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GROUP REGRESSION



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Liz Underhill C.H. M.H.T




BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 3, Issue 10, October, 2022

Church Bulletin Bloopers

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

The rosebud on the alter this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belzer.

This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.

Tuesday, at 4pm, there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk will please come early.

Thursday, at 5pm, there will be a meeting of the Little Mother's Club. All ladies wishing to become 'Little Mothers' will meet with the Pastor in his study.

The ladies of the church have cast-off clothing of every kind. They can be seen in the church basement Saturday.

Thursday night—potluck supper. Prayer and medication to follow.

The Lutheran men's group will meet at 6pm. Steak, mashed potatoes, green beans, bread and dessert will be served for a nominal fee.

8 new choir robes are currently needed, due to the addition of several new

members and to the deterioration of some older ones.

The preacher will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing, 'Break Forth With Joy'.

During the absence of our pastor, we enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing a good sermon when A. B. Doe supplied our pulpit.

The eighth graders will be presenting Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' in the church basement on Friday at 7pm. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.

The 1991 Spring Council Retreat will be held May 10 and 11.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

October already! Happy Thanksgiving to all our Canadian readers.

I love this time of year. Mother Nature at her best. Arrays of glorious colours for as far as the eye can see and beyond. The smell of the woods as you amble through and also the sights that were once hidden with thick green lush are now in full view with the falling of many of the leaves.

This is the time of year to renew your heart song and be thankful for all of the gifts given to us all.

For me, it is not the time to dwell on the doom and gloom news that bombards me from every angle. It is to remind myself to be thankful for all my blessings of which I have many. Take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill

You Never Know Where You Leave Your Heart Song!

One day a teacher asked her students to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then she told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down.

It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed in the papers.

That Saturday, the teacher wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and listed what everyone else had said about that individual.

On Monday she gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" she heard whispered. "I never knew that I meant anything to anyone!" and, "I didn't know others liked me so much," were most of the comments.

No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. She never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another. That group of students moved on.

Several years later, one of the students was killed in Vietnam and his teacher attended the funeral of that special student. She had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. He looked so handsome, so mature.

The church was packed with his friends. One by one those who loved him took a last walk by the coffin. The teacher was the last one to bless the coffin.

As she stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to her. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. She nodded: 'yes.' Then he said, "Mark talked about you a lot."

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates went together to a luncheon. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting to speak with his teacher.

'We want to show you something,' his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket 'They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it.'

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. The teacher knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which she had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

'Thank you so much for doing that,' Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

All of Mark's former classmates started to gather around. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home." Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album."

"I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Continued on Page 5

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Why English is Hard to Learn

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes, But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes. One fowl is a goose and two are called geese. Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

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An English Professor Wrote the Words:

"A woman without her man is nothing" on the chalkboard and asked the students to punctuate it correctly.

All the males in the class wrote: A woman, without her man, is nothing."
All of the females in the class wrote: "A woman: without her, man is nothing.

Punctuation is powerful.

My Career Path

My first job was working in an orange juice factory, but I got canned; couldn't concentrate.

Then I worked in the woods as a lumberjack, but just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe.

After that, I tried being a tailor, but wasn't suited for it mainly because it was a sew-sew job.

Next, I tried working in a muffler factory, but that was too exhausting.

Then, tried being a chef - figured it would add a little spice to my life, but just didn't have the thyme.

Next, I attempted being a deli worker, but anyway I sliced it I couldn't cut the mustard.

My best job was a musician, but eventually found I wasn't noteworthy.

I studied a long time to become a doctor, but didn't have any patience.

Next, was a job in a shoe factory. I tried hard but just didn't fit in.

I became a professional fisherman, but discovered I couldn't live on my net income.

Managed to get a good job working for a pool maintenance

company, but the I got a job in a workout center, but they said I wasn't fit for the job.

After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as a historian - until I realized there was no future in it.

My last job was working in Starbucks, but had to quit because it was the same old grind.

So, I tried retirement and I found I'm perfect for the job!

Since bread is square, then why is sandwich meat round?

If money doesn't grow on trees, then why do banks have branches?



