

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

### Ted Williams and a '55 Dodge

*By Terry Smith, Senior Goldmine*

In the summer of 1954, my dad and mom loaded us four brothers and some old suitcases into our old Ford and headed down Highway 99 to Portland an hour away. We arrived at the Union Station train depot and boarded the eastbound Union Pacific "City of Portland." I was just five years old and excited to take my first train ride.

We rode for two days along rivers, over mountain passes, and across the flat lands of the Midwest all the way to Chicago, then Detroit.

We arrived in the big city pretty tired and haggard after that long trip. But the fun was just beginning.

After a night in a Detroit hotel, we took a taxi to the Dodge automobile factory and went on a tour. My brothers and I were wide-eyed as we followed the assembly line and watched them assemble a 1955 red and black Dodge Sierra station wagon from start to finish. Little did we know the surprise our dad had in store for us.

*(Continued on page 2)*



### Separation Anxiety - Nichole Nordeman

I was sitting in an airport restaurant listening to a young couple behind me FaceTime on their iPad with their baby and his grandparents. It was so adorable and they are obviously had serious separation anxiety on their trip.

They are cooing and gushing, exclaiming "Well, look at YOU, big boy! So big! So handsome! Are you being good for Nana?"

Then there were a million questions about how the feeding and pooping are going, and a reminder about favorite blankies and toys.

They asked to say goodbye to baby one last time, and they nearly collapse with joy when he's back on the screen.

"Mommy and Daddy love you! You are the best boy!! We are coming home soon!"

I am literally crying into my latte because it's so precious, and I turned around to try and get a sneak peek at the baby on their FaceTime video.

It's a yellow lab.

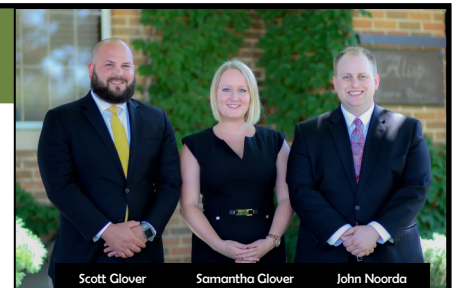
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**Tooth Donation**

Our grandson, Cayson, has such a kind, giving heart. One Sunday he lost a tooth right in the middle of the pastor's sermon.

He looked up at his mom holding the tooth with a shocked look on his face.

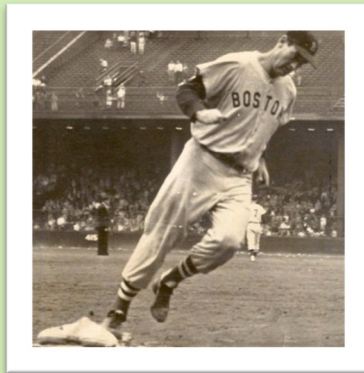


After church he asked his mom, "If I put my tooth in the offering box, will the tooth fairy give the money to the church for the new building fund?"

A guess the tooth fairy may just have to stop by the church and leave a gift in Cayson's honor!

**Ted Williams and a '55 Dodge** *(Continued from page 1)*

That evening we went to a baseball game at the old Briggs Stadium and got to watch the Detroit Tigers play the Boston Red Sox. The star for the Tigers was Al Kaline, while the Red Sox had the best hitter in the league, Ted Williams, a World War II veteran.



We were seated near the top row of the bleachers with a great view of the whole field. When Williams came to bat for the Red Sox (many consider him the best pure hitter ever), I took out my little Brownie camera and snapped a photo of him just as he hit a home run! I couldn't believe it.

Then came another big surprise. The next day we went back to the Dodge factory and picked up that beautiful brand-new '55 Dodge wagon - it was ours!

We drove it back home past the headwaters of the Mississippi River, the Black Hills, Mt. Rushmore and Yellowstone Park.

A couple weeks later I got my black and white photos back from the trip. Ted Williams was a tiny little speck in the photo, but there he was. I lost that photo somewhere along the way, but I still have the vivid memories from that summer trip 65 years ago in that brand-new Dodge wagon.



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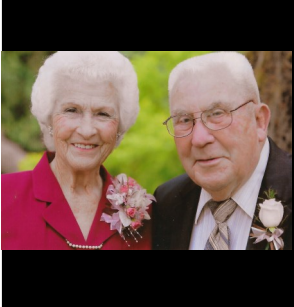


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# Milestones



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## Say, what?

- The early bird gets the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.
- I almost had a psychic girlfriend but she left me before we met.
- How do you tell when you're out of invisible ink?
- If everything is going well, you have obviously overlooked something.
- I intend to live forever...so far, so good.
- What happens if you get scared half to death twice?
- My mechanic told me, "I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder."
- If at first you don't succeed, destroy all the evidence that you tried and failed.
- Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.
- The hardness of the butter is in direct proportion to the softness of the bread.

