

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

# Back Home!



If I had the power to turn back the clock,  
 Go back to that house at the end of the block-  
 The house that was home when I was a kid,  
 I know that I'd love it more now than I did.

If I could go back there at my mother's knee,  
 And hear once again all the things she told me,  
 I'd listen as I never listened before,  
 For she knew so well just what life had in store.

*(Continued on page 2)*

### Fast Service

A man was cleaning out his grandfather's home after he passed away. In one of the grandfather's old overcoat pockets he found a ticket for some shoes that his grandfather had left to be repaired, dated in 1955.

In curiosity the man checked online and was surprised to see that the shoe shop was still in business and was still at the same location.



The man went to the shop and began talking to the owner. The owner explained that he is, in fact, the grandson of the original owner and has worked in the shop all his life.

The man gave the ticket to the shop owner who headed into the back of the shop just to see if the shoes are still there.

After some time he returned from the back of the and exclaimed, "I am amazed that the shoes are still here! They'll be ready on Monday."




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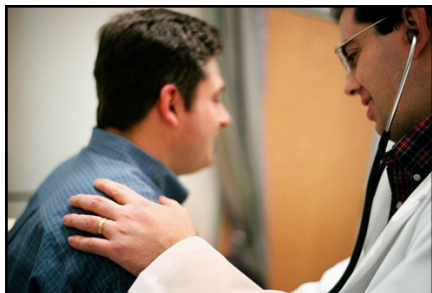


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### Physical Exertion



During his physical, the doctor asked the patient about his daily activity level.

He described a typical day this way: “Well, yesterday afternoon, I waded knee-deep along the edge of a lake, escaped from wild dogs in the heavy brush, marched up and down several rocky hills, stood in a patch of poison ivy, jumped away from an aggressive rattlesnake and crawled out of quicksand.”

Inspired by the story, the doctor said, “You must be an amazing outdoorsman!”

”No,” he replied, “I’m just a terrible golfer.”

### Back Home! *(Continued from page 1)*

And all the advice my dad used to give,  
His voice I’ll remember as long as I live;  
But it didn’t seem really important then;  
What I’d give just to live it all over again.’

And what I’d give for  
the chance I once had,  
To do so much more for  
my mother and dad;  
To give them more joy  
and a little less pain;  
A little more sunshine  
—a little less rain.



But the years roll on and we cannot go back,  
Whether we were born in a mansion or shack;  
Be we can start now—in the hour that’s here,  
To do something more for the ones we hold dear.

And since time in its flight is traveling so fast,  
Let’s not spend it regretting that which is past.  
But let’s make tomorrow a happier day,  
By sharing the love in our heart—TODAY!

- Author Unknown

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## Send Out the Search Party

The boss wondered why one of his most valued employees was absent but had not phoned in sick. Needing to have an urgent problem with one of the main computers resolved, he dialed the employee's home phone number and was greeted with a child's whisper.



"Hello?" the small voice whispered.

"Is your daddy home?" the man asked.

"Yes," whispered the small voice.

"May I speak with him?"

The child whispered, "No."

Surprised and wanting to talk with an

adult, the boss asked, "Is your Mommy there?"

"Yes."

"May I speak with her?"

Again the small voice whispered, "No."

Hoping there was somebody with whom he could leave a message, the boss asked, "Is anybody else there?"

"Yes," whispered the child, "a policeman."

Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home, the boss asked, "May I speak with the policeman?"

"No, he's busy," whispered the child.

"Busy doing what?"

"Talking to Daddy and Mommy and the fireman," came the whispered answer.

Growing more worried as he heard a loud noise in the background through the earpiece on the phone, the boss asked, "What is that noise?"

"A helicopter," answered the whispering voice.

"What is going on there?" demanded the boss, now truly apprehensive.

Again, whispering, the child answered, "The search team just landed a helicopter."

Alarmed, concerned and a little frustrated the boss asked, "What are they searching for?"

Still whispering, the young voice replied with a muffled giggle.....

"ME."

