

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Boy on the Plane

The little boy was already on this plane when we boarded. He has a backpack bigger than he is. And a stuffed animal. He is maybe seven years old. We passengers can hear him talking to anyone within earshot. He is loud. He is chatty. He does not use an indoor voice. The kid is nothing but friendly.

"Hi," he says to the businessman across his aisle.

"Hello," the man replies without looking away from his device.

The boy is smiling. "How are you?"

"Fine," the guy says. Very annoyed. His tone is communicating that he doesn't want to talk.

"I am good, too," the boy says even though the man didn't ask.



The boy digs into his pocket. "Would you like a Starburst?"

"No." The man doesn't even say thank you.

The boy is unfazed. He has a new package of Starburst and it's too wonderful not to share. He tears it open with his teeth.

"Are you SURE?" the kid says. "I have tropical flavor."

The man just ignores the kid.

"Which color do you want?" the kid asks.

The man acts like the kid is invisible.

So, the boy asks a lady nearby whether she'd like a Starburst.

The woman is put off by the constant chatter. "I wouldn't care for any," she says sharply. But at least she adds, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he replies sunnily.

He turns to the old man in behind him. "Would you like a Starburst, sir?"

The man looks almost offended. He's watching a movie on his phone. His privacy bubble has been violated. Annoyed, he tells the kid to quiet down.

The boy looks hurt, but then a flight attendant saves the day. "Do you have red ones?" the flight attendant asks.

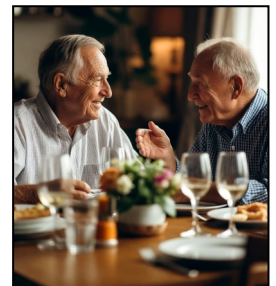
"Yes! I do!"

(Continued on Page 2)

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

An older couple was having dinner at a friend's house, and after the meal, the ladies headed into the kitchen to clean up.

The two men stayed at the table, chatting about everyday things.



One gentleman said, "Last night, my wife and I tried a new restaurant, and it was wonderful. I'd highly recommend it."

His friend smiled and asked, "Sounds great! What's it called?"

The man paused, scratched his head, and said, "What's the name of that flower you give someone you love? You know... red, pretty, with thorns."

His friend replied, "You mean a rose?"

"That's it!" the man said happily.

Then he called toward the kitchen, "Rose, honey... what was the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"



Love LIVES HERE
Boise-style Independent & Assisted Living
Open for Daily Tours, Walk-ins Welcome



 **MorningStar**
SENIOR LIVING of BOISE

(208) 516.1938 | 5850 N. Five Mile Road

MISSION: HONOR GOD, VALUE ALL SENIORS, INVEST GENEROUSLY - REVELATION 22:16



HEATHERWOOD *Senior Living*

Boise's Choice Retirement Community

5277 W Kootenai St. Boise, ID 83705

www.heatherwoodseniors.com

(208) 860-0599 or (208) 345-2150



CALL TODAY AT
(208) 860-0599 TO
SCHEDULE A TOUR AND
ENJOY A COMPLIMENTARY
CHEF-INSPIRED MEAL



He's on a Short List!

An elderly man decided it was time to move into a retirement home.

On his first day there, as he was unpacking his stuff, he couldn't help but notice the woman in the room across the hall was staring at him. He thought it was odd but decided not to let it bother him.



Later that night, he went to the dining room to get dinner. He sat down at his table and looked around.

The same woman was sitting at the table next to him just staring at him.

The man grew increasingly annoyed, but didn't say anything.

After a scrumptious meal, he went to the lounge to play nightly bingo. He was enjoying the game until he noticed the same woman again, staring at him.

He had had enough at this time, so he went up to her and said, "Ma'am, I couldn't help noticing that you have been staring at me ever since I arrived! Could you please stop! It's a bit bothersome!"

She replied, "I'm sorry, it's just that you look so much like my third husband!"

The man felt bad, "I'm sorry. If you don't mind me asking, but, how many husbands have you had?"

