

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Paul Harvey's Letter to His Grandchildren

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we made them worse. For my grandchildren, I'd like better.

I'd really like for them to know about hand me down clothes and homemade ice cream and leftover meat loaf sandwiches - I really would.

I hope you learn humility by being humiliated, and that you learn honesty by being cheated.

I hope you learn to make your own bed and mow the lawn and wash the car. And I really hope nobody gives you a brand-new car when you are sixteen.

It will be good if at least one time you can see puppies born and your old dog put to sleep.

I hope you get a black eye fighting for something you believe in.

I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother or sister. And it's all right if you have to draw a line down the middle of the room, but when he wants to crawl under the covers with you because he's scared, I hope you let him.

When you want to see a movie and your little brother or sister wants to tag along, I hope you'll let them.

I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that you live in a town where you can do it safely.

On rainy days when you have to catch a ride, I hope you don't ask your driver to drop you two blocks away so you won't be seen riding with someone as uncool as your Mom.

(Continued on Page 2)



Playing Alone?

A lady was walking through the park when she saw a group of kids running around having fun kicking a ball.



But then she noticed a boy standing at the edge of the field all alone.

She felt sorry for him so she walked over and spoke to him.

"Are you ok?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said.

"You know, you can go and play with the other kids," she said.

"I better stay here," he said.

"I'm sure the other kids would let you play with them," she insisted.

"No, I think I'd better stay right here," he said firmly.

"Why is that?" she asked.

The boy looked at her in amazement.

"Because I'm the goalie!"



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The Old is Gold



Another year has passed
And we're all a little older,
Last summer felt much hotter
Now winter seems much colder.

There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast.
Now I fully understand
About "living in the past."

We used to go to parties,
Picnics and lunches.
Now we stay at home
Preferring snacks to brunches.

We used to go out dining,
And we couldn't get our fill.
Now we ask for doggy bags,
Come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel
To places near and far.
Now we get home sickness
Just from riding in the car.

That, my friend, is how life is,
And now my tale is told.
So enjoy each day and live it up
Before you get too old.

Paul Harvey's Letter to His Grandchildren - *Continued from Page 1*

If you want a slingshot, I hope your dad teaches you how to make one instead of buying one.

I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books.

When you learn to use computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head.

I hope you get teased by your friends when you have your first crush on a boy or girl.

When you talk back to your mother I hope you learn what ivory soap tastes like.

May you skin your knee climbing a mountain, burn your hand on a stove and stick your tongue on a frozen flagpole.

I don't care if you try a beer once, but I hope you don't like it, and if a friend offers you dope or a joint, I hope you realize he or she is not your friend.

I sure hope you make time to sit on a porch with your grandma or grandpa and go fishing with your uncle.

May you feel sorrow at a funeral and joy during the holidays.

I hope your mother punishes you when you throw a baseball through your neighbor's window and that she hugs you and kisses you at Christmas time when you give her a plaster mold of your hand.

These things I wish for you - tough times and disappointment, hard work and happiness. To me, it's the only way to appreciate life.



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She said "Yes!"

Louie and Rose lived in a senior retirement community, he a widower and she a widow. They had known each other for a number of years.

One evening there was a community supper in the big activity center. The two were at the same table, across from one another.

As the meal went on, Louie took a few admiring glances at Rose and finally gathered the courage to ask her: "Will you marry me?"

After about six seconds of careful consideration, she answered "Yes. Yes, I will."

The meal ended and, with a few more pleasant exchanges, they went to their respective places.

The next morning, Louie was troubled. "Did she say 'yes' or did she say 'no'?" He couldn't remember. Try as he might, he just could not recall. Not even a faint memory.

With trepidation, he went to the telephone and called Rose. First, he explained that he didn't remember as well as he used to. Then he reviewed the lovely evening past. As he gained a little more courage, he inquired, "When I asked if you would marry me, did you say 'Yes' or did you say 'No'?"

He was delighted to hear Rose say, "Why, I said, 'Yes, yes I will' and I meant it with all my heart."

Then she continued, "I am so glad that you called, because I couldn't remember who had asked me."



Too Punny

The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.

I thought I saw an eye-doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.

A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.

Two silkworms had a race. They ended up in a tie.

