

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Grandpa's Hands

Grandpa, some ninety plus years, sat feebly on the patio bench. He didn't move, just sat with his head down staring at his hands. When I sat down beside him he didn't acknowledge my presence and the longer I sat, I wondered if he was OK.

Finally, not really wanting to disturb him but wanting to check on him at the same time, I asked him if he was OK.

He raised his head and looked at me and smiled. "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you for asking," he said in a clear strong voice.



"I didn't mean to disturb you, Grandpa, but you were just sitting here staring at your hands and I wanted to make sure you were OK," I explained to him.

"Have you ever looked at your hands," he asked. "I mean really looked at your hands?"

I slowly opened my hands and stared down at them. I turned them over, palms up and then palms down. No, I guess I had never really looked at my hands as I tried to figure out the point he was making.

Grandpa smiled and related this story: "Stop and think for a moment about the hands you have, how they have served you well throughout your years.

"These hands, though wrinkled, shriveled, and weak have been the tools I have used all my life to reach out and grab

(Continued on page 2)

It's a Nice Day!



"Say, Pooh, why aren't you busy?" I said.

"Because it's a nice day," said Pooh.

"Yes, but——"

"Why ruin it?" he said.

"But you could be doing something important," I said.

"I am," said Pooh.

"Oh? Doing what?"

"Listening," he said.

"Listening to what?"

"To the birds. And that squirrel over there."

"What are they saying?" I asked.

"That it's a nice day," said Pooh.

"But you know that already," I said.

"Yes, but it's always good to hear that somebody else thinks so, too," he replied.



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THOUGHTS ON RETIREMENT

By Terry Smith

My Grandpa CJ Wilde had an OK Rubber Welders tire shop in Washington for years. He could still change a tire faster than anyone around clear into his 80s.



He sold a lot of tires, but they weren't all brand new. They would take the old tire casing with worn out tread and replace it with brand new tread that was good for thousands more miles.

So those tires weren't "re-tired," they were "re-treads." I've never been one to be "retired," not that I am irreplaceable. I just believe God has so much more for me to do, so many more people to encourage.

Yes, the warranty has run out on many of these old body parts of mine, but now that I've been "re-treaded," I've got quite a few more miles in me.

See you out on the highway!

Grandpa's Hands (Continued from page 1)

and embrace life. They put food in my mouth and clothes on my back. As a child my mother taught me to fold them in prayer. They tied my shoes and pulled on my boots.

"They have been dirty, scraped and raw, swollen and bent. They were uneasy and clumsy when I tried to hold my newborn son. Decorated with my wedding band they showed the world that I was married and loved someone special.

"They trembled and shook when I buried my parents and spouse and walked my daughter down the aisle. They have covered my face, combed my hair, and washed and cleansed the rest of my body. They have been sticky and wet, bent and broken, dried and raw.

"And to this day, when not much of anything else of me works real well, these hands hold me up, lay me down, and again continue to fold in prayer. These hands are the mark of where I've been and the ruggedness of my life.



"But more importantly it will be these hands that God will reach out and take when he leads me home. And with my hands He will lift me to His side and there I will use these hands to touch the face of Christ."

I will never look at my hands the same again. But I remember God reached out and took my grandpa's hands and led him home. When my hands are hurt or sore, I think of Grandpa. I know he has been stroked and caressed and held by the hands of God.

I, too, want to touch the face of God and feel His hands upon my face.

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Picked Up On Radar

A Texas Highway Patrol Officer was conducting speeding enforcement on Hwy 77, just south of Kingsville, TX. The officer was using a handheld radar device to check speeding vehicles approaching the town of Kingsville and was suddenly surprised when the radar gun began reading 300 miles per hour and climbing.

The officer attempted to reset the radar gun, but it would not reset and then. It suddenly went dead.



Immediately a deafening roar over the Mesquite treetops on Hwy 77 revealed that the radar had in fact locked on to a USMC F/A-18 Hornet which was engaged in a low-flying exercise near it's Naval Air home base location in Kingsville.

Back at the Texas Highway Patrol Headquarters in Corpus Christi, the Patrol Captain fired

off a complaint to the US Naval Base Commander in Kingsville for shutting down his officer's equipment. The reply came back in true USMC style:

"Thank you for your letter. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Hornet had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked on to, your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it, which is why it shut down.

