

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Are You Missing Baby Jesus?

About a week before Christmas my mother bought a new nativity scene from the Five and Dime Store.. When my sister and I unpacked it we found two figures of the Baby Jesus.

“Someone must have packed this wrong,” Mother said, counting out the figures. “We have one Joseph, one Mary, three wise men, three shepherds, two lambs, a donkey, a cow, an angel and two babies! Oh, dear! I suppose some nativity set down at the store is missing a Baby Jesus because we have two. You two run back down to the store and tell the manager that we have an extra Jesus. Tell him to put a sign on the remaining boxes saying that if a set is missing a Baby Jesus, call 7126. Put on your warm coats, it's freezing cold out there.”

The manager of the store copied down Mother's message and the next time we were in the store we saw the cardboard sign that read, “If you're missing Baby Jesus, call 7126.” All week long we waited for someone to call. Each time the phone rang Mother would say, “I'll bet that's about Jesus,” but it never was.

Father tried to explain there are thousands of these scattered over the country and the figurine could be missing from a set in Florida or Texas or California. Those packing mistakes happen all the time. He suggested we just put the extra Jesus back in the box and forget about it.

“Put Baby Jesus back in the box! What a terrible thing to do,” said my sister. “Surely someone will call,” Mother said. “We'll just keep the two of them together in the manger until someone calls.”

When no call had come by 5:00 on Christmas Eve, Mother insisted that Father just run down to the store to see if there were any sets left. “You can see them right through the window, over on the counter,” she said. “If they are all gone, I'll know someone is bound to call tonight.”

“Run down to the store?” Father thundered. “It's 10 below zero out there!”

“Oh, Daddy, we'll go with you,” as we began to put on their coats. Father gave a long sigh and headed for the front closet. “I can't believe I'm doing this,” he muttered.

We ran ahead as father reluctantly walked out in the cold. My sister got to the store first and pressed her nose up to the store window. “They're all gone, Daddy,” she shouted.



(Continued on page 2)

Christmas Carol

by Sara Teasdale

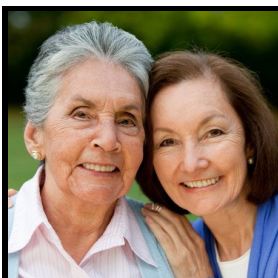
The shepherds came from out the north,
Their coats were brown and old;
They brought Him
 little new-born lambs—
They had not any gold.

The wise men came from out the east,
And they were wrapped in white;
The star that led them all the way
 Did glorify the night.

The angels came from heaven high,
And they were clad with wings;
And lo, they brought a joyful song
 The host of heaven sings.

The kings they knocked upon the door,
The wise men entered in,
The shepherds followed after them
 To hear the song begin.

The angels sang through all the night
Until the rising sun,
But little Jesus fell asleep
 Before the song was done.



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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

The Benefits of a Good Vocabulary

I recently called an old college buddy of mine and asked what he was doing for work these days.

He replied that he was working on "aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics, aluminum and steel under a constrained environment."

I was impressed, until upon further inquiry, I learned that he was washing dishes in hot water under his wife's supervision!

Whatever makes you happy!

Everyone has the power to make someone else happy.

Some do it by entering the room, while some do it by leaving.

Happy Hour

My wife and I celebrated after dinner last night with a couple of adult beverages:

Metamucil and Kaopectate.

HAVE A GOOD WEEK!

Are You Missing Baby Jesus? *Continued from Page 1*

"Every set must be sold."

"Hooray," I said. "The mystery will now be solved tonight!"

Father heard the news still a half block away and immediately turned on his heel and headed back home.

When they got back into the house they noticed that Mother was gone and so was the extra baby Jesus figurine.

"Someone must have called and she went out to deliver it," my father reasoned, pulling off his boots. "You kids get ready for bed while I wrap Mother's present."

Then the phone rang. Father yelled, "Answer the phone and tell 'em we already found a home for baby Jesus."

But it was Mother calling with instructions for us to come to 205 Chestnut Street immediately, and bring three blankets, a box of cookies and some milk.

"Now what has she gotten us into?" my father groaned as we bundled up again. "205 Chestnut. Why that's clear across town. Wrap that milk up good in the blankets or it will turn to ice before we get there. It's probably 20 below out there now. And the wind is picking up. Of all the crazy things to do on a night like this."