Someone made a hole in the nudist-camp fence. The police are looking into it.

Atheism is a non-prophet organization.

Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other: 'You stay here; I'll go on a head.'

The midget fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.



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What do Children Need?

1. Children need a mother and a father who love each other and work together as a team.
2. Children need a bicycle, neighbors, and cousins to hang out with.
3. Children need a grandma to bake with and a grandpa to take 'em fishing.
4. Children need a church, a Sunday School class, and a truth-telling preacher.
5. Children need a dinner time with home-cooked food, prayer, and conversation.
6. Children need Sunday afternoon football and fried chicken.
7. Children need crayons and coloring books.
8. Children need summers at the beach, popsicles and Bazooka bubble gum.
9. Children need a trip to the state capitol and 4th of July Fireworks.
10. Children need fire pits, smores, ghost stories, and real popcorn.
11. Children need discipline from their parents.
12. Children need chores, a job, and a way to earn what they want.
13. Children need education that recognizes mama and daddy as the authority, God as the creator, and the Bible as the roadmap.



This is not about some grownup agenda, this is about children. Get back to basics: faith, family, & good old-fashioned fun.

The Rose



It is only a tiny rosebud
A flower of God's design;
But I cannot unfold the petals
With these clumsy hands of mine.

The secret of unfolding flowers
Is not known to such as I -
The flowers God opens so sweetly
In my hands would fade and die

If I cannot unfold a rosebud,
This flower of God's design,
Then how can I think I have wisdom
To unfold this life of mine?

So I'll trust in Him for His leading
Each moment of every day,
And I'll look to Him for my guidance
Each step of this pilgrim way.

For the pathway that lies before me
My Heavenly Father knows -
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments
Just as He unfolds the rose.

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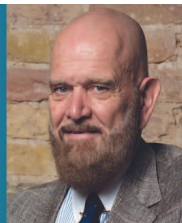
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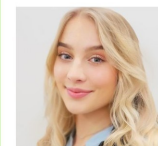
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One dollar and eleven cents



A little girl went to her bedroom and pulled a glass jar from its hiding place in the closet. She poured all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes. Carefully placing the coins back in the jar and twisting on the cap, she slipped out the back door and made her way six blocks to Rexall's Drug Store.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her some attention but he was too busy at this moment. Tess twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. Nothing. She cleared her

throat with the most disgusting sound she could muster. No good. Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!

"And what do you want?" the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice. "I'm talking to my brother from Chicago whom I haven't seen in ages," he said without waiting for a reply to his question.

"Well, I want to talk to you about MY brother," Tess answered back in the same annoyed tone. "He's really, really sick... and I want to buy a miracle."

"His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head and my Daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much does a miracle cost?"

"We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry but I can't help you," the pharmacist said, softening a little.

"Listen, I have the money to pay for it. If it isn't enough, I will get the rest. Just tell me how much it costs."

The pharmacist's brother was a well-dressed man standing off to the side. He stooped down and asked the little girl, "What kind of a miracle does your brother need?"

"I don't know," Tess replied with her eyes welling up. "I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my Daddy can't pay for it, so I want to use my money."

"How much do you have?" asked the man from Chicago.

"One dollar and eleven cents," Tess answered barely audibly. "And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to."

"Well, what a coincidence," smiled the man. "A dollar and eleven cents - the exact price of a miracle for little brothers." He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said "Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the kind of miracle you need."

That well-dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, a surgeon specializing in neurosurgery. The operation was completed without charge and it wasn't long until Andrew was home again and doing well. Mom and Dad were happily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place.

"That surgery," her Mom whispered, "was a real miracle. I wonder how much it would have cost?"

Tess smiled. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost - one dollar and eleven cents - plus the faith of a little child.

- a True Story

And one day you realize that it wasn't the game, it was who you watched it with.

It wasn't about the house you owned, it was the people in it.

It wasn't about the best coffee ever, but who you made it for.

It wasn't all the work you put in, but who was in the trenches with you.

It wasn't the dinner prepared for you, it was who brought you your plate.

You have to learn how to value the time that someone gives you because that's something they will never get back. It's priceless.

When you're at the end of your years, what's really going to matter?



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From a workman's comp claim denial reply to his insurance company...

