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BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 2, Issue 10, October 2021



For All Of Us Who Are Seniors!

The reason why baby diapers have brand names such as Luvs and Huggies, while undergarments for old people are called

Depends:

When babies poop in their pants, people are still gonna Luv'em and Hug'em.

When old people poop in their pants, it Depends on who's in the will!

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From The Editor: Here we are and Thanksgiving is upon us once more, giving us the opportunity to reflect on and count our many blessings. This could be the time that you know someone who is going to be alone and perhaps offer to invite them for dinner. Or just a wee visit to someone who you can share a smile with.

Klara has her own version of Thanksgiving. Not sure I have experienced that one. A big thank you to Nancy Clark for sharing her wonderful gift of poem with us at this time.

Hope you all do not get gobbled up in pumpkins and turkeys and such that you forget to be thankful for the many blessings you have in your life. Take care...keep smiling Liz Underhill

Run in the rain, even if you get wet

A little girl had been shopping with her mom in Wal-Mart. She must have been six years old, this beautiful red-haired, freckle- faced image of innocence.

It was pouring outside. The kind of rain that gushes over the top of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout.

We all stood there, under the awning, just inside the door of the Wal-Mart. We waited, some patiently, others irritated because nature messed up their hurried day.

I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I got lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running, splashing, so carefree as a child came pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

Her little voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in, "Mom, let's run through the rain," she said.

"What? Mom asked.

"Let's run through the rain!" she repeated.

"No, honey. We'll wait until it slows down a bit," Mom replied.

This young child waited a minute and repeated: "Mom, let's run through the rain."

"We'll get soaked if we do," Mom said.

"No, we won't, Mom. That's not what you said this morning," the young girl said as she tugged at her mom's arm.

"This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?"

"Don't you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, 'If God can get us through this, He can get us through anything!'"

The entire crowd stopped dead silent. I swear you couldn't hear anything but the rain. We all stood silently. No one left. Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say.

[*\(Continued on Page 3\)*](#)

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EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

What she would and wouldn't do for love or more.

Whom she can trust, whom she can't and why she shouldn't take it personally.

Maya Angelou

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(Continued from Page 2) Run In The Rain Even If You Get Wet

Now some would laugh it off and scold her for being silly. Some might even ignore what was said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child's life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

"Honey, you are absolutely right. Let's run through the rain. If God lets us get wet, well maybe we just need washing." Mom said.

Then off they ran. We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and yes, through the puddles. They got soaked.

They were followed by a few who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars. And yes, I did. I ran. I got wet. I needed washing.

Circumstances or people can take away your material possessions, they can take away your money, and they can take away your health. But no one can ever take away your precious memories.

So, don't forget to make time and take the opportunities to make memories every day.

To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven. I HOPE YOU STILL TAKE THE TIME TO RUN THROUGH THE RAIN.

They say it takes a minute to find a special person, an hour to appreciate him or her, a day to love him or her, but then an entire life to forget such a person.



Soup ta Nuts

Miss Klara

Thanksgiving

A funny memory came to mind as I was sitting reminiscing about the past. I was giving thanks for the beautiful summer and knew soon it would be over and the glorious fall would start. My memory recalled a humorous Thanksgiving Day many years ago.

Soon this most important date in our history will be approaching and such an important date for our family too. Thanksgiving is with out outlaws, Mother Mertyl and Father Mortimer, Collard and Cornish (our sons), Cranky Cat, and now our newest addition Crabby Dog, sit around the dinner table.

Sometimes it is the only time family can gather and catch up on the year's news and give thanks we are all standing above ground. Each one—with the exception of our beloved animals— says what he/she is thankful for. I know the animals are giving thanks too, that we haven't handed them over to the animal cops when they take a nip out of Clem's hair piece, or knock his false teeth off the stand next to the bed.

Years ago, Clem used to put to rest our fresh, Thanksgiving turkey. I remember one day, coming home, groceries for the event in hand and there sat Clem, with the turkey wobbling around on his knee. The noises coming out of that bird were like nothing I had ever heard, some foreign language for sure. On looking closer, I realized this bird had glassy eyes.

"Clem what the devil is going on here?" I asked rooted to the spot. "What is wrong with the turkey? Why do you have a whiskey bottle on the table? Why are you holding a spoon?"

The turkey started to flap and I was so startled, I dropped the groceries, cans of pumpkin crushing my toes, my ingrown toenails sending me into spasms of pain. After a few cussing words shouted and more just waiting to erupt, I gained some composure and grabbed a fly swatter to defend myself in the event it came my way. That darn turkey must have realized it was going to be a croaked turkey as it settled down and kept staring at Clem.

"Listen Klara", Clem slurred, "If I have to do the deed of putting my friend here to his eternal rest, then the least I can do is make sure he doesn't feel a thing. That's why I am feeding him the booze".

