

Stress Relief

I received a helpful email forward that I thought I would share in case any of my readers have some stress and they are looking for ways to unwind..

Just in case you are having a rough day, here is a stress management technique recommended in all the latest psychological journals. The funny thing is that it really does work and will make you smile.

1. Picture yourself lying on your belly on a warm rock that hangs out over a crystal clear stream.

2. Picture yourself with both your hands dangling in the cool running water.

3. Birds are sweetly singing in the cool mountain air.

4. No one knows your secret place.

5. You are in total seclusion from that hectic place called the world.

6. The soothing sound of a gentle waterfall fills the air with a cascade of serenity.

7. The water is so crystal clear that you can easily make out the face of the person you are holding underwater.

There!! See? It really does work. You're smiling already. Feel free to forward this if you know others who might benefit from this technique....

Why Your Dog REALLY Goes Outside

I really hope I'm not condoning cruelty here, but I found the following video I got in an email forward so amusing. I figure in this era of photoshop and trick videography and the like, no one was harmed in the filming of the video, right?

Why your dog REALLY goes outside:

What The Truck?

I recently received an email forward containing pictures of trucks from Europe. These trucks are cleverly painted so that they can effectively advertise their contents. Check them out:





For Those Born Between 1930-1979

The following words of wisdom came to me in an email forward.
However, I have to disagree with some of it since I was born

near the end of the window and I did have some of the things growing up that the email says I would not have had. So, I put my personal comments about this email forward in *italics*.

THOSE BORN 1930-1979

READ TO THE BOTTOM FOR QUOTE OF THE MONTH BY JAY LENO . IF YOU DON'T READ ANYTHING ELSE—VERY WELL STATED

TO ALL THE KIDS WHO SURVIVED the 1930's, 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's!! *(I can barely get credit for surviving the 70's. After all, I only experienced the 70's for a year and a half!)*

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they were pregnant. *(Well, ok, maybe everyone reading this survived some of that, but that doesn't make it right, of course!)*

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes .

Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no child- proof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets. Not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking. *(that is definitely before my time. I've never hitchhiked. And the only people I know who have are either deceased or over the age of 50!)*

As infants & children, we would ride in cars with no car seats, booster seats , seat belts or air bags. *(Ok, I remember this – every kid I knew whose parents had a station wagon would ride in the back of it for long trips, no seatbelts. I think kids should be buckled up, but I think the whole booster / car seat until they're 8 years old is just plain ridiculous! Ah, the effects those lobbyists have on Congress is purely amazing, isn't it?)*

Riding in the back of a pick up on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank Kool-aid made with sugar, but we weren't overweight because WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING! *(Well, a few people I went to school with DO have heart problems, but...)*

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. And we were OK.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo 's, X-boxes, no video games at all *(umm, I beg to differ. My generation had Atari, Intellivision, the Commodore, the Tandy, the original Nintendo, and even some hand-held electronic games)*, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies *(again, not true. I remember the day my family got our VCR. I was worried my big sister would be mad because she was at a sleepover when we got it and the whole event was so exciting. We rushed right out to the video store to rent a video. But all the good ones seemed to be in BETA, not VHS...)* or DVD's, no surround-sound or CD's *(but we had records, cassette tapes, and walkmans!)*, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet or chatrooms.....

WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there

were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever. *(Nor did the gum we swallowed stay in our tummies for seven years – hehe)*

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls, and although we were told it would happen, we did not poke out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them!

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!! *(Nowadays, we'd be lucky to get enough kids to have to turn them away, not that we would, but the point is, many kids are busy playing video games or causing trouble... or their parents are just too busy to let them commit to anything extracurricular)*

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law! *(Nowadays kids are charged as adults, so parents aren't often given the option to decide what's best for their own child!)*

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever!

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL!

If YOU are one of them CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated so much of our lives for our own good.

While you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave (and lucky) their parents were.

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it?!

The quote of the month is by Jay Leno:

'With hurricanes, tornadoes, fires out of control, mud slides, flooding, severe thunderstorms tearing up the country from one end to another, and with the threat of bird flu and terrorist attacks, are we sure this is a good time to take God out of the Pledge of Allegiance?'

For those that prefer to think that God is not watching over us...go ahead and delete this.

For the rest of us...pass this ON!

Ok, I'm not a big fan of passing on email forwards... But this one entertained me, so do with it what you will, and remember that my contributions are the ones in italics, so thanks for reading my commentary!

