

# Lighten





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From The Editor: Boy, it sure is a hot summer. Seems too many heat warning days. But so nice to be part of the warm friendships, sharing and our seasonal growing of vegetables, fruits and the like. It's a wonderful time to meet our local farmers and support them with our time and \$\$\$.

More great news from Klara about forgiveness (at least in her style).

It is amazing as I read how a little act of kindness can change a person's entire life. A hug or a smile is such an expensive gift to give another. I have joined a group called the Gratitude Gurus and every day you send a thank you or acknowledgement of some sort to another. I agreed to do this for thirty days and it is so wonderful that all sorts of things come your way to show you all the blessings we all have to be grateful for. Liz Underhill

## The Power of Helping Others!

I was walking around in a Walmart store when I saw a cashier hand this little boy some money back. The boy couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 years old. The cashier said, "I'm sorry, but you don't have enough money to buy this doll."

Then the little boy turned to the old woman next to him, "Granny, are you sure I don't have enough money?"

The old lady replied, "You know that you don't have enough money to buy this doll, my dear." Then she asked him to stay there for just five minutes while she went to look around. She left quickly. The little boy was still holding the doll in his hand.

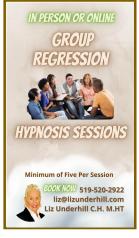
Finally, I walked toward him and I asked him who he wished to give this doll to. "It's the doll that my sister loved most and wanted so much for Christmas. She was sure that Santa Claus would bring it to her."

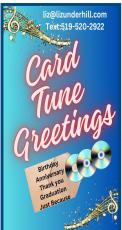
I replied to him that maybe Santa Claus would bring it to her after all, and not to worry.

But he replied to me sadly. "No, Santa Claus can't bring it to her where she is now. I have to give the doll to my mommy so that she can give it to my sister when she goes there."

His eyes were so sad while saying this, "My sister has gone to be with God. Daddy says that Mommy is going to see God very soon too, so I thought that she could take the doll with her to give it to my sister." My heart nearly stopped. The little boy looked up at me and said, "I told Daddy to tell Mommy not to go yet. I need her to wait until I come back from the mall." Then he showed me a very nice photo of himself. He was laughing. He then told me, "I want Mommy to take my picture

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### **Dorace** and Jackie

Two little old ladies. Dorace and



Jackie, were sitting on a park bench outside the local town hall where a flower show was in progress.

The short one, Jackie, leaned over and said, "Life is so boring. We never have any fun anymore. For \$10.00 I'd take my clothes off and streak through that stupid, boring flower show!"

"You're on!" said Dorace, holding up a \$10.00 bill.

So Jackie slowly fumbled her way out of her clothes and, completely naked, streaked (as fast as an old lady can) through the front door of the flower show.

Waiting outside, her friend soon heard a huge commotion inside the hall, followed by loud applause and shrill whistling. Finally, the smiling Jackie came through the exit door surrounded by a cheering, clapping crowd.

"What happened?" asked her waiting friend.

"I won \$1,000 as 1st prize for 'Best Dried Arrangement'..!"

Life is short! Break the rules! Forgive quickly, kiss slowly! Love truly, laugh uncontrollably and never regret anything

Remember! A layer of dust protects the wood underneath it.

A house becomes a home when you can write "I love you" on the furniture.

## A Child's View of

## Thunderstorms

A little girl walked to and

from school daily. Though the weather that morning was questionable and

clouds were forming, she made her daily trek to school. As the afternoon progressed, the winds whipped up, along with lightning.

The mother of the little girl felt concerned that her daughter would be frightened as she walked home from school. She also feared the electrical storm might harm her child. Full of concern, the mother got into her car and quickly drove along the route to her child's school. As she did, she saw her little girl walking along.

At each flash of lightning, the child would stop, look up, and smile. More lightning followed quickly and with each, the little girl would look at the streak of light and smile.

When the mother drew up beside the child, she lowered the window and called, "What are you doing?"

The child answered, "I am trying to look pretty because God keeps taking my picture."



"Soup ta Nuts"

**Foregiveness** 

This month I have been practicing forgiveness. I was told forgiving someone is not for the other person but for me.

Hey, I thought that was a neat idea until I got to thinking about all the grudges I held, and folks, I am in my rights to hope some of these folks get pay-back.

I was thinking of my neighbours down the road a piece. Their dog is forever trotting up the road and doing that nasty thing on my lawn. I just had to sneak down there through the night and heave some of my bagged leaves all over their lawn. Like what do they expect? I don't send Crabby Dog down there to put his doo-doo all over their lawn! At least with leaves, they don't have to get their fingers gummied up.

I thought that was the end of it but the next day there was that little gremlin again. Well out the door I went with my broom in hand, and no I wasn't riding it. He saw me coming. He got his job done and away he scooted, and thought I didn't see that nasty sneer he got caught with as he glanced backwards to see if I was catching up.

