

## **Ellie Lofaro's Observations on Senior Saints:**

One lady says, "Insanity is my only means of relaxation."

One reason to smile is that every seven minutes of every day, someone in aerobics pulls a hamstring.

One of life's mysteries is how a two-pound box of candy can make a woman gain five pounds.

Mildred says, "My mind not only wanders, sometimes it leaves completely."

Ethel says, "The best way to forget your troubles is to wear tight shoes."

The nice part about living in a small town is when you don't know what you're doing, someone else does.

Phyllis says, "The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight because by then, your body and your fat are really good friends."

Sometimes I think I understand everything, and then I regain consciousness.

Martha said, "I gave up jogging for my health when my thighs kept rubbing together and setting my pantyhose on fire."

Amazing. You hang something in your closet for a while, and it shrinks two sizes.

Lilian said, "Skinny people irritate me. Especially when they say things like, 'You know, sometimes I just forget to eat.'"

I have forgotten my address, my mother's maiden name, my keys, but I have never forgotten to eat. You have to be a special kind of stupid to forget to eat.

Margaret said, "A friend of mine confused her Valium with her birth control pills. She has 14 kids, but she doesn't care."

And finally, women over 50 don't have babies because they would put them down and forget where they put them.

I like the story of the elderly lady who came out of the shopping mall, bags in both hands, and as she's approaching her little white car, all four doors are open, the trunk is open. Four teenage boys are proceeding to enter her car. She's the widow of a police lieutenant, and she has the right to carry his weapon. It's not loaded, but she carries it. She reaches into her deep pocketbook, and she pulls it out, and she says, "Get away from that car. I have a gun, and I'm not afraid to use it." The teenagers did not wait for a second invitation. They fled. She was so shaken, poor thing. She put her bags in the car. She sat down in the driver's seat. She was just absolutely upset, and she could not get the key in the ignition. Five minutes, 10 minutes, 15 minutes later, she looked over four cars, and she saw a car-

It looked exactly like her car. She put her head on the steering wheel, and she shook it, and she went over, and she tried the key, and it fit.

She went straight to the police station to turn herself in. The police captain fell on the floor like Dorothy. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four shaken teenage boys-

We're reporting a carjacking by a crazed elderly woman, 5'2", white hair, big black shoes. (No charges were filed.)

I like the story of Mabel. She's a sharp woman. Mabel has raised her son, David, right. And she's a little concerned because David's moved to the big city, and he has a roommate who is a female. David insists that it's just platonic. Mabel's not so sure about that, and she knows that if she goes there, she can tell for her own eyes. She's very discerning. Mabel arrives, and they put out a lovely dinner. Stephanie cooks. Mabel goes home. Couple of days later, Stephanie says to David, "David, I'm not saying anything, but ever since your mom left, my sterling silver gravy ladle is missing." David says, "Stephanie." "David, I'm not saying anything, but it's missing." "All right. I'll, uh, I'll email mom." Dear mom, I'm not saying you took the gravy ladle, I'm not saying you didn't. But the fact is, the gravy ladle has been missing ever since you left. Mabel wrote back the next day by email.

*Dear David, I'm not saying you're sleeping with Stephanie. But the fact is, if she were sleeping in her own bed, she would have found the gravy ladle.*

Power to the mothers.

There's nothing more beautiful than a woman who loves Jesus who's in her 80s. Who's been loving Jesus a long time. You know, people say that you start to look like your pet. You start to look like your husband after many years. You know, you take on characteristics of people you spend time with. Imagine what that's like when you're a Christian. That you can start to look like Jesus. When you walk in a room, sometimes, women will say, "Excuse me, what is that you're wearing?" You know, wouldn't that be nice if we could say, "That's Jesus." You know? What is that about her? Why is she different? Oh, I got to get some of that. You ever have people say to you, "Who are you? Or **what are you so happy about?**" And it's such a great opportunity to say, "It's Jesus. It's Jesus." It's not me. This is how I used to be. This is how I am now.

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