
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

Author - Charles Kingsley
Taken from www.poemhunter.com





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