Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

She is No Longer With Us

My parents were married for 55 years. One morning, my mom was going downstairs to make dad breakfast, she had a heart attack and fell. My father picked her up as best he could and almost dragged her into the truck. At full speed, without respecting traffic lights, he drove her to the hospital.

When he arrived, unfortunately she was no longer with us. During the funeral, my father did not speak; his gaze was lost. He hardly cried.

That night, his children joined him at home. In an atmosphere of pain and nostalgia, we remembered beautiful anecdotes and he asked my brother, a theologian, to tell him where Mom would be at that moment. My brother began to talk



about life after death and where she would be.

My father listened carefully. Suddenly he asked us to take him to the cemetery.

"Dad!" we replied, "it's 11 at night, we can't go to the cemetery right now!"

He raised his voice, and with a glazed look he said: "Don't argue with me, please don't argue with the man who just lost his wife of 55 years." There was a moment of respectful silence, we didn't argue anymore.

Continued on Page 2

Mom's Through the Years

At 3 years, it's "Mommy, I love you."

At 10 years, "Mom whatever."

At 16 years, "My Mom is so annoying."

At 18 years,

"I wanna leave this house."

At 25 years,

"Mom, you were right."

At 30 years,

"I wanna go to Mom's house."

At 50 years, "I don't wanna lose my Mom!"

At 70 years, "I would give anything for my Mom to be here with me."

Happy Mothers' Day!



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The Salted Life

I heard my mother asking the neighbors for salt. But we had salt in the house. I asked her why she was asking the neighbors for salt.



And she answered me:
"Because our neighbors
don't have a lot of money
and often they ask us for
something. From time to
time, I also ask them for
something small and
inexpensive, so that they feel
that we need them too.

"This way they will feel more comfortable and easier for them to keep asking us for everything they need."

Respect for human dignity is undoubtedly one of the noblest feelings.

And that's exactly what I learned from my parents. Let's build empathetic, humble, supportive children who care about others.



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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

(She Isn't With Us Anymore—Continued from Page 1)

We went to the cemetery. With a flashlight we reached her grave. My father sat down, prayed, and told his children: "It was 55 years... you know? No one can really talk about true love if haven't done life with a person." He paused and wiped his face.

"She and I, we were together in the good and in the bad." he continued. "When I changed jobs, we packed up when we sold the house and moved. We shared the joy of seeing our children become parents, together we mourned the departure of loved ones, we prayed together in the waiting room of some hospitals, we supported each other in pain, we hugged one another each day, and we forgave mistakes."

And then he paused and added, "Children, that's all gone and I'm happy tonight. Do you know why I'm happy? Because she left before me. She didn't have to go through the agony and pain of burying me, of being left alone after my departure. I will be the one to go through that, and I thank God for that. I love her so much that I wouldn't have liked her to suffer."

When my father finished speaking, my brothers and I had tears streaming down our faces. We hugged him and he comforted us, "It's okay. We can go home. It's been a good day."

That night I understood what true love is. It is more than just romanticism and physical attraction; it's two people who stand beside one another, who are committed to one another - through all the good and bad that life throws at you.





7am to 2pm 14 NW 1st St., Ontario (541) 889-2700



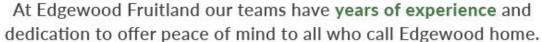
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Around this time in 2020 we couldn't find toilet paper, Now we can't afford it!





A couple was asked how they managed to stay married for 65 years.

The wife answered: "We were born in a time where if something was broken, you fixed it — instead of throwing it away."

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God Created Moms

GOD CREATED THE CRAFTY MOMS TO INSPIRE CREATIVITY.

HE CREATED THE TIDY MOMS TO INSPIRE COMFORT.

HE CREATED THE NURTURING MOMS TO INSPIRE CALM.

HE CREATED THE FUNNY MOMS TO INSPIRE LAUGHTER.

HE CREATED THE CRUNCHY MOMS TO INSPIRE HEALTH.

HE CREATED THE PARTY PLANNING MOMS TO INSPIRE COMMUNITY.

BUT HE DIDN'T CREATE YOU TO BE ALL OF THEM. SO STOP TRYING TO BE ALL THE MOMS.

BE THE MOM YOU WERE CREATED TO BE.

AND THEN, FIND YOUR VILLAGE TO BE THE MOMS YOU AREN'T. BECAUSE WE WERE ALL CREATED TO NEED EACH OTHER.

Fordan Harrell, writer

When I was a kid we played "Spin the Bottle" and if they didn't want to kiss you, they'd have to give you a quarter.

By the time I was 12, I owned my own home.



I arrived early for a lunch reservation with my girlfriends, and the manager asked if I'd mind waiting.

I said that was fine, and she said, "Great. Take these salads to table 4."



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Please be patient with me. I'm from the 1900s!



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Get Out of the Car!

A Senior Goldmine Classic

An elderly lady finished her shopping and, upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle.

She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at the top of her lungs, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men didn't wait for a second threat. They got out and ran like mad. The lady, somewhat shaken, then proceeded to load



her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into the driver's seat. She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then she realized why.

It was for the same reason she had wondered why there was a football, a Frisbee and two 6-packs of beer in the front seat.

A few minutes later, she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into the car and drove to the police station to report her mistake.

The sergeant to whom she told the story couldn't stop laughing. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car-jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun.

No charges were filed. The moral of the story? If you're going to have a senior moment...make it memorable.

The Price of a Helpmate

God wanted to reward Adam, so he told him he would make him a mate. God told him that he would have to use part of Adams own body to make her.

He asked Adam what qualities he would want in this woman...

Adam said, "Well, I want her to be gorgeous, have a beautiful kind, loving, generous, honest, faithful soul... and a be great cook and housekeeper."

Adam then asked, "What will that cost me?"

God did some quick calculations and said, "An arm and a leg."

Adam pondered that then replied, "Got any other options?"





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*See office for details

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Well, You Asked!

I asked my wife why she married me. She said, "Because you're so funny and make me laugh all the time."

I said, "I thought it was because I was so charming, intelligent and good looking."



She replied with a laugh, "See, there you go. You're hilarious!"

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Things I'm Really Good At

- 1. Forgetting someone's name ten seconds after they tell me.
- 2. Buying fresh produce—and throwing it away two weeks later.
- 3. Digging through the trash for the food box I just tossed away, because I already forgot the directions.
- 4. Making plans—and then immediately regretting making those plans because something better came up.
- 5. Leaving laundry in the dryer until it wrinkles. Then turning on the dryer to de-wrinkle. Then forgetting it again.
- 6. Calculating how much sleep I'll get if I can just fall asleep right now.



SRV May 2024

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(541) 709-1738 **Darcy Sutton** Placement Specialist

1372 SW 8th Ave. Ontario, Oregon 97914