

Thoughts and Smiles – May 26, 2025



Got this in an email this morning ...too fun not to share it!!

Mergatroyd ? Do you remember that word?

Would you believe the spell-checker did not recognize the word, Mergatroyd

Heavens to Mergatroyd!

The other day a not so elderly (I say 75) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy; and he looked at her quizzically and said, "What the heck is a Jalopy?" He had never heard of the word jalopy! She knew she was old ...But not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory when you read this and chuckle.

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology.

These phrases included: Don't touch that dial; Carbon copy; You sound like a broken record; and Hung out to dry.

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie . We'd put on our best bib and tucker, to straighten up and fly right.

Heavens to Betsy!

Gee whillikers!

Jumping Jehoshaphat!

Holy Moley!

We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell?

Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers.

Oh, my aching back! Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" Or, "This is a fine kettle of fish!" We discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind.

We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those great phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw, The milkman did it. Hey! It's your nickel.

Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper.

Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Wake up and smell the roses.



It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff! (Carter's Little Liver Pills are gone too!)

Leaves us to wonder where Superman will find a phone booth.

See ya later, alligator! Okidoki .

You'll notice they left out "Monkey Business"!!!

Credit to the respective owner~



"In my next life, I want to live backwards..." — a brilliant reflection on life that's often wrongly attributed to Woody Allen, George Carlin, or Andy Rooney. But truth be told — it came from stand-up comedian **Sean Morey**. And it's too good not to share:

"In my next life, I want to live backwards.

Start with death — get it out of the way.

Then wake up in a retirement home feeling better every day.

Eventually, you're kicked out for being too healthy.

You collect a pension, then start working.

On your first day, they give you a gold watch and throw a party in your honor.

You work for 40 years... until you're young enough to start enjoying retirement: parties, drinking, romance.

You get ready for school — first high school, then middle, then elementary.

You become a kid, playing all day without a care in the world.

Eventually, you return to the comfort of the womb — a spa-like environment with central heating and room service.

You float peacefully for nine months, and then — poof!

You finish as a blissful, earth-shaking orgasm."*

Sometimes the best way to understand life... is to imagine it in reverse.

Absurd? Yes.

Brilliant? Also yes.

And maybe, just maybe — it's a reminder not to take life too seriously.



Remember as a child
When you'd walk amongst the trees
And you'd find a stick that held
So many possibilities?

It could've been an arrow
It could've been a sword
It could've been a telescope,
A microphone, an oar

It could've been a hook you used
To catch things from afar
And it could've been a catapult
That launched a shooting star

It could've been a flute
That played a song you knew so well
And it could've been a wand
Ready to cast a thousand spells

Well, now what if I told you
That the stick was all of these?
Because there lies a certain
Sense of magic in the trees

A magic that reminds us
We are not too old to play
That helps us see the awe and wonder
Wrapped in every day

See, the forest is our playground
And the paths between the trees
Are endless new beginnings
Of adventures to be seized



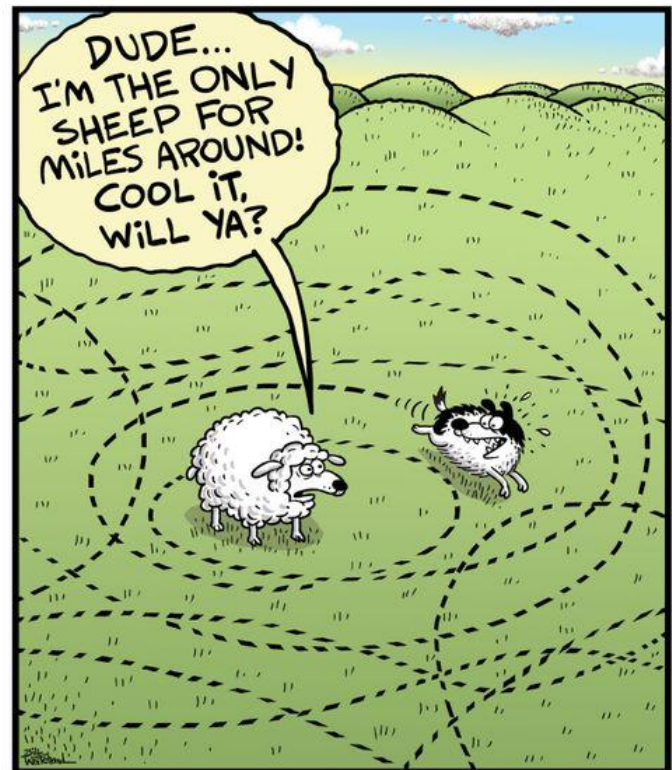
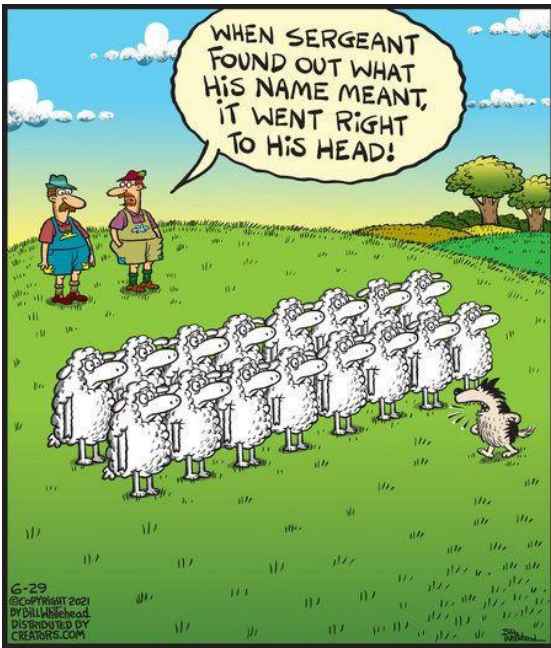
So grab that stick and row to shore
Then search the midnight sky
Play your favourite song
Then cast a spell that makes you fly

Catch a shooting star
Then launch it back beyond the clouds
Search for hidden gold
And mark an X upon the ground

Remember how it feels to live
Like you've nothing to lose
When just a simple stick can be
Whatever you might choose

Then seize those new beginnings
Strewn across the forest floor
'Cause adventure's out there waiting
So, what are you waiting for?

Becky Hemsley 2022
Lovely artwork by Magda Brol



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:

"Well done, good and faithful servant. You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many." – Matthew 25:21
https://youtu.be/eHg0U3dbKew?si=HP_2iWWzUiGzdShs

**DON'T LIE,
DON'T STEAL,
DON'T CHEAT,
DON'T SELL DRUGS...**



**THE GOVERNMENT
HATES COMPETITION**

