

Lighten Up

September 2023 Issue

**SOUP TA
NUTS**

DANCIN CHALLENGE

**THE INGENUITY OF
WOMEN!**

**ALWAYS REMEMBER
WHO YOU SERVE**

BEGIN EVERY DAY WITH A SMILE

Lighten Up

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Holy cow....already September and kids are back to school. Where the heck did the summer go? It was a great summer for the people who love the water with their many trips to the beach or their pool.

I hope each and every one of you enjoyed your summer in whatever way you chose.

And now we get ready for all the fall fairs coming up in all their glory. Rides galore and so much food. Love the fairs.

Klara is breaking out of her environment by living life in the fast lane. I hope she doesn't break more than an out with the escapades she gets herself into.

Always looking for other story contributors so if you have an idea for a column, please feel free to send the idea or the column to my attention. All articles in good taste are considered. Take care...keep smiling. Liz Underhill



Always Remember Who You Serve

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a ten-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. "Well how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired.

By now more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied.

The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said. The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away.

The boy finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table.

There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies. You see, he couldn't have the sundae, because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip.

Potato Chips

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of potato chips and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old man. He was sitting in the park, just staring at some pigeons. The boy sat down next to him and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old man looked hungry, so he offered him some chips. The old man gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

His smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered him a root beer. Again, the old man smiled at him. The boy was delighted!

They sat there all afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word. As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old man, and gave him a hug. The old man gave him his biggest smile ever. When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face.

She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he added, "You know what? He's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile the old man also radiant with joy, returned to his home. His son was stunned by the look of peace on his face and he asked, "Dad, what did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied "I ate potato chips in the park with God." However, before his son responded, he added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime! Embrace all equally. Have lunch with someone.....bring chips.

She Rises

September 8-10, 2023

A DIVINE FESTIVAL FOR WOMEN ON THE RISE

Springwater Conservation Area | Aylmer, Ontario

She Rises was born out of the shadows, out of necessity, and pure divine creation.

The movement's creator, Jen Hewson, rose up from a multitude of physical, emotional, and mental traumas in her life, and deeply believes that others are capable to do the same; heal, integrate, and transmute trauma.

She Rises is the culmination of dedicated years of collaboration in community all working within the healing arts.

The inaugural event in September 2022 was the manifestation of all that embodies the Divine Feminine Rising.

Come experience She Rises with the lovely backdrop of Springwater Conservation Area in Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

There will be many wonderfully gifted facilitators attending to share their valuable knowledge in an intimate and welcoming setting.

A variety of local, creative conscious vendors to find new hidden treasures.

Music, meditation, and energy to soothe the soul.

Green bagged lunch and beverages are mindfully encouraged and overnight camping is included under the late summer beeeze.

She Rises is dedicated to supporting women in need and helping them to RISE. Each year, the net proceeds from the event will benefit women who are chosen through an application process. Applications will be reviewed by a committee and donations will be distributed. Those selected through this process will be announced at the following year's event as well as on the website, unless privacy concerns prevent doing so. Applications are due by February 1st each year and will be made available on the website.

Tickets + Information www.sherises.ca



A Woman's Life in Three Pictures.

SINGLE



MARRIED



DIVORCED





"Soup ta Nuts"

Dancin Challenge

Hi folks...now you remember some time ago I mentioned that I was gonna kick up my heels and break out of my old farm ways.

First I was a Biker Mamma and now I am a famous dancer! Yes...believe it or not!

I just love to dance and I was challenged by a dude (my now cool language) to a dance competition. He claimed that he could outdance me.

The war was on! I just love challenges. The one thing though was I had to go to Grimsby for this competition. Far be it from me to chicken out. Although he was the challenger and I was the challenge, you'd think he'd of come my way. Actually I thought he should because my way wouldn't have anyone knowin him when he lost badly. His way...I would claim victory in front of his friends...this old gal trouncin this hunk of a dude.

Now I got to admit here I had never seen him dance so I was supposin he had all these groovy moves to try to outwit me.

My dancin shoes were all polished up and I decided I would wear my best coveralls for the occasion. I gotta tell you I looked pretty hot in that fancy dance place...why all eyes were on me when I slid to the center of the floor, although I must confess the slidin was almost done on my butt cause they had put wax on the floor supposedly to make the dancin easier.

