

Thoughts and Smiles – Sept. 15, 2025

Before the world called her immoral...
before the church buried her story beneath centuries of shame...
Mary Magdalene was the counterpart.
Not a follower.
Not a bystander.
But an equal.

The feminine frequency of Christ consciousness.



While others scattered...
she stayed.

She wept at the tomb...
waited in the silence...
and became the first to behold the risen
light.

She witnessed the resurrection.
Felt it in her bones.
Heard her name spoken by the divine.

And in that moment...
the most sacred truth was revealed:

Life is eternal.
Love transcends form.
The feminine was never secondary...
she was the portal.

Jesus may have carried the light..
but Mary carried the remembrance.
The knowing.
The codes.

The gospel that could never be written in ink...
because it was always meant to be felt.

And maybe this is the real gospel...
That death is not the end.
That rising is real.

That the divine lives within us...
in our grief...
in our devotion...
in our return to truth.

The resurrection wasn't a miracle for one man.
It was a prophecy.
A legacy.
...for all of us.

A call to remember that no part of you is ever truly lost.
Not the parts that broke.
Not the parts that wandered.
Not the parts that were crucified by life.

They rise too.

I honour the Magdalene within all of us.
The one who stays.
The one who knows.
The one who doesn't need a pulpit to be holy.

And I honour the Christ not just as a saviour...
but as a mirror of what's possible when we embody
love...
and die to all that is false.

He rose.
She remembered.
And their story still lives in us.

- **Astrid Madeleine Wyke** (adapted)





For years, I used a certain mug for my morning cup of tea. One that someone bought me as a present once.

They probably forgot they'd even given it to me.

I once listened to a song on repeat for days because I fell in love with it after someone told me it was their favourite.

They probably forgot they'd even told me that.

I once had an outfit that I wore over and over after someone stopped me in the street to compliment me on it. They probably forgot they'd even done that.

They probably forgot.

But I didn't.

I remembered it all, to the point where the mug and the song and the outfit became little things in my life that brought me great joy.

So never underestimate the little things you do every day. The seemingly trivial, forgettable things.

Because, whilst they might be trivial and forgettable to you, I can almost guarantee that for someone else...

they could be entirely the opposite.

Becky Hemsley 2023

Gorgeous artwork by Emil Ungureanu

No one warns you about the other kind of silence that comes with grown children...
Not the silence in the house, but the one that quietly rests in your heart.
When they stop asking you for direction,
when they no longer seek your advice,
when they choose to walk their path — without you.
And you laugh, of course.
Because it was your dream — to see them strong and free.
But inside... something bends.



Being the mother of adults is a new lesson in love.
It means holding your tongue even when you see mistakes.
It means stopping your hand from dialing when they don't respond.
It means learning to love from a distance.
It is standing aside, your hands calm, but your heart restless.
Sometimes they share something with you... but often they don't.
And you act as though it doesn't wound you.
But it does.
It hurts not being the center of their world anymore.
It hurts realizing your presence means something different now.
And still, you are there.
You serve their favorite meal when they visit.

You treasure the photos from their childhood.
Each evening you pray for them, believing it is enough to guard them.
For a mother's heart never stops loving.
It only learns to do so differently.
From the shadows.
From the silence.
From prayer.
This is a kind of love no one notices,
yet it carries the world.
To be the mother of an adult child is to accept you are no longer their center...
and still to love them as if you were.
Because there is a love that never ends — it simply learns to wait. In silence.



Blessings to you all!

David Jones

Minister

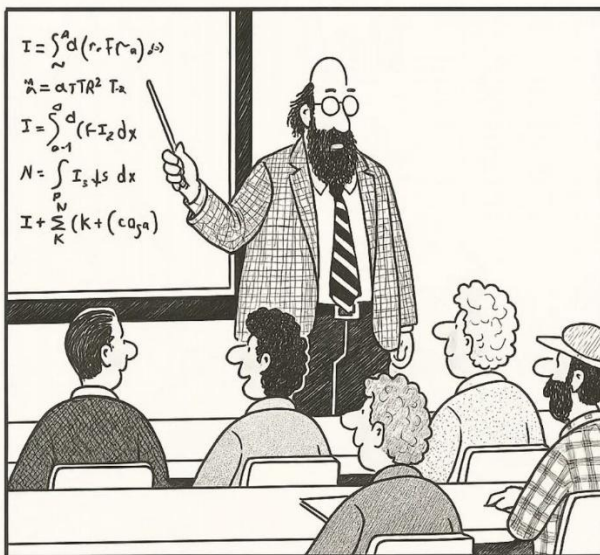
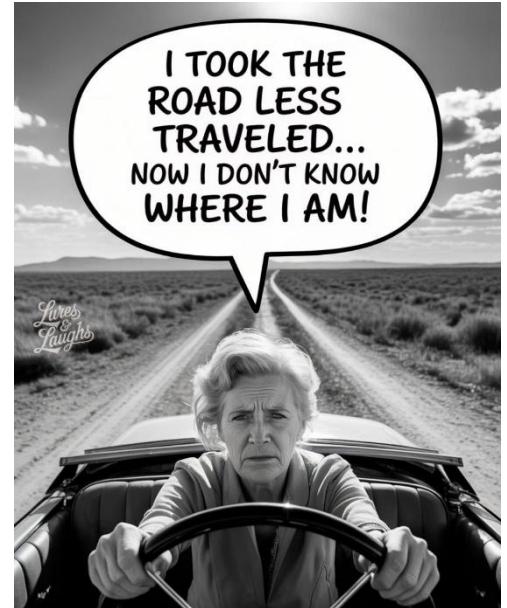
Hepworth-Sauble Beach Pastoral Charge

