



Canyon County Edition

February 2026

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Her Favorite Childhood Book



She was browsing old bookstalls in Paris when she found her favorite childhood book. She bought it for a franc. Then her husband opened the cover and went pale. Inside was her name and childhood address—written in her own handwriting.
Summer 1929. Paris, France.

Anne Parrish was wandering along the Seine with her husband, Charles, browsing the bouquinistes—the iconic green bookstalls that have lined the riverbanks since the 1850s.

Anne was a successful American novelist. Her books appeared on the New York Times bestseller lists. She'd written novels for adults and beloved children's books. She was cultured, well-traveled, sophisticated.

But on this particular June afternoon, she wasn't looking for literary masterpieces or rare first editions. She was just enjoying the hunt—the smell of old paper, the randomness of used book browsing, the pleasure of finding something unexpected.

Charles sat down at a table on the quai, content to let his wife rummage. She moved from stall to stall, running her fingers along spines, pulling out volumes that caught her eye.

Then she saw it. An old children's book, worn and faded: *Jack Frost and Other Stories*. She picked it up. Turned it over in her hands. And something shifted in her chest. She hadn't seen this book in twenty years. Maybe longer.

She brought it back to Charles, excited. "Look at this! I had this exact book when I was a child. It was one of my favorites."

Charles was skeptical. "Are you sure? It looks like every other old children's book."

"I'm certain," Anne insisted. "I remember the stories. There was one about a girl named Dorothy who hated her nose."

Charles raised an eyebrow. "You remember that? From decades ago?"

"I do."

She bought the book for one franc—about five cents in American money. A pittance. But to Anne, it felt like she'd recovered a piece of her childhood.

(Continued on page 2)

Love at Any Cost

On her first day at the retirement home, the new manager addressed all the seniors.

Among the list of new guidelines and procedures, she highlighted her most important rule:

"The female rooms will be out-of-bounds for all males after 8 p.m., and likewise the male rooms will be out-of-bounds for all females after 8 p.m.

"Anyone caught breaking this rule will be fined \$25 the first time. Anyone breaking this rule a second time will be fined \$50, and if you're caught a third time, it will cost you \$100.

"Are there any questions?" she concluded.

At this point, Mabel, one of the older residents, stood up and asked, "How much is it for a season ticket?"

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MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY

I recently retired from my engineering job, which means two things happened overnight – I suddenly had free time, and I suddenly became an expert on everything happening in the house.

One morning, I'm sitting at the kitchen table with my coffee, quietly observing my wife make breakfast. And by "observing," I mean I'm running a full mental efficiency audit.

She grabs the eggs, walks back. Grabs the pan, walks back. Realizes she forgot the spatula, walks back. Goes for the bread, then the butter, then the plate. At this point, she's logging more steps than my fitness tracker did when I was still working.

So, I clear my throat and slip right back into my old professional tone – the one that used to make meeting rooms go silent.

I say, very calmly, "Hey sweetheart, you know, if you applied the load maximization principle, you could consolidate all required items into a single trip. That would significantly reduce total distance traveled and improve overall efficiency."

She stops. She looks at me. And to my absolute shock... she smiles.

She says, "Wow. That's actually a great idea!"

I felt ten feet tall. Retired, but still sharp. Still contributing. Still solving problems.

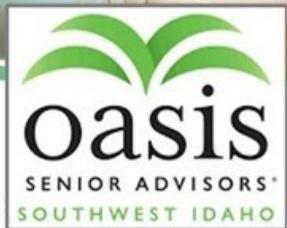
It used to take her 11 minutes to make my breakfast... now I do it in 5.



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(Her Favorite Childhood Book—Continued from page 1)

Charles took the book from her hands, still doubtful. He flipped through the pages, scanning for this Dorothy story his wife claimed to remember. And there it was. Exactly as Anne described.

He shook his head, impressed despite himself. "Alright, you've convinced me. You did read this as a child."

But as he turned back toward the front of the book, something caught his eye. On the flyleaf—the blank page inside the front cover—there was handwriting. Childish, careful script. He stared at it for a long moment. Then he looked up at Anne, his face suddenly serious.