Dear Sir:

I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block #3 of the accident reporting form. I put "Poor Planning" as the cause of my accident. You asked for a fuller explanation and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six-story building. When I completed my work, I found I had some bricks left over which when weighed later were found to weigh 240 lbs. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went down and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 240 lbs of bricks. You will note on the accident reporting form that my weight is 135 lbs.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explains the fractured skull, minor abrasions and the broken collarbone, as listed in Section 3, accident reporting form.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley which I mentioned in Paragraph 2 of this correspondence. Fortunately by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope, in spite of the excruciating pain I was now beginning to experience.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel weighed approximately 50 lbs.

I refer you again to my weight. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, broken tooth and severe lacerations of my legs and lower body.

Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of bricks and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, as I lay there on the pile of bricks, in pain, unable to move and watching the empty barrel six stories above me, I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope.

Riddle Me This!

(Answers below)

1. 1. Spelled forward I'm what you do every day. Spelled backward I'm something you hate. What am I?
2. 2. The person who makes it has no need for it. The person who buys has no use for it. The person who uses it can neither see nor feel it. What am I?
3. 3. No matter how much or how little you use it, you change me every month. What am I?
4. 4. What belongs to you, but everyone else uses it whenever they see you. What am I?



ANSWERS:
1. 1. Live/evil
2. 2. A coffin
3. 3. A calendar
4. 4. Your name
5. 5. Nine

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I made this delicious omelet this morning. I seasoned the eggs with sugar, oil, and chocolate, and threw in a little flour for texture.

Gas Thief Tastes Bitter Failure

An elderly couple camping at a state park in an RV were awakened in the middle of the night by a noise outside.



The man pulled on his pants, flung open the door and saw a man running away in the dark who seemed to be throwing up as he ran.

Flashlight in hand, he checked the outside of the RV. He discovered that the potential thief got more than he bargained for.

On the ground lay a syphon hose and a cap—not from the RV's fuel tank, but the cap from the RV's sewage holding tank.

The offender has not been found, but the police believe the punishment perfectly fit the crime.

SUMMER BBQ RULES:



As we enter the BBQ season it is important to refresh your memory on the etiquette of this much-anticipated outdoor cooking activity. When a man volunteers to do the BBQ the following chain of events are put into motion. It is important to follow these steps religiously:

- (1) The woman buys the food.
- (2) The woman makes the salad, prepares the vegetables, and makes dessert.
- (3) The woman reminds the man to light the grill.
- (4) The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils and sauces, and takes it to the man who is lounging beside the grill drinking ice tea and swapping stories with the male guests.

Here comes the important part:

- (5) THE MAN PLACES THE MEAT ON THE GRILL.
- (6) The woman goes inside to organize the plates and cutlery.
- (7) The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is looking great. He thanks her and asks if she will bring him another ice tea while he flips the meat

The next important step:

- (8) THE MAN TAKES THE MEAT OFF THE GRILL AND HANDS IT TO THE WOMAN.
- (9) The woman prepares the plates, salad, bread, utensils, napkins, sauces, and brings them to the table.
- (10) After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes

And most important of all:

- (11) Everyone PRAISES the MAN and THANKS HIM for his grilling skill and efforts.
- (12) The man asks the woman how she enjoyed her "night off" and, upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing some women.

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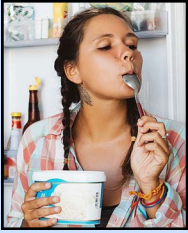


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I just sold my homing pigeon on eBay for the 22nd time.



“Cleared out some space in the freezer sounds more productive than ‘Just polished off another pint of ice cream.’”

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Bear Alert!

The Department of Fish and Game has advised all hikers, hunters, and fishermen to take extra precautions and keep alert for bears while in the forest.



“We advise that outdoorsmen wear noisy little bells on their clothing so as not to startle bears that aren't expecting them. We also advise outdoorsmen to carry pepper spray with them in case of an encounter with a bear.

“It is also a good idea to watch out for fresh signs of bear activity. Outdoorsmen should recognize the difference between black bear and grizzly bear poop. Black bear poop is smaller and contains lots of berries and squirrel fur. On the other hand, Grizzly bear poop has little bells and smells like pepper.”

Milestones



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Joan Lenz
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Russell Weihe
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