I Will Survive

Here's a cute video that was a popular email forward in the infancy age of email forwards. I saw this one years ago, and it popped into my head today for some reason, so here you go... oh yeah, make sure you watch the whole thing!

Too Punny!

I received an email forward full of “Creative Puns for Educated Minds”. Some of them are really cute, so I decided to publish them here on the blog. While reading these, you **will** groan at least once, but if you don’t smile or even laugh out loud, you might be a little bit crabby and should probably take a nap instead of reading the rest of the 22 puns below.

1. The roundest knight at King Arthur’s round table was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi.
2. I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.
3. She was only a whiskey maker, but he loved her still.
4. A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class because it was a weapon of math disruption.
5. The butcher backed into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his work.
6. No matter how much you push the envelope, it’ll still be stationery.
7. A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.
8. A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart.
9. Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.
10. Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.
11. A hole has been found in the nudist camp wall. The police are looking into it.
12. Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
13. Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway. One hat said to the other, ‘You stay here; I’ll go on a head.’
14. I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.

15. A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: 'Keep off the Grass.'
 16. A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to a hospital. When his grandmother telephoned to ask how he was, a nurse said, 'No change yet.'
 17. A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.
 18. The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.
 19. The man who survived mustard gas and pepper spray is now a seasoned veteran.
 20. A backward poet writes inverse.
 21. In democracy it's your vote that counts. In feudalism it's your count that votes.
 22. When cannibals ate a missionary, they got a taste of religion.
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Laundry, Origami-Style

I received an interesting email forward the other day; it's a Japanese video that shows a woman folding a shirt perfectly in a *matter of seconds* using an origami technique. I haven't tried it out yet; I've been too busy blogging instead of folding my laundry ☐

Am I The Only One Who Didn't Know This?

I received an interesting email forward from my mom last week, and I'm sharing it on my blog because it's a helpful household tip that most people I asked didn't know about. I had actually heard this Heloise-worthy hint before, but I had forgotten about it. Here is a copy of the email forward:

I had to go into the kitchen and check this out for myself. Who looks at the end of an aluminum foil box? You know, when you try to pull some foil out and the whole roll comes out of the box. Then you have to put the roll back in the box and start over. The darn roll always comes out at the wrong time.

Well, I would like to share this with you. Yesterday I went to throw out an empty Reynolds Wrap foil box and for some reason I turned it and looked at the end of the box. And written on the end it said, "Press here to lock end."

Right there on the end of the box is a tab to lock the roll in place. How long has this little locking tab been there? I then looked at a generic brand of aluminum foil and it had one too. I then looked at a box of Saran wrap and it had one too! I can't count the number of times the Saran wrap roll has jumped out when I was trying to cover something up.

[poll id="8"]

You Live In Chicago If...

Even though I don't live in Chicago anymore (thank goodness because I'm not a big fan of crowds or traffic, two things which help define the city!), I still appreciate the humor in the following forward sent to me by a relative who ironically also moved away from the Chicago area a few years ago. If you've ever lived in or near the 3rd largest city in the country, or even if you've just visited Chicago a few times, you will be able to appreciate the humor in the following one-liners:

If your local Dairy Queen is closed from September through May, you live in Chicago.

If you've worn shorts and a winter coat at the same time, you live in Chicago.

If you've had a telephone conversation using more Spanish than you thought you knew with someone who dialed a wrong number, you live in Chicago.

If "vacation" means going anywhere south of I – 80 for the weekend, you live in Chicago.

If you measure distance in hours, you live in Chicago.

If you have switched from "heat" to "A/C" in the same day and back again, you live in Chicago.

If you can drive 75 mph through 2 feet of snow during a raging blizzard without flinching, you live in Chicago.

If you carry jumpers in your car and your wife knows how to use them, you live in Chicago.

If you design your kid's Halloween costume to fit over a snowsuit, you live in Chicago.

If the speed limit on the highway is 55 mph – you're going 80

and everybody is passing you, you live in Chicago.

If driving is better in the winter because the potholes are filled with snow, you live in Chicago.

If you know all 4 seasons: almost winter, winter, still winter and road construction, you live in Chicago.

If you have more miles on your snow blower than your car, you live in Chicago.

If you find 10 degrees “a little chilly”, you live in Chicago.

Boy, Was His Face Red...

