SENIOR Goldmine

Snake River Valley Edition October 2026

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

The Lost Wedding Tape

The old man leaned his cane against the wall and pulled the faded cardboard box off of the closet shelf. He set it on the bench, blew the dust off the lid and opened the box.

Rummaging through a stack of old magazines and a pile of unorganized family photos - he had always meant to put them in albums someday – he found what he was looking for near the bottom of the box: an old VHS tape.



He turned the tape on its side to read the label. Hand-written in black marker were the words "Wedding – October 15, 1976." It was the Bicentennial year. America had just celebrated it's 200th birthday. But this was a different celebration. It immediately brought back vivid memories of that wonderful day so many years before. It was an unseasonably warm fall day, he remembered. A beautiful day for a wedding! His hand trembled a bit as he stared at it. "I found it!" he thought to himself.

Heading out to the family room, he opened the entertainment center doors where the old VHS player he had found at Goodwill was already connected to the TV. He slid the tape into the slot and pushed play.

The scene slowly came into focus. There was an organ playing in the background. He watched intently as wedding guests began to find their seats at the long rows of tables in the banquet hall. The video was a little grainy – the technology wasn't great back then – but he recognized a lot of faces.

There was a long head table up front where the bride's parents, groom's mother and other family members were ushered in and seated, leaving two spots in the center. "I wish Dad could have been there," he thought wistfully.

After an opening solo, scripture and prayer, a hush fell over the crowd in anticipation. The camera panned slowly to the side where it captured the groom approaching a mike in the center of hall between the middle rows of guests. He was dressed in a light blue suit with a dark blue, velvet bow tie. "I still have that suit," the old man thought, "but it sure wouldn't fit me now."

Suddenly, a murmured "ahhh…" came from the guests as they looked up and saw the bride, a vision in white lace, step out onto the balcony above the head table.

(Continued on page 2)

The Truth About Marriage

- Marriage is a workshop: the husband works and the wife shops.
- If your spouse says they'll do something, they will. No need to remind them every six months.
- Marriage is a relationship where one person is always right, and the other person is the husband.
- The best way to remember your anniversary is to forget it once.
- Never laugh at your spouse's choices. You're one of them.
- Marriage lets you annoy one special person for the rest of your life.
- My wife says I never listen to her. At least I think that's what she said.
- Behind every successful man is a surprised woman.
- If at first, you don't succeed, try doing it the way your wife told you in the first place.



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Come Back Again!

Headed home after attending their grandson's out-of-town wedding, an elderly couple stopped at a roadside café for lunch. After finishing their meal, they left the café and resumed their trip home.

The grandmother didn't realize she left her glasses on the table when they left, and didn't miss them until they had been driving for about forty minutes.

Her husband seemed quite annoyed, and to make matters worse, they had to travel quite a distance before they could find a place to turn around in order to return to the café and retrieve her glasses.

All the way, the husband was the classic grumpy old man, fussing and complaining, and scolded his wife relentlessly during the entire drive.

Much to her relief they finally arrived back at the café. As she got out of the car and hurried inside to get her glasses, the old guy hollered to her, "While you're in there, you might as well get my hat and the credit card."

(She Took Her First Breath Behind Bars——Continued from Page 1)

The old man shuddered as the wave of emotion came flooding back as he remembered that moment.

The tape continued as a piano began a sweet melody, and the groom looked up and began singing a touching love song he had written for his bride. The bride gazed down lovingly from the balcony. The old man mouthed the words quietly as they came back to his memory.

When the song ended, the bride's father escorted her down the stairs where she met her groom. With her arm in his, they went to the center of the hall and stepped onto a small platform where the pastor awaited them. The brother of the bride and sister of the groom, who had married the previous year, stood nearby as attendants.



Now surrounded by guests and family, the pastor led them in a deeply moving ceremony. Then at the pastor's direction, the couple exchanged the very personal vows they had written for each other.

