

## Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

### A Christmas Coat for Bobby



I remember my first Christmas adventure with Grandma. I was just a kid. I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit her on the day my big sister dropped the bomb: "There is no Santa Claus," she jeered. "Even dummies know that!"

My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me.

Grandma was home, and she gave me one of her famous cinnamon rolls still warm from the oven. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me.

"No Santa Claus?" She exclaimed... "Well, I guess it's time you learned!! Now, put on your coat, and let's go."

"Go? Go where, Grandma?" I asked. I hadn't even finished my second world-famous cinnamon roll.

"Where" turned out to be Kerby's General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me five dollars. That was a bundle in those days.

"Take this money," she said, "and buy something for someone who needs it. I'll wait for you in the car." Then she turned and walked out of Kerby's.

I was only eight years old. I'd often gone shopping with my mother, but I had never shopped for anything all by myself.

The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. For a few moments I just stood there, confused, clutching that five-dollar bill, wondering what to buy, and who on earth to buy it for. I thought of everybody I knew: my family, my friends, my neighbors, the kids at school, and the people who went to my church.

I was just about thought out, when I suddenly thought of Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad breath and messy hair, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock's fourth-grade class.

*(Continued on page 2)*

### The Little Christmas Carollers



We are a band of carollers,  
We march through frost  
and snow,  
But care not for the weather  
As on our way we go.

At every hall or cottage  
That stands upon our way,  
We stop to give the people  
Best wishes for the day.

We pray a merry Christmas,  
Made bright by  
Christmas cheer,  
With peace, and hope,  
and gladness  
And all they may hold dear.

And for all those that happen  
To pass us on our way  
We have a smile,  
and wish them  
A merry Christmas day.



**BROOKDALE**  
— SENIOR LIVING SOLUTIONS —  
ALL THE PLACES LIFE CAN GO™

**ASSISTED LIVING**



(541) 709-1738  
**Darcy Sutton**  
Placement Specialist

**Brookdale Ontario — 1372 SW 8th Ave. Ontario, Oregon 97914**

**PLAZA Inn**  
Restaurant Home Made Breads, Pastries & Soups



Comfort Food in a Casual Environment

812 SW 4th, Ontario 97914

**ANCORA**  
Health Services  
HOSPICE • PALLIATIVE • HOUSECALLS

Locally Owned & Operated  
Bringing Exceptional Healthcare to You  
Wherever You Call Home!



401 N. WHITLEY DR., FRUITLAND, ID 83619 • 208-452-2672

## Free Haircut



One day a florist went to a barber for a haircut. After the haircut he went to pay his bill, but the barber replied, "I can't accept money from you, I'm doing community service this week."

The florist was pleased and left.

When the barber went to open his shop the next morning, there was a "thank you" card and a dozen roses waiting for him at his door.

Later, a policeman came in for a haircut, and when he tried to pay his bill, the barber again replied, "I can't accept money from you, I'm doing community service this week."

The cop was happy and left.

The next morning when the barber went to open up, there was a "thank you" card and a dozen donuts waiting for him at his door.

Then a Congressman came in for a haircut, and when he went to pay his bill, the barber again replied, "I can't accept money from you. I'm doing community service this week."

The Congressman was very happy and left the barber shop.

The next morning when the barber went to open up, there were a dozen Congressmen lined up waiting for a free haircut.

*(A Christmas Coat for Bobby—Continued from Page 1)*

Bobby Decker didn't have a coat. I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all we kids knew that Bobby Decker didn't have a cough; he just didn't have a good coat. I fingered the five-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat!

I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked real warm, and he would like that.

"Is this a Christmas present for someone?" the lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid my five dollars down.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied shyly. "It's for my friend Bobby."

The nice lady smiled at me, as I told her about how Bobby really needed a good winter coat. I didn't get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled again, and wished me a Merry Christmas.

That evening, as Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper, a little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible. Grandma wrote, "To Bobby, From Santa Claus" on a tag and taped it to the package. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker's house, explaining as we went that I was about to see "Santa" in action.

Grandma parked down the street from Bobby's house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk.

Then Grandma gave me a nudge. "All right, Santa Claus," she whispered, "get going."

"Santa Claus? Me?" I thought.

I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his door and flew back to the safety of the bushes.

Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby. He looked around in surprise, then excitedly ran inside with the package.

That very night, Grandma helped me realize that "Santa Claus" was a symbol of the Christmas spirit – which was alive and well in the hearts all gift givers – both young and old.

Fifty years haven't dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering beside my Grandma in Bobby Decker's bushes.

I still have Grandma's Bible, with the price tag from Bobby's coat tucked inside it - \$19.95.