"Two," she replied.

(The Boy on the Plane—Continued from Page 1)

He gives the attendant more than one.

She thanks him, then engages him in conversation. Many of the passengers surrounding her seem aggravated by the discussion. But she ignores them.

"What's your favorite candy?" the attendant asks.

The boy tells her that his favorite candy is not actually Starburst, but in fact Skittles, especially the green ones, and he wishes they sold whole bags of only green ones because they taste much better than, say, purple ones, which he sometimes saves for his sister because she likes the color purple even though she doesn't even care about the flavor itself; she just likes the color purple because girls are just like that, anything purple is what they eat, and would you like some more candy?

Some of the passengers have had enough by now. They are shooting irate looks at the attendant and, most specifically, the boy's mother.

His mother appears to be sleeping. Although I'm not sure how.

Eventually, the boy quiets down, but not much.

Our flight is uneventful, but the boy has millions of questions. He directs all questions and inquiries toward his mother. Whenever she answers—God bless her—she is met with yet another "why?" "how many," or "what's that mean?"



When our plane finally lands, all passengers start to stand. But we are told we must wait. The first to leave our plane will be the boy.

The crew gives special consideration to the child. The boy rises and limps down the aisle, struggling with each step. The boy almost falls.

His mom stoops and rolls up his little pant legs to reveal prosthetic limbs on both legs.

Mom apologizes for holding up the passengers. She says his legs are brand new, and he's still not used to losing his real legs yet.

She adjusts his prosthetics, then straightens his little trousers, and the child finally leaves the plane, one agonizing step at a time.

And all his fellow passenger are silently staring at the floor.



**Providing EMS and
Non-Emergency Transportation**

• Ambulatory • Wheelchair • Stretcher

(208) 321-1703



MOUNTAIN CARE
PHARMACY

"A BETTER WAY TO PHARMACY"

SERVICE ALWAYS FREE!

(208) 287-4667

WWW.MTNCARERX.COM



Med Management Program

- FREE MULTI-DOSE BLISTER PACKAGING. (ORGANIZED, EASY-TO-FOLLOW MEDICATIONS)
- FREE DELIVERY DIRECTLY TO YOUR DOOR
- CUSTOMIZED MEDICATION PLANS TAILORED TO EACH PATIENT
- ONGOING MEDICATION REVIEW AND PHARMACIST CONSULTATION
- COORDINATION WITH PROVIDERS AND CARE TEAMS





**GARDEN PLAZA
 OF VALLEY VIEW**
 A SENIOR LIVING COMMUNITY

A Tradition of Excellence

- ♦ Independent Living
- ♦ Assisted Living



1130 N. Allumbaugh St., Boise, Idaho 83704 ♦ (208) 322-0311 ♦ www.valleyviewret.com

He nailed it!

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.

Mobility Plus®
Go where you want to go

- Scooters • Wheelchairs • Ramps • Walkers/Rollators
- Sales • Repairs • Rentals • Installation

339 N. Milwaukee St., Boise 83704
 (208) 617-5200

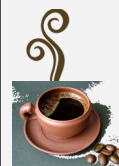
P.E.O. Chapter House

Gracious independent retirement living in mansion suites or patio homes



(208) 459-3552

114 E. Logan, Caldwell, ID 83605
www.peochapterhouseidaho.org



Terri's Café
 Breakfast and Lunch
 among friends

Open Daily
 6:30 am -
 2:30 pm

2483 E. Fairview, Ste. 105
 Meridian, ID 83642

HOPE BLOOMS
FLOWERS AND THINGS!

