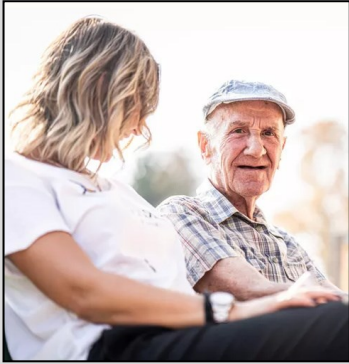


Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

Lost in Aisle 6

The other day, I was out grocery shopping at my local supermarket around 6:30 pm when an older man turned a corner into the pasta aisle and put his hands on my shoulder. I jumped up. My first instinct was to get angry and ask him to please not touch me. Then I noticed something. The man was crying. He looked distraught and confused.



Suddenly, he asked, "Do you know where my wife is? I can't find her."

I told him I didn't know and suggested maybe he ask the store front for help finding her. I was thinking maybe he lost her in the aisles. Hasn't everyone lost someone this way? I was wrong.

He proceeded to ask, "Where is my wife? She was right here." Tears welled up in his eyes.

I told him once again that I was not sure and gestured to walk with him to the customer service counter where they could use the overhead speaker service to make an

announcement for her. He obliged.

There, the woman asked for a name. He looked to me in confusion, as if I had the answer for him. The woman half rolled her eyes and turned to me. "Miss. Do YOU have the name?"

I explained he was a stranger and I had no other information than she did.

By then, it became really clear to me that this man was very confused. Not just regular confused, but Alzheimer's confused. Having had a grandpa with this condition, I knew it all too well.

I took him to the food court and we sat down.

He was now shaking and crying softly. "Where is my love?"

I held his hands and I asked him if he had a cell phone. My heart was breaking for him. He said he wasn't sure, so I asked if I could search his pockets. He obliged. I found a small flip phone. I searched through his

Continued on Page 2

I AM FINE!

There's nothing whatever the matter with me.

I'm just as healthy as I can be. I have arthritis in both my knees, And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.

My pulse is weak and by blood is thin, But I'm awfully good for the shape I'm in.

I think my life is out of whack, And a terrible pain is in my back,

My hearing is poor, and my sight is dim.

Most everything seems to be out of trim, But I'm awfully good for the shape I'm in.

I have arch supports for both my feet, Or I wouldn't be able to go on the street.

Sleeplessness I have night after night, And in the morning I'm just a sight.

My memory is failing, my head's in a spin, I'm peacefully living on aspirin. But I'm awfully good for the shape I'm in!



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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

Movie Review

My daughter just phoned me from the mall. Our conversation went like this:

HER: "You know that Gladiator movie you and dad watched on DVD last week?"

ME: "Yes?"

HER: "Wind it forward one hour, 16 minutes and 28 seconds."

ME (Five minutes later): "OK, I've done that."

HER: "OK, see the gladiator in front fighting the lion?"

ME: "I can see him, OK."

HER: "Just behind him, there are two gladiators having a sword fight with each other?"



ME: "OK, I see them."

HER: "Well, behind them on the left hand side of the screen, there's a woman holding a shield."

ME: "Yes, I see her."

HER: "Cool! Those are the sandals I want for my birthday!"

(Lost in Aisle 6—Continued from Page 1)

contacts and found one that read 'Daughter Krissy.' I immediately called her. She answered in seconds.

"Hello?" she said, her voice already sounding frantic.

I explained that I was with an older man who I assumed was her father. That we were at the supermarket on Lane Street and he was very distraught and upset.

"On my way," she said. "Can you make sure he doesn't wander off?"

For 20-something minutes, I sat with a crying stranger. I held his hands. I wiped his tears. When he shivered, I laid my jacket down in his lap. I kept him from trailing off. Because that's the least I could have done.

Suddenly, in walked this tall young woman who looked about 28 or 29. Long black hair and green eyes. We locked eyes and she came rushing over.

"Thank you. THANK YOU," she said. "I had to leave for just an hour, and this happens. I knew I shouldn't have left him. I'm SO sorry." She explained that he sometimes runs off and looks for his wife. That he lost her 13 years ago, but he never stops trying.

She proceeded to help him out of his chair and thanked me once again. On their way out, I heard him say once more, "Where is my wife?"

