

## EASTER EDITORIAL



Dear Friends,

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

What a joy it is to know that spring is coming. New life, lighter nights, gardens full of colour and fragrance. Life is easier in spring and summer and these seasons seem to be shorter when compared with autumn and winter.

Jesus died at the beginning of spring. I wonder whether we ever think of the thoughts He might have had on the 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 the long, torturous journey to the Cross; as He saw the beautiful vegetation around Him, heard the songs of the birds, smelt the fragrance of the flowers and experienced the teeming everyday life of the Via Delarosa.

It was a day of destiny. Jesus died on the Cross to reconcile us to God so He could offer us new life. How precious the friendship of Joseph of Arimathea would seem as he picked up the cross and carried it for Jesus in His weakness and vulnerability.

UCHM would like to thank all our friends who have prayed for us

and have stood with us in times of stress and growing pains. Thank you for your prayers, support and financial giving. Please be assured that all you give is used to help those experiencing times of trouble, grief, loss, illness, suffering and our teaching programme which supports those in Pastoral Care ministry or trains Christian counsellors. More and more people are able to receive the support and expertise at UCHM in their times of trouble and emotional pain.

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 life from which we too will be better friends to others.

On behalf of all the members of UCHM,

Helga

Managing Director

**Quote: - “A friend is a present you give yourself”. -  
*Robert Louis Stevenson***



## God's Hints

*Rebbe Nachman teaches that  
God permeates all of creation.  
Each of us can always find the hidden  
Godliness that fills and surrounds us.  
(Likutey Moharan I, 55:2)*

*May God help you understand the hints contained in everything in the world; may He show you how, through them, you can draw closer to Him each and every day, depending on the individual, the place and the time. Everything that happens in the world, be it life or death, rising prices or falling prices, poverty or wealth, or any other occurrence or incident that takes place in the world ~ globally, nationally, locally or to an individual ~ all happens only to remind us of God specifically through this. He, in His wisdom and mercy, is the Cause of everything. Everything that happens is for our eternal good, in order that through everything we should come to know Him, each and every day. For God is indeed working His will at this very moment and will continue to work His will.*

*Letter #47*

*Taken from Healing Leaves - From the letters of Reb  
Noson of Breslov*

UNITED CHURCHES HEALING MINISTRY

# Advanced Counselling Skills - Level 3

Trainer - Helga Taylor

Exploring Counselling Skills  
and Theory From a  
Christian Perspective



**Commencing September 2015**

Information packs available from UCHM  
01484 461 098 [training@uchm.org](mailto:training@uchm.org) [www.uchm.org](http://www.uchm.org)

# **Upcoming Training -**

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

## **TA - An Introduction**

Tuesday 12th May 2015 1.00pm - 4.30pm

Trainer: Julia Hall

## **Gestalt - An Introduction**

Tuesday 19th May 2015 1.00pm - 4.30pm

Trainer: Carole Smith

## **An Introduction to Couples Counselling**

Tuesdays 28th April, 5th and 19th May 2015 1.00pm - 4.30pm

Trainer: Julia Hall

For booking forms or more information please contact the centre on 01484 461098, email [training@uchm.org](mailto:training@uchm.org), or visit our website - [www.uchm.org](http://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.

## **Born Again Beef Eater**

Mom was a good cook.

No, I take that back. She was a great cook. She could take a little hamburger, a few potatoes and some canned tomatoes and whip up a feast that would make Bobby Flay weep. And the things she could do with a chicken . . . well, it makes my mouth water to think about it. Her homemade chili sauce was second to none. Her bottled peaches were better than candy. And I once offered to make my sister Kathy's bed for a week if she would give me the last slice of toast made with Mom's homemade bread and slathered in Mom's homemade apricot-pineapple jam.

Kathy wouldn't go for it. She preferred to eat the toast – infuriatingly slowly – in front of me, watching me suffer with each exquisite bite. If memory serves, that was the same day I tried to kill Kathy with a crutch. If I had succeeded, all we would have had to do was give the judge a taste of Mom's homemade bread and jam, and he would have ruled it justifiable sistercide.

No doubt about it, Mom was a great cook. Most of the time.

But put a beef steak in her skillet, and she turned into the anti-cook. She could take the finest, most perfectly marbled ribeye and turn it into a hunk of protein with the flavor and texture of shoe leather. Of course, it wasn't intentional. She really did try, bless her heart. The night before I was married she thought she was giving me a special treat by preparing a thick cut of top sirloin. Instead, she gave me a case of gastric distress that lasted throughout our honeymoon. Tender? I think not.