He jumped onto his property and came to a dead stop...teeth bared and a growl that sent chills even down my broomstick.

I tried to gingerly step onto the property so I could report his bad behaviour to his parents but no such luck. Folks, I just knew I would be devoured—the broomstick, me and all—if I didn't fly back to my property immediately.

Now I ask, how can I forgive that!? Revenge is the only thing these creatures understand.

I waited until it was dark and went the other way down the road opposite from where this he-dog lived just in case he was on the look-out. He wouldn't be expecting me. I went around and came up from the other way. I rolled down the window of my truck just a teetz, ready to take off at the slightest movement. Nothing. Hahahaha. I had him now. I would pour the garbage all over his lawn and his parents would think he had raided their garbage and he would get punished.

I laughed all the way to my lane and lo and behold, there was this snarly hound in my headlights just coming off of my property with a pack of other dogs and a bunch of cats. That crazy dog must have figured I went away, since I went the other way. I caught him in the act. Imagine my surprise when the next morning there was my garbage container along with my re-cycled wine bottles all over the front yard.

Now I ask, how the heck can I feel better forgiving this monster when he is so vengeful?

Well folks, I am not in a forgiving mood at the moment and for now, I will sit every night broom in hand waiting for the pack to converge on me again. Maybe I will take broom-riding lessons. That would scare the heck out of the works of them.

How was your week? Klara

### WARNING TO US ALL!!!

Shampoo Warning!

I don't know WHY I didn't figure this out sooner!

l use shampoo in the shower!

When I wash my hair, the shampoo runs down my whole body, and Printed very clearly on the shampoo label is this warning, "FOR EXTRA BODY AND VOLUME."

No wonder I have been gaining weight!

Well! I have gotten rid of that shampoo and I am going to start showering with Dawn dish soap instead. Its label reads, "DISSOLVES FAT THAT IS OTHERWISE DIFFICULT TO REMOVE."





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## Not All Heroes Are People!

James Crane worked on the 101st floor of Tow-

er 1 of the World Trade Center. He is blind so he has a golden retriever named Daisy. After the plane hit 20 stories below, James knew that he was doomed, so he let Daisy go, out of an act of love. She darted away into the darkened hallway. Choking on the fumes of the jet fuel and the smoke James was just waiting to die. About 30 minutes later, Daisy comes back along with James' boss, who Daisy just happened to pick up on floor 112.

On her first run of the building, she led James, James' boss, and about three hundred more people out of the doomed building. But she wasn't through yet, she knew there were others who were trapped. So, highly against James' wishes she ran back in the building.

On her second run, she saved 392 lives. Again she went back in. During this run, the building collapses. James hears about this and falls on his knees into tears. Against all known odds, Daisy makes it out alive, but this time she is carried by a firefighter. "She led us

right to the people, before she got injured!" the fireman explained.

Her final run saved another two hundred and seventy-three lives. She suffered acute smoke inhalation, severe burns on all four paws, and a broken leg, but she saved 967 lives. Daisy is the first civilian canine to win the Medal of Honor of New York City. Editor: I hope you enjoyed this story. I thought it was terrific.

### Most Important Lesson

During my second month of college, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions,



until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?"

Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50's. But how would I know her name? I handed in my paper leaving the last question blank.

Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade.

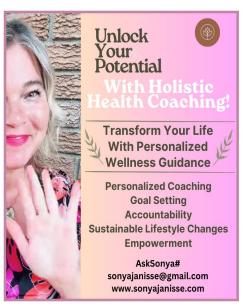
"Absolutely," said the professor. "In your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'."

I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.

Annual meeting of single, good looking, straight, emotionally stable, financially secure, intelligent men looking for a long-term relationship.



ITS SO HOT: The trees are whistling for the dogs.





#### **DON'T LIGHT THAT BUTT!**



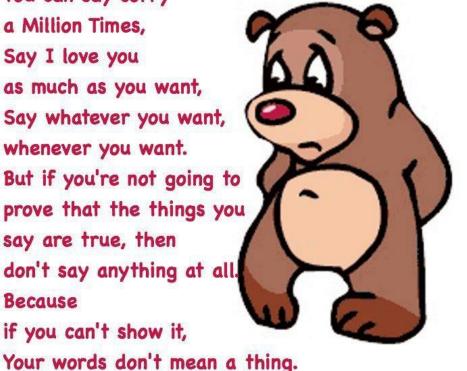
If you ever thought of reaching into an ashtray for a half smoked cigarette, it is time to quit. You can quit smoking without withdrawals, weight gain, or pressure.

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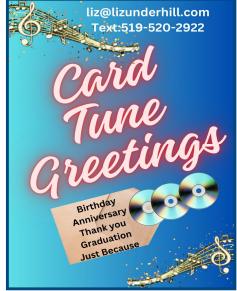
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You can say sorry a Million Times, Say I love you as much as you want, Say whatever you want, whenever you want. But if you're not going to prove that the things you say are true, then don't say anything at all. Because if you can't show it,







## Idiot Sightings!

I handed the teller at my bank a withdrawal slip for \$400.00. I said "May I have large bills, please."

