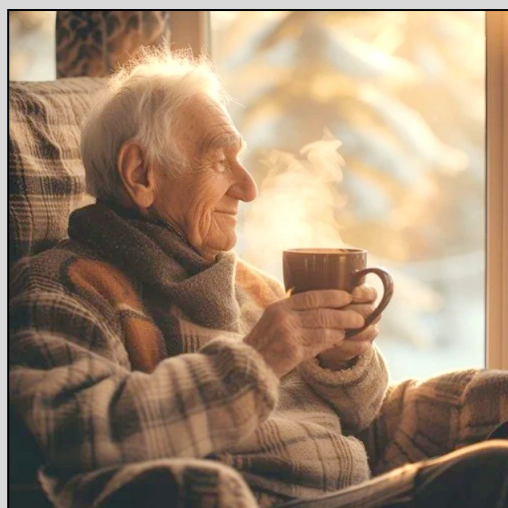


Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

My Father Came to Stay



I welcomed my father into my home without warning. One afternoon, he arrived with a small suitcase—inside, a few pairs of socks, a well-worn flannel shirt, a sweater, and a beloved blanket. Nestled among them were a pair of slippers that read “Proud Grandpa”—a cherished gift from my children.

For the past month, this gentle man, now 90, has shared my space. His silver hair is always neatly combed, and he moves slowly, shuffling through the house in his woolen socks and slippers. At every doorway, he hesitates, as if crossing an invisible threshold only he can see.

He chuckles at the cat, murmurs softly to ghosts of the past, and shares their stories with me. His voice is quiet, his movements careful, his need for rest more frequent. He enjoys the candies I place on his nightstand, sips coffee with trembling hands, and often glances at his weathered fingers—reassuring himself that his old watch is still there.

The man who once stood tall and unwavering, the father I grew up admiring for his strength and independence, has now placed

Continued on Page 2

Someone...

Someone is taking their last breath in a hospital bed today, and you're frustrated sitting in traffic.

Someone is burying their baby that they carried for nine months, and you're upset your child spilled milk on the carpet.

Someone is spending their first night alone after years of love, and you're annoyed your spouse left dishes in the sink.

Someone is laying to rest their mother who created them, and you're tired of your mom calling twice every day.



Someone is wishing for just one more conversation with their dad, and you rolled your eyes the last time he offered his advice.

Perspective is everything. Appreciate the little things, because one day they'll be big things when they're gone.



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In Great Shape

A man visited his doctor, and after a thorough exam, the doctor commented, "It looks like you get quite a bit of exercise."

The man replied, "Oh, yeah, in fact, just the other day I walked five miles over rugged terrain as I climbed over rocks and trees. I also waded along the edges of a lake, pushing my way through tall thistles, and even slid down sandy slopes while getting sand in my eyes."

The doctor was quite impressed. "Well. You are certainly a dedicated outdoor enthusiast."



The man replied, "Not really, doc. I'm just a really bad golfer."

My son was just born and another dad congratulated me.
 He said his daughter was born yesterday.
 Then he said "Maybe they'll get married some day."
 Sure, like my son is going to marry someone twice his age.

(My Father Came to Stay—Continued from Page 1)

his trust fully in me. His greatest comfort is my presence, and when I walk through the door, his relief is unmistakable.



So, I bake bread again, like I did when my children were small, and keep a jar of honey on the counter. At first, the shift unsettled me—he had spent five years living alone after Mom passed, fiercely guarding his autonomy. But time has softened him.

Now, I feel only love, warmth, and the weight of this journey we walk together. My priority is his comfort—cozy blankets, hearty meals, laughter, and love. His presence is my gift, and nothing else matters.

I have gained a son who is 90 years old, and I am deeply grateful for the chance to make his final years peaceful.

Dad, thank you for being mine.

Stay with me as long as you can.



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"Dad, are bugs good to eat?" asked the boy.
"Let's not talk about such things at the dinner table, son," his father replied.
After dinner the father inquired, "Now, son, what did you want to ask me?"
"Oh, nothing," the boy said.
"There was a bug in your soup, but now it's gone."



