

## Thoughts and Smiles – Aug. 11, 2025

On the final day of filming **The Andy Griffith Show** in 1968, there was no fanfare. No grand speeches. No celebratory applause. Just an eerie quiet that settled over the set like a soft curtain call.

Andy Griffith, the steady heart of Mayberry, gave a simple nod after the director called the final “cut.” Then, without a word, he walked slowly down the familiar hallway of Desilu Studios. Past the sets. Past the memories. Past the years of laughter. He disappeared behind a line of trailers—and that’s when the silence broke. Soft sobs echoed faintly.

For eight seasons, Griffith had done more than play Sheriff Andy Taylor. He had built a world where kindness, friendship, and family weren’t just part of the script—they were real. On-screen chemistry turned into off-screen loyalty. Don Knotts became a brother. Ron Howard, like a son. Every cast and crew member, part of something far deeper than a job.

It wasn’t a goodbye written into a scene that brought Andy Griffith to tears—it was the raw stillness that followed. Jack Dodson, who played the mild-mannered Howard Sprague, never forgot it: “It felt like Andy gave us permission to feel... and then he took it all with him when he



left.”

That night, Griffith’s dressing room door stayed closed for nearly an hour. When he finally emerged, his eyes were red, his usual composure softened. He hugged every cast member, one by one. To young Ron Howard, he bent low and whispered: “You’re going to be alright. You’ve got it in you.” Howard would carry those words with him for the rest of his life.

Later, Griffith admitted his breakdown wasn’t just about endings. It was about fear—fear that he might never again find such honest storytelling, such meaningful relationships, such deep-rooted connection. It wasn’t just a show ending. It was a family disbanding. A

whole world quietly turning off the lights.

The next morning, he couldn’t bring himself to return to his empty dressing room. A friend gathered his things instead, silently and respectfully.

Because sometimes, saying goodbye isn’t just closing a chapter—it’s stepping away from a place where every moment mattered, and every soul left its mark.

**"This is me," Pooh whispered softly as he looked into the mirror.**

Not perfect. Not the thinnest. Not the strongest. Not always brave.  
But kind. Loyal. Full of love and stories and honey.

He placed a gentle paw on his belly and smiled, "You've carried me through every adventure.  
Every mistake. Every nap. Every hug. And I think... you're doing just fine."

The mirror didn't reflect flaws—it reflected memories. Of laughing with Piglet, comforting  
Eeyore, and chasing butterflies under the golden sun.  
Of rainy days under warm blankets and quiet evenings with a full heart.

In that moment, Pooh realized something very important:

He didn't need to be anyone else. He didn't need to be smaller, louder, faster, or different.  
He only needed to be **him**. Because being himself was more than enough.

💛 "After all," he thought, "if I can love my friends exactly as they are... maybe I can learn to do  
the same for me." 💛



One month before her 95th birthday, Patricia Routledge wrote something that still gently echoes:

I'll be turning 95 this coming Monday. In my younger years, I was often filled with worry — worry that I wasn't quite good enough, that no one would cast me again, that I wouldn't live up to my mother's hopes. But these days begin in peace, and end in gratitude."



My life didn't quite take shape until my forties. I had worked steadily — on provincial stages, in radio plays, in West End productions — but I often felt adrift, as though I was searching for a home within myself that I hadn't quite found.

At 50, I accepted a television role that many would later associate me with — Hyacinth Bucket, of Keeping Up Appearances. I thought it would be a small part in a little series. I never imagined that it would take me into people's living rooms and hearts around the world. And truthfully, that role taught me to accept my own quirks. It healed something in me.

At 60, I began learning Italian — not for work, but so I could sing opera in its native language. I also learned how to live alone without feeling lonely. I read poetry aloud each evening, not to perfect my diction, but to quiet my soul.

At 70, I returned to the Shakespearean stage — something I once believed I had aged out of. But this time, I had nothing to prove. I stood on those boards with stillness, and audiences felt that. I was no longer performing. I was simply being.

At 80, I took up watercolor painting. I painted flowers from my garden, old hats from my youth, and faces I remembered from the London Underground. Each painting was a quiet memory made visible.

Now, at 95, I write letters by hand. I'm learning to bake rye bread. I still breathe deeply every morning. I still adore laughter — though I no longer try to make anyone laugh. I love the quiet more than ever.

