

## Thoughts and Smiles – March 17, 2025

(repost)

That chocolate bar you gave me, that was  
broken up in three.  
The one that made me cry,  
because they weren't broken equally.

Those stairs you walked down first,  
as I walked behind.  
The ones that made me cry,  
because I like going first you'll find.

The breakfast that you gave me,  
with my spoon of chocolate spread.  
I am sorry that I cried  
for the way you cut my bread.

Those chicken nuggets I love,  
weren't cooked just right today.  
I am sorry that I cried.  
I can't help being this way.

I know i make things hard for you,  
but I don't know how to change.  
I am sorry that I cried  
for all that I find strange.

You see I have my ways  
and I know these frustrate you.  
I am sorry that I cried,  
but they get me frustrated too.

You see I am made different.  
It's hard to understand.  
I have heard it is called autism  
and I need a helping hand.



To me it's all I know,  
and all I ask of you,  
is to please try to see it,  
from my point of view.

I don't do things to be naughty.  
I don't want to spoil your day.  
I just don't know how to be,  
any other way. 🥲

*Author Joanne Boyle*

Little Patsy took her friend  
who went by the name of Bear,  
down the shaded path,  
so there was nobody else there.

She would take Bear to the field  
where a picnic would await,  
and she could tell him her secrets,  
as it was such a special date.

Today was March the first.  
Patsy hadn't spoken for so long,  
but she knew her special friend  
would help her to be strong.

Today was daddy's birthday,  
and she missed him very much.  
She knew that he would come  
and bring his magic touch.

She knew that he would meet her  
in a memory from before  
and to little Patsy he would whisper,  
"I love you forever more."

- Joanne Boyle  
art by Steffi Krenzek





I walked through many storms  
like I was taught to do.  
Your words rang in my ears,  
it's those that helped me through.

Every time I felt like giving up  
i would stop and dance instead.  
Jumping in the puddles  
with your voice inside my head.

"You'll face many storms in life,  
but please don't sit and drown.  
These storms will make you  
stronger,  
pick you up when you are down.

Pack your troubles in your backpack  
and keep your dreams in your heart.  
Let hope be the anchor,  
let it be your stop and start.

Carry wisdom in your pockets,  
don't let it play its games.  
Tiredness will try to confuse you  
and muddle you with names.

Don't ever let love leave you,  
no matter how fierce the storm gets,  
because I promise you this my  
darling  
I'll be there when the sun sets.

I'll have walked this journey with you.  
I will never leave your side.  
I'll dance with you in those puddles  
and sing when they have dried".

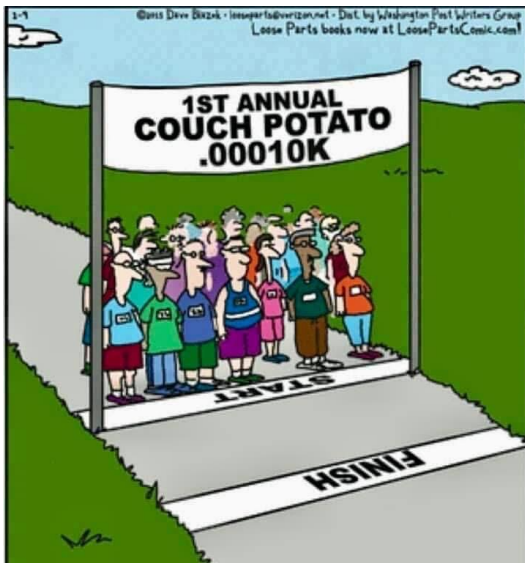
- Joanne Boyle



“Excuse me, the birds want me to ask when you might be refilling the feeder”



**FOR SALE 3in1:  
tornado, earthquake,  
nuclear bomb shelter**



First picture from Mars



Blessings to you All!

David Jones

Minister

Hepworth-Sauble Beach Pastoral Charge

Check out "David's Blog" on the Sauble Beach United Church website.

<https://saubleunitedchurch.ca/category/davids-blog/>

Grace Oasis Link

<https://youtu.be/XdEJLjLJI2o?si=1TmGGDQzsA6-1KXu>

Special and Awesome AFFIRM worship service:

<https://www.youtube.com/live/BxCTw7qfUuQ?si=mV5xCGVxwJruk8bN>



Snowman arms, \$50 each! Inbox me for more information!

