

LIGHTEN UP

A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair. She is covering her eyes with both hands, with her fingers spread. In her mouth, she is holding a small, white, round object, possibly a nut or a piece of candy. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

DECEMBER 2022

SOUP TA NUTS

CHRISTMAS
MEMORIES

BECAUSE OF
LOVE, ONLY
BECAUSE OF
LOVE

THINKING
OUTSIDE THE
CHRISTMAS BOX
HOT
NEW IDEAS

CHRISTMAS 2022

TEQUILA
CHRISTMAS
CAKE

LIGHTEN UP MAGAZINE BEGIN EVERY DAY WITH A SMILE

Lighten Up

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uplifting and humorous news,
please email

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Merry Christmas



From the writers and staff
at Lighten Up.

We wish you the best in the
upcoming holidays

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR: Gosh, just a few shopping days left until Christmas. Such a great time of year. I always love the feeling of cheer and hustle and bustle in the stores and shopping to the sound of Christmas music.

For this time of year, I challenge each of you to smile and say hello to everyone who crosses your path. You never know when that simple gift of a smile will brighten someone's weary day. I know when I have been deep in thought, trudging my way here or there, someone has said hello...and noted what a beautiful day it was. It made me realize that so many of us have succumbed to "life". Dashing here and there aimlessly, to the various locations to shop, bank, groceries, etc...forgetting that there are those who would welcome a hello and huge smile. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Liz Underhill



I hope you like the new layout of our fun and uplifting magazine. You will notice some changes including the name. I felt that it was about time that The Chatterbox News grew up.

You will see some of the same old fun things like Klara and her Soup Ta Nuts. We couldn't miss that.

I wanted to find more human interest stories and uplifting, thought provoking articles. Always "good news". This was born actually in 1990 and I was so tired then of all the doom and gloom and said "I am going to publish a good news paper" at which my friends and family scoffed and said it would never go. People aren't interested in that type of thing, and that's why the news that we view is mostly about—well I said it "doom and gloom"

I proved them all wrong because this wee paper has flourished in one form or another since 1990 and what a change and growth it has become. At the birth of this, There was little internet and I had to get off my butt and go out and sell ads. Well folks, I sure did dread that. I promised myself that I would go to 10 places each day and then I'd be done. Well let me tell you whether or not I sold an add, at the end of 10 approaches, I would throw my hands in the air and say "Yeah!".

Obviously I stuck to it and the wee paper grew. There used to be only hardcopies and no email and my ads consisted of my taking them out to the client for approval and any changes constituted my going back to the office and redoing and trotting out again for approval. My scanning abilities was a hand held black and white. Hahaha Those were the days.

I hope you enjoy the new format and if you would like some Free Advertising and also, if you have some uplifting or humorous things to share with all our friends, please contact me. Meanwhile...take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill

Weighting On You!



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Inside Out

With
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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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Letter To Santa

Dear Santa,

I don't want much for Christmas, I just want the person reading this to be happy .

Friends are the fruit cake of life - some nutty, some soaked in alcohol, some sweet - but mix them together and they're my friends. Love Yah

Love ya.



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A Sunday School teacher
asked her class why Jo-
seph and Mary took Je-
sus with them
to Jerusalem.

A small child replied,
"They couldn't get a baby
-sitter."

Tequila Christmas Cake



Once again this
year, I've had re-
quests for my Te-
quila Christmas
Cake recipe so
here goes: Please
keep in your files
as I am beginning
to get tired of typ-

ing this up every year!

1 cup sugar, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1
cup water, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup brown
sugar, lemon juice, 4 large
eggs, nuts, 1 bottle tequila, 2 cups
dried fruit. Sample the tequila to check

quality.

Take a large bowl; check the tequila
again to be sure it is of the highest
quality. Repeat. Turn on the electric
mixer. Beat one cup of butter in a large
fluffy bowl. Add 1 teaspoon of sugar.
Beat again. At this point, it is best to
make sure the tequila is still OK. Try
another cup just in case. Turn off the
mixer thingy.

Break 2 eggs and add to the bowl and
chuck in the cup of dried fruit.

Pick the fruit up off the floor. Mix on
the turner. If the fried fruit get as stuck
in the beaterers, just pry it loose with a
drewscraver.

Sample the tequila to test for tonsis-
ticity. Next, sift 2 cups of salt, or
something. Check the tequila. Now
shift the lemon ice strain your nuts.
Add one table. Add a spoon of sugar,
or somefink. Whatever you can find.
Greash the oven. Turn the cake tin
360 s and try not to fall over. Don't
forget to beat off the turner. Finally,
throw the bowl through the window.
Finish the tequila and wipe the coun-
ter with
the cat.

