

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

15 Years of Smiles



Since October 2010, our folksy little newsletter has been sharing “nuggets of fun and nostalgia” with our readers every month. What started as a modest four-page publication in Canyon County, Idaho, has grown to covering five counties in SW Idaho and Eastern Oregon, and mailed to hundreds of subscribers in 33 states.

Many of you have told us how much you enjoy it. When you contact one of our advertising partners, let them know, too! Thanks for 15 years!



**Terry & Jan
Smith,
Publishers**

They Threw Away the Card Catalog

I didn't cry when my husband passed.

Not when they tore down the diner where we shared pie on our first date.



But the day they wheeled out those oak drawers—the ones with my handwriting on every tab—I stood behind the front desk and wept.

Forty-three years. That's how long I wore this nametag. Same brass pin. Same coffee ring on my desk. Same chair, one wheel that always stuck. And every morning, without fail, I unlocked the front door of the County Public Library like I was opening a treasure chest. Because that's what it was.

It wasn't just books we kept. We kept people. I knew which boy needed a quiet place after his father drank. Which mother needed job listings printed before her shift at the plant. Which farmer wanted the almanac just to remember what his father used to read.

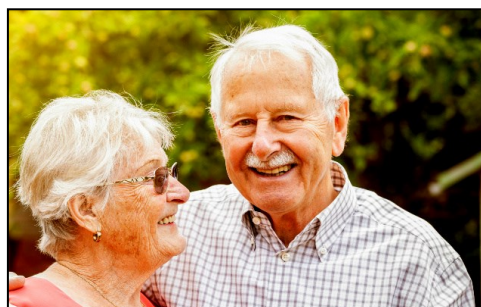
The library was the living room of our town. And I was its lamp.

Back in '82, the roof leaked so bad we read under umbrellas. In '96, the heater went out and we all sat in coats, reading aloud to stay warm. Once, a little girl brought me a can of soup because she said I looked tired. Now, she's a nurse in Des Moines. She sent me a Christmas card every year until they took away our mailbox to “save funds.”

Last week, they came with clipboards. Said everything would be digitized. “Modernized,” they called it. “Accessible from anywhere.” But they never asked where here was.

They don't know that Mr. Dillard uses the globe in the corner to remember where his brother died in 'Nam. That the Braille Bible on the third shelf is the only one within a hundred miles. That we had a little shelf by the front window for obituaries—because not everyone in town gets the paper

(Continued on page 2)



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Carrying Baggage

THE STORY IS TOLD of the time Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, left a railway station in Paris and hailed a taxi.

When a taxi pulled up, he got in and was about to tell the taxi driver where he wanted to go, when the driver asked, "Where can I take you, Mr. Doyle?"

Doyle was surprised that the taxi driver recognized him, and asked whether he knew him by sight.

"No sir, I've never seen you before."

Doyle was puzzled and asked what made him think he was Conan Doyle.



"This morning's paper," he said, "had a story about you being on vacation in

Marseilles. This is the taxi stand where people who return from Marseilles always come to.

"The ink spot on your right index finger suggests to me that you're a writer. Your clothing is very English, and not French. Adding up all those pieces of information, I deduced that you are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle."

"This is truly amazing," Doyle replied. "You are a real life counterpart to my fictional creation, Sherlock Holmes."

"There is one other thing," the driver said. "What's that?"

"Your name is on the front of your suitcase."

(They Threw Away the Card Catalog—Continued from page 1)

anymore. That mattered to someone. It mattered to me.

I tried to stop them. I said, "You can't just throw away a century of hands."

They said the catalog was "redundant."

I said, "So am I, then?"

They didn't answer.

So today, I sit at my desk for the last time. No more morning rustle of newspapers. No more crinkled bookmarks left by loyal old hands. No more "Miss Ruth, can you help me find..." I suppose Google knows better now.

I look out the big front window. There's still that old elm tree—the one couples carved hearts into. Still the cracked sidewalk I tripped on in '77, broke my wrist shelving Steinbeck. Still the same warm light that used to fall on stories that smelled like time.

A boy walks in. Maybe ten. He's got wild hair and shy eyes. "Are you the librarian?" he asks.

I nod.

He pulls a paperback from his coat. "I finished it."

I take it gently. "Did you like it?"

He nods. "I didn't know books could make you cry."

I smile. "That means it was a good one."

Then I reach into the bottom drawer. Pull out an envelope. Inside, a paper card—my last library card, the kind with ink and smudges and a little crooked line where the stamp never lined up right.

I hand it to him. "Keep this. Someday, it'll mean something more."

He clutches it like it's gold. And maybe it is.

As he walks away, I realize—They can take the building. Take the catalog, the shelves, the budget, the staff. But they can't digitize love. They can't backspace belonging.

They can't replace a woman who remembers every book you ever checked out—because she believed you'd grow from each one.

