

Thoughts and Smiles – Sept. 1, 2025

“On September 22, 1871, an elderly British lady, 82 years young, was ushered into her heavenly reward. Earlier in her life, in 1835, her frustration at being an invalid left her feeling useless and questioning her very salvation. What she did next would echo through history.

As a young woman, Charlotte Elliot was not sure of her relationship with Christ, not sure of how to be saved, even though she had been raised a minister's daughter, and the probing question of a Swiss evangelist, “Are you at peace with God?”, would not leave her mind. When she saw the evangelist a few weeks later, she mentioned that she could not shake his question. But, she protested, what could she possibly bring to God? When he replied that she need not bring anything but herself, she gladly accepted Christ.

Some twelve years later, in 1835, crippled by illness and constant fatigue, she felt saddened by her inability to help a local church's cause. Remembering her conversion, she took out pen and paper and wrote a poem to encourage others who felt perhaps they too had nothing to give. . .



🎵 Just As I Am 🎵

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!”

Her poem was published, and she was inundated with requests for it. She was gladdened to discover later that some copies were being sold to raise money for the very cause she felt helpless to assist!

After her death, thousands of letters were found in her home, written by people whose lives had been transformed by her words.

Her song has been translated into hundreds of languages, published in more than 1600 hymnals, and has reached billions around the world, and continues to bring people to Christ even today.

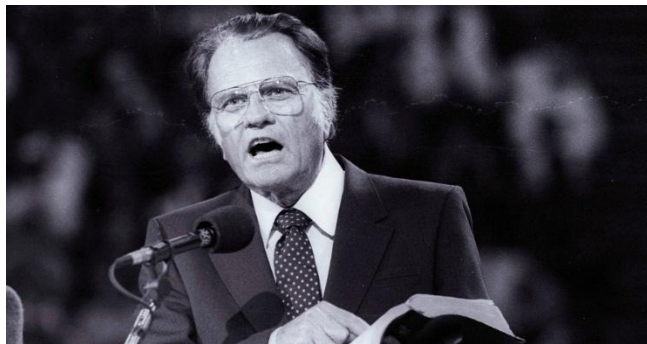
Sixty years later, on this date, in 1931, a 31-year-old man riding in the sidecar of his brother's motorcycle in England finally came to the end of his internal struggle against whether Christ was indeed the Son of God. He finally knew in his soul that indeed Jesus was just who He said He was! He realized that God calls us to Him "just as we are".

When C.S. Lewis stepped out of the sidecar, he was a new man, saved by grace!

Ninety-nine years after Charlotte Elliott penned her words, and 3 years after Lewis' conversion, the 16-year-old son of a dairy farmer listened intently as he heard the message of salvation preached at a revival service in Charlotte, NC. When the song, "Just As I Am," was sung at the end, young Billy Graham went forward to accept Christ.



Twenty years later, Billy Graham had become a successful evangelist and was invited to speak at Cambridge University in England. His nervousness over the event nearly led him to cancel it. But he was introduced to a kind man named C.S. Lewis who encouraged him to disregard the critics who had spoken out against him, and to continue with the revival.



Rev. Graham went on to speak to an overflow crowd of 2,000 each night of the revival, and when he returned to England in 1989, he addressed a crowd of 80,000 at England's Wembley Stadium! As always, he closed the event with the same song that brought him to Christ, "Just As I Am."

Never think you have "nothing" to bring to Jesus! That is exactly what He wants you to bring... nothing! He wants you, just you, as you are! He can take frustration like Charlotte Elliot's, skepticism like Lewis', and nervousness like Billy Graham's, and reach the world through you!"

[from Elisabeth Elliot Quotes]



Nine years ago, I celebrated my last Christmas as a classroom teacher. I've received many gifts over the years, but one stands out—a gentle reminder that it's always the thought that counts.

As I sit at my desk this holiday season, I can't help but smile at all the blessings in my life.

