

Lighten Up

October 2023 Issue

SOUP TA NUTS

ON BEING A COUGAR

PIANO LESSONS

AS I'VE AGED

BRAIN FUNCTIONS



BEGIN EVERY DAY WITH A SMILE

Lighten Up

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Thanksgiving and all that we have to be thankful for is something I try to do every day, but confess it escapes me every so often and then it is officially Thanksgiving and reminds me of all my blessings.

I have three great sons and the best daughters-in-law along with my grandchildren and all my great-grandchildren. I have been blessed with such good health and loads of energy to keep singing and dancing my way through life.

It doesn't take much to stop and think of all the things we are all truly blessed with. Sometimes just the simple things like the smile of a wee child and their throwing their arms around you and saying "I Love You". Happy Canadian Thanksgiving to everyone. Liz Underhill

Piano Lessons

This is a true story and it will give you the chills, a beautiful and touching story of love and perseverance, well worth the read.

At the prodding of my friends I am writing this story. My name is Mildred Honor and I am a former elementary school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa.

I have always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons—something I have done for over 30 years. During those years I found that children have many levels of musical ability, and even though I have never had the pleasure of having a prodigy, I have taught some very talented students. However, I have also had my share of what I call 'musically challenged' pupils – one such pupil being Robby.

Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. I prefer that students (especially boys) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby. But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano, so I took him as a student.

Well, Robby began his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavour. As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary piano pieces that I require all my students to learn. Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him.

At the end of each weekly lesson he would always say, "My mom's going to hear me play someday." But to me, it seemed hopeless, he just did not have any inborn ability.

I only knew his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled but never dropped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming for his lessons. I thought about calling him, but assumed that because of his lack of ability he had decided to pursue something else. I was also glad that he had stopped coming - he was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed a flyer recital to the students' homes. To my surprise, Robby, who had received a flyer, asked me if he could be in the recital. I told him that the recital was for current pupils and that because he had dropped out, he really did not qualify.

He told me that his mother had been sick and unable to take him to his piano lessons but that he had been practicing. "Please Miss Honor, I've just got to play", he insisted. I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital - perhaps it was his insistence or maybe something inside of me saying that it would be all right.

The night of the recital came and the high school gymnasium was packed with parents, relatives and friends. I put Robby last in the program, just before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he might do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my 'curtain closer'.

Well, the recital went off without a hitch, the students had been practicing and it showed. Then Robby came up on the stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair

(Continued on page 4)


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If the number 2 pencil is so popular why is it still number 2?

Why do we press harder on the remote control when we know the batteries are weak?

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ART**



**TO REFLECT THE
DESIGNER IN YOU**

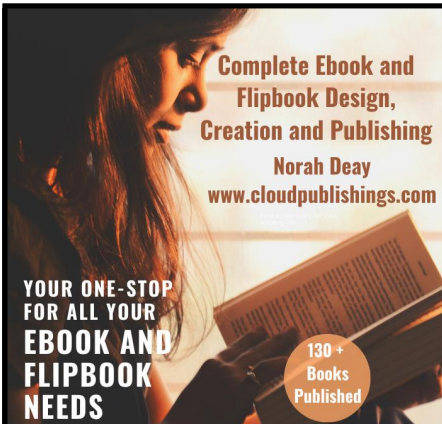
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Why do fat chance
and slim chance
mean the same
thing?

Why are there no B
batteries?

First Class

A plane is on its way to Toronto, when a blonde in economy class gets up, and moves to the first class section and sits down.

The flight attendant watches her do this, and asks to see her ticket. She then tells the blonde that she paid for economy class, and that she will have to sit in the back.

The blonde replies, "I'm blonde, I'm beautiful, I'm going to Toronto and I'm staying right here."

The flight attendant goes into the cockpit and tells the pilot and the co-pilot that there is a blonde bimbo sitting in first class that belongs in economy, and won't move back to her seat.

The co-pilot goes back to the blonde and tries to explain that because she only paid for economy, she will have to leave and return to her seat.

The blonde replies, "I'm blonde, I'm beautiful, I'm going to Toronto and I'm staying right here."

The co-pilot tells the pilot that he probably should have the police waiting when they land to arrest this blonde woman, who won't listen to reason.

The pilot says, "You say she is a blonde? I'll handle this. I'm married to a blonde. I speak blonde."


He goes back to the blonde and whispers in her ear, and she says, "Oh, I'm sorry." and gets up and goes back to her seat in economy.

