



December 2025 Issue

Lighten Up "Chatterbox"

SOUP TA
NUTS
T'was The
Night Before
Christmas

POWER OF
HELPING
OTHERS

Begin Every Day With a Smile

Lighten Up



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Here we are at the end of a year and Christmas fast approaching. On behalf of our advertisers, columnists and myself, I want to wish everyone, the Merriest of Christmas and all the best in the New Year. This issue finds some fun and heart-warming stories for you to sit and sip your eggnog.

As usual say "hi" to our advertisers, take care and keep smiling. 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 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."

(Continued.....Page 3)

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The Power of Helping Others!

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 life-sustaining 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.

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."



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 that made you smile!





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"Soup ta Nuts"

T'was The Night Before Christmas



From Our House To Yours.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Klara"



'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 he 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



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Not All Heroes Are People!

James Crane worked on the 101st floor of Tower

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. I hope you enjoyed this story. I thought it was terrific.

Be who you are and say what you mean... because those that matter... don't mind...and those that mind...don't matter.

WARNING TO US ALL!!!

Shampoo Warning!

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

I 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."

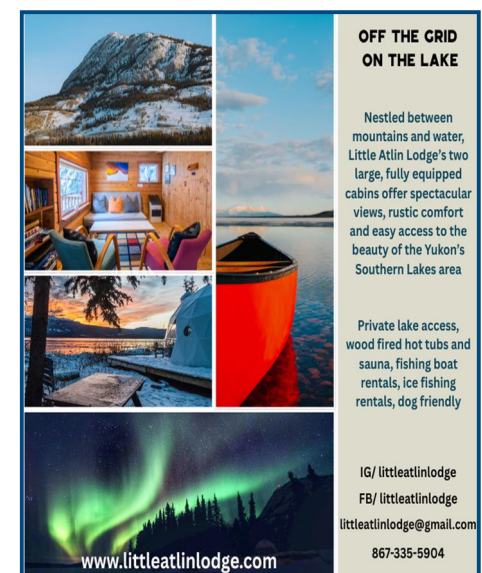
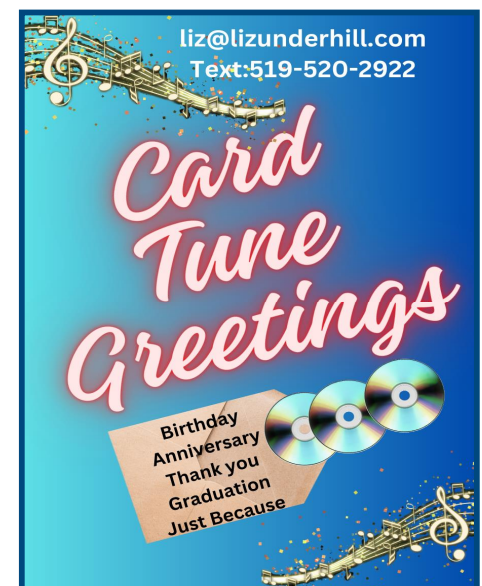
Problem Solved!

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.



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,
Your words don't mean a thing.



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.

Idiot Sightings! Not in Canada You Say?

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....

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."

From Kingman, KS

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.

From Kansas City



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- Anonymous



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