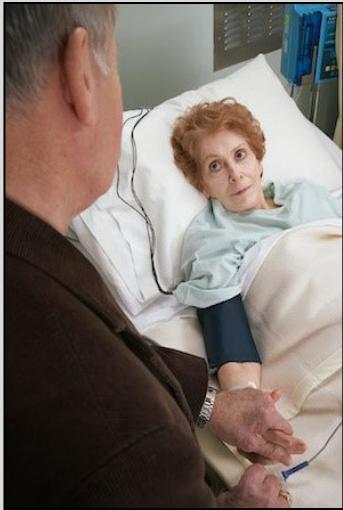


Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Keep Your Fork

There was a elderly woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and had been given just weeks to live. So as she was getting her things in order, she contacted her pastor and had him come visit her in the hospital to discuss her final wishes.



She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in. Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to leave when the woman suddenly remembered something very important to her. "There's one more thing," she said excitedly.

"What's that?" the pastor replied. "This is very important," the old woman continued. "I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand."

The pastor stood looking at her, not knowing quite what to say.

The woman explained, "In all my years of attending socials and dinners, I always remember that when the dishes of the main course were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, 'Keep your fork.' It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something wonderful!

(Continued on page 2)

"Missing" Woman Mystery Solved

TRUE STORY!

A group of tourists spent hours one night looking for a missing woman near Iceland's Eldgja Canyon.

The groups was travelling through Iceland on a tour bus and stopped near a volcanic canyon.

Soon there was word of a missing passenger. The woman, who had changed clothes, didn't recognize the description of herself, and joined in the search.



But the search was called off at about 3 a.m. when it became clear the missing woman was, in fact, accounted for and had been searching for herself!

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Guilty! x500

A woman was found guilty in court of a traffic violation. When asked for her occupation, she said she was a schoolteacher.

The judge rose from the bench and declared: "Madam, I have waited years for a schoolteacher to appear before this court."

He smiled with delight, and said, "Now sit down at that table and write 'I will not run a red light' 500 times!"

Light in the Tunnel

A PESSIMIST sees a dark tunnel.

An OPTIMIST sees light at the end of the tunnel.

A REALIST sees a freight train.

The TRAIN OPERATOR sees three idiots standing on the tracks.

Keep Your Fork! *(Continued from page 1)*

"So, I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder... 'What's with the fork?' Then I want you to tell them: 'Keep your fork ... the best is yet to come.'"

The pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the woman good-bye. He knew this would be one of the last times he would see her before her death. But he also knew that this lady had a better grasp of heaven than he did. She KNEW that something better was coming.

At the funeral people were walking by the woman's casket and they saw the fork placed in her right hand. Over and over, the pastor heard the question, "What's with the fork?" And over and over he smiled.

During his message, the pastor told the people of the conversation he had with the woman shortly before she died. He also told them about the fork and about what it symbolized to her. He told the people how he could not stop thinking about the fork and told them that they probably would not be able to stop thinking about it either.

He was right. So the next time you reach down for your fork let it remind you, ever so gently, that the best is yet to come. Friends are a very rare jewel, indeed. They make you smile and encourage you to succeed. Cherish the time you have, and the memories you share.

And just remember ... keep your fork!

The BEST is yet to come!



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The Trouble Tree

I hired a carpenter to help me restore an old farmhouse. After he had just finished a rough first day on the job, a flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one-ton truck refused to start. So I offered him a ride home.

While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

After opening the door he underwent an amazing transformation. His face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.



“Oh, that's my trouble tree,” he replied. “I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing's for sure, those troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home and ask God to take care of them. Then in the morning I

pick them up again.

“Funny thing is,” he smiled, “when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before.”

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Giving Them the Business



Henry was on his deathbed and knew the end was near. His wife, daughter and two sons were with him. He asked for two witnesses and a lawyer to be present to record his last wishes. He began to speak:

“My son, Andy, you take the Ocean Bay houses.”

“My daughter, Sybil, take the apartments between Ten Mile Harbor and Tillacum Bay.”

“My son, Jamie, I want you to take the offices over in the Central Tech Center.”

“And Sarah, my wife, please take all the buildings on the coastal side of Tidewater Sound.”

The lawyer and witnesses were amazed as they didn't realize his extensive holdings.

Soon Henry passed away, and the lawyer turned to his wife, “Mrs. Pendergast, your husband must have been a hard-working, shrewd business man to accumulate all this property!”

“Ha,” his wife replied. “The old coot had a paper route!”



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A Whale of a Tale



A female humpback whale had become entangled in a web of crab traps and lines. She was weighted down by hundreds of pounds of traps that caused her to struggle to stay afloat.

She also had hundreds of yards of line rope wrapped around her body, her tail, her torso, a line tugging in her mouth.

A fisherman spotted her just east of the Farallon Islands (outside the Golden Gate) and radioed for help. Within a few hours, the rescue team arrived and determined that she was so badly off, the only way to save her was to dive in and untangle her.... a very dangerous proposition. One slap of the tail could kill a rescuer.

They worked for hours with curved knives and eventually freed her.

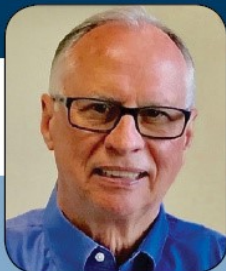
When she was free, the divers say she swam in what seemed like joyous circles. She then came back to each and every diver, one at a time, nudged them, and pushed gently, thanking them. Some said it was the most incredibly beautiful experience of their lives.

The guy who cut the rope out of her mouth says her eye was following him the whole time, and he will never be the same.

May you be so fortunate ...

