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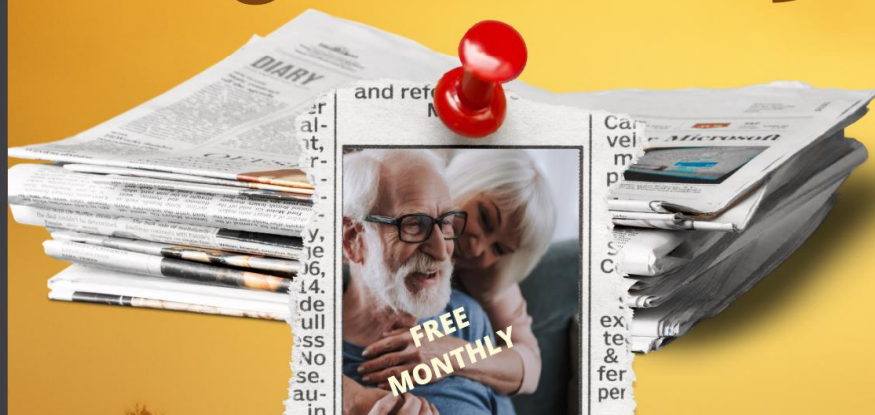


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Liz Underhill C.H. M.H.T

# Lighten Up



**BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!**

**Volume 3, Issue 11 November , 2022**

### The Blind Man

A blind man wanders into a female biker bar by mistake. He finds his way to a bar stool and orders some coffee. After sitting there for awhile, he yells to the waiter, "Hey, you wanna hear a blonde joke?"

The bar immediately falls absolutely silent. In a very deep, husky voice, the woman next to him says, "Before you tell that joke, Sir, I think it's only fair, given that you're blind, That you should know five things:

- 1) The bartender is a blonde girl with a baseball bat.
- 2) The bouncer is a blonde girl.
- 3) I'm a 6 foot tall, 175 lb. Blonde woman with a black belt in karate.
- 4) The woman sitting next to me is blonde and a professional weightlifter.
- 5) The lady to your right is blonde and a

professional wrestler.

Now, think about it seriously, Mister. Do you still wanna tell that joke?"

The blind man thinks for a second, shakes his head, and mutters...."No, not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times."

### When Yesterday Can Say

#### Goodbye

When yesterday can say goodbye  
And carry away her worn-out bags  
Filled with broken promises  
Broken dreams  
And broken hearts  
When tomorrow can wait  
outside the door  
And keep her gifts ready  
But politely wrapped  
So as not to spoil the surprise

Then today can come

And sit

And hold you in her strong embrace

While she opens her own

box of blessings

Unseen before

Lying buried in the shadows

Beneath yesterday's clutter.

*Author Unknown*

### Adult Truths

I think part of a best friend's job should be to immediately clear your computer history if you die.  
Nothing sucks more than that moment during an argument when you realize you're wrong.  
How the heck are you supposed to fold a fitted sheet?

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PHILOSOPHIES

When you were born you were  
crying and everyone around you was  
smiling.

Live your life so that when you die,  
you're the one who is smiling, and everyone  
around you is crying.



THE HAPPY HYPNOTIST

Healing From The Heart

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# Lighten Up

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR: This is the month to remember and honour our soldiers who have allowed us to have our freedoms at the cost of many losing their own. A sincere thank you and blessings from us at Lighten Up.

My goodness! Time to turn the clocks back and now face the dark evening earlier. Some of you might notice a different name for our ongoing uplifting paper. I decided that it was more appropriate to now to name it "Lighten Up", to reflect our current circumstances. So folks, it is my sincerest hope this paper does help you to Lighten Up, if only for a moment.

I just love the story about the "Crabby Old Man"—puts things in perspective of how we do treat our old folks when we feel they have used up their life and are just being tended to until they pass on. Not to worry though, we will all pass that way sooner or later, that is if we are blessed to live so long. Well that's about all the news I have for this time. Take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill

## **Crabby Old Man**

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in North Platte, Nebraska,

it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meager possessions, they found this poem.

Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital. One nurse took her copy to Missouri.

The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas edition of the News Magazine of the St. Louis Association for Mental Health.

A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this little old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem.