She looked at me and said, "I'm sorry sir, all the bills are the same size." When I got up off the floor I explained it to her....

We had to have the garage door repaired. The Sears repairman told us that one of our problems was that we did not have a 'large' enough motor on the opener.

I thought for a minute and said that we had the largest one Sears made at that time, a 1/2 horsepower.

He shook his head and said, "Lady, you need a 1/4 horsepower."

I responded that 1/2 was larger than 1/4.

He said, "NO, it's not. Four is larger than two."

We haven't used Sears repair since.

I live in a semi-rural area. We recently had a new neighbor call the local township administrative office to request the removal of the DEER CROSSING sign on our road. The reason: "Too many deer are being hit by cars out here! I don't think this is a good place for them to be crossing anymore."

My daughter went to a local Taco Bell and ordered a taco. She asked the person behind the counter for 'minimal lettuce'.

He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg lettuce.

The stoplight on the corner buzzes when it's safe to cross the street.

I was crossing with an intellectually challenged co-worker of mine. She asked if I knew what the buzzer was for.

I explained that it signals blind people when the light is red.

Appalled, she responded, "What on earth are blind people doing driving?"



#### The Power of Helping Others

(Contd...From Page 2)

with her so she won't forget me. I love my Mommy and I wish she didn't have to leave me, but Daddy says that she has to go to be with my little sister."

Then he looked again at the doll with sad eyes, very quietly. I quickly reached for my wallet and said to the boy, "Suppose we check again, just in case you do have enough money for the doll!"

"Okay," he said, "I hope I do have enough."

I added some of my money to his without him seeing and we started to count it. There was enough for the doll and even some spare money.

The little boy said, "Thank you God for giving me enough money!" Then he looked at me and added, "I asked last night before I went to sleep for God to make sure I had enough money to buy this doll, so that Mommy could give it to my sister. He heard me! I also wanted to have enough money to buy a white rose for my mommy, but I didn't dare to ask God for too much. But He gave me enough to buy the doll and a white rose. My mommy loves white roses."

A few minutes later, the old lady returned and I left with my basket. I finished my shopping in a totally different state of mind from when I started. I couldn't get the little boy out of my mind.

Then I remembered a local newspaper article two days ago, which mentioned a drunk man in a truck, who hit a car occupied by a young woman and a little girl. The little girl died right away, and the mother was left in a critical state. The family had to decide whether to pull the plug on the lifesustaining machine, because the young woman would not be able to recover from the coma. Was this the family of the little boy?

Two days after this encounter with

the little boy, I read in the newspaper that the young woman had passed away. I couldn't stop myself as I bought a bunch of white roses and I went to the funeral home where the body of the young woman was for people to see and make last wishes before her burial.

She was there, in her coffin, holding a beautiful white rose in her hand with the photo of the little boy and the doll placed over her chest.

I left the place, teary-eyed, feeling that my life had been changed forever. The love that the little boy had for his mother and his sister is still, to this day, hard to imagine, and in a fraction of a second, a drunk driver had taken all this away from him.

Words of Wisdom: The person reading this is beautiful and strong. Help them live their life to the fullest. Please promote them and inspire them to excel above their expectations. Help them shine in the darkest places where it is impossible to love. Protect them at all times, lift them up when they need you the most, and let them know when they walk with you, they will always be safe.

Women are not moody. We just have days when we are less inclined to put up the crap

PMS and GPS....which means I'm on the warpath and I will find you.

If we were meant to pop out of bed, then we'd sleep in toasters.

## Out of the Mouths of Babes!

Out bicycling one day with my eight-year -old granddaughter, Carolyn, I got a little wistful. "In ten years," I said, "you'll want to be with your friends and you won't go walking, biking, and swimming with me like you do now.

Carolyn shrugged. "In ten years you'll be too old to do all those things anyway."







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A married man left for work early one Friday afternoon. Instead of going home however, he squandered the weekend (and his pay cheque) partying with the boys.

When he finally returned home on Sunday night, he ran into a barrage of epithets from his wife. After a couple of hours of nagging and berating, his wife asked, "How would you like it if you didn't see me for a couple of



days?"

"That would suit me just fine!" the man said.

Monday went by, and the man didn't see his wife. Tuesday and Wednesday went by with the same result. Come Thursday, the swelling went down a bit and he could see her a little, just out of the corner of his left eye.



## The Many Faces of Vincent Van Gogh

The constipated uncle: Can't Gogh. The ballroom dancing aunt: Tang Gogh.

The fruit loving cousin: Man Gogh.
An aunt who taught positive thinking:
Wayto Gogh.

The little bouncy nephew: Poe Gogh. A sister who loved disco: Go Gogh. And his niece who travels the country in a van: Winnie Bay Gogh.

