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Liz Underhill C.H. M.H.T




**BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!** **Volume 3, Issue 9 September, 2022**



All arrivals in heaven have to go through a bureaucratic examination to determine whether admission will be granted. One room has a clerk who inputs computerized records of what each applicant did on his or her last

day of life.

The first applicant of the day explains that his last day was not a good one. "I came home early and found my wife lying naked in bed. She claimed she had just gotten out of the shower. Well, her hair was dry and I checked the shower, and it was completely dry too. I knew she was into some hanky-panky and I began to look for her lover.

I went onto the balcony of our 9th floor apartment and found the creep clinging to the rail by his finger tips. I was so angry that I began bashing his fingers with a flower pot. He let go and fell, but his fall was broken by some awnings and bushes.

On seeing he was still alive, I found super human strength to drag our antique cedar chest to the balcony and throw it over. It hit the man and killed him. At this point, the stress got to me and I suffered a massive heart attack and died."

The clerk thanked him and sent him on to the next office.

The second applicant said that his last was the worse. "I was on the roof of an apartment building working on the AC equipment. I stumbled over my

tools and toppled off the building. I managed to grab onto the balcony rail of a 9th floor apartment but some idiot came rushing out on the balcony and bashed my hands with a flower pot. I fell, hit some awnings and bushes and survived, but as I looked up I saw a huge chest falling toward me. I tried to crawl out of the way but failed and was hit and killed by the chest."

The clerk couldn't help but chuckle as he directs the man to the next room. He is still giggling when his third customer of the day enters. He apologizes and says, "I doubt that your last day was as interesting as the fellow in here just before you."

"I don't know," replies the man. "Picture this...I'm buck-naked hiding in this cedar chest..."

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# Chatterbox News

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Changes in this month's issue. Clem's column debut, but first he's trying to convince his wife to let him come back. I'm sure you will see something of use next issue.

Children are back to school, and now is the time to join the various educational courses to upgrade your learning.

It is always heart-warming to receive a human-interest story and the following is no exception. There are always people out there that are truly kind, wonderful souls and we all need to take a breath to enjoy the wonders that we are provided, instead of keeping our eye on everything that seems to be going wrong.

We ought to get away from the 24-hour news channels that spew a constant barrage of what is wrong out there. Perhaps we ought to have a Chatterbox Channel where only good things are focused upon. Do you think that might change the way we look at things? Take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill

## ***It's What You See***

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes... I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it," said Miller.

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?" the store owner asked.

"Not zackley but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble," Mr. Miller told the boy.

"Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said, "There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store."

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

*Continued on Page 8*

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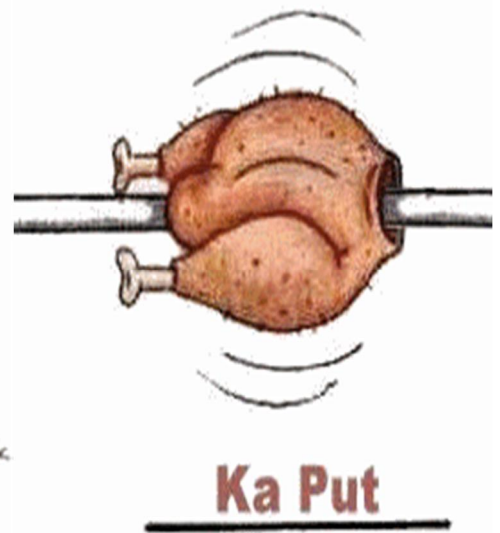
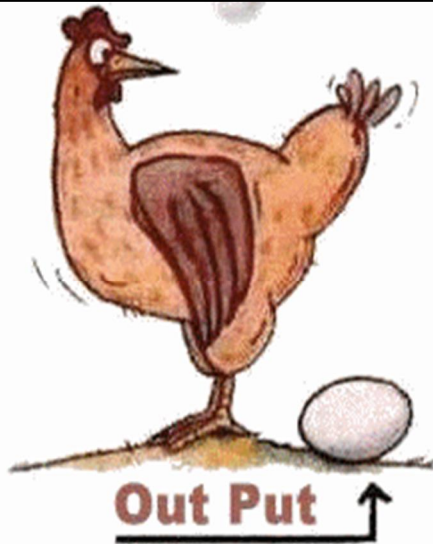
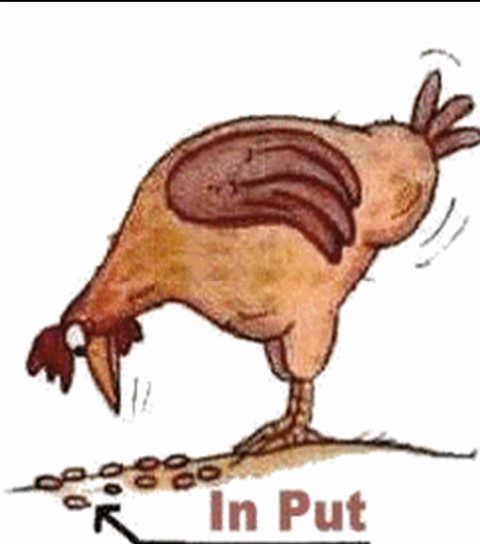
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The other day I  
held the door  
open for a clown.  
It was a nice  
jester.

