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BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 2, Issue 11, November, 2021

Some Thoughts On Marriage

You have two choices in life: You can stay single and be miserable, or get married and wish you were dead.

At a cocktail party, one woman said to another, "Aren't you wearing your wedding ring on the wrong finger?" "Yes, I am. I married the wrong man."

A lady inserted an ad in the classifieds: 'Husband Wanted'. Next day she received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: 'You can have mine.'

When a woman steals your husband, there is no better revenge than to let her keep him.

Then there was a woman who said, "I never knew what real happiness was until I got married, and by then, it was too late."

If you want your spouse to listen and pay strict attention to every word you say - talk in your sleep.

Husband and wife are waiting at the bus stop with their nine children. A blind man joins them after a few minutes. When the bus arrives, they find it overloaded and only the wife and the nine kids are able to fit onto the bus. So the husband and the blind man decide to walk.

After a while, the husband gets irritated by the ticking of the stick of the blind man as he taps it on the sidewalk, and says to him, "Why don't you put a piece of rubber at the end of

your stick? That ticking sound is driving me crazy."

The blind man replies, "If you had put a rubber at the end of YOUR stick, we'd be riding the bus, so shut the heck up."

A Woman's Prayer: "Dear Lord, I pray for: Wisdom to understand a man, for Love to forgive him, and for Patience for his moods. Because Lord, if I pray for Strength, I'll just beat him to death."

First guy says, "My wife's an angel!" Second guy remarks, "You're lucky, mine's still alive."

Just think, if it weren't for marriage, men would go through life thinking they had no faults at all.

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FROM THE EDITOR:

November is here and only another month and Christmas will be jogging along to us. I love this time of year. Might we remind you of Remembrance Day on November 11. Let's all take that moment to remember and thank all those you fought for the rights we so enjoy now.

We've all come through a nasty couple of years and here's hoping soon we'll be able to freely be with loved ones. I know there is quite an issue between vac'd and non vac'd folks, but we are all family and hopefully we can find the love and friendship we all shared before all of this came about.

Keeper

Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat, and Mom in a house dress; lawn mower in his hand, and dishtowel in hers.

It was the time for fixing things. A curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress. Things we keep.

It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that re-fixing, eating, renewing, I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more.

But then my mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any more. Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away ...never to return. So ...while we have it ...it's best we love it ... and care for it and fix it when it's broken ... and heal it when it's sick.

This is true...for marriage...and old cars...and children with bad report cards...dogs and cats with bad hips...and aging parents...and grandparents, aunts and uncles and friends. We keep them because they are worth it, because we are worth it.

Some things we keep. Like a best friend who moved away or a classmate we grew up with. There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special ... And so, we keep them close in heart and mind and spirit.

You Never Know

I read about a woman named Pam, who knows the pain of considering abortion. More than 24 years ago, she and her husband Bob were serving as missionaries to the Philippines and praying for a fifth child. Pam contracted amoebic dysentery, an infection of the intestine caused by a parasite found in contaminated food or drink. She went into a coma and was treated with strong antibiotics before they discovered she was pregnant.

Doctors urged her to abort the baby for her own safety and told her that the medicines had caused irreversible damage to her baby. She refused the abortion and cited her Christian faith as the reason for her hope that her son would be born without the devastating disabilities physicians predicted. Pam said the doctors didn't think of it as a life they thought of it as a mass of fetal tissue.

While pregnant, Pam nearly lost their baby four times but refused to consider abortion. She recalled making a pledge to God with her husband: If you will give us a son, we'll name him Timothy and we'll make him a preacher.

(Continued on Page 3)

Next Issue of The Chatterbox Gazette December, 2021

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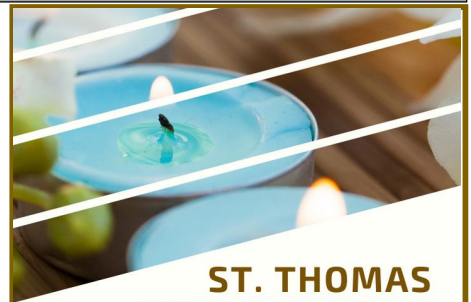
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(Continued From Page 2)

You Never Know

Pam ultimately spent the last two months of her pregnancy in bed and eventually gave birth to a healthy baby boy August 14, 1987. Pam's youngest son is indeed a preacher. He preaches in prisons, makes hospital visits, and serves with his father's ministry in the Philippines. He also plays football. Pam's son is Tim Tebow.

The University of Florida's star quarterback became the first sophomore in history to win college football's highest award, the Heisman Trophy. His current role as quarterback of the Denver Broncos has provided an incredible platform for Christian witness. As a result, he is being called The Mile-High Messiah.

