


LONDON AND SURROUNDING AREA

GROUP REGRESSION



HYPNOSIS SESSIONS

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liz@lizunderhill.com
Liz Underhill C.H. M.H.T



BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 3, Issue 7 July, 2022

Reasons Not To Mess With Children

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal, its throat was very small. The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible.

The little girl said, "When I get to heaven, I will ask Jonah."

The teacher asked, "What if Jonah went to hell?"

The little girl replied, "Then you ask him."

A Kindergarten teacher was observing her classroom of children while they were drawing. She would occasionally walk around to see each child's work. As she got to one little girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was?

The girl replied, "I'm drawing God."

The teacher paused and said, "But no one knows what God looks like."

Without missing a beat, or looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, "They will in a minute."

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six-year old's. After explaining the commandment to 'honour' thy Father and thy Mother, she asked, "Is there a commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?"

Without missing a beat, one little boy (the oldest of a family) answered, "Thou shall not kill."

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, "Why are some of your hairs white, Mum?"

Her mother replied, "Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white."

The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, "Mummy, how come ALL of Grandma's hairs are white?"

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Chatterbox News

Published monthly by
Red Barn Publishing

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Advertising

Liz Underhill

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR - HAPPY CANADA DAY

Hope all of you are enjoying this glorious weather. So many activities going on for Canada Day. What a celebration of life!

I included Cemetery Watchman to show what happens when we are tired and testy and then become judgmental. It is a story we can all reflect upon.

Seems Klara got into some itchy stuff that she wants to share with everyone.

Buzz Lightly takes us back to the "good old days" and some fond memories of summers' passed.

We are looking for writers who are interested in having a monthly column in The Chatterbox. Send us your ideas and contact information.

Is anyone interested in writing an advice column? (Klara has some ideas about that) How about something in the health vein? We will consider all ideas passed to us. Even if you don't want to be the columnist, please present your ideas and we will certainly do our best to find a writer.

You will notice that our anagrams are inserted just for the fun of it, instead of being sponsored by our advertisers. We hope you are enjoying that venue. Other than that, nothing new to report. Take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill

Cemetery Watchman

My friend Kevin and I are volunteers at a National cemetery in Oklahoma and put in a few days a month in a 'slightly larger' uniform.

Today had been a long, long day and I just wanted to get the day over with and go down to Smokey's and have a cold one. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time: 16:55. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates are closed for the day. Full dress was hot in the August sun. Oklahoma summertime was as bad as ever – the heat and humidity at the same level – both too high.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed; she had a cane and a sheaf of flowers – about four or five bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted and left a slightly bitter taste: "she's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier, my hip hurts like the dickens and I'm ready to get out of here right now!" But for this day, my duty was to assist anyone coming in. Kevin would lock the 'In' gate and if I could hurry the old biddy along, we might make it to Smokey's in time.

I broke post attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the first step and the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight: middle-aged man with a small pot gut and half a limp, in marine full-dress uniform which had lost its razor crease about thirty minutes after I began the watch at the cemetery.

I stopped in front of her, halfway up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's squint. "Ma'am, may I assist you in any way?"

She took long enough to answer. "Yes, son. Can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days."

"My pleasure, Ma'am." (Well it wasn't too much of a lie.)

She looked again. "Marine, where were you stationed?"

"Vietnam, Ma'am. Ground-pounder.'69-71."

She looked at me closer. "Wounded in action I see. Well done Marine. I'll be as quick as I can."

I lied a little bigger: "No hurry, Ma'am."

She smiled and winked at me. "Son, I'm 85 years old and I can tell a lie from a long way off. Let's get this done. Might be the last time I can do this. My name's Joanne Wieserman, and I've a few Marines I'd like to see one more time."

"Yes, Ma'am. At your service." She headed for the World War 1 section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the flower bunches out of my arm and laid it on top of the stone.

Contd. Page 5

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I went for my yearly physical. The nurse starts with certain basics. How much do you weigh?" she asks. "115," I say. The nurse puts me on the scale. It turns out my weight is 150. The nurse asks, "Your height?" "5 foot 8," I say. The nurse checks and sees that I only measure 5' 3". She then takes my blood pressure and tells me it is very high. "Of course it's high!" I scream. "When I came in here I was tall and slender! Now I'm short and fat!" She put me on Prozac.

