

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

### The Tattered List

One spring day a teacher asked her fifth grade students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers.

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper and listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling.

“Really?” she heard whispered. “I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!” and, “I didn't know others liked me so much,” were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another. That group of students moved on.

Many years later, one of those students was killed in Vietnam. His teacher, long since retired, attended the funeral of that special student.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to step up the coffin. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He looked so handsome, so mature.

As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. “Were you Mark's fifth grade teacher?” he asked.

She nodded: “Yes.”



*Continued on Page 2*

### Make the Moments Count

Every minute someone leaves this world behind.

We are all in “the line” without knowing it.

We never know how many people are before us.

We can not move to the back of the line.

We can not step out of the line.

We can not avoid the line.

So while we wait in line -

Make the moments count.

Make priorities.

Make the time.

Make your gifts known.

Make a nobody feel like a somebody.

Make your voice heard.

Make the small things big.

Make someone smile.

Make the change.

Make love.

Make up.

Make

peace.

Make sure to tell your people they are loved.

Make sure to have no regrets.

Make sure you are ready.



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**WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS**

**A Sure Bet**

A strapping young man at a construction site was constantly bragging about how strong he was and how he could outdo any of the other workers in any feat of strength.

He made a special point of making fun of Morris, one of the oldest and most experienced workers. Every day he would berate Morris and call him a weakling and all sorts of demeaning names.

One day, Morris had had enough of the young man's bragging and taunting.

Calling him out, Morris challenged him, "Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?" he asked. "I'll bet you a week's wages that I can haul something in this wheelbarrow to the far end of the worksite that you won't be able to wheel back!"

"You're on old man," the braggart replied. "It's a bet! Let's see what you got."

Morris grabbed the wheelbarrow by the handles. Then nodding to the young man, he said, "All right. Get in."



*(The Tattered List—Continued from Page 1)*

Then he said: "Mark talked about you a lot." That caught her by surprise.

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon in the church fellowship hall. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.



"We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home."

Chuck's wife said, 'Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album.'

"I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

**We don't know which day will be our last. So please, tell the people you love and care for that they are special and important.**

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I was always taught to respect my elders, but at my age, they're getting hard to find!



When older people say "Enjoy them while you're young," they're talking about your shoulders, hips and knees.

## What She Said

A good woman is by your side during the bad times to remind you it never would have happened if you had listened to her in the first place.



I think you're right

I didn't say anything yet



I'm just trying to save time...

When you find a good wife, you not only get a best friend and companion, you also get a full-time driving instructor for life.

New Bride:

"Nobody told me that when you got a husband the ears are sold separately."

I took my husband to an Antique Auction. Three people bid on him.



I know how it will end: one of my kids will unplug my life support to charge their phone!

## When Service was Real

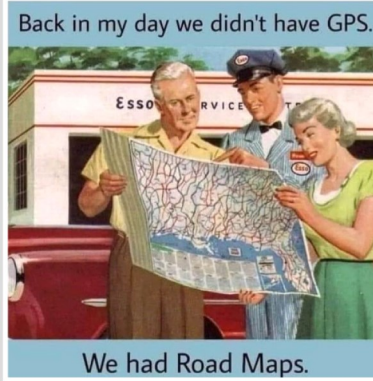
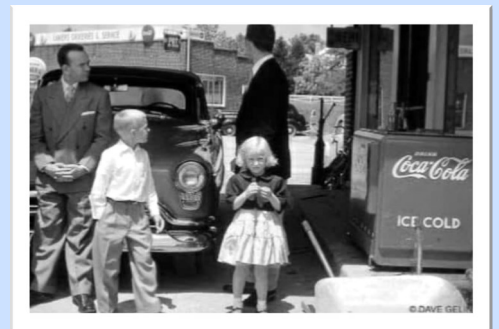
We called them "service stations" - no other name seemed to fit. And although they were gas stations, the service was exemplary. A ding from the hose sounded whenever cars pulled in.



At the pump island the attendant stretched the hose to our car's gas tank. I loved everything about the gas station; I loved how the attendants squeegeed the windows to wash away summer dust and bugs while gas was pumped into our car.

