



Pews News

Sunday 15th June

10am Joint Parish Communion, Dunsfold
6.30pm Evensong, Hascombe

The Collect

Almighty and everlasting God, you have given to us your servants grace, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of your divine Majesty to worship the Unity: Keep us steadfast in this faith and worship, and bring us at last to see you in your one and eternal glory, O Father; who with the Son and the Holy Spirit live and reign, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Please remember in your prayers

The Sick: Marilyn Bailey, Sandra Baxter-Brown, James Field, Jacquie Griffiths, Sheila Jones, Cindy Kennedy, Stacey Medalyer, Christine Miles, Ruth Wilkinson, Jacky Williams and Hazel Wiltshire.

Happy Father's Day

Thank you to all dads, stepdads and granddads who inspire, lead with love, protect with strength, and teach with wisdom. We hope that Father's Day is full of appreciation and love. And of course, we must remember and honour the memory of those fantastic fathers that are no longer with us.



Sunday 22nd June (10am) Parish Communion, Hascombe
Sunday 29th June (10am) Joint Parish Communion, Hascombe
Sunday 6th July (10am) Cafe Church, Winn Hall
Sunday 6th July (4pm) Funday@4, Dunsfold

GDPR

The time has arrived for us to ask you all to recommit to receiving Pews News and other parish information via emails. Under Church of England GDPR guidelines we must ensure that you have the chance to review your commitment to hear directly from us.

Obviously we want you to stay. To do this you will have to personally write to the following email address stating your wish to remain part of the Dunsfold Church online community. Please be aware that if you do nothing we are instructed to remove you from our contact list next month. Please write to markedsa11@hotmail.com



Please pray for Charlie and Harriet as they prepare for their confirmation service on Sunday. We wish them all the best in their future journey growing in faith.

The Flame Within

At 13, Maria sat quietly in the third pew of St. Andrew's Church, nervously fidgeting with the hem of her white dress. Today was her confirmation—a day she had

prepared for over many months through classes, prayers, and long talks with her sponsor, Aunt Rosa.

Maria had attended small group sessions in the church hall with a dozen teens, sipping tea and talking about what it meant to truly follow Christ in daily life. They read scripture, learned about the Eucharist, discussed doubt, prayer, and even forgiveness. Maria had more questions than answers.

Maria hadn't always been sure what confirmation really meant. To her, it started out as something she was "supposed to do," like the other kids in her youth group. But as the months passed, something began to change.

She remembered one Wednesday evening when the rector asked the class a simple question: "*Why do you want to be confirmed?*" Most gave expected answers—"To grow closer to God," or "Because my parents want me to." But Maria was quiet.

Later that night, she asked Aunt Rosa the same question. Her aunt, a warm woman with a deep faith, answered thoughtfully, "Because when I was confirmed, I stopped borrowing faith from others and started living it for myself."

That struck Maria. Up until then, her faith had been like hand-me-down clothes—familiar but never fully hers.

As sunlight streamed through the stained glass, casting colour across her path, Maria walked down the aisle towards the bishop and she felt something stir in her heart.

The bishop laid his hands on Maria's head, prayed that God would strengthen her with the Holy Spirit, and marked her with the sign of faith. The silence in that moment was profound and something inside her shifted.

Maria felt warm— a quiet warmth in her chest. A flicker of something steady and strong. Not a fire that burned wild, but a flame that promised to stay—guiding, comforting, calling her forward.

After the service, as family gathered around for photos and congratulations, Maria wasn't just smiling for the camera. She smiled because she knew this wasn't the end of something—it was the beginning. Maria didn't feel dramatic change—no heavenly music or flash of light. But she felt rooted. As if, for the first time, she was not just visiting the church... she *belonged*. She had claimed her faith as her own.

