

GEE WILLIKERS!

What should go in this commentary space this week???? I like best to honor God with what goes in here. What does that mean each week? Does it mean serious, challenging stuff every week? If so, no one including me would ever read it.

Don't you get tired of serious stuff all the time? Isn't there enough of it coming at us all the time? We hear about violence, murder, fake this and fake that so much, that I for one get TIRED of it all.

Don't get me wrong, however. It's not as if I see equal arguments all around and it's only a matter of which one prevails for the time being. I see a genuine battle between God's Right, Truth, and Justice, and the Forces of Evil doing everything they can to destroy anything that comes from our Father and His Spirit.

All of that considered, here is a neat email we received recently, that many of you (ahem) older folks will identify with. It's humorous, yet has profound implications. (My comments are in italics.)

TIME GONE BY!

"Heavens to Murgatroyd!" Would you believe the email spell checker did not recognize the word murgatroyd? Lost Words from our childhood: Words gone as fast as the buggy whip! Sad really! I didn't think this phrase was as old as a buggy whip. I remember it as an exclamation from Snagglepuss, one of the characters in the Yogi Bear cartoon family.

The other day a not so elderly lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said "What the heck is a Jalopy?" OMG (new phrase)! He never heard of the word jalopy!! She knew she was old but not that old. Heck, these young snowflakes probably don't even know what a 60's muscle car is!

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle.

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have

become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry." Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker to straighten up and fly right. (Some of those are even too old for me! Hee, hee.)

Heavens to Betsy! Gee willikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! (Actually, I hear some of these being used around me even now. Maybe it's because quite a few of us staffers at this store are older than . . . snot. How old is snot, anyway?)

We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys, spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers.

Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore. Does anyone even know anymore who Kilroy was?

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, well I'll be a monkey's uncle!

Or, this is a fine kettle of fish! We discover that the words the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone. Where have all those phrases gone?

Pshaw. The milkman did it. It's your nickel. (Then it became "It's your dime." And now it might be "It's your twenty.")

Don't forget to pull the chain. (Now it's "Be sure you have installed a low-flush toilet so you don't waste too much water. No more than 1.5298743 gallons may

pass down your sewage pipe, or the toilet police will get you.)

Knee high to a grasshopper. Well, Fiddlesticks! Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. (The modern equivalent: "I'll see you on the poster at the Post Office or on the internet booking logs.)

Don't take any wooden nickels. (Guess where you can get one of those?)

Where're your fender skirts and curb feelers? (Nope! That stuff might reduce your gas mileage. Better to get an electric car with electronic sensors to tell you when you are too close to the curb! Too bad you can't afford it!)

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has little liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff!

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changing times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age.

We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory.

See ya later, alligator!

After a while crocodile!

So what are the "profound implications"? We could make a very large list of these words or phrases, plus many other things that were just "there" in our lives that many young people wouldn't recognize today. The comics pages refer to these now and then, for example, pay telephones and phone booths; camera film; typewriters, ribbon, carbon paper and correction tape; record players, and fast disappearing, CD's and players.

While these don't seem so serious, of greater import is the lack of knowledge of history and events that were called "current events" to us. Many of our schools don't teach history or anything of depth, producing shallow people who don't think much beyond the present and what's on the screen of the phone or tablet in front of them. The implications for our future as political leadership changes to the hands of these uneducated

people are scary. Leaders will be making weighty decisions without the benefit of the wisdom of past generations that struggled with similar human difficulties.

Ah, well, I strayed from the humor to the serious after all. Forget I said anything. Go outside and pet your doggies, or enjoy a sunrise or sunset, or just sit there under the vast canopy of the dark sky. Commune with God in a quiet moment. Let Him bear the stress.

And have a Peachy Keen day!

Linda Gammel

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Contributed. From the Web.

Dearest Dad,

I am coming home to get married soon, so get your check book out. I'm in love with a boy who is far away from me.

As you know, I am in Australia ... and he lives in Scotland. We met on a dating website, became

friends on Facebook, had long chats on Whatsapp. He proposed to me on Skype, and now we've had two months of a relationship through Viber.

My beloved and favorite Dad, I need your blessing, good wishes, and a really big wedding.

Lots of love and thanks.

Your favorite daughter, Lilly

THE RESPONSE --

My Dear Lilly,

Like Wow! Really? Cool!

Whatever ... I suggest you two get married on Twitter, have fun on Tango, buy your kids on Amazon, and pay for it all through PayPal. And when you get fed up with this new husband, sell him on eBay.

Love,
Your Dad



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

LVEDA Meeting

(Lucerne Valley Economic Development Association)

TUES. SEPT. 5, 5 PM.
at the Senior Center

- Review our draft community plan (if available).
- Tony Malone's new Lucerne Valley video.
- Board of Supervisor's action on the County Renewable Energy Element.
- 8Minute Energy project recently filed in North Valley.
 - Status of Hwy 247
- "State Scenic" designation and Caltrans' requirements to protect "eligible" projects.
 - Senior Community "Needs Assessment".
- Status of "Sunshot Initiative" for a community solar project.

L.V. School Board Meeting

Thursday, Sept. 14, starts at 5:30PM.
At the Alternative Education Center,
8560 Alianto Rd up Highway 18.

If we shouldn't eat at night, why is there a light in the fridge?

--Anonymous

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