

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Secret of Everlasting Love



Every time I see an old couple walking hand in hand, I don't just see love—I see a lifetime of choices, sacrifices, and unwavering commitment. I wonder how many nights they went to bed upset, yet woke up choosing to stay.

How many arguments they had where pride could have torn them apart, but love pulled them back together. How many misunderstandings they worked through, knowing that the bond they shared was far more valuable than the momentary pain of disagreement.

Love isn't a fairytale, and relationships aren't built on fleeting emotions. True love is a decision made over and over again, even when things are hard, even when life tests you, and even when you don't always see eye to eye. It's about learning each other's flaws and still choosing to stay. It's about seeing the imperfections and loving even harder because of them. It's about forgiveness, about embracing growth together, and about realizing that no love story is without its struggles.

(Continued on Page 2)

The Cost of Dying

My wife was helping serve lunch after the funeral for a friend's husband. Wanting to show concern, my wife asked the woman if her husband had any life insurance.

The widow answered her, "Well, he had \$10,000 in life insurance, but it's all gone."

"All gone?" my wife asked, shocked.

"Yes," said the widow.

"I don't understand," said my wife. "How did you already go through \$10,000?"

"Well, it's really not as bad as you think," said the widow. "I had to pay \$6,000 for his funeral and burial, \$500 was donated to the church for the service, I spent \$500 on his suit, and \$3,000 was for the memorial stone."

Puzzled, my wife looked at the widow and said, "That must have been a huge stone for \$3,000!"

The widow answered, "Yes, it was — 3 carats!"




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NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE

As I was leaving the office the other day, I noticed the boss standing in front of the shredder with a piece of paper in his hand.

He saw me there and said, "Listen, this is a very sensitive and important document, and my secretary has gone home for the night. Can you help me get this thing to work?"

"Sure," I said.

I turned the machine on, inserted the paper, and pressed the start button.

"Excellent," he said as his paper disappeared into the machine. "I just need one copy."



(The Secret of Everlasting Love—Continued from Page 1)

That old couple? They weren't always old. Once, they were young, passionate, and just starting out, navigating the unknown of love and life together. They made mistakes. They hurt each other. They probably had moments where they questioned everything. But through all the ups and downs, they never stopped choosing each other.

Real love isn't measured by the absence of fights but by the willingness to fight for each other. It's in the silent moments where one reaches for the other's hand after an argument. It's in the patience shown during difficult times. It's in the deep understanding that love is more than just an emotion—it's a promise.

So, if you ever wonder how some couples make it through decades together, the answer is simple: they never stopped trying. They forgave a thousand times. They chose love even when it wasn't easy. And most of all, they cherished what they had, never letting temporary storms destroy something worth holding onto.



Because in the end, it's not about finding someone perfect—it's about finding someone who makes the journey of love worth every challenge, every tear, and every moment of joy.



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She Was Having Fun

I remember the day my daughter raced in her first ever swim meet. She was the girl who stopped midway to fix her goggles, the one who was a full length of a pool behind the other swimmers.

My daughter was the one that the crowd cheered for, not for winning a race, but because she was the last one in the pool.



As the meet wrapped up, I eagerly looked for her, wondering if this new hobby would be short lived. My daughter spotted me in the stands and raced over, her smile stretching from ear to ear.

"Mom!! This is fun! I think I came in last place in all of my races," my child exclaimed. "But that doesn't matter!"

Right then and there, my eyes filled with tears, and my heart filled with pride. My child may not come in first place or even take home

a ribbon. My daughter may be average, at best, in any sport she tries. But all that doesn't matter. She's having fun. And that's what is most important.

Sports and extra-curricular activities have become so competitive; many kids are "all in" by the time they reach elementary school. Maybe it's a true love for the sport, or maybe it's the parents pushing their child to be the best. There's nothing wrong with that. But, it doesn't have to be that way.

For many of us parents, our children are never going to be "the best". We just want our children to find something they love.

My daughter will most likely never make the gymnastics team, but she still loves to take lessons. And she may not receive a swim medal, but that doesn't stop her from jumping in the pool several times a week.

As I watched my daughter skip off to her teammates at the swim meet, I smiled and felt a huge sense of relief. I was so worried that she might be embarrassed or sad that she came in last place.

But it turns out, she couldn't care less. My daughter found an activity that makes her heart happy, and that's the best prize any parent could ask for.

