

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

A Flat Tire and a Glass of Water

One hot summer day a man saw an old lady stranded on the side of the road. He could see she needed help, so he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His old Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her.

She looked worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the heat. He said, "I'm here to help you, ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's cool? By the way, my name is Bryan Anderson." All she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough.

Bryan crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire. But he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down the window and began to talk to him. She told him that she was from Denver and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid.



Bryan just smiled as he closed her trunk. The lady asked how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Bryan never thought twice about being paid. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need and, God knows, there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way.

He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance they needed and, Bryan added, "And think of me."

(Continued on page 2)

A Nation's Strength

By William Ralph Emerson



What makes a nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand
Go down in battle shock;
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust
Of empires passed away; The blood has
turned their stones to rust,
Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown
Has seemed to nations sweet;
But God has struck its luster down
In ashes at his feet.

Not gold but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work
while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly...
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.



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Keep Swimming!

During a brutal study at Harvard in the 1950s, Dr. Curt Richter placed rats in a pool of water to test how long they could tread water.

On average they'd give up and sink after 15 minutes.



But right before they gave up due to exhaustion, the researchers would pluck them out, dry them off, let them rest for a few minutes - and put them back in for a second round.

In this second try - how long do you think they lasted? Remember - they had just swam until failure only a few short minutes ago.

How long do you think? Another 15 minutes? 10 minutes? 5 minutes?

No! 60 hours!

That's not an error. That's right! 60 hours of swimming.

The conclusion drawn was that since the rats BELIEVED that they would eventually be rescued, they could push their bodies way past what they previously thought impossible.

I will leave you with this: If hope can cause exhausted rats to swim for that long, what could a belief in yourself and your abilities, do for you?

Remember what you're capable of. Remember why you're here. Keep swimming.

A Flat Tire and a Glass of Water *(Continued from page 1)*

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a hot and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home just as the sun began to set.

A few miles down the road, the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to get a bite to eat before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant inside.

The waitress came over and brought her a glass of cold water. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase.

The lady noticed the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so kind to a stranger.

Then she remembered Bryan. After the lady finished her meal, she paid with a hundred-dollar bill. While the waitress went to get change, the old lady slipped right out the door. She was gone by the time the waitress came back.

The waitress wondered where she went so quickly. Then she noticed something was written on the napkin. There were tears in her eyes when she read what the lady wrote: "You don't owe me anything. I have been there too. Somebody once helped me out, the way I'm helping you. If you really want to pay me back, here is what you do: Do not let this chain of kindness end with you." Under the napkin were four more \$100 bills.

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through the rest of the day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could the lady have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard.

She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, "Everything's going to be all right. I love you, Bryan Anderson."



**You don't need a parachute
to skydive.**

**You only need a parachute
to skydive twice.**

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Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak!



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Advice for Living

Live beneath your means.
Return everything you borrow.
Stop blaming other people. Admit it 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. Don't argue. Get organized.
Be kind to people. Be kind to unkind people.
Let someone cut ahead of you in line.
Take time to be alone.
Cultivate good manners.
Be humble. Realize and accept that life isn't fair.
Know when to keep your mouth shut.
Go an entire day without criticizing anyone.
Learn from the past. Plan for the future. Live in the present.
Don't sweat the small stuff. It's small stuff.

Gone Fishin'

After 35 years of marriage, a husband and wife went into counseling.

When asked what the problem was, the wife went into a tirade listing every problem they had ever had in the years they had been married.

On and on and on: neglect, lack of intimacy, emptiness, loneliness, feeling unloved and unlovable, an entire laundry list of unmet needs she had endured.

Finally, after allowing this for a sufficient length of time, the therapist got up, walked around the desk and after asking the wife to stand, he embraced and kissed her long and passionately as her husband watched - with a raised eyebrow.

The woman shut up and quietly sat down as though in a daze.

The therapist turned to the husband and said, "This is what your wife needs at least 3 times a week. Can you do this?"

"Well, I can drop her off here on Mondays and Wednesdays, but on Fridays, I go fishin'."



DEAR ABBY: A long time ago, you had a definition of "maturity" that I kept and liked a lot. I can't find it now. Can you dig it up, please? - Mother in Osceola, Ark.

DEAR MOTHER: Consider it dug. It was penned by my mother:

This is maturity: To be able to stick with a job until it's finished; to do one's duty without being supervised; to be able to carry money without spending it; and to be able to bear injustice without wanting to get even.

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Just Being Frank

Mildred, the church gossip and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several members did not approve of her extra-curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence.

She made a mistake, however, when she accused, Frank, a new member, of being a drunk after she saw his old pickup parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon. (He was actually next door at the coffee shop).

At church that Sunday, she emphatically told as many as she could that everyone seeing his truck there would know what he was doing!

Frank overheard her, stared at her for a moment, and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend or deny. He said nothing.

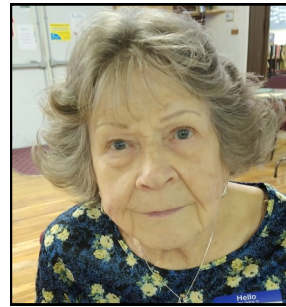


Later that evening, Frank quietly parked his pickup in front of Mildred's house ... and left it there all night.

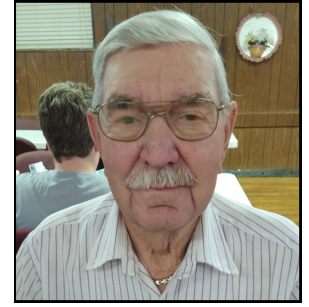
Milestones



Tom Pierce
July 27, 1924—97 years
Ontario



EJ Necessary
June 22, 1929—92 years
Ontario



Ray Tuttle
July 22, 1931—90 years
Ontario



Dorothy Manasco
June 10, 1936—85 years
New Plymouth

Senior Goldmine honors the following Milestones:

Birthdays 70, 75, 80, 85,
90 and up;
and Anniversaries
50, 55, 60 and up.

To submit Milestone
information,
call Leanne at (208) 249-0827
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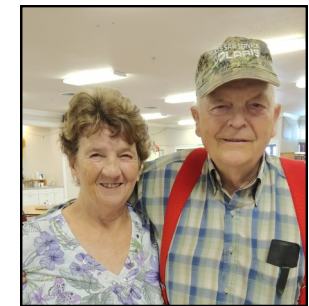
Barb Goff
July 13, 1951—70 years
Weiser



Don & Letha Essinger
June 1, 1952—69 years
New Plymouth



Delmar & Evelyn Skeen
July 8, 1956—65 years
New Plymouth



Wayne & Sue Goodwin
July 26, 1958—63 years
Weiser



**Knowledge is knowing
a tomato is a fruit . . .
Wisdom is not putting it
in a fruit salad.**