## THE LIFE CYCLE OF A CHICKEN!





## "Soup ta Nuts"

### Fingernails and Hypnosis

September already and my body is still back in August when the sun was shining and the ground was warm.

My favourite time is in the fall when everything starts to change and all the blessings fall into glorious colours for as far as the eye can see.

Fall means changes in my life too. Some people wait until New Year's Day to make changes but folks I like to try every season...so, if I don't make the summer season then that's all right cause I've got the fall, winter and spring to fail and start again. Great for the ego.

This fall I decided my goal was to grow some finger nails naturally. I don't know if you remember my time with those false nails I called "hookers". They caught into everything and flew off in the most embarrassing places.

Guess I gotta give you some background about my nails. I know I work hard what with eating, sleeping taking Cranky Cat out for a walk and I know I use my nails like those curved forks we use for the garden, and oh yes...I have been known to pick and bite them in a good movie, but after all...I just needed to find a different way to grow finger-nails.

Now you got the background, so you'll understand that everything I've tried failed—so my fall resolution was to go to one of those hypnotist people. I see one is advertising in this paper.

I sure didn't know what to expect what with all the gobbledegook you see on TV and I've seen those people on stage who seem to go out of their minds and do the funniest things.

I expected I would see some lady with a turban and one of those swinging gizmos that go back and forth in front of your face. I really did think twice about going but my gal friend Pheenie went to this same gal to quit her smoking habit and it worked and it was her, honestly folks, that talked me into it.

I told her I'd go if she promised to go with me just in case I needed emergency help.

I called to make the appointment and told her I was coming to fix my bad nail habits. I was to go Saturday at 10am.

I shuffled up to the door with Pheenie pushing from behind. I rang the doorbell and a cute little old lady with a huge grin opened the door and invited us in.

I told her I was scared and that I had brought Pheenie with me just in case...

She nodded and asked me a few questions and then asked me to sit down in her hypnosis chair. She dimmed the lights and asked me to look up at a spot on the wall. Then the softest voice floated into my ears and she asked me to close my eyes. I could feel myself relaxing still muchly aware of her soft voice.

I had been scared that I would spill some secret beans when I was hypnotized, or that I wouldn't wake up, or that I'd be stuck! But folks that just wasn't what happened. I knew that I could stop at any time and really I wanted to stay in this wonderful bliss.

She gave me what they call a post-hypnotic suggestion that every time I had a cup of my delicious coffee it would remind me to use a hoe or small shovel to dig around in the dirt. She gave me suggestions about when I was watching a movie or I was in an emotional state to have a pencil handy that I could tap.

She then started to count slowly, from 1 to 5 and she said for me wake up. I felt so good folks. I thought I was there for about 10 minutes and guess what, almost 3/4 hour had passed. She taught me some self-hypnosis to help with her suggestions and we booked a follow-up appointment in case I needed it.

I agreed to try everything she said, although to be honest I was hoping she'd say to have some of my favourite ice cream ready or some popcorn when I watched a movie or got emotional and such...anything but a darn pencil! Well I guess, after all, this was my fall resolution and I had to give it a try.

