

THIS AND THAT

Today, as I write this, is March 21, the second day of Spring. Already. I remember how time moved so slowly when I was a little kid. That year between birthdays was ETERNITY. But now the decades fly by as if they were mere weeks. Really.

Younger people hear us old fogeys say such things and smile indulgently, waiting patiently (or maybe impatiently) for us to finish the tired old recitals of flying time, aching joints, and shortened memory. I know. I used to be one of them (was that last week or last decade?), and that's how I reacted. I never realized, until it was too late, how true all of those jokes and complaints are.



You should see the little cup of vitamins and supplements I have to "take with food", most of which are to deal with this aging stuff. Coconut oil so I can keep enough mental sharpness to keep putting out this drivel every week. Glucosamine chondroitin, now with Turmeric(!), to lessen arthritis pains everywhere. Lipoflavonoid (I dare you to pronounce that!) to help with hearing issues. Lutein so the risk of eye problems is lowered. Calcium with Vitamin D3 because, well, because the doctor said so. I feel like a walking medicine chest.

And then there's the memory issue. I can remember things 'way back in time, to varying degrees of accuracy. I'm usually wrong, however – just ask the others who remember the same things differently. And it's so annoying to find out that often I AM wrong. But I was so sure.

The most annoying memory issue is how I can decide I must do something or write it down, and in the short time it takes to cross the room, the BATHroom, for Pete's sake, a small room with a short path, I forget that the thought even occurred to me, until a day or two later.

In my lengthening time on this earth, I have thought about these things very deeply and decided that the reason we older folks forget things is not because we are stupid or getting dementia. It's that our heads have filled up with so much

stuff that there is no room for any more. Have you ever noticed, you old folks that is, how you may determine with all your might to remember to do this or that thing, and you succeed! But then you forget something else.

It's like the headline crawler at the bottom of your TV screen, with the words on the extreme right being pushed off by new words on the left. My head must have been designed like that. Input coming from the left ear, knocking out an equal amount of stuff through the right ear. I haven't figured out how to catch the stuff falling out of the right ear, and even if I could, catch it and stuff it back into the left ear, something else would fall out. Sigh!

And if you think this doesn't apply to you, and it never will, you just wait. It's gonna happen, trust me!

On a more serious note, do you find yourself more and more often wanting to tear your hair out at the goings-on in this country, and especially in this state? If you don't, beware. You might find that you have been anesthetized into accepting incredible, outrageous, unbelievable behavior and situations that you never thought possible only 10 years ago.

When my dad passed on, in 2012, just over 5 years ago, there were many objectionable things happening. But in the few short years since that time, huge changes have occurred, and I find myself trying to imagine what my dad would have thought.

On a national level, we are watching formerly reliable and admirable institutions fall into criminal, treasonous activity, like the conspiracy of senior FBI and "Justice" Department officials aimed at thwarting the last election, and therefore the will of the voters. And don't forget how the IRS was caught red-handed denying tax exempt status to organizations based

on their political outlook. And no one has been prosecuted!

Newscasts are almost 100% fake, so that you can't believe anything they say on almost every major network. Really! If you believe what they report, you're being deceived and making decisions about your views and your life based on false information and spin.

There are so many things I can name that defy common sense and even the lowest level of morality: for instance, the refusal to admit how arming citizens makes people safer by putting the bad guys more at risk. The insistence that it is normal and acceptable to deny your inborn sex and legitimately change yourself to whatever you desire. The hatred for us Normals who believe in conventional morality and in the importance of a relationship of acceptance and submission to God, our Creator.

And then there is this insane State of California, passing laws right and left that fulfill the dreams of the wackos and will soon bite us Normals in painful ways. California "leaders" have talked of seceding from the United States, and I for one wish that the U.S. would sell California to Mexico and eliminate this thorn. Hopefully we in the eastern areas could stay with the U.S., but separation of the two sides is desirable and becoming necessary. There will be no peace without it. Good riddance, California!

So how'd I get from my "Mature Adult Lament" to the deplorable state of affairs in this nation? Perhaps you might suspect that I don't really know how that happened, but maybe if I try to push good thoughts, like thoughts of God and His marvelous Creation in my left ear, then these more ugly realities will fall out of the right one. Maybe I will gain true happiness and peace of mind by doing that!

Linda Gimmel

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ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

Contributed. From the Web.

TEXAS RANCH HAND

A successful Texas rancher died and left everything to his devoted wife. She was a very good-looking woman and determined to keep the ranch, but knew very little about ranching. So she decided to place an ad in the newspaper for a ranch hand.

Two cowboys applied for the job. One was gay and the other a drunk. She thought long and hard about it, and when no one else applied she decided to hire the gay guy, figuring it would be safer to have him around the house than the drunk.

He proved to be a hard worker who put in long hours every day and knew a lot about ranching.

For weeks, the two of them worked, and the ranch was doing very well.

Then one day, the rancher's widow said to the hired hand, "You have done a really good job, and the ranch looks great. You should go into town and kick up your heels."

The hired hand readily agreed and went into town one Saturday night.

One o'clock came, however, and he didn't return. Two o'clock and no hired hand. Finally he returned around two-thirty, and upon entering the room, he found the rancher's widow sitting by the fireplace with a glass of wine, waiting for him.

She quietly called him over to her. "Unbutton my blouse and take it off," she said. Trembling, he did as she directed. "Now take off my boots." He did as she asked, ever so slowly. "Now take off my socks."

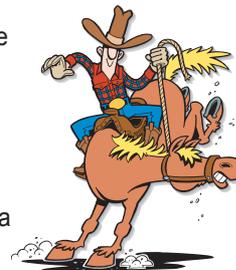
He removed each gently and placed them neatly by her boots.

"Now take off my skirt."

He slowly unbuttoned it, constantly watching her eyes in the fire light.

"Now take off my bra.." Again, with trembling hands, he did as he was told and dropped it to the floor.

Then she looked at him and said, "If you ever wear my clothes into town again, you're fired."



SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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