

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Summers of My Childhood

When I was growing up, you had three choices on a hot day: walk across town to the city pool, play in the sprinkler, of – if you grew up in the Boise valley – splash in the yard when it was flood irrigated. Eating a popsicle was the treat I



looked forward to most. There was no bottled water; we drank from the tap or the water hose because there wasn't any running in and out of the house

We ate dinner at the table together. We ate what mom made for dinner or we ate nothing at all. Our phone hung on the wall in the kitchen and had a long cord, there were NO private conversations or cell phones! Children were seen and not heard. Staying in the house in the summer was a punishment. If we got bored, we heard, "You better find something to do before I find it for you!"

After dinner in the evening we played Mother May I, Cops and Robbers, Red Light Green Light, Red Rover, Kick the Can, Annie Annie Over, Hide & Seek, Tag, Kick Ball, and Baseball in the street. We roller skated and rode bikes for hours.

(Continued on page 2)

Don't Quit

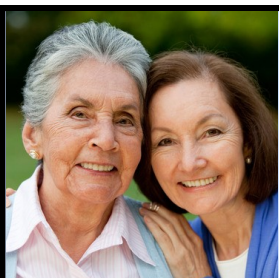
by John Greenleaf Whittier

When things go wrong
as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging
seems all up hill,
When the funds are low
and the debts are high
And you want to smile,
but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you
down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is strange
with its twists and turns
As every one of us
sometimes learns
And many a failure comes about
When he might have won
had he stuck it out;
Don't give up
though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed
with another blow.

Success is failure
turned inside out—
The silver tint
of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell
just how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far;

So stick to the fight
when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst
that you must not quit.



**Would you like to know more about Assisted Living?
Call us at (360) 953-7479 for personalized information**

Dorian Place Assisted Living
375 N. Dorian Place, Ontario

Wellsprings Assisted Living
2104 W. Idaho Ave., Ontario



Break the Cycle of Domestic Violence and Sexual Assault

Safety Through Shelter & Support

Services for both men & women
Services available for all ages

Office Line: (541) 889-6316

24-Hour Crisis Hotline : 1 (800) 889-2000

I got a senior-friendly GPS for my car. Not only does it tell me how to get to my destination, it tells me why I wanted to go there in the first place.

SUNSET ESTATES
COMPASSIONATE RESIDENTIAL CARE

EXCEPTIONAL MEMORY CARE
281 SUNSET DRIVE • ONTARIO, OR 97914
(541) 889-1115

Today's Headlines

Sometimes I just want it to stop. Talk of Covid, protests, looting, brutality. I lose my way. I become convinced that this “new normal” is real life.

But then I meet an 87-year-old who talks of living through polio, diphtheria, and Viet Nam protests, yet still is enchanted with life.

He seem surprised when I said that 2020 must be especially challenging for him.

“No,” he said slowly looking me straight in the eye. “I learned a long time ago not to see the world through the headlines—I see the world through the people who surround me. I see the world with the realization that we love big.

“Therefore I choose to write my own headlines:

‘Husband loves wife today.’

‘Family drops everything to come to Grandma’s bedside’

He patted my hand, ‘Old man makes new friend.’

His words collide with my worries, freeing them from the tether I had been holding tight. They float away. I am left with a renewed spirit.

My headline now reads:
‘Woman overwhelmed by the spirit of kindness and the reminder that our capacity to love is never ending.’

The Summers of My Childhood *(Continued from page 1)*

We didn’t come home until the street lights came on, and in the summer that was LATE!

On Saturday mornings we watched cartoons until Mom fixed our breakfast, and then we headed outside for the day. Sunday you went to church with your family whether you liked it or not. I made some of my best friends in Sunday school, including my best friend who I met in the fifth grade. We are still friends 60 years later. And things I learned about God and His Word on Sunday and in Vacation Bible School are the principles I live by to this day. About the only time we ever ate out was after Sunday church, and usually at a buffet where they charged kids 25 cents a year.



Teachers, pastors and doctors were people who you could trust and respect. We learned to respect our elders and watched our mouths around them. All of our aunts, uncles, grandpas and grandmas had permission to discipline you if needed. My siblings and cousins were some of the best-behaved kids around, because we knew what the consequences were if we acted up.

Kids today will never know what it felt like to grow up before video games, electronics, and expensive toys. We got our first black and white TV when I was in the third grade. It had three channels and the broadcast day ended when they played the Star Spangled Banner late at night. But we were never up that late. We were too tired from a full day of summer fun. Those were the good ole days.

If I’m quarantined for two weeks with my wife and I die, it wasn’t the virus!