Now I know you wanna hear how the heck I made out. Folks, I have the best looking fingernails in the county! They work wonders on my Clem's back. I don't play in the dirt any more. I get Clem to. I heard him grumbling something about fangs but when he saw me pointing at him, he just smiled and went on digging.

Now for my winter's resolution I think I'll try this hypnosis thing again, this time for shaving a bit of extra fat off of my love handles.

I thought I should report this folks as I know like me, lots of you might be scared of the hypnotist thing, but I swear it has been the best experience and to top it off, it works! Klara

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## Sayings

Last week I stated this woman was the ugliest woman I had ever seen. I have since been visited by her sister and now wish to withdraw that statement. *Mark Twain*

The secret of a good sermon is to have a good beginning and a good ending, and to have the two as close together as possible. *George Burns*

Santa Claus has the right idea. Visit people only once a year. *Victor Borge*

My wife has a slight impediment in her speech. Every now and then she stops to breathe. *Jimmy Durante*

Until I was thirteen, I thought my name was SHUT UP. *Joe Namath*



## With a little Bit of Luck

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

### Heat Liniment

Pain is a terrible task-master. I watched from a distance as my aging grandfather dealt with his arthritis. He was a tough, determined man and the persistence that had made him a successful farmer kept him going into his 90's.

One of his allies was bottles of Deep Heat Liniment that he used in liberal doses. I knew of his strategy but never paid much attention until I had primed sand leaves bent over in a tobacco field for 8 to 10 hours a day. By day three I was in agony, as my aching back throbbed. At lunch the primers would lie down and invite others to walk on our backs hoping for some relief.

I decided to purchase a bottle of Deep Heat to help cure my woes. That night I generously applied the liniment to my back and when I felt no immediate response I added a bit more paying little attention to where the excess liquid ran or what parts of my body I touched next.

Satisfied that I had soothed my problem I curled up to sleep. I had just entered dreamland when I dreamt I was on fire. I awoke in a sweat. My back was burning as were a few other tender parts. A cold washcloth did nothing to relieve the blaze and in fact I soon realized that water was not my friend when it came to extinguishing this inferno.

After an hour of walking the floor, I returned to a fitful sleep being sure to avoid the heat of covers or the moisture of sweat.

I was relieved when the alarm went off and I headed to work. The pain of priming had become a minor irritation compared to the agony of the cure.

It felt good to walk through the dew-covered rows in the cool of the morning.

Then I descended into hell. The moisture of the early morning dew along with sweat and the heat of the sun, set my back on fire.

I removed my rain-suit and for the next two hours worked like a man pos-

sessed. I convinced myself that as long as I kept moving I would be all right.

My coworkers were in awe. By noon the liniment had relented. I never shared the secret of my new-found speed, but when one of my co-workers complained of pain I did suggest that I had a product that with a little bit of luck would solve their problem.



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**Stealing  
Someone's  
Coffee  
Is Still  
Mugging**


## Pilot Father's Tough Love.

Most people nowadays think it improper to discipline children harshly, so I have tried other methods to control my kids when they have had one of 'those moments'.

Since I'm a pilot, one way that I have found very effective is for me to just take the child for a flight during which I say nothing and give the child the opportunity to reflect on his or her behaviour.

I don't know whether it's the steady vibration from the engines, or beauty of being in the air, or just the time away from any distractions, but it seems to always work. Whatever it is, my kids usually calm down and stop misbehaving after our flight together.

I believe that eye-to-eye contact during the session is an important element in achieving the desired results. I've included a photo below of one of my sessions with my son in case you would like to use the technique

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## Clem Kravitz

# What's Cookin

👍 You Get Another Chance

👍👍 No Roloids

👍👍👍 I'll Tell My Friends

👍👍👍👍 I'll Take My Friends, & They Can Pay

Well folks...the fall is here and my lady is giving me the what for about going out to eat all the time. I am going to take a wee break from the restaurant reporting end of things. Not only is my pocket book aching, but my belly is too, all from trying to force a back brace around my middle just to hold it in after gobbling up all those gravies and desserts I've tested over the summer.

Now if I can convince her to go out to try some of those places where you can fill your innards with the good mooshy food, I'll be reporting my findings right here.