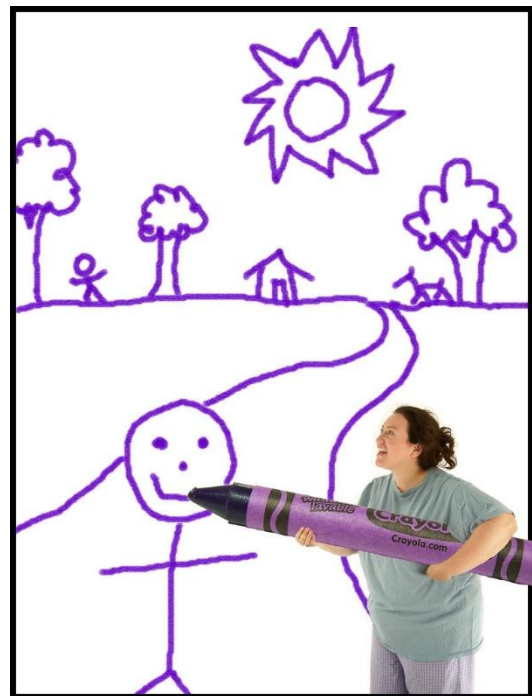
I keep this gift in my office, not because it was expensive, but because it taught me something priceless—it costs nothing to make someone's day.

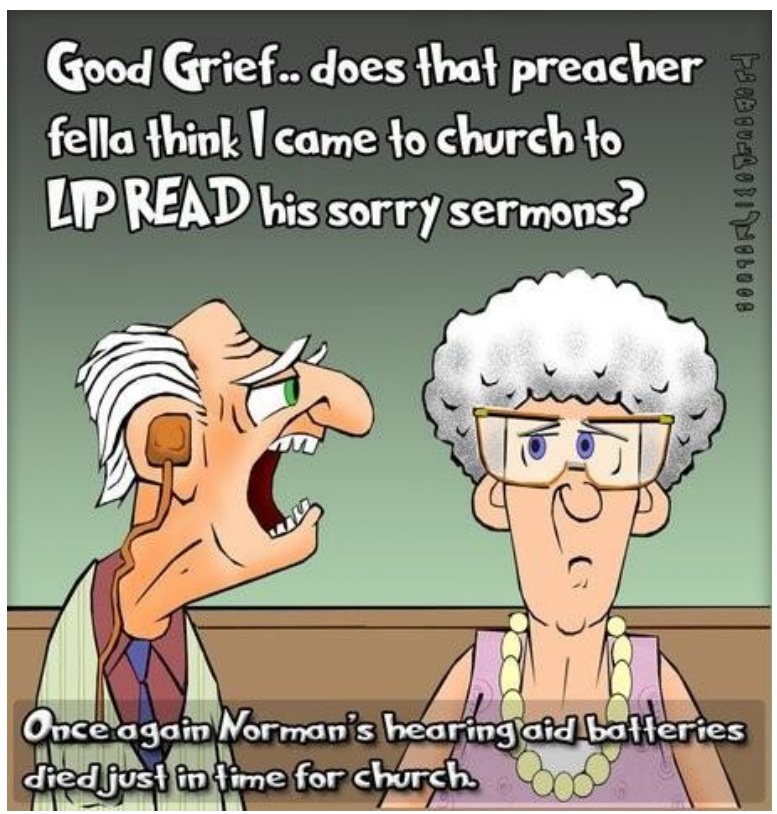
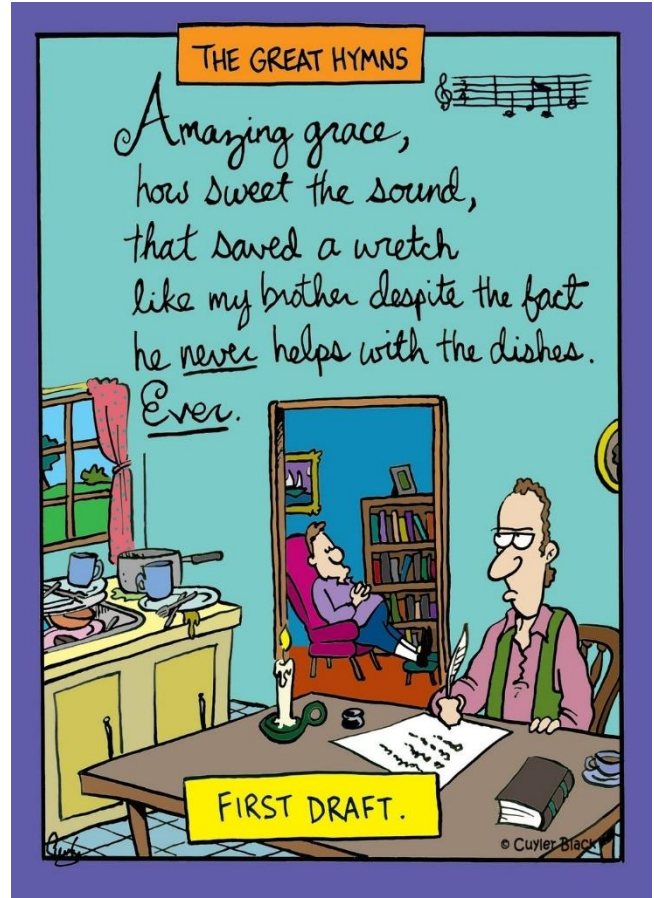
That year, one of my students saw other kids giving me presents, but he had nothing to offer. So, he took a box from one of his own gifts and his purple crayon from his pouch. He wrapped the crayon in the box, walked up to me, and said, "I hope you love it—it's your favourite colour."