"Soup ta Nuts"

T'was The
Night Before
Thanksgiving

Now folks Happy Thanksgiving. I just wanted to share what a Thanksgiving at the Kravitz household was like and besides Clem wanted me to share his food-reporting business with you in my style. (See his report Page 6)

"Twas the night
before Thanksgiving
And all through our home,
not a creature was stirring
except Crabby dog and his bone.

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

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

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

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

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

The turnip sat proudly
knowing his fight would last long,
in order to peel him
I'd have to use hammer and tong.

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

I took me a feather
waved it inside his nose,
his hand came a flying
he struck quite a pose.

His mouth opened wide
screamed what the bleep are you
doin,
not me, I declared
must be Tom turkey a croonin.

For tonight old Tom
would sit on Clem's lap,
while old Clem would feed him
some moonshine on tap.

Clem felt sad for old Tom
to face such a fate,
knowing Thanksgiving
would land old Tom on his plate.

He thought the old buzzard
shouldn't know all the facts,
that after his drinking
his fate was Clem's axe.

Clem ambled out to the barn
to get old Tom prepared,
the deed had to be done
not much time to be spared.

But this time old Tom
had the best poker hand,
when Clem went to grab him
on Clem's back he did land.

He pecked on Clem's ear
'till it turned red and blue,
when Clem swung out in protest
Tom took off right on cue.

If it's turkey your wantin
Tom shouted in flight,
look in your mirror
and cook that just right.

The moral my friends
for your Thanksgiving meals,
give thanks you're not Clem
who can't eat till he heals.

Happy Post-Thanksgiving to all of our
friends out there. Ms. Klara

Once you're in heaven, do you
get stuck wearing the clothes
you were buried in for eternity?

Why do doctors leave the room
while you change? They're going
to see you naked anyway?

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A new teacher was trying to make use of her psychology courses. She started her class by saying, "Everyone who thinks they're stupid, stand up!" After a few seconds, little Larry stood up.

The teacher said, "Do you think you're stupid, Larry?"

"No, Ma'am, but I hate to see you standing there all by yourself!"

THINGS TO PONDER

What if my dog only brings the ball back because he thinks I like throwing it?

Do twins ever realize that one of them is unplanned?

Why is W pronounced 'double U' instead of 'double V'?

100 years ago, everyone had a horse, only the rich had a car. To-day everyone has cars and only the rich have horses.

If the poison expiration date is past does that mean it's less or more poisonous?

Every time you clean, you make something else dirty.

With a little Bit of Luck

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

The Two Wheeler

There are few achievements in life more memorable than our first success at riding a two-wheel bicycle on our own. The sense of power and freedom is intoxicating.

Most of us can remember the struggle and exhilaration of that first ride. I didn't own a bicycle until I was about 10 years old.

My neighbour had a wonderful shiny bicycle with fenders and a horn, and I watched with envy as he spent hours touring his long driveway.

One Saturday we made a deal. I could practice with his bicycle while he went to see Roy Rogers at the local movie theatre. I had watched carefully from the sidelines so I had some idea of what I needed to do. I was amazed at how quickly the bike picked up speed and I soon learned that less was more when it came to steering.

After a few scary moments, and a couple of times where I sacrificed my body in order to protect the borrowed bike, I made my first shaky run down the driveway. What a feeling! I was doing it. I was riding a two-wheeler by myself.

By the time my neighbour returned to reclaim his bike, I was confident in my new skill.

Now my attention turned to convincing my parents that I needed a bicycle. The answer came quickly but not without its challenges.

The next week when we went to visit my grandfather, a trip to his barn revealed an old blue bike stored high in the back corner. Apparently it had been used by my uncles some forty years ago. I was assured with a little oil and some new tires it would be as good as new.

I stood beside the bicycle with a mix of excitement and fear. The bike was as tall as I was—nothing like the waist-high bicycle I had recently mastered. I also noticed that the bike walked with a limp. The back wheel had a bend that made it wobble slightly with every turn. But it was mine!

We took it home and dad tuned it up as well as he could and even added some fresh paint. It would take some time but with a little bit of luck I would soon be proudly riding my own two-wheeler.

Out of The Mouths of Babes

Larry watched, fascinated, as his mother smoothed cold cream on her face.

"Why do you do that, Mommy?" he asked.

"To make myself beautiful," said his mother, who then began removing the cream with a tissue.

"What's the matter," asked Larry "Giving up?"