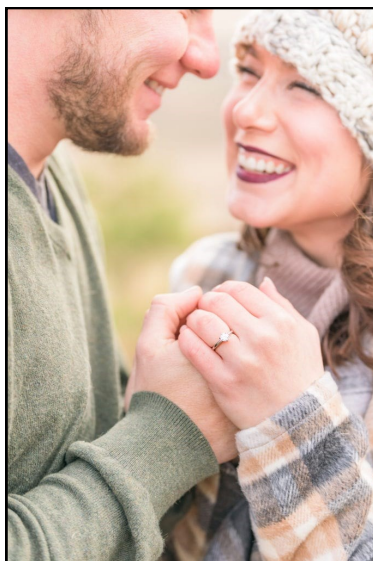
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www.alpinedenturecenter.com

Marry a Man...

(Share this with your daughters, granddaughters, and great-granddaughters!)

Marry a man with a provider mindset. Not necessarily a rich man, but one who is responsible and knows how to lead. A man who will make sure your needs are met without you having to beg or remind him. A man who shows up because he wants to, not because you had to ask him to.

He doesn't need millions in the bank, but he needs the kind of character that makes you feel safe, emotionally and mentally. The kind of man who steps up for you and keeps his word. A man who carries a sense of responsibility for the woman he loves.



Because a man who truly provides doesn't just pay bills. He brings you peace. He protects your heart. He respects your mind. He considers your emotions. He listens, he values, he stays consistent. You never have to second guess where you stand with him, because his actions are loud, even when his words are few.

Emotional maturity is far more valuable than wealth. A man who is emotionally grounded will create a space where you can breathe, where you feel heard and understood. Where love isn't a battlefield, but a sanctuary.

You deserve a man who takes care of your soul, not just your lifestyle. One who gives you effort, not excuses. Time, not silence. Consistency, not confusion.

Slow Golfers

A priest, a doctor, a businessman and a lawyer were waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers in front of them.

The lawyer fumed, "What's with those slackers? We must have been waiting for fifteen minutes!"

The doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such poor golf!"

The businessman called out "Move it, time is money."

The priest said, "Here comes George, the greenskeeper. Let's have a word with him."

"Hello, George," said the priest, "What's wrong with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?"

George the greenskeeper replied, "Oh, yes. That's a group of blind fire fighters. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime."



The group fell silent for a moment.

The priest said, "That's so sad. I think I will say a special prayer for them tonight."

The doctor said, "Good idea. I'm going to contact my ophthalmologist colleague and see if there's anything he can do for them."

The businessman replied, "I think I'll donate \$50,000 to the firefighters fund in honor of these brave souls"

The lawyer said, "Why can't they play at night?"

Joe: What does your father do for a living?

Jon: He's a magician. He performs tricks, like sawing people in half.

Joe: Do you have any brothers or sisters?

Jon: Yep, three half-sisters and a half-brother.

If you spell the words "absolutely nothing" backwards, you get "gnihton yletulosba," which ironically means absolutely nothing.



A father is neither an anchor to hold us back, nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding light whose love shows us the way.

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TALKING DOG FOR SALE

A guy was driving around and he saw a sign in front of a house: "Talking Dog For Sale."

He rang the bell, and the owner told him the dog is in the backyard. The guy went into the backyard and saw a Labrador Retriever sitting there.



"You talk?" he asked the dog.

"Yep," the Lab replies.

"So, what's your story?"

The Lab looked up and said, "Well, I discovered that I could talk when I was pretty young, and I

wanted to help the government; so I told the CIA about my gift, and in no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years."

"But the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger so I wanted to settle down. I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security work, mostly wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a mess of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy was amazed. He went back in and asked the owner what he wanted for the dog.

"Twenty dollars," the owner replied.

The guy was shocked, "This dog is amazing. Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

"Because he's a liar. He didn't do any of that stuff."

Dave Knows Everybody

Dave was bragging to his boss one day, "I'm telling you, I know everyone there is to know. Just name someone, anyone, and I know them."

His boss was tired of hearing him boast and decides to call his bluff.

"OK, Dave, how about Elon Musk?"

"Oh, Elon and me go way back, and I can prove it."

So Dave and his boss fly out to D.C. and knock on Elon Musk's door, and Elon shouts, "Dave! What's happening? Great to see you! Come on in – let's get caught up!"

Although impressed, Dave's boss is still skeptical. After they leave Musk's house, he tells Dave that he thinks him knowing Elon was just lucky.

