



Broadfield Christian Fellowship

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

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NewsFlash!

Sunday 1st October 2017

This morning 10.30am: Morning Worship in the Social Hall
Worship: Kevin Gordon; Speaker: Caroline Wainwright

*We offer a warm welcome to all visitors to our worship today
If you would like to know more about us, please ask one of the leaders*

This evening 7.00pm: Town-wide service at Crawley Baptist Church

Monday 7.00pm: Prayer time in the Church

Tuesday 7.00pm: House Group at Caroline's home
7.45pm: House Group at Ben & Pauline's home

Wednesday 9.15am: Coffee Shop in the Social Hall

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

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

Worship: Vivienne Evans; Speaker: David Evans

Thought for the Week – from Caroline

The Quilt

As I faced my Maker at the last judgment, I knelt before the Lord along with all the other souls. Before each of us laid our lives like the squares of a quilt in many piles. An Angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that is our life. But as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each square was labelled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations I was faced with in everyday life. I saw hardships that I endured, which were the largest holes of all. I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares. Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with rich colour and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life and was disheartened. My angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air.

Finally the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth. The others rose, each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their lives had been. My angel looked upon me, and nodded for me to rise. My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. I had love in my life, and laughter.

But there had also been trials of illness, and death, and false accusations that took from me my world as I knew it. I had to start over many times. I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. I spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully, each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me. And now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept it for what it was.

I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An awe-filled gasp filled the air. I gazed around at the others who stared at me with wide eyes. Then, I looked upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image, the face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said, "Every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you."

May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through.

Author Unknown

Standing for Christ in the Public Square

Wednesday 11th October at 7.30pm, a Christian Institute meeting at Cuckfield Baptist Church, Polestub Lane, Cuckfield, RH17 5GP

Diary Dates

Friday 20th April–Sunday 22nd April 2018: Church Weekend at Ashburnham Place with Phil Tate