So yes, I was a librarian. But not just for this town.

I was America's librarian.

And somewhere, in quiet corners and dimming rooms, I still am.

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THE BOX IN THE ATTIC

When my grandmother passed away, the family gathered at her old house to sort through her things.

It took hours just to get into the attic. Dust hung in the air like a soft fog, and stacks of boxes leaned against each other like sleepy neighbors. Most of them were filled with the usual — clothes no one would wear again, kitchen gadgets still in their boxes, and knick-knacks bought on vacations decades ago.

We found silverware sets still wrapped in tissue paper, a blender that had never been opened, three fondue pots (don't ask me why), and enough scented candles to survive a nationwide power outage.

But then, in the farthest corner, we found the box.

It was small, taped neatly, with "Keep" written in her handwriting. Inside were things that, to anyone else, would've looked like junk:

- A faded ticket stub from a fair in 1968.
- A dried daisy pressed in wax paper.
- A Polaroid of her and my grandfather laughing so hard they were blurry.
- A letter from my mom when she was 10, full of misspelled words and crayon doodles.

That was it.

No price tags. No brand names. Just little scraps of moments she couldn't bear to throw away.

It hit me then: in a lifetime full of purchases, these were the treasures she kept closest.

The truth is, the "stuff" we fill our homes with won't follow us. One day, someone else will be deciding what to do with it all. But the memories? The love? The laughter? That's the real inheritance.

So now, I try to buy less and live more.

Fewer things in the attic, more things in the heart.

Because when we're gone, it won't be the china set that matters — it'll be the story behind the daisy pressed in a book.



Risky Business

At 72 years old, Edgar decided it was time to find a new primary care physician. After a couple of visits and a slew of lab tests, the doctor finally sat him down to discuss the results.

"Well, Edgar," the doctor said, "you're doing fairly well for your age."



Edgar frowned. "Fairly well?" he repeated, not entirely pleased with the wording. "Do you think I'll make it to 80?"

The doctor leaned back in his chair and raised an eyebrow. "That depends. Do you smoke or drink beer?"

"Oh no," Edgar replied, shaking his head. "I've never done either."

"Do you eat rib-eye steaks or barbecued ribs?" the doctor asked.

"Certainly not," Edgar said. "I've heard red meat is terrible for your health."

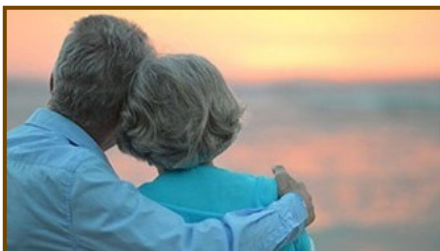
"Do you spend much time in the sun? Golfing or gardening, maybe?"

"No," Edgar replied. "I try to avoid the sun—skin cancer, you know."

The doctor tilted his head. "How about skydiving, driving fast cars, or mountain climbing?"

Edgar sat up straight and answered firmly, "Absolutely not! Do you realize how risky those things are?"

The doctor looked at him for a long moment, then leaned forward and asked with a bemused smile, "Then why in the world do you want to live to be 80?"



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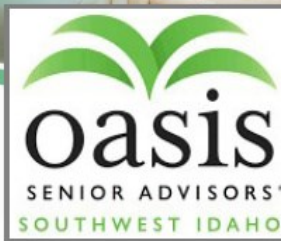
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In English, we say...

In English, we say: "I miss you."

But in poetry, we say:

"I trace the shape of your absence in the spaces where your laughter used to linger, and let the echoes of you fill the hollow hours."

In English, we say: "I don't know how to let go."

But in poetry, we say:

"I carry you in my chest like a stone—heavy, unyielding, and carved with the sharp edges of what once was."

In English, we say: "I feel lost."

But in poetry, we say:

"The compass of my heart spins wildly now, its needle drawn to places it can no longer call home."



In English, we say: "I wish it were different."

But in poetry, we say:

"I water the garden of could-have-beens with tears, waiting for flowers that refuse to bloom."

In English, we say: "I hope you're happy."

But in poetry, we say:

"May the sun that warms your days be as kind to you as the first kiss of dew on the dawning light upon the leaves of the laurel that we once sat under."

In English, we say: "You hurt me."

But in poetry, we say:

"You planted thorns in my chest with hands I once trusted, and now every breath feels like an apology I shouldn't owe."

In English, we say: "I wanted to stay."

But in poetry, we say:

"I lingered at the edge of your world, a star burning quietly, unnoticed in your vast, indifferent sky."

In English, we say: "I'll be okay."

But in poetry, we say:

"I gather the shattered pieces of myself like broken glass, knowing someday, even scars can catch the light."

With poetry I write paths through gardens of grace with words in ways my body dare not go as a whole.

Written by : Larson Langston.