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such diverse careers.

She smiled and explained, "I married one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go."

An elderly man is stopped by the police around 1am and is asked where he is going at this time of night.

The man replies, "I am going to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body."

The officer then asks, "Really? Who is giving that lecture at this time of night?"

4th

Marriage



The local news station was interviewing an 80-year-old lady because she had just gotten married for the

fourth time. The interviewer asked her questions about her life, about what it felt like to be marrying again at 80, and then about her new husband's occupation.

"He's a funeral director," she answered.

"Interesting," the newsman

thought. He then asked her if she wouldn't mind telling him a little about her first three husbands and what they did for a living.

She paused for a few moments, needing time to reflect on all those years. After a short time, a smile came to her face and she answered proudly, explaining that she had first married a banker when she was in her early 20's, then a circus ringmaster when in her 40's and a preacher when in her 60's, and now in her 80's, a funeral director.

The interviewer looked at her quite astonished and asked why she had married four men with



"Soup ta Nuts"

The Summer Itch

I have a sad tale to report this time. Before I go in to it, just let me say, I had red, blotchy raw, skin, along with a bad case of nastiness.

I do have an excuse for my being nasty and mean. Wouldn't you be if you couldn't sleep through the night because you itched and itched and you had to appear downtown with white arms, neck, and legs...well one couldn't see my legs because I had them covered up, but there I was with white everything's and had to go to town.

It really is amazing how folks look at you but try not to let you see them. If they are walking by, their beady eyes are jammed to the corners so as not to miss a bird's-eye view of what might be happening. You know the type. You can watch their faces and see the shock, then wonderment, some even sniff. I don't know why. Maybe it's in case white everything's have a certain smell. I guess they want to make sure not only what strange thing is in their radar, but is it catching. One time, as one of these ladies passed me by with 'the corner look', I did a quick sidestep and she nearly ran right out into traffic.

I digress. Seems I have come in contact with poison ivy or oak or something like that. Hey, I am not a garden person and decided I was going to do my good deed for the summer by attacking some wild rose bushes that had been living on our big tree out by the road. Out I went with my trusty pinchers. I was a gal on a mission. I had short pants that covered my knees and as I wanted to look like the 'real' gardener, I had put on some gloves. There I was trying to help these roses croak real fast, but they had such a bottom on them, my old pinchers choked as I tried to cut the roses off at the base. Hey it took me one hour to clear a teenie tiny spot.

About a week later, I woke up with what I thought was a mosquito bite on my leg and one just under my bushy brows. I did what every itch-free wanting person would do, I scratched. A few

days later I had what seemed to be flea bites or something on the back of my hand.

I checked Crabby Dog in case he was housing the culprits, but no such luck. When the itching near drove not only me nuts but Clem too, he took a room at the local hotel until as he said, 'the fire went out of my eyes', I knew something had to be done.

Up to the local docs I went sporting my white arms (from Calamine Lotion). "Looks like poison ivy or oak," she said. Here is a prescription for some steroids. Steroids! Heck no way was I taking those things, I just wanted to get rid of these little blisters, I didn't want them to grow muscles too. She said there were only 5 so not to worry.

Well I took the devils, but folks I didn't get much sleep, I was afraid if I let go, I would turn into the Incredible Hulktruss and I got even hulk in my tresses now.

Anyway, that helped a wee bit, but when they were finished, back came that stuff with a vengeance only now it was going real fast. It grew up my arms, my neck my other hand and right into my hair and such. The only small relief I got was Calamine Lotion that I plastered everywhere.

I thought to myself that the poison stuff could be used on the terrorists... the ones they are trying to get information out of. Why it wouldn't be long before they would tell anything just to get rid of the itch.

Folks, I was ready to do anything to get rid of this stuff. Pheenie, my dear friend, heard of one of those homeopathic docs. She suggested this stuff called Rhus Tox. I got some of that, and they are no bigger than a couple of grains of sand. That did it! Couldn't believe it. I called my Clem and told him it was safe to live with me now, but that he could bring home some of his tasty food cause I sure wasn't cooking, except of course on privacy issues.