You come from dust  
and to dust you shall return.  
That's why I don't dust -  
It might be someone I know.

**because**  
**HOME**  
is where the best  
care happens

**SENIOR**  
**Helpers**  
Senior Helpers proudly offers  
personalized in-home care solutions  
for seniors throughout Treasure  
Valley and Snake River Valley.

Scan the code  
to learn more!



208-947-4045





# The ABCs of Christmas



**Seniors In-Home Care**  
**Helping Services for**  
**Seniors Seniors by Seniors**


Companionship & Socialization


Personal Care


Dementia, Alzheimer's & Memory Care


Running Errands


Meal Preparation


And More!

 SouthernIdahoSHS.com
 986-204-0063  
 info@southernidahoshs.com

**A is for ANGELS**  
 With robes so bright  
 Whose carols were heard  
 On that first Christmas Night.

**B is for BABY**  
 The Christ Child so dear.  
 We celebrate His birthday  
 On Christmas each year.

**C is for CANDLES**  
 That so brightly shine  
 To give a warm welcome  
 To your friends and mine.

**D is for DOORWAYS**  
 With garlands of green  
 To make Christmas merry  
 As far as they're seen.

**E is for EVERGREENS**  
 A Christmas decor  
 We see at the windows  
 And hung on the door.

**F is for FUN**  
 The whole season long,  
 From trimming the tree  
 To singing a song.

**G is for GREETINGS**  
 A merry "Hello"  
 With a heart full of love  
 For people we know.

**H is for HOLLY**  
 With berries so red  
 To make into wreaths  
 To hang overhead.

**I is for ICE**  
 On snow covered hills  
 Where sledding is fun  
 Along with the spills.

**J is for JINGLE BELLS**  
 Merrily ringing.  
 To the whole wide world  
 Joy they are bringing.

**K is for KRIS KRINGLE**  
 So happy he stands.  
 He's also called Santa  
 In some other lands.

**L is for LANTERNS.**  
 I'm sure that their light  
 Helped Mary and Joseph  
 That first Christmas night.

**M is for MARY,**  
 Her heart full of love  
 For her Son, little Jesus,  
 Who came from above.

**N is for NOEL**  
 The angels did sing  
 To herald the birth  
 Of Jesus, the King.

**O is for ORNAMENTS**  
 So shiny and bright.  
 With lights on the tree  
 They sparkle at night.

**P is for PACKAGES**  
 Presents so gay  
 All 'round the tree  
 For our Christmas day.

**Q is for QUIET**  
 Christmas Eve night  
 With snow covered hills  
 Glistening so bright.

**R is for RED**  
 A color so gay,  
 Makes things look bright  
 For that one "special" day.

**S is for SHEPHERDS**  
 Who first saw the star  
 Over Bethlehem's manger  
 And followed it far.

**T is for TREES**  
 We decorate so gay.  
 They wait for old Santa  
 To hurry their way.

**U is for UNIVERSE**  
 All countries and places  
 Where the spirit of Christmas  
 Shows on bright, happy faces.

**V is for VIXEN**  
 That lively reindeer  
 Who always helps Santa  
 Deliver the toys each year.

**W is for WISE MEN**  
 Who brought gifts so rare  
 And fell down and worshipped  
 The Christ child so fair.

**X goes with O**  
 And expresses much better  
 The kisses and hugs  
 In our Christmas letter.

**Y is for YULE LOGS**  
 Whose bright sparks fly high  
 And give a warm welcome  
 To friends passing by.

**Z is the last of the letters and yet**  
 It's they only one in the alphabet  
 That doesn't stand for something you see  
 And usually found on the Christmas tree.

But as Santa said as he  
**ZOOMED** out of sight,  
 "Merry Christmas to all  
 and to all a good night."



**Golden Years Manor**  
**ASSISTED LIVING—ONTARIO** 1310 SW 12th Ave.  
 995 N. Oregon St.  
 2110 SW 2nd Ave.  
**MEMORY CARE—PAYETTE** 861 Beverly Hills Drive

*Rooms Available / Locally Owned and Operated*  
**Call (541) 359-3750**

Committed to providing a home-like environment with a loving and caring staff

A rare photo of a remote control from the 1950s

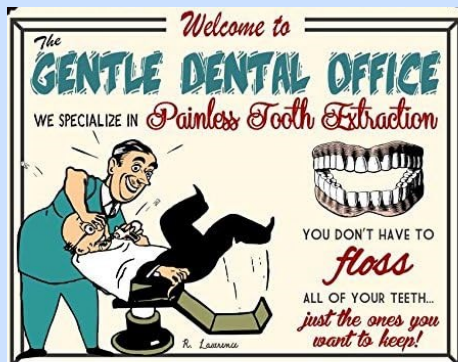


**BIGINSURANCE.COM**

We make **Medicare** FUN! Call us Today!