Larry's kindergarten class was on a field trip to their local police station where they saw pictures tacked to a bulletin board of the 10 most wanted criminals.

One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person.

"Yes" said the policeman. "The detectives want very badly to capture him."

Larry asked, "Why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"

Continued from Page 2

You Never Know Where You Leave Your Heart Song.

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said and without batting an eyelash, she continued: "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when the teacher finally sat down and cried. She cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again.

The density of people in society is so thick that we forget that life will end one day, and we don't know when that one day will be.

So please, tell the people you love and care for, that they are special and important. Tell them, before it is too late.



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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**

Hi again folks. Okay. I finally got my sweetie's permission to write about the different restaurants we visit as long as I talk about her ideas at our home "restaurant". I have been on holidays (hiding out in the house is more like it) and it was my sweetie's idea to keep us pretty close to home trying out all new recipes on me for all these months, but I have to tell you that I do get a might tired of all these "healthy" recipes she concocts, and I just have to get out and munch on all the junk-food- goodies I used to do. So after I report on our own home-sweet-home restaurant, I will be venturing out for some of the great foods I so crave and report back to all of you.

Klara was against my going back out reporting on the restaurants because she thinks she has trained me to eat healthy and she is afraid her months of training will all go to pot! But folks, a guy's gotta do what a guy's gotta do. We could always use the money.

What the heck is wrong with a huge juicy hamburger with all the trimmings dripping down my chin, along with those greased-up french fries? I know that ketchup flows onto my red-striped shirt (Klara bought it at a yard sale) along with the drippings, but heck who can see it in amongst all those red stripes?

My gal's idea of a healthy meal is salad featuring limpy lettuce with stringy celery, red-hot onions, peppers, and then doused in garlic and spices. Now I can no longer devour that Ranch Dressing I so love. She insists I have that balsamic vinegar with olive oil. She said not to complain because she was cooking this way now for my own good. Yuk. How tasty. Reminds me of the times my own mother caught me cussing and ground Life Buoy soap into my mouth telling me she was doing it for my own good! Talk about something that stays with you for days and days.

Along with the salad, she insists I have to have salmon boiled, or as she calls it poached—the last time I saw something poached was an egg and it sure didn't fit the description of that red-eyed piece of crap bubbling in the water. I swear those eyes were just daring me to stick my fork into its ugly body. I was sure that if I dared, his finny tail would come alive and whap me in the chops.

She informed me that we couldn't have potatoes anymore. Too many carbs she says. I told her I would never bring my carbs into the house cause they're filthy and besides I think Croaker our pet cow did her plops on top of one of them in the barn.

So there I am left with an ornery devil-eyed salmon staring up at me and bunches of rabbit food with balsamic. You know Crabby Dog used to hover around the meal plates just waiting to snatch some scraps, but now for some reason, he is never to be found. I have repeatedly whistled and cooed for him to come. I've even snuck a piece of his favourite cheese to get him near so I can get him to attack that stinky salmon, but nope, he'll have nothing of it.

The best part should be dessert, but that has to be healthy too. Pies, cakes and cookies are never again to be seen on the menu and fruit and the like takes their place.

My sweetheart claims fruit is going to be the dessert from now on. No sugar allowed to sweeten anything either. I love rhubarb, but with only a speck of sugar? Why that puckers my mouth so much each time that my sweetie thinks that I'm in the mood. I can't even unpucker to let her know I can hardly breathe cause my puckerer has puckered shut.

To conclude this, I must say now I have to give her a rating as you will see at the top of this column. Folks I am gonna give her four fingers cause she's my wife and I need a bed to sleep in, but really and truly I'd really like to give her one finger. You get the message. Just don't drop in to eat at our house. If you do, don't say I didn't warn you. I'll give you the low-down about the nice eateries out there next time. Happy chowing, happy Thanksgiving and while you're chowing down on Turkey and trimmings, think of old Clem and his fish. Clem



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Puns For An Educated Mind?

