

**Release Your  
Heart Song**



**Diane Stanhope**

*Connecting you  
with Fragrance  
that will "Warm  
the heart, Enliven  
the Senses and  
Inspire the Soul"*

For more Info.

<https://dianestanhope.scentsy.ca>



**BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!**

**Volume 3, Issue 3 March, 2022**

## Outta The Mouths of Babes! Grandparents

1. She was in the bathroom, putting on her makeup, under the watchful eyes of her young granddaughter, as she'd done many times before. After she applied her lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!" I will probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye....

2. My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 62. My grandson was quiet for a

moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

3. After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"

4. A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own

childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

5. My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and I said, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both old," he replied.

**Weighting  
On You!**

**What's Eating  
You?**

**Working From The  
Inside Out**

**With  
Aunt Lizzie**

**[www.lifewithauntlizzie.com](http://www.lifewithauntlizzie.com)**  
519-520-2922

**Complete Ebook and  
Flipbook Design,  
Creation and Publishing**

**Norah Deay**  
[www.cloudpublishings.com](http://www.cloudpublishings.com)

**YOUR ONE-STOP  
FOR ALL YOUR  
EBOOK AND  
FLIPBOOK  
NEEDS**

130 +  
Books  
Published

**HAMILTON SUBMITTOR  
READERS' CHOICE 2020  
DIAMOND WINNER**

**PEOPLE  
IN  
CONNECTION**

**Connect, Learn Grow**  
Website Design, Training, Support  
[www.peopleinconnection.com](http://www.peopleinconnection.com)  
905-387-1883

# Chatterbox News

Published monthly by  
Red Barn Publishing

## **Editor/Publisher**

Liz Underhill

## **Advertising**

Liz Underhill

## **Contributors**

Klara Kravitz  
Aunt Lizzie  
Papatoadie  
Buzz Lightly

## **To contact**

### **The Chatterbox News**

Tel: (519) 520-2922

[www.lifewithauntlizzie.com](http://www.lifewithauntlizzie.com)

[liz@lizunderhill.com](mailto:liz@lizunderhill.com)

Mailing address

Email or

To place an ad and support  
uplifting and humorous news,  
please email

[liz@lizunderhill.com](mailto:liz@lizunderhill.com)

## **LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**

I was watching a story about the heartbreaking mistreatment of dogs. I have often thought that perhaps if we humans were more like our pets there would be no anger and wars in the world. No matter how an animal is treated, they always come back with a wagging tail and a huge greeting kiss at the door.

If they are scolded, they try to butter you up by jumping and cuddling or just plain looking at you with such sad eyes that would melt the heart of the staunchest grump! I have seen the story below before, but it came across my desk after watching a sad story about a poor dog that was beaten and left by the side of the road to die. He was found and nurtured back to health by a caring family who already had their hands full with feeding a family of 5 children. They felt that after he was back to health they would search for a good home for him. As their foundling came back to health, they didn't have the heart to send him away and decided to keep him as their own. Turns out that one night their home caught on fire while the family slept. They were awakened by barking and scratching at their doors by "Lab" and because of him the entire family reached safety. There was nothing left of their material world and without "Lab" they would not have survived.

One never knows the blessings that are around the corner by reaching out and giving a loving hand to anyone. There is always a story behind what is showing out front. I hope you enjoy "Tank". Liz Underhill

## **BEST DOG STORY - THE TANK**

They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie, as I looked at him lying in his pen. The shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. It would give me someone to talk to. I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

At first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls — he wouldn't go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old stuff, that I'd get him new things once he settled in. But it became pretty clear pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew, ones like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them - when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name — sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search-mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on the stack of boxes for the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."



*Continued on Page 6*

Next Issue of The Chatterbox News April, 2022

All articles and advertising to be in our office no later than

Wednesday March 20, 2022

Although The Chatterbox News makes every effort to insure the accuracy of its contents, we assume no responsibility for damages due to errors or omissions. The Chatterbox News reserves the right to refuse any advertising.



