

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Crisis at the Airport

Something extraordinary happened at LAX today.

I was at the gate, waiting to get on my plane to Portland. Flights to two different cities were boarding on either side of the Portland flight.

A toddler who looked to be a year and a half was having a total meltdown, running between the seats, kicking and screaming, then lying on the ground, refusing to board the plane (which was not going to Portland).

His young mom, who was clearly pregnant and traveling alone with her son, became completely overwhelmed. She couldn't pick him up because he was so upset, he kept running away from her, then lying down on the ground, kicking and screaming again.

The mother finally sat down on the floor and put her head in her hands - with her kid next to her still having a meltdown - and started crying.

Then, this gorgeous thing happened (I'm crying just writing this now on the plane) - the women in the terminal, there must have been six or seven of us, not women who knew each other, approached and surrounded her and the little boy and we knelt down and formed a circle around them.

I sang "The Itsy Bitsy Spider" to the little boy. One woman had an orange that she peeled, one woman had a little toy in her bag that she let the toddler play with, another woman gave the mom a bottle of water. Someone else helped the mom get the kid's sippy cup out of her bag and give it to him.

It was so gorgeous, there was no discussion and no one knew anyone else, but we were able to calm them both down, and she got her child on the plane.

Only women approached. After they went through the door we all went back to our separate seats and didn't talk about it. We were strangers, gathering to solve something. It occurred to me that a circle of women, with a mission, can save the world. I will never forget that moment.

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Just Like Home

A business traveler in a posh hotel restaurant called over the head waiter one morning and said with a wonderful and cheerful smile:

"Good morning, sir. What a wonderful morning! I'd like two



boiled eggs, one of them so under cooked it's runny, and the other so over cooked it's tough and hard to eat.

Also, fried bacon that has been left out so it gets a bit on the cold side; burnt toast that crumbles away as soon as you touch it with a knife; butter straight from the deep freeze so that it's impossible to spread; and a pot of very weak coffee, lukewarm."

"That's a complicated order sir," said the bewildered waiter. "It might be quite difficult."

The guest replied, "Well, do your best. I've been traveling for over a month and getting a bit homesick. This would really help me feel like I'm back home with my wife!"



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*Yea, though I walk through the Valley of Death,
 I will fear no evil."*

Bad News

A man hadn't been feeling well, so he went to his doctor for a complete checkup.

Afterward, the doctor comes out with the results. "I'm afraid I have some very bad news," the doctor says. "You're dying, and you don't have much time left."



"Oh, that's terrible!" says the man. "Give it to me straight, Doc. How long have I got?"

"Ten," the doctor says sadly.

"Ten?" the man asks. "Ten what? Months? Weeks? What?!"

"Nine, eight, seven, six..."

In other news, scientists have successfully created human vocal cords from tongue cells in a lab.

The results speak for themselves.

Crisis at the Airport—2

Wandering around the Albuquerque Airport Terminal, after learning my flight had been delayed four hours, I heard an announcement: "If anyone in the vicinity of Gate A-4 understands any Arabic, please come to the gate immediately." Gate A-4 was my own gate. I went there.

An older woman in full traditional Palestinian embroidered dress, just like my grandma wore, was crumpled to the floor, wailing.

"Help," said the flight agent. "Talk to her. What is her problem? We told her the flight was going to be late and she did this."

I stooped to put my arm around the woman and spoke haltingly. "Shu-dow-a, Shu-bid-uck Habibti? Stani schway, Min fadlick, Shu-bit-se-wee?"

The minute she heard any words she knew, however poorly used, she stopped crying. She thought the flight had been cancelled entirely. She needed to be in El Paso for major medical treatment the next day.

I said, "No, we're fine, you'll get there, just later, who is picking you up? Let's call him."

We called her son, I spoke with him in English. I told him I would stay with his mother until we got on the plane and ride next to her. She talked to him. Then we called her other sons just for the fun of it. Then we called my dad and he and she spoke for a while in Arabic.

She was laughing a lot by then. Telling of her life, patting my knee, answering questions. She had pulled a sack of homemade mamool cookies — little powdered sugar crumbly mounds stuffed with dates and nuts — from her bag, and was offering them to all the women at the gate. To my amazement, not a single woman declined one. Soon we were all covered with the same powdered sugar. And smiling.