Out came the dude with sparkles all over his dancin shoes...tight-fittin pair of jeans and an open shirt showin his tanned, hair-covered chest. I hate to admit this, but I almost conceded it right there. Looked nothin like my Clem...and when I looked at the dude I wondered 'Clem who'?

We started to this fast beat...my legs were flyin every which way...I moved all over that dance floor to the music and the loud clappin of the audience. I had no idea where the heck he was...seemed in my dancin he was just a blur...then folks, I couldn't believe it! I almost bashed into him. He was just standing there-shufflin slowly from foot-to-foot with body gyrations only. After 10 fast ones, I just had to sit down and he was

still goin.

He finally stopped when he saw me sit down and said he won!

Hey...I rushed over there and said how the heck did he figure that, he didn't outdance me at all! He said he was still standin so he won. I said if I danced like him why I could have danced non-stop for three days!

And the nerve—he shouted to everyone that I was like a dancer on steroids and who the heck could keep up with that.

My goodness. Imagine! Trying to convince folks I was on steroids. Sore loser I would say, accusin an old lady of that.

Well, I just had to let the crowd judge. So with a vote of shouts and hands the decision was made and I walked away with the trophy, and I suppose he's still shufflin from side-to-side tryin to figure out how the heck I won.

You just have to stay tuned the next issue when I blab about how I am now a cougar. Live life full out till you croak is my motto. Klara

Railroad tracks.

The U.S. standard railroad gauge (distance between rails) is 4 feet, 8.5 inches. That's an exceedingly odd number.

Why was that gauge used? Because that's the way they built them in England, and English expatriates designed the U.S. Railroads.

Why did the English build them like that? Because the first rail lines were built by the same people who built the pre-railroad tramways, and that's the gauge they used.

Why did 'they' use that gauge then? Because the people who built the tramways used the same jigs and tools that they had used for building wagons, which used that wheel spacing.

Why did the wagons have that particular odd wheel spacing? Well, if they tried to use any other spacing, the wagon wheels would break on some of the old, long distance roads in England, because that's the spacing of the wheel ruts.

So, who built those old rutted roads? Imperial Rome built the first long-distance roads in Europe (including England) for their legions. Those roads have been used ever since. And the ruts in the roads? Roman war chariots formed the initial ruts, which everyone else had to match for fear of destroying their wagon wheels.

The chariots were made for Imperial

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Rome. They were all alike in the matter of wheel spacing. Therefore, the United States standard railroad gauge of 4 feet, 8.5 inches is derived from the original specifications for an Imperial Roman war chariot. In other words, bureaucracies live forever.

So the next time you are handed a specification, procedure, or process, and wonder, 'What horse's ass came up with this', you may be exactly right. Imperial Roman army chariots were made just wide enough to accommodate the rear ends of two war horses.

Now, the twist to the story: When you see a Space Shuttle sitting on its launch pad, you will notice that there are two big booster rockets attached to the sides of the main fuel tank. These are solid rocket boosters, or SRBs. The SRBs are made by Thiokol at their factory in Utah.

The engineers who designed the SRBs would have preferred to make them a bit larger, but the SRBs had to be shipped by train from the factory to the launch site. The railroad line from the factory happens to run through a tunnel in the mountains, and the SRBs had to fit through that tunnel. The tunnel is slightly wider than the railroad track, and the railroad track, as you now know, is about as wide as two horses' behinds. So, a major Space Shuttle design feature of what is arguably the world's most advanced transportation system was determined over two thousand years ago by the width of a horse's ass. And you thought being a horse's ass wasn't important! Now you know, Horses' Asses control almost everything. Explains a whole lot of stuff, doesn't it?

With a little Bit of Luck

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

Good Old School Days

Many people speak of their school days with a faraway look and tales of inspiration and tradition.

That was not my experience. I looked forward to going to school. I liked people and I liked to learn new things. I also like freedom and conversation.

I soon realized that at my urban K-8 school neither freedom nor initiative would be rewarded.

Within days of arriving in kindergarten, I found myself in trouble with the teacher for talking during class. I was sent to the corner and missed part of the art lesson.

It got worse. During the second week of school, one of the other kids invited me into the hall and shushed me as we peeked into the grade two classroom just down the hall.

There at the back of the room sat a forlorn looking young man nearly six feet tall. He was a slow learner and in those days there was no such thing as social promotion. At fifteen he was waiting out the clock.

He and many of the students in my elementary school days would leave school on their sixteenth birthday.