1. The fattest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.
2. I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.
3. She was only a whiskey-maker, but he loved her still.
4. A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.
5. No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.
6. A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
7. A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart.
8. Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
9. A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
10. Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
11. Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
12. Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other: "You stay here; I'll go on a head."
13. I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.
14. A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: 'Keep off the Grass'.
15. The midget fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
16. The soldier who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
17. A backward poet writes inverse.
18. In a democracy it's your vote that counts. In feudalism it's your count that votes.
19. When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.
20. If you jumped off the bridge in Paris, you'd be in Seine.
21. A vulture boards an airplane, carrying two dead raccoons. The stewardess looks at him and says, "I'm sorry, sir, only one carrion allowed per passenger."
22. Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says "Dam!"

23. Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.
24. Two hydrogen atoms meet. One says, "I've lost my electron." The other says, "Are you sure?" The first replies, "Yes, I'm positive."
25. Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused Novocain during a root canal? His goal: transcendental medication.
26. There was the person who sent ten puns to friends, with the hope that at least one of the puns would make them laugh. No pun in ten did.

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OCTOBER ANAGRAM

Subject is Hallowe'en - 40 Words - Answers Bottom Right Page 8

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Now Vat Would You Say!

Ole's car was hit by a truck in an accident. In court, the trucking company's lawyer was questioning Ole.

"Didn't you say, Sir, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine?' asked the lawyer.

Ole responded, "Vell, I'll tell you vat happened. I had yust loaded my favorite mule, Bessie, into da..."

"I didn't ask for any details," the lawyer interrupted.. "Just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine'?"

Ole said, "Vell, I had yust got Bessie int", I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman on the scene that he was just fine. Now several weeks after the accident he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question."

By this time, the judge was fairly interested in Ole's answer and said to the lawyer, "I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favourite mule, Bessie."

Ole thanked the judge and proceeded. "Vell, as I vas saying, I had yust loaded Bessie, my favourite mule, into da trailer and vas driving her down da highway ven dis huge semi-truck and trailer ran da stop sign and smacked my truck right in da side. I vas trown into one ditch and Bessie vas trown into da other. I vas hurting real bad and didn't vant to move. However, I could hear Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape yust by her groans."

"Shortly after da accident da Highway Patrolman, he came to da scene.. He could hear Bessie moaning and groaning so he vent over to her. After he looked at her and saw her fatal condition he took out his gun and shot her right 'tween da eyes. Den da Patrolman, he came across da road, gun still smoking, looked at me and said, 'How are you feeling?'"

"Now vat da heck would YOU say?"

Marriage Humour

Wife: "What are you doing?"

Husband: "Nothing:

Wife: "Nothing...? You've been reading our marriage certificate for an hour."

Husband: "I was looking for the expiration date."

Wife: "Do you want dinner?"

Husband: "Sure! What are my choices?"

Wife: "Yes or no. You always carry my photo in your wallet. Why?"

Hubby: "When there is a problem, no matter how great, I look at your picture and the problem disappears."

Wife: "You see how miraculous and powerful I am for you?"

Hubby: "Yes! I see your picture and ask myself what other problem can there be greater than this one?"

Girl: "When we get married, I want to share all your worries, troubles and lighten your burden."

Boy: "It's very kind of you darling, but I

don't have any worries or troubles." Girl: "Well that's because we aren't married yet.

Son: "Mom, when I was on the bus with dad this morning, he told me to give up my seat to a lady."

Mom: "Well you have done the right thing."

Son: "But Mom, I was sitting on daddy's lap."

A man was sitting reading his papers when his wife hit him on the head with a frying pan.

"What was that for?" the man asked.

The wife replied, "That was for the piece of paper with the name Jenny on it that I found in your pants pocket."

The man then said, "When I was at the races last week, Jenny was the name of the horse I bet on."

The wife apologized and went on with the housework. Three days later the man is watching TV when his wife bashes him on the head with an even bigger frying pan, knocking him unconscious.

Upon re-gaining consciousness the man asked why she had hit again.

Wife replied. "Your horse phoned."

Answers Anagram:

adults, apples, bags, baskets, black, black cats, broom, candy, candy apples, children, chocolate, costumes, dark, decorations, face painting, full moon, ghosts, goblins, Halloween, homes, jack-o-lanterns, masks, movies, October, out houses, parents, parties, popcorn, pranks, pumpkins, scary, screeching, soap, sorting, spooky, trick or treat, walking, werewolves, windows, witch

IN PERSON OR ONLINE GROUP REGRESSION



HYPNOSIS SESSIONS



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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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