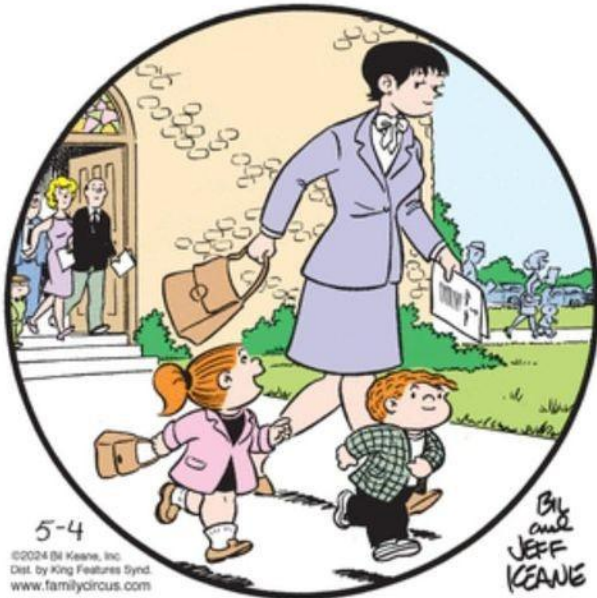
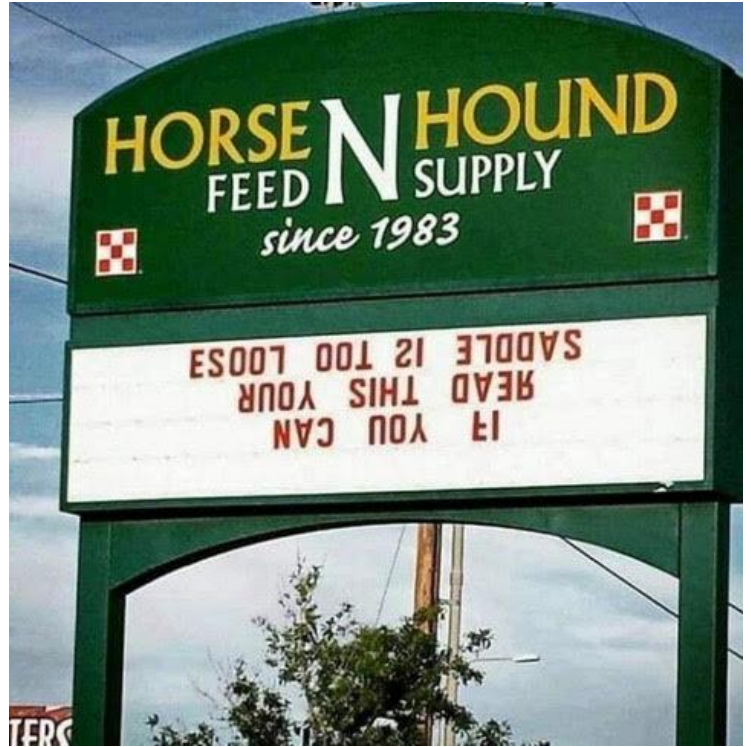
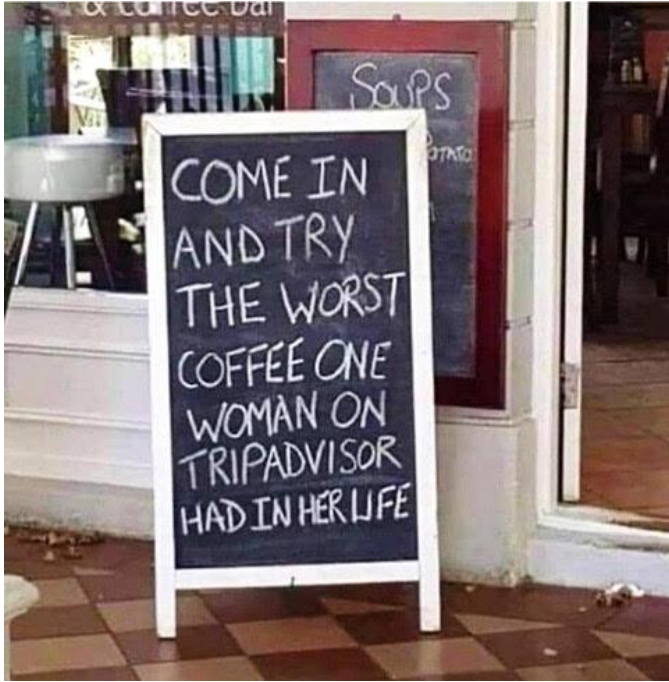
Purple is my favourite colour. He knew that. He had listened. He didn't think he had much to give, but to me, it was more than just a **purple crayon**.

