

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

An 87-Year-Old College Student Named Rose

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know.



I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned round to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?"

I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze.

"Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked. She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..."

"No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age.

"I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months, we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this "time machine" as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester, we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and (Continued on page 2)



When I was a very small child, my mother used to bury coins in my sandbox, leave huge boot prints in the sand, and tell me pirates had come in the night and buried treasure.

I would be out there happily for hours with my little sieve. Meanwhile my mom got a quiet morning to herself for the price of a handful of pennies.

I was always skeptical about Santa, the Easter Bunny, and the Tooth Fairy because visiting every kid in the world did not seem realistic.

But the pirates only visited me, so they were probably real!

So that's the story of how I ended up being an archaeologist. How about you? What's your story?





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It's Witchcraft



One of my friends told me about a powerful lesson in her daughter's school class recently. They were learning about the Salem Witch Trials, and their teacher told them they were going to play a game.

"I'm going to come around and whisper to each of you whether you're a witch or a regular person. Your goal is to build the largest group possible that does NOT have a witch in it. At the end, any group found to include a witch gets a failing grade."

The teens dove into grilling each other. One fairly large group formed, but most of the students broke into small, exclusive groups, turning away anyone they thought gave off even a hint of guilt.

"Okay," the teacher said. "You've got your groups. Time to find out which ones fail. All witches, please raise your hands."

No one raised a hand.

The kids were confused and told the teacher he'd messed up the game.

"Did I? Was anyone in Salem an actual witch? Or did everyone just believe what they'd been told?"

And that is how you teach kids how easy it is to divide a community. Shunning, scapegoating and dividing destroys far more than they protect. Don't let your kids fall into that trap!



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An 87-Year-Old College Student Named Rose — Continued from Page 1

stepped up to the podium.

As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, "I'm sorry I'm so jittery. I gave up coffee for Lent and these energy drinks are killing me! I'll never get my speech back in order so l et me just tell you what I know."

As we laughed, she cleared her throat and began, "We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day. You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die.

"We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up.

"If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight.

"Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change.

"Have no regrets. The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

She concluded her speech by courageously singing "The Rose."

She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives.

At the year's end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago.

One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep. Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.





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Isn't That a Good-Looking Horse?

A rich man was trying to find his daughter a birthday gift when he saw a poor man with a beautiful white horse. He told the man that he would give him \$500 for the horse.

The poor man replied, "I don't know mister, it don't look so good," and turned away.

The rich man thought to himself, "That horse looks fine to me!"

So the next day the rich man came back and offered the poor man \$1000 for the horse.

The poor man said, "I don't know mister, it don't look so good."

The rich man shook his head in disagreement, but left disappointed.

On the third day the rich man returned and offered the poor man \$2000 for the horse, and said he wouldn't take no for an answer. The poor man agreed, and the rich man took the horse home.



The rich man's daughter loved her present. She climbed onto the horse, who took off and galloped smack into a tree.

The rich man rushed back over to the poor man's house, demanding an

explanation for the horse's blindness.

The poor man replied, "I tried to tell you...it don't look so good."



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My mother finally got the courage to bring

my father's urn

room and place it on the mantle.

into the living



It was a bittersweet moment and caught everyone a little off guard, including my Dad who was just sitting there watching Perry Mason.



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Runaway

A man scolded his son for being so unruly and the child rebelled against his father. He got some of his clothes, his teddy bear and his piggy bank and proudly announced: "I'm running away from home!"



The father calmly decided to look at the matter logically. "What if you get hungry?" he asked.

"Then I'll come home and eat," bravely declared the child.

"And what if you run out of money?" inquired the father.

"I will come home and get some," replied the child.

The man then made a final attempt: "What if your clothes get dirty?"

"Then I'll come home and let mommy wash them," was the reply.

The man shook his head and exclaimed: "This kid is not running away from home; he's just going off to college!"



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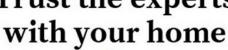


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That Same Nightmare



Ever since I was a child, I've always had a fear of someone under my bed at night. So, I went to a psychiatrist and told him: "I've got problems. Every time I go to bed I think there's somebody under it. I think I'm going crazy."

"I can help you," said the shrink. "Come talk to me three times a week for a year and we should be able to get rid of those fears."