I'm writing this to tell you something simple:



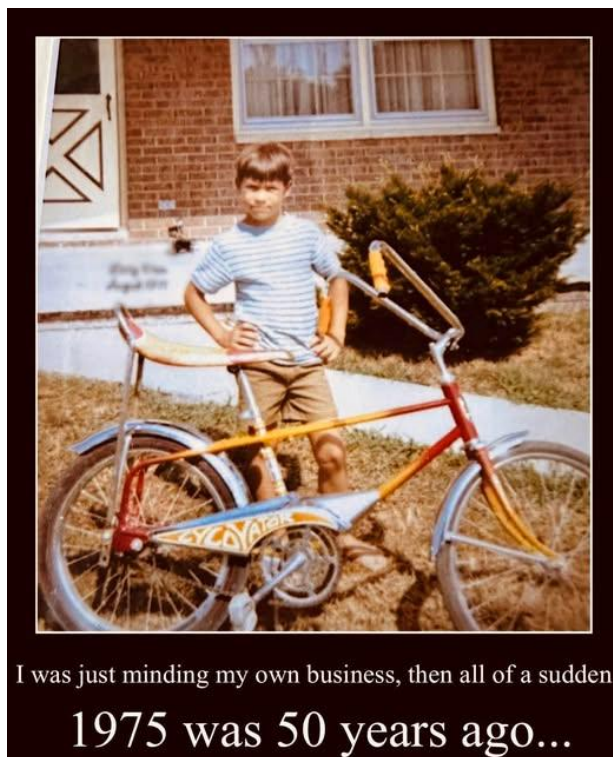


Growing older is not the closing act. It can be the most exquisite chapter — if you let yourself bloom again.

Let these years ahead be your  
\*treasure years\*.

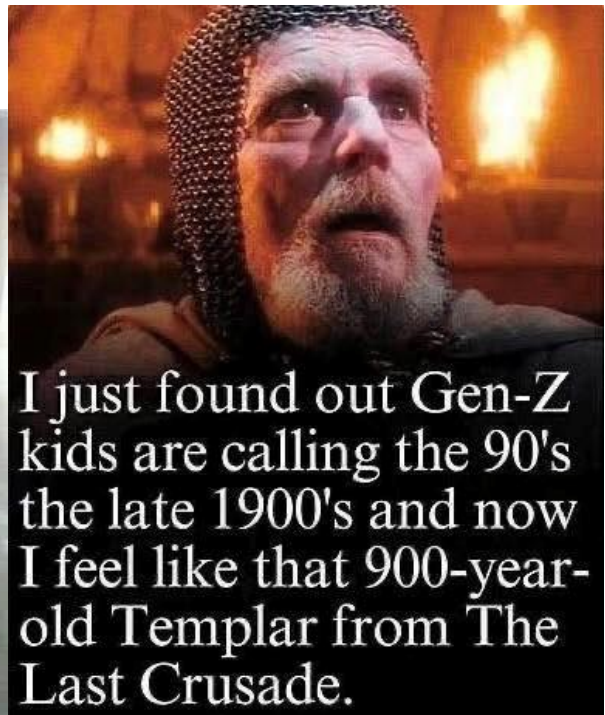
You don't need to be famous. You  
don't need to be flawless.  
You only need to show up — fully  
— for the life that is still yours.

With love and gentleness,  
— Patricia Routledge



Scientists say the universe is  
made up of Protons, Neutrons  
and Electrons. They forgot to  
mention Morons.





The longer I live, the more convinced I am that this planet is used by other planets as a lunatic asylum.



**THINGS NOBODY SAID IN THE 1970'S.**

**I'll start:  
"I lost my phone"**



Blessings to you all!

David Jones

Minister

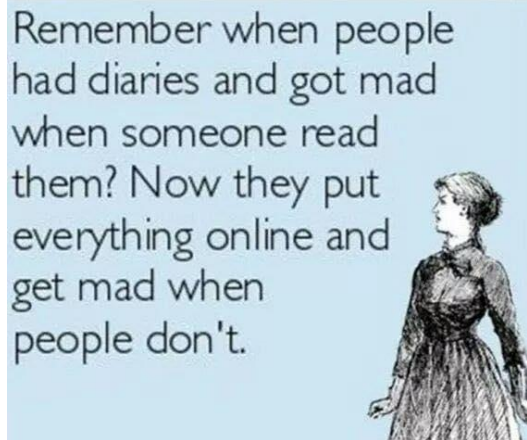
Hepworth-Sauble Beach Pastoral Charge

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

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

Maybe you've been feeling spiritually weary. Maybe you've forgotten the power in the name of Jesus. But today is your reminder: The tomb is empty, and your Saviour is alive. You don't have to earn His love—you have to believe. When you speak His name, chains break. When you remember His cross, hope rises. When you cling to His Word, your future is secure.

<https://youtu.be/S0yjSol8BJI?si=-e1elxqURPT04Hot>



**Whoever decided to put a "p" in "receipt" was an idiot.**