When we got to the house at 205 Chestnut Street it was the darkest one on the block. Only one tiny light burned in the living room and, the moment we set foot on the porch steps, my mother opened the door and shouted, "They're here; oh, thank God you got here, Ray! You kids take those blankets into the living room and wrap up the little ones on the couch. I'll take the milk and cookies."

"Would you mind telling me what is going on, Ethel?" my father asked. "We have just walked through below zero weather with the wind in our faces all the way."

"Never mind all that now," my mother interrupted. "There isn't any heat in this house and this young mother is so upset she doesn't know what to do. Her husband walked out on her and those poor little children will have a very bleak Christmas, so don't you complain. I told her you could fix that oil furnace in a jiffy."

My mother strode off to the kitchen to warm the milk while my sister and I wrapped up the five little children who were huddled together on the couch. The children's mother explained to my father that her husband had run off, taking bedding, clothing, and almost every piece of furniture, but she had been doing all right until the furnace broke down.

"I been doin' washin' and ironin' for people and cleanin' the Five and Dime," she said. "I saw your number every day there, on those boxes on the counter. When the furnace went out, that number kept going' through my mind. 7162, 7162. Said on

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Are You Missing Baby Jesus? *Continued from Page 2*

the box that if a person was missin' Jesus, they should call you. That's how I knew you were good Christian people, willin' to help folks. I figured that maybe you would help me, too. So I stopped at the grocery store tonight and I called your misses. I'm not missin' Jesus, mister, because I sure love the Lord. But I am missin' heat. I have no money to fix that furnace."

"Okay, Okay," said father. "You've come to the right place. Now let's see. You've got a little oil burner over there in the dining room. Shouldn't be too hard to fix. Probably just a clogged flue. I'll look it over, see what it needs."

Mother came into the living room carrying the plate of cookies and warm milk.

As she set the cups down on the coffee table, I noticed the figure of baby Jesus lying in the center of the table. It was the only sign of Christmas in the house. The children stared wide-eyed with wonder at the plate of cookies my mother set before them.

Father finally got the oil burner working, but said, "You need more oil. I'll make a few calls tonight and get some oil. Yes, ma'am, you came to the right place," father grinned.

On the way home father did not complain about the cold weather and had barely set foot inside the door when he was on the phone. "Ed, hey, how are ya, Ed? Yes, Merry Christmas to you, too. Say Ed, we have kind of an unusual situation here. I know you've got that pick-up truck. Do you still have some oil in that barrel on your truck? You do?"

By this time my sister and I were pulling clothes out of their closets and toys off of our shelves. It was long after their bedtime when we were wrapping gifts.

The pickup came. On it were chairs, three lamps, blankets and gifts. Even though it was now 25 below, father let us ride along in the back of the truck.

No one ever did call about the missing baby Jesus in the nativity set, but as I grow older I realize that it wasn't a packing mistake at all.

- Author Unknown



The Lazy Retiree's Song

If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed.

If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed.

If you're happy and you know it,
getting up will surely blow it.

If you're happy and you know it,
stay in bed!

Things that used to hurt my back

- Jumping off my garage roof
- Crashing my bike
- Falling out of trees
- Diving into the shallow end
- Dodge ball and Red Rover

Things that hurt my back now

- Sneezing
- Mopping the floor
- Washing the dishes
- Brushing my teeth
- Tying my shoes
- Rolling over in bed
- Putting on my shirt
- Getting out of the car
- Brushing my hair



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I send you butterfly kisses
 You don't always know that I'm here
 But it's me peeking round the corner
 or touching a strand of your hair.

I see you on days you are crying
 or wishing we could talk
 once in a while
 Even though I'm now in heaven
 I still want to see you smile.

I visit at night when you're sleeping
 I come quietly into your dreams
 And whisper words ever so softly
 To say death is not what it seems.

I see you sometimes at the table
 When you don't know I am there
 As you gaze over at my picture
 I hope you know how much I care.

I'm sending a hug from heaven
 I wish you could feel it today
 The love that we share forever
 Time and space can't take it away.

Milestones



Royalynn Case
 Dec 3, 1929—93 years
 Payette



Daryl Weston
 Dec 21, 1929—93 years
 Parma/Nyssa



Minnie Favinger
 Dec 25, 1937—85 years
 Nyssa



Ginger Strawn
 Dec 27, 1937—85 years
 Fruitland



Pat Hobdy
 Dec 28, 1942—80 years
 Fruitland



Rick Holmberg
 Dec 31, 1952—70 years
 Emmett



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