## Holistic Medicine And Energy Therapy



[www.takebackyourhealth.ca](http://www.takebackyourhealth.ca)  
[Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca](mailto:Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca)  
519-280-0592

## Weighting On You!



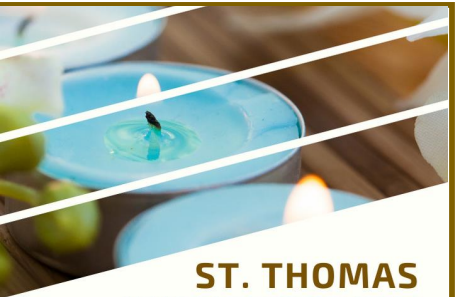
What's Eating  
You?

Working From The  
Inside Out

With  
Aunt Lizzie



[www.lifewithauntlizzie.com](http://www.lifewithauntlizzie.com)  
519-520-2922



## ST. THOMAS HYPNOTHERAPY & MORE

Helping Busy Women Achieve  
A Less Stressed Life Through  
Sacred Bliss Massage  
Hypnosis

[www.stthomashypnotherapy.com](http://www.stthomashypnotherapy.com)  
Phone: 226-289-5015

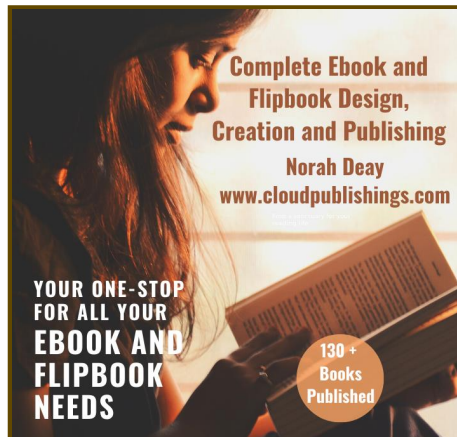
My wife sat down on the couch next to me as I was flipping channels. She asked, "What's on TV?" I said, "Dust." And then the fight started...



## PODCAST COVER ART

TO REFLECT THE  
DESIGNER IN YOU

For Your Quote:  
519-520-2922



## Complete Ebook and Flipbook Design, Creation and Publishing

Norah Deay  
[www.cloudpublishings.com](http://www.cloudpublishings.com)

YOUR ONE-STOP  
FOR ALL YOUR  
EBOOK AND  
FLIPBOOK  
NEEDS

130+  
Books  
Published

## IS YOUR WOODSTOVE SAFE?

Inspect and clean your  
chimney regularly to  
prevent chimney fires.

Burn dry wood to

reduce excessive

creosote build-up.

Remove ashes safely

only when cooled.



## And Then The Fight Started

Saturday morning I got up early, quietly dressed, made my lunch, grabbed the dog, and slipped quietly into the garage, hooked up the boat to the truck, and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour. The wind was blowing 50 mph, so I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad all day.

I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed. I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible." My loving

wife of 10 years replied, "Can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that?" And that's how the fight started...

My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, "I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 150 in about 3 seconds." I bought her a scale. And then the fight started...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table.

My wife asked, "Do you know her?"

"Yes," I sighed, "she's my old girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" says my wife. "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?" And then the fight started....

A woman is standing nude, looking in the bedroom mirror. She is not happy with what she sees and says to her husband, "I feel horrible; I look old, fat and ugly. I really need you to pay me a compliment." The husband replies, "Your eye-sight's darn near perfect." And then the fight started...



## "Soup ta Nuts"

### Masks

Hey everyone. I'm now moved to another place again. I can't seem to out-move the Covid. Getting tired of moving this old body from place to place. This dang covid, thinks its gonna keep this gal down. No way! I will press on and continue having fun. That's what the heck I'm here for.

Now that we are close to removing our masks after all this time,, it got me to thinking about how close me and my mask has become and I thought maybe you felt the same way too. So I got to thinking that maybe just maybe we could have other uses for it. Just sayin...

Have you ever thought about that dang mask you have to wear? I'm hearing all the awful stories about wearing a mask, but it does serve a purpose, and I've come up with a few reasons for you just in case you can't come up with your own.