Several months later my big brother Bud took me out for lunch and ordered steaks for both of us. I wasn't thrilled, but since he was paying I figured I could choke down a few bites. When the waitress served our steaks, I was surprised at how good they smelled. Mom's steaks never smelled like that. The first bite was a char-broiled epiphany, a revelation of sizzling flavor. Suddenly I understood why others spoke of steak fondly. I devoured my steak greedily, and stole a bite of Bud's when he took a second trip to the salad bar. I was a born-again beef-eater and that steak was my first communion.

"You know," I said to Bud, patting my stomach contentedly. "I used to think Mom was a great cook. But it's hard to believe her steaks come from the same animal as these steaks."

"Mom is a great cook," Bud said. "But think about it. She grew up during the Great Depression. That's when she learned to cook. How often do you think they had steak?" "Probably not very often," I guessed.

"Probably never," Bud said. "And when I was little and Dad was in the service, I don't remember ever having steak. It's only been recently that they could afford to buy steak. So it isn't that she isn't a good cook. It's just that she hasn't had a lot of experience cooking steak."

So my mother had a weakness in the kitchen. It was difficult to wrap my brain around that concept, especially the next Sunday after we enjoyed one of Mom's incredible fried chicken dinners. But then it occurred to me ... so what? "Great" doesn't mean "perfect." It just means "great." Sandy Koufax was a great pitcher, but he still lost 87 games. Dustin Hoffman is a great actor, "Ishtar" notwithstanding. They say Luciano Pavarotti occasionally struggled with his lower register. And my mom was a great cook even though her steaks weren't. Great, that is.

It's that way with all of us, isn't it? Even our strengths have elements of weakness. That's why great athletes still practice, great actors still rehearse and great pianists still run scales. Because when it comes down to it, greatness isn't something we are; it is something we become. And that process of becoming includes learning and growing through both success and failure. And, occasionally, gastric distress.

~ Joseph B. Walker ~



# Prayer Diary

## March

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
6 <sup>th</sup> - 7 <sup>th</sup>	Skills When Working With the Depressed Conference
10 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
16 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
17 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
24 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
27 <sup>th</sup> - 28 <sup>th</sup>	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
30 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
31 <sup>st</sup>	UCHM Managers Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One

## April

3 <sup>rd</sup> - 7 <sup>th</sup>	Centre closed for Easter Break
13 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
14 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
16 <sup>th</sup>	UCHM Trustees Meeting
18 <sup>th</sup>	Healing Service at Aglow Halifax
21 <sup>st</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
24 <sup>th</sup> - 25 <sup>th</sup>	Introduction to Christian Counselling Level Two
27 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three
28 <sup>th</sup>	UCHM Managers Meeting Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
30 <sup>th</sup> - 21 <sup>st</sup> May	UCHM 'Joy in the Journey' Pilgrimage to Israel

## May

4 <sup>th</sup>	Centre closed for May Day Bank Holiday
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
18 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Level Three Group Supervisors Meeting
19 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
25 <sup>th</sup> - 26 <sup>th</sup>	Centre closed for Spring Bank



# His Love

Have you ever stopped to wonder  
Why they called Good Friday “good”?  
It seems to me that sad, black day  
Could be misunderstood.

How His Father must have anguished  
As He watched His dear Son die,  
And not for crimes that He had done,  
But for sinners such as I.

What kind of love could be so great,  
To suffer willingly  
The penalty for someone else;  
His blood was shed for me.

But then when Sunday came around  
And death had lost its sting,  
That glorious morn’ was victory  
For Jesus Christ, the King!

Now He’s alive for evermore.  
The Father’s will was done.  
Forgiveness, pardon, full and free,  
By trusting in God’s Son.

It was a “good” Good Friday  
For the thief who died there too;  
He took his place in Heaven  
When that long, dark day was through.

