



Urban Christian Outreach (Ottawa)

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Charitable Registration #13776 1938 RR0001

Update #69

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Dear Faithful,

What a joy it is to extend our gratitude to you, and to offer prayers for peace and grace, as we prepare our hearts and contemplate the Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ! We are waiting in anticipation- waiting for His coming again in Glory and waiting for relief from our troubles. For the poor, the homeless and the marginalized among us, this is Good News!

And as we wait, and ponder the Holy birth of Christ, His death upon a Cross, His resurrection and His coming again, we can remember Jesus and His promises to us; He did not leave us alone in our waiting. In fact, He has never truly left us.

‘But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you.’ John 14:26

There are many in our city who feel alone, especially at this time of year. ‘Andrew’ (not his real name) is already feeling the stress of the

season. As decorations go up and Christmas carols fill the malls, Andrew is thinking of his family who will be celebrating without him.

‘Sandra’ is worried about how she will be accepted when she is the only one who arrives at her cousin’s Christmas dinner without gifts.

‘Paul’ and ‘Nancy’ are looking forward to the Christmas dinners offered throughout the city. They will attend as many as they can in order to cope. When Nancy speaks of Christmases long ago, tears come to her eyes. Poverty has taken its toll.

‘Mike’ looks forward to attending Christmas services, where he hopes to find peace. He knows that his clothes are dirty and he struggles to feel accepted. How will the ‘Mikes’ of this world ever know that Jesus loves them just the way they are - that He looks past their clothes and straight into their hearts? How will they know if we don’t show them?

‘And he said to them, “Go into all the world and proclaim the Gospel to all creation.” Mark 16:15

Life is difficult for the poor, but we can make a difference. Together, we can do what Jesus has asked us to do. Your prayers and financial gifts allow us to reach out to those who may never enter a church building. When you partner with us in this most important ministry, you model the very heart of Jesus. Your acts of kindness change lives. You enable us to introduce the broken-hearted to our Jesus, and to share how we have been saved by Him. We need each other. We need you, and you need us. The poor need us, and we need the poor. We see ourselves reflected in the poor; we see Jesus in the poor. Our hearts were designed to extend compassion, and by these very acts we become more alive - more authentic. When we help the poor, we fulfill an innate need within our own hearts because this is where we find Jesus.

“For a day in your courts is better than a thousand elsewhere.” Psalm 84:10

When we share the hope that we have in Christ, with those in despair, lives are changed, including our own. No one else can change a life, or save a life, like Jesus can! It is for Jesus, and by grace, that Urban Christian Outreach exists. We strive to model the Acts church, by sharing a meal, (sharing communion really), by sharing God’s Word, by praying, by listening, by helping, and by facilitating an opportunity for The

Holy Spirit to move in power! Like Joseph and Mary, may we be found faithful.

This month, we are hoping to host a “Why Christmas?” Alpha reunion with worship and a turkey supper, and invite those who might not otherwise gather for a Christmas meal. If you would like to contribute food for this event, or provide bus tickets, new socks, gloves, or gift cards, we would be most grateful.

We would like to leave you with the beautiful penned words of Joan Gale Thomas, from her beloved book, “If Jesus Came to My House”.

On behalf of the poor, our Volunteers and Board of Directors, may we extend our sincerest gratitude to you for your financial and prayerful support this year? May God bless you with a contemplative Advent and a joyful Christmas!

With Love in Christ,
Jill Wilson
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UCO’s Quarterly Update

Budgeted Income:	\$46,000
Budgeted Expenses:	\$42,236.86
Actual Income:	\$30,619.87
Actual Expenses:	\$33,120.37

Charitable Receipts will be mailed out in early February.

“If Jesus Came to My House”, by Joan Gale Thomas

If Jesus came to my house and knocked upon the door, I'm sure I'd be more happy than I've ever been before.

If Jesus came to my house, I'd like Him best to be, about the age that I am, and about the height of me.

I'd run downstairs to meet Him, the door I'd open wide, and I would say to Jesus, 'Oh, won't you come inside?'

I'd offer Him my rocking chair, it's such a comfy seat, and at the pleasant fireplace, He'd warm His little feet.

My kitten and my puppy dog would sit beside His chair, and they would be as pleased as I at seeing Jesus there.

Then I would put the kettle on to make a cup of tea, and we would be as happy and as friendly as could be.

I'd show Him all the places that are nicest in the house, the hole behind the stairs, where I pretend that I'm a mouse.

The little window up above where I can stand and see, the people passing down below and yet they can't see me.

And then I think I'd show Him the corner in the hall, where I'm sometimes frightened by the shadows on the wall.

I always have to hurry when I'm going past at night, but hand in hand with Jesus, I'd be perfectly all right.

I'd show Him round the garden and ask Him please to bless, the seeds that I had planted, the peas and watercress.

And if the flowers I'd planted were blooming on that day, I'd pick a bunch of all the best for Him to take away.

Then while He held the basket I would gather two or three, of the ripest rosy apples from my special apple tree.

And all the little birds would come and twitter up above, for joy at seeing Jesus in the garden that they love.

And then we'd play with all my toys, my nicest toys of course, and He should have the longest ride upon my rocking horse.

And with my bricks I'd build for him a palace of His own, and He should be the little King and sit upon the throne.

And when we'd done we'd stack the toys all neatly on the shelf, but first I'd let Him choose the best and keep them for Himself.

And when at last the day was done and shadows crossed the sky, I'd see him to the garden gate and there we'd say good-bye. And He'd perhaps say, "Thank you for a lovely afternoon," and I would say, "I do hope you'll come back very soon."

And then He'd smile and wave good-bye, and so would end our day, but all the house would seem to smile because He'd been our way.

I know the little Jesus can never call on me, in the way that I've imagined, like coming in to tea.

But I can go to His house and kneel and say a prayer, and I can sing and worship Him and talk with Him in there.

And though He may not occupy my cozy rocking chair, a lot of other people would be happy sitting there. And I can make Him welcome as He Himself has said, by doing all I would for Him for other folk instead.