When I get old I don't
want people thinking
"What a sweet little
old lady".. I want 'em
saying "Oh Crap!
What's she up to now?"



Yah Think?

A minister waited in line to have his car filled with gas just before a long holiday weekend. The attendant worked quickly, but there were many cars ahead of him. Finally, the attendant motioned him toward a vacant pump.

"Reverend," said the young man, "I'm so sorry about the delay. It seems as if everyone waits until the last minute to get ready for a long trip."

The minister chuckled, "I know what you mean. It's the same in my business."



Soup ta Nuts

Miss Klara

A Loving Relationship

10 Most Important Words in Any Loving Relationship

1. Trust
2. Intimacy
3. Communication
4. Commitment
5. Love
6. Friendship
7. Patience
8. Humour
9. Flexibility
10. Forgiveness

from "Love" by Gregory J.P. Godek

Hi Folks. I was reading these words about the most important words in a loving relationship.

Now I know why my sweetie Clem and I get on so well. Why, we have them all. We are the luckiest pair I do say.

Trust and boy do we have that. I trust that old Clem will take the garbage out each Tuesday, and save me trotting out in the cold and heat what with my varicose veins and all. He trusts that I will let him.

Intimacy. Why just the other day Clem told me a secret. Said I was the only one he told and not to tell a soul. Well I sure could promise that especially with my fingers crossed behind my back.

Communication. Yep, we really have that one down pat. I tell him just what to do and he does it every time, sometimes he seems to be communicating something that looks like sign language. I just nod my head like I understand.

Commitment. I have warned him several times that I will commit him to the loony bin if he doesn't stop talking to that darn rabbit.

Love. Why my Clem just loves to do my bidding without question. I know because I love to watch the expressions on his face. They are so sweet.

Friendship. We have such a friendship. Clem always tries to keep the peace by keeping me happy, and because he succeeds, we will be

friends for life.

Patience. I have the greatest patience folks. I do realize Clem can't jump to attention when I give my "suggestions" like he used to. His get up and go is got up and left. It takes all his patience to even hear me what with all the hair in his ears.

Humour. Why he laughs at all my jokes even when they're aimed at him. I laugh with him so as he isn't laughing alone.

Flexibility. Well, he's falling down a little on this one as he is getting a little bent over. I noticed him shuffling and that he was a bit stooped as he dragged the garbage bags out to the curb. My flexibility has gone down the tubes, what with the arthritis that won't let me go out and help.

Forgiveness. I told him I will forgive most anything as long as he changes his ways to my liking. He forgives me for being so bossy.

Are you all as successful? Sure hope you are! Klara

Remember

Don't Mess With Old People

I know I shouldn't have done this, but I am 83 years old and I was in the McDonald's drive-through this morning and the young lady behind me leaned on her horn and started mouthing something because I was taking too long to place my order.

So when I got to the first window I paid for her order along with my own. The cashier must have told her what I'd done, because as we moved up she leaned out her window and waved to me and mouthed "Thank you.", obviously embarrassed that I had repaid her rudeness with kindness.

When I got to the second window I showed them both receipts and took her food too. Now she has to go back to the end of the queue and start all over again,

Don't blow your horn at old people, they have been around a long time.

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Subject: The Bottle of Wine

A CAUTIONARY TALE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



A woman and a man are involved in a car accident on a snowy, cold Monday morning; it's a bad one. Both of their cars are totally demolished, but amazingly neither of them is hurt. God works in mysterious ways. After they crawl out of their cars, the man is yelling about women drivers.

The woman says, "So, you're a man. That's interesting. I'm a woman. Wow, just look at our cars! There's nothing left, but we're unhurt. This must be a sign from God that we should be friends and live in peace for the rest of our days."

Flattered, the man replies, "Oh yes, I agree completely, this must be a sign from God! But you're still at fault...women shouldn't be allowed to drive."

The woman continues, "And look at this, here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune." She hands the bottle to the man.