Cherry Mristmas



"Soup ta Nuts"

Christmas Memories

Golly it's that time of year once more. I can't believe a whole year has aged while I have not. You know, I look in the mirror and I know inside that "slightly" wrinkled face lies a teenager just waiting to jump about. Why I have to contain her, especially on Christmas or she would wear me right out.

I was yakking with my good friend Phenie the other day about how the festive season seems to be a whirlwind of buying presents, and making sure every last one of our goosey guests was not without a little something. Even though Clem does all the cleaning of the house, peels all the potatoes, turnips, makes the salad, I still get all tired out with the thinking of it all.

Why bless me, it is all I can do to stop that Clem from killing the Christmas goose, while at the same time feeding the poor thing with some corn whiskey so he (the goose that is) won't feel the pain. I stopped the turkey thing a year or so before for just that very reason, but now Clem has it in his gobbler that he should be able to goose up the family.

I told him they were all God's creatures and should be left to live out their lives on the upside of the ground until they croak naturally. I really think this getting the animals a wee bit 'high' before doing the deed is his excuse to have a wee nip or two. He knows I don't like him sipping on that stuff because he doesn't know when to quit. Why only last year, he snuck off to the barn before the family arrived to taste some of that corn stuff, and when I called him to come in and serve the ham on our new platter, he stumbled through the front door, announcing that he couldn't serve me up on anything cause I had got fatter.

I gotta tell you folks, I took that new platter and landed it squarely on his head and left it along with the ham, quite a bit flatter.

Last year we started the tradition of all the family and guests giving thanks for whatever talents and blessings they had.

You know I discovered, that in the end, after it is all said and done, the little ones, along with the parents and grandparents don't remember the gifts they received only last year as it applied to the little ones or many years ago as it applied to parents and grandparents.

What they did remember was all the fun and laughter they had on that day. They remember playing with cousins, aunts and uncles, and the family all getting together to celebrate, singing carols, the smell of Christmas, and of course all the food. For those that believed in Santa, they remember sneaking a look out of their bedroom windows when they were supposed to be asleep, to get a peak of Santa in the sky with his reindeer.

Keeping that in mind, I guess I will be thankful that I have all my wonderful memories inside, where I can reach in at any time and enjoy all over again. I want to take this time to thank all of you folks who have enjoyed the blessing I have of helping to make people smile, who have written me letters to tell me how much you enjoyed my family and recalled that perhaps you had similar experiences.

I want to thank those of you who in your day-to-day living have inspired me to remember things past, and most of all I want to thank my family for not being too embarrassed by my disclosing some of our secrets. Merry Christmas to all. Enjoy all your blessings. Klara and Family.

A little girl, dressed in her Sunday best, was running as fast as she could, trying not to be late for Bible class. As she ran she prayed, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late! Dear Lord, please don't let me be late!"

While she was running and praying, she tripped on a curb and fell, getting her clothes dirty and tearing her dress. She got up, brushed herself off, and started running again! As she ran she once again began to pray, "Dear Lord, please don't let me be late...But please don't shove me either!"

A police recruit was asked during the exam, "What would you do if you had to arrest your own mother?" He answered, "Call for backup."

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Because of Love. Only Because of Love.

A brother and sister had made their usual hurried, obligatory pre-Christmas visit to the little farm where dwelt their elderly parents with their small herd of horses. The farm was where they had grown up and had been named Lone Pine Farm because of the huge pine, which topped the hill behind the farm. Through the years the tree had become a talisman to the old man and his wife, and a landmark in the countryside. The young siblings had fond memories of their childhood here, but the city hustle and bustle added more excitement to their lives, and called them away to a different life.

The old folks no longer showed their horses, for the years had taken their toll, and getting out to the barn on those frosty mornings was getting harder, but it gave them a reason to get up in the mornings and a reason to live. They sold a few foals each year, and the horses were their reason for joy in the morning and contentment at day's end.

Angry, as they prepared to leave, the young couple confronted the old folks, "Why do you not at least dispose of The Old One?" She is no longer of use to you. It's been years since you've had foals from her. You should cut corners and save so you can have more for yourselves. How can this old worn-out horse bring you anything but expense and work? Why do you keep her anyway?"

The old man looked down at his worn boots, holes in the toes, scuffed at the barn floor and replied, "Yes I could use a pair of new boots."

His arm slid defensively about the Old One's neck as he drew her near with gentle caressing he rubbed her softly behind her ears. He replied softly, "We keep her because of love. Nothing else, just love."