TIDBITS

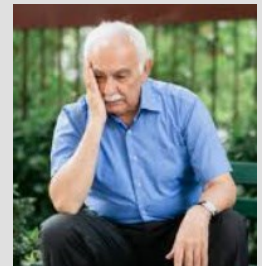


Being a senior, it's good to know someone cares about me enough to call me every day.

He's from India and he's also concerned about my car's extended warranty.

I used to think being at home and doing nothing all day was boring, but as a senior it's my definition of a good day!

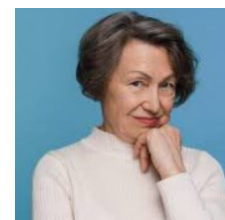
Humor wise
I'm still 13,
but physically
I'm pretty
sure I fought
in the Civil
War.



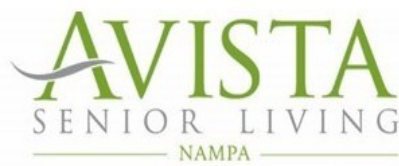
I went to a family reunion last weekend, but I didn't talk to a single person.

I have no idea whose family it was, but
mmm . . .

their mac and cheese was worth the risk!



One person in a marital argument is always right. The other is the husband.



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The Fence and the Nails — A Lesson in Words

Once there was a young boy with a terrible temper. The smallest things would set him off, and his angry words often hurt those around him.

One day, his father gave him a bag of nails and said: "Every time you lose your temper, hammer a nail into the fence in our backyard."

On the first day, the boy drove 37 nails into the wood. His hands ached... but his heart ached more.

As the days passed, he began to notice something — the more he controlled his temper, the fewer nails he had to hammer. He learned to pause. To breathe. To think before reacting.

Eventually, he went a whole day without hammering a single nail.

Then two days. Then a week.

Proudly, he told his father, "Dad, I haven't hammered a nail in days!"

His father smiled and said: "Now, for every day you stay calm, pull one nail out of the fence."

The days passed, and one by one, the nails came out — until the boy finally said, "They're all gone!"

His father took him to the fence, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said softly: "You've done well, son... but look at the fence. The nails are gone, but the holes remain."

The boy stared at the scars left behind.

"When you speak in anger," his father continued, "your words leave wounds, just like these holes. You can remove the nails. You can say you're sorry. But some scars never fade."

The boy nodded quietly. And he understood.

Lesson: Words are powerful. Use them to build, not to break. They can heal... but they can also leave marks that last a lifetime.



The World was Different 50 Years Ago

Humans hadn't walked on the moon.

In 1968, the Apollo program's second manned spacecraft orbited the moon and safely returned on Dec. 28—seven months before Apollo 11's actual moon landing.

Seat belts weren't mandatory.

The first federal seat belt law, requiring all new cars to have a belt for each seat, took effect in 1968, but it would be 1984 before the first state law that required wearing one.

A gallon of gas cost 34 cents.

That's the equivalent of \$2.31 today when adjusted for inflation—very comparable to today's national average of \$2.48 a gallon.

9-1-1 didn't exist

A single, nationwide phone number for emergency assistance was established in 1968. The digits 9-1-1 were chosen because they had never before been used as an area code or other service code.

Cars weren't equipped with airbags

The automated safety devices were invented in 1968 and developed to deploy on impact, inflating with nitrogen gas.

Local calls were only seven digits

Calling someone in the same town didn't require an area code until the early 2000s, when, the New York Times reported, telecom regulators began facing "number exhaustion" due to an expanding population.



To all the people who said I would
never amount to anything because
of my habitual procrastination,

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A family of 5 loading \$10 worth of groceries into their \$1,000 car to take to their \$12,000 home in the 1950s.

Huge Markup

Two country lads were strolling down a street in the city, when they spotted a shop window that read: Suits \$10,

Jackets \$7.50,
Pants and Shirts \$5.00.



One turned to the other and said, "Would ya' look at those crazy prices? We could buy a boatload, haul it back home, and make a fortune — double, maybe even triple the money!"

The other lad said, "That's a great idea, but d'ya think they'll sell to us at that price if they know we're from out of town?"

The first lad grinned and said, "Don't worry, I've got this," and walked in, putting on his finest city accent: "Good afternoon! I'd like twenty suits, thirty jackets, fifty pairs of trousers, and twenty-five dresses, please."

The shop assistant squinted and said, "You're from out of town, aren't you?"

The lad replied, "Ah, shoot, how'd ya guess?"

The assistant smiled and says, "This is a dry cleaners."

Sometimes I like to mess with my husband and hide his things where he can't find them.

Like I put his shoes in the shoe rack, his jacket on the hanger and his keys on the key hook.



My brother had to quit his job loading Amazon trucks because he wasn't strong enough. So he gave his "too weak" notice.

