

## Helga's Editorial

*Eph 4:12-13 "To prepare God's people for works of service, so that the body of Christ may be built up until we all reach unity in the faith and in the knowledge of the Son of God and become mature, attaining to the whole measure and fullness of Christ."*

Dear Friends,

I wonder how you may be feeling as we approach autumn. The nights lengthen; the weather is less kind; beautiful coloured leaves fall and die, leaving bare branches. The cold, wind, snow and rain challenge our peace and we fail to recognise a different kind of beauty. The autumn season is a rich season with splendour and colour, but it is also the forerunner of a more difficult yearly season.... Winter!!!

This has been a busy year. UCHM continues to be blessed by the Lord; we have more training courses running; 35 counsellors standing alongside people who are hurting; outside surgeries and this year we also had a wonderfully blessed pilgrimage to Israel.

I have been spending some quiet time; finding space with God; planning, resting and praying. I have special places in our house and garden where I feel at peace with God; where I like to pray, meditate and enjoy the presence of the Lord.

One day I unconsciously sat in a different place than usual. Suddenly I was looking and enjoying a different part of the garden. It had its own beauty and drew me to meditate in the richness of colour, still green but magnificent.

It had been there all the time, hidden behind my daily busyness, waiting to be seen and enjoyed. This encouraged me to pause and meditate on how we see and experience Jesus and the scriptures. I

wondered whether familiarity might block out the majesty, grandeur, splendour and beauty of Jesus and His word.

The Holy Spirit longs to take us into a deeper and richer relationship with Jesus who longs to show us new things and enrich long held beliefs so we can grow into full maturity, into the full manhood of Christ.

**God has yet more light and truth to shine forth from His Word. Enjoy the coming season; thank God for time and space, receive His love and wisdom**

**May God's blessing rest upon you for the whole of this season and for the rest of the year.**

Helga Taylor  
Managing Director



## *Once Upon An Autumn Day*

*Once upon an autumn day,  
Colourful leaves began to fade  
In the midst of a chilly, frosty air  
As multitude of trees grew steadily bare.*

*Once upon an autumn day,  
The whispering breeze was here to stay  
Moving aimlessly through the countless trees  
Scattering leaves with the greatest of ease.*

*Once upon an autumn day,  
The leaves whirled freely in every way,  
Until at last they came to rest  
Finding a haven in which to nest.*

*Once upon an autumn day,  
The trees were dormant, and the leaves lay  
Waiting for the winter snow to fall  
To quickly obscure them one and all.*

*by Joseph T. Renaldi  
Taken from [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com)*



# Counsellor Training Courses

## FOUNDATION CHRISTIAN COUNSELLING Level 2

6 Credits at Level 2

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 2018**

On completion you will gain a Level 2 Foundation Christian Counselling

**Progresses to Level 3**

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE IN COUNSELLING - Level 3

Integrates the Christian faith with good, professional, trained and accredited counselling

27 credits at Level 3

**COMMENCING 2018**

**Enrolment criteria for course entry includes:**

Previous training and successful completion of a UCHM Level 2 or equivalent plus an interview

On completion you will gain a Level 3 in Counselling Skills

**Progress to Level 4**

**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)

# PASTORAL CARE LEVEL 1

*Integrating counselling practice with the Christian faith*

This course is suitable for those who offer help and caring to others within their church or wider community.

**Depression - September 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> 2017**

**Listening Skills - October 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup> 2017**

**Anxiety - November 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> 2017**

**Bereavement - December 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> 2017**

Courses run on a Friday evening 6.00-9.30 and  
Saturday 9.30-4.30 at UCHM, Milnsbridge.

To book a place please contact us for a booking form on 01484 461098, email [training@uchm.org](mailto:training@uchm.org) or visit [www.uchm.org](http://www.uchm.org)



# Prayers Can't Be Answered Unless They Are Prayed

Life without purpose is barren indeed  
There can't be a harvest unless you plant seed  
There can't be attainment unless there's a goal  
And man's but a robot unless there's a soul

If we send no ships out, no ships will come in  
And unless there's a contest, nobody can win  
For games can't be won unless they are played  
And prayers can't be answered unless they are prayed

So whatever is wrong with your life today  
You'll find a solution if you kneel down and pray  
Not just for pleasure, enjoyment and health  
Not just for honours and prestige and wealth

But pray for a purpose to make life worth living  
And pray for the joy of unselfish giving  
For great is your gladness and rich your reward  
When you make your life's purpose the choice of the Lord.

