

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.

(Continued on page 2)

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.



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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:
50StinkingBoiledCabbagesInYourEarIfYouDon'tLetMeIn!

WEBSITE: Sorry, the password cannot contain punctuation.

USER:
50StinkingBoiledCabbagesInYourEarIfYouDon'tLetMeIn

WEBSITE: Sorry, that password is already in use.

Grandpa's Hands (Continued from page 1)

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



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



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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."

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."

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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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**Usually by the time a man realizes
that his father may have been right,
he has a son who thinks he is wrong!**