I received an interesting email forward today about a letter someone wrote to the editor of The Arizona Republic newspaper. I checked it out on snopes.com to make sure the story was true and not just someone with too much time on their hands making stuff up. The story was true, although the letters that were reprinted in the email had been embellished somewhere during the course of the email forward. Here are the reprints of the letters written to the editor:

A letter to the Editor;

Question of the day for Luke Air Force Base: Whom do we thank for the morning air show?

Last Wednesday, at precisely 9:11 a.m., a tight formation of four F-16 jets made a low pass over Arrowhead Mall, continuing west over Bell Road at approximately 500 feet. Imagine our good fortune!

Do the Tom Cruise-wannabes feel we need this wake-up call, or were they trying to impress the cashiers at Mervyns' early-bird special?

Any response would be appreciated.

Tom MacRae, Peoria

The correspondent received a response from Col. Robin Rand, commander of Luke AFB's 56th Fighter Wing, in the pages of that same newspaper the following day:

Luke Air Force Base was asked to respond to a letter writer's question about a "morning air show" he observed recently ("A wake-up call from Luke's jets," Letters, Thursday):

The "wake-up call" witnessed the morning of June 15 was a formation of F-16 jets from Luke Air Force Base lining up for a memorial service in Sun City at the gravesite for Air Force Capt. Jeremy Fresques, an officer assigned to Air Force Special Operations. Fresques gave his life in defense of our country while serving in Iraq.

It is unfortunate that at a time when our nation is at war someone would believe we have less than honorable and professional reasons for such a mission.

The commander of the fighter squadron was given the difficult duty of informing the family of Capt. Fresques on Memorial Day that the officer, a husband, son and Arizonan, had died in Iraq.

On behalf of the men and women at Luke Air Force Base, we continue to keep Jeremy and his family in our thoughts and prayers.

Col. Robin Rand

Luke Air Force Base

Four days later, the newspaper also published a response from Lt. Col. Pleus himself:

Regarding "A wake-up call from Luke's jets":

On June 15, at precisely 9:12 a.m., a perfectly timed four-ship of F-16s from the 63rd Fighter Squadron at Luke Air Force Base flew over the grave of Capt Jeremy Fresques.

Capt. Fresques was an Air Force officer who was previously stationed at Luke Air Force Base and was killed in Iraq on May

30, Memorial Day.

At 9 a.m. on June 15, his family and friends gathered at Sunland Memorial Park in Sun City to mourn the loss of a husband, son and friend.

Based on the letter writer's recount of the flyby, and because of the jet noise, I'm sure you didn't hear the 21-gun salute, the playing of taps, or my words to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques as I gave them their son's flag on behalf of the president of the United States and all those veterans and servicemen and women who understand the sacrifices they have endured.

A four-ship flyby is a display of respect the Air Force pays to those who give their lives in defense of freedom. We are professional aviators and take our jobs seriously, and on June 15 what the letter writer witnessed was four officers lining up to pay their ultimate respects.

The letter writer asks, "Whom do we thank for the morning air show?"

The 56th Fighter Wing will call for you, and forward your thanks to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques, and thank them for you, for it was in their honor that my pilots flew the most honorable formation of their lives.

Lt. Col. Scott Pleus

Luke Air Force Base

To his credit, the complainant, Mr. MacRae, tendered a written apology which was published in The Republic on 9 July:

Regarding "Flyby honoring fallen comrade" (Letters, June 28):
I read with increasing embarrassment and humility the response to my unfortunate letter to The Republic concerning an Air Force flyby ("A wake-up call from Luke's jets," Letters, June 23).

I had no idea of the significance of the flyby, and would never have insulted such a fine and respectful display had I known.

I have received many calls from the fine airmen who are

serving or have served at Luke, and I have attempted to explain my side and apologized for any discomfort my letter has caused.

This was simply an uninformed citizen complaining about noise. I have been made aware in both written and verbal communications of the four-ship flyby, and my heart goes out to each and every lost serviceman and woman in this war in which we are engaged.

I have been called un-American by an unknown caller and I feel that I must address that. I served in the U.S. Navy and am a Vietnam veteran. I love my country and respect the jobs that the service organizations are doing.

Please accept my heartfelt apologies.

Tom MacRae, Peoria

Well, anyway, I just thought it was an interesting email forward. And it was thought-provoking and even contained some valuable life lessons: don't jump to conclusions and appreciate everything in life. God Bless our troops!