

Lighten Up

DECEMBER 2023 ISSUE

SOUP TA
NUTS

'T WAS THE
NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS



Begin Every Day With A Smile

Lighten Up

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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 New Year. Liz Underhill



Dad's Story

On July 22nd, I was enroute to Washington, DC , for a business trip. It was all so very ordinary, until we landed in Denver for a plane change. As I collected my belongings from the overhead locker, an announcement was made for Mr. Lloyd Glenn to see the United Customer Service Representative immediately. I thought nothing of it until I reached the door to leave the plane and I heard a gentleman asking every male if he were Mr. Glenn. At this point I knew something was wrong and my heart sunk.

When I got off the plane, a solemn-faced young man came toward me and said, "Mr. Glenn, there is an emergency at your home. I do not know what the emergency is, or who is involved, but I will take you to the phone so you can call the hospital."

My heart was now pounding, but the will to be calm took over. Woodenly, I followed this stranger to the distant telephone where I called the number he gave me for the Mission Hospital . My call was put through to the trauma center where I learned that my three-year-old son had been trapped underneath the automatic garage door for several minutes and that when my wife had found him he was dead. CPR had been performed by a neighbour, who is a doctor, and the paramedics had continued the treatment as Brian was transported to the hospital.

By the time of my call, Brian was revived and they believed he would live, but they did not know how much damage had been done to his brain, nor to his heart. They explained that the door had completely closed on his little sternum right over his heart. He had been severely crushed. After speaking with the medical staff, my wife sounded worried but not hysterical, and I took comfort in her calmness.

The return flight seemed to last forever, but finally I arrived at the hospital six hours after the garage door had come down. When I walked into the intensive care unit, nothing could have prepared me to see my little son lying so still on a great big bed with tubes and monitors everywhere. He was on a respirator. I glanced at my wife who stood and tried to give me a reassuring smile. It all seemed like a terrible dream. I was filled-in with the details and given a guarded prognosis. Brian was going to live, and the preliminary tests indicated that his heart was OK, two miracles in and of themselves, but only time would tell if his brain received any damage.

Throughout the seemingly endless hours, my wife was calm. She felt that Brian would eventually be all right. I hung on to her words and faith like a lifeline. All that night and the next day Brian remained unconscious. It seemed like forever since I had left for my business trip the day before.

Finally at two o'clock that afternoon, our son regained consciousness and sat up uttering the most beautiful words I have ever heard spoken.. He said, "Daddy hold me", and he reached for me with his little arms.

By the next day he was pronounced as having no neurological or physical deficits, and the story of his miraculous survival spread throughout the hospital. You cannot imagine, when we took Brian home, we felt a unique reverence for the life and love that comes to those who brush death so closely.

(Continued on page 6)

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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!

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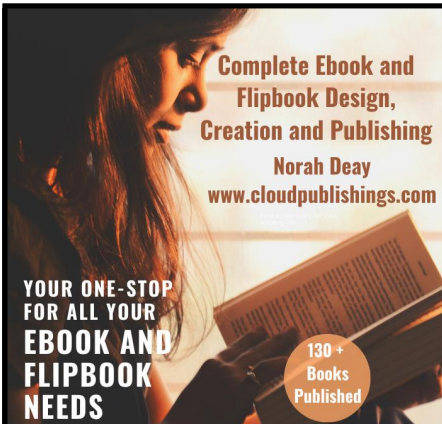
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I Wonder?

What do sea monsters eat for lunch?
Fish and ships

What do you call a monster with no
neck?
The lost neck monster.

What do you get when you cross a
snowman with a vampire?
Frostbite.

A man came home from work and found his five children outside, still in their pajamas, playing in the mud, with empty food boxes and wrappers strewn around the garden.

The door of his wife's car was open, as was the front door to the house and no sign of the dog.

Walking in the door, he found an even bigger mess. A lamp had been knocked over, the throw rug was against one wall. In the front room, the TV was on loudly with the cartoon channel, the family room was strewn with toys and various items of clothing. In the kitchen, dishes filled the sink, breakfast food was spilled on the counter, the fridge door was

open wide, dog food was spilled on the floor, a broken glass lay under the table, and a small pile of sand was spread by the back door.