How about...you can curse someone out if you want and hey they don't even know. A word of caution here... make sure when you do, your wee eyes don't show what you're up to. Make sure that you have a happy glint that's shining forth....I wonder if that's possible? You can be cursing (not allowed to say any curse words here) \$\$\$@ under that mask and yet your eyes are smiling.

Haven't tried that just yet, but on my way to do just that. Hey another thing, you could actually go into a bank and no one would stop you and just as easily, ask them for money and point your toy gun at them. Who would know? In an instant, if you have another mask underneath, you can pull that top one off and walk smartly out of the bank... Who would know? They'll be looking for the gal that had "Stick 'em' Up" on the front of the mask, while you now have "I Love My Grandkids" on yours. And who's going to stop a granny?

Another use: If you co-ordinate everything, you can now match all your accessories. How about a hat and a matching mask. Why I'm going to try

that, I need all the attention I can get. If you have to wear one of those gosh darn things, then you might as well look for all the good that they do and that's besides keeping you safe from that dang covid.

My computer brain is working now and I'm thinking furiously from inside my mask. So here goes some more good things about the mask. You don't even have to have the same style either, nor the same dull ones I've seen.

Hey...you could have a pic of your hubby put on the front. That way, men would know you're with someone and saves the guys coming on to you and wondering if you're single or not. Now I think of that, perhaps I won't do that because I want them to come on to me. Attention is what I need. And besides, not good for me cause I got divorced so maybe I have to have "Still Available" or better still "I'm Yours"

Hey you could put lips on it....and then make an incision in the mask so you don't even have to take it off to eat!. And...you don't even have to wear lipstick, going to see your voluptuous lips anyway? And if you don't have to buy lipstick, you'll save lots of bucks and boy I'll just bet you can use that for buying more stylish masks or junk food to graze on during Covid.

Now that I think of it. It hides your teeth, so if you don't want any one or in my case a new boyfriend in the of-fing that you might meet, he wouldn't be able to see that you have false choppers.

Oh...now the ideas they're a flowing. Why you could have some costume jewelry hanging from those ear straps....saving you from putting holes in your ears to hang those that fake jewelry on. Keeps your body safe.

Masks might steam up your glasses, and that's a good thing cause when you see that hot honey, he can't see your eyes that have almost popped outa your head with the thought of a hunk like that hopefully choosing you.

Hey what about putting a message on the front of the mask like "buzz off" That would be saving you a lot of telling people that very same thing, and saves your breath from being used for dumb things instead of just being able to breathe.

Do you have acne? Just think, that hides those protrusions on your face

until and if you can clean it up.. and talking about protrusions. What about your nose. Got one you don't like...In comes your favourite item...the mask... Yep no one can tell if you've got a long, short, crooked, huge, bulbous one....so you won't get those nasty comments that you normally hear. And...you'll look like the rest of us.

And if all else fails, and you need to sneeze and don't have a hankie handy, why there you go. Just use that mask and what a blessing that is. All the multi-uses for your mask.

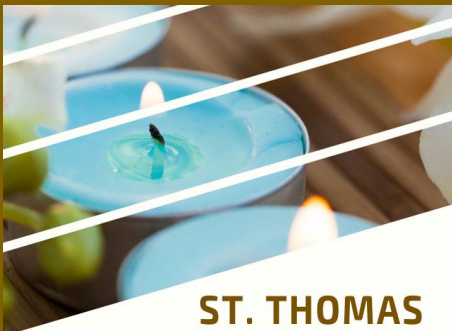
Hey and just think. I've heard the saying...she's so ugly all you need to do is put a bag over her head. Well with a mask...it hides all that and with the mask you can see, far and wide and don't forget you can curse under it. And just a reminder...keep your eyes smiling.

I'm thinking when the day comes that I don't have to wear one again, I'm going to miss that sweet thing. Nothing stopping me nor you either from still wearing it I guess.

Oh yes...just another thought as I'm always looking to make money.., why I could design the very things that I mentioned above and oh yes. I can have a blessing card that goes with it, so they, too, will appreciate all the goodies that those masks offer. Why I'm sure they'll keep on wearing them...don't you?