Crabby Old Man

What do you see nurses? . . . . What do you see?

What are you thinking . . . . when you're looking at me?

A crabby old man . . . . not very wise,

Uncertain of habit . . . . with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food . . . . and makes no reply.

When you say in a loud voice . . . . 'I do wish you'd try'!

Who seems not to notice . . . . the things that you do.

And forever is losing . . . . A sock or shoe?

Who, resisting or not . . . . lets you do as you will,

With bathing and feeding . . . . the long day to fill?

Is that what you're thinking? . . . . is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse . . . . you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am. . . . as I sit here so still,

As I do at your bidding, . . . . as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten . . . . with a father and mother,

Brothers and sisters . . . . who love one another.

A young boy of sixteen . . . with wings on his feet.

Dreaming that soon now . . . . a lover he'll meet.

A groom soon at twenty . . . . my heart gives a leap.

Remembering, the vows . . . . that I promised to keep.

*Continued on Page 3*

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### Philosophies

We never get what we want.  
We never want what we get.  
We never have what we like.  
We never like what we have.  
And still...we live and love.  
That's life!



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## CHURCH BLOOPERS

Next Sunday , a special collection will be taken to defray the cost of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the carpet will come forward and do so.

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Do not judge by appearances, a  
rich heart may be under a poor  
coat!

If you really want to fly you need  
to get rid of the things that  
weigh you down.

I'll never be perfect, but I'll al-  
ways be unique.

## Crabby Old Man

*Continued from Page 2*

At twenty-five, now . . . . . I have young of my own.  
Who need me to guide . . . . . and a secure happy home.  
A man of thirty . . . . . my young now grown fast,  
Bound to each other . . . . . with ties that should last

At forty, my young sons . . . . . have grown and are gone,  
But my woman's beside me . . . . . to see I don't mourn.  
At fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee,  
Again, we know children . . . . . my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me . . . . . my wife is now dead.  
I look at the future . . . . . shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing . . . . . young of their own.  
And I think of the years . . . . . and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man . . . . . and nature is cruel.  
'Tis jest to make old age . . . . . look like a fool.

The body it crumbles . . . . . grace and vigor depart.  
There is now a stone . . . . . where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass . . . . . a young guy still dwells,  
And now and again . . . . . my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys . . . . . I remember the pain.  
And I'm loving and living . . . . . life over again.

I think of the years, all too few . . . . . gone too fast.  
And accept the stark fact . . . . . that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, people . . . . . open and see.  
Not a crabby old man . . . . . Look closer . . . . . see ME!!

Remember this poem when you next meet an older per-  
son who you might brush aside without looking at the  
young soul within. We will all, one day, be there too!

## CHURCH BLOOPERS

Our next song is "Angels We Have Heard Get High"  
Don't Let Worry Kill You—Let The Church Help





## "Soup ta Nuts" A Loving Relationship

### 10 Most Important Words in Any Loving Relationship

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

from "Love" by Gregory J.P. Godeck

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

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

1. Trust and boy, do we have that. I trust that old Clem will take the garbage out each Tuesday, and save me trotting out in the cold and heat, what with my varicose veins and all. He trusts that I will let him.
2. Intimacy. Why just the other day Clem told me a secret. Said I was the only one he told and not to tell a soul. Well I sure could promise that especially with my fingers crossed behind my back.
3. Communication. Yep, we really have that one down pat. I tell him

just what to do and he does it every time, sometimes he seems to be communicating something that looks like sign language. I just nod my head like I understand.

4. Commitment. I have warned him several times that I will commit him to the loony bin if he doesn't stop talking to that darn rabbit.
5. Love. Why my Clem just loves to do my bidding without question. I know because I love to watch the expressions on his face. They are so sweet.
6. Friendship. We have such a friendship. Clem always tries to keep the peace by keeping me happy, and because he succeeds, we will be friends for life.
7. Patience. I have the greatest patience folks. I do realize Clem can't jump to attention when I give my "suggestions" like he used to. His get-up-and-go is got-up-and-went. It takes all his patience to even hear me what with all the hair in his ears.
8. Humour. Why he laughs at all my jokes even when they're aimed at him. I laugh with him so as he isn't laughing alone.
9. Flexibility. Well, he's falling down a little on this one as he is getting a little bent over. I noticed him shuffling and that he was a bit stooped as he dragged the garbage bags out to the curb. My flexibility has gone down the tubes, what with the arthritis that won't let me go out and help.
10. Forgiveness. I told him I will forgive most anything as long as he changes his ways to my liking. He forgives me for being so bossy.