He quickly headed up the stairs, stepping over toys and more piles of clothes, looking for his wife. He was worried she might be ill, or that something serious had happened. He was met with a small trickle of water as it made its way out the bathroom door. As he peered inside he found wet towels, scummy soap and more toys strewn over the floor.

Miles of toilet paper lay in a heap, and toothpaste had been smeared over the mirror and walls.

As he rushed to the bedroom, he found his wife still curled up in the bed in her pajamas, reading a novel. She looked up at him, smiled and asked how his day went.

He looked at her bewildered and asked, "What happened here today?"

She again smiled and answered, "You know every day when you come home from work and you ask me what in the world do I do all day?"

"Yes," was his incredulous reply.

She answered, "Well, today I didn't do it."



"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

Merry Christmas

Editor's Note: This is our traditional Christmas poem from our house to yours. May you experience all the love and joy that this season brings, and may you continue from this day forward. If you wish to copy, forward to someone that you know that might be in need of a smile, please do so with our blessing. Liz Underhill

Class Reunion

He was a widower and she a widow. They had known each other for a number of years being high school classmates and having attended class reunions in the last twenty years without fail.

They had a wonderful evening, their spirits high. The widower throwing admiring glances across the table. The widow smiled coyly back at him.

Finally, he picked up courage to ask her, "Will you marry me?"

After about six seconds of careful consideration, she answered, "Yes, yes I will!"

The evening ended on a happy note for the widower. But the next morning he was troubled. Did she say "Yes" or did she say "No?"

He couldn't remember. Try as he would, he just could not recall. He went over the conversation of the previous evening, but his mind was blank. He remembered asking the question but for the life of him could not recall her response. With fear and trepidation he picked up the phone and called her.

First, he explained that he couldn't remember as well as he used to. Then he reviewed the past evening. As he gained a little more courage he then inquired of her. "When I asked if you would marry me, did you say "Yes" or did you say "No?"

"Why you silly man I said, 'Yes. Yes I will.' And I meant it with all my heart."

The widower was delighted. He felt his heart skip a beat.

Then she continued. "And I am so glad you called because I couldn't remember who asked me!"



**Winter
Is
Coming**

The Farmer's Almanac is predicting a very cold winter. It must be true because the squirrels are gathering NUTS.

A Nun Grading Papers

Can you imagine the nun sitting at her desk grading these papers, all the while trying to keep a straight face and maintain her composure!

Kids were asked questions about the old and new testaments. The following seven statements about the bible were written by children. They have not been retouched or corrected. Incorrect spelling has been left in.

1. In the first book of the bible, gooi-ness's. God got tired of creating the world so he took the Sabbath off.
2. Adam and eve were created from an apple tree. Noah's wife was Joan of ark. Noah built and ark and the animals came on in pears.
3. Lots wife was a pillar of salt during the day, but a ball of fire during the night.
4. The Jews were a proud people and throughout history they had trouble with unsympathetic genitals.
5. Sampson was a strongman who let himself be led astray by a jezebel like Delilah.
6. Samson splayed the philistines with the axe of the apostles.
7. Moses led the Jews to the red sea where they made unleavened bread, which is bread without any ingredients.

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Dad's Story

(Continued from Page 2)

In the days that followed, there was a special spirit about our home. Our two older children were much closer to their little brother. My wife and I were much closer to each other, and all of us were very close as a whole family. Life took on a less stressful pace. Perspective seemed to be more focused and balance much easier to gain and maintain. We felt deeply blessed. Our gratitude was truly profound.

The story is not over (smile)!

Almost a month later to the day of the accident, Brian awoke from his afternoon nap and said, "Sit down Mommy. I have something to tell you."

At this time in his life, Brian usually spoke in small phrases, so to say a large sentence surprised my wife. She sat down with him on his bed, and he began his sacred and remarkable story.

"Do you remember when I got stuck under the garage door? Well, it was so heavy and it hurt really bad. I called to you but you couldn't hear me. I started to cry, but then it hurt too bad and then the 'birdies' came."

"The birdies?" my wife asked puzzled..

"Yes," he replied. "The birdies made a whooshing sound and flew into the garage. They took care of me."

"They did?"

"Yes," he said. "One of the birdies came and got you. She came to tell you 'I got stuck under the door.'"