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

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

Life will always try to pull your eyes in every direction—toward problems, pleasures, or people. But whatever you stare at the longest begins to shape your heart. That's why Scripture urges you to fix your gaze on Jesus. Because when your eyes are on Him, you find strength, clarity, and peace that this world cannot give.

<https://youtu.be/psE-ifV4o2k?si=zsd00A9wRynyEl-S>



"Along with 'Antimatter,' and 'Dark Matter,' we've recently discovered the existence of 'Doesn't Matter,' which appears to have no effect on the universe whatsoever."



And ... some bonus Sunday School humour thanks to Beth S.

GOOD SAMARITAN

A Sunday school teacher was telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan. She asked the class, 'If you saw a person lying on the roadside, all wounded and bleeding, what would you do?'

A thoughtful little girl broke the hushed silence, 'I think I'd throw up.'

DID NOAH FISH?

A Sunday school teacher asked, 'Johnny, do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on the Ark?' 'No,' replied Johnny. 'How could he, with just two worms.'

HIGHER POWER

A Sunday school teacher said to her children, 'We have been learning how powerful kings and queens were in Bible times. But, there is a Higher Power. Can anybody tell me what it is?'

One child blurted out, 'Aces!'

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

A Sunday School teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible - Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the chapter.

Little Rick was excited about the task - but he just couldn't remember the Psalm. After much practice, he could barely get past the first line.

On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Ricky was so nervous. When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, and that's all I need to know.'

UNANSWERED PRAYER

The preacher's 5 year-old daughter noticed that her father always paused and bowed his head for a moment before starting his sermon. One day, she asked him why.

'Well, Honey,' he began, proud that his daughter was so observant of his messages. 'I'm asking the Lord to help me preach a good sermon.'

'How come He doesn't answer it?' she asked.

BEING THANKFUL

A Rabbi said to a precocious six-year-old boy, 'So your mother says your prayers for you each night?'

That's very commendable. What does she say?'

The little boy replied, 'Thank God he's in bed!'

UNTIMELY ANSWERED PRAYER

During the minister's prayer one Sunday, there was a loud whistle from one of the back pews. Tommy's mother was horrified. She pinched him into silence and, after church, asked, 'Tommy, whatever made you do such a thing?'

Tommy answered soberly, 'I asked God to teach me to whistle, and He did!'

TIME TO PRAY

A pastor asked a little boy if he said his prayers every night.

'Yes, sir,' the boy replied.

'And, do you always say them in the morning, too?' the pastor asked..

'No sir,' the boy replied. 'I'm not scared in the daytime.'

ALL MEN / ALL GIRLS

When my daughter, Kelli, said her bedtime prayers, she would bless every family member, every friend, and every animal (current and past). For several weeks, after we had finished the nightly prayer, Kelli would say, 'And all girls.'

This soon became part of her nightly routine, to include this closing. My curiosity got the best of me and I asked her, 'Kelli, why do you always add the part about all girls?'

Her response, 'Because everybody always finish their prayers by saying 'All Men'!

AY A PRAYER

Little Johnny and his family were having Sunday dinner at his Grandmother's house. Everyone was seated around the table as the food was being served.

When Little Johnny received his plate, he started eating right away.

'Johnny! Please wait until we say our prayer.' said his mother.

'I don't need to,' the boy replied. 'Of course, you do.' his mother insisted. 'We always say a prayer before eating at our house.'

'That's at our house.' Johnny explained. 'But this is Grandma's house and she knows how to cook!'



"THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT, GOD. STAY TUNED."