

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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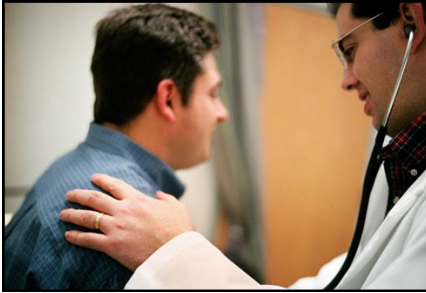
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Physical Exertion



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

**I told my wife I wanted
to be cremated.
She made me an ap-
pointment 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!

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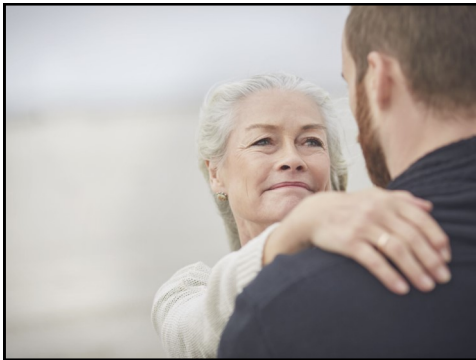
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I dropped by the house I grew up in and asked if I could come in and look around. They said NO and slammed the door in my face. Parents can be so rude sometimes.



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Assisted Living Community
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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.

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..."



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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."

My face in the mirror isn't wrinkled or drawn.
My house isn't dirty; the cobwebs are gone.
My garden looks lovely and so does my lawn.
I think I might never put my glasses back on!

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."

STATUS UPDATE:

It looks like a nice evening to eat outside!



207 mosquitoes
liked your post.



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!"