At this point the old man had to pause the tape while he found a tissue, then hit play again, just in time to hear the pastor pronounce them man and wife, followed by the traditional first kiss and applause from the guests. Then the camera followed the newlyweds as they took their seats at the middle of the head table.

Now the old man remembered why they planned the seating like they did: their guests wouldn't have to leave their seats for the entire event! Next the groom's brothers sang, then showed a slide show of the bridal couple growing up and falling in love – with a few humorous moments included.

What followed was focused on involving the guests at their tables. Host couples at each long row of tables served communion to the entire crowd, then served refreshments to everyone.

(Continued on Page 5)

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An "A" in Reading

I work at a bookstore. A teenager came in every day. Read for hours. Never bought anything.

I finally asked, "Looking for anything specific?"

"Just reading. The library's too far. This is closer."

I let him stay and read whatever he wanted. Whenever he wanted.



I brought him snacks. Hot chocolate. Gave him a safe space.

I learned his story. He was a foster kid in his seventh home.

Books were his escape. His education. His hope.

I started giving him books. "Damaged copies. Can't sell them."

He knew better. Took them anyway. Read everything.

Three years of this. He aged out of foster care. He was eighteen. Scared. Nowhere to go.

I helped him apply for college. For scholarships.

He not only got in, he got a full ride. English major.

He graduated. Now he teaches high school English.

He brings his whole class to the bookstore. Shows them where he spent his teenage years.

"She gave me sanctuary. Knowledge. Hope." he tells his students. "She taught me how one person can change the trajectory of a life."

He buys books for students who can't afford them. Pays it forward. Every kid in his class reads. Because someone let a foster kid read for free.

Extra Credit

When my son graduated from high school, he was chosen to give a speech.

He began by reading from his prepared text:

"I want to talk about my mother and the wonderful influence she has had on my life," he told the audience.

"She is a shining example of loving parenthood, and I love my mom more than words could ever do justice."



At this point he seemed to struggle for words. After a pause, he looked up with a sly grin and said, "Sorry, but it's really hard to read my mother's handwriting."

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10th Out of 9

I ran track for one year in high school. I wasn't very good. My coach put me in the two mile run because he thought if I was going to run slow, I might as well run far!

I remember one race when I was just about to finish, I looked over my shoulder and saw a runner coming up behind me. It was the guy who was supposed to be the fastest runner on the opposing team.

I sped up a bit to try and beat him across the finish line, but he crossed just ahead of me.



After I caught my breath, I went over to a teammate and said, "Did you see that? I almost beat that guy who was supposed to be so fast!"

My teammate laughed and said, "That guy won the race several minutes ago! He was just on a cool-down lap and beat you again! You just finished 10th out of 9 runners in the race!"

The next year I went out for the drama club.

"I'm fine" said the farmer!

A farmer named Clyde had a tractor accident. In court, the trucking company's fancy hot shot lawyer was questioning Clyde. "Didn't you say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine,'?" asked the lawyer.

Clyde responded, "Well, I'll tell you what happened. I had just loaded my favorite cow, Bessie, into the..."



"I didn't ask for any details", the lawyer interrupted. "Just answer the question, please. Did you, or did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'?"

Clyde said, "Well, I had just got Bessie into the trailer behind the tractor and I was driving down the road...."

The lawyer interrupted again and said, "Your Honor, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."

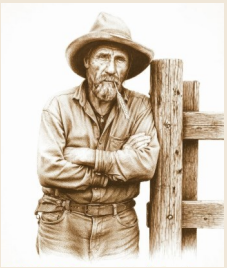
By this time, the Judge was fairly interested in Clyde's answer and said to the lawyer, "I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favorite cow, Bessie".

Clyde thanked the Judge and proceeded. "Well, as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my favorite cow, into the trailer and was driving her down the highway when this huge semi-truck and trailer ran the stop sign and smacked my John Deere tractor right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and Bessie was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn't want to move. However, I could hear old Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape just by her groans.