My mom always said, "Work until your bank account looks like a phone number.

*I made it Mom!
Bank balance: \$9.11*



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If you, like me, have ever been accused
of being born in a barn and want to talk
about it, remember...
My door is always open.

“I dropped it!”

My four-year old son came screaming out of the bathroom to tell me he'd dropped his toothbrush in the toilet.

So I fished it out and threw it in the garbage.

He stood there thinking for a moment, then ran to my bathroom and came out with my toothbrush.



He held it up and said with a charming little smile, “We better throw this one away, too, then, ‘cause it fell in the toilet a few days ago.”

◆ **Golden Retriever:** The sun is shining, the day is young, we've got our whole lives ahead of us, and you're inside worrying about a stupid burned out bulb?

◆ **Border Collie:** Just one. And then I'll replace any wiring that's not up to code.

◆ **Dachshund:** You know I can't reach that stupid lamp!

◆ **Rottweiler:** Make me.

◆ **Boxer:** Who cares? I can still play with my squeaky toys in the dark.

◆ **Lab:** Oh, me, me!!!! Pleeessssssse let me change the light bulb! Can I? Can I? Huh? Huh? Can I? Pleeessssse, please, please!

◆ **German Shepherd:** I'll change it as soon as I've led these people from the dark, check to make sure I haven't missed any, and make just one more perimeter patrol to see that no one has tried

how many dogs does it take to change a lightbulb?



to take advantage of the situation.

◆ **Jack Russell Terrier:** I'll just pop it in while I'm bouncing off the walls and furniture.

◆ **Old English Sheep Dog:** Light bulb? I'm

sorry, but I don't see a light bulb.

◆ **Cocker Spaniel:** Why change it? I can still pee on the carpet in the dark.

◆ **Pointer:** I see it, there it is, there it is, right there...

◆ **Greyhound:** It isn't moving. Who cares?

◆ **Australian Shepherd:** First, I'll put all the light bulbs in a little circle...

◆ **Poodle:** I'll just blow in the Border Collie's ear and he'll do it. By the time he finishes rewiring the house, my nails will be dry.

◆ **The Cat's Answer:** Dogs do not change light bulbs. People change light bulbs. So, the real question is: How long will it be before I can expect some light, some dinner, and a massage?

28 July 9, 2011

**I'm at that age where
it's rude to pull out
a bottle of ibuprofen
if you don't have enough
for everyone!**



Today I went to the dentist and there was only one man in the waiting room.
Home Alone was playing on the TV and we both just sat there and watched the whole movie, waiting for someone to call us in—but nothing.
When the movie ended, the man stood up and called my name.
HE WAS THE DENTIST!

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This is your gentle reminder that one time in the Bible, Elijah as like, “God, I’m so mad! I want to die!”
So God said, “Here’s some food. Why don’t you rest awhile?”
So Elijah slept, ate, and decided things weren’t so bad.
Never underestimate the power of a snack and a nap!

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How to build strength using Idaho spuds:



For those getting along in years, here is a little-known Idaho secret for building arm and shoulder muscles exercising just three days a week:

♦ Begin by standing outside behind the house, and with a 5-lb. potato sack in each hand extend your arms straight out to your sides and hold them there as long as you can.

♦ After a few weeks, move up to 10-lb. potato sacks and then 50-lb. potato sacks, and finally get to where you can lift a 100-lb. potato sack in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.

♦ Finally, start putting a few potatoes in the sacks this time, but be careful not to overdo it.

(Reprinted from the November 2011 Senior Goldmine)

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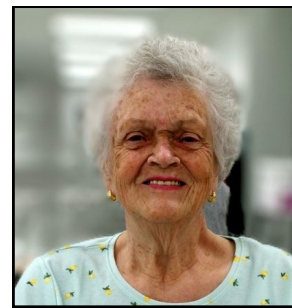
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Milestones



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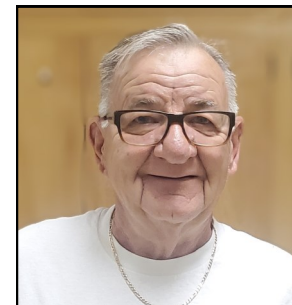
Shirley Carl
Aug 24, 1934—91 years
Nampa Senior Center



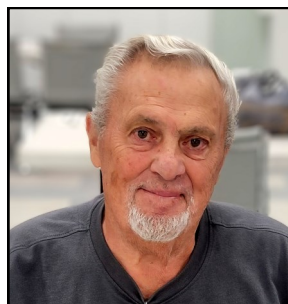
Bonnie Marshall
Oct 22, 1935—90 years
Caldwell Senior Center



Ralph Brown
Oct 23, 1935—90 years
Melba Valley Senior Center



Dennis Niehoff
Oct 6, 1945—80 years
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Robert Stewart
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