I am grateful to my Saviour:  
My life to Him I owe.  
I’ll serve and love Him always,  
Because He loved me so.

by Rose Newman

## *At the Foot of the Cross*

*Fearing the battle was over  
And I'd already lost the war,  
I was tired of trying and failing.  
I just couldn't fight anymore.*

*So, dragging my battle-scarred body,  
I crawled to the foot of the cross.  
And I sobbed. 'Oh please, Father forgive me.  
But I tried...I tried.. and still lost.'*

*Then the air grew silent around me.  
I heard his voice just as clear as the dawn:  
'Oh, My child, though you are tired and weary,  
You can't stop, you have to go on.'*

*At the foot of the Cross , where I met Him,  
At the foot of the Cross, where He died,  
I felt love, as I knelt in His presence .  
I felt hope, as I looked in His eyes.*

*Then He gathered me lovingly to Him,  
As around us God's light clearly shone.  
And together we walked though my lifetime  
To heal every wound I had known.*

*I found bits of my dreams, long forgotten ,*

*And pieces of my life on the floor.  
But I watched as He tenderly blessed them,  
And my life was worth living once more.*

*I knew then why I had been losing.  
I knew why I had not grown.  
At the foot of the Cross came the answer:  
I'd been fighting the battle alone.*

*At the foot of the Cross, where I met Him,  
At the foot of the Cross, where He died,  
Then I knew I could face any challenge  
Together—just my Lord and I.*

*Written by Marcia Krugh Leaser*



# One Good Day

I had one good day today. It started out with a morning walk with my dogs under the starlight before dawn. It was so beautiful. Looking up I thanked God for the stars, the Earth, and my life. After the walk it was time for a warm breakfast followed by some exercises and prayer. Then I headed out to the office.



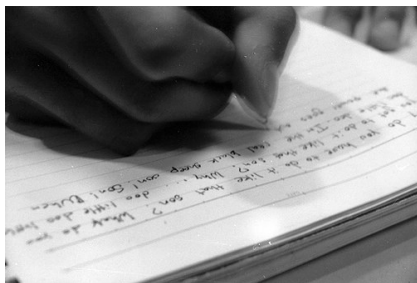
The sun was out and glistened off the melting snow. The sight made me smile and since I was alone with nobody else's ears to offend I sang along with the CD playing in my car with a loud voice and a happy heart.

My good day was just beginning, however. I helped it along by giving a cheerful greeting to everyone I met. I shared smiles and was happy to have them returned. I offered a helping hand to one friend and a pat on the back to another.



Later at the store I opened the door for a lady with her arms full of packages. I bought a few boxes of pancake mix to put in the food drive collection bin. I told a tired cashier what a good job she was doing and watched her whole face light up.

When I got home I gave my daughter a hug, kissed my oldest son on the head, and laughed and played with my youngest son before doing some work on the computer. Then I answered letters trying to share a little good humour, a kind word, a bit of inspiration, and a loving thought or two with my friends around the world.



Later in the evening I spent some quiet time reading a good book, petting my dogs on the head, and scratching my old grey cat under her chin. Finally I ended the day the way I started it: walking my dogs under the starlight, and thanking God for this world, my life, and the chance to live for one more good day.

Perhaps the key to having a great life is to live it one good day at a time. Perhaps the key to being happy in this world is to love all we today and let God take care of our tomorrow. May all of your today's be good ones.

~ Joseph J. Mazzella ~

# **The Easter Story**

Jesus came to compensate  
For all the wrongs we do.  
He came to earth to die for us,  
So we'd be born anew.

"This bitter cup, let it pass from me,"  
He cried, in a plaintive voice;  
"Yet not My will, but Thine be done;"  
He said, in His faithful choice.

The Judas kiss would seal his fate;  
He faced a hostile crowd;  
The governor, Pilate, saw through it all;  
Jesus' guilt he disavowed.

"I wash my hands of all of this,"  
Said Pilate, "Let Him be."  
But the crowd yelled "Crucify him now,  
And set Barabbas free!"

Pilate yielded to their wish;  
And Jesus was led away.  
The soldiers beat him, and mocked Him, too,  
Yet He continued to obey.

A crown of thorns lay on His head,  
As His sentence was carried out;  
His hands and feet were pierced with nails,  
But He did not scream or shout.

"Father, forgive them for this crime;  
They know not what they do."  
He said this despite His torment, because,  
He was thinking of me and you.

"It is finished," he sighed in His anguish and pain,

As His body gave up to death.  
The curtain tore, and darkness fell,  
After He took His last breath.

The best of the story is the very last part;  
It's why on Easter we're filled with pleasure:  
Death could not our Savior hold;  
His power is beyond all measure.

He rose from the grave, and was seen all around;  
Ever since, He's inspired devotion,  
And we'll be with Him for eternity,  
When we get our heavenly promotion.

That's why Easter is a major event:  
He suffered and died in our place.  
He rose and forgave us and loves us still,  
Our Saviour of matchless grace.

