

A warm, intimate photograph of a woman with short grey hair and black-rimmed glasses smiling and hugging two young girls. The girl on the left is wearing a blue polka-dot shirt and has her eyes closed in a happy embrace. The girl on the right is wearing a white and orange striped shirt and is also smiling. In the foreground, a large roasted turkey is served in a white bowl, surrounded by other Thanksgiving dishes like bread and vegetables. The background is softly blurred, showing a window with yellow autumn leaves hanging from it.

October 2025 Issue

Lighten Up "Chatterbox"

**SOUP TA
NUTS**
Thanksgiving

**FOLDED
NAPKIN - A
TRUCKER'S
STORY**

Begin Everyday With a Smile

Lighten Up



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Editor's Note: Happy October and Happy Canadian Thanksgiving to everyone. Once in a while a true gem comes across my desk. The story below was one of them. Whether true or not, it rings true with wonderful overtones of the true greatness of people. If this touches your heart as it did mine, pass it on. The author is unknown, but it is a human interest story at its best. Liz Underhill.

The Folded Napkin - A Trucker's Story

I try not to be biased, but I had my doubts about hiring Stevie. His placement counselor assured me that he would be a good, reliable busboy.

But I had never had a mentally handicapped employee and wasn't sure I wanted one. I wasn't sure how my customers would react to Stevie.

He was short, a little dumpy with the smooth facial features and thick-tongued speech of Downs Syndrome. I wasn't worried about most of my trucker customers because truckers don't generally care who buses tables as long as the meatloaf platter is good and the pies are homemade.

The four-wheeler drivers were the ones who concerned me; the mouthy college kids traveling to school; the yuppie snobs who secretly polish their silverware with their napkins for fear of catching some dreaded "truck stop germ;" the pairs of white-shirted business men on expense accounts who think every truck stop waitress wants to be flirted with. I knew those people would be uncomfortable around Stevie so I closely watched him for the first few weeks.

I shouldn't have worried. After the first week, Stevie had my staff wrapped around his stubby little finger, and within a month my truck regulars had adopted him as their official truck stop mascot.

After that, I really didn't care what the rest of the customers thought of him. He was like a 21-year-old kid in blue jeans and Nikes, eager to laugh and eager to please, but fierce in his attention to his duties. Every salt and pepper shaker was exactly in its place, not a bread crumb or coffee spill was visible when Stevie got done with the table. Our only problem was persuading him to wait to clean a table until after the customers were finished. He would hover in the background, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scanning the dining room until a table was empty. Then he would scurry to the empty table and carefully bus dishes and glasses onto his cart and meticulously wipe the table up with a practiced flourish of his rag. If he thought a customer was watching, his brow would pucker with added concentration. He took pride in doing his job exactly right, and you had to love how hard he tried to please each and every person he met.

Over time, we learned that he lived with his mother, a widow who was disabled after repeated surgeries for cancer. They lived on their Social Security benefits in public housing two miles from the truck stop. Their social worker, who stopped to check on him every so often, admitted they had fallen between the cracks. Money was tight, and what I paid him was probably the difference between them being able to live together and Stevie being sent to a group home. That's why the restaurant was a gloomy place that morning last August, the first morning in three years that Stevie missed work.

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Confucius Says:

Man who run in front of car get tired.
Man who run behind car get exhausted.
Man with one chopstick go hungry.
Man who scratch butt should not bite fingernails.
Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.
War does not determine who is right, war determine who is left.
Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cathouse.
Man who drive like hell, bound to get there.
Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement.
Man who fish in other man's well often catch crabs.

Garage Door

The boss walked into the office one morning not knowing his zipper was down and his fly area wide open. His assistant walked up to him and said, 'This morning when you left your

house, did you close your garage door?' The boss told her he knew he'd closed the garage door, and walked into his office puzzled by the question.

As he finished his paperwork, he suddenly noticed his fly was open, and zipped it up. He then understood his assistant's question about his 'garage door.'

He headed out for a cup of coffee and paused by her desk to ask, 'When my garage door was open, did you see my Hummer parked in there?'

She smiled and said, 'No, I didn't. All I saw was an old mini van with two flat tires.