Hope you're happy too!...Klara



# THE HAPPY HYPNOTIST

## Philosophies

When you were born you were crying and everyone around you was smiling.

Live your life so that when you die, you're the one who is smiling, and everyone around you is crying.



THE HAPPY HYPNOTIST

Healing From Behind My Bifocals  
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### NOTES TO MYSELF:

1. Stop spending more money to get free shipping.
2. Your coffee is still in the microwave.
3. Don't throw the box with the directions away until it's 100% done.
4. Glasses are on top of your head.
5. Wearing headphones does not make your farts silent.
6. Just because it pops in your head doesn't mean it should come out of your mouth.
7. Don't use your phone as a flashlight to look for your phone.
8. You're never going to remember to do that things later. Do it now.

### It's Dark In Here?

A wife takes a lover home during the day while her husband is at work.

Her nine-year-old son comes home early, sees them, and hides in the bedroom closet to watch. Unexpectedly, the woman's husband also comes home....She puts her lover in the closet, not realizing that the little boy is already in there.

The little boy says, "Dark in here."

The man says, "Yes, it is."

Boy: "I have a baseball."

Man: "That's nice."

Boy: "Want to buy it?"

Man: "No, thanks."

Boy: "My Dad's outside."

Man: "OK, how much?"

Boy: "\$250."

Weeks later, it happens that the boy and the lover find themselves in the closet again.

Boy: "Dark in here."

Man: "Yes, it is."

Boy: "I have a baseball glove."

The lover, remembering the last time, asks the boy, "How much?"

Boy: "\$750."

Man: "Sold".

A few days later, the Dad says to the

boy, "Grab your glove, let's go outside and have a game of catch."

The boy says, "I can't, I sold my baseball and my glove."

The Dad asks, "How much did you sell them for?"

The boy says "\$1,000."

The Dad says, "That's terrible to rip off your friends like that...that is way more than those two things cost. I'm taking you to church, to confession."

In church, the Dad makes sure the boy goes in to the confessional and closes the door. The boy says, "Dark in here."

The priest says, "Don't start that crap again; you're in my closet now."

## With a little Bit of Luck

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

### First Date

My amorous side showed up early when at 4 years of age I wandered to the next farm and succeeded in getting invited to cookies and milk with their lovely daughter.

That ended in disaster when my mother discovered my absence and ended the party with my swift departure.

Then in grade one there was a two-day romance that ended when she got mad and pushed me into a puddle.

As the years went by there were the "I love you" notes passed across the classroom and some hand-holding at the Saturday afternoon skate at the arena.

But it wasn't until I was 15 that I had my first official date. Well, sort of a date. You see my 17-year-old cousin was older and he had a license, a girlfriend, and access to a vehicle. Since I didn't have any of those, he arranged a blind date with an acquaintance of his girlfriend.

What a disaster! As luck would have it, the destination for my first date was the infamous drive-in theatre. We picked up the girls and I managed to open and close the back door without incident. It seemed she was as nervous and as inexperienced as I was and we struggled with awkward conversation.

As I recall, she was attractive enough but this was not one of those romances that was destined to sizzle.

I remember little about the first feature except that the oldsters in the front seat steamed up the windows while we tried to watch the movie and managed a couple of exploratory hand-holds.

At half time, cousin and I headed to the refreshment booth. I went all out with footlong hotdogs, french fries and colas. I had just finished adding the last of the mustard when disaster struck. Someone hit my elbow and my whole meal sailed into the air and landed in a wet heap on the cement floor.

I rescued what I could and with cousin's help and my last quarter, replaced the food for my date. I wiped as

much of the ketchup and mustard as I could off my white beach-boy slacks and the drama resumed.

The backseat couple ate slowly as the food provided the best common ground of the night. We managed to survive the rest of the evening and somewhere before we parted we did manage a perfunctory kiss. We bid farewell.