The flight attendant and co-pilot are

amazed and asked him what he said to make her move without any fuss.

"I told her, "First class isn't going to Toronto."

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"Soup ta Nuts"

On Being a Cougar

Hey gals, it's never too late to be a cougar...especially when we get a wee bit older cause every man who's younger can make you a cougar—yipppeeeee!

You know I told you I won the dance contest a few weeks back, well now there's no stopping this gorgeous dance machine in coveralls. Off to the Rib Fest in Burlington I went and so much music.

I landed myself under the shade and the music got into my blood. My feet just had to fly. I was center stage, all by myself, that is until I spied this gorgeous hunk of a man standing off to the side. I just knew he was aching to dance with me and was just too shy to ask. So, I sashayed over and invited him to dance with me. I was, of course by that time, the center of attraction. But I was not too proud to share the limelight that day.

What a hunk. Elvis had nothing on this one. He even kept up with me. He gyrated, twisted his body every which way letting the music control his feet.

I just know he thought this old ti-gress would tire out first, but no siree, no young buck was gonna show me up.

The crowd egged us both on, and hey, we even appeared on the huge screen for all the world to see. I just know that no one was listening to the darn music, as they couldn't take their eyes off the two of us. Actually truthfully, it was me who couldn't take my eyes off this brute of a man.

The sweat was pouring off of him, he was breathing heavily, and he was right into the music, while actually I was right into him. Wow! I was so used to Clem breathing heavy and sweat pouring off of him from shuffling around from the couch to the kitchen chair.

This was almost too much for a lady of my stature to bear. The music kept going and going, and I sneakily gestured to the band on stage that they should rest the song. They didn't catch

on as I sliced my finger across my throat to kill the music...they assumed it was part of the dance I guess.

This young whippersnapper was not going to get the best of me even if they carried me off the grassy dance floor.

Folks, all of a sudden, this dude jumped into the air and clicked his heels together, but I was determined that he would not outdo me. I jumped in the air and arms a stretchin out and clicked my hands together. Showed him up I did!

The music finally stopped and I ran off the grass while he hobbled...I confess to you that I did have a hand in that hobbling as my fly-away-foot caught him on his muscular calf. The devil made me do it.

I couldn't leave him like that without giving him a hug and thanking him. He hugged me real tight soaking me from all the sweat coming off of him.

I asked him what he was doing later and he said he was going with his dad to a country bar to dance the night away. He had to go with his dad because you had to be older to get into the bar. Turns out this hunk was only 15! Oh no! Why I was old enough to be his great-grandmother.

I think I'll be a little more watchful next time to make sure my cougaring days produce someone a wee bit older.

Hey gals, if you want to know how to attract these young ones so you too can become a cougar, just call. I give cheap lessons and bring your own music. How was your week? Klara

Piano Lessons

(Continued from page 2)

looked as though he had run an egg beater through it. Why wasn't he dressed up like the other students I asked myself and why didn't his mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?

Robby pulled out the piano bench, and I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen to play Mozart's Concerto No. 21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys. They even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo, from allegro to virtuoso; his suspended chords that Mozart demands were magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by anyone his age.

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After six and a half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo, and everyone was on their feet in wild applause! Overcome, and in tears, I ran up on-stage and put my arms around Robby in joy. "I have never heard you play like that Robby, how did you do it?"

Through the microphone Robby explained: "Well, Miss Honor, remember I told you that my mom was sick? Well, she actually had cancer and passed away this morning. And, well...she was born deaf, so tonight was the first time she had ever heard me play, and I wanted to make it special."

There wasn't a dry eye in the house that evening. As the people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into foster care, I noticed that even their eyes were red and puffy. I thought to myself then how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil.

No, I have never had a prodigy, but that night I became a prodigy...of Robby. He was the teacher and I was the pupil, for he had taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself, and maybe even taking a chance on someone and you didn't know why.

Robby was killed years later in the senseless bombing of the Alfred P. Murray Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April, 1995.

With a little Bit of Luck

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

The Young Entrepreneur

When I was 13, I became aware that the local community centre (a retired rural school) needed the outdoor entrance painted. The prospect of a chance to earn money and start my career as a contractor inspired me to pursue the job.

I recruited my brother and two neighbours. One of the guys was quite impressive since he was already over six feet tall.

I said we could scrape and paint the entrance area in a weekend. The trustee was impressed. We agreed on a price and I was awarded the contract.

I had learned to paint with my father who always paid attention to detail. My paint crew arrived on bikes early on a Friday morning eager to paint.