Believe It or Not



A Saskatchewan police officer had a perfect spot to watch for speeders, but wasn't getting many. Then he discovered the problem.- a 12-year-old boy was standing up the road with a hand painted sign, which read 'RADAR TRAP AHEAD'. The officer then found a young accomplice down the road with a sign reading 'TIPS' and a bucket full of money.

(And





"Soup ta Nuts"

Thanksgiving

A funny memory came to mind, as I was sitting reminiscing about the past. I was giving thanks for the beautiful summer and knew soon it would be over and the glorious fall would start. My memory recalled a humorous Thanksgiving Day many years ago.

Soon this most important date in our history will be approaching and such an important one for our family too. Thanksgiving is when the Kravitz clan – Clem, mother Mertle, father, Mortimer, Collard and Cornish (our sons), Cranky Cat, and now our newest addition Crabby Dog, sit around the dinner table.

Sometimes it is the only time family can gather and catch up on the year's news and give thanks we are all standing above ground. Each one, with the exception of our beloved animals, says what he/she is thankful for. I know the animals are giving thanks too, that we haven't handed them over to the animal cops when they take a nip out of Clem's hair piece, or knock his false teeth off the stand next to the bed.

Years ago, Clem used to put to rest, our fresh, Thanksgiving turkey. I remember one day, coming home, groceries for the event in hand and there sat Clem, with the turkey wobbling around on his knee. The noises coming out of that bird were like nothing I had ever heard, some foreign language for sure. On looking closer, I realized this bird had glassy eyes.

"Clem what the devil is going on here?" I asked rooted to the spot. "What is wrong with the turkey? Why do you have a whiskey bottle on the table? Why are you holding a spoon?"

The turkey started to flap and I was so startled, I dropped the groceries, cans of pumpkin crushing my toes, my ingrown toenails sending me into spasms of pain. After a few cussing words shouted and more just waiting to erupt, I gained some composure and grabbed a fly swatter to defend myself in the event it came my way. That darn turkey must have realized it was going to be a croaked turkey as it settled down and kept staring at Clem.

"Listen Klara", Clem slurred, "If I have to do the deed of putting my friend here to his eternal rest, then the least I can do is make sure he doesn't feel a thing. That's why I am feeding him the booze".

I shot a look at both drunks and to this day, I swear that turkey winked at me, daring me to do something. That was the last turkey that Clem ever got drunk. He insisted he only wanted to have the turkeys as friends. I told him he had enough friends that were turkeys.

He was aging and he could see his pasture fast approaching. I am sure he was wondering what his fate would be, as I think back, for when I offered to give him some whiskey he looked at me with suspicious eyes.

He said if he couldn't have turkey, then we would have no meat at all. We quit eating meat cold turkey. We are now vegetarians and loving it.

Ms. Klara

Oliver's Tips

Pesky Fruit Flies. You will need a spray bottle with an adjustable spray-head. Fill the bottle with rubbing alcohol and adjust the spray head so that it sprays a fine mist. When you spray the fruit flies, the rubbing alcohol will not kill them but it will knock them out so that they fall onto the floor where you can sweep them up. Doesn't work as well as insecticide, but then again, you won't be poisoning your family and yourself either.





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A Trucker's Story

He was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester getting a new valve or something put in his heart. His social worker said that people with Downs Syndrome often have heart problems at an early age so this wasn't unexpected, and there was a good chance he would come through the surgery in good shape and be back at work in a few months.

A ripple of excitement ran through the staff later that morning when word came that he was out of surgery, in recovery, and doing fine.

Frannie, the head waitress, let out a war hoop and did a little dance in the aisle when she heard the good news.

Marvin Ringers, one of our regular trucker customers, stared at the sight of this 50-year-old grandmother of four doing a victory shimmy beside his table.

Frannie blushed, smoothed her apron and shot Marvin a withering look.

He grinned. "OK, Frannie, what was that all about?" he asked.

"We just got word that Stevie is out of surgery and going to be okay.

"I was wondering where he was. I had a new joke to tell him. What was the surgery about?"

Frannie quickly told Marvin and the other two drivers sitting at his booth about Stevie's surgery, then sighed: "Yeah, I'm glad he is going to be OK," she said. "But I don't know how he and his mom are going to handle all the bills. From what I hear, they're barely getting by as it is." Marvin nodded thoughtfully, and Frannie hurried off to wait on the rest of her tables. Since I hadn't had time to round up a busboy to replace Stevie and really didn't want to replace him, the girls were busing their

own tables that day until we decided what to do.

