

Thoughts and Smiles – November 6, 2023

Life in its essence is breaths that we take
Our very next breath is just seconds away
And breathing ensures we survive, we exist
But being alive is a lot more than this

It's climbing a mountain then looking back down
To see where you started and where you are now
It's loving the view that you see from up there
With the earth at your feet and the wind in your hair



It's meeting with friends to catch up over tea
And laughing until you forget how to breathe
It's dancing all night 'til your feet wind up sore
And singing along 'til your throat feels raw

It's walking the beach and it's watching the tide
It's finding a shell to hear oceans inside
It's flying 'til you can see clouds from above
It's counting the stars and it's falling in love

It's watching the sun rise and watching it set
It's gathering moments you'll never forget
The moments that teeter and flutter between
A world full of wonder and one of routine

So breathe in and out - it'll keep you alive
But know that you're here to do more than survive
You're here to let music dance on through your veins
To climb to the top of the mountain again

To see yourself fly and to feel your heart leap
The world is a show and you've got front row seats
So in the next seconds, when you breathe on in
Remember the wonder of life that's within

'Cause taking a breath keeps you living for sure
But the breathtaking moments?

They're what we live for

Becky Hemsley 2023

Art by the very talented Lea Androic (@leaandroicart on Instagram)

This one is called Living and can be found in my fourth collection, Letters from Life

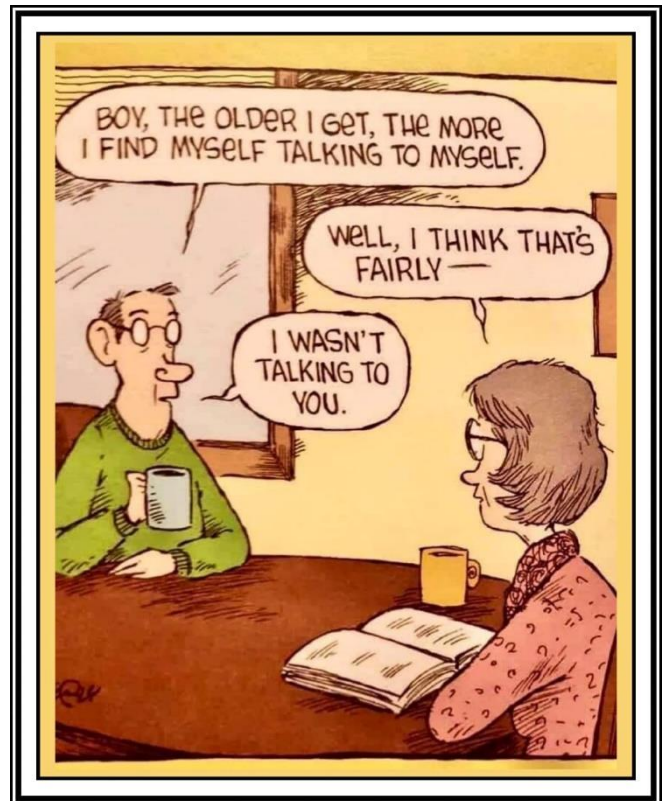
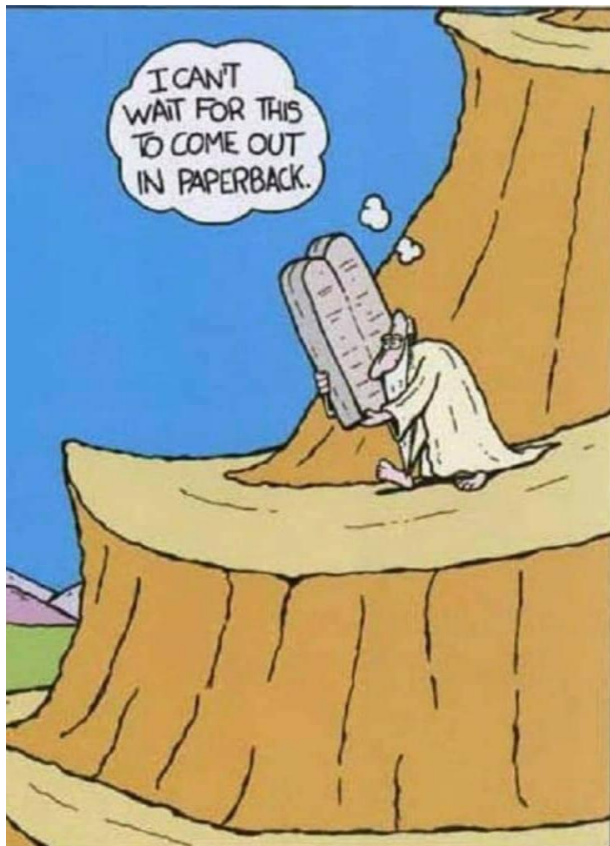


THE SOLDIER AND THE PIANO

He came upon her pure by chance, in wooded fields of hope –
A rifle strapped upon his back and grief stuck in his throat.
His breath caught in the moment; her beauty stilled his heart.
Her music drifted through his soul, it tingled every part.
In that magic moment, the soldier dared to dream
Of future love for all mankind – a world he couldn't see,
But suddenly a bang erupted in the air;
The loudness of it's dark stilled love everywhere.
Down he fell in battle – another soldier gone;
Another dancing heart that died to feed the burning wrong,
But now his love is drifted for he fell within a dream –
He heard the echo from her song and set his spirit free.
Many men who fight at war hold hope within their heart,
As wars they find they're bound to fight are not ones that they start.
Blessed are these warriors; each heart does feel the arrow,
If they fall, I pray they hear that beautiful piano.

Heather Lea

And now to pick up the mood...



**Have a terrific week!
Blessings to you all!**

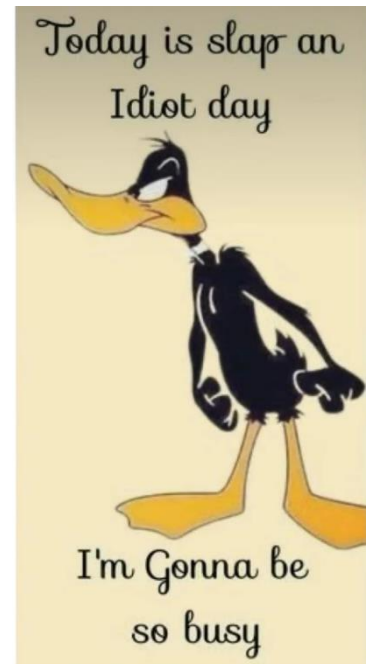
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Check out "David's Blog" on the Sauble Beach United Church website. <https://saubleunitedchurch.ca/category/davids-blog/>

SBUC: <https://www.youtube.com/live/7qVJlyWiCGA?si=z-Of84eo2675Btqg>

St. Andrews:

https://www.youtube.com/live/ARclQDnxfqs?si=egg1ZaIFwnpv_7cs



Imagine that this is one stone out of 2 million and 300 thousand stones that were cut, dragged, and lifted to build the Great Pyramid more than 3000 years ago.





I am not a badge of honour.
I am not a racist smear.
I am not a fashion statement.
To be worn but once a year.
I am not glorification
Of conflict or of war.
I am not a paper ornament
A token.
I am more.

I am a loving memory.
Of a father or a son.
A permanent reminder
Of each and every one.

I'm paper or enamel
I'm old or shining new.
I'm a way of saying thank you.
To every one of you.

I am a simple poppy
A Reminder to you all.
That courage faith and honour.
Will stand where heroes fall.

s.h

Paul Hunter 2014