I knew that would be my last blind date and I also knew that with a little bit of luck the next date had to be better.

What a beautiful world it would be if people had hearts like dogs.



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Editor's Note: As seen in Facebook



## Clem Kravitz

# What's Cookin

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

### Wimpey's 960 Talbot Street, St. Thomas, ON

I am now the official reporter on restaurants in the area for *Lighten Up*. I get the honours of going to restaurants and giving the readers my opinions on the quality and as always with men - quantity of food served.

My first venture was to Wimpey's for their senior's breakfast, and for those of you who say breakfast doesn't count, I have to be disagreeing with you. Remember, breakfast is the very thing that starts your day, and if you don't get started with some vim and vigor, well you're just in an ornery mood all day.

I digress. My lady and I decided to go out for breakfast. Now I know you can't do much wrong with eggs and bacon, but folks, I just have to say that I've had some horrid breakfasts in my lifetime. I've had bacon that I swear is fresh from the pig and it is still squealing, the bacon that is. I like my eggs over easy and I've had some of them that I swear the cooks played ping pong with out in the kitchen. They were so hard I swear I chipped my choppers. What can I say about home-fries. Those were never cooked in any home kitchen that I know of. Why some had enough grease on them to smooth out my curly hair.

So off we went to Wimpey's (Nothing wimpey about it) and what a meal it was. When we walked in, we were greeted with a smiling hello and the waitress told us she was glad we were there. Wow! She didn't even know us. We could both have been crooks especially the way we were dressed with our barn clothes and all. There weren't many seats left so we took the last booth and right promptly we were given menus and asked if there was something we wanted to drink. I noticed right off they didn't have any bar or anything, but then that didn't matter, my moonshine was waiting for me at home. So we ordered coffee and water. Right away the coffee and water was sitting in front of us and since we knew what we wanted, we ordered.

Both my sweetie and I ordered burned bacon (that's crisp in case they don't what it is) - because I don't have back teeth to chew properly - eggs over easy, brown toast with no butter and home fries, along with coffee and water and marmalade.

We were just settling in when out came our waitress with our breakfasts piping hot and smelling like coming downstairs on a cold winter's morning with that homey breakfast smell tickling your hungry innards. She told us to enjoy it and by the looks of the goodies before us, we were planning on doing just that.

The breakfast was great! The bacon was just right breaking up in my fingers and crunchy, just the way I like it. Folks, I confess, I am a dipper and those eggs were standing proudly ready for my toast to swipe the yolk right out of them. The home fries were more like my lady cooks.

All in all, that breakfast was so filling, why we didn't eat until supper that night. Great place to go. See you next month. **Clem. p.s. this is a great job getting to eat out and hopefully getting paid to do it!**

Just in case you have a suggestion for us to go to or you are a restaurant yourself who wants an honest review of your servings, please let us know by sending your message to [liz@lizunderhill.com](mailto:liz@lizunderhill.com) and we'd gladly try to get there, that is unless in all our testings our weight gets too much to get in and out of the car...well in that case do you deliver?

And oh yes, I am told there are Wimpey's in other cities who offer that delicious senior's breakfast through the week only. Take care folks.



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## Hmmm???

This is interesting! I know you need your minimum water to help flush the toxins out of your body, but this was news to me.

Correct time to drink water... very Important. From a Cardiac Specialist!

Drinking water at a certain time maximizes its effectiveness on the body: 2 glasses of water after waking up - helps activate internal organs.

1 glass of water 30 minutes before a meal - helps digestion.

1 glass of water before taking a bath - helps lower blood pressure.

1 glass of water before going to bed - avoids stroke or heart attack.

Please pass this to the people you care about.

I can also add to this... My physician told me that water at bedtime will also help prevent nighttime leg cramps. Your leg muscles are seeking hydration when they cramp and wake you up with a Charlie Horse.



## Silent Treatment!

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were

giving each other the silent treatment.

Suddenly the man realized that the next day he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00am for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, "Please wake me at 5:00am."

He left it where he knew she would find it. The next morning the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00am and he had missed his flight.

Furious, he was about to go to see why his wife hadn't wakened him when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. The paper said, "It is 5:00am, wake up."