I shot a look at both drunks and to this day, I swear that turkey winked at me, daring me to do something. That was the last turkey that Clem ever got drunk. He insisted he only wanted to have the turkeys as friends. I told him he had enough friends that were turkeys.

He was aging, he could see his pasture fast approaching. I am sure he was wondering what his fate would be, as I think back, for when I offered to give him some whiskey he looked at me with suspicious eyes.

He said if he couldn't have turkey, then we would have no meat at all. We quit eating meat cold turkey. We are now vegetarians and loving it. Ms. Klara

A woman with long dark hair is looking down at a book she is holding. The background is a warm, golden light.

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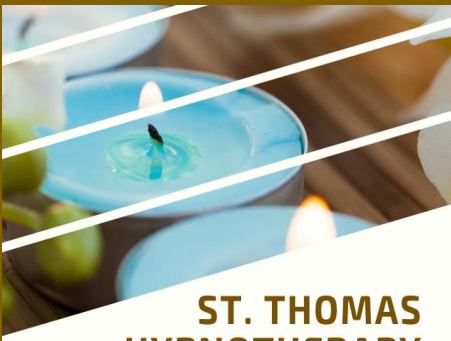
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A woman with short grey hair and glasses is smiling. Next to her is a large, clear glass jar filled with small, colorful beads or stones. In the background, there is a small, round, white container with a lid.

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Stress Management for Women!

A young lady confidently walked around the room while leading and explaining stress management to an audience with a raised glass of water. Everyone knew she was going to ask the ultimate question, 'half empty or half full?'. She fooled them all. "How heavy is this glass of water?" she inquired with a smile. Answers called out ranged from 8 oz. to 20 oz.

She replied, "The absolute weight doesn't matter. It depends on how long I hold it. If I hold it for a minute, that's not a problem. If I hold it for an hour, I'll have an ache in my right arm. If I hold it for a day, you'll have to call an ambulance. In each case it's the same weight, but the longer I hold it, the heavier it becomes." She continued, "And that's the way it is with stress. If we carry our burdens all the time, sooner or later, as the burden becomes increasingly heavy, we won't be able to carry on."

"As with the glass of water, you have to put it down for a while and rest before holding it again. When we're refreshed, we can carry on with the burden - holding stress longer and better each time practiced. So, as early in the evening as you can, put all your burdens down. Don't carry them through the evening and into the night... Pick them up tomorrow.

- 1 * Accept the fact that some days you're the pigeon, and some days you're the statue!
- 2 * Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.
- 3 * Always read stuff that will make you look good if you die in the middle of it.
- 4 * Drive carefully... It's not only cars that can be recalled by their maker.
- 5 * If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.
- 6 * If you lend someone \$20 and nev-

er see that person again, it was probably worth it.

7 * It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to serve as a warning to others.

8 * Never buy a car you can't push.

9 * Never put both feet in your mouth at the same time, because then you won't have a leg to stand on.

10 * Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.

11 * Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.

12 * The second mouse gets the cheese.

13 * When everything's coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.

14 * Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.

15 * Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once.

16 * We could learn a lot from crayons. Some are sharp, some are pretty and some are dull. Some have weird names and all are different colors, but they all have to live in the same box.

17 * A truly happy person is one who can enjoy the scenery on a detour.

AND MOST IMPORTANTLY

18 * Save the Earth..... It's the only planet with chocolate!*

Smile

Signs

On a Maternity Room door: "Push. Push. Push!"

On a Taxidermist's window: "We really know our stuff."

At the Electric Company: "We would be delighted if you send in your payment. However, if you don't, you will be."

T'was The Night Before

Thanksgiving

And all through our home,
not a creature was stirring
except Crabby dog and his bone.

The stove it was stoked up
to keep the place warm,
and Clem he was snoring
like a thunderous storm.

The pots in the pantry,
kept up with his beat,
the plates they were rattlin
thought they'd crash at my feet.

The pies were all baked
prepared for the feast,
the bread it was rising
plumped up from the yeast.

My once famous dressing
I assembled no more,
I now am addicted
to the boxed one in the store.

The eyes from the taties
no movement to blink,
awaited their peeling
in the old tea-stained sink.

The turnip sat proudly
knowing his fight would last long,
in order to peel him

I'd have to use hammer and tong.

But now I digress
from my story of woes,
movement awakened me
from Clem's bare toes.

I took me a feather
waved it inside his nose,
his hand came a flying
he struck quite a pose.
His mouth opened wide
screamed what the bleep are you doin,
not me, I declared
must be Tom turkey a croonin.

For tonight old Tom
would sit on Clem's lap,
while old Clem would
spoon-feed him
from his moonshine on tap.
Clem felt sad for old Tom
to face such a fate,
knowing Thanksgiving
would land old Tom on his plate.