Author unknown

Taken from [www.christianstories.com](http://www.christianstories.com)



# Prayer Diary

## September

1 <sup>st</sup> - 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Advanced Counselling Skills Conference
4 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
5 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
12 <sup>th</sup>	Start of the new Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
18 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
19 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
26 <sup>th</sup>	Finance and Property Meeting New Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Group Supervision
28 <sup>th</sup>	Trustees Meeting
29 <sup>th</sup> - 30 <sup>th</sup>	Depression Pastoral Care Level 1 Training

## October

2 <sup>nd</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
10 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One Group Supervision
16 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
17 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two
20 <sup>th</sup> - 21 <sup>st</sup>	Egan Conference
24 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
27 <sup>th</sup> - 28 <sup>th</sup>	Listening Skills Pastoral Care Level 1 Training
30 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
31 <sup>st</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two

## November

6 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three
7 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year Two Group Supervision UCHM Monthly Worship Time
14 <sup>th</sup>	Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One
20 <sup>th</sup>	Intermediate Certificate in Counselling Level Three

24<sup>th</sup> - 25<sup>th</sup>  
28<sup>th</sup>

Anxiety Pastoral Care Level 1 Training  
Advanced Diploma in Counselling Level Four Year One  
Group Supervision

---

## **UCHM News**

- **Team News**

James Spears has finished his time as a Placement Counsellor here. We wish him well for the future. Sally Rowe, Anuja Zachariah and Val Squires have all taken time out from their roles as CPD counsellors.

We welcome Susan Holland as a CPD counsellor, and new volunteers Adelle Howells as PA to the Managing Director and Chris Haigh as Decorator/PR Support Worker.

We say thank you to Anita Quirke who has agreed to take back the role of Shop Manager looking after the day to day running of the shop.

- **Fundraising**

We thank Lydia Donaghue who completed a 6 mile tough mudder course and raised £550 for UCHM funds.

- **Donation**

We thank Lindley Evangelical Church for their wonderful gift of £5,000 from the sale of their church building.

- **Training**

We are pleased to announce we received a good report from Innovate Awarding's recent Quality Endorsement Scheme visit.

- **Radio Broadcast**

Thank you to Val Haigh who recently gave an excellent interview about UCHM on the Christian radio station Branch FM. Please go to [www.branchfm.com](http://www.branchfm.com) if you would like to listen to it.

## Are you Listening?

Back when the telegraph was the was the fastest method of long-distance communication, a young man applied for a job as a Morse Code operator. Answering an ad in the newspaper, he went to the office address that was listed. When he arrived, he entered a large, busy office filled with noise and clatter, including the sound of the telegraph in the background. A sign on the receptionist's counter instructed job applicants to fill out a form and wait until they were summoned to enter the inner office.



The young man filled out his form and sat down with the seven other applicants in the waiting area. After a few minutes, the young man stood up, crossed the room to the door of the inner office, and walked right in. Naturally the other applicants perked up, wondering what was going on. They muttered among themselves that they hadn't heard any summons yet. They assumed that the young man who went into the office made a mistake and would be disqualified.

Within a few minutes, however, the employer escorted the young man out of the office and said to the other applicants, "Gentlemen, thank you very much for coming, but the job has just been filled."

The other applicants began grumbling to each other, and one spoke up saying, "Wait a minute, I don't understand. He was the last to come in, and we never even got a chance to be interviewed. Yet he got the job. That's not fair!"

The employer said, "I'm sorry, but all the time you've been sitting here, the telegraph has been ticking out the following message in Morse Code: 'If you understand this message, then come right in. The job is yours.' None of you heard it or understood it. This young man did. The job is his."



We live in a world that is full of busyness and clatter, like that office. People are distracted and unable to hear the still, small voice of God as He speaks in creation, in the Scriptures, or in the life and work of Jesus Christ. Are you tuned in to God's voice? Do you hear Him when He speaks to you? Are you listening? "This is my Son, whom I love . . . Listen to Him!"

Author Unknown

Taken from [www.christianstories.com](http://www.christianstories.com)



## The Pretty One

It had been a very long night. Our black Cocker Spaniel, Precious, was having a difficult delivery. I lied on the floor beside her large four-foot square cage watching her every movement - watching and waiting, just in case I had to rush her to the veterinarian.