**ST. THOMAS  
HYPNOTHERAPY  
& MORE**

Helping Busy Women Achieve  
A Less Stressed Life Through  
Sacred Bliss Massage  
Hypnosis

[www.stthomashypnotherapy.com](http://www.stthomashypnotherapy.com)  
Phone: 226-289-5015

**Holistic Medicine And  
Energy Therapy**



**JEN HEWSON**

[www.takebackyourhealth.ca](http://www.takebackyourhealth.ca)  
[Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca](mailto:Jen@takebackyourhealth.ca)  
519-280-0592



**Healing a  
Heart's loss**

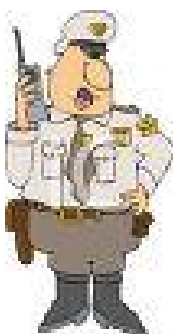
live. laugh. love again.

.....

Offering  
Grief Counselling,  
Resources and Courses  
for  
Individuals, Families,  
and Counsellors

.....

[www.healingaheartloss.com](http://www.healingaheartloss.com)  
[bbsaunders@healingaheartloss.com](mailto:bbsaunders@healingaheartloss.com)  
519-637-8458



A Saskatchewan police officer had a perfect spot to watch for speeders, but wasn't getting many. Then he discovered the problem - a 12-year-old boy was standing up the road with a hand painted sign, which read 'RADAR TRAP AHEAD'. The officer then found a young accomplice down the road with a sign reading 'TIPS' and a bucket full of money.  
(And we used to just sell lemonade!)

A motorist was mailed a picture of his car speeding through a photo radar post in Edmonton, AB. A \$90 speeding ticket was included. Being cute, he sent the police department a picture of \$90. The police responded with another mailed photo of handcuffs.



#### BUMPER STICKERS FOR SENIORS

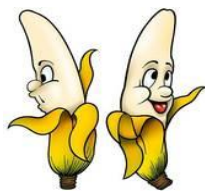
I'm so old, I don't buy green bananas.

Goodbye tension, hello pension.

I was at the beauty shop for 2 hours and that was only for an estimate.

It's nice to be here. At my age it's nice to be anywhere.

Florida. God's waiting room.



#### Could This Be True?

Bob, a fisherman, takes one Vitamin B -1 tablet a day, April through October. He said it works. Hasn't had a mosquito bite in 33 years. Try it. Every one he has talked into trying it says it works on them.

If you eat bananas, the mosquitoes like you - something about the banana oil as your body processes it. Stop eating bananas for the summer and the mosquitoes will be much less interested.

*Editor's Note: I love bananas and the mosquitoes love me to bits. I will try this in the summer.*

One of the best insect repellents found (by someone who is in the woods every day) is Vick's VapoRub.

Plant marigolds around the yard. The flowers give off a smell that bugs do not like, so plant some in that garden also to help ward off bugs without using insecticides.

"Tough guy" Marines who spend a great deal of time "camping out" say that the very best mosquito repellent you can use is Avon Skin-So-Soft bath oil mixed about half and half with alcohol.

One of the best natural insect repellents that I've discovered is made from the clear real vanilla that is sold in Mexico. It works great for mosquitoes and ticks, don't know about other insects. When all else fails—get a frog.



PREPARED BY  
April LaRoche

---

**TAXSMART**

30 Year's Experience

Personal to Business

---

NO TASK TOO LARGE!

[apriltaxsmart@gmail.com](mailto:apriltaxsmart@gmail.com)  
519-871-2017

Continued from Page 2

## BEST DOG Story— THE TANK

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter...I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home, but then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that?"

Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction — maybe "glared" is more accurate - and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down ... with his back to me.

Well, that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number. But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too. "Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice."

Whoever Gets My Dog: Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner. I'm not even happy writing it. If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different. I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time... it's like he knew something was wrong, and something is wrong...which is why I have to go to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you. First, he loves tennis balls. The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hordes them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after it, so be careful - really don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I'll go over them again: Reggie knows the obvious ones - "sit", "stay", "come", "heel". He knows hand signals: "back" to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up; and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. "Shake" for shaking water off, and "paw" for a high-five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down — I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business. I trained Reggie with small food treats. Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-

bought stuff; the shelter has the brand. He's up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours; they'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him in the car. I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially. Which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new, and that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you....His name's not Reggie.