"We Deliver Happiness For You"

391 W State St Suite B • Eagle, ID 83616
(208) 939-4022



**For home care beyond compare,
 we're the resource.**

familyresourcehomecare.com / 541.254.8280

**family
 resource**
 home care



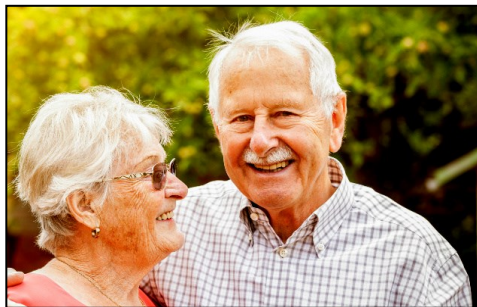
**Cremation Society
 of Idaho**

For Pre-Planning,
 call Seth at
(208) 880-9841
*Direct cremation
 starting at \$965*

**Guaranteed lowest cost direct cremation
 in the Treasure Valley**

(208) 322-3590

www.cremationsociety-idaho.com



**ASSISTED
LIVING WAS
THE ANSWER
FOR US**



Spring Gardens

—MERIDIAN—

An Avista Senior Living Community

Call or visit us online today

SpringGardens.com/Meridian

(208) 584-5393

Remember the Song:

**“I’ve got a brand new pair of roller skates,
you’ve got a brand new key!”**

Fun did not arrive ready.
You had to build it.

You tightened the
wheels yourself.
You checked them twice.

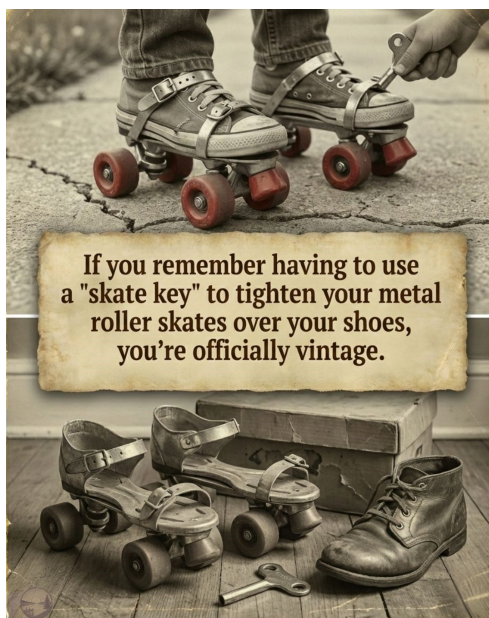
If something rattled.
You stopped and fixed it.

Falling was part of it.
Scrapes were expected.

Freedom came with
responsibility.
And balance came
with practice.

Those skates were heavy.
But they taught you how to move forward.

Nothing was instant.
Nothing was wasted.
And every ride felt earned



Generous Donation

One day a pastor told his congregation that the church needed some extra money to do some renovations. He asked the people to prayerfully consider putting a little extra in the offering plate.

He then announced that whoever gave the most would be able to pick three favorite hymns to sing at the end of the service.

After the offering plates were passed, an usher handed the pastor a note saying someone had placed a \$500 bill in the offering!

The pastor was so excited that he immediately shared the good news with the congregation, and said he would like to thank the person responsible for the generous gift.

A very quiet, elderly spinster in the back shyly raised her hand. The pastor asked her to come to the front. She made her way slowly down the aisle.

The pastor thanked her for her gift and asked her to pick out three favorite hymns.

Her eyes brightened as she spotted three handsome bachelors sitting together near the front.

“I’ll take him, him and him!” she said.



Where Passion and Care Live



CALL (208) 672-3143



Allegiant Home Care

Faithful and Loyal

994 W Corporate Lane, Nampa, ID 83651
www.allegiantcareidaho.com
 CALL (208) 466-0987

Sold!

One day a man went to a pet auction. After looking at all the wide variety of pets available, he decided to bid on a parrot.



He really wanted the unique bird, so he really got caught up in the competitive bidding.

He kept on bidding, but kept getting outbid, so he bid higher and higher and higher.

Finally, after he bid way more than he intended, he won the bid—the parrot was his at last!

As he was paying for the parrot, he told the auctioneer, “I sure hope this parrot can talk. I would hate to pay this much for it only to find out that he can’t talk!”

“Don’t worry,” said the auctioneer. “He can talk. Who do you think kept bidding against you?”