After the morning rush, Frannie walked into my office. She had a couple of paper napkins in her hand and a funny look on her face.

"What's up?" I asked.

"I didn't get that table where Marvin and his friends were sitting cleared off after they left, and Pete and Tony were sitting there when I got back to clean it off," she said. "This was folded and tucked under a coffee cup."

She handed the napkin to me, and three \$20 bills fell onto my desk when I opened it. On the outside, in big, bold letters, was printed "Something For Stevie."

"Pete asked me what that was all about," she said, "so I told him about Stevie and his Mom and everything, and Pete looked at Tony and Tony looked at Pete, and they ended up giving me this." She handed me another paper napkin that had "Something For Stevie" scrawled on its outside. Two \$50 bills were tucked within its folds. Frannie looked at me with wet, shiny eyes, shook her head and said simply: "truckers".

That was three months ago. Today is Thanksgiving, the first day Stevie is supposed to be back to work.

His placement worker said he's been counting the days until the doctor said he could work, and it didn't matter at all that it was a holiday. He called 10 times in the past week, making sure we knew he was coming, fearful that we had forgotten him or that his job was in jeopardy. I arranged to have his mother bring him to work. I then met them in the parking lot and invited them both to celebrate his day back.

Stevie was thinner and paler, but couldn't stop grinning as he pushed through the doors and headed for the back room where his apron and busing cart were waiting.

"Hold up there, Stevie, not so fast," I said. I took him and his mother by their arms. "Work can wait for a minute. To celebrate your coming back, breakfast for you and your mother is on me!" I led them toward a large corner booth at the rear of the room.

I could feel and hear the rest of the staff following behind as we marched through the dining room. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw booth after booth of grinning truckers empty and join the procession. We stopped in front of the big table. Its surface was covered with coffee cups, saucers and dinner plates, all sitting slightly crooked on dozens of folded paper napkins. "First thing you have to do, Stevie, is clean up this mess," I said. I tried to sound stern.

Stevie looked at me, and then at his mother, then pulled out one of the napkins. It had "Something for Stevie" printed on the outside. As he picked it up, two \$10 bills fell onto the table.

Stevie stared at the money, then at all the napkins peeking from beneath the tableware, each with his name printed or scrawled on it. I turned to his mother. "There's more than \$10,000 in cash and checks on that table, all from truckers and trucking companies that heard about your problems. Happy Thanksgiving."

Well, it got real noisy about that time, with everybody hollering and shouting, and there were a few tears, as well.

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SERENITY PRAYER

Dear Lord. Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I cannot accept and the wisdom to hide the bodies of the people I had to dispose of because they enraged me.

(Continued from Page 5)

A Trucker's Story

But you know what's funny? While everybody else was busy shaking hands and hugging each other, Stevie, with a big smile on his face, was busy clearing all the cups and dishes from the table.

Best worker I ever hired.

Plant a seed and watch it grow.

Three Ladies in a Sauna



Three women, two younger, and one senior citizen, were sitting naked in a sauna.

Suddenly there was a beeping sound. The young woman pressed her forearm and the beep stopped. The others looked at her questioningly. "That was my pager," she said. I have a microchip under the skin of my arm.

A few minutes later, a phone rang. The second young woman lifted her palm to her ear. When she finished, she explained, 'that was my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand.'

The older woman felt very low-tech and not to be outdone, she decided she had to do something just as impressive. She stepped out of the sauna and went to the bathroom. She returned with a piece of toilet paper hanging from her rear end.

The others raised their eyebrows and stared at her. The older woman finally said....."well, will you look at that....I'm getting a fax"!!

Questions That Haunt Me

Why is it that no matter what colour bubble bath you use, the bubbles are always white?

Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?

Why is it that no plastic bag will open from the end on your first try?