"How much do you charge?"

"Eighty dollars per visit," he said. "I'll sleep on it," I said.

Six months later the doctor met me on the street and said, "Why didn't you come to see me about those fears you were having?"

"Well, at \$80 bucks a visit, three times a week for a year, that's \$12,480.00. My plumber cured me for \$10.00. I was so happy to have saved all that money that I went and bought me a new pickup truck."

With a bit of an attitude he said, "Is that so? And how, may I ask, did a plumber cure you?"

"He told me to cut the legs off the bed. Ain't nobody under there now."

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The Economy is So Bad...

- I received a pre-declined credit card in the mail
- Amazon laid off 25 congressmen
- Motel 6 won't leave the light on anymore
- A picture is worth only 200 words
- They renamed Wall Street it's now Wal-Mart Street
- Big business CEO's are playing miniature golf
- McDonald's is selling a "quarter-ouncer."
- Jury duty is now the highest paying job
- The NFL scrapped the coin toss in favor of rock-paper-scissors.
- There's a new book by Dr. Suess: "Green Eggs and Spam"
- A truckload of legal immigrants was caught sneaking back into Mexico
- The Girl Scouts are selling Extra Thin Mints



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Spring by Elwood "Woody" Smith—1970



A pussy willow nodded in the breeze; A crocus raised its saucy little chin; A mushroom stirred and sniffed the fragrant air; Then raised her umbrella - just in case.

The chirping chickadees had winged their way Into the lace-frail tendrils of the dawn; The gusty breezes whistled reveille And every brook and rivulet joined song.

A spider spun a goss'mer parachute; Then launched it like a master engineer From off the budding maple's launching pad - And Spring was back in business once again.



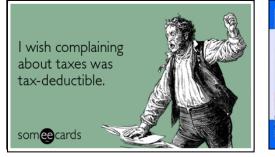


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Old West Justice



One day a cowboy rode his horse into a small town. His throat was parched, so he tied his horse up outside the saloon and went in for a drink. He came out a while later, and someone had stolen his horse.

Bystanders on the street watched curiously to see his reaction.

He looked around at everyone and said loud and clear: "I'm gonna walk back in the saloon to get myself another drink, and when I come out, if my horse isn't right back where I left it, I will have to do what I did in Texas a year ago after someone stole my horse. And trust me, I didn't like what I had to do in Texas a year ago."

After his angry speech, the man walked back into the saloon. The townsfolk looked at each other in fear. Soon the horse was back.

The cowboy finished his second drink and walked out of the saloon and hopped up on his horse.

But just before he left a man walked up to him and asked. "Hey, cowboy, we know that we got you your horse back, but do you mind telling us what you had to do a year ago in Texas?"

The cowboy looked at him with an iron gaze and responded: "I had to walk home."



Tips for Golden-Agers

- 1. 1. **Be a conversationalist.** Talk less and listen more. Some people go on and on about the past, not caring if their listeners are really interested. Listen first and answer questions, but don't go off into long stories unless asked to. Speak in courteous tones and try not to complain or criticize too much unless you really need to. Most people have a low tolerance for hearing complaints. Always find some good things to say as well.
- 2. Pain and discomfort go hand in hand with getting older. Try not to dwell on them but accept them as a part of the cycle of life we're all going through. Try to minimize them in your mind. They are not who you are, they are something that life added to you. If they become your entire focus, you lose sight of the person you used to be.
- 3. If you've been offended by someone forgive them. If you've offended someone - apologize. Don't drag around resentment with you. It only serves to make you sad and bitter. It doesn't matter who was right. Someone once said: "Holding a grudge is like taking poison and expecting the other person to die." Don't take that poison. Forgive, forget and move on with your life.
- 4. **If you have a strong belief, savor it.** But don't waste your time trying to convince others. They will make their own choices no matter what you tell them, and it will only bring you frustration. Live your faith and set an example. Live true to your beliefs and let that memory sway them.
- 5. **Laugh. Laugh A LOT.** Laugh at everything. Remember, you are one of the lucky ones. You managed to have a life, a long one. Many never get to this age, never get to experience a full life. So what's not to laugh about? Find the humor in your situation.

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Under the Stars

A father decided to take his son on a camping trip, since he was home for the summer after his first year in college.

