

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

### A Mother's Christmas Story

A mother and her family were eating dinner on Christmas Eve in a small restaurant many miles from their home. She tells this story:

We were the only family with children in the restaurant. I sat little Becky in a high-chair and noticed everyone was quietly eating and talking.

Suddenly, Becky squealed with glee and said, "Hi." She pounded her fat baby hands on the high-chair tray. Her eyes were wide with excitement and her mouth was bared in a toothless grin. She wriggled and giggled with merriment. I looked around and saw the source of her merriment.

It was a man with a tattered rag of a coat, dirty, greasy and worn. His pants were baggy with a zipper at half-mast and his toes poked out of well-worn shoes. His shirt was dirty and his hair was uncombed and unwashed. His whiskers were too short to be called a beard and his nose was so varicose, it looked like a road map.

We were too far away from him to smell, but I was sure he smelled terrible. His hands waved and flapped on loose wrists. "Hi there, baby; hi there, baby girl. I see you sweetie," the man said to Becky with his hands over his eyes looking through his fingers.

My husband and I exchanged looks, "What do we do?" Everyone in the restaurant noticed and looked at us and then at the man. The old geezer was creating a nuisance with my beautiful baby.

Our meal came and the man began shouting from across the room, "Do you know patty cake baby? Do you know peek-a-boo? Hey, look, she knows peek-a-boo!" Nobody thought the old man was cute. He was obviously drunk.

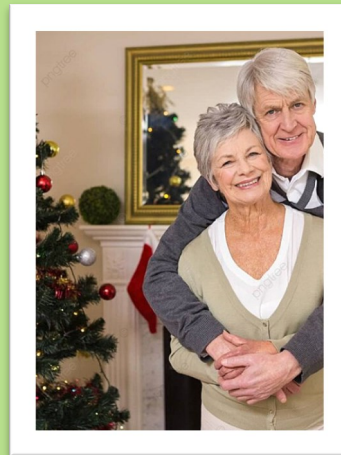
My husband and I were so embarrassed. We ate in silence, all except for Becky, who was running through her repertoire for the admiring skid-row bum, who in turn, reciprocated with his cute comments.



*Continued on Page 2*

### Christmas Wishes For You

*By Sherry Asbury*



May peace dwell with you,  
may prosperity huddle near.  
May family gather together  
without heartache or tear.

There is a star shining  
in the night sky ... just there.  
It is for you to wish upon  
to keep you safe from care.

May everything you need  
be yours to have and proclaim  
as you're due; just close your eyes  
and ask it in His precious name.

Merry Christmas to you, friend.  
Let your season be a blessed one  
filled with love and cheer  
and more.  
Smile, laugh, and enjoy the fun.



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**WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS**

- It's so cold that:**
- Lawyers have their hands in their own pockets.
  - You have to open the fridge to heat the house
  - Your false teeth chatter, and they are still in the glass
  - People look forward to getting a fever
  - We had to chisel the dog off a lamp-post
  - Pet stores are selling hamsters, gerbils and penguins
  - I chipped my tooth on my soup.
  - Starbucks is serving coffee on a stick.
  - I actually saw a hipster pull his pants up.
  - Ice cubes are coming out of my faucet.
  - I'm thankful for hot flashes
  - Donald Trump's hair froze in place.
  - I saw a greyhound bus and the dog was riding on the inside.

*(A Mother's Christmas Story—Continued from Page 1)*

We finally got through the meal and headed for the door. My husband went to pay the check and told me to meet him in the parking lot.

The old man sat poised between me and the door. "Lord, just let me out of here before he speaks to me or Becky," I prayed.

As I drew closer to the man, I turned my back trying to side-step him and avoid any air he might be breathing. As I did, Becky leaned over my arm, reaching with both arms in a baby's "pick-me-up" position. Before I could stop her, Becky had propelled herself from my arms to the man's.

Suddenly a very old smelly man and a very young baby consummated their love relationship. Becky, in an act of total trust, love, and submission laid her tiny head upon the man's ragged shoulder. The man's eyes closed and I saw tears hover beneath his lashes. His aged hands full of grime, pain and hard labor-gently, so gently cradled my baby's bottom and stroked her back.

No two beings have ever loved so deeply for so short a time. And I stood awestruck. The old man rocked and cradled Becky in his arms for a moment, and then his eyes opened and set squarely on mine. He said in a firm commanding voice, "You take care of this baby girl."

Somehow I managed, "I will," from a throat that contained a stone.

He pried Becky from his chest unwillingly, longingly, as though he were in pain. I received my baby, and the man said, "God bless you, ma'am, you've given me my Christmas gift."

I said nothing more than a muttered thanks. With Becky in my arms, I ran for the car. My husband was wondering why I was crying and holding Becky so tightly, and why I was saying, "Oh my God, please forgive me."

I had just witnessed Christ's love shown through the innocence of a tiny child who saw no sin, who made no judgment, a child who saw a soul, and a mother who saw a suit of dirty clothes. I was a woman who was blind, holding a child who was not.



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## Secret Treasure

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about.

For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.



In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside. She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box. When he opened it, he found three crocheted dolls and a stack of money totaling \$9,500. Shocked,

he asked her about the contents.

"When we were to be married," she said, "my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue. She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll."

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only three precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him three times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with happiness.

"Honey," he said, "that explains the doll, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?"

"Oh," she said, "that's the money I made from selling the dolls."

## What a Deal!

Esther was driving home from a business trip when she saw an elderly woman walking on the side of the road. Feeling sorry for her, she stopped the car, rolled down the window, and asked the lady if she wanted a ride.

The lady nodded, and without a word climbed into the passenger seat. Esther headed down the road. The next town was an hour away, so she tried to make small talk with the old woman. But she just sat silently watching the scenery go by.

After more than half an hour of this silent drive, the old woman turned and noticed a package lying on the seat behind Esther. "What's in the package?" the woman suddenly asked.



Somewhat startled by the sudden question, Esther replied, "It's a new pair of shoes I got for my husband."

The old woman was silent again for a moment or two. Then apparently speaking from her many years of experience, she simply said, "Good trade."

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## Short Snorts

A woman texted her husband:  
"Windows frozen. Won't open."

Her husband texted back:  
"Pour some lukewarm water over it, then gently tap the edges with a hammer."

Wife texts back: "Computer really messed up now!"

Scientists recently placed a matching 10-piece set of Tupperware in a sealed chamber.

When they opened it a month later, there were 14 lids that did not match the remaining 6 containers.

One day you're young and the next day you have your favorite pharmacy!

I've reached the age where I appreciate a nice handrail!

90% of all electric vehicles are still on the road. The other 10% made it home.

It's not procrastination if I never had any intention of doing it in the first place.

I'd tell you a hat joke, but it's over your head!

## Milestones



Letha Essinger  
Dec 18, 1933—90 years  
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Carol Ortega  
Dec 24, 1933—90 years  
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