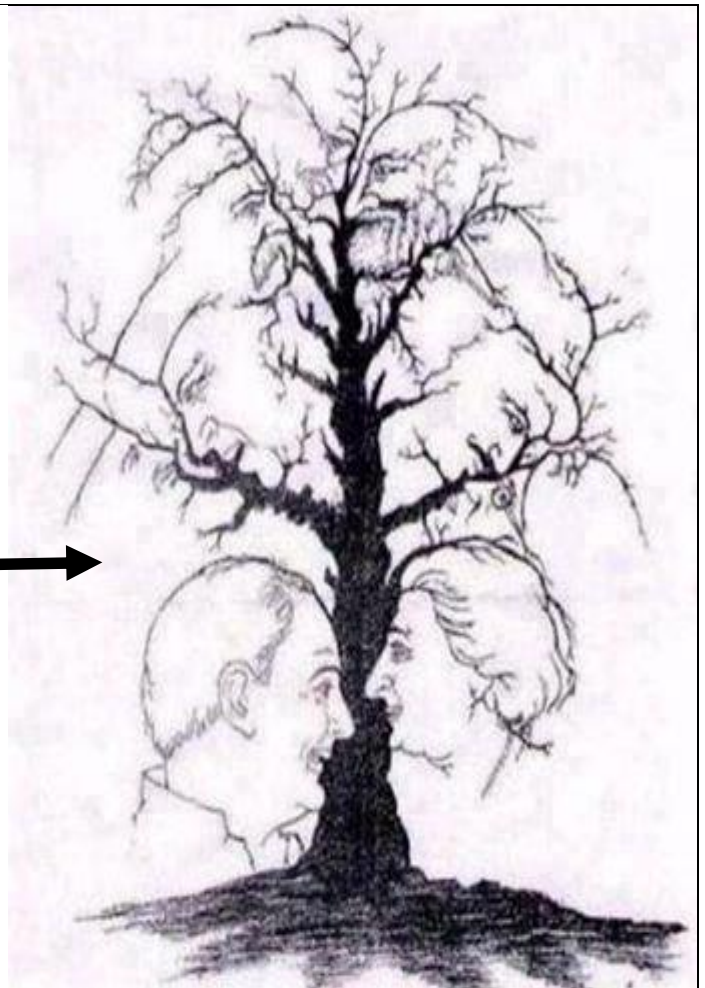
The man nods his head in agreement, opens it and drinks half the bottle and then hands it back to the woman. The woman takes the bottle, puts the cap back on and hands it back to the man. The man asks, "Aren't you having any?"

The woman replies, "No. I think I'll just wait for the police."

MORAL OF THE STORY:

Women are clever, evil devils. Don't mess with them.

**How
Many
Faces
Do
You
See?**



The healing power of relationships!!

They Teach It at Stanford

In an evening class at Stanford the last lecture was on the mind-body connection - the relationship between stress and disease. The speaker (head of psychiatry at Stanford) said, among other things, that one of the best things that a man could do for his health is to be married to a woman whereas for a woman, one of the best things she could do for her health was to nurture her relationships with her girlfriends. At first everyone laughed, but he was serious.

Women connect with each other differently and provide support systems that help each other to deal with stress and difficult life experiences.

Physically this quality "girlfriend time" helps us to create more serotonin - a neurotransmitter that helps combat depression and can create a general feeling of well being. Women share feelings whereas men often form relationships around activities. They rarely sit down with a buddy and talk about how they feel about certain things or how their personal lives are going. Jobs? Yes. Sports? Yes. Cars? Yes. Fishing, hunting, golf? Yes. But their feelings? Rarely.

Women do it all of the time. We share from our souls with our sisters/ mothers, and evidently that is very good for our health. He said that spending time with a friend is just as important to our general health as jogging or working out at a gym.

There's a tendency to think that when we are "exercising" we are doing something good for our bodies, but when we are hanging out with friends, we are wasting our time and should be more productively engaged, not true.

In fact, he said that failure to create and maintain quality personal relationships with other humans is as dangerous to our physical health as smoking! So every time you hang out to schmooze with a gal pal, just pat yourself on the back and congratulate yourself for doing something good for your health!

We are indeed very, very lucky. Sooooo, let's toast to our friendship with our girlfriends. Evidently it's very good for our health.

Life isn't about surviving the storm; but how you dance in the rain.

Men!!!!

One day my housework-challenged husband decided to wash his sweat-shirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to me, "What setting do I use on the washing machine?"

"It depends," I replied. "What does it say on your shirt?"

He yelled back, "OHIO STATE!" And they say blondes are dumb.

A couple is lying in bed. The man says, "I am going to make you the happiest woman in the world."

The woman replies, "I'll miss you!"

"It's just too hot to wear clothes today," Jack says as he stepped out of the shower "Honey, what do you think the neighbours would think if I mowed the lawn like this?"

"Probably that I married you for your money," she replied.

Q: What do you call a handcuffed man?

A: Trustworthy.

Q: What does it mean when a man is in your bed gasping for breath and calling your name?

