

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Summers of My Childhood

When I was growing up, you had three choices on a hot day: walk across town to the city pool, play in the sprinkler, or – if you grew up in the Boise valley – splash in the yard when it was flood irrigated. Eating a popsicle was the treat I looked



forward to most. There was no bottled water; we drank from the tap or the water hose because there wasn't any running in and out of the house

We ate dinner at the table together. We ate what mom made for dinner or we ate nothing at all. Our phone hung on the wall in the kitchen and had a long cord, there were NO private conversations or cell phones! Children were seen and not heard. Staying in the house in the summer was a punishment. If we got bored, we heard, "You better find something to do before I find it for you!"

After dinner in the evening we played Mother May I, Cops and Robbers, Red Light Green Light, Red Rover, Kick the Can, Annie Annie Over, Hide & Seek, Tag, Kick Ball, and Baseball in the street. We roller skated and rode bikes for hours.

(Continued on page 2)

Don't Quit

by John Greenleaf Whittier

When things go wrong
as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging
seems all up hill,
When the funds are low
and the debts are high
And you want to smile,
but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you
down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is strange
with its twists and turns
As every one of us
sometimes learns
And many a failure comes about
When he might have won
had he stuck it out;
Don't give up
though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed
with another blow.

Success is failure
turned inside out—
The silver tint
of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell
just how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far;
So stick to the fight
when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst
that you must not quit.



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Today's Headlines

Sometimes I just want it to stop. Talk of Covid, protests, looting, brutality. I lose my way. I become convinced that this "new normal" is real life.

But then I meet an 87-year-old who talks of living through polio, diphtheria, and Viet Nam protests, yet still is enchanted with life.

He seem surprised when I said that 2020 must be especially challenging for him.

"No," he said slowly looking me straight in the eye. "I learned a long time ago not to see the world through the headlines—I see the world through the people who surround me. I see the world with the realization that we love big.

"Therefore I choose to write my own headlines:

'Husband loves wife today.'

'Family drops everything to come to Grandma's bedside'

He patted my hand, 'Old man makes new friend.'

His words collide with my worries, freeing them from the tether I had been holding tight. They float away. I am left with a renewed spirit.

My headline now reads:
'Woman overwhelmed by the spirit of kindness and the reminder that our capacity to love is never ending.'

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The Summers of My Childhood *(Continued from page 1)*

We didn't come home until the street lights came on, and in the summer that was LATE!

On Saturday mornings we watched cartoons until Mom fixed our breakfast, and then we headed outside for the day. Sunday you went to church with your family whether you liked it or not. I

made some of my best friends in Sunday school, including my best friend who I met in the fifth grade. We are still friends 60 years later. And things I learned about God and



His Word on Sunday and in Vacation Bible School are the principles I live by to this day. About the only time we ever ate out was after Sunday church, and usually at a buffet where they charged kids 25 cents a year.

Teachers, pastors and doctors were people who you could trust and respect. We learned to respect our elders and watched our mouths around them. All of our aunts, uncles, grandpas and grandmas had permission to discipline you if needed. My siblings and cousins were some of the best-behaved kids around, because we knew what the consequences were if we acted up.

Kids today will never know what it felt like to grow up before video games, electronics, and expensive toys. We got our first black and white TV when I was in the third grade. It had three channels and the broadcast day ended when they played the Star Spangled Banner late at night. But we were never up that late. We were too tired from a full day of summer fun. Those were the good ole days.

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My Favorite (Senior) Things

Feel free to sing along

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the pipes leak, When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favorite things.

When the joints ache, When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hair Today, Gone...

Bill's hair kept falling out and he complained to his barber.

"That stuff you sold me is terrible," he cried. "You said two bottles of it would make my hair grow back, but nothing's happening!"

"I don't understand it," said his barber. "That's the best hair restorer made. Tell you what, I'll give you another bottle, and if it doesn't work, I'll give you your money back."

"Well," said Bill. "I wouldn't mind trying another bottle if it didn't taste so terrible."

Air-Conditioned, Too!

Before our trip last year to the Oregon Coast, I emailed a hotel that was very reasonably priced to see how close it was to the ocean.

"It's only a stone's throw from the beach," they replied.

"How will I recognize it when we arrive?" I asked.

"It's the one with all the broken windows," was the answer.

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The Personal Touch

I had spent an hour in the bank with my dad, as he had to transfer some money. I couldn't resist myself and asked, "Dad, why don't we activate your internet banking?"

"Why would I do that?" he asked.

"Well, then you won't have to spend an hour here for things like transfer. You can even do your shopping online. Everything will be so easy!"