He gave me love.
He gave me his heart.
He showed kindness to me.

If you feel like you don't have much to give this season, remember:
Love is free.
Your heart is free.
Kindness is free.

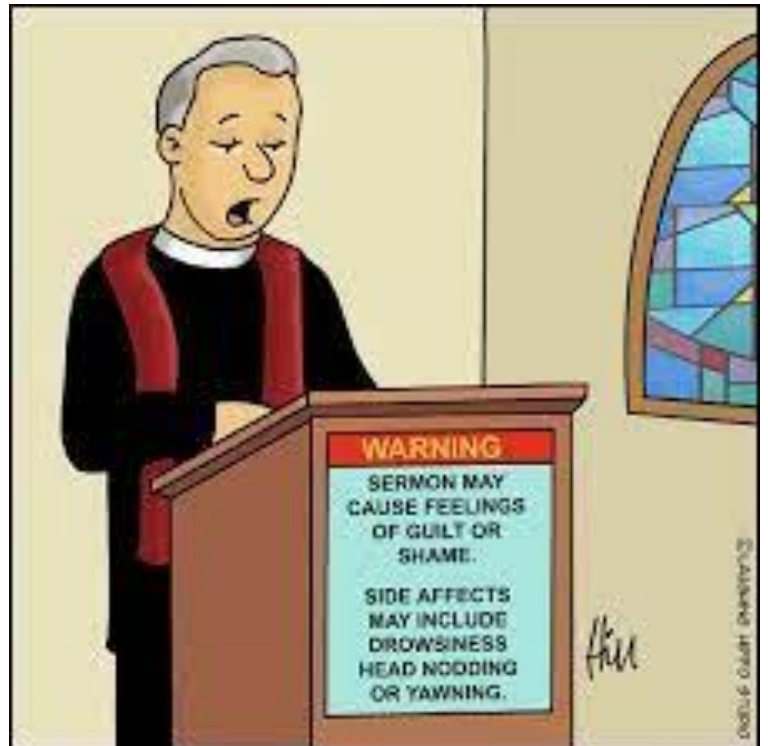






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"That sure made me hungry when we sang 'Lasagna in the Highest.'"