"Anne," he said quietly. "Look at this." He turned the book around and pointed.

Anne looked down at the page. And her breath caught. Written in a child's careful hand were her own name and her childhood address.

Not just a name. Not some other Anne Parrish. Her name. Her address. Her handwriting from when she was a little girl.

This wasn't a copy of Jack Frost and Other Stories. This was her copy. The actual book she'd owned as a child, growing up in Colorado Springs.

The book she'd held in her small hands. The book she'd read by lamplight. The book that had traveled with her through her childhood before somehow, inexplicably, leaving her life entirely.

And now, decades later, thousands of miles from where she'd written her name on that page, here it was. In Paris. In a random bookstall. Among hundreds of thousands of used books lining the Seine.

Waiting for her. Think about the odds.

Anne Parrish was born in 1888 in Colorado Springs, Colorado. At some point during her childhood, this book left her possession. Maybe it was sold. Maybe donated. Maybe thrown out during a move.

From Colorado, it somehow made its way—through how many hands?—across the Atlantic Ocean to France. To Paris. To one specific bookstall among the 900 that line the Seine.

And it sat there, waiting, until June 1929, when Anne Parrish happened to be in Paris, happened to walk along that particular stretch of the Seine, happened to stop at that particular stall, and happened to spot that particular book.

The book she'd loved as a child. The book with her name inside. What are the chances?

Standing there on the banks of the Seine, holding a book you owned as a child—a book that crossed an ocean, passed through unknowable hands, survived decades, and somehow found its way back to you—doesn't feel like just a statistic of chance.

It feels like magic.



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My four-year-old son just told me he loves the new toy trucks at daycare.

They are his trucks. We donated them because he refused to play with them.





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One of your siblings will see all the funerals.

One will see none.

And one won't have any of you at theirs.

Because that's how life works.

Someone goes first.

Someone goes last.

And someone leaves before anyone is ready.



It's a strange thing to think about until you realize how real it is.

Within every family, there's a sibling who will have to bury the others...

a sibling who will never have to feel that pain...

and a sibling who won't have their brother or sister standing at their funeral because they passed too soon.

It puts life into perspective, doesn't it?

We grow up thinking we have forever.

But forever turns into years...

and years turn into moments we can't get back.

Hold your people close.

Because one day, one of you will be the last one standing, and you won't realize how much that mattered until it's too late.



Momming On Empty

Crash Landing

During recent media coverage of a major flood, a television director instructed a "go-getter" cameraman to quickly get dramatic shots of the disaster unfolding. He was driven to the airport, out onto the runway and dropped next to an aircraft that was all ready for take off with its engine running.

He instructed the pilot to get him into the air as quickly as possible and off they went.

The cameraman told the pilot to "go in low hoping to get close-ups of the stranded people beneath him, then he said "Get up below the clouds," so he could get a wide-angle perspective shot.

Then he noticed that the pilot was sweating profusely and shaking quite a bit, so the cameraman asked him what was wrong?



The man at the controls responded, "I thought you were my instructor! When do we start practicing landings?"



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I started "cross-fit."
I cross my fingers and
hope that my clothes still fit!

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THINGS WE SAY TODAY, WHICH WE OWE TO SHAKESPEARE:

"KNOCK, KNOCK! WHO'S THERE?"
"IN A PICKLE" "SET YOUR TEETH ON EDGE" "HEART OF GOLD"
"FAINT HEARTED" "SO-SO" "GOOD RIDDANCE"
"LIE LOW" "FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE" "BAITED BREATH" "SEND HIM PACKING"
"WHAT'S DONE IS DONE" "TRUTH" "COME WHAT MAY"
"WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE"
"NOT SLEPT ONE WINK" "FULL CIRCLE" "OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH"
"HEART OF HEARTS" "VANISH INTO THIN AIR" "WILD CHASE"
"SEEN BETTER DAYS" "MAKES YOUR HAIR STAND ON END"
"DEAD AS A DOORNAIL" "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE" "LOVE IS BLIND"
"GREEN EYED MONSTER" "PLAY / PLAY" "OFF WITH HIS HEAD"
"THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER" "BE ALL / END ALL" "A SORRY SIGHT"

You only hear "ulterior" when it comes to motives.