Baffled and irritated, the young folks wished the old man and his wife a Merry Christmas and headed back toward the city as darkness stole through the valley.

The old couple shook their heads in sorrow that it had not been a happy visit. A tear fell upon their cheeks. How is it that these young folks do not understand the peace of the love that filled their hearts?

So it was, that because of the unhappy leave-taking, no one noticed the insulation smoldering on the frayed wires in the old barn. None saw the first spark fall. None but the "Old One".

In a matter of minutes, the whole barn was ablaze and the hungry flames were licking at the loft full of hay. With a cry of horror and despair, the old man shouted to his wife to call for help as he raced to the barn to save their beloved horses. But the flames were roaring now, and the blazing heat drove him back. He sank sobbing to the ground, helpless before the fire's fury. His wife, back from calling for help, cradled him in her arms, clinging to each other, they wept at their loss.

By the time the fire department arrived, only smoking, glowing ruins were left, and the old man and his wife, exhausted from their grief, huddled together before the barn. They were speechless as they rose from the cold snow-covered ground. They nodded thanks to the firemen as there was nothing anyone could do now. The old man turned to his wife, resting her white head upon his shoulders as his shaking old hands clumsily dried her tears with a frayed red bandana. Brokenly he whispered, "We have lost much, but God has spared our home on this eve of Christmas. Let us gather strength and climb the hill to the old pine where we have sought comfort in times of despair. We will look down upon our home and give thanks to God that it has been spared and pray for our beloved most precious gifts that have been taken from us.

And so, he took her by the hand and slowly helped her up the snowy hill as he brushed aside his own tears with the back of his old and withered hand.

The journey up the hill was hard for their old bodies in the steep snow. As they stepped over the little knoll at the crest of the hill, they paused to rest, looking up to the top of the hill the old couple gasped and fell to their knees in amazement at the incredible beauty before them. A star in the heavens was caught up in the glittering, snow-frosted branches of their beloved pine, and it was aglow with heavenly candles. And poised on its topmost bough, a crystal crescent moon glistered like spun glass.



Hmmmm!

How important does a person have to be before they are considered assassinated instead of just murdered?



Why does a round pizza come in a square box?

How is it that we put man on the moon before we figured out it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?

Why is it that people say they "slept like a baby" when babies wake up like very two hours?

If a deaf person has to go to court, is it still called a hearing?

How come we choose from just two people for President and fifty for Miss America?

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

If a 911 operator has a heart attack, who does he/she call?

Yah Just Can't Win!

After being married for thirty years, a wife asked her husband to describe her.

He looked at her slowly...then said, "You're A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K."

She asks, "What does that mean?"

He said, "Adorable, Beautiful, Cute, Delightful, Elegant, Foxy, Gorgeous, Hot."

She smiled happily and said, "Oh, that's so lovely. What about I, J, K?"

He said, "I'm Just Kidding!"

His left eye is still swollen but the doctor has informed him that he is likely to see things much clearer in the future.



Continued on Page 6

*Because of Love and Only
Because of Love
Continued from Page 5*



Never had a mere mortal created a Christmas tree such as this. They were breathless as the old man held his wife tighter in his arms.

Suddenly, the old man gave a cry of wonder and incredible joy. Amazed and mystified, he took his wife by the hand and pulled her forward. There, beneath the tree, in resplendent glory, a mist hovering over and glowing in the darkness was their Christmas gift. Shadows glistening in the night light.

Bedded down about the "Old One" close to the trunk of the tree, was the entire herd, safe and sound.

At the first hint of smoke, she had pushed the door ajar with her muzzle and had led the horses through it. Slowly and with great dignity, never looking back, she had led them up the hill, stepping cautiously through the snow. The foals were frightened and dashed about. The skittish yearlings looked back at the crackling, hungry flames, and tucked their tails under them as they licked their lips and hopped like rabbits. The mares that were in foal with a new year's crop of babies, pressed uneasily against the "Old One" as she moved calmly up the hill and to safety beneath the pine. And now she lay among them and gazed at the faces of the old man and his wife.

Those she loved she had not disappointed. Her body was brittle with years, tired from the climb, but the golden eyes were filled with devotion as she offered her gift— Because of love. Only Because of love.

Tears flowed as the old couple shouted their praise and joy... And again the peace of love filled their hearts.

Christmas 2022 -- Birth of a New Tradition

As the holidays approach, the giant Asian factories are kicking into high gear to provide shoppers with monstrous piles of cheaply produced goods – merchandise that has been produced at the expense of our own labour. This year will be different. This year shoppers will give the gift of genuine concern for others.. There is no longer an excuse that, at gift-giving time, nothing can be found that is produced by Canadian/American hands.

