

Thoughts and Smiles – April 28, 2025



One day in, the Lord came to Noah — now living in the U.S. — and said:

"Once again, the world has become wicked and overpopulated. The end is near. Build another Ark and save two of every living creature, along with a few good humans. You have six months before the rain begins — 40 days and 40 nights!"

Six months later, God looked down and saw Noah sitting in his backyard... no Ark in sight, just Noah weeping under a half-finished shed.

"Noah!" the Lord thundered. "Where's the Ark? I'm about to start the rain!"

Noah sighed and said,

"Lord, times have changed. I needed a building permit. The city says I'm violating zoning laws, the neighbours filed complaints, and the development board is still reviewing my appeal."

"The Department of Transportation wants me to post a bond to cover moving power lines when I haul the Ark to the sea — I told them the sea would come to us, but they won't listen."

"Then there's the lumber — can't cut trees anymore, the environmentalists are worried about the spotted owl. I tried to explain that the Ark was to save the owls too, but had no luck."

"When I started gathering animals, the animal rights activists sued me for unlawful captivity. I now need 834 licenses just to house them."

"The EPA banned the waterproof pitch I'm supposed to use, saying it harms the environment. OSHA shut down my scaffolding. The unions say I can't hire my sons because they're not certified Ark-builders. The Human Rights Commission is investigating my hiring process, and Immigration is checking everyone's paperwork."

"And finally, the IRS froze my bank accounts, accusing me of trying to smuggle endangered species out of the country!"

Noah looked up, exhausted:

"Lord, I'm afraid it'll take at least 100 years to finish the Ark."

Suddenly, the skies cleared, the sun came out, and a rainbow stretched across the sky.

Noah asked, "Lord, does this mean you're not going to destroy the world?"

And the Lord replied,

"No need, Noah. The government already did."

🤔— Some things never change!



In 2006 a high school English teacher asked students to write to a famous author and ask for advice. Kurt Vonnegut was the only one to respond - and his response is magnificent: "Dear Xavier High School, and Ms. Lockwood, and Messrs. Perin, McFeely, Batten, Maurer and Congiusta:

I thank you for your friendly letters. You sure know how to cheer up a really old geezer (84) in his sunset years. I don't make public appearances anymore because I now resemble nothing so much as an iguana.

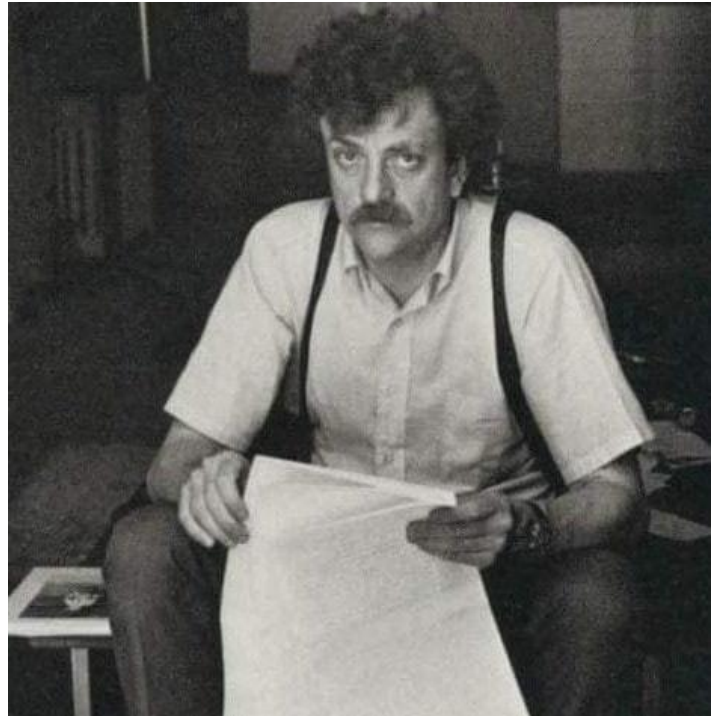
What I had to say to you, moreover, would not take long, to wit: Practice any art, music, singing, dancing, acting, drawing, painting, sculpting, poetry, fiction, essays, reportage, no matter how well or badly, not to get money and fame, but to experience becoming, to find out what's inside you, to make your soul grow.

Seriously! I mean starting right now, do art and do it for the rest of your lives. Draw a funny or nice picture of Ms. Lockwood, and give it to her. Dance home after school, and sing in the shower and on and on. Make a face in your mashed potatoes. Pretend you're Count Dracula.

Here's an assignment for tonight, and I hope Ms. Lockwood will flunk you if you don't do it: Write a six-line poem, about anything, but rhymed. No fair tennis without a net. Make it as good as you possibly can. But don't tell anybody what you're doing. Don't show or recite it to anybody, not even your girlfriend, parents, or Ms. Lockwood. OK?

Tear it up into teeny-weeny pieces and discard them into widely separated trash receptacles. You will find that you have already been gloriously rewarded for your poem. You have experienced becoming, learned a lot more about what's inside you, and you have made your soul grow.

God bless you all!" ~Kurt Vonnegut



Agatha Christie is enjoying a cup of tea on the terrace of the British School of Archaeology in Baghdad during the 1950s.

Her husband, Sir Max Mallowan, was a renowned archaeologist, and she often joined him on expeditions to explore the ancient wonders of Mesopotamia.



They met when Christie, recently divorced, set off on a solo journey around the world. While passing through Baghdad on the legendary Orient Express, she visited the ruins of Ur, where she met Mallowan. They married in 1930, and archaeology became a key part of her life.

Her time in the Middle East profoundly influenced her writing. The famous *Murder on the Orient Express* was inspired by a real-life experience when her train was delayed during a storm. The region also served as the backdrop for novels such as *Murder in Mesopotamia* and *They Came to Baghdad*, blending real-life experiences with mystery and intrigue.

When you get your haircut
but your hairdresser hates you



"Yes, I'm positive the eggs have gone
beyond their expiration date."



**I LAY IN BED EVERY
NIGHT LIKE A PHONE WITH
1% BATTERY AND 37 OPEN
APPS—ABSOLUTELY USELESS
BUT STILL RUNNING THROUGH
EVERY LIFE DECISION SINCE 1998**



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: "On That Day Many Will Say 'Lord, Lord'... But He Will Say 'I Never Knew You' | Morning Prayer"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=45TRiCbJgl4&authuser=0>

Found my Grandpas
old GPS unit

