

Twas one of those humid, hot July afternoons when sons-in-law Fred and Jeff arrived at our home with a high pressure washer.

Our driveway, brick sidewalk and swing were in dire need of attention and the guys worked like beavers to make everything spiffy.



It took a bit to turn that 20-year old swing white again but they did it!



Don't you just know who was out there watching?

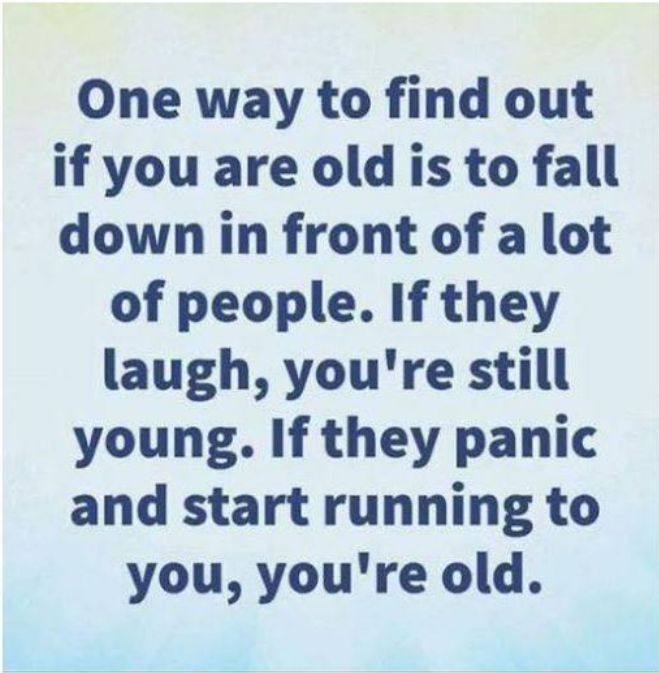


When the guys were finished with their work and almost everything loaded in Fred's truck, Old Nosey (that would be me) decided to walk out on the sidewalk to admire the clean bricks. The next thing I knew, I was sailing thru the air, doing an

unplanned acrobatic maneuver, and landed with a thump, back side first, lodged in a very mushy, dirt-soup flower bed. It wasn't pretty but the landing was soft.

I am at the age where even total strangers come on the run from the street to help hoist me up. Our neighbors were building a fence around their back yard and one of their friends had been helping. As he was backing out of their driveway, he saw the commotion. Good thing the stranger, Magic Melvin, was built like a full back and could pull me up and out of the flooded flowerbed with the help of Jim, Fred and Jeff.

I am so happy that SOMEBODY was near to help get this old chick upright again. And they all knew it was in their best interest to not even crack a smile. Boy, did the shower water run thick when all that red Virginia mud sloshed off!



**One way to find out  
if you are old is to fall  
down in front of a lot  
of people. If they  
laugh, you're still  
young. If they panic  
and start running to  
you, you're old.**