I shuddered and returned to class more disappointed and confused. I thought that I might very well spend my school career in the first three grades. I had looked forward to a place of learning and discovery. Instead I found school to be a place of angry women and inflexible rules.

Ah, but we humans are adaptable. I learned how to cope. I discovered the joy of recess and a long noon-hour. I realized that with a little bit of luck I could survive.

Will Rogers said, "Education ain't what it used to be and it never was." I couldn't agree more.

If you are not treated with love and respect, check your price tag, perhaps you have marked yourself down.



Where's My Jiggy?

A young lad from Glovertown, Newfoundland, goes off to uni-

versity, but halfway through the semester he has foolishly squandered all of his money.

He calls home. "Dad," he says, "You won't believe what modern education is developing. They actually have a program here in St. John's that could teach our dog Jiggy how to talk."

"That's amazing!" his Dad says, "How do I get Jiggy in that program?"

"Just send him in here with \$1200," the young lad says, "I'll get him in the course."

So his father sends the dog Jiggy and \$1200.

About two-thirds through the semester, the money again runs out. The young lad calls home. "So how's Jiggy doing, son?" his father wants to know.

"Awesome! Dad, he's talking up a storm. But you just won't believe this. They've had such good results with talking they've begun to teach the animals how to read."

"Read?" exclaims his father, "No kidding! How do we get our Jiggy in that program?"

"Just send \$2300. I'll get him in the class for sure."

The money promptly arrives, but our hero has a problem. At the end of the year, his father will find out the dog can neither talk nor read. So he shoots the dog.

When he arrives home at the end of the year, his father is all excited.

"Where's my Jiggy? I just can't wait to talk with him, and see him read something!"

"Dad," the young lad says, "I have some grim news. Yesterday morning, just before we left to drive home, Jiggy was in the living room, kicked back in the recliner, reading the Toronto Star. Then he suddenly turned to me and asked, 'So is your daddy still messing around with that little redhead working at the grocery store?'"

The father groans and whispers, "I hope you shot yakking dog before he talks to your Mother!"

"I sure did, Dad!"

"That's my boy!"

QHHT
HYPNOSIS SESSIONS

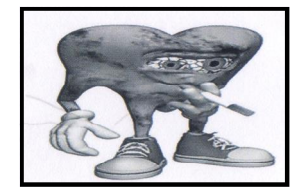


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This Has a Ring of Truth

ONTARIO

The Premier is jogging with his dog along a nature trail. A coyote jumps out and attacks the Premier's dog, then bites the Premier. The Premier starts to intervene, but reflects upon the movie "Bambi" and then realizes he should stop because the coyote is only doing what is natural.

He calls animal control who captures the coyote and bills the Province \$200 testing it for diseases and \$500 for relocating it.

The Premier goes to hospital and spends \$3,500 getting checked for diseases from the coyote and on getting his bite wound bandaged. The running trail gets shut down for six months while Fish & Game conducts a \$100,000 survey to make sure the area is now free of dangerous animals.

The Premier spends \$50,000 in Provincial funds implementing a 'coyote awareness program' for residents of the area. The Provincial Legislature spends \$2 million to study how to better treat rabies and how to permanently eradicate the disease throughout the world. The Premier's security agent is fired for not stopping the attack.

The Province spends \$150,000 to hire and train a new agent with additional special training re: the nature of coyotes. PETA protests the coyote's relocation and files a \$5 million suit against the Province.

ALBERTA

The Premier is jogging with her dog along a nature trail. A coyote jumps out and attacks the dog. The Premier's security agent shoots the coyote and keeps jogging.

The Premier has spent \$0.50 on a .45 ACP hollow point cartridge. The crows eat the dead coyote. And that, my friends, is why ONTARIO is broke and ALBERTA is not.

The Stranger

A few years after I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live

with our family. The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche. My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey. But the stranger... he was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies. If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.

Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet. I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.

Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honour them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends or any visitors. Our long-time visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush.

My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing.

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked ... And NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for

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LIES MY MOTHER TOLD ME!

1. It's illegal to drive with the overhead light on.
2. If you swallow your gum, it will stay in your stomach for 7 years.
3. Keep making that face and it'll freeze like that.
4. I have eyes in the back of my head.
5. You can't swim for 30 minutes after eating.
6. Don't sit so close to the TV, you'll go blind.
7. The dog went to live on a big farm.
8. I'm just running into the store for one thing.
9. A watermelon will grow in your stomach if you swallow the seeds.
10. Maybe...I'll think about it.

someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?...We just call him 'TV'. He has a wife now....we call her 'Computer'. Their first child is 'Cell Phone'. Second child 'iPod'.

