

## Thoughts and Smiles – June 16, 2025

### **She Bargained with the Poor and Tipped the Rich**

A woman walked up to an old man selling eggs on the sidewalk.

"How much for one egg?" she asked.

"Fifty cents, ma'am," the vendor replied gently.

She paused, then said firmly, "I'll take six eggs for \$2.50... or I'm leaving."

The old man looked down for a moment. Then he said softly,

"Take them, ma'am. Maybe it's a good day after all—I haven't sold a single egg yet. I need this to eat tonight."

She walked away with her discount and a smile, proud of her "win."

Later, she met a friend for lunch at a high-end restaurant. They ordered more than they could eat, barely touched their food, and left a \$50 tip on a \$150 bill—without blinking.

Nobody questioned that. It seemed... normal.

But ask yourself this:

Why do we bargain with the struggling, but not with the wealthy?

Why do we tip the ones who already have plenty, but count every penny with those who have little?

I once heard a story about a man who always bought from street vendors—fruit, bread, small trinkets—whether he needed them or not. He often paid extra.

One day, his son asked, "Dad, why pay more than the asking price?"

His father smiled and replied,

"Because it's charity... wrapped in dignity."

Let that sink in.

If we can tip \$50 to a fancy restaurant, we can pay full price to someone who wakes up every day just to survive.

Kindness doesn't have to be loud. But it should always be fair.



There were things he taught me without saying a word.

How to pack a trunk.

How to read the weather by watching the trees.

How to stand still when everything else is falling apart.

He wasn't perfect, but he showed up when it mattered.

He made sure we got home safe.

He made sure we laughed, even when the roof leaked or the car broke down.

And if you were lucky enough to have a father like that,  
you know the kind of love that doesn't shout.

It builds.

It fixes.

It stays.

Happy Father's Day to the quiet anchors, the steady hands, the ones who never needed to be asked.

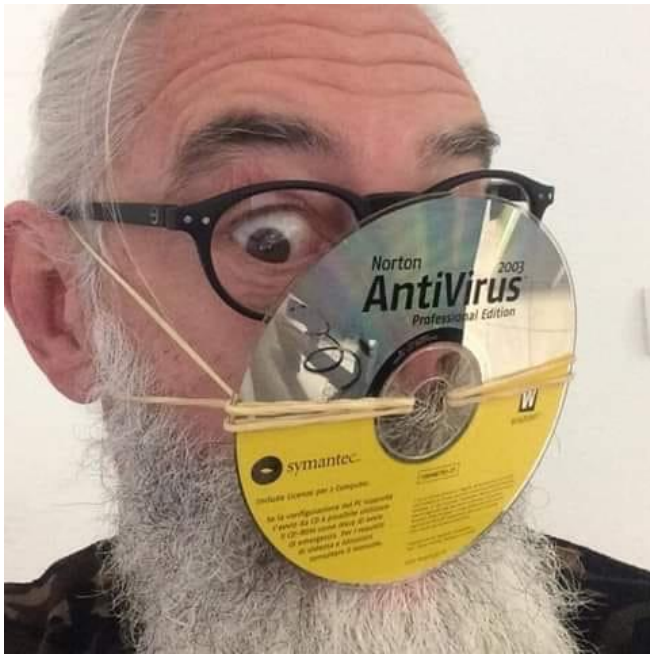


## "Still Finding Our Way: A Pastoral Reflection on Life After COVID"

Dear friends,

It's been over five years since COVID first disrupted the rhythms of our lives, and yet many of us still carry a strange feeling—like we've emerged from a long, disorienting dream only to find the world has changed, and so have we.

Back in those early days, we spoke of "getting back to normal." But let's be honest: what we returned to wasn't quite what we left. The lockdowns, the masks, the isolation—all of it shook us. It pulled us away from handshakes and hugs, from crowded sanctuaries and potlucks. And more deeply, it stirred questions many of us had quietly shelved: *Am I safe? Who can I trust? What comes next?*



As a pastor, I've watched this unfold not just in headlines, but in conversations across hospital rooms, over Zoom calls, and on long walks through church parking lots. People aren't just "over it." Many are still carrying invisible weights: anxiety, uncertainty, a sense of powerlessness, even grief for a world that once felt more secure.

We lost trust—not just in institutions, but in one another. Families argued. Friendships strained. Churches disagreed. Social connection gave way to social distancing. And in that space of loneliness, many of us heard the quiet rise of fear.

And yet... that's not the whole story.

Even in that disruption, there were signs of grace. Neighbours delivered groceries. Churches found their way online. People learned to pray not only in pews but over

phones and video calls. The Gospel was preached from kitchen tables, front porches, and YouTube channels.

And now, as we reckon with what's changed, I believe we're being called not simply to restore what was, but to reflect on what kind of community we want to become.

Yes, the world may feel more uncertain. But we've always been people of hope, not because we control the future, but because we know Who holds it. The God who brought order out of chaos and resurrection out of death is still at work—inviting us not to go back, but to go deeper.

This is a time for healing, for rebuilding trust, for asking hard questions with gentle hearts. It's a time to be slow to judge and quick to listen. It's a time to nurture community again—to look one another in the eye and say, "You matter. I'm glad you're here."

We are still finding our way. And that's okay. The road ahead isn't clear—but neither was the road to Emmaus. Yet even there, in confusion and sorrow, Christ walked beside them.

So take heart. We are not alone. Not then, not now, not ever.

With grace and peace,

**Rev. David**



Weathers been really good this weekend, so I've been working in the garden. Here's my before and after pics 🤗



I don't know who needs to hear this, but you're a great gardener. That plant really should have tried harder.

People ask me:  
"Do I need the Holy Spirit to go to heaven? "  
Bruh, you need the Holy Spirit to go to Wal-Mart.

The "why won't this freaking drawer open" starter pack



ME ASKING EVERYONE  
HOW THEY LIKE THEIR BURGER

BEFORE COOKING THEM  
ALL EXACTLY THE SAME

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: "In the same way, the Spirit helps us in our weakness... the Spirit intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words." –

Romans [8:26](#)

<https://youtu.be/etyjsAkY6HI?si=blon6Y86FxtR4fm>