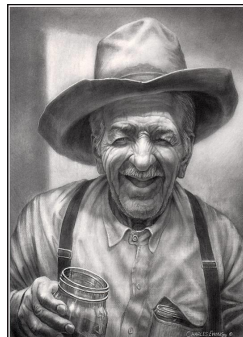
A: You did not hold the pillow down long enough.

Q: How do you keep your husband from reading your e-mail?

A: Rename the e-mail folder 'Instruction Manuals'.

While creating husbands, God promised women that good and ideal husbands would be found in all corners of the world.

Then He made the earth round.



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Trivia - Could This Be True?

"Stewardesses" is the longest word typed with only the left hand.

And "lollipop" is the longest word typed with your right hand.

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver, or purple.

"Dreamt" is the only English word that ends in the letters "mt".

Our eyes are always the same size from birth, but our nose and ears never stop growing.

The words 'racecar', 'kayak', and 'level' are the same whether they are read left to right or right to left (palindromes).

There are two words in the English language that have all five vowels in order: "abstemious" and "facetious". TYPEWRITER is the longest word that can be made using the letters only on one row of the keyboard.

A cat has 32 muscles in each ear. A shark is the only fish that can blink with both eyes.

An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain. (I know some people like that also) Leonardo Da Vinci invented the scissors.

A few life insights...

Life is short, break the rules, forgive quickly, kiss slowly, love truly, laugh uncontrollably, and never regret anything that made you smile...
Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we're here we should dance...

Every sixty seconds you spend upset is a minute of happiness you'll never get back...

What I Have Learned...

- ~ That you should not make someone a priority when they only have you as an option.
- ~ That no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.
- ~ That you should not be afraid that your life will end; be afraid that it will never begin.
- ~ That I did not ask for the life that I was given, but it was given nonetheless and with it I do my very best.

My Dating Advice...

- Don't settle for less than you deserve.
- Don't cheat. There is never an excuse and/or reason to cheat.
- Don't try to change anyone. Love them for how they are and not for how you want them to be flaws and all, because we all have flaws.

Do not...

- Do not let your life slip through your fingers by living in the past or for the future. By living your life one day at a time, you live all the days of your life.
- Do not be afraid to take risks. It is by taking chances that we learn to be brave.
- Do not dismiss your dreams. To be

without dreams is to be without hope, and to be without hope is to be without purpose.

Have you ever...

- Have you ever wondered which hurts most...saying something you wish you had not, or saying nothing and wishing you had? I guess the most important things are the hardest to say. Never be afraid to tell someone you love him or her. If you do, they might break your heart...but if you do not, you might break theirs. Your heart decides who it likes and who it does not. You cannot tell your heart what to do. It does it on its own, when you least expect it, or even when you do not want it to.
- Have you ever wanted to love someone with everything you had, but that person was too afraid to let you? Too many of us stay confined because we are too afraid to care too much...for the fear that the other person does not care as much, or at all.

A desperate cowboy rode his horse into a small town. His throat was parched, so he tied his horse to a pole next to a saloon and went in for a drink.

He came out a few minutes later, and someone had already stolen his horse.

The people of the town were looking to see his reaction, and they weren't discreet about it. He looked around at everyone and said in a loud clear voice,

"I will walk back into that saloon to get myself another drink, and if I don't see my horse right in front of me when I come out again, I will have to do what I did in Texas a year ago after someone stole my horse. And trust me, I didn't like what I had to do in Texas a year ago."

After his confident speech, the cowboy walked back into the saloon. The townsfolk looked at each other in fear and returned his horse.

The cowboy finished his second drink and walked out of the bar, saddled the horse. But just before he left, the bartender walked up to him and asked,

"Hey, cowboy, we know that we got you your horse back, but do you mind telling us what you had to do a year ago in Texas?"

The cowboy looked at him with an iron gaze and responded:

"I had to walk home."

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A Matter of Opinion

A London lawyer runs a stop sign and gets pulled over by an Irish Garda. He thinks that he is smarter than the cop because he is a London lawyer, from London, and is certain that he has a better education than any paddy cop. He decides to prove this to himself and have some fun at the Garda's expense!!

The Irish Garda says, "License and registration, please." London Lawyer says,

"What for?" Irish Garda replies, "You didn't come to a complete stop at the Stop sign."

London Lawyer says, "I slowed down, and no one was coming." Irish Garda says, "You still didn't come to a complete stop. License And registration, please." London Lawyer says, "What's the difference?" Irish Garda says, "The difference is, you have to come to complete stop, that's the law. License and registration, please!"

The London lawyer says, "If you can show me the legal difference between 'slow down' and 'stop', I'll give you my license and registration and you give me the ticket. If not, you let me go and don't give me the ticket."

