

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Did You Stand for Her?

By Robert VanderSlice

I was sitting the other day in a crowded airport, waiting for a boarding call on my flight to Arizona.

As I sat there, I noticed an old man sitting across from me facing the large picture window that gave passengers a view of the runway. The history of a life of hardship traced the old man's eyes as they stared into the twilight of his years. As I watched, I saw tears rolling from those ancient steel gray eyes, leaving a trail of sadness that tore at my heart.



I got up and walked to him and asked if I could join him. Without even looking up to identify me, he nodded, and I sat down, feeling awkward but intensely drawn to him in compassion for his quiet tears.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't help but notice you sitting here alone. Are you ok?" I asked.

There was a deafening silence suddenly between us, for what seemed a long time, and finally he spoke in a voice that was worn and weary with age. "Did you stand when she walked by?" he asked.

I was confused by his question, and a bit taken off guard by the tone of his voice that sounded almost accusatory.

"I don't understand sir," I answered.

"Did you stand when she walked by?" he asked again, staring

(Continued on page 2)

We Stand



Through the pledge, through the anthem, we stand . . . to honor our flag.

We stand to honor, to honor those who gave their all.

We stand to honor, to honor those who served for liberty.

We stand to honor, to honor those who in blue serve our justice.

We stand to honor, to honor those who in red serve our safety.

We stand to honor, to honor those families that grieve.

We stand to honor, to honor those who began liberty's heritage.

We stand to honor, to honor those who put our lives above their own.

We stand to honor, to honor our flag, to honor heritage of service and sacrifice.

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Roger W Hancock

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Class Discipline

A former sergeant in the Marine Corps took a new job as a high school teacher.

Just before the school year started, he injured his back and was required to wear a plaster cast around the upper part of his body. Fortunately, the cast fit under his shirt and wasn't noticeable.



On the first day of class he found himself assigned to the toughest, rowdiest students in the school. Having already heard the new teacher was a former Marine, the students made plans to test his control of the class.

Walking confidently into the rowdy classroom, the new teacher opened the window for some fresh air and sat down at his desk.

When a strong breeze made his tie flap around, he picked up a stapler and stapled the tie to his chest.

Dead silence. The rest of the year went very smoothly.

Did You Stand For Her? *(Continued from page 1)*

straight into my eyes.

"Who?" I asked him. But he turned away from me, staring again at the tarmac just outside our window.

I waited for an answer, but there was not going to be any. Our conversation was over it seemed. I returned to my seat. As the time for boarding my plane drew closer, the crowd in the waiting area grew.

I watched him for several minutes, and in that time I noticed a number of people stop to visit with him, presumably to ask if he was ok, and then walk away, some of them shaking their heads. And still he sat, fixated on a plane that was resting about 300 yards away, surrounded by military personnel.

As I watched, a small procession of six men carried a flag draped coffin away from the plane to a waiting hearse, where they stood and offered a salute as the car slowly drove away.

I looked back toward the window of the terminal, and instantly my tears nearly blinded me when I saw the old man I had been talking to also offering a salute, but from his wheel chair now parked next to the window.

I got up and made my way through the crowds to the old man at the window. I walked up beside him, faced the plane as yet another coffin draped with Old Glory was placed in a waiting hearse, and I slowly raised my hand in salute until the hearse rolled out of view around a security fence.

I turned slowly to the old man who by now was looking solidly into my soul with eyes of countless memories.

"I know her name now sir, and I stood when she walked by."

He was visibly moved, and he said to me in quavering voice, "Thank you sir . . . for what you did. My greatest wish these days is to stand again for her, but I can't. I gave my legs in '43 and my oldest son in '67 to that Lady, so she could keep walking. It hurts when no one cares that she walks by."

I sat down and visited with him for some time. I missed my flight that day, but my heart and soul found wings to the heavens on the words of an 90-year-old man who dared to share a heart full of memories with me and dared to remind me why Old Glory stills waves as the Beacon of Hope in a lost world.



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BAD NEWS OF THE DAY:
They're not making yardsticks any longer



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Go Where You Are Valued



A father said to his son: You just graduated with honors, here is a car that I acquired many years ago; it is several years old.

But before I give it to you, take it to the used car lot downtown and tell them I want to sell it and see how much they offer you.

The son went to the used car lot, returned to his father and said, "They offered me \$1,000 because it looks very worn out."

The father said, "Take him to the pawn shop."

The son went to the pawn shop, returned to his father and said, "The pawn shop offered \$100 because it was a very old car."

The father asked his son to go to a car club and show them the car.

The son took the car to the club, returned and told his father: "Some people in the club offered \$100,000 for it, since it is a Mercedes Benz SL-Class CV, an iconic car and sought after by many."

The father said to his son, "I wanted you to know that to be valued properly, you have to go to the right people."

"If you are not valued, do not be angry, it means that you are in the wrong place. Those who know your value are those who appreciate you, and never stay in a place where no one sees your value."

All in Pun

- I tried to catch some fog in a jar, but I mist.
- A girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I never met herbivore.
- I'm reading a book about antigravity. I can't put it down.
- I know a guy who got addicted to brake fluid. He says he can stop any time.
- My blood donor card said I had Type A blood, but it was a Type O.
- My class took a trip to a soda factory. Then we had a pop quiz.
- The Energizer Bunny was arrested last week. They charged him with battery.
- I went to a ballgame today. I wondered why the ball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
- A one-liner, a gag, and a pun walked into a bar. The bartender said, "Is this a joke?"

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Sharing with Mom

A little girl was holding two apples in her hands. Her mom asked with a smile, "Can your mom have one of your apples?"

The little girl looked up, thought for a second, then quickly took a bite of both apples.

The mother felt her smile freeze as she tried to hide her disappointment.



Then the little girl handed one of the bitten apples to her mom, and said, "Here mommy. This one is sweeter!"

The mother couldn't repress the big smile on her face as she accepted the gift.

Why Did The Chicken Cross The Road?



DONALD TRUMP: I've been told by my many sources, good sources - they're very good sources - that the chicken crossed the road. All the Fake News wants to do is write nasty things about the road, but it's a really good road. Everyone knows how beautiful it is.

JOE BIDEN: Why did the chicken do the...thing in the...you know the rest...the thing.

BARACK OBAMA: Let me be perfectly clear, if the chickens like their eggs they can keep their eggs. No chicken will be required to cross the road to surrender her eggs. Period.

HILLARY CLINTON: What difference at this point does it make why the chicken crossed the road.

BILL CLINTON: I did not cross the road with that chicken.

AL GORE: I invented the chicken.

JOHN KERRY: Although I voted to let the chicken cross the road, I am now against it! I was misled about the chicken's intentions. I am not for it now, and will remain against it.

AL SHARPTON: Why are all the chickens white?

OPRAH: Well, I understand that the chicken is having problems, which is why he wants to cross the road so badly. So instead of having the chicken learn from his mistakes and take falls, which is a part of life, I'm going to give all the chickens a NEW CAR so that they can just drive across the road.

DR SEUSS: Did the chicken cross the road? Did he cross it with a toad? Yes, the chicken crossed the road, but why it crossed I've not been told.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: To die in the rain, alone.

KING DAVID: O Lord, why dost the chicken cross the road? And why art the chicken hawks beset around it? Surely in vain the road is crossed in the sight of any predator.

GRANDPA: In my day we didn't ask why the chicken crossed the road. Somebody told us the chicken crossed the road, and that was good enough for us.

COLONEL SANDERS: Did I miss one?



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**A Spanish magician told his audience he would
disappear on the count of three.
He said "Uno, dos.." then poof!
He disappeared without a "tres."**