**Answers Anagram:** boats, bombs, boots, buddies, camouflage, carriers, celebration, crosses, day, families, foreign soil, friends, guns, helicopter, helmets, heroes, honour, honour, jets, love, marine, medals, memorial, men, mess hall, peace, pilots, planes, remember, shooting, singing, soldiers, tanks, trenches, uniforms, valour, veterans, war, women, wreaths.

## NOVEMBER ANAGRAM

**Subject is Remembrance Day - 40 Words - Answers Bottom Left Page 7**

K	N	R	E	T	P	O	C	I	L	E	H	K	B	J	P	W	R	X	L
F	R	K	L	W	Q	T	T	N	W	R	B	C	R	U	O	N	O	H	W
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## SIGNS FOR THE MODERN WOMAN

I serve 3 meals—frozen, micro, and take-out.

My house was clean last week, sorry you missed it.

A good man doesn't just happen, he has to be created by us women. So first you've got to get rid of all the stuff his mom did to him, and then you've got to get rid of all that macho crap they put up in beer commercials.

## CHURCH BLOOPERS

The service will close with "Little Drops of Water". One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join us.

Today...Christian Youth Fellowship Sexuality Course, 8pm. Please park in the rear parking lot for this activity.





## ***And You Think You Got It Bad!***

"\$5.37"

That's what the kid behind the counter at Tim Horton's said to me. I dug into my pocket and pulled out some lint and two dimes and something that used to be a Lifesaver. Having already handed the kid a five-spot, I started to head back out to the truck to grab some change when the kid with the Elmo hairdo said the worst thing anyone has ever said to me.

He said, "It's OK. I'll just give you the senior citizen discount."

I turned to see who he was talking to and then heard the sound of change hitting the counter in front of me. "Only \$4.68," he said cheerfully.

I stood there stupefied. I am 56, not even 60 yet. A mere child! Senior citizen?

I took my food and walked out to the truck wondering what was wrong with Elmo. Was he blind? As I sat in the truck, my blood began to boil. Old? Me?

I'll show him, I thought. I opened the door and headed back inside. I strode to the counter, and there he was waiting with a smile.

Before I could say a word, he held up something and jingled it in front of me, like I could be that easily distracted! What am I now? A toddler?

"Dude! Can't get too far without your car keys, eh?" I stared with utter disdain at the keys.

I began to rationalize in my mind ... "Leaving keys behind hardly makes a man elderly! It could happen to anyone!"

I turned and headed back to the truck. I slipped the key into the ignition, but it wouldn't turn. What now? I checked my keys and tried another. Still nothing.

That's when I noticed the purple beads hanging from my rearview mirror. I had no purple beads hanging from my rearview mirror. Then, a few other objects came into focus. The car seat in the back seat. Happy Meal toys spread all over the floor-board. A partially eaten doughnut on the dashboard.

Faster than you can say "ginkgo biloba", I flew out of the alien vehicle.

Moments later I was speeding out of the parking lot, relieved to finally be leaving this nightmarish stop in my life. That is when I felt it, deep in the bowels of my stomach: hunger! My stomach growled and churned, and I reached to grab my coffee, only it was nowhere to be found.

I swung the truck around, gathered my courage, and strode back into the restaurant one final time. There Elmo stood, draped in youth and black nail polish. All I could think was, "What is the world coming to?"

All I could say was, "Did I leave my food and drink in here"? At this point I was ready to ask a Boy Scout to help me back to my vehicle, and then go straight home and apply for Social Assistance benefits.

Elmo had no clue. I walked back out to the truck, and suddenly a young lad came up and tugged on my jeans to get my attention. He was holding up a drink and a bag. His mother explained, "I think you left this in my truck by mistake."

I took the food and drink from the little boy and sheepishly apologized.

She offered these kind words: "It's OK. My grandfather does stuff like this all the time."

All of this is to explain how I got a ticket doing 85 in a 40. Yes, I was racing some punk kid in a Prius. And "No", I told the officer, "I'm not too old to be driving this fast."

As I walked in the front door, my wife met me halfway down the hall. I handed her a bag of cold food and a \$300 speeding ticket. I promptly sat in my rocking chair and covered up my legs with a blanket.

The good news was I had successfully found my way home.

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