

Thoughts and Smiles – February 3, 2025

If I had the chance to live my life again,

I would have listened to my body and rested when I felt unwell, instead of believing the world would fall apart if I took a day off.

I would have lit the pink candle shaped like a rose, rather than letting it gather dust in the pantry.

I would have spoken less and listened more.

I would have welcomed friends over, regardless of the stain on the carpet or the couch in need of cleaning.

I would have eaten popcorn in the "good" room and not worried about a little



dust when someone wanted to light a fire in the fireplace.

I would have taken the time to sit with my grandfather and truly listen to his stories.

I wouldn't have insisted on keeping the car windows up on a beautiful summer day just to protect a perfect hairstyle.

I would have stretched out on the grass, feeling the earth beneath me.

I would have spent less time laughing and crying over television and more time experiencing the emotions of real life.

But most of all, if given a second chance, I would cherish every moment.

I would truly see life, embrace it, and live it fully.

I wouldn't let small, insignificant things upset me.

I wouldn't waste energy on those who don't appreciate me or dwell on others' opinions.

Instead, I would treasure the friends who stand by me and the love that surrounds me.

And I would focus on nurturing my mind, body, soul, and heart every single day.

An elderly man living alone in Manchester was struggling with his annual tomato garden. The soil was tough, and digging it up was becoming too much for him. His only son, Paul, who used to help him every year, was in prison at Strangeways. Feeling disheartened, the old man wrote a letter to his son:

*Dear Paul,
I'm feeling pretty down because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to dig up the garden plot. If you were here, I know you'd help me, just like in the old days.
Love, Dad.*

A few days later, a letter arrived from Paul:

*Dear Dad,
Whatever you do, don't dig up the garden. That's where the bodies are buried.
Love, Paul.*

At 4 a.m. the next morning, CID officers and local police swarmed the property, digging up every inch of the garden. After hours of searching, they found nothing. Apologizing to the old man, they packed up and left. Later that day, another letter arrived from Paul:

*Dear Dad,
Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do from here.
Love, Paul.*



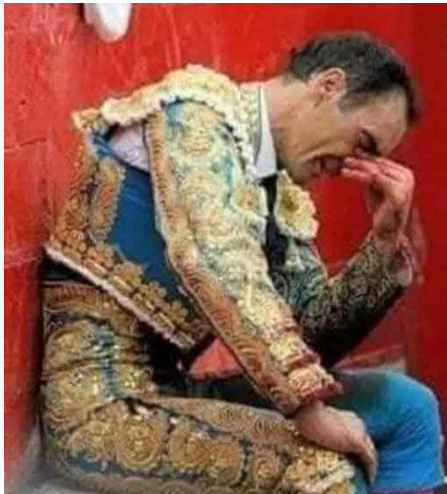


During one tense bullfight, matador Alvaro Munero did the unthinkable. As the crowd cheered, wanting the next dramatic move, he abruptly stepped away from the bull, walked to the edge of the arena, and sat down. The roaring crowd fell into stunned silence.

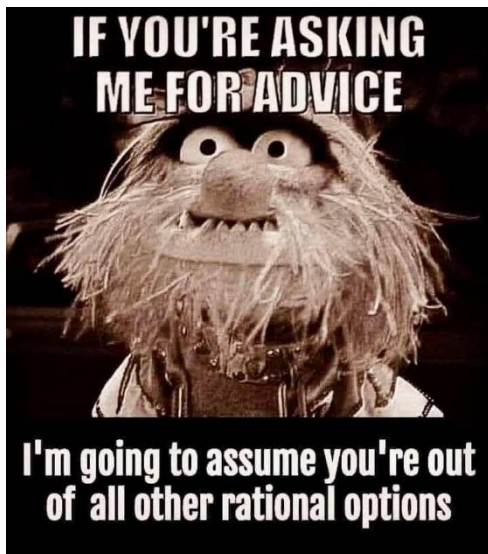
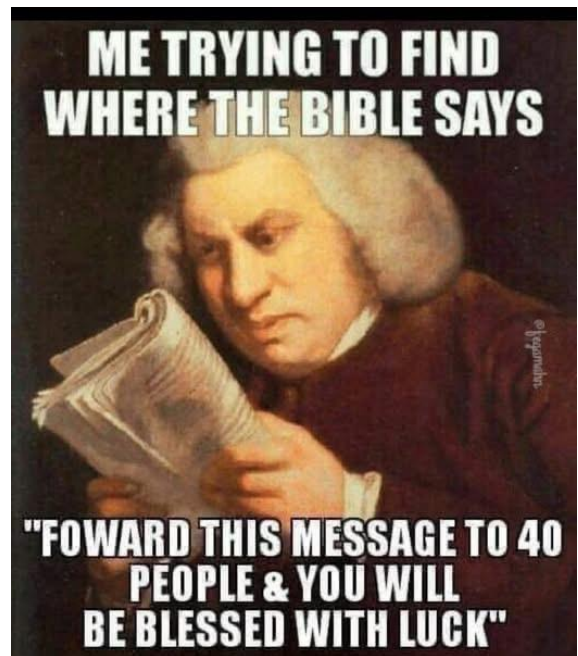
In a post-interview that came from his heart, Alvaro shared this life-altering moment that led to his decision: "In one moment I forgot the existence of the horns. All I could see was his eyes, standing there, not with rage but with something much deeper-innocence. He was not attacking me; he was just looking

at me, pleading wordlessly for his life. That is when it came into my mind that this isn't an animal I am fighting; this is a living thing that wanted to live as much as I did."

His eyes had that purity that only animals possess, and in them, I saw that undeniable truth. I felt an overwhelming surge of guilt; it was as if I had become the most heartless creature alive. I couldn't continue. I dropped my sword, left the arena, and made a promise to myself: I would no longer fight bulls; I would fight against a world which makes a game out of the torture of others for amusement.



The story of Alvaro Munero is a rare, powerful look into the transformative force of compassion, even in the most unlikely of places. It is a reminder that one moment of connection can change a life, inspire a new purpose.



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/>



Who am I in the mind of God?
You were an idea in the mind of God long before the universe existed. What is my identity? How do I find my self-worth, and where does it come from? Finding my worth in the mind of God.

Just imagine that you were an idea in the mind of God long before the universe ever existed, before time and space, before anything. How would this change how I look at myself. How would this change how I look at others.

<https://youtu.be/i8OyGdBNFql?si=QkRoDTNmjzCObeef>