If you read "10" you're probably about to "behold" something.

"Echelon" seems to only be at one level: the upper one.

If you're confronted by "asunder," odds are it's been "torn."

Not to pile on, but every "c" in Pacific Ocean is pronounced differently.

It's incredibly rare to find a "cranny" without a "nook" before it.

If you "hunker" you're probably going down. Same with "batten" but add some "hatches."

You rarely see "scantly" without "clad."

It's a little cruel that there is an "s" in "lisp."



I wasn't raised with tons of options.
I ate what was put on my plate.
I wore what my parents could afford.
I did whatever chores I was told to do.
That's how I learned to be grateful

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Milestones



Betty Miser
Jan 10, 1927—99 years
Caldwell Spring Fields



Neita Dudman
Jan 29, 1927—99 years
Caldwell Spring Fields



Dorothy Tucker
Dec 27, 1929—96 years
Caldwell Spring Fields



Gary & Loretta Peck
Feb 5, 1966—60 years
Melba Valley Senior Center



Steve & Rosie Barfuss
Feb 21, 1976—50 years
Nampa Senior Center



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Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74

Replies

-  **Kirk Johnson**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Gianfranco Bañaga**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Jordan Spooner**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Collin Van Dun**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Iman Ramdhani**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Pawl Von Ham Walker**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74
2h Like Reply
-  **Ryan Yan**
Larry Tesler, inventor of the cut, copy, and paste commands, dies at 74

Detained with Cause

A small-town cop pulled over a guy speeding down Main Street.

“Sir, I can expla-”

“Save it!” barked the officer. “You’re going to jail. You can explain it to the chief when he gets back!”

“But really, I just want to say som-”

“I said ZIP it! You can cool off in a cell until then.”

Hours pass. The cop swings by the holding cell and smirks, “You’re lucky the chief’s at his daughter’s wedding. He’ll be in a great mood when he gets back.”

The fellow grimaces, “Uh, don’t count on it. I’m the groom!”



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A Squirrely Situation

In a small American town, a band of squirrels had become quite a problem. The Presbyterian church called a meeting to decide what to do about their squirrel infestation. After much prayer and consideration, they concluded that the squirrels were predestined to be there, and they shouldn't interfere.

At the Baptist church the squirrels had taken an interest in the baptistery. The deacons met and decided to put a water



slide to the baptistery and let the squirrels drown themselves. The squirrels liked the slide and unfortunately, knew instinctively how to swim, so twice as many squirrels showed up the following week.

The Lutheran church decided that they were not in a position to harm any of God's creatures. So, they humanely trapped their squirrels and set them free near the Baptist church.

Two weeks later the squirrels were back when the Baptists took down the water slide.

But the Catholic church came up with a more very creative strategy! They baptized all the squirrels and made them members of the church. Now they only see them at Christmas and Easter.

Not much was heard from the Jewish synagogue. They took the first squirrel and circumcised him. They haven't seen a squirrel since.



I remember living in a house with one bathroom for the whole family, a phone with a cord on the wall, a black and white TV with an antenna on top and just 3 channels. Made great memories in that house!

Did You Know?



- ◆ A day isn't exactly 24 hours - Earth rotates in 23h 56m 4s
- ◆ Sunlight takes 8 minutes to reach Earth
- ◆ You're taller in the morning as your spine decompresses overnight
- ◆ Your ears and nose never stop growing
- ◆ You don't feel your clothes until you think about them
- ◆ Your body contains more bacterial cells than human cells
- ◆ The largest organ in your body is your skin
- ◆ Your heart beats about 10,000 times a day