PCGS/NGC
 Certified

NEED CASH?

- ♦ We Buy/Sell Gold
- ♦ Old Coins
- ♦ Gold Jewelry & Rings

(208) 859-7168

Care that's tailored
 to your needs.



Customizable and reliable in-home care, so you can experience a better what's next.

(208) 888-9962
homeinstead.com/707

Each Home Instead® office is an independently owned and operated franchise of Home Instead, Inc., an Honor company. © 2024 Home Instead, Inc.



In Clinic & Mobile

At Home Wound Care Services

Step 1: You and/or your care team let's us know you need help.

Step 2: A member from our team will reach out to find out more about your situation and to set up a time for our provider to come and evaluate your situation.

Step 3: Our team will coordinate to get you on our schedule for home visits!

Wound Care Services

COMPLIMENTARY

- CONSULTATIONS PAINLESS
- DEBRIDEMENT ADVANCED
- BIOLOGICS FULL-SPECTRUM
- WOUND DRESSING BACTERIA
- KILLING OZONE THERAPY

RESTORATION MOBILE WOUND CARE

TREASURE VALLEY SPOKANE | LEWISTON COEUR D'ALENE

Conditions We Treat

- Chronic Non-Healing wounds
- Diabetic ulcers
- Venous leg ulcers
- Arterial insufficiency ulcers
- AND MORE...

Insurances We Work With

- Medicare®
- Medicaid
- Blue Cross of Idaho
- Regence
- Aetna
- UHC
- VA/TruWest

FIND US AT:

Treasure Valley
 Spokane | Lewiston
 Coeur d'Alene

Phone 208-608-5375
 Fax 208-575-9937

RESTORATION HEALTHCARE

ARE YOU STRUGGLING WITH?

- NUMBNESS OR TINGLING?
- BURNING OR SHARP PAIN?
- BALANCE OR WALKING ISSUES?

YOU MIGHT HAVE PERIPHERAL NEUROPATHY.

- ✔ Drug-Free
- ✔ Real Relief
- ✔ Increased Circulation
- ✔ Non-Invasive
- ✔ Proven Protocols

GET BACK TO LIVING COMFORTABLY.
 WE HELP RESTORE NERVE FUNCTION & QUALITY OF LIFE.

CONTACT US

- +1 208 296 5857
- team@restoration-healthcare.com
- www.restoration-healthcare.com
- 3320 Milwaukee Street, Suite #100 & 110 Boise

Book Your Free Evaluation Today



Puppy Love

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the 4 pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard.

As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the eyes of a little boy.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "These puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer.

"I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle. "Here, Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly



followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight.

As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse.

Slowly another little ball appeared, this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then in a somewhat awkward manner, the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.

"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt.

The farmer knelt down at the

boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe.

Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

With tears in his eyes, the farmer reached down and picked up the little pup. Holding it carefully he handed it to the little boy.

"How much?" asked the little boy.

"Nothing," answered the farmer, "There's no charge for love."



AVISTA
SENIOR LIVING
GARDEN CITY

EXCEPTIONAL ASSISTED LIVING CARE



5815 COFFEY ST. GARDEN CITY, IDAHO 83714 ♦ (208) 219-5263



- ♦ Serving the Treasure Valley since 1911
- ♦ Providing funeral, cremation and pre-planning services
- ♦ A commitment to serve with understanding and compassion



Phone: (208) 898-0642 • ustick@summersfuneral.com



Locally-owned and
serving the valley
for over 25 years
(208) 887-7719

We Grew Up Different

We never asked about our parents' income — it just wasn't something you talked about.

Fast food wasn't a lifestyle; it was a treat. Meals were made at home, with meat, potatoes, and vegetables — and yes, if you didn't eat your vegetables, you didn't get dessert.

We earned our own pocket money. Mowing lawns. Pulling weeds. Babysitting. Helping the neighbors with chores. We learned early that nothing worth having was handed to you.