My heart hurt, but I was so happy to see him with his family again. I share this not only because this man touched my heart, but to say this:

The majority of this world are strangers to you. I know that. But never forget that we all share this world together, and in it we can share kindness. That is the only thing that can keep us going. If you see something, do something. You never know how big your impact can be on someone else's life.

I don't care that the shopping cart I accidentally left in the pasta aisle during the frenzy of this situation was unloaded and put away; that I had to re-find everything. I don't care that I ate dinner a little later that night. That I went home and cried my eyes out in the kitchen for this sweet, poor man. Kindness costs nothing.

Credit ~Kelsey Rae



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The owner of a boat rental place noticed one of his rentals had been out on the lake for quite sometime. So he grabbed his megaphone and hoofed it down to the dock.

He yelled out to them, "Hey! Boat 9! Time for you to return to the dock!"

An employee said, "Boss. We don't have a boat 9."

The owner said, "Hey! Boat 6! Are you in trouble?"



The Amazing Brian Sullivan

A man walked out to the street and caught a taxi just going by. He got into the taxi, and the cabbie said, "Perfect timing. You're just like Brian!"

Passenger: "Who?"

Cabbie: "Brian Sullivan.

He's a guy who did everything right all the time. Like my coming along when you needed a cab, things happen like that to Brian Sullivan, every single time."

Passenger: "There are always a few clouds over everybody."

Cabbie: "Not Brian Sullivan. He was a terrific athlete. He could have won the Grand Slam at tennis. He could golf with the pros. He sang like an opera baritone and danced like a Broadway star and you should have heard him play the piano. He was an amazing guy."

Passenger: "Sounds like he was something really special."

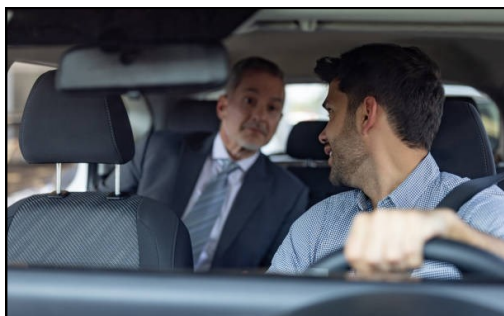
Cabbie: "There's more... He had a memory like a computer. He remembered everybody's birthday. He could fix anything. Not like me. I change a fuse, and the whole street blacks out. But Brian Sullivan, he could do everything right."

Passenger: "Wow. Some guy then."

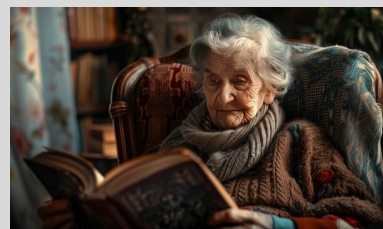
Cabbie: "Brian really knew how to treat a woman and make her feel good. He would never answer her back even if she was in the wrong. He was the perfect man! He never made a mistake. No one could ever measure up to Brian Sullivan."

Passenger: "An amazing fellow. How did you meet him?"

Cabbie: "Well, I never actually met Brian. He died. I'm married to his widow."



Ten Thoughts for Seniors



1. Talk to yourself. There are times when you need expert advice.
2. "In style" are clothes that still fit.
3. You don't need anger management. You need people to stop irritating you.
4. Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for others that need work.
5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is: "I don't need to write that down."
6. "On time" is when you get there.
7. You notice that people your age are much older than you.
8. Aging has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up.
9. You still haven't learned to act your age, and you hope you never will.
10. "One for the road" means using the bathroom before you leave the house.



My body functions best when I'm eating fresh, in-season produce.



I don't know why my credit is so bad. I get letters from all my creditors every month saying my balance is outstanding!



Nine out of ten husbands agree with what their wife has to say. The tenth one disappeared and hasn't been heard from.

Malaphors:

Unintentional blended idioms and phrases

You can lead a horse to water but you can't look him in the mouth. We'll burn that bridge when we come to it.

It's not rocket surgery.

Until the cows freeze over.

You opened that can of worms, now lie in it!

That's the last straw that broke the camel's back.

If a shoe fits, the other is about to fall.