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The Retiree's Anthem

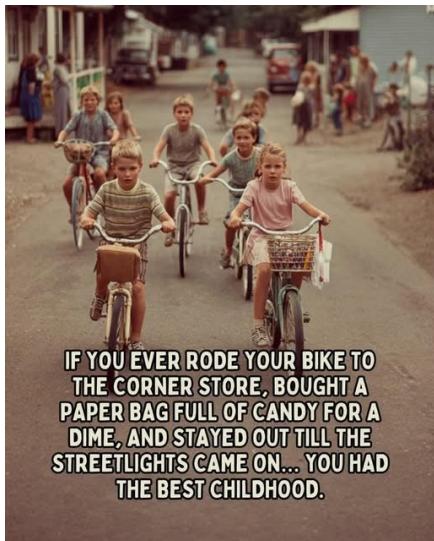


**If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed.**

**If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed.**

**If you're happy and you know it,
getting up will surely blow it,**

**If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed.**

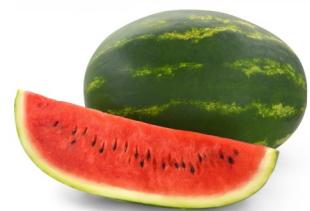


**"Go hang a salami,
I'm a lasagna hog"
is a palindrome
reading the same
way backwards**

Punography

- ◆ I tried to catch some fog. I mist.
- ◆ When chemists die, do they barium?
- ◆ Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.
- ◆ A soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
- ◆ I stayed up all night to see where the sun rose. Then it dawned on me.
- ◆ I girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I never met herbivore.
- ◆ I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I can't put it down.
- ◆ I went to a theatrical performance based on puns. It was a play on words.
- ◆ My donor card said I have Type A blood, but it's a Type O.
- ◆ I didn't like my beard at first, but then it grew on me.
- ◆ A cross-eyed teacher lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils.
- ◆ I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
- ◆ The toilets in the police station were all stolen. The cops say they have nothing to go on.
- ◆ I took a job at the bakery because I really kneaded dough.
- ◆ I wasn't good at my job as a banker—I kept losing interest.
- ◆ In other news, a cartoonist was found dead in his home. Details are sketchy.

**I love watermelons.
You that read wrong.
You read that wrong, too.
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He Bearly Survived

Two men went bear hunting. One of them twisted his ankle, so the second day he stayed in the cabin while the other man went out looking for a bear.

He soon found a huge bear, shot at it but only wounded it. The enraged bear charged toward him, so he dropped his rifle and started running for the cabin as fast as he could.



He ran pretty fast but the bear was just a little faster and gained on him with every step. Just as he reached the open cabin door, he tripped and fell flat.

Too close behind to stop, the bear tripped over him and went rolling into the cabin.

The man jumped up, closed the cabin door and yelled to his friend inside, "You skin this one while I go and get another one!"

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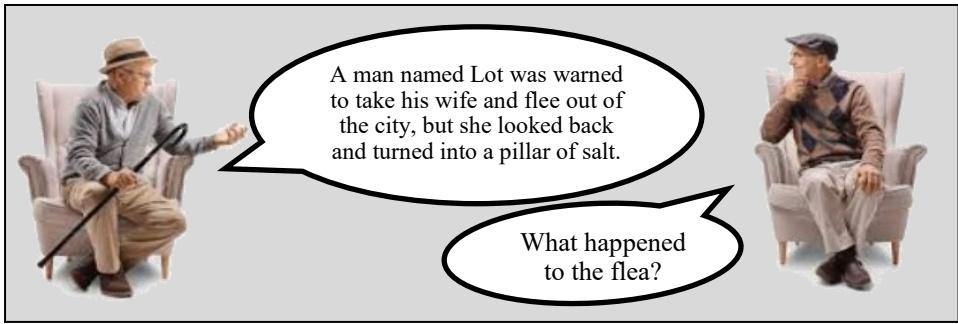
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Phone _____

St. Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Can Feb 2026



Milestones



Nancy Dyer
Feb 11, 1934—92 years
Nampa Senior Center



Gert Domber
Jan 3, 1935—91 years
Nampa Senior Center

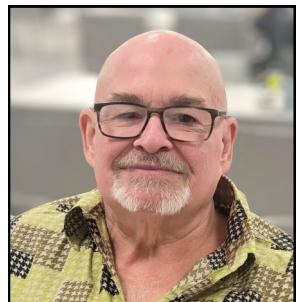


Patty Koyama
Feb 2, 1951—75 years
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Mark Finn
Feb 1, 1956—70 years
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