Watch out folks for that nasty stuff, and if you should happen to get it, please don't call me, I'll call you. How was your week? Klara

A smile - is a sign of joy.

A hug - is a sign of love.

A laugh - is a sign of happiness..

And a friend like me?? Darn...that's just a sign of good taste!!

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Food For Thought.

Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

If the cap fits, wear it.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Cowards die many times before their deaths.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

Coming events cast their shadows before

Fire is a good servant, but a bad master.

Forbidden fruit tastes sweetest.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Honesty is the best policy.

More haste, less speed.

First come, first served.

Knowledge is power.

Better late than never.

Misfortunes never come singly.

MID-LIFE

Mid-life is when the growth of hair on our legs slows down. This gives us plenty of time to care for our newly acquired mustache.

Mid-life is when you go for a mammogram and you realize that this is the only time someone will ask you to appear topless.

Mid-life brings wisdom to know that life throws us curves and we're sitting on our biggest ones.

Cemetery Watchman

Contd. from Page 2

She murmured something I couldn't quite make out. The name on the marble was Donald S. Davidson, USMC: France 1918.

She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone. I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek. She put a bunch on a stone: the name was Stephen X. Davidson, USMC, 1943.

She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone. Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944. She paused for a second and more tears flowed. "Two more son, and we'll be done."

I almost didn't say anything, but, "Yes, Ma'am. Take your time."

She looked confused. "Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way."

I pointed with my chin. "That way Ma'am."

"Oh!" she chuckled quietly. "Son me and old age ain't too friendly."

She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted. She placed a bunch on Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968, and the last on Darrel Wieserman, USMC 1970. She stood there and murmured a few words I still couldn't make out and more tears flowed. "Ok, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home."

"Yes Ma'am. If I may ask, were those your kinfolk?"

She paused. "Yes, Donald Davidson was my father, Stephen was my uncle, Stanley was my husband, Larry and Darrel were our sons. All killed in action, all Marines."

She stopped! Whether she had finished or couldn't finish, I don't know. She made her way to her car, slowly and painfully.

I waited for a polite distance to come between us and then double-timed it over to Kevin, waiting by the car.

"Get to the 'Out' gate quick. I have something I've got to do."

Kevin started to say something but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us there down the service road fast. We beat her. She hadn't

made it around the rotunda yet.

"Kevin, stand at attention next to the gate post. Follow my lead." I humped it across the drive to the other post.

When the Cadillac came pattering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: "TehenHut! Present Haaaarms!"

I have to hand it to Kevin: he never blinked an eye - full dress attention and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send-off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing duty, honour and sacrifice far beyond the realm of most.

I am not sure, but I think I saw a salute returned from that Cadillac.

It reminded me to keep those currently serving and those who have gone before in our thoughts. They are the reason for the many freedoms we enjoy.

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. The nun made a note and posted on the apple tray. 'Take only ONE...God is watching'.

Moving further along the lunch line, at the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cookies. A child had written a note, 'Take all you want. God is watching the apples'.



A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clear-

er, she said, "Now class, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it and I would turn red in the face."

"Yes," the class said.

"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position, the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted, "Cause your feet ain't empty."

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The children had all been photographed and the teacher was trying to persuade them each to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say 'There's Jennifer, she's a lawyer or that's Michael, he's a doctor.'"

A small voice at the back of the room rang out, "And there's the teacher, she's dead."

Happy Canada
Day

With a little Bit of Luck

Lessons from Life's Journey by Buzz
Lightly (aka Doug Lester)

Summer Holiday

When I was a boy, dad had one week of holidays. We would head north and for seven glorious days we ate boxed cereal and fished and swam from morning to night.

Dad was allowed to use the company trailer for a week and we couldn't have been more excited. Instead of the usual porridge we were allowed to pick out a box of cereal like Corn Flakes or Rice Krispies.

We arrived at our destination with groceries, fishing poles, and dad's amazing tackle box. The first thing we did was head to the marina and rent a wooden row boat for the week. Rowing across the small lake with dad, mom, and my brother was an adventure of epic proportions.

At 8 years of age, the little lake seemed like an ocean, and being allowed to row the boat was a major thrill.