"No, no, just name anyone else," Dave says.

"Bill Gates," his boss quickly retorts.

"Yup," Dave says, "Bill and I are old buddies. Let's fly out to Seattle," and off they go.

At the Microsoft offices, Bill Gates spots Dave and motions him and his boss over, saying, "Dave, what a surprise, I was just on my way to a meeting, but come on in with your friend, let's catch up."

Well, the boss is very shaken by now but still not totally convinced. After they leave the Microsoft offices, he expresses his doubts to Dave, who again asks him to name anyone else.

"Pope Leo," his boss replies.

"Sure!" says Dave. "I've known him for years before he became the Pope." So off they fly to Rome.

Dave and his boss are assembled with the masses at the Vatican's St. Peter's Square when Dave says, "This will never work. I can't catch the Pope's eye among all these people. Tell you what, I know all the guards, so let me just go upstairs and I'll prove I know the Pope."

He disappears into the crowd, headed towards the main entrance.



Sure enough, half an hour later Dave emerges with the new Pope on the balcony! But by the time Dave returns, he finds that his boss has passed out and is surrounded by paramedics.

Making his way to his boss' side, Dave asks him, "What happened?"

His boss looks up and says, "It was the final straw... you and the Pope came out on to the balcony and the man next to me said,



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ODE TO A SPELL CHECKER

by Jerrold H Zar

Eye halve a spelling check her,
It came with my pea sea.
It plane lee marks four my revue
Miss steaks aye kin knot sea.

Eye ran this poem threw it,
Your sure reel glad two no.
Its vary polished in it's weigh,
My checker tolled me sew.

A check her is a bless sing;
It freeze yew lodes of thyme.
It helps me right awl stiles two reed,
And aides me when aye rime.

Each frays come posed up on my screen,
Eye trussed too bee a joule;
The checker pours o'er every word
To cheque sum spelling rule.

Bee fore wee rote with checkers
Hour spelling was inn deck line,
Butt now when wee dew have a laps,
Wee are knot maid too wine.

Butt now bee cause my spelling
Is checked with such grate flare,
There are know faults with in my cite,
Of nun eye am a wear.

Now spelling does knot phase me,
It does knot bring a tier;
My pay purrs awl due glad den
With wrapped words fare as hear.

To rite with care is quite a feet
Of witch won should be proud;
And we mussed dew the best wee can
Sew flaws are knot aloud.

That's why eye brake in two averse
Cuz eye dew want too please.
Sow glad eye yam that aye did bye
This soft wear four pea seas.

Day Trip

A Texan and an Irishman
met at an international
farming convention in Dublin.
The American owned a huge
ranch while the Irishman had
no more than a couple of
acres outside Kilkenny.

"Tell me about your farm,"
said the Irishman.

"It's enormous," began the
American, "the biggest farm
you ever did see in your life. It
stretches halfway across the
county. Do you know I can get
in my truck first thing in the
morning, drive across my land
and still not cover it all by
sundown?"



"To be sure," said the
Irishman, "I used to have a
truck like that."

Simon was a young, aspiring athlete. Sadly, his career was cut short when he and his uncle were in a car crash. Unfortunately, his uncle died and Simon lost both of his legs. The family agreed to allow the surgeons to sew his uncle's legs onto Simon's body. After a long recovery, he decided to pursue his love of music professionally, performing in small venues around the country as Simon and Halfuncle.



Every year should have 13 months!
If every year had 13 months, every
month would have exactly 28 days,
the First of the Month would always
be on a Monday, and the 28th would
always be on a Sunday!

It's like my dad always told me:
"You may not be the dumbest guy in
the world, but you better hope he
doesn't die!"

The longest drum solo in history was 10 hours 28 min, performed by the kid sitting behind me on Delta Flight 589 from Tokyo to LA.



Me: (Sobbing my heart out, eyes swollen, nose red)
 "I can't see you anymore. I'm not going to let you hurt me like this again."
 Trainer: "It was a sit-up. You did one sit-up."



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Mardy Kropp
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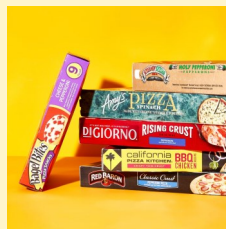
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 Wright.**



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