## Two Rights Don't Make a Wrong

A college English professor was lecturing his class one day. "In English," he said, "a double negative forms a positive. However in some languages, such as Russian, a double negative remains a negative. But there isn't a single language, not one, in which a double positive can express a negative."

A voice from the back of the room piped up, "Yeah, right."



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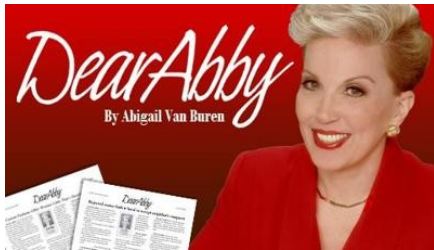
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This is a message about our senior population. Our children grow up, marry and have children.

Each grandchild is special. We love them and adore being with them.

Then the grandkids grow up and have little ones of their own. By this time we're old and sometimes need help with housework, yard work, or just would like to get out of the house to go eat or shop.

We still have feelings, and we're not dead. But while it may not be intentional, it seems there is no time for the elderly.

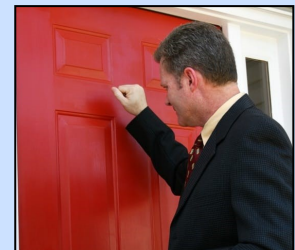
We may say we're fine and don't mind being alone, but it IS lonely at times. No one calls to say hello or ask if we need anything. How long does it take to make a call? It would be nice if each family member called once a week or came by once a month. The love we've always had for family is still there and strong.

Children and grandchildren, please think about this and remember: The most important thing you can give your elderly relatives is your TIME. Time is the most precious gift of all and it doesn't cost a thing. Someday you will be old, too!

- Wise Woman in North Carolina

### A Visit from the Pastor

A new pastor was visiting in the homes of his parishioners. At one house it seemed obvious that someone was at home, but no answer came to his repeated knocks at the door. Therefore, he took out a business card and wrote 'Revelation 3:20' - "Behold, I stand at the door and knock" on the back of it and stuck it in the door.



When the offering was processed at the next worship service, he found that his card had been returned.

Added to it was this cryptic message, 'Genesis 3:10.'

Reaching for his Bible to check out the citation, he broke up in gales of laughter. Genesis 3:10 reads, "I heard your voice in the garden and I was afraid for I was naked."

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## Abandoned in the Forest

A father took his son deep into the forest. He set him on a stump and blindfolded him. He told his son he must stay on the stump the whole night and not remove the blindfold until the rays of the morning sun shone through it.

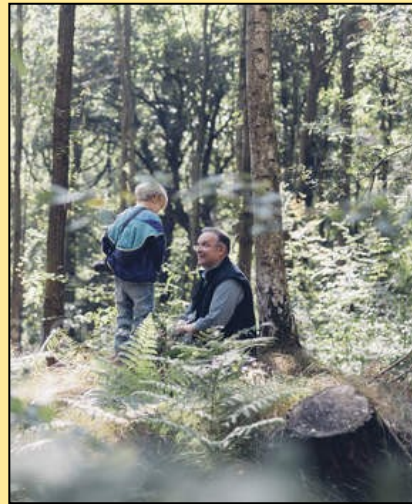
Once he survives the night, he would be a MAN. He cannot tell the other boys of this experience, because each lad must come into manhood on his own.

The boy is naturally terrified. He can hear all kinds of noises. Wild beasts must surely be all around him.

The wind blew the grass and leaves fiercely, and shook his stump, but he sat firmly, never removing his blindfold. It would be the only way he could become a man!

Finally, after a horrific night the sun appeared and the boy removed his blindfold.

It was then he discovered his father sitting on the stump next to him. He had been at watch the entire night, protecting his son from harm.



We, too, are never alone. Even when we don't know it, God is watching over us, sitting on the stump beside us. When trouble comes, all we have to do is open our eyes and reach out to Him.

Just because we can't see God, doesn't mean He isn't there. "For we walk by faith, not by sight.:"



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## The Wrong Funeral

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend — my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense, I found it hard to breathe at times.

Always supportive, Mother clapped loudest at my school plays, held a box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me at my father's death, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life.

When mother's illness was diagnosed, my sister had a new baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell on me, the 27-year-old middle child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it an honor.

"What now, Lord?" I asked sitting in church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss. My brother sat stoically with his face toward the cross while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child. All so deeply grieving, no one noticed I sat alone.