I was so excited about initiating him into the world of online banking.

He asked "If I do that, I won't have to step out of the house?"

"Yes, yes!" I said. I told him how even groceries can be delivered at door now and how Amazon delivers everything!

His answer left me tongue-tied.

He said "Since I entered this bank today, I have met four of my friends, I have chatted a while with the staff who know me very well by now. You know I am alone; this is the company that I need. I like to get ready and come to the bank. I have enough time, it is the physical touch that I crave.

"Two years back I got sick. The store owner from whom I buy fruit, came to see me and sat by my bedside and cried. When your Mom fell down few days back while on her morning walk. Our pharmacist saw her and immediately got his car to rush her home as he knows where I live.

"Would I have that 'human' touch if everything became online? Why would I want everything delivered to me and force me to interact with just my computer?"

"I like to know the person that I'm dealing with and not just the 'seller.' It creates bonds of relationships. Does Amazon deliver all this as well?"

I really didn't have an answer for him. He was right. As we left the bank, one of the tellers called out, "See you next week, Harold."



Next to Last

Last year I entered the Boston Marathon. I thought I was in shape, but soon found out differently. Half way through I found myself in last place.

The guy in front of me, second to last, was making fun of me. "Hey, buddy, how does it feel to be last?"

"You really want to know?" I replied. Then I dropped out of the race.

There's an App for That!

I tried out the new weather app from Walmart the other day. It told me, "Today Walmart will be partly crowded with a 70% chance of people in pajama pants."

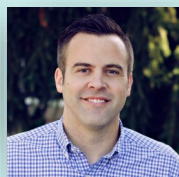
Coin Shortage

I hadn't heard about the national coin shortage when I went to the laundromat last week. But suddenly the bill changer stopped making change.

It didn't make any cents at all!



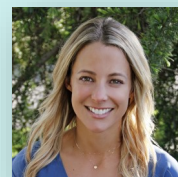
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Fix the Hole, Too!

A man was asked to paint a boat. He brought his paint and brushes and began to paint the boat. While painting, he noticed a small hole in the hull, and quietly repaired it. When he finished painting, he received his money and left.

The next day, the owner of the boat came to the painter and presented him with a nice check, much higher than the payment for painting.

The painter was surprised and said "You've already paid me for painting the boat, sir!"

"But this is not for the paint job. It's for repairing the hole in the boat."

"Ah! But it was such a small service; certainly it's not worth paying me such a high amount for something so insignificant."

"My dear friend, you do not understand. Let me tell you what happened: When I asked you to paint the boat, I forgot to mention the hole. When the boat dried, my boys took the boat and went out on the lake fishing. They did not know that there was a hole. I was not at home at that time.



"When I returned and noticed the boys had taken the boat, I was desperate because I remembered that the boat had a hole. Imagine my relief and joy when I saw them returning from fishing. Then, I examined the boat and found that you had repaired the hole!

"You see, now, what you did? You saved the life of my children! I do not have enough money to pay your 'small' good deed."

You never know when a small act of kindness will mean something much more to the recipient. You may never learn how much your deed meant to someone. Don't let that stop you from going the extra mile, with or without recognition.

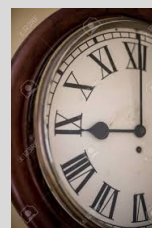


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Milestones



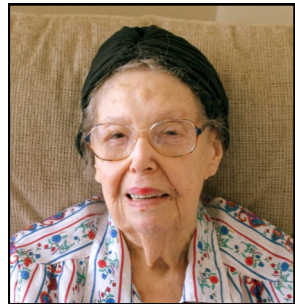
Alice Jarosh
August 4, 1921—99 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Gene Rutan & his Amaryllis
August 12, 1921—99 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Alice Dunn
July 4, 1922—98 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Shirley James
August 18, 1924—96 yrs
Nampa Park Place



Lucy Zubieta
August 17, 1926—94 years
Nampa Park Place

Good Neighbors

After living in our house for four years, we were moving out -of-state.

My husband had backed the UHaul truck up to our garage door to that we could start loading all of the boxes.

Just then one of our neighbors came walking across the lawn carrying a plate full of cookies.