And JUST BORN THIS YEAR WAS a grandchild: 'iPad'.

Could This Be True?

Vicks Vapo

Rub...Interesing!!

During a lecture on Essential Oils, they told us how the foot soles can absorb oils. Their example: Put garlic on your feet and within twenty minutes you can 'taste' it.

Some of us have used Vicks Vapo Rub for years for everything from chapped lips to sore toes and many body parts in between. But I've never heard of this. And don't laugh, it works 100% of the time, although the scientists who discovered it aren't sure why.

To stop night-time coughing in a child (or adult as we found out personally), put Vicks Vapo Rub generously on the bottom of the feet at bedtime, then cover with socks. Even persistent, heavy, deep coughing will stop in about five minutes and stay stopped for many, many hours of relief. Works 100% of the time and is more effective in children than even very strong prescription cough medicines. In addition it is extremely soothing and comforting and they will sleep soundly.

Just happened to tune in A.M. Radio and picked up this guy talking about why cough medicines in kids often do more harm than good, due to the chemical makeup of these strong drugs, so I listened.

It was a surprise finding it to be more effective than prescribed medicines for children at bedtime, in addition to have a soothing and calming effect on sick children who then went on to sleep soundly.

My wife tried it on herself when she had a very deep, constant and persistent cough a few weeks ago and it worked 100%! She said that it felt like a warm blanket had enveloped her. She stopped coughing in a few minutes. And, believe me, this was a deep, incredibly annoying, uncontrollable cough every few seconds. She slept cough-free for hours every night that she used it.

If you have grandchildren, pass this on. If you end up sick, try it yourself and you will be absolutely amazed at how it works. TRY IT THE NEXT TIME YOU GET A BAD COLD.

SEPTEMBER ANAGRAM

M	N	C	T	Z	P	G	X	N	E	C	B	J	B	B	L	L	I	F	E	R	B
K	X	T	T	L	K	L	E	L	E	D	C	Y	R	A	V	M	M	N	T	Z	G
F	Y	X	Z	M	L	D	T	C	M	O	A	L	F	L	K	S	B	U	P	Y	R
N	M	X	T	G	D	S	I	T	N	M	Z	E	Y	F	R	E	Q	U	E	N	T
D	H	N	C	I	I	T	R	V	Z	N	L	N	R	S	P	Q	D	Z	M	Z	E
L	K	T	B	H	C	I	E	B	U	L	L	E	T	P	R	O	O	F	N	C	J
C	Y	R	W	A	V	Y	F	N	Z	D	L	H	X	E	R	E	W	M	N	M	L
B	O	R	R	I	O	R	Y	V	I	Q	S	B	O	E	R	S	N	A	D	C	C
F	P	P	A	R	Z	T	T	K	L	C	Z	R	L	N	R	I	M	W	E	W	O
E	L	P	O	E	P	E	I	C	A	L	I	B	E	E	E	R	P	R	O	K	L
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B	E	F	N	M	R	J	R	S	J	T	M	A	A	G	O	L	F	T	V	Q	L
Y	T	V	E	E	L	Z	M	M	S	R	G	R	P	B	H	R	O	P	E	S	N
P	K	P	G	R	V	K	G	Z	K	F	Z	R	J	E	M	N	H	V	B	L	K

Anagram Answers: activity, baked, bartender, bulletproof, cabinet, calendar, ceramic, collect, conveyor, customers, elbow, enter, escape, firmer, forbidden, frequent, gentleman, golf, handle, honey beer, inspire, kissing, language, lunar, mattress, medicine, numbers, owners, people, performance, practice, pubs, read, refill, ropes, snoop, spell, trivia, wedding, whistle.



The Ingenuity of Women!

Sister Mary Ann, who worked for a home-health agency, was out making her rounds visiting homebound patients when she ran out of gas.

As luck would have it, a Texaco Gasoline station was just a block away. She walked to the station to borrow a gas can and buy some gas. The attendant told her that the only gas can he owned had been loaned out, but she could wait until it was returned.