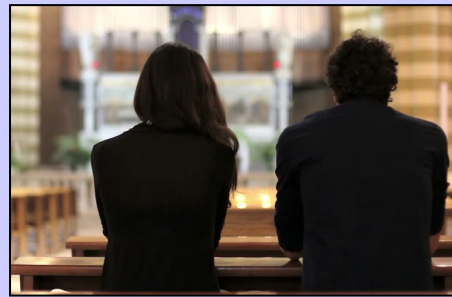
My place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was with the Lord. My work was finished, and I was alone.

I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor. An exasperated young man looked around

briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to snifle. "I'm late," he explained, though no explanation was necessary.

After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented, "Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of 'Margaret?'"

"Because that was her name, Margaret. Never Mary. No one called her 'Mary,'" I whispered. I wondered why this person couldn't have sat on the other side of the church.



He interrupted my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. Who was this stranger anyway?

"No, that isn't correct," he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering, "Her name is Mary, Mary Peters."

"That isn't who this is."

"Isn't this the Lutheran church?"

"No, the Lutheran church is across the street.. I believe you're at the wrong funeral, sir."

The solemnness of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man's

mistake bubbled up inside me and came out as laughter. I cupped my hands over my face, hoping it would be interpreted as sobs.

The creaking pew gave me away. Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered, misguided man seated beside me.

He was laughing, too, as he glanced around, deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit. I imagined Mother laughing.

At the final "Amen," we darted out a door and into the parking lot.

"I do believe we'll be the talk of the town," he smiled. He said his name was Rick and since he had missed his aunt's funeral, asked me out for a cup of coffee. That afternoon began a lifelong journey for me with this man who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place.

A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church where he was the assistant pastor. This time we both arrived at the same church, right on time.

In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness, God gave me love. This past June we celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary.

Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, "Her mother and my Aunt Mary introduced us, and it's truly a match made in heaven."



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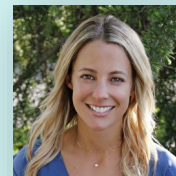
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### A Bad Case of ...

Jeb walked into the doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had.

"Shingles," he said. So she wrote down his name, address, and insurance information and told him to have a seat.



Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked what he had.

"Shingles," Jeb said, so she wrote down his height, weight, complete medical history and told him to wait in the exam room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked him what he had. "Shingles," he replied.

So the nurse took his blood pressure, took a blood sample, and told him to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

Forty-five minutes later the doctor came in and found Jeb sitting patiently in the nude and asked him what he had.

"Shingles," he replied.

"Where?" asked the doctor.

"Outside on the truck," Jeb answered. "Where do you want me to unload them?"



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1. If you are choking on an ice cube, simply pour a cup of boiling water down your throat. The blockage will be instantly removed.
2. Avoid cutting yourself when slicing vegetables by having someone else hold them while you chop.
3. If you have high blood pressure, simply cut yourself and let it bleed for five minutes, thus reducing the pressure on your veins. Caution: Remember to use a timer.
4. A mouse trap placed on top of your alarm clock will prevent you from rolling over and going back to sleep after you hit the snooze button.
5. If you can't fix your problem with a hammer, you probably have an electrical problem.
6. In reality, you only need two tools in life...WD-40 and duct tape. If it doesn't move and should, use WD-40. If it moves and shouldn't, use duct tape.



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- Bamboozled
- Flabbergasted
- Discombobulated
- Shenanigans
- Cattywampus
- Lollygag
- Malarkey
- Kerfuffle
- Brouhaha
- Nincompoop
- Skedaddle
- Pumpernickel

## Milestones



Alice Jarosch  
August 4, 1921—98 years  
Nampa Sunnyridge



Gene Rutan  
August 12, 1921—97 years  
Nampa Sunnyridge



Shirley James  
August 18, 1924—95 years  
Nampa Park Place



Lucy Zubieta  
August 17, 1926—93 years  
Nampa Park Place



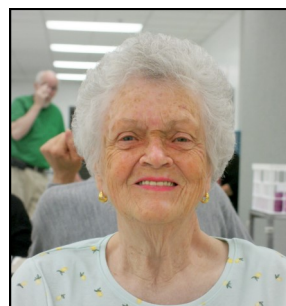
Lavonne Painter  
July 16, 1929—90 years  
Caldwell Senior Center



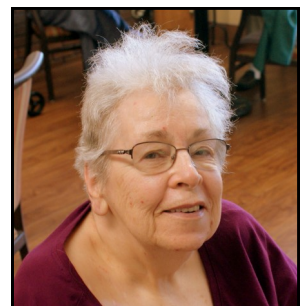
B.J. Sprague  
June 8, 1934—85 years  
Nampa Senior Center



Betty Schultz  
August 17, 1934—85 years  
Nampa Sunnyridge



Shirley Carl  
August 24, 1934—85 years  
Nampa Senior Center



Mary Reynolds  
August 29, 1939—80 years  
Nampa Sunnyridge



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