Medicare Supplement - Medicare Advantage - Prescription Drug - Dental - Vision

**EMMETT: 208-365-2160 • FRUITLAND: 208-452.2160**



An old farmer asked the dentist the cost for a tooth extraction.

"\$85 for an extraction, sir," the dentist replied.

"\$85?!!! Haven't ya got nothin' cheaper?" the old guy exclaimed.

"That's the normal charge," said the dentist.

"What about if ya didn't use any anesthetic?"

"That's unusual, sir, but I could do it and knock off \$15."

"What about if ya used one of your dentist trainees, and no anesthetic?"

"I can't guarantee their professionalism, and it'll be painful. But the price could drop to \$40."

"How about if ya make it a trainin' session, with the other students watchin' and learnin'?"

"It'll be good for the students..." mull'd the dentist. "Tell you what. I'll charge you \$20. But it will be traumatic and painful."

"Now yer talkin'! It's a deal." said the old farmer. "Can you make an appointment for the wife next Tuesday then?"

## The New Wal-Mart Greeter

Young people forget that we old people had a career before we retired.....

Frank, a new retiree-greeter at Wal-Mart, just couldn't seem to get to work on time. Every day he was 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker, really tidy, clean-shaven, sharp-minded and a real credit to the company and



obviously demonstrating their "Older Person Friendly" policies.

One day the boss called him into the office for a talk.

"Frank, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job when you finally get here; but your being late so often is quite bothersome."

"Yes, I know boss and I am sorry and am working on it."

"Well good, you are a team player. That's what I like to hear."

"Yes sir, I understand your concern and I will try harder."

Seeming puzzled, the manager went on to comment, "I know you're retired from the Armed Forces. What did they say to you there if you showed up in the morning late so often?"

The old man looked down at the floor, then smiled. He chuckled quietly, then said with a grin, "They usually saluted and said, 'Good morning, Admiral, can I get your coffee, sir?'"



A CULTURE OF CARING

**Wellsprings**  
ASSISTED LIVING

2104 W. Idaho Avenue  
Ontario, OR. 97914

WHERE YOU FEEL LIKE FAMILY

**Dorian Place**  
ASSISTED LIVING

375 N Dorian Drive  
Ontario, OR. 97914





**SUNSET ESTATES**  
COMPASSIONATE RESIDENTIAL CARE

**EXCEPTIONAL MEMORY CARE**  
 281 SUNSET DRIVE • ONTARIO, OR 97914  
**(541) 889-1115**

 **Heart 'n Home**  
 — HOSPICE —

**Your Hometown Hospice**

1104 N Vermont Ave., Fruitland, ID 83619  
**(208) 452-2663**

 **Trademark**  
 Dental

**Creating Healthy and Beautiful Smiles**

217 N. Plymouth Ave., New Plymouth ID 83655  
**trademarkdental.com ♦ (208) 278-9900**

## Passing the Test

Howard Billings had been out of work for a while when he spotted a job ad in the local paper: “Electrical Engineer Needed.” Though he didn’t have a formal education, he figured, “Why not give it a shot?” So, with his best shirt on and a résumé that boasted nothing but sheer determination, he marched over to the power company and hand-delivered his application.

Mr. Davis, the boss, looked over Billings’s résumé and raised an eyebrow. “You’re brave for applying,” he said, suppressing a smirk. “But here’s the deal—we’ve got a policy. You’ve gotta pass a 10-question test to be considered.”

“Fine by me,” Billings said confidently, even though his palms were sweating like a cold can of Coke in July.

That morning, there were two candidates: Fred, a certified electrical engineer with degrees, certificates, and enough credentials to wallpaper a room; and, of course, Billings, armed with grit and a pencil.

Both men sat down in a quiet room to take the test, the tension so thick you could cut it with a knife.

After finishing, they handed their papers to Mr. Davis and waited outside while he reviewed them.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Davis called them back into his office. “Gentlemen,” he began, clasping his hands together, “thank you both for taking the test. But we’ve made our decision, and the position will go to Fred.”

Billings frowned, scratching his head under his worn-out Saints cap. “Hold on, Mr. Davis. Can I ask somethin’? What did Fred score on that test?”

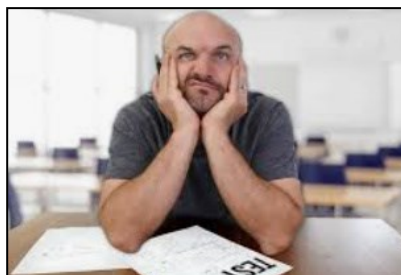
“You both scored 9 out of 10,” Davis replied, clearly trying to maintain his professional demeanor.

