

Thoughts and Smiles – July 28, 2025

My son Andrew will never get married. He won't have children, won't drive a car, and won't experience many of the things we consider normal, even taken for granted...

But he is happy. And he is healthy.

And that, to me, is all that matters.

When a stranger responds to him with a smile, my whole day lights up. When a girl gives him a kind look, joy bursts not only on his face but through every movement of his body. It doesn't take much to be deeply human.

Here is the story:



During a party held at a school for children with special needs, the father of one of the students gave a moving speech that stayed in the hearts of everyone present.

After thanking the school and the staff who work with dedication and heart, he shared a reflection:

"When nothing disturbs the balance of nature, the natural order of things reveals itself in all its harmony."

Then he added, with a trembling voice:

"But my son Herbert doesn't learn like the others. He doesn't understand like they do. So... where is the natural order of things in his case?"

Silence fell over the room.

The father continued:

"I believe that when a child like Herbert is born, with a physical or mental disability, the world is given a rare opportunity: the chance to show the true essence of the human spirit. And that essence is revealed in how others receive and treat him."

Then he shared a memory:

One day, he was walking with Herbert near a field where some boys were playing soccer. Herbert looked and asked:

— Dad, do you think they'll let me play with them?

The father knew that, in most cases, the answer would be "no."

But he also knew that, if they said yes, that simple gesture would give his son a priceless

sense of belonging and dignity.

So he timidly approached one of the boys and, without expecting much, asked if Herbert could join the game. The boy looked at his friends, hesitated for a moment, then said:

— We're losing 3 to 0, there are ten minutes left... Sure, let him come. We'll let him take a penalty kick.

Herbert ran to the bench with a huge smile. He put on the team jersey while his father, eyes brimming with tears, watched with a full heart.

For the rest of the game, Herbert stayed on the sidelines, beaming.

The boys slowly began to understand what the father saw: his son had been accepted.

Then, in the final minute, Herbert's team earned a penalty kick.

The boy who had first welcomed him turned to the father and nodded:

— It's his turn.

Herbert approached the penalty spot with uncertain steps, ball in hand.

The goalkeeper understood right away. He stood between the posts... and then slowly dove to one side, leaving the goal wide open. Herbert kicked softly. The ball rolled slowly across the line.

Goal.

His teammates erupted in cheers.

They lifted him in the air, hugged him, celebrated him as if he had just scored the winning goal in the World Cup final.

The father ended, his voice broken with emotion:

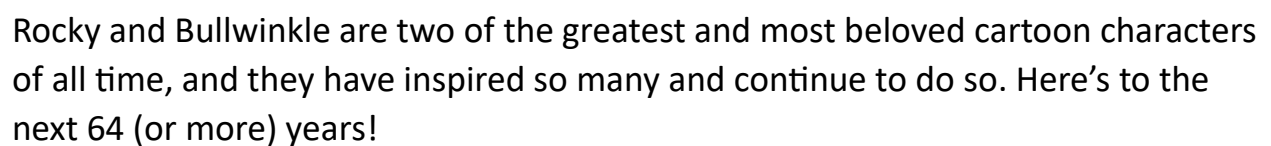
"That day, a group of boys made a choice... not to win a game, but to give the world a lesson in kindness, humanity, and love."

Herbert didn't see the next summer. He passed away that winter.

But he never forgot that for one day, he was a hero.

And his father never forgot coming home that night, watching Herbert's mother hold him in her arms, crying with joy, as he told her about the most beautiful goal of his life.





They say that when you're broken
This is how the light gets in
But what if all the cracks
Are letting out the light within?

They say it makes you stronger
But at first it makes you weak
The way you face the mountain base
Before you reach the peak

They say to break is brave
And yet your mind is full of dread
You're not overwhelmed by courage
But by helplessness instead

But admitting you are breaking
Is far braver than you know
And remember, from the bottom
There is just one way to go

See, I think they mean it isn't just
That breaking makes you strong
But the way you use the embers
Of your will to carry on

It's triumph over trauma
And it's healing after hurt
It's rising from the ashes
With a new-found sense of worth

So find yourself a candle
And allow its tiny spark
To ignite you back to life
And put the fire back in your heart

And grant yourself compassion
For the times that you feel weak
Just rest until you're strong enough
To get back on your feet

Yes, I know that when you're broken
You have only threads of hope
But tie them to the mountain
Like your personal safety rope

Then gather at the bottom
With the summit high above
Then take a breath and take a step
The only way is up

Sending love to anyone at the bottom of the
mountain right now.



Becky Hemsley 2021

Artwork by Hans Dahl



The sole reason Gen-X
will live until 100



**My local cinema
got robbed of
\$1000 yesterday.
The thieves stole 2
jumbo popcorns, 2
large Cokes and a
pack of Skittles**



"No, I'm pretty sure it's do unto otters as you
would have otters to do unto you."

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/>

This video explores the pain of loneliness, its two forms, the cause, and the solution - that was with us all along. If you've ever prayed for someone to see you, love you, or just be there, He is there. You're not forgotten, and you're not alone. I'm so lonely God: it's time to conquer that loneliness.

https://youtu.be/g_3HlbVdn9o?si=srAS5BBUIhr-64ir

Christians have nothing to be smug about; we are not righteous people trying to correct the unrighteous. Just one beggar telling another beggar where to find bread.
-R.C. Sproul-