The first challenge to my leadership happened quickly when my crew grabbed paint brushes and I told them that first we had to scrape the old paint removing all the loose flakes.

The grumbling began as they started to scrape and sand to remove the weathered remains of years of sun-baked paint. The work was hot and boring. After two hours the grumbling was starting to turn toward mutiny.

The old paint was in much worse shape than I had realized. Our rate per hour was diminishing almost as fast as my team's enthusiasm for the task.

By lunchtime my brother and one of my crew had deserted. By 3 pm I was a contractor without a crew. Unlike the mutinies at sea, my crew had no desire to take over the ship. They had seen enough and by the time the first paint was applied I was on my own.

I managed to get a start on painting that day and over the next two days I was able to complete the task. I was exhausted. My entrepreneurial contracting career had come to a flaky end.

I reluctantly settled up with my crew and realized that being the boss isn't always fun. I decided that with a little bit of luck I could earn more as a hired man.



An elderly man in Louisiana had owned a large farm for several years. He had a large pond in the back. It was properly

shaped for swimming, so he fixed it up nice with picnic tables, horseshoe courts, and some apple and peach trees.

One evening the old farmer decided to go down to the pond as he hadn't been there for a while, and look it over. He grabbed a five-gallon bucket to bring back some fruit. As he neared the pond, he heard voices shouting and laughing with glee. As he came closer, he saw it was a bunch of young women skinny-dipping in his pond.

He made the women aware of his presence and they all went to the deep end. One of the women shouted to him, "We're not coming out until you leave!"

The old man frowned, "I didn't come down here to watch you ladies swim naked or make you get out of the pond naked." Holding the bucket up he said, "I'm here to feed the alligator."

Some old men can still think fast.

Signs of the Times

Sign over a Gynecologist's Office:

"Dr. Jones, at your cervix."

In a Podiatrist's office:

"Time wounds all heels."

On a Septic Tank Truck:

Yesterday's Meals on Wheels

At a Proctologist's door:

"To expedite your visit, please back in."

At an Optometrist's Office:

"If you don't see what you're looking for,

You've come to the right place."

On a Plumber's truck:

"We repair what your husband fixed."

On another Plumber's truck:

"Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber."

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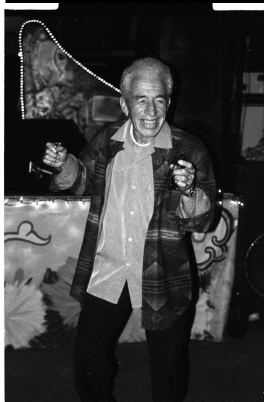
Brain Functions!

I've seen this with the letters out of order, but this is the first time I've seen it with numbers.

Good example of a Brain Study: If you can read this OUT LOUD you have a strong mind. And better than that: Alzheimer's is a long, long, ways down the road before it ever gets anywhere near you.

7H15 M3554G3
53RV35 70 PROV3
HOW OUR M1ND5 C4N
DO 4M4Z1NG 7H1NG5!
1MPR3551V3 7H1NG5!
1N 7H3 B3G1NN1NG
17 WA5 H4RD BU7
NOW, ON 7H15 LIN3
YOUR M1ND 1S
R34D1NG 17
4U7OM471C4LLY
W17H OU7 3V3N
7H1NK1NG 4BOU7 17,
B3 PROUD! ONLY
C3R741N P30PL3 C4N
R3AD 7H15.

If you can read this, you have a strange mind, too. Can you read this? Only 55 people out of 100 can. I don't believe that I could actually understand what I was reading. The phenomenal power of the human mind, according to a research at Cambridge University, it doesn't matter in what order the letters in a word are, the only important thing is that the first and last letter be in the right place. The rest can be a total mess and you can still read it without a problem. This is because the human mind does not read every letter by itself, but the word as a whole. Amazing huh? Yeah and I always thought spelling was important!



As I've Aged

As I've aged, I've become kinder to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I have seen too many dear

friends leave this world too soon before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging. Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or

play, on the computer, until 4 AM, or sleep until noon?

I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50's, 60's and 70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will.

I will walk the beach, in a swimsuit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And, I eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But, broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.



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A Newfoundland painter by the name of Skipper Drover, while not a brilliant scholar, was a gifted portrait artist. Over a short number of years, his fame grew and soon people from all over the country were coming to him in Long Harbor for his paintings.