The next morning my brother and I ate a hurried breakfast and prepared for a day of fishing. Learning to bait our own hooks and take the fish off the hook was a rite of passage. I competed with my younger brother in every aspect of the process. We bragged about the size and number of Perch we contributed to the family frying pan at the end of the day.

Usually there would be one stormy day, and the drama of watching the darkening sky and riding the waves as father rowed for the safety of shore made for great stories of peril on the high seas. After lunch we would swim and dive off the pier.

The sandy shore and shallow lake made a great place for us to gain skill and confidence. We watched older boys perform from the diving platform out further and dreamed of the day when we would be able to swim that far and impress the girls with our diving skills. In the evening we would sit around a campfire and roast marshmallows.


A trip to the nearby drive-in theatre would complete the special week.

All too soon the summer holiday would be over and we would head for home knowing that with a little bit of

luck we would return again the next year.

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Gardening for Beginners.

Peas don't like too much water.

Potatoes do not like tomatoes.

Potatoes don't like cucumbers.

Potatoes and cabbage are friends.

Do not plant beans with onions or beets.

Beans love carrots.

Beets love onion, cabbage, potatoes.

Tomatoes love carrots, peas.

Cabbage does not like radishes.

Beans and cucumbers do not like each other.

Carrots and onions do well together.

Answers for July Anagram

baseboards, bath tub, bleach, blinds, bowl cleaner, broom, ceiling, cleaning, clothes, clothes line, cob webs, corners, counter, cupboards, curtains, detergent, dishes, dish rag, dryer, dust, duster, dust pan, filter, floors, garbage bags, grime, hose, machine, pictures, pine sol, polish, rag mop, shower, sink, soap, soda, stall, tea towel, toilet, vacuum, vinegar, wand, washing, water, windows, window sills.

And You Think You've Had A Bad Day!

Recently, when I went to McDonalds, I saw on the menu that you could have an order of 6, 9, or 12 Chicken McNuggets. I asked for a half dozen nuggets.

"We don't have half dozen nuggets," said the teenager at the counter.

"You don't?" I asked.

We only have six, nine, or twelve," was the reply.

"So I can't order a half dozen nuggets, but I can order six?"

"That's right."

So I shook my head and ordered six McNuggets.

I was checking out at the local Walmart with just a few items and the lady behind me put her things on the belt close to mine. I picked up one of those 'dividers' that they keep by the cash register and placed it between our things so they wouldn't get mixed.

After the girl had scanned all of my items, she picked up the 'divider', looking it all over for the bar code so she could scan it.

Not finding the bar code, she said to me, "Do you know how much this is?"

I said to her, "I've changed my mind; I don't think I'll buy that today."

She said "Ok," and I paid her for the things and left. She had no clue to what had just happened.

I recently saw a distraught young lady weeping beside her car. "Do you need some help?" I asked.

She replied, "I knew I should have replaced the battery to this remote door unlocker. Now I can't get into my car. Do you think they (pointing to a distant convenience store) would have a battery to fit this?"

"Hmmm, I don't know. Do you have an alarm too?" I asked.

"No, just this remote thingy," she answered, handing it and the car keys to me.

As I took the key and manually unlocked the door, I replied, "Why don't you drive over there and check about the batteries. It's a long walk..."

Smile



Tater People

Some people never seem motivated to participate, but are just content to watch while others do the work. They are called "Spec

Taters".

Some people never seem to do anything to help, but are gifted at finding fault with the way others do the work. They are called "Comment Taters".

Some people are very bossy and like to tell others what to do, but don't want to soil their own hands. They are called "Dick Taters".

Some people are always looking to cause problems by asking others to agree with them. It is too hot or too cold, too sour, or too sweet. They are called "Agie Taters".

There are those who say they will help, but somehow just never get around to actually doing the promised help. They are called "Hezzie Taters".

Some people can put up a front and pretend to be someone they are not. They are called "Emma Taters".

Then there are those who love others and do what they say they will. They are always prepared to stop whatever they are doing and lend a helping hand. They bring real sunshine into the lives of others. They are called "Sweet Taters".

"Don't prioritise your looks my friend, as they won't last the journey.

Your sense of humour though, will only get better with age.

Your intuition will grow and expand like a majestic cloak of wisdom.

Your ability to choose your battles, will be fine-tuned to perfection.