Perhaps you all could send out over the internet thing, a petition on my behalf, begging her to let me out once in a while, so all of you will know about all the good spots around; you know like those email things that are always coming about telling you that if you forward this on to your friends all sorts of good things will be coming your way.

Till then, I will be forced to eat those "healthy" goodies she throws together. You know she just might have something in those healthy goodies...I snuck some out to our pet cow "croaker" and she is starting to look mighty fine struttin her stuff. Why I saw my neighbour's bull Tanker, stompin his feet and snortin the other day.

I've been watchin my lady to see if she is starting to strut her stuff since she gobbles that "healthy" stuff up in a lick. She still looks the same, the sweet old gal...a little green around the gills (whatever that means). Anyway, I'm not stompin my feet other than to throw a temper cause I have to take a break from the good foods like fries and gravies and desserts at those mighty fine restaurants.. Till next time folks...she might have a change of heart. Watch next month. Clem

## DID YOU KNOW?



**Your brain will constantly rewire itself to suit the information that you feed into it. If you constantly complain, gossip, find excuses, etc; it will make it much easier to find things to be upset about, regardless of what is happening around you. Likewise, if you constantly search for opportunities, abundance, love, and things to be grateful for, it will make it much easier to find a reflection of those things around you. It takes practice, but over time, this is a very powerful way to reshape your reality. Author Unknown**

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## Darn Fairies

A married couple in their early 60's are celebrating their 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary in a quiet, romantic little restaurant. Suddenly a tiny, yet beautiful fairy appeared on their table.



She said, "For being such an exemplary married couple and for being loving to each other for all this time, I will grant you each a wish."

The wife answered, "Oh, I want to travel around the world with my darling husband. The fairy waved her magic wand and – poof! – two tickets for the Queen Mary II appeared in her hands.

The husband thought for a moment: "Well, this is all very romantic but an opportunity like this will never come again. I'm sorry my love, but my wish is to have a wife 30 years younger than me."

The wife and the fairy were deeply disappointed, but a wish is a wish.

So the fairy waved her magic wand and poof!...the husband became 92 years old.

The moral of the story: Men who are ungrateful creeps should remember...fairies are female...

### HEALTH MESSAGE:

1. If walking/cycling is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.
2. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, and is fat.
3. A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years.
4. A tortoise doesn't run, does nothing...yet lives for 450 years.

AND YOU TELL ME TO EXERCISE!

**ANAGRAM ANSWERS:** bare beach, baseball, canning, changes, Chatterbox, children, cool nights, courses, crops, fall fairs, football, freezing, friends, fun, hockey, holidays, jamborees, Labour Day, markets, new residence, new shows, night school, rain, sales, school, school bus, September, settling down, shopping, slower pace, sports, sunshine, swimming, traffic, travelling, TV, university, visiting, warmer clothes, wood fires.

## SEPTEMBER ANAGRAM

Subject is Fall - 40 Words - Answers Bottom Left

Y	L	L	T	N	Z	S	L	O	W	E	R	P	A	C	E	K	S	H	L	T	T	F	X	D	N
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I put my Grandma on speed dial  
I call that Instagram.

Continued from Page 2

## It's What You Scatter.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her, and moved on to the casket.

Her misty light-blue eyes followed them as one by one each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size....they came to pay their debt. We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho."

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral:

We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away. Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles ~ A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself... An unexpected phone call from an old friend... Green stoplights on your way to work...The fastest line at the grocery store...A good sing-along song on the radio...Your keys found right where you left them.

It's not what you gather, but what you scatter that tells what kind of life you have lived



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# Bloopers

*Sentences exactly as typed by medical secretaries in National Health Service - Greater Glasgow:*

The patient has no previous history of suicide.

Patient has left her white blood cells at another hospital.

Patient's medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40-pound weight gain in the past three days.

Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.

On the second day the knee was better

and on the third day it disappeared.

The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.

The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993.

Discharge status: Alive, but without my permission.

Healthy-appearing decrepit 69-year-old male, mentally alert, but forgetful.

Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.

She is numb from her toes down.

While in ER, she was examined, x-rated and sent home.

The skin was moist and dry.