My kids asked me what it was like growing up in the 60’s — So I took their phones away and turned off the internet.

Hospice · Home Health · House Calls



Phone (208) 642-9222



The older I get,
the earlier it
gets late.



BROOKDALE ONTARIO
Assisted Living Community

(541) 889-4600

1372 SW 8th ♦ Ontario OR

My Favorite (Senior) Things Feel free to sing along

Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses,
Polydent and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the pipes leak, When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinnin',
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin',
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favorite things.

When the joints ache, When the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Homer and Arlo

Homer and Arlo rented a boat at Ray's Boathouse and went to a new spot in the bay to fish for salmon. They had the best salmon catching day of their life.

Homer said to Arlo, "We should mark this spot." So Arlo took out a black marking pen and put a big "X" on the deck of the boat. Homer said, "Arlo, how dumb can you be, we might not get the same boat next time."

Homer and Arlo were building a house when Homer noticed Arlo was throwing away about every third or fourth nail. So he said, "Hey, Arlo! What in the world are ya doin' there?" Arlo says, "Oh, man, some a these nails have the head on the wrong end." "Oh, ya old fool!" says Homer. "Those are for the other side of the house!"

Homer and Arlo hooked up their work trailer to Homer's old pickup. Homer told Arlo to go behind the trailer and see if the turn signal was working.

Arlo went behind the trailer and responded, "Yes. No. Yes. No..."

Jose Huerta - Your Local Retirement Expert



SILVER KEY BENEFITS

YOUR KEY TO A SECURE RETIREMENT

- Local Medicare Help
- We work with all major companies in the valley

Call (208) 230-3272 for a FREE consultation

Edgewood Spring Creek



1255 Allen Avenue
Fruitland, Idaho

(208) 452-5163

Assisted Living ♦ Memory Care



SNAKE RIVER
dermatology

**Skin Cancer • Skin Diseases
Surgery of the Skin**

**2101 N. Whitley Drive
Fruitland, Idaho 83619 • 208-452-5999**

For Sale by Owner

Nice 3-bedroom, 2-bath house. Selling as-is because of some termite damage. Don't wait. This house won't last long!

**Nyssa Floral
Inspirations**



Dave and Penny Poppinga, Owners

541-372-3437
1400 Adrian Blvd., Nyssa, OR 97913

Hair Today, Gone...

Bill's hair kept falling out and he complained to his barber.

"That stuff you sold me is terrible," he cried. "You said two bottles of it would make my hair grow back, but nothing's happening!"

"I don't understand it," said his barber. "That's the best hair restorer made. Tell you what, I'll give you another bottle, and if it doesn't work, I'll give you your money back."

"Well," said Bill. "I wouldn't mind trying another bottle if it didn't taste so terrible."

Good Neighbors

After living in our house for four years, we were moving out-of-state.

My husband had backed the U-Haul truck up to our garage door to that we could start loading all of the boxes.

Just then one of our neighbors came walking across the lawn carrying a plate full of cookies.

"Isn't that thoughtful," my husband said to me.

"They must have realized that we packed up all of our kitchen stuff," I said.

The neighbor walked up, stuck out her hand with the plate of cookies and said cheerfully, "Welcome to the neighborhood!"

Fix the Hole, Too!

A man was asked to paint a boat. He brought his paint and brushes and began to paint the boat. While painting, he noticed a small hole in the hull, and quietly repaired it. When he finished painting, he received his money and left.

The next day, the owner of the boat came to the painter and presented him with a nice check, much higher than the payment for painting.

The painter was surprised and said "You've already paid me for painting the boat, sir!"

"But this is not for the paint job. It's for repairing the hole in the boat."

"Ah! But it was such a small service; certainly it's not worth paying me such a high amount for something so insignificant."

"My dear friend, you do not understand. Let me tell you what happened: When I asked

you to paint the boat, I forgot to mention the hole. When the boat dried, my boys took the boat and went out on the lake fishing. They did not know that there was a hole. I was not at home at that time.



"When I returned and noticed the boys had taken the boat, I was desperate because I remembered that the boat had a hole. Imagine my relief and joy when I saw them returning from fishing. Then, I examined the boat and found that you had repaired the hole!"

"You see, now, what you did? You saved the life of my children! I do not have enough money to pay your 'small' good deed."

You never know when a small act of kindness will mean something much more to the recipient. You may never learn how much your deed meant to someone. Don't let that stop you from going the extra mile, with or without recognition.

**You think you know stress?
When I was a kid,
if you missed a TV show,
you missed it...FOREVER!**