We spent our days outside — riding bikes, playing hide and seek, running with friends, swimming. Inside was for rainy days, not for life.

Bottled water didn't exist. If we had a Coke, it came in a glass bottle — and we returned it for a few cents to buy candy.

After school, it was homework and chores first, then play. We told our parents where we were going, who we were with, and we were home the moment the streetlights came on.

We learned from our parents — we didn't talk back like they knew nothing. Their word was law. We watched what we said around elders because if you disrespected any adult, you were punished. It wasn't "abuse" — it was discipline.

We held doors, carried groceries, and gave up our seat for someone older — without being asked.

The radio didn't blare curse words, and TV didn't need a parental warning before every show.

And somehow... we were never bored.

We didn't just grow up — we grew up different. And I wouldn't trade it for the world.

"You're the best, honey!"

Several men are gathered in the locker room at a golf club when a cellphone sitting on a bench starts ringing. One of the men picks it up, activates the hands-free speaker, and answers.

MAN: "Hello?"

WOMAN: "Hi, sweetheart, it's me. Are you at the club?"

MAN: "Yes, I am."

WOMAN: "I'm at the mall and found this stunning leather coat. It's \$2,000—do you mind if I buy it?"

MAN: "Of course, if you love it, buy it."

WOMAN: "Oh, and I stopped by the Tesla dealership. They have a new model I adore."

MAN: "How much is it?"

WOMAN: "\$90,000."

MAN: "Go for it, but make sure it's fully loaded."

WOMAN: "You're amazing! One last thing—I found out that the house I've been dreaming about is back on the market. They're asking \$1,980,000."

MAN: "Make an offer of \$1,900,000. If they don't take it, go up to \$1,950,000. I want you to have what makes you happy."

WOMAN: "You're the best! I love you so much!"

MAN: "Love you too. Bye."

The man hangs up the phone. The locker room is silent, every other man staring at him in utter disbelief.

Finally, he looks up, shrugs, and says, "Anyone know whose phone this is?"



boise hears
The Audiology & Hearing Center

Stay Sharp. Stay Social. Stay YOU

- ♦ Hearing Testing and Protection
- ♦ Hearing Aid Fitting and Repairs

55 and older? Mention this ad and get our Buy One—Get One Free Special

1032 S. Silverstone Way, Suite 160, Meridian, ID 83642 ♦ Call (208) 658-0238 for Free Consultation





*"Built on a Foundation of Faith, Continuously Embracing Every Moment,
while sharing Life's Journey"*



350 S. Allumbaugh Way, Boise, Idaho 83709
Phone: (208) 322-1555 Fax: (208) 378-1553
www.csseniorliving.com

***"I wasn't the smartest. I wasn't the wealthiest. But I was the one
who kept my hands on the wheel — when everyone else let go."***

My name is Kiichiro Toyoda. You know my last name — it's stamped on millions of cars around the world.

But my story didn't start with engines or steel.

It started in a small workshop... filled with the hum of sewing looms and the smell of cotton. My father, Sakichi Toyoda, built a textile empire from nothing.

I was meant to carry it forward. But my dreams didn't run on thread. They roared on pistons. They burned on fuel. I wanted to build Japan's first car.

Back then, it was madness. Japan imported nearly every vehicle.

To challenge American auto giants? They called me foolish. Reckless. A traitor for using our textile profits to chase this dream.

Then came war. Bombed factories. Empty shelves. Empty pockets. No materials. No paint. No engines.

Just stubborn hearts.

We slept on cold factory floors. Shared bowls of rice. Pieced together cars from scraps and belief. We weren't just building machines — we were rebuilding hope.

Decades later, Toyota would become a name spoken with pride.

But the truth?

Every car carries scars...not made by tools, but by hands that refused to give up.

"Toyota wasn't born in a boardroom. It was born in the ruins — built on sweat, grit, and a vision no one else could see."

So when life throws you a roadblock, don't wait for the path to clear.
Build your own road. And keep driving.