I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well ... well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems.

His real name is "Tank". Because that is what I drive. Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander.

See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with ... and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone... call the shelter ... in the "event" ... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting downright depressing, even though, frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family ... but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years,

almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me. That unconditional love from a dog is what I take with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things ... and to keep those terrible people from coming over here.

If I have to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He is my example of service and of love. I hope I honoured him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth. Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight - every night - from me. Thank you, Paul Mallory

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer. I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog. "Hey, Tank," I said quietly.

The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

"C'mere boy." He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months.

"Tank," I whispered. His tail swished. I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

"It's me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me." Tank reached up and licked my cheek. "So whatdaya say we play some ball?" His ears perked again. "Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?" Tank tore from my hands and disappeared in the next room, and when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.

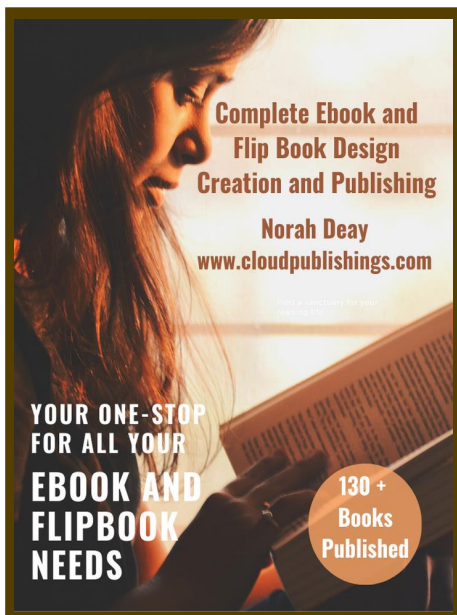
From The Editor. I know this is a much longer piece that is normally published in the Chatterbox News; however, I was so touched by this story, I felt the need to share.

# The Computer Tutor

**Taking you from the recycle bin to around the world**

**One Step At A Time**

**519-520-2922**

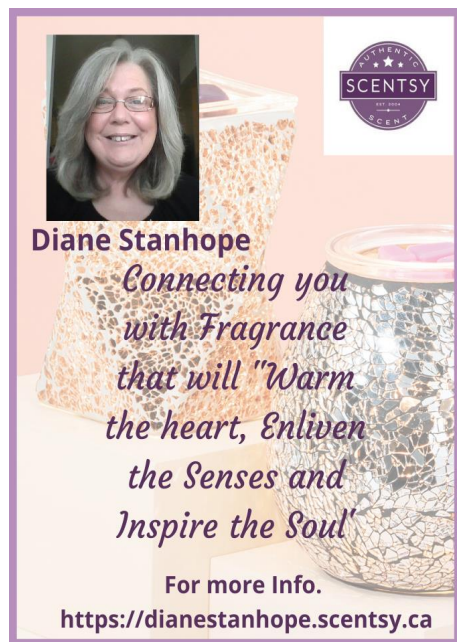


**Complete Ebook and Flip Book Design Creation and Publishing**

**Norah Deay**  
[www.cloudpublishings.com](http://www.cloudpublishings.com)

**YOUR ONE-STOP FOR ALL YOUR EBOOK AND FLIPBOOK NEEDS**

**130 + Books Published**



**Diane Stanhope**

*Connecting you with Fragrance that will "Warm the heart, Enliven the Senses and Inspire the Soul"*

For more Info.  
<https://dianestanhope.scentsy.ca>

**SCENTSY**

## With a little Bit of Luck

Lessons from Life's Journey by Buzz Lightly

### Spring Fever

As the spring sun begins to warm the northern climes, strange stirrings begin beneath the earth and within the hearts and minds of birds, rodents, and young boys.

On a sunny day a woodchuck may be seen sunning itself with eyes squinting to cope with the sun. Geese and ducks begin to move across the morning skies honking and quacking their way into a new season. This was the time for exploring the awakening world of pond and woods.

With my rubber boots I would set off across the glistening furrows of the plowed fields near home in search of discovery and adventure. First we would test the ice between the furrows and with a little bit of luck escape with only a slightly wet foot. Then the trek across a plowed field of dark brown clay would begin in earnest.