He thought the old buzzard
shouldn't know all the facts,
that after his drinking
his fate was Clem's axe.
Clem ambled out to the barn
to get old Tom prepared,

the deed had to be done
not much time to be spared.

But this time old Tom
had the best poker hand,
when Clem went to grab him
On Clem's back he did land.
He pecked on Clem's ear
'till it turned red and blue,
when Clem swung in protest
Tom took off right on cue.

If it's turkey your wantin
Tom shouted in flight,
look in your mirror
and cook that just right.
The moral my friends
for your Thanksgiving meals,
give thanks you're not Clem
who can't eat till he heals.

Have a Happy Thanksgiving!
Klara



Happy Thanksgiving

From the staff at
Chatterbox News

I would be unstoppable if I could
just get started.

As you get older, your secrets
are safe with your friends be-
cause they can't remember
them either.

My wild oats have turned into
prunes and All Bran.

Random Thoughts

Prayer is not a 'spare wheel' that you pull out when in trouble, but it is a 'steering wheel' that directs the right path throughout the journey.

So why is a car's windshield so large and the rear view mirror so small? Because our past is not as important as our future. So, look ahead and move on.

Friendship is like a book. It takes a few minutes to burn, but it takes years to write.

All things in life are temporary. If it's going well, enjoy it, they will not last forever. If things are going wrong, don't worry, they can't last long either.

Old friends are gold! New friends are diamonds! If you get a diamond, don't forget the gold! Because to hold a diamond, you always need a base of gold!


A blind person asked St. Anthony: "Can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?" He replied: "Yes, losing your vision!"

Worrying does not take away tomorrow, it destroys today's peace.

The problem is; We look for someone to grow old together,

While the secret is to find someone to stay a child with! (Charles Bukowski)

What does Love mean to 4-8 year old kids?

Slow down for a few minutes to read this... 

A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4 to 8 year-olds, 'What does love mean?' The answers they got were broader, deeper, and more profound than anyone could have ever imagined!

'When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore...

So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love.' Rebecca - age 8

'When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know that your name is safe in their mouth.' Billy - age 4

'Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other.' Karl - age 5

'Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs.' Chrissy - age 6

'Love is what makes you smile when you're tired.' Terri - age 4

'Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK.' Danny - age 8

'Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and just listen.' Bobby - age 7 (Wow!)

'If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate.' Nikka - age 6

(we need a few million more Nikka's on this planet)

'Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it every day.' Noelle - age 7

'Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well.' Tommy - age 6

Blame

How the world works lately...

If a man cuts his finger off while slicing salami at work, he blames the restaurant.

If you smoke three packs a day for forty years and die of lung cancer, your family blames the tobacco company.

If your neighbor crashes into a tree while driving home drunk, he blames the bartender.

If your grandchildren are brats without manners, you blame television.

If your friend is shot by a deranged madman, you blame the gun manufacturer.

And if a crazed person breaks into the cockpit and tries to kill the pilot at 35,000 feet, and the passengers kill him instead, the mother of the crazed terrorist blames the airline.

I must have lived too long to understand the world as it is anymore.

So, if I die while my OLD WRINKLED BUTT is parked in front of this computer, I want all of you to blame Bill Gates.



Have a nice Day!

FORGET HEALTH FOOD! I'm at an age where I need all the preservatives I can get!

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Thanksgiving Prayer

Heavenly Father this Thanksgiving Day
We bow our heads to You and Pray.
We give You thanks for all You've done,
Especially for the gift of your Son.
Thank you Lord for our home, this place
Ever so grateful for all your grace.
For our family, our health, a nice soft bed,
Our friends, our freedom, a roof over our head.
For each new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night.
For health and food, for love and then,
For everything Thy goodness sends.
Heavenly Father this Thanksgiving Day
Please bless our family in every way.

Nancy Clark



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Why Seniors Still Need Newspapers!

I was visiting my daughter last night when I asked if I could borrow a newspaper.

"This is the 21st century," she said. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, use my iPad."

I can tell you this: That fly never knew what hit him.

Would The Regular Organist Stand Up

The minister was preoccupied with thoughts of how he was going to ask the congregation to come up with more money than they were expecting for repairs to the church building. Therefore, he was annoyed to find that the regular organist was sick and a substitute had been brought in at the last minute.

The substitute wanted to know what to play. "Here's a copy of the service," he said impatiently. "But, you'll have to think of something to play after I make the announcement about the finances."

During the service, the minister paused and said, "Brothers and Sisters, we are in great difficulty; the roof repairs cost twice as much as we expected and we need \$4,000 more. Any of you who can pledge \$100 or more, please stand up."

At that moment, the substitute organist played the National Anthem. And that is how the substitute became the regular organist.



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