One day, a beautiful young woman pulled up to his house in a stretch limo and asked Skipper if he would paint her in the nude. This was the first time anyone had made this request and it had Skipper a bit perturbed. The beautiful lady told him that money was no object; in fact, she was willing to pay up to \$50,000.

Not wanting to get into trouble with his wife, Skipper asked the lady to wait while he went in the house and conferred with Rose, his missus. In a few minutes he returned and said to the lady, "It would be me pleasure to paint your portrait, missus. The wife says it's okay. I'll paint ya in da nude, but I has ta leave me socks on so I has a place to wipe me brushes."

Laughter must be Biblical;...yah can't look at us and tell me God doesn't have a sense of humour.

Prayers & Blessings...

One Sunday morning, a mother went in to wake her son and tell him it was time to get ready for church, to which he replied, "I'm not going."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I'll give you two good reasons," he said. "(1) they don't like me, and (2) I don't like them."

His mother replied, "I'll give you two good reasons why you SHOULD go to church:

(1) you're 59 years old, and (2) you're the pastor!"

The Picnic

A Jewish Rabbi and a Catholic Priest met at the town's annual 4th of July picnic. Old friends, they began their usual banter.

"This baked ham is really delicious," the priest teased the rabbi. "You really ought to try it. I know it's against your religion, but I can't understand why such a wonderful food should be forbidden! You don't know what you're missing. You just haven't lived until you've tried Mrs. Hall's prized Virginia Baked Ham. Tell me, Rabbi, when are you going to break down and try it?"

The rabbi looked at the priest with a big grin, and said, "At your wedding."

The Usher

An elderly woman walked into the local country church. The friendly usher greeted her at the door and helped her up the flight of steps. "Where would you like to sit?" he asked politely.

"The front row, please," she answered.

"You really don't want to do that," the usher said. "The pastor is really boring."

"Do you happen to know who I am?" the woman inquired.

"No," he said.

"I'm the pastor's mother," she replied indignantly.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Good," he answered.

The Best Way To Pray

A priest, a minister and a guru sat discussing the best positions for prayer, while a telephone repairman worked nearby.

"Kneeling is definitely the best way to pray," the priest said.

"No," said the minister. "I get the best results standing with my hands outstretched to Heaven."

"You're both wrong," the guru said.

"The most effective prayer position is lying down on the floor."

The repairman could contain himself no longer. "Hey, fellas," he interrupted.

"The best prayin' I ever did was when I was hangin' upside down from a telephone pole."

The Twenty and the One

A well-worn one-dollar bill and a similarly distressed twenty-dollar bill arrived at a Federal Reserve Bank to be retired. As they moved along the conveyor belt to be burned, they struck up a conversation. The twenty-dollar bill reminisced about its travels all over the country.

"I've had a pretty good life," the twenty proclaimed. "Why I've been to Las Vegas and Atlantic City, the finest restaurants in New York, performances on Broadway, and even a cruise to the Caribbean."

"Wow!" said the one-dollar bill. "You've really had an exciting life!"

"So, tell me," says the twenty, "where have you been throughout your lifetime?"

The one dollar bill replies, "Oh, I've been to the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the Lutheran Church."

The twenty-dollar bill interrupts, "What's a church?"

Goat for Dinner

The young couple invited their elderly pastor for Sunday dinner. While they were in the kitchen preparing the meal, the minister asked their son what they were having.

"Goat," the little boy replied.

"Goat?" replied the startled man of the cloth, "Are you sure about that?"

"Yep," said the youngster. "I heard Dad say to Mom, 'Today is just as good as any to have the old goat for dinner.'"

Newfoundlander's Fire Insurance

A man and his wife moved back home to Newfoundland from Vancouver. The wife had a wooden leg and to insure it in BC was \$2000.00 a year!

When they arrived in Newfoundland, they went to an insurance agency to see how much it would cost to insure the wooden leg. The agent looked it up on the computer and said to the couple, '\$39.00.'

The husband was shocked and asked

why it was so cheap here in Newfoundland to insure, because it cost him \$2000.00 in BC!

The agent turned his computer screen to the couple and said, "Well, here it is on the screen, it says:

"Any wooden structure, with a sprinkler system over it, is \$39.00."

I always did find the Newfoundland Logic far superior to most others!!!



Why Our Health Care Costs Are So High!!!

Bubba had shingles.

Those of us who spend much time in a doctor's office should appreciate this! Doesn't it seem more and more that physicians are running their practices like an assembly line?