Until the cows come home to roost.

You hit the nail right on the nose. She really stuck her head out on a limb.

I can read him like the back of my book.

He's burning the midnight oil from both ends.

It sticks out like a sore throat.

Don't shoot a gift horse in the foot.

Take the bull by the horns and run with it.

Don't count your chickens before they crossed the road.

A Modest Proposal

Your grandfather proposed to me with a piece of candy. We had nothing, he knelt down and told me: "I have nothing now, just a piece of candy, but if you want we can build everything together."

I opened the candy, divided it in two and we ate it. From that moment we divided and shared everything. We fell, we got up and we build. Together. We have experienced difficult moments, tiredness, but we have always been there for each other. Until the last breath.

Time does not change the way of loving. What has changed is that you no longer have beautiful examples to follow.

Now they are afraid of everything. They do not marry for fear of not being able to build. As soon as they fight, they leave because then they think they are going to find a better one. They always look for perfection, as if it existed.

They miss the perception of reality. Of happiness in the little things.

Now they do this big demonstration, thousand-dollar rings, over-the-top video for marriage proposals, and then they miss the moment. That intimate thing that you keep for two, only for two for a lifetime.

This is what they lack: The courage to live life and love for what they are and not for how they imagine it.

With a candy, love and courage, you have all you need for a life together.



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A Perfect Game

Two 90-year old guys, Leo and Frank, had been friends all of their lives. When it was clear that Leo was dying, Frank visited him every day.

One day Frank said, “Leo, we both loved playing baseball all our lives, and we played all through high school. Please do me one favor: when you get to heaven, somehow you must let me know if there's baseball there.”

Leo looked up at Frank from his deathbed and said, “Frank you've been my best friend for many years. If it's at all possible, I'll do this favor for you.”

Shortly after that, Leo passed away. A few nights later, Frank was awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to him, “Frank!... Frank!.....”

“Who is it?” asked Frank sitting up suddenly. “Who is it?”

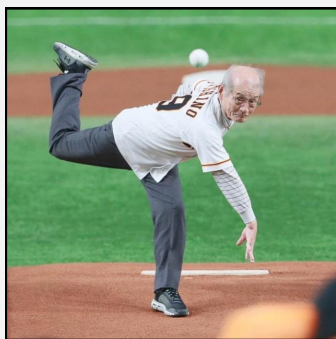
“Leo-- it's me, Leo.”

“You're not Leo, Leo just died.”

“I'm telling you, it's me, Leo,” insisted the voice.

“Leo! Where are you?”

“In Heaven,” replied Leo. “I have some really good news and a little bad news.”



“Tell me the good news first,” said Frank.

“The good news,” Leo said, “is that there's baseball in heaven. Better yet, all of our old buddies who died before us are here, too. Better than that, we're all young again. Better still, it's always springtime, and it never rains or snows. And best of all, we can play baseball all we want, and we never get tired.”

“That's fantastic,” said Frank. “It's beyond my wildest dreams! So what's the bad news?”

“You're pitching Tuesday.”

Not His Type



My husband Norman was very sick in a semi-coma and desperately needed a blood transfusion.

His blood type wasn't in his records so the doctors asked me if I knew what it was. They urgently needed to know in order to save Norman's life. Using the wrong blood would be catastrophic.

Tragically, I had never known his blood type. The doctors had no alternative but to let him go.

All I could do was to hold his hand and say goodbye. I'll never forget how supportive my Norman was.

Even as he was fading away, he kept on whispering to me, “Be positive! Be positive!”

That was my Norman—always thinking of others,

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Milestones



Vivian McKnight
Aug 4, 1925—99 years
Weiser



Fran Camacho
Sept 5, 1944—80 years
Ontario Brookdale



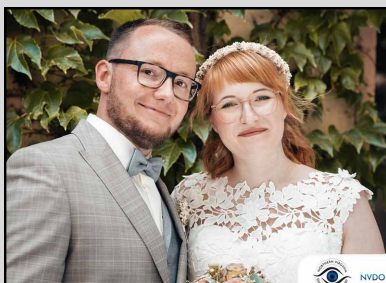
DeLeah Eavenson
Oct 16, 1944—80 years
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