And then the airline broke out free apple juice from huge coolers and two little girls from our flight ran around serving it and they were covered with powdered sugar, too.

And I looked around that gate of late and weary ones and I thought, "This is the world I want to live in. The shared world. Not a single person in that gate — once the crying of stopped — seemed apprehensive about any other person. They took the cookies. I wanted to hug them all."

This can still happen anywhere. Not everything is lost.

~ Naomi Shihab Nye



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That's Why He's the Boss

Bubba and Jethro were in a ditch digging and Mick was standing above them supervising.

Bubba said to Jethro, "How come we're down here doing all the work and Mick is just watching us and getting paid more than we are?"

Jethro says, "I don't know, why don't you ask him?"

Bubba says, "That's just what I'm going to do!"

He got out of the ditch and said to Mick, "How come me and Jethro are down there in the ditch doing all the work and you're up here just watching and you're getting paid more than we are?"

"Well, it's because I'm smart and you're not so smart," he said.

Bubba said angrily, "What do you mean?"

Mick said, "I'll show you." Then Mick put his hand against a metal pole and said, "Hit my hand as hard as you can."

Bubba said, "You know I'm a strong guy and I could break your hand."

Mick said, "Go ahead, hit my hand."

Bubba took a swing and Mick moved his hand at the last second so Bubba hit just the pole.

"Ow, ow, ow," Bubba cried.

Mick said, "See? Smart!" pointing to himself, "and not so smart," pointing to Bubba.

Bubba nodded his head in agreement and jumped back down into the ditch.

"What did he say?" asked Jethro.

"He said he's smart and we're not so smart. Well, it's kind of hard to explain," he said, "but I can show you."

Bubba looked around the ditch for a pole and seeing none he held his hand in front of his face and said, "Here, hit my hand as hard as you can."



An elderly couple from California was headed north on Highway 95 in North Idaho when they saw a sign that said "Coeur d'Alene - 20 Miles."



The wife said, "Should we stop in 'Cooer Dallene' and get some lunch?"

The old man replied, "I think they pronounce that 'Cower Dee Alleen.'"

They argued all the way to the town, exited the highway and pulled into a fast-food burger restaurant. After making their way to the counter and placing their order, the old man asked the young blonde behind the counter, "Could you help us settle an argument? Can you, very slowly, pronounce the name of this place for us?"

The girl looks him dead in the eye and says, "Buuurr-Geeerr Kiiiiing."



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One of my students tried to explain today how "blink" is the plural of "wink" and I can't stop thinking about it.



Husband: "Scientists say men speak about 10,000 words a day, while women say around 20,000..."
Wife (from the kitchen): "That's because we have to repeat everything."
Husband: "What?"

Creation Challenge

One day, the scientists on Earth became so advanced—at least in their own minds—that they decided to meet with God and inform Him that he was no longer necessary.



God agreed to meet with them, but asked them what makes them so sure they no longer need Him.

They confidently declare that they now can create life! And since they have achieved this feat, His presence is no longer needed. Now He can retire in peace and leave the scientists to take care of the universe.

Intrigued, God asks for a demonstration. Excited to finally prove how advanced they are, the head scientist—following the recipe God prescribed in the Scripture—enthusiastically knelt down and scoops up a handful of dirt.

"Wait a minute," God said. "Get your own dirt!"

KIDS IN CHURCH

3-year-old, Reese: "Our Father, Who does art in heaven, Harold is His name. Amen."

A little boy was overheard praying: "Lord, if you can't make me a better boy, don't worry about it. I'm having a real good time like I am."

A Sunday school class was studying the Ten Commandments. They were ready to discuss the last one. The teacher asked if anyone could tell her what it was. Susie raised her hand, stood tall, and quoted, "Thou shall not take the covers off the neighbor's wife."

After the christening of his baby brother in church, Jason sobbed all the way home in the back seat of the car. His father asked him three times what was wrong. Finally, the boy replied, "That preacher said he wanted us brought up in a Christian home, and I wanted to stay with you guys."

I had been teaching my three-year old daughter, Caitlin, the Lord's Prayer for several evenings at bedtime, she would repeat after me the lines from the prayer. Finally, she decided to go solo. I listened with pride as she carefully enunciated each word right up to the end of the prayer: "Lead us not into temptation," she prayed, "but deliver us some E-mail."