Your capacity for stillness, for living in the moment, will blossom.

Your desire to live each and every moment will transcend all other wants.

Your instinct for knowing what (and who) is worth your time, will grow and flourish like ivy on a castle wall.

Don't prioritise your looks my friend,

they will change forevermore, that pursuit is one of much sadness and disappointment.

Prioritise the uniqueness that make you you, and the invisible magnet that draws in other like-minded souls to dance in your orbit.

These are the things which will only get better."

Credit to Donna Ashworth Words

JULY ANAGRAM

Subject is Cleaning - 46 Words - Answers Bottom Middle Page 6

M	Q	G	M	S	S	E	H	S	I	D	G	Z	B	S	D	R	A	O	B	P	U	C
N	W	D	T	T	I	K	Z	Z	V	R	F	L	O	O	R	S	J	L	N	B	N	C
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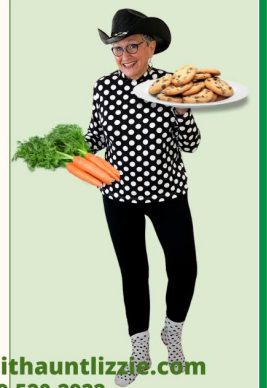
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519-520-2922**



**Happy Canada
Day**

Boredom Cures.

When you are bored just think about a few things that don't make sense like:

1. If poison expires, is it more poisonous or is it no longer poisonous>?
2. Which letter is silent in the word 'Scent,' the S or the C?
3. Do twins ever realize that one of them is unplanned?
4. Why is the letter W, in English called double U? Shouldn't it be call double V?
5. Maybe oxygen is slowly killing you and it just takes 75-100 years to fully work.
6. Every time you clean something, you must make something else dirty.
7. The word 'swims' upside-down is still 'swims'
8. 100 years ago everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars. Today everyone has cars and only the rich own horses.
9. If you replace 'W' with 'T' in 'What, Where and When', you get the answer to each of them.
10. At a movie theatre, which arm rest is yours?
11. If people evolved from monkeys, why are monkeys still around?

Things I'm Super Good At.

Forgetting someone's name 10 seconds after they tell me.

Buying produce...and throwing it away two weeks later.

Digging through the trash for the food box I just tossed, because I already forgot the directions.

Making plans and then immediately regretting making plans.

Leaving laundry in the dryer until it wrinkles. Then turning on the dryer to dewrinkle. Then forgetting it again.

Calculating how much sleep I'll get if I can just "fall asleep right now".

A Senior's Version Of FACE-BOOK.

For those of my generation who do not, and cannot, comprehend why Facebook exists: I am trying to make friends outside of Facebook while applying the same principles.

Therefore, every day I will walk down the street and tell passers-by what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later and with whom.

I give them pictures of my family, my dog and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what anybody and everybody does every day.

I also listen to their conversations, give "thumbs up" and tell them I "like" them.

And it works just like Facebook. I already have four people following me. Two police officers, an private investigator and a psychiatrist.










NOTICE!

Watch for next month's issue of Chatterbox News. Where Clem Kravitz will be reviewing the down-to-earth restaurants to report to your for your dining pleasure.

Clem Kravitz

Ratings:

What's Cookin

 **You Get Another Chance**
  **No Roloids**
   **I'll Tell My Friends**
    **I'll Take My Friends, And They Can Pay**

LONDON AND SURROUNDING AREA

GROUP REGRESSION



HYPNOSIS SESSIONS



BOOK NOW

519-520-2922

liz@lizunderhill.com

Liz Underhill C.H. M.HT

Enjoy two hours of relaxation and enjoyment with family and friends as I take you back to a light trance level where you'll be able to remember what you're seeing and then you can write it down. You will discover some things you need to know. It's intended to be a fun exercise where you going to see things and you're going to get information.

There will be three parts:

1. The first part we will take you into a past life.
2. The second part, we will take you to meet your guide or guardian angel and you'll get messages from them.
3. The third part we will take you into the future.

And for the finale, we'll take you on a journey with a little quiz for you that is given by psychologists and psychiatrists. It's a fun little journey that will surely tease a wee smile from your lips.

Note: Minimum of 5 Required For a Session

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