— Kiichiro Toyoda

Fit to be Tied

A young man driving across the desert ran out of gas. He set off for a structure he saw far off in the distance.



Hoping to find water as he was dying of thirst, he hurried toward the object, only to find an old man at a small stand beside the road selling ties.

The young man asked, "Do you have any water?"

The old man replied, "I don't have any water, but would you like to buy a tie? They are only \$50."

The young man was irate, "You're crazy! I don't need an overpriced tie! I need water!"

"OK," said the old man. "It doesn't matter to me that you don't want to buy a tie. But if you continue over that hill for about four miles, you will find a lovely restaurant. It has all the ice cold water you need."

Muttering to himself, the young man staggered away over the hill.

Several hours later, he staggered back to the tie stand.

"Can I buy a tie? Your crazy brother won't let me into his restaurant without a tie!"

WANTED
People to Demo the
All New Oticon Zeal™

The world's most discreet,
complete hearing aid



HearingLife
Schedule Your **FREE** Hearing Test

1084 N. Cole Road, Boise, ID 83704

Ivanna Rotman, Audiologist Lic. #AUD-6054

Reece Bodam, Hearing Instrument Specialist Lic. #HA-3160

745 S. Progress Ave., Meridian, ID 83642

Bonnie Curren, Hearing Instrument Specialist

America's Choice in Homecare



LIVING ASSISTANCE SERVICES

Serving the Treasure Valley

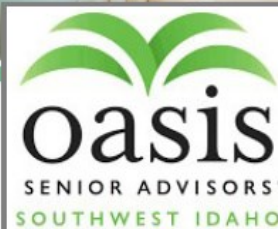
208.888.3611

www.visitingangels.com/boise/home



A FREE SERVICE that guides seniors through customized living solutions.

OasisSeniorAdvisors.com/SW-Idaho



For Information, call Jennifer Smith 208.901.7428 OR Kathy Lacina 208.573.4658

In the Beginning...

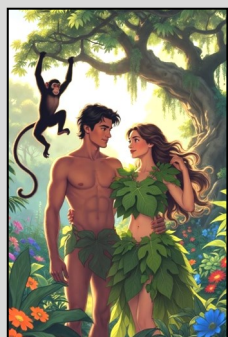
A little girl asked her mother, "Mom, how did the human race begin?"

The mother replied, "God made Adam and Eve, they had children, and that's how all people came to be."

A couple of days later, the girl asked her father the same question.

He said, "Many years ago, humans evolved from monkeys."

The little girl, now completely



confused, went back to her mother and said: "Mom, how is it possible that you said people were created by God... but

Dad says we came from monkeys?"

The mother smiled and said: "Oh honey, that's easy. I told you about my side of the family...and your father told you about his."

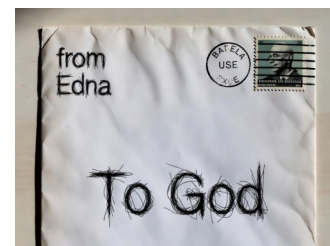
Just Short of a Miracle

There was a man who worked for the Post Office whose job was to process all the mail that had illegible addresses.

One day, a letter came addressed in a shaky handwriting addressed to God with no actual address.

He thought he should open it to see what it was about.

The letter read.....



Dear God,

I am an 83-year-old widow, living on a very small pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had \$100 in it, which was all the money I had until my next pension payment. Next Sunday is Easter, and I had invited two of my friends over for dinner. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with, have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope. Can you please help me?

Sincerely, Edna

The postal worker was touched. He showed the letter to all the other post office workers. Each one dug into his or her wallet and came up with a few dollars.

By the time he made the rounds, he had collected \$96, which they put into an envelope and sent to the woman.

The rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of Edna and the dinner she would be able to share with her friends.

Easter came and went.

A few days later, another letter came from the same old lady to God. All the workers gathered around while the letter was opened. It read.....

Dear God,

How can I ever thank you enough for what you did for me? Because of your gift of love, I was able to fix a glorious dinner for my friends. We had a very nice day and I told my friends of your wonderful gift.