*By Joanna Fuchs*

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



A business man approached the Pope and asked him to change the last line of the Lord's Prayer from "give us this day our daily bread" to "give us this day our daily chicken" and KFC will donate 10 million pounds to Catholic charities.

The Pope declined.

2 weeks later, the man approached the Pope again, this time with a 50 million pounds offer.

Again, the Pope declined.

A month later, the man offers 100 million, this time, the Pope accepts. At a meeting of the Cardinals, the Pope announces his decision in the good news/bad news format.

The good news is... that we have 100 million pounds for charities.

The bad news is that we lost the Warburton's Bread account!

Taken from Heavens Above book





# UCHM News

- **Team News**

We say goodbye to Jennifer Gilling and Teresa Hampson who have ended their time as CPD Counsellors, and Dorota Barron who was a placement counsellor. We thank them for what they have done and wish them well for the future.

We welcome Barbara Morgan and Carol Paga who are job sharing the Monday evening reception role.

- **Israel Pilgrimage**

If you are interested then it is not too late to book. The dates are Thursday 30 April– Thursday 14 May 2015 and you will be staying in Knights Palace in Old City, Jerusalem & Ma'agan on the shores of Galilee. £1999 – includes flights, half board accommodation, coaches and entrances and gratuities. Contact us asap if you are interested in going.

- **New Courses**

January saw the commencement of two new courses. The Introduction Level Two runs January to April one weekend a month, and the next course will start January 2016. The Diploma Level Four runs for 2 years and this also started at the beginning of January.

- **Charity Shop**

We are always appreciative of donations of goods, and these can be brought into either the shop or the centre. Also, if you or anyone you know has any free time then more volunteers are always welcome, contact us or ask in the shop for more details.

# Life

I asked God to take away my pain.  
God said, No.  
It is not for me to take away, but for you to give it up.

I asked God to make my handicapped child whole.  
God said, No.  
Her spirit was whole, her body was only temporary.

I asked God to grant me patience.  
God said, No.  
Patience is a by-product of tribulations; it isn't granted, it is earned.

I asked God to give me happiness.  
God said, No.  
I give you blessings. Happiness is up to you.

I asked God to spare me pain.  
God said, No.  
Suffering draws you apart from worldly cares and brings you closer to me.

I asked God to make my spirit grow.  
God said, No.  
You must grow on your own, but I will prune you to make you fruitful.

I asked for all things that I might enjoy life.  
God said, No.  
I will give you life so that you may enjoy all things.

I ask God to help me LOVE others, as much as he loves me.  
God said...  
Ahhhh, finally you have the idea.

Author Unknown  
Taken from <http://www.butlerwebs.com>

# Let Me Remember...

On Easter morning as I awake,  
I recall memories that make me quake,  
For long ago on Calvary,  
My Jesus died to set me free;

I'll never really understand,  
Why God made such a wondrous plan,  
That When He saw a humble man,  
Jesus fulfilled God's perfect plan;

The Crown of thorns upon His head,  
The blood that for my soul He shed,  
The cries of pain and agony,  
It was all to set this captive free;

In life and death he bore my pain,  
To make a way that life I'd gain,  
And when He comes for us again,  
The plan of God will be made plain;

Those nail- scarred hands and feet,  
Were all for us to stop defeat,  
For now our soul can soar with Him,  
The final Battle we will win;

My eyes will I lift to heaven above,  
To catch a glimpse of God's divine love,  
Our flight will end in heaven I know...

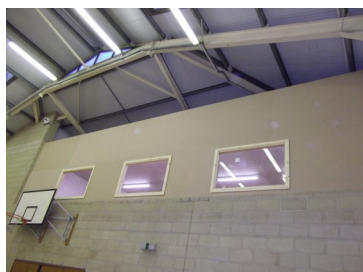
Author Loretta Jane Moore

# Balcony Conversion

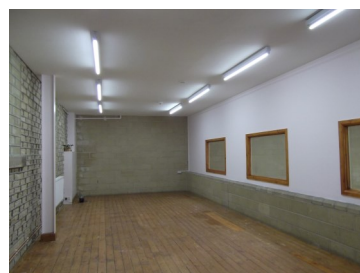
Work is well underway with the balcony conversion as can be seen from the pictures below:



The balcony as it was before work started



With the partition wall up, before and after decorating



The inside of the room, before and after decorating

The auction raised over £7,000, most of which has been spent on the alterations. If you would like to make a donation towards the cost of equipping the room this would be greatly appreciated.