A sweet reverent feeling filled the room. The spirit was so strong and yet lighter than air. My wife realized that a three-year-old had no concept of death and spirits, so he was referring to the beings who came to him from beyond as "birdies" because they were up in the air like birds that fly. "What did the birdies look like?" she asked.

Brian answered, "They were so beautiful. They were dressed in white, all white. Some of them had green and white. But some of them had on just white."

"Did they say anything?"

"Yes," he answered. "They told me the baby would be all right."

"The baby?" my wife asked confused.

Brian answered, "The baby lying on the garage floor." He went on, "You came out and opened the garage door and ran to the baby. You told the baby to stay and not leave."

My wife nearly collapsed upon hearing

this, for she had indeed gone and knelt beside Brian's body and seeing his crushed chest whispered, "Don't leave us Brian, please stay if you can." As she listened to Brian telling her the words she had spoken, she realized that the spirit had left his body and was looking down from above on this little lifeless form. "Then what happened?" she asked.

"We went on a trip," he said, "far, far away." He grew agitated trying to say the things he didn't seem to have the words for. My wife tried to calm and comfort him, and let him know it would be okay. He struggled with wanting to tell something that obviously was very important to him, but finding the words was difficult.

"We flew so fast up in the air. They're so pretty, Mommy," he added. "And there are lots and lots of birdies." My wife was stunned. Into her mind the sweet comforting spirit enveloped her more soundly, but with an urgency she had never before known. Brian went on to tell her that the "birdies" had told him that he had to come back and tell everyone about the "birdies." He said they brought him back to the house and that a big fire truck and an ambulance were there. A man was bringing the baby out on a white bed and he tried to tell the man that the baby would be okay. The story went on for an hour.

He taught us that "birdies" were always with us, but we don't see them because we look with our eyes and we don't hear them because we listen with our ears. But they are always there, you can only see them in here (he put his hand over his heart). They whisper the things to help us to do what is right because they love us so much. Brian continued, stating, "I have a plan, Mommy. You have a plan. Daddy has a plan. Everyone has a plan. We must all live our plan and keep our promises. The birdies help us to do that cause they love us so much."

In the weeks that followed, he often came to us and told all, or part of it, again and again. Always the story remained the same. The details were never changed or out of order. A few times he added further bits of information and clarified the message he had already delivered. It never ceased to amaze us how he could tell such detail and speak beyond his ability when he talked about his birdies.

Everywhere he went, he told strangers about the "birdies". Surprisingly, no one

ever looked at him strangely when he did this. Rather, they always got a softened look on their face and smiled. Needless to say, we have not been the same ever since that day, and I pray we never will be.

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Seniors Can Get Away With Anything



An elderly lady was invited to an old friend's home for dinner one evening. She was impressed by the way her lady friend preceded every request to her husband with endearing terms such as: Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart, etc. The couple had been married almost 70 years and, clearly, they were still very much in love.

While the husband was in the living room, her lady friend leaned over to her hostess to say, "I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your husband all those loving names."

The elderly lady hung her head, "I have to tell you the truth," she said, "His name slipped my mind about ten years ago, and I'm scared to death to ask the cranky old goat what his name is."

Blonde Cook Book

Monday

It's fun to cook for Bob. Today I made angel food cake. The recipe said beat 12 eggs separately. The neighbors were nice enough to loan me the extra bowls

Tuesday

He wanted fruit salad for supper. The recipe said serve without dressing. So I didn't dress. What a surprise when he brought a friend home for supper.

Wednesday

A good day for rice. The recipe said wash thoroughly before steaming the rice. It seemed kind of silly but I took a bath anyway. I can't say it improved the rice any.

Thursday

Today he asked for salad again so I tried a new recipe. It said prepare ingredients; lay on a bed of lettuce one hour before serving. Asked me why I was rolling around in the garden.

Friday

I found an easy recipe for cookies. It said put the ingredients in a bowl and beat it.. There must have been something wrong with this recipe. When I got back, everything was the same as when I left.

Saturday

He did the shopping today and brought home a chicken. He asked me to dress it for Sunday. I don't have any clothes that fit it, and for some reason he keeps counting to ten.

Sunday

I wanted to serve roast but all I had was hamburger. Suddenly I had a flash of genius. I put the hamburger in the oven and set the controls for

roast. It still came out hamburger, much to my disappointment.

