

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

I Like Burnt Toast

One evening my mother made dinner after a hard day's work. She put a plate of eggs, salad and burnt toast in front of my father.



I immediately noticed the burnt toast and I was waiting to see if he was going to complain about it. But my father started to eat them, smiling and asked me how I spent my day at school.

My mom apologized to my dad for the burnt toast. I will never forget his response to her: "Honey, I love burnt toast!"

Later when I went to bed and my dad came over to kiss me goodnight, I asked him if he really liked the burnt toast?

He hugged me and said, "Your mother has had a difficult day and she is really tired. She went out of her way to prepare this meal for us, why blame her and hurt her. Burnt toast never hurt anyone; but words can be very painful!"

We have to know how to appreciate what others do for us, even if it's not perfect, because it's the intention to do well that counts, and no one is perfect.

The Special Face Club

Today is a day I'll not soon forget. As I was combining today, I had a minor repair to make, so I stopped at the edge of the field near the road. I saw a vehicle go by a couple times slowly and then pull over and stop. I looked over and happened to catch 3 little sets of eyes looking out the windows.



I went over and they rolled down the window and I asked if they needed anything. The lady explained their grandchildren were visiting from Florida and had never seen "farmer stuff" up close. There were 2 boys and a little girl. I assumed they were between the ages of 6 and 9. The two boys were all giddy but the little girl, while sweet and excited was pretty quiet.

I also happened to notice that she kept turning away from me and there was a scar or a birthmark or something on her face. I carefully tried to avoid staring at her.

The grandmother and her husband thanked me for stopping and saying hi and said they would get going because they knew farmers were busy this time of the year. I said be careful and have a good trip.

It was then that one of the boys said "Are you going to be going soon, cuz we want to see what that machine does!"

The grandmother quickly quieted them, but I said "Would it be okay if I took them for a ride?"

She then said "No, we're sure you're way too busy for that."

I said "No, I'm by myself. I've got time."

So she asked the boys if they wanted to go and of course they did but the little girl stayed back.

I asked her if she wanted to go and she said "No, thank you."

So the boys and I went and got in the combine and we made one round and came back. While in the combine I asked "Why didn't your sister want to come?" They just said she's shy.

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God's Getting Better



A little girl was sitting next to her grandfather as he read her a bedtime story.

From time to time she would take her eyes off the book and reach up and touch his wrinkled cheek. She touched her own cheek after she touched his.

After a little while of thinking she asked, "Grandpa, did God make you?"

He looked at her and said, "Yes, sweetheart, God made me a long time ago."

She paused for a few seconds and then asked, "Granpa, did God make me, too?"

"Yes, indeed, pumpkin, God made you just a little while ago."

Feeling their respective faces again, she whispered to him, "God's getting better at it, isn't he?"

The Special Face Club *(Continued from page 1)*

Then, out of curiosity, I asked them about her face. And they told me it was a birthmark and that she gets picked on about it a lot.



After their ride I walked them back over to their grandparents' car and I said to the little girl, "How come you didn't want to go for a ride?"

She said, "Well, the boys always say that that kind of stuff is just for boys not for girls."

I laughed and said, "You know, there are girl farmers AND I even had a young girl in that cab just yesterday. Would you like a ride?"

She looked at her Grandma and she said go ahead if you want.

I then asked the grandmother if she had a smartphone and knew how to video.

She laughed and said, "I have grandchildren, of course I know how to video."

So I told her to have her phone ready and when you see me turn on the yellow flashing lights video the combine.

The little girl and I got in the cab and I turned the machine around and went back into the field at the end of it and came back.

Then I said to her, "Here, you can turn the steering wheel."

She looked at me like I was crazy, but I finally convinced her and I told her, "Not everybody gets to drive my combine. But people who are part of the Special Face Club definitely get to, but it's a secret, so you can't tell anyone."

The smile on her face made this tired ol' grumpy man's heart soft and there must have been some dust in the cab because my allergies started acting up just a little bit. So I let her "steer" and turned on the yellow lights on the way back so her Grandma could video tape her "driving by."