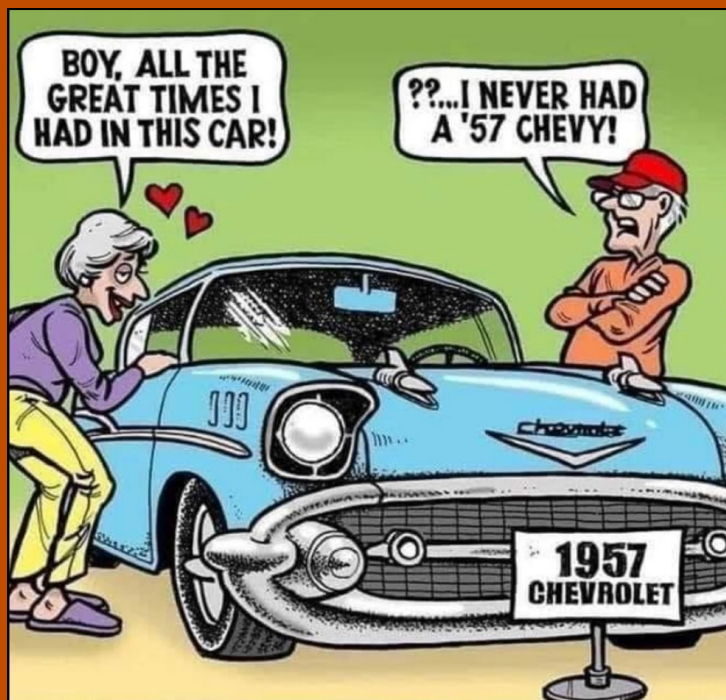
“Isn’t that thoughtful,” my husband said to me.

“They must have realized that we packed up all of our kitchen stuff,” I said.

The neighbor walked up, stuck out her hand with the plate of cookies and said cheerfully, “Welcome to the neighborhood!”

For Sale by Owner

A homeowner posted the following on a Real Estate site: “For Sale. Nice three-bedroom, 2-bath house. Selling as-is because of some termite damage. Don’t wait. This nice house won’t last long!”



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Homer and Arlo

Homer and Arlo rented a boat at Ray's Boathouse and went to a new spot in the bay to fish for salmon. They had the best salmon catching day of their life.

Homer said to Arlo, "We should mark this spot." So Arlo took out a black marking pen and put a big "X" on the deck of the boat. Homer said, "Arlo, how dumb can you be, we might not get the same boat next time."

Homer and Arlo were building a house when Homer noticed Arlo was throwing away about every third or fourth nail. So he said, "Hey, Arlo! What in the world are ya doin' there?" Arlo says, "Oh, man, some a these nails have the head on the wrong end." "Oh, ya old fool!" says Homer. "Those are for the other side of the house!"

Homer and Arlo hooked up their work trailer to Homer's old pickup. He told Arlo to go behind the trailer and see if the turn signal was working. Arlo went behind the trailer and responded, "Yes. No. Yes. No..."

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The Hokey Pokey Shakespearean Style



© proud left foot, that ventures quick within
Then soon upon a backward journey flies.
Anon, once more the gesture, then begin;
Command sinistral pedestal to writhe.

Commence thou then the fervid Hokey-Pokey.
A mad gyration, hips in wanton swirl.
To spin! A wilde release from heaven's yoke.
Blessed dervish! Surely canst go, girl.

The Hoke, the Poke — banish now thy doubt.
Verily, I say, 'tis what it is all about.

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**My kids asked me what it was like
growing up in the 70's —
So I took their phones away
and turned off the internet.**

You Want to Feel Old?

- Bonanza and the Cartwrights premiered 61 years ago.
- The Wizard of Oz with Judy Garland is 81 years old.
- Elvis died 43 years ago. He would be 85 this year.
- John Lennon died 40 years ago in New York City.
- Mickey Mantle retired from baseball 52 year ago.
- Back to the Future is 35 years old. Or maybe 15.
- The Ed Sullivan Show ended 48 years ago.
- The Brady Bunch premiered on TV 51 years ago.
- The triplets on My Three Sons are 51 years old.
- The Chevrolet Corvette turned 67 this year.
- The Ford Mustang is 56.
- If you were born in the 50's, you have lived under 12 presidents.

**YOU ARE THE OLDEST YOU
HAVE EVER BEEN!**

Milestones



Mary Blough
August 15, 1927—66 years
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Bonnie Dice
August 1, 1935—85 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



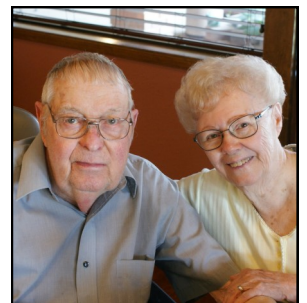
Don Cowley
July 31, 1929—91 years
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Albert Nordquist
August 4, 1940—80 years
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Judy Moore
July 20, 1940—80 years
Nampa Sunnyridge



Don & Ginny Cowley
August 1, 1959—61 years
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**You think you know stress?
When I was a kid,
if you missed a TV show,
you missed it...FOREVER!**