After a long first day hike into the beautiful mountains of Idaho, they found a beautiful spot near an alpine lake to set up their camp.



They pitched their tent, built a nice campfire, and enjoyed a hearty meal cooked over the fire. Then after an amazing sunset, they headed for bed in their tent and quickly fell asleep.

Some hours later, the father nudged his son awake.

"Look up at the sky and tell me what you see, son," he asked.

"I see millions and millions of stars," replied his son.

"And what does that tell you?" the father inquired.

"Well, astronomically, it tells me there are millions of planets and galaxies light years away."

"Wrong," said the dad. "It means someone has stolen our tent!"





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Ray Bryant April 12, 1933—90 years Meridian Senior Center



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Marilyn Williams April 12, 1930 – 93 years Boise



Libby Ann Schultz April 2, 1943– 80 years Kuna Senior Center



Four older ladies were sitting on a park bench when an old man walked by.

"I bet we can tell you exactly how old you are. Just take off your hat."

The gentleman removed his hat. In unison, the ladies said, "You're 87!" "How did you know?" he asked, amazed.

"We were at your birthday party yesterday!" they laughed.



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Doctor Hooper opened a new clinic and put a sign outside: "We treat any illness for 30 dollars – If not cured you get back 150 dollars."



A crafty lawyer named Preston thought this was

a great opportunity to earn 150 dollars and went in.

"I've lost my sense of taste," he said.

"Nurse, please bring my special medicine put 2 drops in the patient's mouth," said Dr. Hooper

"Ugh! This tastes like hand sanitizer," said Preston.

"Congratulations, your sense of taste is restored. That will be 30 dollars."

The annoyed lawyer goes back after a few days to try to again.

"I've lost my memory. I can't remember anything," he said.

Dr. Hooper replied, "Nurse, please bring my special medicine and put 2 drops in patient's mouth."

Preston retorted, "That's the hand sanitizer you gave me last time!"

"You have your memory back. 30 dollars please," said Dr. Hooper.

The fuming lawyer paid him, but then came back a week later determined to get back 150 dollars.

"My eyesight has become very weak I can't see at all," said Preston.

Dr. Hooper told him, "Well, I don't have any medicine for that, so take this 150 dollars."

Preston stared at the money: "But this is 30 dollars, not 150!"

"Congratulations, your eyesight is fixed," the doctor told him. "Give me back the 30 dollars and you owe me 30 more."



Here's some good advice:



My grandmother once gave me a tip: "In difficult times, you move forward in small steps. Do what you have to do, but little by little. Don't think about the future, or what may happen tomorrow. Wash the dishes. Remove the dust. Write a letter. Make a soup. You see? You are advancing step by step. Take a step and stop. Rest a little. Praise yourself. Take another step. Then another. You won't notice, but your steps will grow more and more. And the time will come when vou can think about the future without crying."

- Elena Mikhalkova



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Snakes in a Cave



The many caves on the face of Squaw Butte, five miles north of Emmett, are infested with rattlesnakes. Many years ago, two lost hunters, overtaken by night and storm, crawled into one of the caves facing eastward and fell asleep.

In the morning they awakened to find themselves literally covered with snakes that had coiled around them to share their warmth.

They dared not move or even speak; for more than two hours three lay quietly, hardly breathing, and wondering how they could get out of there.

The sun saved them. When it rose and shone warmly into the cave, one by one the snakes crawled away.

> From "Idaho Lore," Federal Writers Project (Vardis Fisher), 1939, Caxtons



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I like to read outside to my 4th graders as much as I can.

One week during our readaloud time, there were construction workers nearby.

On their last day, the men came over and asked the name of the book we were reading. They had been listening and wanted to buy the book so they would know how it ended. - Morgan Cottle

Sometimes I like to mess with my husband and hide his stuff where he can't find it.

Like I put his shoes in the shoe rack in the closet, his jacket on the hanger, and his keys on the key hook.

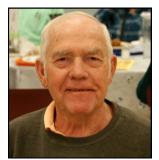
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David Gibson April 30, 1943—80 years Meridian 10 Mile Christian



Elisa Ogas March 2, 1953—70 years Meridian Senior Center



Larry & Kathy Bonham April 20, 1963—60 years Meridian 10 Mile Christian

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