By the way, there was \$4 missing. I think it might have been those bums at the post office.

Sincerely, Edna



SPRING CREEK

Independent Living ♦ Assisted Living ♦ Memory Care

- ♦ Plantation Place - Boise ♦ 3921 Kessinger Lane ♦ 83703 ♦ 208.853.7300
- ♦ Spring Creek - Eagle Island ♦ 3705 W. Flint Drive ♦ 83616 ♦ 208.939.6499
- ♦ Spring Creek - Boise ♦ 10681 W. McMillan Rd ♦ 83713 ♦ 208.954.5661
- ♦ Spring Creek - Eagle ♦ 653 N Eagle Rd ♦ 83616 ♦ 208.938.5578
- ♦ Spring Creek - Meridian ♦ 175 & 253 E Calderwood Dr. ♦ 83642 ♦ 208.884.6199
- ♦ Spring Creek Overland - Boise ♦ 10139 W Overland Rd ♦ 83709 ♦ 208.639.7000
- ♦ Spring Creek Ustick - Meridian ♦ 3165 Meridian Rd ♦ 83646 ♦ 208.287.2064
- ♦ Edgewood Castle Hills ♦ 5955 Castle Drive ♦ Boise ♦ 83703 ♦ 208.331.1300

GUT & DIGESTION ISSUES?

Constipation?

Gas/Bloating?

Joint Pain & Brain Fog?

CALL Living Waters

(208) 378-9911

www.livingwaterscleanse.com



*We bring care
to you!*

Care Services in the Comfort of Your Home

• Home Health • Home Care



Boise (986) 888-1832 • www.serengeticare.com

Poor Bunny!

I woke up and my dog was lying on the back patio covered in dirt with a rabbit in his mouth. The rabbit's not bloody, just dirty.



My neighbor's kids raise blue ribbon rabbits. I instantly knew it was one of theirs.

I took the rabbit away from my dog, rushed inside, and washed all the dirt off it before my neighbors could come home. It was stiff but I heard some animals play dead when they are afraid but I couldn't remember which ones. I took it and placed it back in one of the cages in their back yard then I ZOOMED back home. (Don't judge me)

Not 30 minutes later I heard my neighbors screaming so I went out and asked them what's wrong?

They told me their rabbit died three days ago and they buried it, but now it's back in the cage!

Want to have Senior Goldmine mailed to your home or to a friend each month?

Send this form and a \$25 check for 12 issues to **Senior Goldmine, 11626 W Cross Slope Way, Nampa, ID 83686.**

Send to: _____

Phone _____

St. Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Your Name _____

Phone _____

Ada May 2026

Milestones



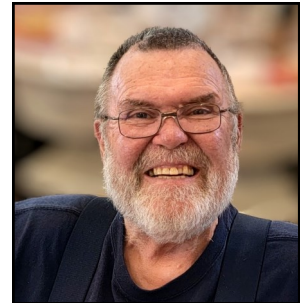
Francie Vance

June 19, 1931—95 years
Star Senior Center



Kathie Horner

June 25, 1946—80 years
Meridian 10 Mile Christian



Devin Smith

Apr 20, 1951—75 years
Meridian Senior Center



Tom & Betty Oppliger

June 16, 1956—70 years
Meridian 10 Mile Christian



Bill & Kathie Horner

June 25, 1966—60 years
Meridian 10 Mile Christian



Del & Pat Martens

June 15, 1957—69 years
Star Senior Center



Larry & Darlene Nelson

June 25, 1966—60 years

Senior Goldmine
recognizes the following
Milestones:

Birthdays:
70, 75, 80, 85, 90 and up;
and **Anniversaries:**
50, 55, 60 and up.

Send your information to
terry@seniorgoldmine.com
or call (208) 615-1948



Bill & Georgia Bawtinheimer
March 3, 1971—55 years



For advertising info or to submit milestones, email terry@seniorgoldmine.com or call (208) 615-1948