

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Canon in D with a Side of Tomato Soup

By Rachel Printy

Paul stared at his wife across the table, noticing for the first time that her sweater was on inside out. Every morning he would lay out her clothes on the bed in a specific order, so she'd know which item to put on first. But it didn't guarantee *how* Elaine would put on each piece. He'd have to pay more attention before they went out.

Their usual waitress, Sarah, appeared, holding a large tray with two sweet teas on it. "How y'all doin' today?"

With Alzheimer's disease, there were good days, and then there were challenging days. It was one of the latter. Elaine was preoccupied, scrubbing a stain on the wooden table with her finger, forgetting it was a permanent fixture of their booth. They'd been lunching at this diner once a week for years. That blemish had been there since day one.

"Today's actually a very special day for us. It's our 57th wedding anniversary." His wife stopped fidgeting and looked up. "The day she took a chance on a broke, balding fellow by saying, 'I do,'" he said with a wink in her direction.

"It is?" Elaine asked.

"Yep, sweetheart, it is."

"Congratulations, you two! Ms. Sue fixed up some of her key lime pie today and I'll make sure y'all have a slice on the house before you go. Stickin' with the Cobb salad and tomato soup?"

"That's it." Paul replied.

She nodded and turned, then swung back around. "I just remembered. We ran out of tomato soup about an hour ago. Chicken noodle ok?"

Paul looked at his wife, now scrubbing away at the stain with a napkin. "Elaine?" "Hmmm," she said, again focused on the table.

"They're out of the tomato soup. Do you want chicken noodle? Or a sandwich instead?" She looked confused, so he pointed to the menu and showed her a few other items he thought she'd enjoy, but she was having a hard time picking something new.

Suddenly she began to cry. "I want to go home. Please can we go home?" she begged.



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Taking Off in 2021

Welcome aboard Flight 2021. I am your flight attendant, and we are preparing for take off into the New Year.

Please make sure that your attitude and blessings are secured and locked in upright position. All self-destructive devices should be turned off at this time.

All negativity, and discouragement should be stored in the overhead compartments. We have removed the excess baggage that has been flying with us on Flight 2020 and are hopeful that our flight to our future destinations will be a smooth one.

Should we lose altitude under pressure during our flight, please reach up and pull down a prayer. Prayers will automatically be activated by faith. Once your faith is activated you can assist other passengers.

Remember.... there is no return policy on time, so make every mile count! The new year offers you 365 blank pages, so write the most beautiful chapter of your life!

Wishing you great health, happiness, and success in 2021!

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Short-lived Fame

A man was sent to prison for 20 years. He was so bored while in there, so he found an ant and decided to teach it tricks - like beg, play dead, roll over, jump over a hair, etc.



He served his time and was released, taking his ant with him in a matchbox. The first place he went was to a diner for a god meal. He sat down, took out the matchbox and emptied out the ant.

He then said to the guy beside him, "You are not gonna believe what this ant can do."

He showed him all the tricks and the guy was very impressed. He told him that he could make a fortune with the ant.

The guy being shown the ant was excited and called the server over and said, "You see that ant?"

The server put his finger on the ant, twisted it and said, "Sorry sir it won't happen again."

Canon in D with a Side of Tomato Soup (Continued from page 1)

"Honey, Sarah has already brought us our drinks. Don't you think we should stay a little longer? I know you like tomato soup, but I'm sure their chicken noodle is delicious."

That only made her cry harder. Sarah apologized on behalf of the restaurant for running out. Other customers glanced in their direction, wondering what all the commotion was about.

He sighed and reached back for his wallet, then placed a ten-dollar bill on the table. "I'm sorry. We'll catch you next week."

Sarah gave him an understanding look and told him she'd bring the pie and some to-go cups of tea out to their car. He thanked her as he rose to help his wife out of the booth. He always tried to make their days as hiccup-free as possible, but sometimes, there just wasn't any tomato soup.

Elaine stopped crying on the way home but appeared anxious, and kept asking him what day it was. He hesitated to say the date, conjecturing that at least part of her current emotional state was because she hadn't realized it was their anniversary. With her dementia he didn't think a thing of it, but worried she might become upset with herself.

"Today is Wednesday."