Yes there is!

It's time to think outside the box, people. Who says a gift needs to fit in a shirt box, wrapped in Chinese produced wrapping paper?

Everyone – yes EVERYONE gets their hair cut. How about gift certificates from your

For The Older Crowd

A distraught senior citizen phoned her doctor's office. "Is it true," she wanted to know, "That the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?" "Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the senior lady replied, "I'm wondering, then, Just how serious is my condition because this prescription is marked 'NO REFILLS'."

An older gentleman was on the operating table awaiting surgery and he insisted that his son, a renowned surgeon, perform the operation.

As he was about to get the anesthesia, he asked to speak to his son. "Yes, Dad, what is it?"

"Don't be nervous, son; do your best and just remember, if it doesn't go well, if something happens to me, your mother is going to come and live with you and your wife!"

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

First you forget names, then you forget faces. Then you forget to pull up your zipper. It's worse when you forget to pull it down.



local hair salons or barbers?

Gym membership? It's appropriate for all ages who are thinking about some health improvement.

Who wouldn't appreciate getting their car detailed? Small, locally-owned detail shops and car washes would love to sell you a gift certificate or book of gift certificates.

Are you one of those extravagant givers who think nothing of plunking down bucks on a Chinese-made flat screen? Perhaps that grateful gift receiver would like his driveway sealed, or lawn mowed for the summer, or driveway ploughed all winter, or games at the local golf course.

There are an amazing number of owner-run restaurants—all offering gift certificates. And, if your intended gift receiver isn't the fancy eatery sort, what about a half dozen breakfasts at the local breakfast joint?

Remember, this isn't about big national chains – this is about supporting your hometown folks with their financial lives on the line to keep their doors open.

How many people couldn't use an oil change for their car, truck or motorcycle, done at a shop run by the local working guy?

Thinking about a heartfelt gift for mom? Mom would LOVE the services of a local cleaning lady for a day.

My computer could use a tune-up, and I KNOW I can find some young guy who is struggling to get his repair business up and running.

OK, you were looking for something more personal. Local crafts people spin their own wool and knit them into scarves. They make jewelry, and pottery and beautiful wooden boxes.

Plan your holiday outings at local, owner operated restaurants and leave your server a nice tip. How about going out to see a play or ballet at your hometown theatre.

Musicians need love too, so find a venue showcasing local bands.

You see, Christmas is no longer about draining pockets so that China can build another glittering city. Christmas is now about caring about us, encouraging small businesses to keep plugging away to follow their dreams. And, when we care about others, we care about our communities, and the benefits come back to us in ways we couldn't imagine.

BUY LOCAL ——— SHOP LOCAL



"Soup ta Nuts" 'Twas The Night Before Christmas



'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring Cranky Cat ate the mouse.

My girdle was hung by the chimney with care,
in hopes that Saint Nicholas would notice it there.

Cranky Dog was nestled at the foot of the bed
while visions of doggy bones danced in his head.
And I in my jammies and a whiskey night cap
dreaming of Santa, sitting right on my lap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I tripped over Cranky Cat who was now much, much flatter.
I tore open the window not a second to miss
I hoped I could catch Santa and blow him a kiss.

A bright moon was lighting the new-fallen snow
It looked like Santa was beginning to glow.
Cranky Dog was beside me looking up to the roof
and there plopped Santa looking quite aloof.

He was a little old man with a beard that was thick
Now I knew why they called him Old Saint Nick.
Like a bolt of lightning, the reindeer they came
I tried to yell out at them and call them by name.

Hey, Masher, hey Stancer, hey Minnie and Vixens
I lifted my glass added more whiskey and mixins.
Get off of my roof or the cops I will call
Hit the road, fly away and don't ever call.

They took off as I staggered and tried to stand up
Those stale twinkies I ate were trying to come up.
So off of my rooftop the deer they did fly
Rudolph's nose lifted up with not a goodbye.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
They had forgotten old Santa, oh gosh what a goof.
I reached for my arrows and a rifle as well
And just then Old Santa down the chimney, he fell.

With a huge bag of goodies tied to his back
I told Cranky Dog Santa wasn't a snack.
His breathing belaboured, his feet were a draggin
Cranky Dog was delighted, his tail was a waggin.

He was dressed all in red and a sloppy old hat
He could hardly move cause he was too fat.
He groaned as he brushed against our huge Christmas Tree
And politely informed me he just had to pee.

He had a round face and a huge rotund belly
That was looser and floppier than any bowlful of jelly.
He came towards me, his lips held a smile
I could tell by his breath he hadn't brushed for awhile.