## Woman Shot in the Head

Linda Burnett, 23, a resident of Arkansas, went to the super-market to pick up some groceries. Later, her husband noticed her sitting in her car in the driveway with the car running and the windows rolled up. Her eyes were closed with both hands behind the back of her head.

Concerned, he walked over to the car and asked her if she was okay; Linda replied that she had been shot in the back of the head and had been holding her brains in for over an hour (at least it seemed that way to her, it actually had been 15 minutes).

The husband called the paramedics, who broke into the car because the doors were locked and Linda refused to move her hands.

When they finally got in, they found that Linda had a wad of bread dough on the back of her head. From the back seat a biscuit canister had exploded from the heat, making a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot, and the wad of dough hit her in the back of her head.

When she reached back to find out what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She initially passed out but came to eventually and proceeded to hold her "brains" in until help arrived.

Needless to say, she has eliminated a certain item from future shopping lists.

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**STATUS UPDATE:**

It looks like a nice evening to eat outside!



207 mosquitoes liked your post.

**Should You Go First**

Should you go first, and I remain  
To walk the road alone,  
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,  
With the happy days we've known.  
In spring I'll wait for the roses, red,  
In summer, lilacs blue;  
In autumn, when the brown leaves fall,  
I'll catch a breath of you.



Should you go first, and I remain  
For the battles to be fought,  
Each thing you've touched along the way  
Will be a hallowed spot.  
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile  
Though blindly I may grope;  
The memory of your loving hand  
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first, and I remain  
To finish with the scroll,  
No dark shadows shall creep in,  
To make this life seem droll.  
We've known so much of happiness,  
We've had our cup of joy;  
The memory is one gift of God  
That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first, and I remain,  
One thing I'd have you know:  
Walk slowly down the path of death,  
For soon I'll follow you.  
I'll want to know each step you take,  
That I may walk the same,  
For some day down that lonely road,  
You'll hear me call your name.

**Having Withdrawals**

The old lady handed her bank card to a bank teller and said, "I would like to withdraw \$500".

The teller told her briskly, "For withdrawals less than \$2,000, please use the ATM."

The old lady wanted to know why.

The teller returned her bank card and irritably told her, "These are the rules. Please leave if there is no other matter. There is a line behind you."

The old lady remained silent for a few seconds, then handed the card back to the teller and said, "Please help me withdraw all the money I have."

The teller was astonished when she checked the account balance. "My apologies Ma'am, you have \$35 million in your account and our bank doesn't have that much cash currently. Could you make an appointment and come again tomorrow?"

The old lady then asked how much she could withdraw immediately. The teller told her any amount up to \$50,000.

"Well, please let me have \$50,000 now," she requested. The teller did so quickly, then handed it very respectfully to her elderly client.

The old lady put \$500 in her bag and asked the teller to deposit the balance of \$49,500 back into her account.



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## The Lost Words

Here is a lost word from our childhood: "Mergatroyd!" Do you remember that word? Would you believe the spell-checker did not recognize the word Mergatroyd? "Heavens to Mergatroyd!"

The other day a not so elderly (I say 75) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy; and he looked at her quizzically and said "What the heck is a Jalopy?" He never heard of the word jalopy! She knew she was old. But not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle. So let's illuminate some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology.

Phrases like: "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record," and "Hung out to dry." Back in the olden days we had a lot of "moxie." "Heavens to Betsy!" Gee whillikers!" "Jumping Jehoshaphat!" "Holy moley!"

We were "In like Flynn" and "Living the life of Riley; and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a "knucklehead," a "nincompoo" or a "pill." "Not for all the tea in China!" Back in the olden days, life used to be "swell," but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys, spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers.

"Oh, my aching back!" "Kilroy was here," but he isn't anymore. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!" or, "This is a fine kettle of fish!" we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent, as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

"Poof," go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those great phrases gone? Long gone, like: "Pshaw," Hey! It's your nickel." "Knee high to a grasshopper." "Well, Fiddlesticks!" "I'll see you in the funny papers." "Don't take any wooden nickels." "Wake up and smell the roses."

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than "Carter has little liver pills." (Carter's Little Liver Pills are gone too!) We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeable times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age.