She furrowed her brow, a tell-tale sign she was struggling to grasp some distant memory or word. When she asked what day it was for the third time during their twenty-minute drive, he gave in. "It's Wednesday, January 7th."

"That's the day we got married!"

"Yes, it is," he said, pulling up into their driveway.

He helped his wife sit on the living room couch before setting up two dinner trays and turning the TV to a re-run of *The Price is Right*.

"I'll be right back to join you," he reassured her.



Once in the kitchen, he walked past the cabinets labeled *bowls/plates, mugs/glasses,* and *cereal* to find the one with *soup* written on it. He'd marked them all to help her stay as independent as possible, especially since she loved to cook. In the past few months, however, he'd taken over the role as primary chef.

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The world is getting too sensitive. Pretty soon I won't be able to make fun of myself without someone getting offended.



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Canon in D with a Side of Tomato Soup (Continued from Page 2)

Relief swept over him when he found some tomato soup in the back-right corner of the cabinet.

Conscious of his stiff, arthritic hands, he carefully lowered two bowls and filled them with the liquid contents before putting Elaine's dish in the microwave. As he stood there watching the timer count down, the sound of Pachelbel floated into the kitchen.

His wife had been a music teacher, so they'd always had a piano in the living room. She hadn't played much lately, though. He suspected it was because she now had difficulty sight-reading the music.



Walking back into the room, he found Elaine bent over the piano playing *Canon in D* from muscle memory. He was struck at how her fingers, still so capable and sure, glided over the keys.

An image of her coming down the aisle towards him in a stunning white dress filled his head, those same lovely hands holding a bouquet of the yellow daisies he'd gathered for her from his garden. It had been a simple wedding, but that's what they'd wanted.

He waited until she'd finished before taking a seat beside her on the bench. Bringing the back of her hand to his mouth, he planted a kiss as she beamed the same beautiful grin she had on their wedding day.

"My favorite song," he whispered, choking up.

She gave his hand a gentle squeeze. "That's why I played it for you."

Now it was his turn to cry.

"I love you, Paul."

"I can see that." He nodded. "I love you so much. Now how would you like to share some tomato soup with me?"

Her face fell a little. "I was hoping for chicken noodle, but that'll do."

* * *

Think About It!

Chocolate is vital for survival. The dinosaurs didn't have chocolate and look what happened to them!

My wife asked for some peace and quiet while she cooked dinner. So I took the battery out of the smoke alarm.

I heard someone was stealing wheels off of police cars. The cops are working tirelessly to catch them.

I decided to sell my old Hoover vacuum cleaner. It was just collecting dust.

I quit wearing headphones and listening to music while vacuuming anymore. I just vacuumed the whole house before I realized it wasn't plugged in!

If you wear glasses and are required to wear a mask at work, you may be entitled to condensation.

If your car could travel at the speed of light, would your headlights work?

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A Really Good Question!

A father was reading Bible stories to his young son. He read, "The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, but his wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt."

His son asked, "What happened to the flea?"

Old is When...

"Old" is when... Your sweetie says, "Let's go upstairs and make love," and you answer, "Honey, I can't do both!"

"Old" is when... Your friend compliments you on your new alligator shoes and you're barefoot.

"Old" is when... A cute young thing catches your fancy and your pacemaker opens the garage door.

"Old" is when... You don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along.

"Old" is when... "Getting a little action" means I don't need to take any fiber today.

"Old" is when... "Getting lucky" means you find your car in the parking lot.

"Old" is when... An "all-nighter" means not getting up to go to the bathroom.

I Remember

I remember the corned beef of my childhood,
And the bread that we cut with a knife,
When the children all helped with the housework,
And the men went to work, not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge,
And the bread was so crusty and hot.
The children were seldom unhappy,
And the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top.
Our dinner came hot from the oven,
And not from a freezer or shop.

The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks;
Just a game with their friends in the road,
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the slap on my backside,
And the taste of soap if I swore.
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of
And we hadn't much choice what we wore.

Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table
And I think life was better enjoyed.

Author Unknown

TODAY'S TIP:

You can tell a lot about a woman by her hands. For example, if they're around your throat, she's probably upset.

**Being a little older,
I am fortunate to have someone call and
check on me every day.
He is from India and is very concerned
about my car warranty.**