How he came down that chimney without getting stuck
Is a wonder to me, he was such a schmuck.
I said not a thing and drank from my glass
My speech it was slurring I let out some gas.

As he flew up the chimney, I got to thinkin
He must have discovered that I was a drinkin.
He yelled for the reindeer not to forget him that night
To come back there to get him and they could continue in flight.

I ran outside and raised my glassy eyes to the sky
Merry Christmas to all, can they really fly?
I turned to the tree and saw with delight
Presents for all of us, it gave such a fright.

A dog bone for Dog, and Cat Nip for Cat
And a huge bottle of Whiskey wow, I could drink that.
I ran to the window and smiling out there
Was Santa, waving his hair in the air.
"Merry Christmas Ms. Klara", he laughed with good cheer.
Next year forget whiskey and just leave me a beer.
Ms. Klara

*Editor's Note: I hope you enjoy our wee poem written to let you
share our crazy Christmas.*

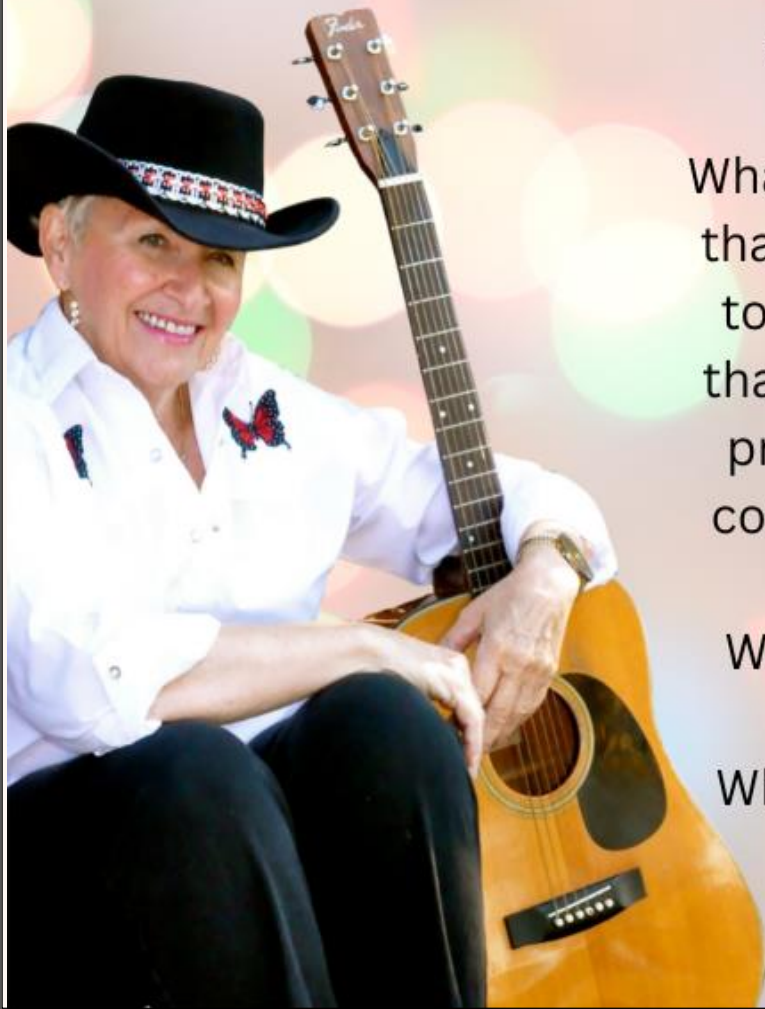
Just before Christmas, there was an honest politician, a kind
lawyer and Santa Claus travelling in an elevator of a very
posh hotel. Just before the doors opened, they all noticed
ten bucks lying on the floor. Which one picked it up?

Santa, of course, the other two don't exist!

Merry Christmas



WHAT IF?



What if...For today you did not
criticize anyone or anything
What if...For today you did not
complain about anyone or
anything

What if...For today you did not
gossip about anyone or
anything

What if...For today, you turned
that criticism into something
to be grateful for, or turned
that complaint into a word of
praise, or that gossip into a
comforting word of love and
support.

What if...you practiced that
every day and

What if...it changed your life
and the world.

Liz Underhill

Church Bloopers!

Wednesday the ladies liturgy will meet. Mrs. Johnson will sing "Put me in my little bed" accompanied by the pastor.

Please join us as we show our support for Amy and Allan in preparing for the girth of their first child.

Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.

The associate minister unveiled the church's new giving campaign slogan last Sunday: "I Upped My Pledge—Up Yours."