

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Pinewood Derby Challenge

A boy named Gilbert was eight years old and had been in Cub Scouts only a short time. During one of his meetings he was handed a sheet of paper, a block of wood and four tires and told to return home and give it all to his dad.

That was not an easy task for Gilbert to do. His dad was not receptive to doing things with his son. But Gilbert tried. His dad just read the paper and scoffed at the idea of making a pine wood derby car with his young, eager son. The block of wood remained untouched as the weeks passed.



Finally, mom stepped in to see if I could figure this all out. The project began. Having no carpentry skills, she decided it would be best if she simply read the directions and let Gilbert do the work. And he did. She read aloud the measurements, the rules of what they could and couldn't do.

Within days his block of wood was turning into a pinewood derby car. A little lopsided, but looking great (at least through the eyes of mom).

Gilbert had not seen any of the other kids cars and was feeling pretty proud of his "Blue Lightning," the pride that comes with knowing you did something on your own.

Then the big night came. With his blue pinewood derby in his hand and pride in his heart they headed to the big race.

Once there, Gilbert's pride turned to humility. His car was obviously the only car made entirely on his own. All the other cars were a father-son partnership, with cool paint jobs and sleek body styles made for speed.

A few of the boys giggled as they looked at Gilbert's lopsided,

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Thank a Farmer!



A farmer spends hundreds of hours getting the land ready, plowing, disking and planting.

He spends thousands of dollars on fuel, equipment and repair bills.

He spends many nights laying in bed praying for rain or sunshine instead of sleeping.

He sweats out on the tractor unlike any other job. He works like most people couldn't.

He gets yelled at and cussed out by people who get caught behind the tractor traveling down the road. He spends many days wondering if it's worth it.

And he does all this starting with tiny seeds. Why would he do that?

The answers are all around you: the plate of food sitting in front of you, the clothes on your back, the shoes on your feet.

But for him it's the love for working in the dirt, his love for agriculture, and the satisfaction knowing he's done his part to keep this country fed.

Take a moment to thank all the farmers out there who help make the world go around!



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Better than Freckles?

An elderly woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws.

"You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fellow.



Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head.

His grandmother knelt down next to him. "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles," she said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek. "Freckles are beautiful."

The boy looked up, "Really?" "Of course," said the

grandmother. "Why just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles."

The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandma's face, and softly whispered, "Wrinkles."



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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

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wobbly, unattractive vehicle. To add to the humility Gilbert was the only boy without a man at his side.

A couple of the boys who were from single parent homes at least had an uncle or grandfather by their side, Gilbert had "Mom."

As the racing began it was done in elimination fashion. You kept racing as long as you were the winner.

One by one the cars raced down the finely sanded ramp. Finally, it was between Gilbert and the sleekest, fastest looking car there.

As the last race was about to begin, the wide-eyed, shy eightyear-old asked if they could stop the race for a minute, because he wanted to pray.

The race stopped.

Gilbert hit his knees clutching his funny looking block of wood between his hands. With a wrinkled brow he started and prayed in earnest for a very long minute and a half. Then he stood, smile on his face and announced, "Okay, I am ready."

As the crowd cheered, a boy named Tommy stood with his father as their car sped down the ramp. Gilbert watched his block of wood wobble down the ramp with surprisingly great speed and rushed over the finish line a fraction of a second before Tommy's car.



Gilbert leaped into the air with a loud "Thank you!" as his Mom and the crowd roared in approval.

The Scout Master came up to Gilbert with microphone in hand and asked the obvious question, "So you prayed to win, huh, Gilbert?" To which the young boy answered, "Oh, no sir. That wouldn't be fair to ask God to help you beat someone else. I just asked Him to make it so I don't cry if I lose."



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Second Class Passenger

A well-dressed young woman boarded a plane and made her way to her seat, which happened to be next to a poor elderly man. The man was dressed in shabby clothes and was a bit embarrassed by his appearance.

As soon as she was seated, the young lady alerted the flight attendant that there was a problem. "Please find me another seat immediately," she said abruptly.

The flight attendant responded warmly, "I'm sorry Ma'am, but the economy cabin is fully booked."

The woman replied, "But I'm not going to travel beside this old person. Do something," she demanded.

While the elderly man stared in

disbelief, the flight attendant responded, "I'll talk to the Captain about this."

The flight attendant went to the Captain and asked, "Captain, a woman feels uncomfortable sitting beside a poor elderly man. What should we do?"

The Captain looked amused and said, "This is interesting. I've never encountered an issue like this before. I think I have a plan. Listen."

The Captain relayed to the flight attendant what he wanted to do. The flight attendant was stunned at his plan. In fact, she was amazed.

A few minutes later, the flight attendant returned. "The Captain said we have an open seat in First Class. He also wants to apologize for having to travel with such a terrible person."

As the woman rose out of her seat, the flight attendant stopped her and reached out her arm towards the poor elderly man. "Sir, will you please follow me? We have a seat up front for you."

To which the surrounding passengers applauded.



When old people tell you to "enjoy them while they're young," they are talking about your hips and knees, not you children.

Aborting Takeoff

A group of engineering instructors boarded a plane for a trip to a conference.



When the doors closed and the plane was about to take off, they were informed that the plane was made by their students!

All of the instructors rushed toward the plane doors, trying to escape with the exception of one instructor who remained calmly seated.

Someone asked him why he wasn't escaping the plane like his colleagues.

He answered with confidence, "These are my students."

Then he was asked another question: "Are you sure that you taught them well?"

The instructor replied quietly: "I'm sure it won't fly."

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Tidbits!

I was at a restaurant yesterday, and a waitress yelled out, "Does anyone know CPR?"

I replied, "Are you kidding? I know the entire alphabet!" and everyone laughed.

Well, except for this one guy.

I never finish anything. I have a black belt in partial arts.

I've reached the age when my obituary will not include the word "untimely."

Grandpa's last words will stay with me forever: "Quit shaking the ladder, ya' little hooligan!"

Tips on how to fall asleep in a living room chair:

- 1. Be old.
- 2. Sit in a chair.

I would like to say thanks to the people who walked into my life, and made it better. And thanks to those who walked out and made it amazing!

Don't expect me to stop if you are broken down on the side of the road. You were offered that extended warranty for your car several times.



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Janice Butler May 22, 1922—101 years Wellsprings Ontario



Dorothy Hezeltine August 2, 1938—85 years Weiser



Sarah Alvarado July 21, 1943—80 years Nyssa





Vivian McKnight Aug 4, 1925—98 years Weiser

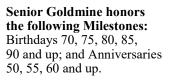


Sue Hadley July 30, 1931—92 years Nyssa



George Ke

George Keeler Aug 5, 1938—85 years Fruitland



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Cyndi Davis Aug 21, 1953—70 years Weiser





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