

Thoughts and Smiles – January 13, 2025



I welcomed my mom into my home unexpectedly. One day, she arrived with a single bag—stockings, slippers that read “World’s Best Grandma” (a gift from my kids), a bathrobe, a blouse, and a pillowcase.

For the past three weeks, a delicate little girl of 88 has been living with me. Her snowy white hair is tied in a bun, and she shuffles softly down the hall in her cotton stockings and slippers. At each threshold, she pauses, lifting her feet as if stepping over invisible lines.

She smiles at the dog, whispers to unseen companions, and shares their “news” with me. Quiet and shy, she naps often. She enjoys the chocolate I leave in her room and sips tea with trembling hands, always checking her frail fingers

to ensure her wedding ring is still there.

She’s no longer the strong, independent woman I’ve always known. She has let go, trusting me completely. Her greatest comfort is my presence, and her relief when I return home is unmistakable.

I’m cooking soup daily again, like I did for my kids, and keeping cookies on the table. At first, I was afraid—my fiercely independent mom, who had lived alone for three years after Dad’s passing, now needed me. But as time passed, fear gave way to love and tenderness.

Now, my only priority is her happiness—warmth, comfort, dumplings, and love, with her daughter by her side. Nothing else matters.

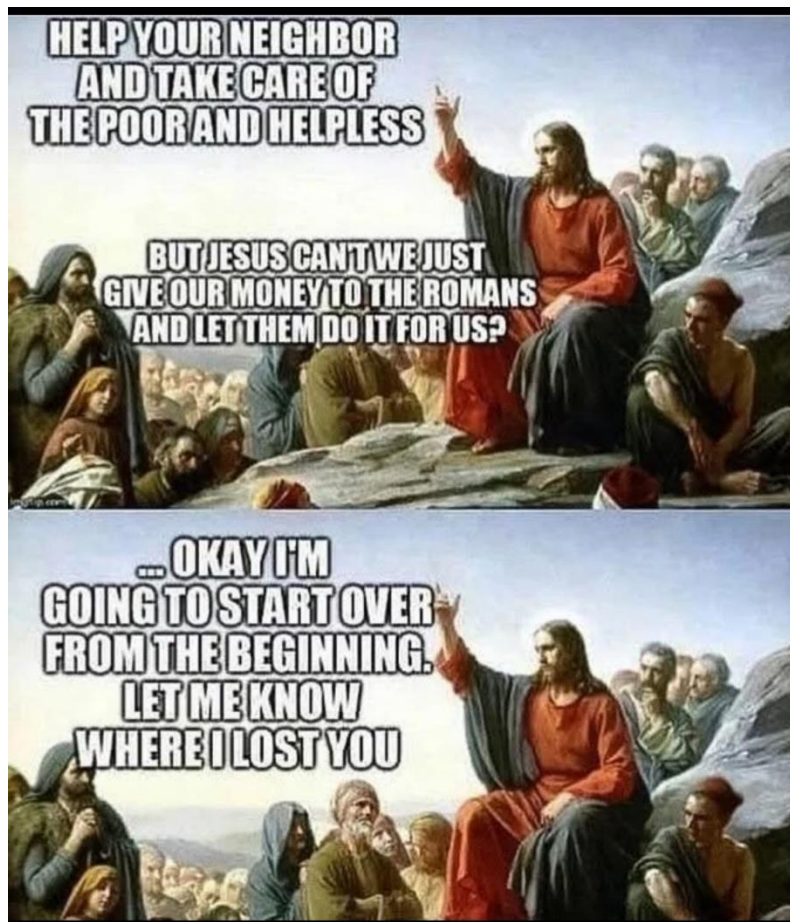
I’ve gained a daughter who is 88 years old, and I feel blessed to make her final years joyful. Mom, thank you for being mine. Stay with me as long as you can.





"The weather is a friend if you make it one.
I look forward to the gray, quiet time for solitude, contemplation, reading, and long conversations with friends. Colours are softer, sounds have more depth, and the pace is gentler. Instead of resentment at the lack of sun, snuggle into the gray velvet quilt and make yourself a cup of tea."

- Jennifer Jones
Artist: Cozy Creatures Artwork



They say that when you're broken
This is how the light gets in
But what if all the cracks
Are letting out the light within?

They say it makes you stronger
But at first it makes you weak
The way you face the mountain base
Before you reach the peak

They say to break is brave
And yet your mind is full of dread
You're not overwhelmed by courage
But by helplessness instead

But admitting you are breaking
Is far braver than you know
And remember, from the bottom
There is just one way to go

See, I think they mean it isn't just
That breaking makes you strong
But the way you use the embers
Of your will to carry on

It's triumph over trauma
And it's healing after hurt
It's rising from the ashes
With a new-found sense of worth

So find yourself a candle
And allow its tiny spark
To ignite you back to life
And put the fire back in your heart



And grant yourself compassion
For the times that you feel weak
Just rest until you're strong enough
To get back on your feet

Yes, I know that when you're broken
You have only threads of hope
But tie them to the mountain
Like your personal safety rope

Then gather at the bottom
With the summit high above
Then take a breath and take a step
The only way is up

One poem that I come back to a lot. Sending love to anyone at the bottom of the mountain right now.

Becky Hemsley 2021
Beautiful artwork by Merle Hunt

If January was an ice cream flavor



Careful walking your dogs today, it's very windy out there



Diet spoon & fork



Nobody claim 2025 as "your year".
We're all going to walk in real slow.
Be good. Be quiet.
Don't. Touch. Anything.

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/>

