



November 13, 2005

Service Time: 10.00 am

[www.inglefarmbaptist.com](http://www.inglefarmbaptist.com)

---

# Church: To Be or Not to Be

**T**his is a story about a man who quit attending church and was visited by his pastor.

According to the story, “It was a chilly evening. The pastor found the man at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. The pastor made himself at home but said nothing. After some minutes, the pastor took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember and placed it to one side of the hearth all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent. The host watched all this in quiet contemplation. As the one lone ember’s flame flickered and diminished, there was a momentary glow and then its fire was no more.

Soon it was cold and dead.

“Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. The Pastor glanced at his watch and realized it was time to leave. He slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately it began to glow, once more with the light and warmth of the burning coals around it.

“As the pastor reached the door to leave, his host said, ‘Thank you so much for your visit and especially for the fiery sermon. I shall be back in church next Sunday.’ ”

—Author Unknown

---

## INGLE FARM COMMUNITY CHURCH

---

Worshipping God & Caring for People — A Member of the South Australian Baptist Union Incorporated

---

## WELCOME



Thanks for joining us today  
It's our prayer that as we  
worship God together, you  
will meet with Him.

## CARE CARDS:



Please fill these out on arrival  
and place in the offering bag  
later in the service.

## CHILDREN'S MINISTRY:



Children are encouraged to  
start the service with us before  
moving out to their  
programmes.

## SAMARITAN SHOPPING BAG:



Please help us care for those  
in need by bringing groceries  
and placing them in the bag  
by the door.

## CHURCH OFFICE:



Located on the premises next  
to the Centre Manager's  
office. Feel free to call in  
Monday to Friday 9.00 am to  
5.00 pm.

## AFTER THE SERVICE:



We would love you to join us  
for tea and coffee following  
the service so that we can get  
to know each other better.

## PRAYER:



If you would like prayer  
following the service then  
please speak to the pastor or a  
member of the worship team.

**PASTOR:** Terry Williams

Mobile: 0413 253 575

**STUDENT PASTOR:**

**Markus Schmid**

(Monday & Tuesday only)

Mobile: 0410 433 423

**CHURCH OFFICE:** 8395 4127

**WEB PAGE:**

[www.inglefarmbaptist.com](http://www.inglefarmbaptist.com)

**E-MAIL:**

[church@inglefarmbaptist.com](mailto:church@inglefarmbaptist.com)

## CONTACTS:

### Elders:

Ian Warren: ..... 8289 8478

Kevin Rogers: ..... 8264 3554

### Worship Deacon:

### Fellowship:

Sue Willavoy: ..... 8284 2175

### Children's Ministry:

Patricia Lian: ..... 8182 1016

### Secretary/Administrator:

Trevor Knott: ..... 8250 8920

### Treasurer:

Ian Amey: ..... 8262 6942

## \$ FINANCE

Budget \$1,275

Last Week's Offering \$1,207

Average for this qtr \$1,061

Average year to date \$1,248

## SAMARITAN SHOPPING



*Any non-perishable  
food, e.g. tinned and  
packet food.*

# Take My Son

Author Unknown



A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire the great works of art. When the Vietnam conflict broke out, the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier.

The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son.

About a month later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly. He often talked about you, and your love for art." The young man held out this package. "I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this." The father opened the package.

It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting. The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and

Continued on last page

**Next  
Leaders' Meeting  
Monday, December 5th**

**FOCUS**

Please submit all articles for the FOCUS to Trevor Knott no later than Thursday 7.30 pm via:

- PO Box 3123  
Salisbury East SA 5109
- Phone: 8250 8920  
(answering machine available)
- Mobile: 0401 364 962
- Fax: 8250 9056
- E-mail:  
winnie\_the\_pooh@iprimus.com.au

# BETWEEN SUNDAYS

**MEN, WILD AT HEART** at the Medlock's on WEDNESDAYS at 7.30 pm. For more details please contact Markus Schmid on 0410 433 423 or at [markus@inglefarmbaptist.com](mailto:markus@inglefarmbaptist.com) .

**FRIDAY NIGHT HOUSE CHURCH** held weekly at the Brennan's home. For more information phone 8265 1432.

## UPCOMING EVENTS

# Christmas Celebration

Sunday, December 18

**Carisbrook Park**

after Church service.

Please bring along friends and family.

Please let Sue Willavoys know  
if you intend to come.

(Approximate numbers are needed by December 11.)

offered to pay him for the picture. “Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It’s a gift.”

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected. The man died a few months later.

There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase one for their collection.

On the platform sat the painting of the son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel. “We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?” There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the room shouted, “We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one.”

But the auctioneer persisted. “Will somebody bid for this painting. Who will start the bidding? \$100, \$200?”

Another voice angrily. “We didn’t come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Goghs, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real bids!”

But still the auctioneer continued. “The son! The son! Who’ll take the son?”

Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the longtime gardener of the man and his son. “I’ll give \$10 for the painting.” Being a poor man, it was all he could afford.

“We have \$10, who will bid \$20?”

“Give it to him for \$10. Let’s see the masters.”

“\$10 is the bid, won’t someone bid \$20?”

The crowd was becoming angry. They didn’t want the picture of the son. They wanted the more worthy investments for their collections.

The auctioneer pounded the gavel. “Going once, twice, SOLD for \$10!”

A man sitting on the second row shouted, “Now let’s get on with the collection!”

The auctioneer laid down his gavel. “I’m sorry, the auction is over.”

“What about the paintings?”

“I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets everything!”