By Stacy Scrysak *(Written four years ago when my daughter started swim team. Today, she has a wall filled with ribbons and medals from her hard work in the pool...still going strong all these years later!)*



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The Black Hole

Two buddies were hiking through the woods when they stumbled upon a massive hole in the ground—wide, dark, and looking like it went on forever.

“Whoa,” one of them said, peering in. “That looks really deep.”

The other nodded. “Yeah, let’s see how deep it is. Grab some pebbles.”

They each picked up a few and tossed them in. They waited. Silence.

“Hmm... no splash, no thud... nothing.”

“Let’s try something heavier!”

They scouted around and found a couple of decent-sized rocks, about the size of footballs. They chucked those in. Still... no sound.

Now completely intrigued, one of them spotted something in the brush.

“Dude, check this out—there’s an old railroad tie over here!”

They dragged the heavy beam over to the hole, counted to three, and heaved it in.

They leaned in close, waiting for a bang, a crash—anything. But again—nothing.

Before they could even comment, a goat came flying out of the woods like it had rockets strapped to its hooves. It sprinted past them and, without slowing down, launched itself right into the hole.

Both guys stood there stunned.

A few moments later, a farmer strolled out from the trees and asked, “Hey boys, you seen a goat come through here?”

One of them replied, wide-eyed, “Uh, yeah... it tore through here like lightning and jumped straight into that hole!”

The farmer furrowed his brow and said, “Hmm... couldn’t have been mine. Mine was chained to a railroad tie.”



“Green Side Up”

A woman hired a contractor to repaint the inside of her house. As they walked through the second floor, she pointed out the colors she wanted for each room.

In the first room, she said, “I think I’d like this in a nice cream color.”

The contractor jotted it down, walked over to the window, opened it, and shouted, “Green side up!” Then, he calmly closed the window and followed her to the next room.

A little puzzled, the woman continued. “For this room, I’m thinking of an off-blue shade.”

Again, the contractor took notes, went to the window, opened it, and yelled, “Green side up!” before shutting it and moving on.

Now, she was really curious, but she didn’t say anything just yet.

In the next room, she said, “I’d like a soft rose color here.”

And once more, the contractor opened the window and shouted, “Green side up!”

Finally, she couldn’t hold back any longer. “Why do you keep yelling ‘Green side up’ out my window every time I pick a color?”

The contractor chuckled and said, “Oh, I’ve got a crew of newbies laying sod across the street.”



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Eternal Security

A pastor was giving a children's sermon on the importance of living a good Christian life. He asked the kids, "If I sold my house and my car, gave all my money to the church, would that get me into heaven?"



The children all shouted, "No!"

The pastor smiled. "What if I cleaned the church every day, mowed the yard, and helped the poor—would that get me into heaven?"

Again, the kids shouted, "No!"

The pastor, feeling encouraged, asked, "Then what do I have to do to get into heaven?"

A little boy in the front row jumped up and shouted, "You gotta be dead first!"

The Locket

It was tarnished and old
with a broken clasp.
I tossed it into the drawer.
Why did my mother give it to me,
and what would I want it for ?

She said I liked it long ago
when it was shiny and new.
But why she thought I'd like it now,
I really wished I knew.

The years passed by, and my little girl
was going through my things,
slipping bracelets on her arm
and trying on my rings.

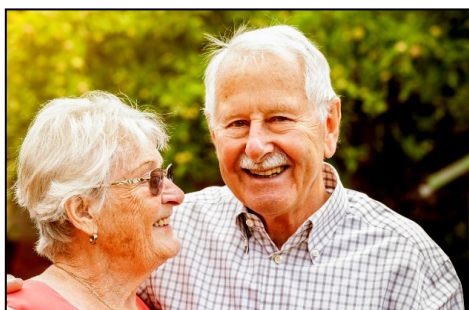
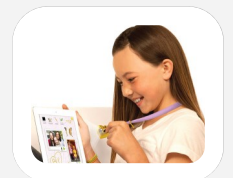
"What's this?" I heard my daughter ask
as she held it for me to see.

"Why, it's just an old locket," I replied,
"that your grandma gave to me."

"Oh, Mommy, isn't it beautiful?
It's shaped just like a book
with pages you can turn inside
and pictures... Oh, look, Mommy, look."

I saw it then through a child's new eyes,
what I should have seen from the start,
the reason my mother treasured it so
and wore it close to her heart.