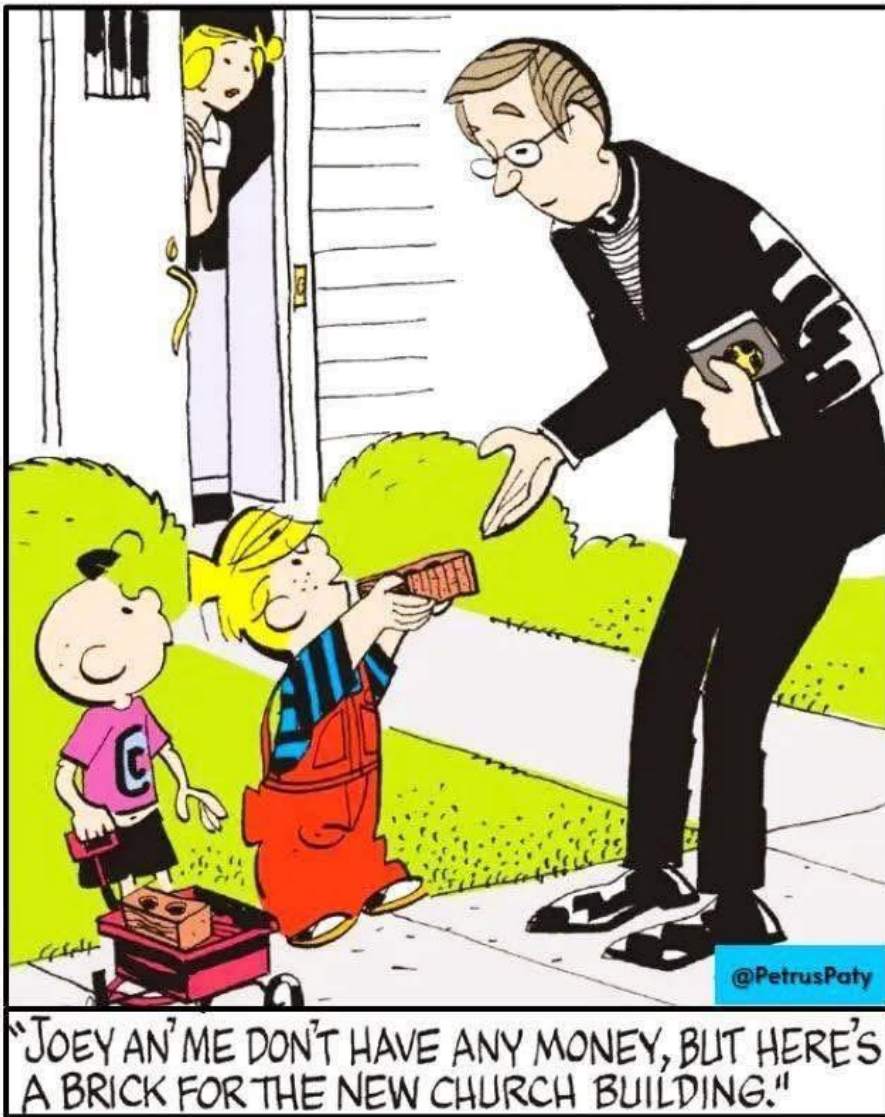
LOUIS GALT DUNN/TF3

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/>

**THEM: I GOT A GUY THAT'LL
DO IT CHEAPER
THEIR GUY:**



"JOEY AN' ME DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY, BUT HERE'S
A BRICK FOR THE NEW CHURCH BUILDING."



<https://youtu.be/RDgQbNjmRUI?si=u5ghXLW-lymgVY0t>

Childlike Trust — Reflection on Mark 10:13–16 Grace Oasis Transcript – beginning...

People were bringing little children to Jesus so he could place his hands on them and bless them. But the disciples, thinking perhaps they were protecting his time or preserving order, tried to stop them.

When Jesus saw this, he was not pleased. Scripture says he was *indignant*.

He told them,

"Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these.

Truly I tell you, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it."

And then he gathered the children in his arms, placed his hands on them, and blessed them.

When we think about a child's relationship with their parent, we begin to see what Jesus was pointing to.

A child doesn't approach their parent with suspicion or negotiation.

They come freely, without pretense.

When they are happy, they don't hold back their joy.

They jump. They laugh.

They wrap their little arms around their parents' necks.

When they are hurt, they don't try to hide the pain.

They run into their parents' arms for comfort.

When they are afraid, they instinctively seek the safety of their parents' presence.

Their small hand reaches out, finds their parent's, and grips it tightly, believing that as long as they are holding on, they are safe.

Even when a child is upset, they rarely stay away for long.
They may pout. They may cry.
But before the day is done, they're often right back in their parents' embrace.
If they're told 'no' or 'not yet,' they don't usually decide that their parent no longer loves them.
They don't hold grudges for weeks.
They move on quickly, trusting that their parent has reasons they may not yet understand.
And when a child is promised something by their parent, they take it to heart.
You might hear them say with confidence:
"My mom said she's going to take me there."
Or, **"My dad said he'll get that for me."**
There is no anxious doubting.
They rest in their parents' word.
This is the kind of trust and dependence Jesus is pointing us toward when he speaks of receiving the kingdom like a child....

When I was little, I didn't care what I wore, I just went along with what my parents chose. When I look in old photo albums, I realize that they didn't care either.