"Shortly after the accident a Highway Patrolman came on the scene. He could hear Bessie moaning and groaning, so he went over to her. After he looked at her, and saw her condition, he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes. Then the Patrolman came across the road, gun still in hand, looked at me, and said, 'How are you feeling?'"

"Now tell me, what do you think would you say, your honor ?"

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Older Than Dirt Quote of the Day:

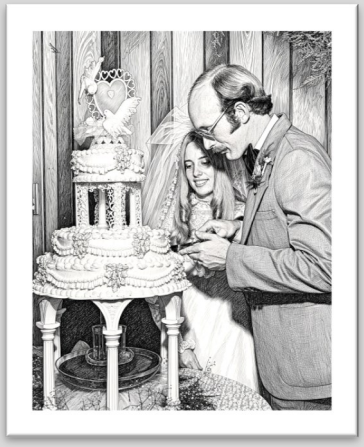
You know you're getting old when you have to get a permit from the fire department to light the candles on your cake.

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(The Lost Wedding Tape—Continued from Page 2)



The old man held his breath as the video tape broke up for a moment, but steadied and went on, just as the large, three-tiered wedding cake was brought out and set in front of the bride and groom. He watched as they cut the cake and posed for pictures. In a well-orchestrated flow, the host couples proceeded to serve wedding cake to the family and all the guests at their tables.

A deep sense of gratitude welled up as the old man watched this wonderful event unfold.

But there was one more tradition the camera caught. The bride came around the head table as the groom invited all the single ladies to come up front.

The old man grinned broadly as the camera captured the beautiful bride. She was absolutely radiant in her stunning white lace gown. It was like being there at the scene all over again. She turned her back to the group of young ladies who were waiting for their chance to catch the bride's bouquet. He saw the bride's beautiful young face clearly as she looked over her shoulder and tossed the bouquet in the air.

The camera followed the arc of the bouquet as it reached its peak… then the video froze, flickered and went to black. The video tape had run out!

The old man was not disappointed at the abrupt end in the least. Instead, he called out to his wife, "Honey, I found it! I found the video tape!"

He felt a hand on his shoulder, shaking him gently. "Honey, wake up! You're having that dream again."

He opened his eyes slowly and sat up in bed, "You mean…?"

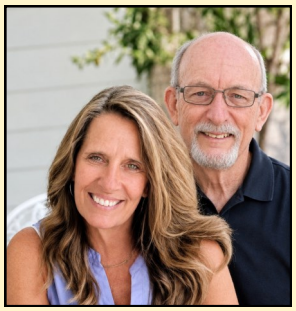
"Yes, dear," replied his wife. "You were dreaming about our wedding again. It was a beautiful wedding, but there is no video tape, remember? But that wonderful day is with us forever in our memories."

"Now get up – it's time to go pick up the grandkids."

Author's Note: *While the story you just read was dramatized for effect, the wedding was real and happened just as described. But, unfortunately, there really is no video tape of that special event. But it's in our memories. I was there. I was the groom and Jan was the beautiful bride. (See our picture on the right)*

– Terry Smith, Senior Goldmine

Milestones



Terry & Jan Smith
Oct 15, 1976—50 years
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– MAYA ANGELOU

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– C. S. Lewis


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Golf, Golf, and More Golf



For some time, my wife has had this ridiculous idea that I'm playing too much golf.

Actually, it came to a head about 11:30 last night. She suddenly shouted at me, "Golf, golf, golf! All you ever think about is stupid golf!!"

To be honest, she frightened the life out of me. I mean, you don't expect to meet somebody out on the 14th green at that time of night!"



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I went to the doctor because I thought I had arthritis. I don't. I have Early Onset Rigor Motis.

At my age I worry about tripping and falling, so I wear a helmet. I also worry about looking ridiculous, so I carry a skateboard.





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