

## Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

### Soul Nudges and Heart Tingles

by Heather Burke-Cody

I was thrift shopping for dorm stuff. The cashier appeared to be one of the most unhappy, maddest people ever. I was six people deep in the line and it seemed like she got more and more exasperated with each passing customer.

She was especially incensed when one of my unmarked items needed a price check. It sent this poor woman toppling right over the edge and I bore the brunt of her fall.

But as she rang up my items, I felt a little tingle in my spirit. A soul nudge.

I tried to bargain with Jesus and told him that the extra little bit of cash in the back side of my wallet was not meant for her. It surely should go to someone sweeter and kinder, more deserving, or at least appreciative maybe. Not someone downright mean and angry.

But God did not budge. Nor did the tingle.

The human heart is our very best compass. It rarely leads us astray.

So I paid my bill and reluctantly found the backside of my wallet. I slipped her some cash as she handed me my receipt. She was caught off-guard by the gesture.

She gripped the folded bills with one hand and paused. Then slid her mask down with the other hand. Her loud, stern voice got quiet when she whispered a single word: "Why?"

To which I answered two words back: "Soul nudge."

There was another pause. A brief reckoning of sorts. When she grabbed my hand and held on, I was the one caught off-guard.

*(Continued on page 2)*



### Come Home, Bring Your Laundry, Just Come Home!

I don't understand the whole "I have them until 18" type of parenting. Having children is a LIFETIME COMMITMENT.



Maybe I'm different, but I want my kids to come home and take groceries and toilet paper out of my cupboards when they're 25.

I want them to come home for their favorite meal at 35.

I want to watch their eyes sparkle when they are opening gifts at age 40.

I want them to know that I'm one call away and it doesn't stop at age 18.

They are forever my kids, not just temporary assignments!

**Always come home!**  
(And if you can't stay long, drop off the grandkids so I can spoil them, too!)



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**I found a mistake in my atlas. It was a topographical error.**

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## The Crowd in Room 8

A man arrived at the gates of heaven. St. Peter asked, “Denomination?”

“Lutheran,” he replied,

Peter looked down at his list. “Go to room 24, but be very quiet as you pass room 8.

Another man arrived at the gates of heaven.

“Denomination?”

“Methodist,” he answered.

“Go to room 18, but be very quiet as you pass room 8.”

A third man arrives at the gates of heaven.

“Denomination?” he was asked.

“Nazarene.”

“Go to room 11, but be very quiet as you pass room 8.”

The man was puzzled. “I can understand there being different rooms for different denominations, but why should I be quiet when I pass room 8?”

St. Peter replied, “Because the Episcopalians are in room 8, and they think they’re the only ones here.”

## Soul Nudges and Heart Tingles *Continued from Page 1*

“Today’s my 75th birthday and ain’t nobody called me. Not my sister. Not none of my kids. None these people here. Nobody. Nothing. I don’t think I can remember ever being so sad. Ain’t nobody even remember it’s my birthday.”

I felt the tingle again. And looked up into the buzzing, broken ballast of the light fixture above us in this old warehouse. Like Jesus is some pie-in-the-sky that we might see if we look hard enough. The light flickered.

“Somebody remembered,” I said. While I did not see Jesus, that small soul nudge told me that He saw her.

She bit her bottom lip when her eyes threatened to leak. And I noticed a deep hurt and sweet humility under the figurative and physical mask she wore underneath her chin. We all have our masks, don’t we?

The birthday news had made its way beside me and two more customers connected. Talk is cheap and words seem too few—until they aren’t. There was a small chorus of chirping “happy birthdays.” She just stood there, patting her heart and taking it all in. The words penetrated. Anger dissipated. Hope manifested. The tingle became tangible.

We just never know what someone else may be navigating or battling. Things are not always as they seem. We are living in an upside-down world right now. We may be tempted to return hatefulness with hate. To retaliate. To alienate. To trade out judgment for Grace. But there’s a better way.

I thought I needed dorm stuff today. Turns out I needed reminding – – maybe you do too?

Let’s be slow to judge. And quick to obey. The human heart, guided by Love, will not lead you astray.



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**When I was a kid, bedtime was 9 p.m.  
I couldn’t wait to grow up and  
go to bed anytime I wanted.  
Turns out that is 9 p.m.**



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## Reverse Compliments

- If you stand close enough to them, you can hear the ocean.
- If you gave them a penny for their thoughts, you'd get change back.



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## Now That's a Good Question!

- Why isn't a "fireman" called a "waterman?"
- Why does lipstick not do what it says?
- If money doesn't grow on trees, why do banks have branches?
- If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?
- How do you get off a nonstop flight?
- Why are goods sent by a ship called "cargo" and those sent by truck a "shipment?"
- Why do we put cups in the dishwasher and the dishes in the cupboard?
- Why do doctors "practice" medicine? Are they having practice at the cost of the patients?
- Why is it called "rush hour" when traffic moves at its slowest?
- Why do noses run and feet smell?

## Wait Your Turn!

During the pandemic, many of us enjoyed the early hours when the grocery stores opened for seniors only.



One morning at 7:45 a.m. there was a long line waiting for the store to open at 8.

A young man came from the parking lot and tried to cut in at the front of the line.

A little old lady was having none of it and started beating him back toward the parking lot with her cane.

He returned again and tried to cut in, but an old man punched him in the gut and pushed him away.

Finally, the young man approached the line for the third time and said, "Look, if you don't let me unlock that door you're never going to get in there!"



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FRIEND: "I thought you were dieting?"  
 ME: "I am."  
 FRIEND: "You just had three donuts!"  
 ME: "But I wanted four. See, dieting!"

## Typographical Error

Late one night Jack took a shortcut through the cemetery.

Suddenly he heard a tapping sound behind a row of tombstones. Frightened, he quickened his pace.

But the tapping grew louder and now Jack was scared out of his wits.

Peeking around a tree, he saw a man chiseling away on a tombstone.



"Oh, my goodness," Jack exclaimed. "You gave me the fright of my life. Why are you working so late?"

"They spelled my name wrong," replied the man, disgustedly.

## Milestones



Vivian McKnight  
 Aug 4, 1925—97 years  
 Weiser



Bertie Keith  
 Sept 18, 1937—85 years  
 Payette



Kathleen Penne  
 July 16, 1947—75 years  
 Fruitland



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## Country Units of Measurement



Next door = 1-2 minutes  
 Right up the road = 5-10 min.  
 A couple miles = 10-20 min.  
 Not too far = 20-50 min.  
 A little ways = Over an hour  
 A pretty good drive = 2 hrs. +

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