

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.

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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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Parent Tip: When your kid begs for toys at the store, take a picture and say you're sending it to Santa. They'll happily pose—and you'll avoid the meltdown.

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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I'm going to take up
coin collecting.
The change will do me good.



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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."



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



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.

**Every "C" in "Pacific Ocean"
is pronounced differently.**

What happens when a microscope crashes into a telescope?

They kaleidoscope!

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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!

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!)*

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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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.

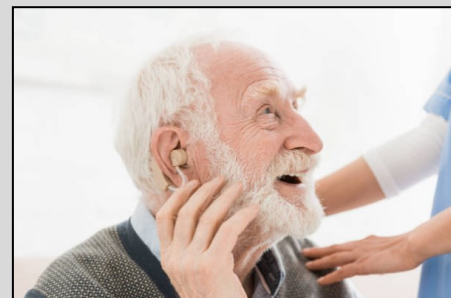


I Hear It's a Good Deal!

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?"

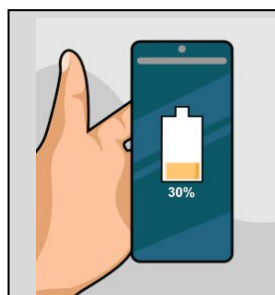
"That depends on the model," she replied. "They can start from just \$50 and go right up to \$2,500."

"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."



After 50, you're like an old phone battery. Even when you charge yourself overnight for 10 hours, by 11 a.m. you're at 30%.



Today I'm wearing pink to raise awareness for people like me who forget to separate their red laundry from their whites.

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



**Not all construction work
is equally enjoyable.
For example, drilling a hole is boring,
while fastening sheets of metal
together is riveting.**



A truck loaded with thousands of
copies of Roget's Thesaurus crashed
yesterday losing its entire load.
Witnesses were stunned, startled,
aghast, taken aback, stupefied,
confused, shocked, rattled,
paralyzed, dazed, bewildered,
mixed up, surprised, awed,
dumbfounded, nonplussed,
flabbergasted, and astounded.

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Ralph Truax
May 25, 1935—80 years
Weiser



Roger Williamson
April 27, 1950—75 years
Weiser

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Loretta Standley
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when the farmer talks to them.
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in one ear and out the udder.**



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