



Broadfield Christian Fellowship

Broadfield Community Centre, Broadfield Barton, Crawley. Reg. Charity no. 1081321

(01444 400521 – Email: fellowship@broadfield.org.uk – Web: www.broadfield.org.uk

NewsFlash!



Sunday 11th September 2016

This morning 10.30am: Morning Worship in the Social Hall
Worship: Vivienne Evans; Speaker: David Evans

*We offer a warm welcome to all visitors to our worship today
If you want to know the location of any of the meetings, please ask the host or one of the leaders*

Monday 6.30pm: Prayer time in the Church

Tuesday 6.00pm: JMC meets in the quiet room
7.00pm: House Group at Caroline's home
7.45pm: House Group at Ben & Pauline's home

Wednesday 9.30am: Coffee Shop in the Social Hall

Friday 2.30pm: Dave Time in the Church Quiet Room
5.00pm: Friday Meal in the Social Hall

Saturday 12.00–4.00pm: "All Good Gifts Around Us" Harvest at Holmsted
Celebrating 40 years of Youth With A Mission at Holmsted Manor

Next Sunday 9.00am: Open up and set up hall for worship
9.30am: Prayer meeting
10.00am: Tea and coffee
10.30am: Morning Worship in the Social Hall, including communion
Worship: Kevin Gordon; Speaker: Ian Johnson
5.00pm: Ichthus celebration at Dietrich Bonhoeffer Church, Dacres Road, Forest Hill
"I Have A Dream" with Roger Forster

Thought for the Week – from Caroline

Proverbs 25:7-8

What you have seen with your eyes do not bring hastily to court, for what will you do in the end if your neighbour puts you to shame?

This means don't assume or presume that you know the facts because of what you have seen or heard, and don't jump to conclusions from your own perceptions; the truth may be very different as this story illustrates.

A woman was waiting at an airport one night, with several long hours before her flight. She hunted for a book in the airport shops, bought a bag of biscuits and found a place to drop.

She was engrossed in her book but happened to see, that the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be ... grabbed a biscuit or two from the bag in between, which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene.

So she munched the biscuit and watched the clock, as the gutsy biscuit thief diminished her stock. She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by, thinking, "If I wasn't so nice, I would blacken his eye."

With each biscuit she took, he took one too, when only one was left, she wondered what he would do. With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh, he took the last biscuit and broke it in half.

He offered her half, as he ate the other, she snatched it from him and thought ... oooh, brother. This guy has some nerve and he's also rude, why he didn't even show any gratitude!

She had never known when she had been so galled, and sighed with relief when her flight was called. She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate, refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate.

She boarded the plane, and sank in her seat, then she sought her book, which was almost complete. As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise, there was her bag of biscuits, in front of her eyes.

If mine are here, she moaned in despair, the others were his, and he tried to share. Too late to apologize, she realized with grief, that she was the rude one, the ungrateful person, the thief.

By Valerie Cox in "A Matter of Perspective"

Diary Dates

Thursday 29th September, 5.00–9.00pm: Open Evening at Holy Trinity C of E Secondary School for 2017 entry.

Friday 7th–Sunday 9th April 2017: Church Weekend at Ashburnham Place.