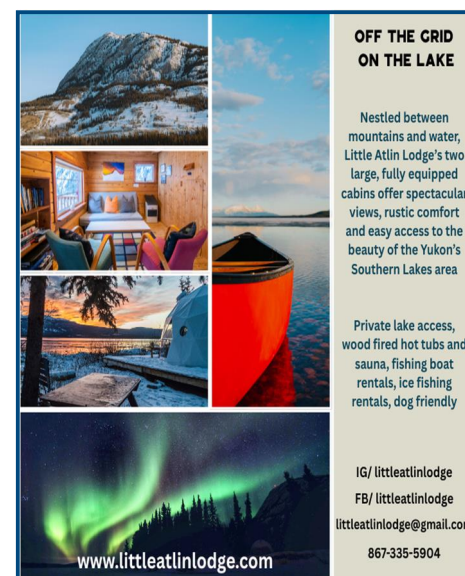
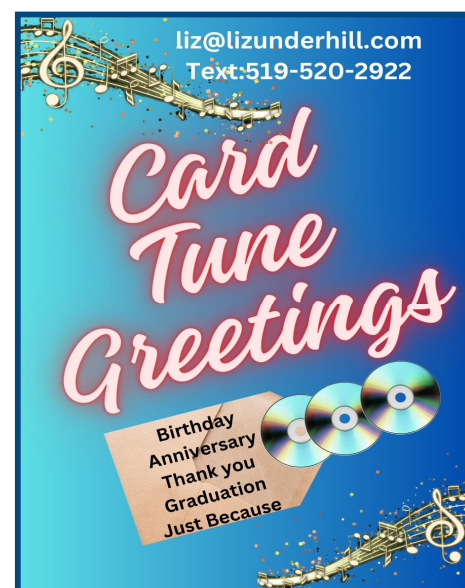
When we are in the supermarket and someone rams our ankle with a shopping cart then apologizes for doing so, why do we say, "It's all right?" Well it isn't all right, so why don't we say, "that really hurt, why don't you watch where you're going?"

Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?

In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in the summer when we complained about the heat?

How come you never hear father-in-law jokes?

Why do banks charge a fee on 'insufficient funds' when they know there is not enough money?



Pet Peeves

Can Cold Water Clean Dishes?

This is for all the germ conscious folks that worry about using cold water to clean. John went to visit his 90-year old grandfather in a very secluded, rural area of Saskatchewan.

After spending a great evening chatting the night away, the next morning John's grandfather prepared breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast.

However, John noticed a film like substance on his plate, and questioned his grandfather asking,

"Are these plates clean?"

His grandfather replied, "They're as clean as cold water can get em. Just you go ahead and finish your meal, Sonny!"

For lunch the old man made hamburgers. Again, John was concerned about the plates, as his appeared to have tiny specks around the edge that looked like dried egg and asked, "Are you sure these plates are clean?"

Without looking up the old man said, "I told you before, Sonny, those dishes are as clean as cold water can get them. Now don't you fret, I don't want to hear another word about it!"

Later that afternoon, John was on his way to a nearby town and as he was leaving, his grandfather's dog started to growl, and wouldn't let him pass.

John yelled and said, "Grandfather, your dog won't let me get to my car."

Without diverting his attention from the football game he was watching on TV, the old man shouted! "Coldwater, go lay down now, yah hear me!" SR



One for the girls

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my shape to keep.
Please no wrinkles, Please no bags
And please lift my butt before it sags.
Please no age spots, Please no gray
And as for my belly, Please take it away.
Please keep me healthy, Please keep me young,
And thank you Dear Lord, For all that you've done.
Five tips for a woman....



1. It is important that a man helps you around the house and has a job.
2. It is important that a man makes you laugh.
3. It is important to find a man you can count on and doesn't lie to You.
4. It is important that a man loves you and spoils you.
5. It is important that these four men don't know each other!



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Remember: Dogs have owners, cats
have staff.

If you look like your passport picture,
you probably need the trip.

Never be too open-minded, your
brains may fall out.

Bathroom Smells. To help get rid of
'bathroom' smells, instead of using air
fresheners, try striking a match
(regular not safety). Sounds strange
but very effective.

Onion Smell: To remove the strong
odor of onions from your hands, hold a
stainless steel spoon in your hand
while running water and rub your
hands as though the spoon were
soapy. Silly, but it works.

Remember: Some days are a total
waste of makeup.

Middle age is when broadness of the
mind and narrowness of the waist
change place.



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