The Irish Garda says, "Sounds fair. Exit your vehicle, sir." The London lawyer exits his vehicle.

The Irish Garda takes out his baton and starts beating the lawyer with it and says, "Now do you want me to stop, or just slow down?"

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Unbaked Yeast Rolls

Those of you who have animals will probably appreciate this the most. It is a story that is hilarious in itself and the person who wrote it is a good writer which made the story even better. Enjoy.

We have a fox terrier by the name of Jasper. He came to us in the summer of 2001 from the fox terrier rescue program. For those of you who are unfamiliar with this type of adoption, imagine taking in a ten-year-old child about whom you know nothing and committing to doing your best to be a good parent.

Like a child, the dog came with his own idiosyncrasies. He will only sleep on the bed, on top of the covers, nuzzled as close to my face as he can get without actually performing a French kiss on me.

Lest you think this is a bad case of 'no discipline,' I should tell you that Perry and I tried every means to break him of this habit, including locking him in a separate bedroom for several nights. The new door cost over \$200. But I digress.

Five weeks ago we began remodeling our house. Although the cost of the project is downright obnoxious, it was twenty years overdue AND it got me out of cooking Thanksgiving dinner for family, extended family, and a lot of friends that I like more than family most of the time.

I was assigned the task of preparing one hundred and twenty-four of my famous yeast dinner rolls for the two Thanksgiving feasts we did attend.

I am still cursing the electrician for getting the new oven hooked up so quickly. It was the only appliance in the whole darn house that worked, thus the assignment.

I made the decision to cook the rolls on Wednesday evening to reheat Thursday a.m. Since the kitchen was freshly painted, you can imagine the odor. Not wanting the rolls to smell like Sherwin Williams #586, I put the rolls on baking sheets and set them in the living room to rise for a few hours. Perry and I decided to go out to eat, returning in about an

hour. The rolls were ready to go in the oven.

It was 8:30 p.m. When I went to the living room to retrieve the pans, much to my shock, one whole pan of twelve rolls was empty. I called out to Jasper and my worst nightmare became a reality. He literally wobbled over to me. He looked like a combination of the Pillsbury Dough Boy and the Michelin Tire Man wrapped up in fur. He groaned when he walked. I swear even his cheeks were bloated.

I ran to the phone and called our vet. After a few seconds of uproarious laughter, he told me the dog would probably be okay; however, I needed to give him Pepto Bismol every two hours for the rest of the night. God only knows why I thought a dog would like Pepto Bismol any more than my kids did when they were sick. Suffice it to say that by the time we went to bed the dog was black, white and pink. He was so bloated we had to lift him onto the bed for the night.

We arose at 7:30 and as we always do first thing, put the dog out to relieve himself. Well, the dog was as drunk as a sailor on his first leave. He was running into walls, falling flat on his butt and most of the time when he was walking, his front half was going one direction and the other half was either dragging the grass or headed 90 degrees in another direction.

He couldn't lift his leg to pee, so he would just walk and pee at the same time. When he ran down the small incline in our backyard he couldn't stop himself and nearly ended up running into the fence.

His pupils were dilated and he was as dizzy as a loon. I endured another few seconds of laughter from the vet (second call within twelve hours) before he explained that the yeast had fermented in his belly and that he was indeed drunk. He assured me that, not unlike most binges we humans go through, it would wear off after about four or five hours, and to keep giving him Pepto Bismol.

Afraid to leave him by himself in the house, Perry and I loaded him up and

took him with us to my sister's house for the first Thanksgiving meal of the day.

My sister lives outside of Muskogee on a ranch (10 to 15-minute drive). Rolls firmly secured in the trunk (124 less 12) and drunk dog leaning from the backseat onto the console of the car between Perry and I, we took off.

Now I know you probably don't believe that dogs burp, but believe me when I say that after eating a tray of risen unbaked yeast rolls, DOGS WILL BURP. These burps were pure Old Charter. They would have matched or beat any smell in a drunk tank at the police station. But that's not the worst of it.

Now he was beginning to fart and they smelled like baked rolls. God strike me dead if I am not telling the truth! We endured this for the entire trip to Karen's, thankful she didn't live any further away than she did.

Once Jasper was firmly placed in my sister's garage with the door locked, we finally sat down to enjoy our first Thanksgiving meal of the day. The dog was the topic of conversation all morning long and everyone made trips to the garage to witness my drunken dog, each returning with a tale of Jasper's latest endeavor to walk without running into something. Of course, as the old adage goes, 'what goes in must come out' and Jasper was no exception.

Granted if it had been me that had eaten twelve risen, unbaked yeast rolls, you might as well have put a concrete

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