Soon the boots would be covered with huge heavy gobs of mud, and the boots would begin to weigh more than my legs.

Like a Frankensteinian monster, a boy with feet bigger than his head would wobble toward the woods. Once in the woods the first task would be to find a stick and poke and scrape until some boot began to appear beneath the gooey gobs at the end of my legs. Then it would be off for an adventure of checking the first signs of spring along the creeks and ponds of the woods.

We knew the first Spring flower was skunk cabbage so we would search along the edges of the marsh to see if it had poked its leaves up through the frosty earth. As a boy I never tired of breaking it open to check to see if it

smelled as rank as I remembered from last year.

After searching for Marsh Marigolds in vain, we realized that although the expedition had broken the monotony of winter, spring was still a few weeks away. Reluctantly we set out across the plowed fields knowing that with a little bit of luck spring would be coming soon.

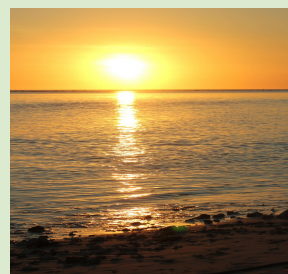
In your resistance you get tired, and so, you need rest. And so, you go from resistance to rest to resistance to rest.

But what about rest to eagerness, rest to passion, rest to alignment, rest to clarity, rest to brilliance?

You can get this Energy moving within you and when you are up to speed with that Energy, you are clever; you are fun; you are full of vitality; your timing is good?

Then you are living life as you intended!

*Abraham Hicks*



# Happy St. Patty's Day





- What kind of spells do leprechauns use? Lucky Charms!
- What do you call a frog that jumped into a pot of gold? A leprechaun.
- Why do leprechauns hate running? They'd rather jig than jog.
- Why do leprechauns love to garden? They have green thumbs!
- What do you call a leprechaun prank? A saint pat-trick.
- What happens if a leprechaun falls into the ocean? He gets wet, of course.
- Why shouldn't you borrow money from a leprechaun? Because they're always a little short.
- Do leprechauns make good secretaries? Sure, they're great at shorthand!
- When does a leprechaun cross the road? When it turns green!
- Why did the leprechaun climb over the rainbow? To get to the other side!
- What do you call a leprechaun who broke the law? A lepre-con!

- How did the leprechaun win the race? He took a shortcut.
- What did the leprechaun say when the video game ended? Game clover!
- How can you tell if a leprechaun likes your joke? He's Dublin over with laughter!

*Editor's Note: I'm not certain who I can give credit for these. It's just a wee bit of humour to brighten your day.*

## MOVING ON

As we progress through the year 2022, I want to thank all of you for your educational e-mails over the past year. I am totally screwed up now and have little chance of recovery.

I no longer open a bathroom door without using a paper towel, or have the waitress put lemon slices in my ice water without worrying about the bacteria on the lemon peel.

I can't sit down on the hotel bedspread because I can only imagine what has happened on it since it was last washed.

I have trouble shaking hands with someone who has been driving because the number one pastime while driving alone is picking one's nose.

Eating a little snack sends me on a guilt trip because I can only imagine how many gallons of trans-fats I have consumed over the years.

I can't touch any woman's purse for

fear she has placed it on the floor of a public restroom.

I MUST SEND MY SPECIAL THANKS to whoever sent me the one about rat poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet sponge with every envelope that needs sealing. ALSO, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die for the 1,387,258th time.

I no longer have any money, but that will change once I receive the \$15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program.

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St. Theresa's Novena will grant my every wish.

I can't have a drink in a bar because I'll wake up in a bathtub full of ice with my kidneys gone.

I can't use cancer-causing deodorants even though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

Thanks to you I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern, I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

*Editor's Note: Watch for the live "Moving On" series on Tick Tok. Love them to pieces if you would kindly do so, Why? Then I can do and reach more and more.*



# Connect, Learn, Grow

Website Design, Training, Support  
Business Networks

[www.peopleinconnection.com](http://www.peopleinconnection.com)  
905-387-1883