In the back seat my view was momentarily blocked as the attendant raised the hood to check the oil. On the fresh and sunny days, I heard the flapping sound of plastic multi-colored streamers dancing in the wind. During the wait I sometimes leaned my arm out the window and let my elbow embrace the side of the door. It felt hot from the scorching heat of the sun.

It was at the service stations where an ice cold, dripping wet bottle of pop waited for me inside the cooler. For ten cents I retrieved my favorite bottle of pop. It never tasted better than it did from a wet bottle on a hot day. Some days I rode my bike to a



Back in my day we didn't have GPS.

We had Road Maps.

service station to fill the tires with air. Our old bike pump in our garage did the trick just fine, but never left me with such a feeling of importance as when I rode into the station.

Free air, free road maps and free advice on fix something under the hood were all part of memories gone by. Those were the days.



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At my funeral I want  
someone to take my  
phone and text everyone,  
“Thanks for coming!”



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## Reflections of a Boomer

I've seen fire and I've seen rain.  
I've been through the desert on a horse with no name.

I've gone to Kansas City, I've sang in the sunshine.  
I've been on the road again, with Georgia on my mind.

Like a rolling stone, I've given peace a chance.  
I've put my camel to bed, and danced the last dance.

Mr. Tambourine man played a song for me,  
I've whispered words of wisdom, let it be.

I've fell into a burning ring of fire, and walked the line,  
To all the girls I've love before, you were always on my mind.

I've been everywhere, I've been so lonesome I could cry,  
I've driven my Chevy to the levee when the levee was dry.

I've been to Itchycoo Park in a yellow submarine.  
I've made the scene in a time machine.

I've done the Hokey Pokey and turned myself around.  
I've welcomed baby back to the poor side of town.

I've followed the tracks of my tears down a long and winding road.  
I've kept on searching for a heart of gold.

I've sought shelter from the storm, I've sat on the dock of the bay.  
I've rocked around the clock, on a sunshiny day.

I've knocked on Heaven's door, blowing in the wind.  
Joy to the world, those were the days my friend.

Lay lady lay, in crimson and clover.  
It's been a hard day's night, the party's over.

## Church Happenings

**While I visiting a country church in Alabama**, the pastor announced that their “prison quartet” would be singing that evening. I wasn't aware there was a prison in the vicinity and I looked forward to hearing them.

That evening, I was puzzled when four members of the church approached the stage.



Then the pastor introduced them. “This is our prison quartet,” he said, “behind a few bars and always looking for the key.”

**After the service a young man approached the pastor** and asked if he would pray for his hearing.

“Of course,” the pastor replied. He laid his hands on the young man's ears and prayed loud and long for the man to be healed.

When he was finished, the pastor asked, “How is your hearing now?”

“I don't know,” he replied. “It's next Tuesday at the Court-house!”

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### Economic Decisions

*In this volatile economy, many companies are looking to increase their bottom line. Here are some possible mergers coming:*

Hale Business Systems, Mary Kay Cosmetics, Fuller Brush, and W.R. Grace Co. may merge and become:

**Hale, Mary, Fuller, Grace**

Polygram Records, Warner Brothers, and Ritz Crackers may join forces and become:

**Poly, Warner, Cracker**

Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining may get together and become:

**Zip Audi Do Da**

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## Milestones



**Gene Clinton**

April 18, 1928—96 years  
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**Lois Royston**

April 28, 1930—94 years  
Payette



**Carmetta Lee Poulsen**

April 9, 1939—85 years  
Fruitland

### Senior Goldmine honors the following Milestones:

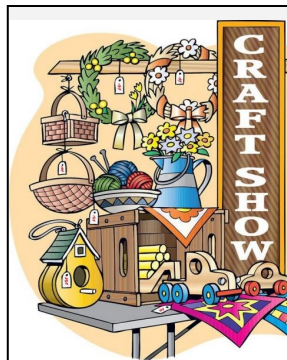
Birthdays 70, 75, 80, 85, 90 and up; and Anniversaries 50, 55, 60 and up.

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