Now when I'm tempted to look at the surface,
discounting what's broken or old,
I think of the locket all tarnished outside
with an inside of purest gold.



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My wife caught me sucking in my gut while I was weighing myself.



"That's not going to help," she said.
Actually it does. That's the only way I can see the scale.

Baby on the Mountain

There were two warring tribes in the Andes, one that lived in the lowlands and the other high in the mountains. The mountain people invaded the lowlanders one day, and as part of their plundering of the people, they kidnapped a baby of one of the lowlander families and took the infant with them back up into the mountains.

The lowlanders didn't know how to climb the mountain. They didn't know any of the trails that the mountain people used, and they didn't know where to find the mountain people or how to track them in the steep terrain.

Even so, they sent out their best party of fighting men to climb the mountain and bring the baby home.

The men tried first one method of climbing and then another. They tried one trail and then another. After several days of effort, however, they had climbed only several hundred feet.

Feeling hopeless and helpless, the lowlander men decided that the cause was lost, and they prepared to return to their village below.

As they were packing their gear for the descent, they saw the baby's mother walking toward them. They realized that she was coming down the mountain that they hadn't figured out how to climb.

And then they saw that she had the baby strapped to her back. How could that be?

One man greeted her and said, "We couldn't climb this mountain. How did you do this when we, the strongest and most able men in the village, couldn't do it?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said, "It wasn't your baby."



A mother is a person who seeing there are only five pieces of pie for six people, declares she never much cared for pie!



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THE MOST SEDUCTIVE SOUND IN THE WORLD!

A man was driving down the road and his car broke down near a monastery. He went to the monastery, knocked on the door, and said, "My car broke down. Do you think I could stay the night?"

The monks graciously accepted him, fed him dinner, even fixed his car. As the man tried to fall asleep, he heard a strange sound. A beautiful sound unlike anything he'd ever heard before.



He didn't sleep that night. He tossed and turned trying to figure out what could possibly be making such a seductive sound.

The next morning, he asked the monks what the sound was, but they replied,

"We can't tell you. You're not a monk."

Distraught, the man was forced to leave. Years later, after never being able to forget that sound, the man went back to the monastery and pleaded for the answer again. The monks replied, "We can't tell you. You're not a monk."

The man said, "If the only way I can find out what is making that beautiful sound is to become a monk, then please, make me a monk."

The monks replied, "You must travel the earth and tell us how many blades of grass there are and the exact number of grains of sand. When you find these answers, you will have become a monk."

Continued on Page 6

"Morning, Pops!"



Three men were sitting on a bench, watching their grandkids play in the park. As they were talking, a little boy ran up to one and said, "Hey Brady, you gonna be ready to play soon?" The man replied, "You bet!"

As the boy smiled and ran back to join other kids, one of the men asked, "Is your name Brady?"

The man laughed and said, "That's what my grandson calls me, he likes Tom Brady and he and I play catch with the football."

The other man said, "Oh that's a good one. My grandkids call me Wheels because they say I'll drive them anywhere they want to go."

The third guy said, "Those are both great; my grandkids call me Rice Krispies."

One of the men asked, "Because they get fun cereal to eat when they stay with you?"

The man replied, "Nope, they say that when I stand up and start to walk my knees go snap, crackle and pop!"



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THE MOST SEDUCTIVE SOUND IN THE WORLD—Continued from Page 5

The man set about his task. After years of searching, he returned as a gray-haired old man and knocked on the door of the monastery. A monk answered. He was taken before a gathering of all the monks.

He addressed them, "In my quest to find what makes that beautiful sound, I traveled the earth and have found what you asked for: By design, the world is in a state of perpetual change. Only God knows what you ask. All a man can know is himself, and only then if he is honest and reflective and willing to strip away self-deception."

The monks replied, "Congratulations. You have become a monk. We shall now show you the way to the mystery of the sacred sound."

The monks led the man to a wooden door, where the head monk said, "The sound is beyond that door." The monks gave him the key, and he opened the door. Behind the wooden door is another door made of stone. The man is given the key to the stone door and he opened it, only to find a door made of rubies.

And so it went that he needed keys to doors of emerald, pearls and diamonds.

Finally, they came to a door made of solid gold. The sound has become very clear and definite. The monks say, "This is the last key to the last door. Behind it you will find the secret of the sacred sound."

The man is apprehensive to no end. His life's wish is behind that door! With trembling hands, he unlocked the door, turned the knob, and slowly pushed the door open. Falling to his knees, he is utterly amazed to discover the source of that haunting and seductive sound....