"Furthermore, an Air-to-Ground missile aboard the fully-armed aircraft had also automatically locked on to your equipment's location. Fortunately, the Marine Pilot flying the Hornet recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile system alert status and was able to override the automated defense system before the missile was launched to destroy the hostile radar position on the side of Hwy 77, south of Kingsville.

"The pilot suggests your officer covers his mouth and watch his language since the audio systems on these jets are extremely sensitive.

"Finally, Sergeant Johnson, the officer holding the radar gun, should get his dentist to check his left rear molar. It appears the filling is loose. Also, the snap is broken on his holster."

Simple Formula for Living

- Live beneath your means.
- Return everything you borrow
- Stop blaming other people
- Admit when you make a mistake
- Give clothes not worn to charity
- Do something nice and try not to get caught
- Listen more, talk less
- Every day take a 30 minute walk
- Strive for excellence, not perfection
- Be on time. Don't make excuses.
- Be kind to unkind people.
- Let someone cut in ahead of you in line.
- Take time to be alone.
- Be humble.
- Accept that life isn't fair.
- Know when to keep your mouth shut.
- Go an entire day without criticizing someone.
- Learn from the past. Plan for the future. Live in the present.
- Don't sweat the small stuff.
- It's all small stuff

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Reflections of a Boomer

I've seen fire and I've seen rain.
I've been through the desert on a horse with no name.

I've gone to Kansas City, I've sang in the sunshine.
I've been on the road again, with Georgia on my mind.

Like a rolling stone, I've given peace a chance.
I've put my camel to bed, and danced the last dance.

Mr. Tambourine man played a song for me,
I've whispered words of wisdom, let it be.

I've fell into a burning ring of fire, and walked the line,
To all the girls I've love before, you were always on my mind.

I've been everywhere, I've been so lonesome I could cry,
I've driven my Chevy to the levee when the levee was dry.

I've been to Itchycoo Park in a yellow submarine.
I've made the scene in a time machine.

I've done the Hokey Pokey and turned myself around.
I've welcomed baby back to the poor side of town.

I've followed the tracks of my tears down a long and winding road.
I've kept on searching for a heart of gold.

I've sought shelter from the storm, I've sat on the dock of the bay.
I've rocked around the clock, on a sunshiny day.

I've knocked on Heaven's door, blowing in the wind.
Joy to the world, those were the days my friend.

Lay lady lay, in crimson and clover.
It's been a hard day's night, the party's over.

Uncle Joe

I need to social distance
from my refrigerator
so I can flatten my curve!

Hi Yo, Silver



The Lone Ranger and Tonto went camping in the desert. After they got their tent all set up, both men fell sound asleep.

Some hours later, Tonto woke the Lone Ranger and said, "Kemo Sabe, look towards sky, what you see?"

The Lone Ranger replied, "I see millions of stars."

"What that tell you?" asked Tonto.

The Lone Ranger pondered for a minute then said, "Astronomically speaking, it tells me there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo.

"Time-wise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three in the morning. Theologically, the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow.

"What does it tell you, Tonto?"

"You dumber than buffalo. It means someone stole our tent."



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Love Not For Sale

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the 4 pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the eyes of a little boy.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "These puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer.

"I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer. And with that he let out a whistle.

"Here, Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur. The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse.

Slowly another little ball appeared, this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then in a somewhat awkward manner, the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.



"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt.

The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attach-

ing itself to a specially made shoe. Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

With tears in his eyes, the farmer reached down and picked up the little pup. Holding it carefully he handed it to the little boy.

"How much?" asked the little boy.

"No charge," answered the farmer, "There's no charge for love."



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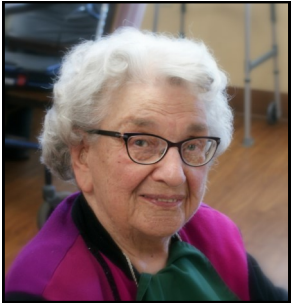
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Milestones



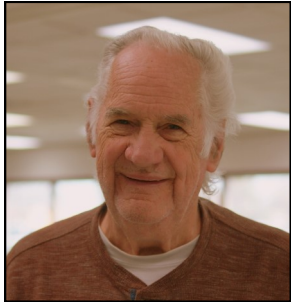
Ruby Pearsall
June 6, 1926—94 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Mary Myers
June 19, 1927—93 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



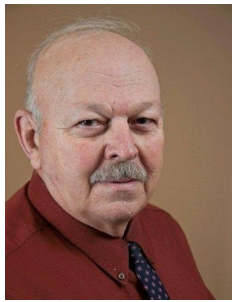
Christine Cruickshank
June 1, 1928—92 years
Nampa Park Place



Tom Loftis
June 5, 1940—80 yrs
Nampa Senior Center



Patricia Newcomer
June 10, 1940—80 years
Nampa Senior Center



Don Heuer
May 26, 1950—70 years
Caldwell



Wanna race,
Grampa?

