

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Death of Common Sense

OBITUARY

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he



was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape.

He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as:

- Knowing when to come in out of the rain
- Why the early bird gets the worm
- Life isn't always fair
- Take responsibility if it's your fault.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies—don't spend more than you earn—and reliable strategies—adults, not children are in charge.

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well-intentioned, but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of an elementary school boy charged with harassment for kissing a classmate; a teen suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

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Hanging Out with a Friend



The other day I was hanging out with a friend. This friend is a good person, but doesn't always act like one.

Some days she treats those around her with love, and some days life's struggles get the best of her and she takes it out on others.

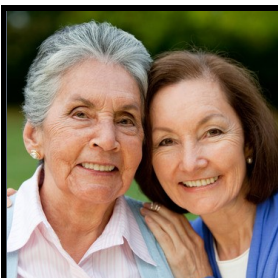
She likes to think she's a good listener, but some times she thinks she has all the answers and isn't afraid to share them with anyone in earshot.

As our eyes met, I really wanted to say something to her, but decided to let God speak to her, knowing nothing I could say would have the same impact.

So I prayed with her.

After some time passed, I smiled at her...

...and walked away from the mirror.



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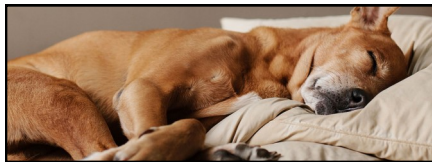
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Nap Time

An old tired-looking dog wandered into a guy's yard. He examined the dog's collar and felt his well-fed belly and knew the dog had a home.

The dog followed him into the house, went down the hall, jumped on the couch, and fell asleep. The man thought it was rather odd, but let him sleep.



After about an hour the dog woke up, walked to the door and the guy let him out. The dog wagged his tale and left.

The next day the dog came back and scratched at the door. The guy opened the door, the dog came in, jumped on the couch, and fell asleep again.

After about an hour the dog woke up, walked to the door and the guy let him out. The dog wagged his tale and left.

This went on for days. The guy grew really curious, so he pinned a note on the dog's collar: "Your dog has been taking a nap at my house every day."

The next day the dog arrived with another note pinned to his collar: "He lives in a home with four children -- he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?"

The Death of Common Sense *(Continued from page 1)*

It declined even further when schools had to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student but could not inform the parent when a female student was pregnant or wanted an abortion.

Common sense took a beating when you couldn't defend yourself from a burglar in your own home, and if you did, the burglar could sue you for assault.

Common Sense struggled for breath when prayer was banned from schools and churches were forced to hire someone with different beliefs.

Finally, when a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, spilled it in her lap, and was awarded a huge settlement, Common Sense gave up the will to live.

As the end neared, Common Sense drifted in and out of consciousness, but was kept alive for failing to file a Do Not Resuscitate form.

Finally, the plug was pulled when it was learned his insurance would no longer cover keeping him on life-support.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason.

He is survived by five stepbrothers: Iknow Myrights, Iwant Itnow, Ima Victim, Donot Blameme and Ima Whiner.

Not many attended his funeral because so few people realized he was gone.

If you remember Common Sense, do everything you can to pass on his principles to your children and grandchildren. Keep his spirit alive!

There was a woman selling batteries down at the park.
Yes, she sells C-cells down by the seesaw.

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I switched the labels on all of my wife's spices. I'm not in trouble yet, but the thyme is cumin.



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A Lousy Trip

A man went to get a haircut prior to a trip to Rome. He mentioned the trip to his barber.

"Rome? Why would anyone want to go to that lousy city? It's crowded and dirty and full of tourists. You're crazy to go to Rome. So, how are you getting there?"

"We're taking American Airlines," was his reply. "We got a great rate!"

"American Airlines?" exclaimed the barber. "That's a lousy airline. Their planes are old, and they're always late. So where are you staying in Rome?"

"We'll be at the downtown International Marriott."

"That dump? That's the worst hotel in the city. The rooms are small, the service is lousy, and they're overpriced! So what are you doing when you get there?"

"We're going to go see the Vatican and we hope to see the Pope."

"That's rich," laughed the barber. "You and a million other people trying to see him. He'll look the size of an ant. Boy, good luck on this lousy trip of yours. You're going to need it."

A month later, the man again came in for his regular haircut and the barber asked him about his trip to Rome.

"It was wonderful," explained the man, "we were in one of American Airlines' brand new planes, but it was overbooked and they bumped us up to first class. And we arrived early!"

"And the hotel—it was great! They'd just finished a \$25 million remodeling job, and now it's the finest hotel in the city. They were overbooked, too, so they apologized and gave us the presidential suite at no extra charge!"

"Well," muttered the barber, "I know you didn't get to see the Pope."

"Actually, we were quite lucky. As we toured the Vatican, a Swiss Guard explained that the Pope likes to personally meet some of the visitors, and if I would step into his private room and wait, the Pope would personally greet me. Sure enough, five minutes later the Pope walked through the door and shook my hand! Then he spoke a few words to me."

"Really?" asked the barber. "What did he say?"

He said, "Where'd you get the lousy haircut?"



Take Me In!

An Oregon State trooper pulled a car over on I-84. When the trooper asked the driver why he was speeding, the driver said he was a magician and juggler and was on his way to do a show for the Children's Hospital. He didn't want to be late.



The trooper told the driver he was fascinated by juggling and said if the driver would do a little juggling for him then he wouldn't give him a ticket. The performer told the trooper he had sent his equipment ahead and didn't have anything to juggle.

The trooper said he had some flares in the trunk and asked if he could juggle them. The juggler said he could, so the trooper got five flares, lit them and handed them to him.

While the man was juggling, a car pulled in behind the State Trooper's car. A drunk driver got out, watched the performance for a minute, then went over to the trooper's car, opened the rear door and got in.

The trooper saw him and went over to his car, opened the door and asked the drunk what he thought he was doing.

The drunk replied, "You might as well take me to jail, cause there ain't no way I can pass that test."

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Fly Like a Bee

NASA has a poster hanging with bees that reads:
"Aerodynamically a bee's body is not made to fly; the good thing is that the bee doesn't know."



The law of physics says that a bee cannot fly, the aerodynamic principle says that the breadth of its wings is too small to keep its huge body in flight, but a bee doesn't know, it doesn't know anything about physics or its logic and flies anyway.

This is what we can all do, fly and prevail in every moment in the face of any difficulty and in any circumstance despite what they say.

Let us be bees, no matter the size of our wings, we take flight and enjoy the pollen of life."

**There are two ways
of arguing with a woman.**

Neither of them work.

**I went to Home Depot the other day
and told the lady I need four two by fours.
She said how long do you want them?
I said... for a long time, I'm building a porch.**

A fella once asked me what a hoedown was.
I told him it's kinda like a shindig
but more like a hootenanny.
I could tell he was still confused
because his face went all cattywampus.



And a what?

A priest, a pastor and a rabbit
walk into a blood donation clinic.
The nurse asks the rabbit,
"What blood type are you?"
The rabbit answers,
"I think I'm probably a Type O."