After six hours, the puppies started to appear. The firstborn was black and white. The second and third puppies were tan and brown in colour. The fourth and fifth were also spotted black and white. "One, two, three, four, five," I counted to myself. I walked down the hallway to wake my wife, Judy, and tell her that everything was fine. As we walked back down the hallway and into the spare bedroom, I noticed a sixth puppy had been born but was lying all by itself over to the side of the cage. I picked it up and laid it on top of the large pile of puppies, which were whining and trying to nurse on the mother. Precious immediately pushed the small puppy away from rest of the group. She refused to recognize it as a member of her family.

"Something's wrong," said Judy.

I reached over and picked up the puppy. My heart sank inside my chest when I saw it had a cleft lip and palate and could not close its little mouth. I decided right then and there that if there was any way to save this animal, I was going to give it my best shot.

I took the puppy to the vet and was told nothing could be done, unless we were willing to spend about \$1,000 to try to correct the defect. He told us that the puppy would die mainly because it could not suckle. After returning home, Judy and I decided that we could not afford to spend that kind of money. We at least needed to get some type of assurance from the vet that the puppy had a chance to live. However, that did not stop me from purchasing a syringe and feeding the puppy by hand. I did that every day and night, every two hours for more than 10 days. The little puppy survived and learned to eat on his own, as long as it was soft, canned food.

The fifth week, I placed an ad in the newspaper, and within a week, we had people interested in all of the pups, except the one with the deformity. Late one afternoon, I went to the store to pick up a few groceries. Upon returning,

I happened to see the old retired schoolteacher, who lived across the street from us, waving at me. She had read in the paper that we had puppies and wondered if she might get one for her grandson and his family. I told her all the puppies had found homes but I would keep my eyes open for anyone else who might have an available Cocker Spaniel. I also mentioned that if anyone should change his or her mind, I would let her know. Within days, new families had picked up all but one of the puppies. I was left with one brown and tan pup as well as the smaller puppy with the cleft lip and palate.

Two days passed without me hearing anything from the gentleman who had been promised the tan and brown pup. I called the schoolteacher and told her I had one puppy left and that she was welcome to come and look at it. She advised me that she was going to pick up her grandson and would come over at about 8 o'clock that evening.

That night at around 7:30 p.m., Judy and I were eating supper when we heard a knock on the front door. When I opened the door, the man who had wanted the tan and brown pup was standing there. We walked inside, took care of the adoption details, and I handed him the puppy. Judy and I did not know what we would do or say when the teacher showed up with her grandson. At exactly 8 p.m., the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there was the schoolteacher with her grandson standing behind her. I explained to her the man had come for the puppy after all and there were no puppies left. "I'm sorry, Jeffery. They found homes for all the puppies," she told her grandson.

Just at that moment, the small puppy left in the bedroom began to yelp.

"My puppy! My puppy!" yelled the little boy as he ran out from behind his grandmother.

I just about fell over as I noticed that small child also had a cleft lip and palate. The boy ran past me as fast as he could, down the hallway to where the puppy was still yelping. When the three of us made it to the bedroom, the small boy was holding the puppy in his arms. He looked up at his grandmother and said, "Look, grandma! They found homes for all the puppies except the pretty one, and he looks just like me."

The schoolteacher turned to us and asked, "Is this the puppy that's available?"

"Yes," I answered. "That puppy is available."

The little boy, who was now hugging the puppy chimed in, "My grandma told me these kinds of puppies are very expensive and that I have to take really good care of it."

The lady opened her purse, but I reached over and pushed her hand back down into her purse so she could not pull her wallet out. "How much do you think this puppy is worth?" I asked the boy. "About \$1?"

"No. This puppy is very, very expensive," he replied.

"More than \$1?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," said his grandmother.

The boy stood there pressing the small puppy against his cheek. "We could not possibly take less than \$2 for this puppy," Judy said squeezing my hand. "Like you said, it's the pretty one."

The schoolteacher took out \$2 and handed it to the young boy.

"It's your dog now, Jeffery. You pay the man."

Still holding the puppy tightly, the boy proudly handed me the money. Any worries I'd had about the puppy's future were gone.

The image of the little boy and his matching pup stays with me still. I think it must be a wonderful feeling for any young person to look in the mirror and see nothing except "the pretty one."

Author unknown  
Taken from [www.varietyreading.carlsguides.com](http://www.varietyreading.carlsguides.com)

## Night Mail

This is the night mail crossing the Border,  
Bringing the cheque and the postal order,

Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:  
The gradient's against her, but she's on time.

Past cotton-grass and moorland boulder  
Shovelling white steam over her shoulder,

Snorting noisily as she passes  
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she approaches,  
Stare from bushes at her blank-faced coaches.