Billings’ frown deepened. “Well, if we both missed just one question, why you gonna hire him and not me?”

Mr. Davis leaned back in his chair, folding his arms. “It’s not just about the score, Billings. It’s about how you answered. On question #7, Fred wrote, ‘I don’t know.’”

“And me?” Billings asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Davis chuckled, shaking his head. “You wrote, ‘Me neither.’”



*I’m pretty sure I was the “total package” at some point, but clearly I was damaged during the shipping and handling process. At this point, I’m a scratch and dent special, sold “as-is!”*

## Clear Reflection

John and his ole lady lived deep in the hills and seldom saw many people, never went to town.

One day a peddler came by to sell his goods and asked John if he or his ole lady wanted to buy something.

“Well, she ain’t home, she’s gone down to the creek to wash clothes, but lemme see what you got,” said John.

The peddler showed him pots and pans, tools and gadgets, but John wasn’t interested.

Then He spotted a mirror and said, “What’s that?”

Before the peddler could tell him it was a mirror, John picked it up and said, “My goodness, how’d you get a picture of my pappy?”



John was so happy, he traded his wife’s best pitcher for it. The peddler left before she came back.

John was worried that she would be mad at him for trading her best pitcher, so he hid it in the shop behind some boxes of junk.

He would go out to the barn two or three times a day to look at the “picture” and eventually she got suspicious.

One day she got fed up and after he retired for the night, she went out to the barn. When she found the mirror behind the boxes, she picked it up and said, “So this is the old hag he’s been foolin’ around with!”

We weren’t raised with tons of options. We ate what was put on our plate.

We wore what our parents could afford. We did whatever chores we were told to do. That’s how we learned to be grateful.

## MedicareWithNick.com

Helping individuals find the best option to  
fit their needs and budget since 2008

LICENSED IN IDAHO & OREGON  
SERVING THE GREATER TREASURE VALLEY

NickDiafos@healthmarkets.com  
PHONE OR TEXT (425) 749-0238

### Want to Go To Heaven?

The Sunday school teacher had his class all stand.

"Do you want to go to heaven?" he asked little Billy.

"Yes, I do," Billy replied.

"Then go stand by that wall."

Then he asked Katy, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"Then go stand by that wall."



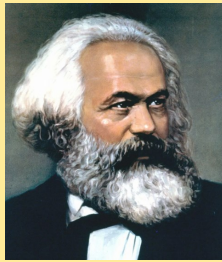
After asking several more kids, who now stood by the wall, the teacher got to little Sammy.

"Sammy, do you want to go to heaven?"

"No, I sure don't!" he exclaimed.

The teacher was shocked and said, "You mean to tell me you don't want to go to heaven when you die?"

"Oh, when I die, sure," replied Sammy. "I thought you meant right now!"



Most people have heard of Karl Marx, but few know of his sister, Onya, a former Olympic runner. Her name is still mentioned at the start of each race.

## Milestones



**Phyllis Voight**

Dec 21, 1929—96 years  
Fruitland



**Larry Plummer**

Dec 23, 1940—85 years  
Ontario Brookdale



**Miguel Castro**

Nov 26, 1945—80 years  
Nyssa

### Senior Goldmine honors the following Milestones:

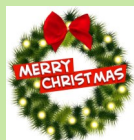
Birthdays 70, 75, 80, 85, 90 and up; and Anniversaries 50, 55, 60 and up.

To submit Milestone information, call Roxie at (208) 899-5064 or email her at [roxie@seniorgoldmine.com](mailto:roxie@seniorgoldmine.com)



**Karen Balzer**

Dec 24, 1945—80 years  
Ontario Brookdale



### Want to have Senior Goldmine mailed to your home or to a friend each month? Makes a great Christmas gift!

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 \_\_\_\_\_



We have five Santas ready to  
spread joy around the Valley.

To schedule, call Mrs. Claus

Or email

[thesantacouple@gmail.com](mailto:thesantacouple@gmail.com)

Or book online at

[IdahoSantasClearinghouse.com](http://IdahoSantasClearinghouse.com)

CALL MRS. CLAUS @ (208) 761-4237



**Edgewood**  
SPRING CREEK

- ◆ Assisted Living
- ◆ Memory Care

1255 Allen Ave. Fruitland, Idaho 83619 ◆ (208) 452-5163

For advertising info or to submit milestones, email [roxie@seniorgoldmine.com](mailto:roxie@seniorgoldmine.com) or call (208) 899-5064