But, of course, I can't tell you what it is because you're not a monk, but thank you for reading this.

Relief, "PILL-ease!"



You know you've hit that age when you pop an ibuprofen, and it just sits there in your stomach, looking around like, "Where on earth do I even start?"

It's like the little pill is standing at a crossroads, overwhelmed, flipping through a catalog of all your aches, pains and mysterious creaks like it's about to start a full renovation project.

"The knee? The back? The shoulder that hurts for no reason? Oh, boy!"

At this point, I'm convinced it needs a GPS just to navigate its way to the right body part!

That Price Suits Me

I took my best suit to the cleaners, who wanted to charge me \$15!



So I donated it to the Thrift Store next door. They cleaned it, pressed it, and hung it in the window.

I bought it back for \$4.50.



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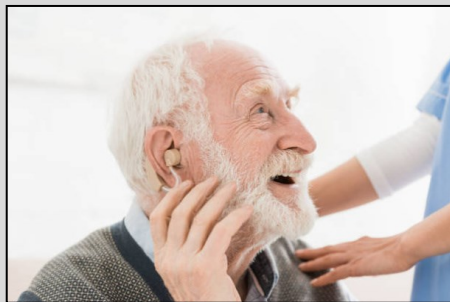
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I Hear It's a Good Deal!

Benny's hearing had been getting worse lately, so he finally decided to buy a hearing aid. He didn't want to spend too much money on it so he went to a hearing aid shop and asked the salesgirl, "How much do hearing aids cost?"

"That depends on the model," she replied. "They can start from just \$50 and go right up to \$2,500."

"So show me the \$50 model," said Benny. The salesgirl put the \$50 device around Benny's neck and told him, "All you have to do is put this stud in your ear and run this length of wire down to your pocket."



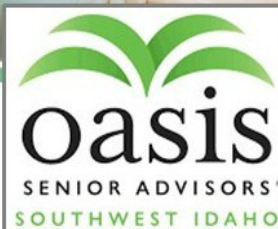
"Uhh... so does it work?" asked Benny

"Well for just \$50 of course it doesn't work," she replied, "but when people see you wearing it, they'll talk louder."



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Dear Diary—

I had a tough year.

- Milly

JANUARY—I had to take a scarf back to the store because it was too tight.

FEBRUARY—I got fired from my job at the pharmacy. Those pill bottles wouldn't fit in the typewriter.

MARCH—Got excited. I finished a jigsaw puzzle in 6 months. The box said "4-6 years."

APRIL—I was trapped on an escalator for hours when the power went out at the mall.

MAY—I tried to make Kool-Aid, but 8 cups of water won't fit into those little packets.

JUNE—I wanted to go water skiing, but I couldn't find a lake with a slope.

JULY—I quit the softball team because they wouldn't give me a glove for both hands because I had just had my nails done.

AUGUST—I got locked out of my car in a rainstorm. The car got soaked, too, because the top was down.

SEPTEMBER—I flunked a geography test. The capital of California is "C" isn't it?

OCTOBER—I hate getting M&Ms at Halloween. They're too hard to peel.

NOVEMBER—I baked my turkey for 5 days. The directions said one hour per pound, and I weigh 120.

DECEMBER—I couldn't call 911 when my Christmas tree caught on fire. There's no "eleven" button on my phone.



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My spring clothes have
missed me so much.
I put them on and they
hugged me so tight
I could barely breathe.



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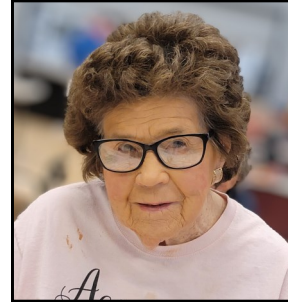


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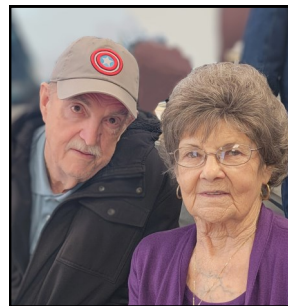
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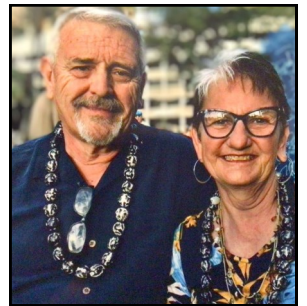
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