Sheep-dogs cannot turn her course;  
They slumber on with paws across.

In the farm she passes no one wakes,  
But a jug in a bedroom gently shakes.

Dawn freshens, Her climb is done.

Down towards Glasgow she descends,  
Towards the steam tugs yelping down a glade of cranes  
Towards the fields of apparatus, the furnaces  
Set on the dark plain like gigantic chessmen.

All Scotland waits for her:  
In dark glens, beside pale-green lochs  
Men long for news.

Letters of thanks, letters from banks,  
Letters of joy from girl and boy,  
Receipted bills and invitations  
To inspect new stock or to visit relations,  
And applications for situations,  
And timid lovers' declarations,  
And gossip, gossip from all the nations,  
News circumstantial, news financial,  
Letters with holiday snaps to enlarge in,  
Letters with faces scrawled on the margin,  
Letters from uncles, cousins, and aunts,  
Letters to Scotland from the South of France,  
Letters of condolence to Highlands and Lowlands  
Written on paper of every hue,  
The pink, the violet, the white and the blue,  
The chatty, the catty, the boring, the adoring,  
The cold and official and the heart's outpouring,  
Clever, stupid, short and long,  
The typed and the printed and the spelt all wrong.

Thousands are still asleep,  
Dreaming of terrifying monsters  
Or of friendly tea beside the band in Cranston's or Crawford's:

Asleep in working Glasgow, asleep in well-set Edinburgh,  
Asleep in granite Aberdeen,  
They continue their dreams,  
But shall wake soon and hope for letters,  
And none will hear the postman's knock  
Without a quickening of the heart,  
For who can bear to feel himself forgotten?

W H Auden



## *Dare to Be*

*When a new day begins, dare to smile gratefully.*

*When there is darkness, dare to be the first to shine a light.*

*When there is injustice, dare to be the first to condemn it.*

*When something seems difficult, dare to do it anyway.*

*When life seems to beat you down, dare to fight back.*

*When there seems to be no hope, dare to find some.*

*When you're feeling tired, dare to keep going.*

*When times are tough, dare to be tougher.*

*When love hurts you, dare to love again.*

*When someone is hurting, dare to help them heal.*

*When another is lost, dare to help them find the way.*

*When a friend falls, dare to be the first to extend a hand.*

*When you cross paths with another, dare to make them smile.*

*When you feel great, dare to help someone else feel great too.*

*When the day has ended, dare to feel as you've done your best.*

*Dare to be the best you can -*

*At all times, Dare to Be!*

*Author: Steve Maraboli*

*Taken from: [www.inspirationalarchive.com](http://www.inspirationalarchive.com)*



## Leo Tolstoy has written a beautiful story:

Three men became very famous saints in Russia.

The highest priest of the country was very much disturbed – obviously, because people were not coming to him, people were going to those three saints, and he had not even heard their names. And how could they be saints? – because in Christianity a saint is a saint only when the church recognizes him as a saint. The English word ‘saint’ comes from ‘sanction’; when the church sanctions somebody as a saint, then he is a saint. What nonsense! that a saint has to be certified by the church, by the organized religion, by the priests – as if it has nothing to do with inner growth but some outer recognition; as if it is a title given by a government, or a degree, an honorary degree, conferred by a university.

The high priest was certainly very angry. He took a boat because those three saints used to live on the far side of a lake. He went in the boat. Those three saints were sitting under a tree. They were very simple people, peasants, uneducated. They touched the feet of the highest priest, and the priest was very happy. He thought, “Now I will put them right – these are not very dangerous people. I was thinking they would be rebels or something.” He asked them, “How did you become saints?”

They said, “We don’t know! We don’t know that we are saints either. People have started calling us saints and we go on trying to convince them that we are not, we are very simple people, but they don’t listen. The more we argue that we are not, the more they worship us! And we are not very good at arguing either.”

The priest was very happy. He said, “What is your prayer? Do you know how to pray?”

They looked at each other. The first said to the second, “You say.” The second said to the third, “You say, please.”

The priest said, "Say what your prayer is! Are you saying Our Lord's Prayer or not?"

They said, "To be frank with you, we don't know any prayer. We have invented a prayer of our own and we are very embarrassed – how to say it? But if you ask we have to say it. We have heard that God is a trinity: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. We are three and he is also three, so we have made a small prayer of our own: 'You are three, we are three: Have mercy on us!'"

The priest said, "What nonsense! Is this prayer? You fools, I will teach you the right prayer." And he recited The Lord's Prayer.