Here's what happened to Bubba:

Bubba walked into a doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had. Bubba said: "Shingles." So she wrote down his name, address, medical insurance number and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles." So she wrote down his height, weight, a complete medical history and told Bubba to wait in the examining room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles." So the nurse gave Bubba a blood test, a blood pressure test, an electrocardiogram, and told Bubba to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

An hour later the doctor came in and found Bubba sitting patiently in the nude and asked Bubba what he had. Bubba said, "Shingles."

The doctor asked, "Where?"

Bubba said, "Outside on the truck. Where do you want me to unload 'em?"

Paraprozdokians

(Winston Churchill loved them) are figures of speech, in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected; frequently humorous.

1. Where there's a will, I want to be in it.
2. The last thing I want to do is hurt you; but, it's still on my list.
3. Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
4. If I agreed with you, we'd both be wrong.
5. We never really grow up; we only learn how to act in public.
6. War does not determine who is right—only who is left.
7. Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.
8. They begin the evening news with 'Good Evening,' then proceed to tell you why it isn't.
9. To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research?
10. Buses stop in bus stations. Trains stop in train stations. Why is my desk a work station.
11. I thought I wanted a career. Turns out I just wanted paychecks.
12. In filling out an application, where it says, 'In case of emergency, notify:' I put 'DOCTOR.'
13. I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.
14. Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are sexy.
15. Behind every successful man is his woman. Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman.
16. A clear conscience is the sign of a fuzzy memory.
17. You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.
18. Money can't buy happiness, but it sure makes misery easier to live with.
19. There's a fine line between cuddling and holding someone down so they can't get away.
20. I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not so sure.
21. You're never too old to learn something stupid.
22. To be sure of hitting the target,

shoot first and call whatever you hit the target.

23. Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

24. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

25. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.

26. Where there's a will, there are relatives.

Could This Be True?

Did you know that drinking two glasses of Gatorade can relieve headache pain almost immediately without the unpleasant side effects caused by traditional pain relievers?

Did you know that Colgate Toothpaste makes an excellent salve for burns?

Before you head to the drugstore for a high-priced inhaler filled with mysterious chemicals, try chewing on a couple of curiously strong Altoids peppermints. They'll clear up your stuffed nose.

Achy muscles from a bout of the flu? Mix 1 tablespoon horseradish in 1 cup of olive oil. Let the mixture sit for 30 minutes, then apply it as a massage oil for instant relief for aching muscles.

Sore throat? Just mix 1/4 cup of vinegar with 1/4 cup of honey and take 1 tablespoon six times a day. The vinegar kills the bacteria.

Cure urinary tract infections with Alka-Seltzer. Just dissolve two tablets in a glass of water and drink it at the onset of the symptoms. Alka-Seltzer begins eliminating urinary tract infections almost instantly, even though the product was never advertised for this use.

Honey remedy for skin blemishes..... Cover the blemish with a dab of honey and place a Band-Aid over it. Honey kills the bacteria, keeps the skin sterile, and speeds healing. Works overnight.

Listerine therapy for toenail fungus: Get rid of unsightly toenail fungus by soaking your toes in Listerine Mouth-

wash. The powerful antiseptic leaves your toenails looking healthy again.

Easy eyeglass protection... To prevent the screws in eyeglasses from loosening, apply a small drop of Maybelline Crystal Clear Nail Polish to the threads of the screws before tightening them.

Smart splinter remover: Just pour a drop of Elmer's Glue-All over the splinter, let dry, and peel the dried glue off the skin. The splinter sticks to the dried glue.

Hunt's Tomato Paste boil cure... Cover the boil with Hunt's Tomato Paste as a compress. The acids from the tomatoes soothe the pain and bring the boil to a head.

Quaker Oats for fast pain relief.... it's not for breakfast any more! Mix 2 cups of Quaker Oats and 1 cup of water in a bowl and warm in the microwave for 1 minute, cool slightly, and apply the mixture to your hands for soothing relief from arthritis pain.

Vinegar to heal bruises... Soak a cotton ball in white vinegar and apply it to the bruise for 1 hour. The vinegar reduces the blueness and speeds up the healing process.

Balm for broken blisters. To disinfect a broken blister, dab on a few drops of Listerine, a powerful antiseptic.

Medical Secretary Bloopers!

Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation.

Examination of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized.

The lab test indicated abnormal lover function. (liver?)

Skin: somewhat pale, but present.

The pelvic exam will be done later on the floor.

Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

When she fainted, her eyes rolled around the room.

The patient was in his usual state of good health until his airplane ran out of fuel and crashed.