

## Thoughts and Smiles – Aug. 4, 2025



7 pounds 10 ounces -  
They all asked how much you weighed  
And an IQ of 100  
Makes you average so they say

9 out of 10 in Monday's test  
Piano to grade 5  
2 minors in your Friday test  
And now you're free to drive

85's the pass mark  
So you'd better try your best  
And if you're scoring 90  
Then you're destined for success

But grade five doesn't tell them  
Of your favourite song to play  
And how much you love is not defined  
By how much you might weigh

Seven pounds won't tell them  
You were born to paint the stars  
And your test scores can't explain  
How you have come to bear your scars

Two is not nostalgia  
When you drive yourself back home  
And it's not the memories you make  
With friends out on the road

Eighty-five and ninety  
Aren't the songs you sing when sad  
And they're not the feeling in your heart  
When you get up to dance

One hundred doesn't tell them  
That your favourite month's September  
So when you feel outnumbered  
It's important you remember

You are strength and you are kindness  
You're creative and you're brave  
You are things that can't be measured,  
Can't be counted, can't be weighed

You're a name and not a number  
You weren't born to be a score  
So don't let them quantify you  
When you're made of so much more

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Becky Hemsley 2021  
Artwork created on Canva

Every month Martín's parents took a trip to see Grandma and came home on the same train the next day. One day the child said to his parents:

"I'm already grown up. Can I go to my grandma's alone?"



After a brief discussion, his parents accepted. They stood with him as he waited for the train to exit. They said goodbye to their son and gave him some tips through the window. Martin repeated to them:

"I know. I've been told this more than a thousand times."

As the train was about to leave, his father murmured in his ear:

"Son if you feel bad or insecure, this is for you!"

And he put something in his pocket.

Now Martin was alone, sitting on the train as he had wanted, without his parents for the first time.

He was admiring the landscape out the window. Around him some unknowns pushed themselves in. They made a lot of noise. They got in and out of the train car. The conductor made some comments about him being alone. One person looked at him with eyes of sadness.

Martin grew increasingly uneasy with every passing minute. And now he was scared. He felt cornered and alone. He put his head down, and with tears in his eyes, he remembered his dad had put something in his pocket. Trembling, he searched for what his father had given him. Upon finding the piece of paper, he read it:

"Son, I'm in the last train car!"

That's how life is; we must let our kids go. We must let them try new things. But we always like to be in the last car, watching, in case they are afraid or if they encounter obstacles and don't know what to do. We want to be close to them as long as we are still alive.

- *Marjorie Bosworth*



**She Wrote a Simple Hymn in 1931—Decades Later, It Became One of the Most Beautiful Songs Ever Sung Around the World**

Long before Cat Stevens turned it into a global anthem, the words to *Morning Has Broken* were quietly written by a woman who found magic in the ordinary.

Eleanor Farjeon, born in 1881 in London, was surrounded by writers, musicians, and dreamers. Her words felt like sunlight on paper—gentle, lyrical, filled with wonder. A gifted author of children’s books and poems, she built whimsical worlds for young minds to wander through.

But it was a modest hymn, tucked away in a 1931 church songbook, that would become her most enduring legacy.

Set to the lilting old Scottish melody Bunesan, Eleanor’s poem *Morning Has Broken* was a quiet celebration of dawn, renewal, and gratitude. In England, it nestled into the hearts of schoolchildren and Sunday choirs—but its journey wasn’t over.

In 1971, a young musician named Cat Stevens stumbled upon it and was moved by its peaceful spirit. His haunting piano and tender voice carried it across the world, where it climbed the charts and became a spiritual favorite across generations.

Eleanor passed away in 1965, never knowing her gentle ode to morning would one day rise again—sung across countries, held close by millions, and whispered like a prayer in countless hearts.

~ The Two Pennies

<https://youtu.be/3Rifby1tVE8?si=DvV8Z7ZpeAWW4Wu0>



## Evidence the earth is flat



I gave that how will you look in fifty years app a try.....it didnt go too well if I'm honest



"Lord, please give me a sign on what I should do."

The Lord:



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 is from Sarah's third album, God of Miracles, titled "Bless the Lord" (Barchi Nafshi). It depicts a special story with a message of hope, restoration, great love and healing - The Good Samaritan.

<https://youtu.be/oW7kQyQbOhI?si=pcY3Jld3z6wYJnKT>

**AFTER WATCHING A HORROR MOVIE  
AND YOU HEAR A SPOON FALL DOWN  
IN THE KITCHEN...**