And those three poor people said, "Please repeat it once more, because we are uneducated, we may forget."

He repeated it and they asked, "Once more – we are three, repeat it at least three times." So he repeated it again, and then very happy, satisfied, he went back in his boat.

Just in the middle of the lake he was surprised, his boatman was surprised: those three poor people were coming running on the water! And they said, "Wait! Please one more time – we have forgotten the prayer!"

Now it was the turn of the priest to touch their feet, and he said, "Forget what I have said to you. Your prayer has been heard, my prayer has not been heard yet. You continue as you are continuing. I was utterly wrong to say anything to you. Forgive me!"

Prayer is a state of simplicity. It is NOT of words but of silence.

Taken from [www.spiritual-short-stories.com](http://www.spiritual-short-stories.com)

## **Mountain Moving Faith**

A small congregation in the foothills of the Great Smokies built a new sanctuary on a piece of land willed to them by a church member. Ten days before the new church was to open, the local building inspector informed the pastor that the parking lot was inadequate for the size of the building. Until the church doubled the size of the parking lot, they would not be able to use the new sanctuary.

Unfortunately, the church with its undersized parking lot had used every inch of their land except for the mountain against which it had been built. In order to build more parking spaces, they would have to move the mountain out of the back yard.

Undaunted, the pastor announced the next Sunday morning that he would meet that evening with all members who had "mountain-moving faith". They would hold a prayer session asking God to remove the mountain from the back yard and to somehow provide enough money to have it paved and painted before the scheduled opening dedication service the following week.

At the appointed time, 24 of the congregation's 300 members assembled for prayer. They prayed for nearly three hours. At ten o'clock the pastor said the final "Amen". "We'll open next Sunday as scheduled," he assured everyone. "God has never let us down before, and I believe He will be faithful this time too."

The next morning as he was working in his study there came a loud knock at his door. When he called "come in", a rough looking construction foreman appeared,

removing his hard hat as he entered.

"Excuse me, Reverend. I'm from Acme Construction Company over in the next county. We're building a huge new shopping mall over there and we need some fill dirt. Would you be willing to sell us a chunk of that mountain behind the church? We'll pay you for the dirt we remove and pave all the exposed area free of charge, if we can have it right away. We can't do anything else until we get the dirt in and allow it to settle properly."

The little church was dedicated the next Sunday as originally planned and there were far more members with "mountain-moving faith" on opening Sunday than there had been the previous week!

Author Unknown  
Taken from [gatewaytojesus.com](http://gatewaytojesus.com)



## Cheerleader Within Us

It's the glimmer of hope when times are tough;  
It's a bit more patience when we've had enough.

It's that thoughtful smile when one's desperately needed,  
It's that extra push, a reason why we've succeeded.

This part of our personality which never fails to strive,  
Is the creator of our goals and the source of our drive.

We are enthused about life, optimistic about what's to be,  
Because the cheerleader inside looks for the best of life you see.

It's the strong support upon which you stand,  
It emerges as a friend to lend you a hand.

Where does this light come from, where does the ray start?  
It shines in your mind, but ignites in your heart.

The confidence to try, the will to believe,  
The acceptance of failure and the way to achieve.

It's very close by, it's something we trust.  
It's the fighter inside, it's the cheerleader within us.

Author Unknown  
Taken from [www.scrapbook.com](http://www.scrapbook.com)

## Trouble Tree

She hired a plumber to help her restore an old farmhouse, and he had just finished a rough first day on the job: a flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit, and his ancient one ton truck refused to start. While she drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited her in to meet his family. As they walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door, he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face was wreathed in smiles, and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward, he walked back to the car. They passed the tree, and her curiosity got the better of her. She asked him about what she had seen him do earlier. "Oh, that's my trouble tree," he replied. "I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing's for sure; those troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So, I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning, I pick them up again. Funny thing is," he smiled, "when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before."

Author unknown

Taken from <http://varietyreading.carlsguides.com/>





# VOLUNTEERS WANTED!

## **Admin Workers:**

We are looking for gifted workers who could do half a day or more in the office. Duties would include answering the telephone and greeting visitors, and assisting with the admin workload of the centre.

## **Charity Shop Volunteers:**

If you are able to offer half a day or more to work in our charity shop and like working with people. Duties would include sorting stock, and dealing with customers.

If you are interested in volunteering for any of these or would like to see if we have other vacancies then please contact the centre on **01484 461098** or email **[uchm@uchm.org](mailto:uchm@uchm.org)**