

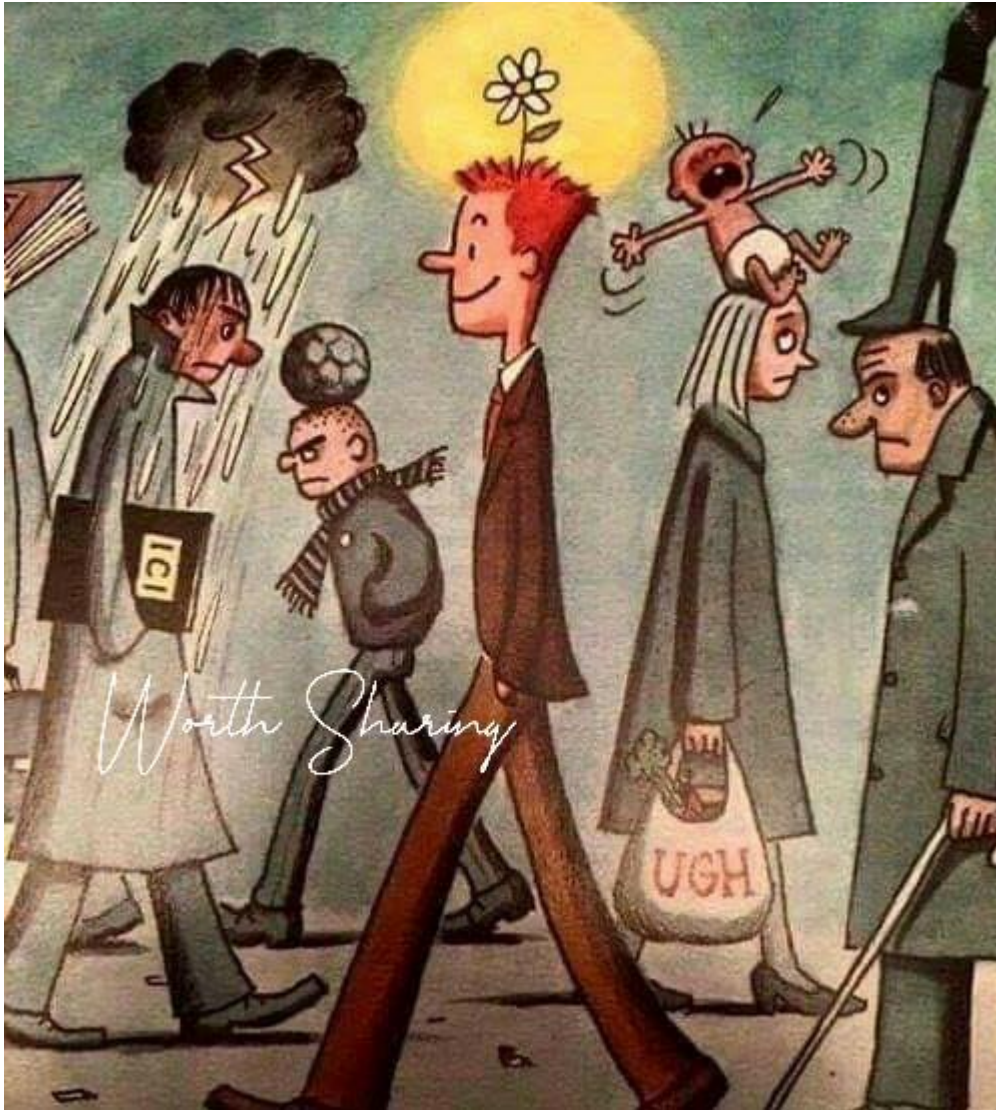
Thoughts and Smiles – September 2, 2024



When I'm an old lady, I'll live with each kid,
And bring so much happiness just as they did.
I want to pay back all the joy they've provided.
Returning each deed! Oh, they'll be so excited!
When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.
I'll write on the walls with reds, whites and
blues,
And I'll bounce on the furniture wearing my
shoes.
I'll drink from the carton and then leave it out.
I'll stuff all the toilets and oh, how they'll shout!
When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.
When they're on the phone and just out of
reach,
I'll get into things like sugar and bleach.
Oh, they'll snap their fingers and then shake
their head,
When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.
When they cook dinner and call me to eat,
I'll not eat my green beans or salad or meat,
I'll gag on my okra, spill milk on the table,
And when they get angry I'll run if I'm able!
When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.
I'll sit close to the TV, through channels I'll click,
I'll cross both eyes just to see if they stick.

I'll take off my socks and throw one away,
And play in the mud 'til the end of the day!
When I'm an old lady and live with my kids.
And later in bed, I'll lay back and sigh,
I'll thank God in prayer and then close my eyes.
My kids will look down with a smile slowly creeping,
And say with a groan, "She's so sweet when she's sleeping!"