One particular four-year-old prayed, "And forgive us our trash baskets as we forgive those who put trash in our baskets."

A Sunday school teacher asked her children, as they were on the way to church service, "And why is it necessary to be quiet in church?" One bright little girl replied, "Because people are sleeping."

FACEBOOK POST:

"I just love these warm summer nights on the patio"

**326 mosquitos liked your post*

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Now close your eyes.
It's dark, isn't it?



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TEXAS CHILI COOKOFF

(Judge #3, Frank was a novice chili taster. Here's how he rated the chili:)

CHILI #1 - MIKE'S MANIAC MONSTER CHILI

Judge #1: A bit heavy on the tomato. Amusing kick.

Judge #2: Smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.

Judge #3 (Frank): Oh, my, what is this stuff? Took me two glasses of milk to cool the flames. I hope that's the worst. These Texans are crazy.



CHILI #2 - AUSTIN'S AFTERBURNER CHILI

Judge #1: Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight jalapeno tang.

Judge #2: Exciting BBQ flavor, needs more peppers.

Judge #3: Keep this away from children. I had to wave off two people offering the Heimlich maneuver!

CHILI #3 - FRED'S FAMOUS BURN DOWN THE BARN CHILI

Judge #1: Excellent firehouse chili. Great kick.

Judge #2: A bit salty, good pepper use.

Judge #3: Call the EPA. I think I found a uranium spill. My nose feels like Drano.

CHILI #4 - BUBBA'S BLACK MAGIC

Judge #1: Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing.

Judge #2: Hint of lime in beans. Good with mild foods.

Judge #3: Something scraped my tongue, but I couldn't taste it. Is it possible to burn out taste buds?

CHILI #5 - LISA'S LEGAL LIP REMOVER

Judge #1: Meaty, strong chili. Impressive cayenne kick.

Judge #2: Shredded beef, strong cayenne flavor.

Judge #3: My ears are ringing, sweat pouring, and I think I need a paramedic. I might be burning my lips off.

CHILI #6 - VERA'S VERY VEGETARIAN VARIETY

Judge #1: Thin yet bold. Good spice balance.

Judge #2: Best yet. Superb use of spices.

Judge #3: My guts feel like gaseous flames. Can't feel my lips. Feels like I need to sit on a snow cone.

CHILI #7 - SUSAN'S SCREAMING SENSATION CHILI

Judge #1: Mediocre with too many canned peppers.

Judge #2: Tastes like canned peppers thrown in last minute. Concerned about Judge #3.

Judge #3: I've lost sight in one eye. My shirt is covered in chili. I've decided to stop breathing; it's too painful.

CHILI #8 - BIG TOM'S TOENAIL CURLING CHILI

Judge #1: Perfect ending. Nice blend.

Judge #2: Good, balanced chili. Sorry most of it was lost when Judge #3 passed out and knocked over the pot.

Judge #3: No report.

Jumping to Conclusions

A Texas farmer went on vacation to Australia. He met up with an Australian farmer who proudly showed off his wheat field.

"That's nothing" said the Texan. "Back home, we have wheat fields that are twice as large as this."

Next the Australian pointed out his cattle.

"They're nothing," said the Texan. "Back home, we have longhorns that are twice as big as your cows."

Just then, half a dozen kangaroos bounded across the road.



"What are those?" asked the Texan.

The Australian replied, "Don't you have grasshoppers in Texas?"

If you set your password to
244466666888888
it's easy to remember
(1 two, 3 fours, 5 sixes,
and 7 eights!)

POLICE OFFICER:
"Can you step out of the vehicle?"

LADY JUST LEAVNG
BEAUTY PARLOR:
"Officer, it's 101° out here.
I just had my hair done, How about
you get in here where it's cool and
tell me what I did wrong?"



*"Yea, though I walk through
the Valley of Death,
I will fear no evil."*

"Are you familiar with
Murphy's Law?"

"Yes, anything that can
go wrong, will go wrong."

"How about Cole's Law?"

"Never heard of it?"

"It's a side
dish
made from
cabbage and
mayonnaise."



Milestones



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