GOOD NIGHT DIARY. This has been a very exciting week! I am eager for tomorrow to come so I can try out a new recipe. If I can talk him into buying a bigger oven, I would like to surprise him with a chocolate moose.

Editor's Note: This is only in jest as I am/was a blonde too.

Proof Reading

This one I caught in the SGV Tribune the other day and called the Editorial Room and asked who wrote this. It took two or three readings before the editor realized that what he was reading was impossible!!! They put in a correction the next day.

I just couldn't help but send this along. Too funny.
Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says
Really? Ya think?

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jay-walkers. Now that's taking things a bit far!

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over
What a guy!

Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant
See if that works any better than a fair trial!

War Dims Hope for Peace
I can see where it might have that effect!

Man Kills Self Before Shooting Wife and Daughter
If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last Awhile
Ya think?!

Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures
Who would have thought!

Enfield (London) Couple
Slain; Police Suspect Homicide
They may be on to something!

Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges
You mean there's something stronger than duct tape?

Man Struck By Lightning: Faces Battery Charge
He probably IS the battery charge!

New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group
Weren't they fat enough?!

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft
That's what he gets for eating those beans!

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks
Do they taste like chicken?

And the winner is....
Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead

Did I read that right?

The Bacon Tree

Two Mexicans are stuck in the desert after crossing into the United States, wandering aimlessly and starving. They are about to just lie down and wait for death, when all of a sudden Luis says.....

"Hey Pepe, do you smell what I smell? Ees bacon, I theenk."

"Is, Luis, eet sure smell like bacon." With renewed hope they struggle up the next sand dune, and there, in the distance, is a tree loaded with bacon. There's raw bacon, there's fried bacon, back bacon, double-smoked bacon ... Every imaginable kind of cured pork.

"Pepe, Pepe, we ees saved! Ees a bacon tree!"

"Luis, maybe ees a meerage? We ees in the desert don't forget."

"Pepe, since when deed you ever hear of a meerage that smell like bacon...ees no meerage, ees a bacon tree!"

And with that, Luis staggers towards the tree. He gets to within five metres, Pepe crawling close behind, when suddenly a machine gun opens up, and Luis drops like a wet sock. Mortally wounded, he warns Pepe with his dying breath....

"Pepe... Go back man, you was right, ees not a bacon tree!"

"Luis, Luis mi amigo... what ees it?"

"Pepe.. ees not a bacon tree. Ees.... Ees....

Ees....

Ees....

Ees..... a ham bush...."

A young man learns what's most important in life from the guy next door.



Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

"Jack, did you hear me?"

"Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said.

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important...Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack said.

As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away. The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture...Jack stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked.

"The box is gone," he said

"What box?" Mom asked.

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'" Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured

someone from the Belser family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. "Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read.

Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. "Mr. Harold Belser" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved:

"Jack, Thanks for your time! -Harold Belser."

The thing he valued most was...my time!

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.

"I need some time to spend with my son," he said.

"Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away,"

Think about this. You may not realize it, but it's 100% true.

1. At least 15 people in this world love you in some way.
2. A smile from you can bring happiness to anyone, even if they don't like you.
3. Every night, SOMEONE thinks about you before they go to sleep.
4. You mean the world to someone.
5. If not for you, someone may not be living.
6. You are special and unique.
7. When you think you have no chance of getting what you want, you probably won't get it, but if you trust God to do

what's best, and wait on His time, sooner or later, you will get it or something better.

8. When you make the biggest mistake ever, something good can still come from it.

9. When you think the world has turned its back on you, take a look: you most likely turned your back on the world.

10. Someone that you don't even know exists loves you.

11. Always remember the compliments you received.. Forget about the rude remarks.

12. Always tell someone how you feel about them; you will feel much better when they know and you'll both be happy.

13. If you have a great friend, take the time to let them know that they are great.

To everyone that reads this: *"Thanks for your time."*

America is the only country where a significant proportion of the population believes that professional wrestling is real, but the moon landing was faked.

~ David Letterman

The only reason that they say, 'Women and children first' is to test the strength of the lifeboats.



~ Jean Kerr


When a man opens a car door for his wife, it's either a new car or a new wife.

~ Prince Philip

Lawyers believe that a man is innocent until proven broke.

~ Robin Hall



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