

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 stepped up to the podium.

(Continued on page 2)

Treasure in the Sand



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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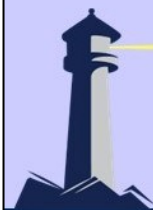
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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

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!

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

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 let 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."

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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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."



Lois Royston
April 28, 1930—93 years
Payette



Betty Davis
April 28, 1932—91 years
Fruitland



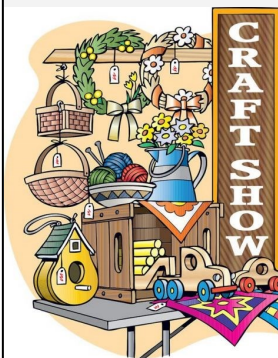
Ken Edwards
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