Since Sister Mary Ann was on the way to see a patient, she decided not to wait and walked back to her car. She looked for something in her car that she could fill with gas and spotted the bedpan she was taking to the patient. Always resourceful, Sister Mary Ann carried the bedpan to the station, filled it with gasoline, and carried the full bedpan back to her car.

As she was pouring the gas into her tank, two Presbyterians watched from across the street. One of them turned to the other and said, "If it starts, I'm turning Catholic!"

More Human Fodder!

WIFE VS. HUSBAND

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, 'Relatives of yours?' "Yep," the wife replied, "in-laws."

WORDS

A husband read an article to his wife about how many words women use a day... 30,000 to a man's 15,000. The wife replied, "The reason has to be because we have to repeat everything to men."

The husband then turned to his wife and asked, "What?"

CREATION "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time." The wife responded, "Allow me to explain. God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me; God made me stupid so I would be attracted to you!"

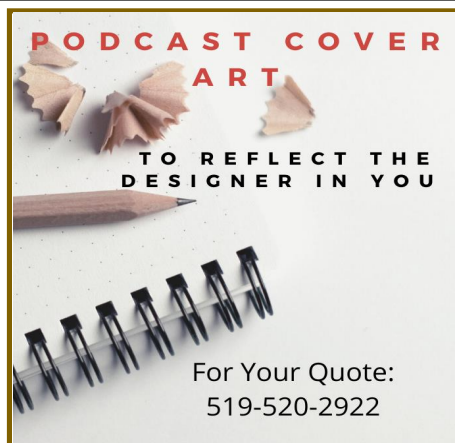
The Silent Treatment

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 and 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."

Men are not equipped for these kinds of contests.

God may have created man before woman, but there is always a rough draft before the masterpiece.



Facebook? (Priceless)

When I bought my Blackberry, I thought about the 30-year business I ran with 1800 employees, all without a cell phone that plays music, takes videos, pictures and communicates with Facebook and Twitter. I signed up under duress for Twitter and Facebook, so my seven kids, their spouses, 13 grandkids and 2 great-grandkids could communicate with me in the modern way. I figured I could handle something as simple as Twitter with only 140 characters of space.

That was before one of my grandkids hooked me up for Tweeter, Tweetree, Twhirl, Twitterfon, Tweetie and Twit-tererific Tweetdeck, Twitpix and something that sends every message to my cell phone and every other program within the texting world.

My phone was beeping every three minutes with the details of everything except the bowel movements of the entire next generation. I am not ready to live like this. I keep my cell phone in the garage in my golf bag.

The kids bought me a GPS for my last birthday because they say I get lost every now and then going over to the grocery store or library. I keep that in a box under my tool bench with the Bluetooth [it's red] phone I am supposed to use when I drive. I wore it once and was standing in line at Barnes and Noble talking to my wife and everyone in the nearest 50 yards was glaring at me. I had to take my hearing aid out to use it, and I got a little loud.

I mean the GPS looked pretty smart on my dashboard, but the lady inside that gadget was the most annoying, rudest person I had run into in a long time. Every 10 minutes, she would sar-

castically say, "Re-calc-u-lating." You would think that she could be nicer. It was like she could barely tolerate me. She would let go with a deep sigh and then tell me to make a U-turn at the next light. Then if I made a right turn instead - well, it was not a good relationship.

When I get really lost now, I call my wife and tell her the name of the cross streets and while she is starting to develop the same tone as Gypsy, the GPS lady, at least she loves me.

To be perfectly frank, I am still trying to learn how to use the cordless phones in our house. We have had them for four years, but I still haven't figured out how I can lose three phones all at once and have to run around digging under chair cushions and checking bathrooms and the dirty laundry baskets when the phone rings.

The world is just getting too complex for me. They even mess me up every time I go to the grocery store. You would think they could settle on something themselves but this sudden 'Paper or plastic?' every time I check out just knocks me for a loop. I bought some of those cloth reusable bags to avoid looking confused, but I never remember to take them with me.

Now I toss it back to them. When they ask me, 'Paper or plastic', I just say, "Doesn't matter to me. I am bi-sacksual." Then it's their turn to stare at me with a blank look. I was recently asked if I tweet. I answered, "No, but I do fart a lot."

Senior citizens don't need any more gadgets. The TV remote and the garage door remote are about all we can handle.

Question: If you had to spell out numbers, how far would you have to go until you would find the letter 'A' ?

Answer: One Thousand.

Question: What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers, and laser printers all have in common?

Answer: All invented by women.