Real Attraction

At a nice restaurant, a man saw an attractive woman sitting alone at the next table.

Suddenly, she sneezed, and a glass eye came flying out of her eye socket. It flew toward the man, but he snatched it out of the air and handed it back to her.

“This is so embarrassing,” she said, placing her eye back in place. “I’m sorry to have disturbed you. Let me buy you dinner to make it up to you. Would you like to join me?”

“Of course,” he replied.



The woman turned out to be a stimulating conversationalist, stunningly pretty, and the man found they had a lot in common.

He asked for and got her phone number, then asked, “You are the most charming woman I’ve ever encountered. Are you this nice to every guy you meet?”

“No,” she replied. “You just happened to catch my eye.”



Kid’s don’t know how easy they have it today.
When I was their age I had to walk 10 feet through shag carpet to change the TV channel.

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When You Marry an Idaho Girl

The first man married a woman from Washington. He told her that she was to do the dishes and house cleaning. It took a couple of days, but on the third day he came home to see a clean house and the dishes washed and put away.

The second man married a girl from Oregon. He gave his wife orders that she was to do all the cleaning, cooking and the dishes. The first day he didn't see any results, but the next day he saw it was better. By the third day, he saw the house was clean, the dishes were done and there was a hot dinner on the table.

The third man married a girl from Idaho. He ordered her to keep the house clean, dishes done, laundry washed, and a hot meal on the table every day. The first day he didn't see anything, the second day he didn't see anything, but by the third day the swelling had gone down and he could see a little out of his left eye enough to see to fix himself a sandwich, load the dishwasher and run the vacuum.



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Harley Davidson Experiencing Declining Motor Cycle Sales

Famed motorcycle make Harley Davidson recently released a statement regarding their large drop in sales during the last four quarters. The large company is blaming the decrease on cultural changes, rather than economic pressures.



“Apparently a large percentage of Baby Boomers (born between 1944 and 1964) own motorcycles,” said their statement. “Generation X (born between 1965 and 1979) bought fewer motorcycles, while Gen Y—or Millennials—are not buying any at all.”

“A recent study was done,” it continues. “to find out why Millennials don't ride motorcycles.” Here are the key findings:

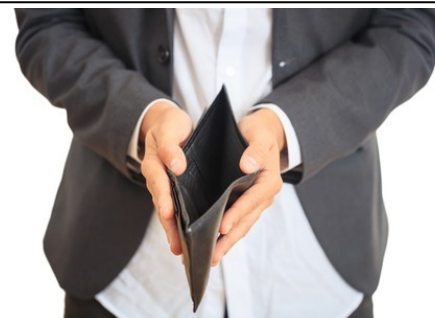
1. Their pants won't pull up far enough for them to straddle the seat.
2. They can't get their cellphone to their ear with a helmet on.
3. They can't use two hands to eat while driving.
4. The bikes are not run by renewable energy—electric or wind-powered.
5. They don't get a participation trophy and a recognition plaque just for buying one.
6. They don't have enough muscle to hold the bike up when stopped.
7. They might have a bug hit them in the face, requiring emergency care.

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**Usually by the time a man realizes
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Internet Troubles

A technology-challenged senior was trying to reset his password on his account.

WEBSITE: Please enter your new password.

USER: cabbage

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password must be more than 8 characters.

USER: boiled cabbage

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password must contain one numerical character.

USER: 1 boiled cabbage.

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password cannot have blank spaces.

USER:
50STINKINGboiledcabbages

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password cannot use more than one upper case character consecutively.

USER:
50StinkingBoiledCabbagesIn
YourEarIfYouDon'tLetMeIn!

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password cannot contain punctuation.

USER:
50StinkingBoiledCabbagesIn
YourEarIfYouDon'tLetMeIn

WEBSITE: Sorry, that password is already in use.

Milestones



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Don & Shirley Gibbons
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June 5, 1965—55 years
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