We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. Leaves us to wonder what phrases will be next to go.



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## Milestones



Evelyn Roth  
Sept 23, 1920—100 years  
Nampa Park Place



Helen Bergemann  
Sept 21, 1921—99 years  
Nampa Senior Center



Helen Bohne  
Sept 3, 1923—97 years  
Parma Senior Center



Alice Martin  
Sept 23, 1924—96 yrs  
Melba Senior Center



Nelda Precht  
Sept 21, 1926—94 years  
Caldwell Autumn Wind



**THESE BABIES WERE ALL BORN IN 2020!**

### Time to Pray

An atheist was taking a walk through the woods, admiring all that evolution had created.

"What majestic trees! What powerful rivers! What beautiful animals!" he said to himself.

As he was walking along the river, he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to see a 7-foot grizzly charging right towards him. He ran as fast as he could. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the bear was closing in. He ran even faster, crying in fear. His heart was pounding and he tried to run even faster.

He tripped and fell on the ground. He rolled over to pick himself up, but saw the bear right on top of him, reaching for him with his left paw and raising his right paw to strike him.

At that moment, the Atheist cried out "Oh, my God!...." Time stopped. The bear froze. The forest was silent. Even the river stopped moving.

As a bright light shone upon the man, a voice came out of the sky, "You deny my existence for all of these years, teach others I don't exist, and even credit creation to a cosmic accident. Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you as a believer?"

The atheist looked directly into the light. "It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as Christian now, but perhaps could you make the bear a Christian?"

"Very well," said the voice.

The light went out. The river ran again. And the sounds of the forest resumed.

And then the bear dropped his right paw ..... brought both paws together...bowed his head and spoke: "Lord, for this food which I am about to receive, I am truly thankful."



I arrived early to the restaurant last night.  
"Do you mind waiting for a bit," the manager asked.  
"Not at all," I replied.  
"Good," he said.  
"Take these lasagnas to table 5."

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## What a Sight!

I bumped into an old school friend the other day. He started showing off, talking about his well-paid job and his expensive sports car.

Then he pulled out a photo of his wife and said, "Beautiful, isn't she?"

I said, "If you think she is beautiful, you should see my girl friend."

He said, "Why? Is she a stunner, too?"

I said, "No, she's an optometrist."

## Home Improvement

We were doing home renovations and, incredibly, when we knocked down a wall, we found a secret, fully furnished room.

And then I remembered: "We live in a duplex..."



## Nursing and Rehabilitation



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## A Mama's Hugs

When a grown child hugs their mom,



It's so much more to her. It opens up a memory box To times of yesteryear.

It takes her back to your childhood,  
When you sat upon her lap,  
When she'd settle you after the scariest dream,  
Or put you down for a nap.

If she holds you a little tighter,  
She's keeping those days alive,  
Remembering how she hugged you  
When you were only four or five.

So when you hug your mother,  
Don't be quick to break her embrace.  
Let her hold you a little longer,  
While the tears run down her face.

- Author Unknown





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### Proud Mother



When my son graduated from high school, he had to give a speech. He began by reading from his prepared text.

"I want to talk about my mother and the wonderful influence she has had on my life," he told the audience. "She is a shining example of parenthood, and I love her more than words could ever do justice."

At this point he seemed to struggle for words. After a pause, he looked up with a sly grin and said, "Sorry, but it's really hard to read my mother's handwriting."

### Milestones



Elva Burris  
August 3, 1926—94 years  
Caldwell Senior Center



Alvin Hunsperger  
Sept 1, 1928—92 years  
Melba Senior Center



Genevieve Johnson  
Sept 23, 1928—92 years  
Nampa Park Place



Barbara Aldridge  
Sept 27, 1928—92 years  
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Betty Allen  
July 6, 1940—80 years  
Caldwell Senior Center



Bob Moore  
Sept 13, 1940—80 years  
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**I told my wife I wanted to be cremated. She made me an appointment for Tuesday.**

**I'M SO OLD**  
that I've actually dialed a rotary phone...  
while listening to an 8-track tape...  
next to a black and white TV with aluminum foil  
on top of its rabbit ear antennas!