To be surrounded by people who will help you get untangled from the things that bind you.

And, may you always know the joy of giving and receiving gratitude.



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Playing at the Wrecked Center

After summer vacation, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent the time away from school. One child wrote the following:

"We always used to spend summers with Grandma and Grandpa in Idaho. They used to live in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded, so they moved to Florida.

"They go to a building called a wrecked center, but they must have got it fixed because it is all okay now. They do exercises there. There is a swimming pool, too, where they all jump up and down with hats on.

"At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape.



Sometimes, though, they sneak out. They go cruising in their golf carts.

"Nobody cooks there, they just eat out. And they eat the same thing every night, the Early Bird Special.

"Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house.

The ones who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked center and call it pot luck.

"My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment. She says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday, too.

"When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I can let people out so they can visit their grandchildren."



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Milestones



Esther Michaelis
Oct 17, 1914—105 years
Nampa Park Place



Jessie Trout
Sept 4, 1922—97 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Beverly Roscoe
Sept 2, 1925—94 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



George "Irl" Chansler
Oct 11, 1926—93 years
Nampa Park Center



Lois Daynes
Oct 9, 1929—90 years
Nampa Park Place



Lavern Fernau
Oct 10, 1929—90 years
Nampa

**My dad always said,
"When one door closes,
another one opens."
Great dad,
terrible cabinet maker.**

In the Service

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque.

It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it.

The little boy had been staring at the plaque for some time when the pastor walked up. "Good morning, Alex," he said quietly.



"Good morning, Pastor," he replied, pointing up to the plaque. "Pastor, what is this?"

"Well, son, it's a memorial to all the young men

and women who died in the service."

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque.

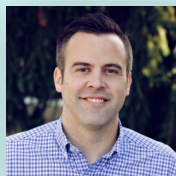
Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear, asked, "Which service, the 9:30 or the 11 o'clock?"



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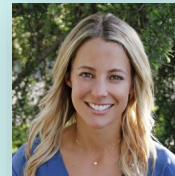
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This Spud's For You!

A Girl Potato and Boy Potato had "eyes" for each other, and got married, and had a little sweet potato, who they called 'Yam.'

When it was time, they told her about the facts of life. They warned her about going out and getting "half-baked," so she wouldn't get accidentally "mashed," and get a bad name for herself like "Hot Potato," and end up with a bunch of "tater tots."

Yam said not to worry, no Spud would get her into the "sack" and make a "rotten potato" out of her!

But on the other hand she wouldn't stay home and become a "Couch Potato" either. So she went off to Europe. Her parents told Yam to watch out for the "hard-boiled" guys from Ireland and the greasy guys from France called the "French fries."

When she returned from overseas, Mr. And Mrs. Potato sent Yam to Idaho P.U. (that's Potato University) so that when she graduated, she'd really be in the "chips."

But in spite of all they did for her, one day Yam came home and announced she was going to marry Tom Brokaw.

Tom Brokaw! Mr. And Mrs. Potato boiled at the thought. They told Yam she couldn't possibly marry Tom Brokaw because he's just.....a COMMON TATER!



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How to Avoid Mixing Your Metaphors

It's not rocket surgery.

First, get all your ducks on the same page.

After all, you can't make an omelette without breaking stride!

Be sure to watch what you write with a fine-tuned comb.

Check and re-check until the cows turn blue. It's as easy as falling off a piece of cake.

Don't worry about opening up a whole hill of beans:

You can burn that bridge when you come to it, if you follow where I'm coming from.

Concentrate! Keep your door closed and your enemies closer.

Finally, don't take the moral high horse: if the metaphor fits, walk a mile in it.

Brian Bilston



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A monastery opened a fish and chips stand to raise funds for their new chapel. I stopped by on the opening day. When I saw a priest dipping a basket into hot oil, I asked him, "Are you the fish friar?" "No," he replied. "I'm the chip monk."



"Hi, Yo, Silver!"



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

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

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

"What that tell you?" asked Tonto.

The Lone Ranger ponders for a minute then says, "Astronomically-speaking, it tells me there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets.

"Chronologically, 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?"

"That you dumber than buffalo... It mean someone stole tent."

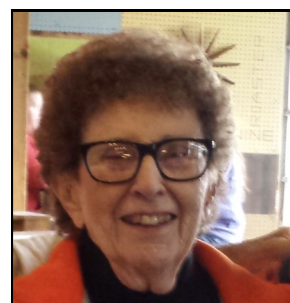
Milestones



Norva Pedrone
Oct 18, 1929—90 years
Middleton



Errma Crombie
Oct 22, 1929—90 years
Caldwell Autumn Wind



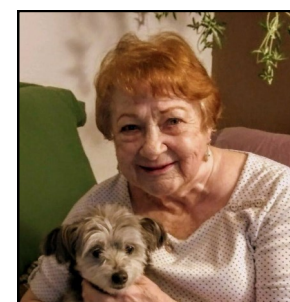
Jean Mattson
Oct 25, 1928—91 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Lavern Fernau
Oct 10, 1929—90 years
Nampa



Tommie Long
Oct 18, 1934—85 years
Parma Senior Center



Bonnie Gray
Oct 29, 1944—75 years
Nampa Sunnyridge

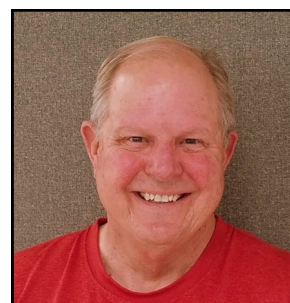


Connie Nash
Oct 17, 1949—70 years
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Dale Chastain
Oct 31, 1949—80 years
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