(Continued on Page 7)

A true friend keeps an arm around your shoulder and a hand over your mouth

**IN GENERAL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN CHILD LABOR
BUT SOMETIMES THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES
WHO CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT'S WRONG
WITH MY COMPUTER**



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I can't believe the word
GULLIBLE
looks like an alligator
when you turn it upside down.



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The Special Face Club *(Continued from Page 2)*

We got out of the combine and she still had a huge smile on her face and ran over to her grandma and was a little chatterbox. "Did you see me, did you see me, I got to drive, I got to drive!"



Her brothers were obviously a little miffed and asked her why she got to drive. I was afraid she was going to tell them why.

But she just looked at them both matter-of-factly and said, "Because girls CAN farm."

My allergies started acting up a little bit again as she came back running over to me and gave me a huge hug and told me thank you. The grandfather came over and patted me on the shoulder, shook my hand and said "I don't know what you said to her, but that's the biggest smile we've seen on her this whole vacation!"

The boys shook my hand and thanked me and they all got back into the car and drove away, leaving me to my thoughts.

All three of their faces were on my mind the rest of the day but mostly hers, not because of her birthmark, because of her genuine smile in the confidence that she showed when she got to get out of that combine and "brag" a little to the boys.

My gramps told me long ago to always be patient with children and people you come in contact with. I remember the countless times that he would let me "drive" the tractor and the exhilaration and happiness that I felt during that time. I swore that I was going to make other people feel that way when I got older. I've definitely failed at that numerous times, but I'm trying.

I'm kind of thinking maybe that's what I did today or maybe that little girl made me feel like that little boy with his Gramps all those years ago.

Today was a good day... and one I shall not soon forget.

Credit: Jeff Ditzenberger

Thanksgiving Gifts

A humble lady was about to celebrate her 90th birthday just before Thanksgiving. Her three sons realized this might be her last year, so each decided to get something special for her.

The first bought her a mansion to replace her old house.

The second bought her a limousine and driver to help her get around.

The third, being the smartest, trained a parrot to read for her, as her eyesight had deteriorated.

Their mother wrote a letter to each of them.

To the first she wrote: "To my oldest son, I thank you kindly for the mansion. However, I have no use for it as I only really need a bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen, so I donated the estate to the orphanage so that they would have more rooms."

To the second she wrote: "My son, thank you so much for the limousine and chauffeur. But I have no need for a car at all because the only place I ever go is the church, which is right next door. I gave it to the church, so that they can carpool churchgoers from far away."

And finally to the third she wrote: "My youngest son, your gift was the best and most practical present I got today. The turkey was delicious!"

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Senior Observations

1. It's okay to talk to yourself. Sometimes you need expert advice.
2. "In Style" are clothes that still fit.
3. Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.
4. The biggest lie you tell yourself is, "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."
5. "On time" is whenever you get there.
6. Even duct tape can't fix stupid—but it sure can muffle the sound.
7. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the drier for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller?
8. Lately, have you noticed that people your age are so much older than you?
9. Growing old should have taken longer.
10. You still haven't learned to act your age and hope you never will!

The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he knows when he's really in trouble.

Let gratitude be the pillow upon which you kneel
to say your nightly prayer.
And let faith be the bridge you build
to overcome evil and welcome good.

- MAYA ANGELOU

How to Wash a Cat

1. Put both lids of the toilet up and add 1/8 cup of pet shampoo to the water in the bowl.
2. Pick up the cat and soothe him while you carry him towards the bathroom.
3. In one smooth movement, put the cat in the toilet and close the lid. You may have to stand on the lid.
4. At this point, the cat will self agitate and make ample suds. Never mind the noises coming from the toilet—the cat is actually enjoying this.
5. Flush the toilet three or four times. This activates the "Power Wash" and "Rinse" cycles.
6. Have someone open the front door of your home. Be sure there are no people between the bathroom and the front door.
7. Stand well back behind the toilet as far as you can and quickly lift the lid.
8. The cat will rocket out of the toilet, streak through the bathroom, and run outside where he will dry himself off.
9. Both the toilet and the cat will be sparkling clean.
10. Repeat as needed.



Sincerely,
- the Dog.



**I was thinking about old age
and decided that old age is when
you still have something on the ball,
but you are just too tired to bounce it.**