Credit Goes To: Joanne Bailey Baxter



Happiness is a mindset, a conscious choice we make every day. It isn't about having a perfect life but finding joy in the little things, cultivating gratitude, and focusing on the positives, even in challenging times. While circumstances can influence our mood, true happiness comes from within—it's an attitude that allows us to see the beauty in imperfections and appreciate what we have rather than what we lack. By embracing a mindset of happiness, we empower ourselves to live more fulfilling lives, regardless of the ups and downs that come our way. Happiness is not something to chase; it's something to create from the inside out.



DECIDUOUS GROWTH

There is sun and rain in September,
But it's the growth that we'll always
remember.

Let all that love inside
Help open our hearts wide.

It's a time of transformation;
A time for liberation,
But first, we feel the chill;
First, we face the still.
We question all our lack,
We can't help but look back.

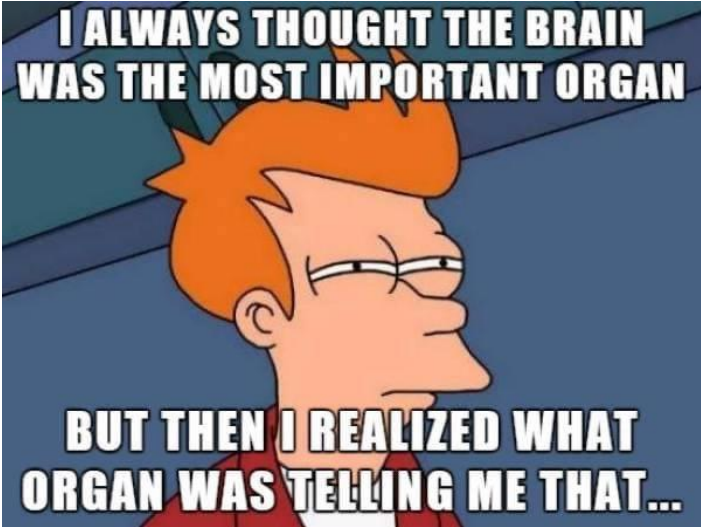
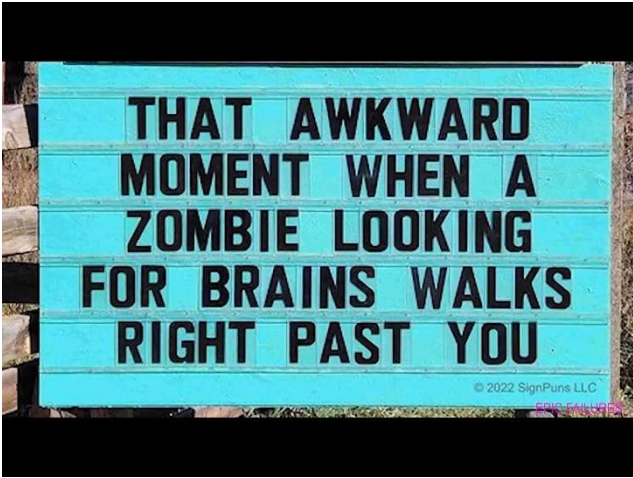
Our hearts will face some rain,
We're bound to feel some pain.
Each season has its call,
In autumn, we shine, but we fall.

Yes, there's sun and rain in September,
But it's the growth that we'll always
remember.

- Heather Lea



**MUFFINS:
FOR PEOPLE WHO
DON'T HAVE THE
GUTS TO ORDER
CAKE FOR BREAKFAST**



Have a terrific week!

Blessings to you all!

David Jones
Minister
Hepworth-Sauble Beach Pastoral Charge
226-568-3476 ipcress.jones@gmail.com



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

Found a new place where i can
sit and think about my problems



The Summer Day

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean –
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down –
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?

+ *Mary Oliver*

https://youtu.be/K6fpkSG_jH0?si=KzsMp4gg5wEVmoqc

The most famous lines of this poem are the last two: they're taped to mirrors and pinned to cork boards and framed in embroidery and on and on – and sure enough, they're lines worth remembering. But the heart of the poem is a couple of lines earlier: "Tell me, what else should I have done?" What else, that is, besides "falling down in the grass, being idle and blessed, strolling through the fields all day." At its heart, this poem is a little revolution, a provocative question mark beside the conventional answers to the query, *What makes for a day well lived? How should I spend this "summer day"?* *This summer day, I mean – the one we're in right now. The one we'll live in tomorrow.*



Oliver's potentially life-changing proposition is that we very well may need to rethink what a "productive day" looks like. It may look a lot less like a day tied to screens and email and housework and errands and getting things done, and a lot more like the simple, astonishing affair of getting to know a grasshopper. This grasshopper, I mean. And if we remember that not everyone today has the opportunity to take a day in the fields to be "idle and blessed," then this poem may redouble our efforts to build a world in which

everyone – everyone! – has the occasional time and space to stroll through the fields, “wild and precious,” holding out a little sugar in our hand.