

# The Coffee Table Gazette

Finally some good news!



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## How I Met Mrs. B.

My dad, brother, and I knew Mrs. B ever since I can remember. Me being the youngest I had always known her, but never knew how we met or why. Then one day when I was 19 I returned to my hometown to see Mrs. B. before she passed away from cancer. We were talking and she asked me if I ever knew how we met. I replied that I didn't and was intrigued about what she may say.

Mrs. B proceeded to tell me that my biological mom had tried to kill me by drowning me in a bathtub full of mostly hot water and that she was the nurse in the ER the night they brought me in. It was a small hospital and they didn't have a nic unit, so she would change the bandages before she got off shift at night and then take me home with her, so she could keep an eye on me.

My dad was single at the time, had to work lots of hours and he was very grateful knowing that I would be taken care of when he couldn't be there. I always knew there was something special about Mrs. B. she was a true angel of mercy.

Anonymous

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## Michael

I like everybody else, have a bad day now and then, but this day was particularly bad, so I decided to just go home and start over the next day. On my way home I spotted a homeless individual begging for money and something to eat. I continued on my way home, and thought, "There is someone who has it worse than I do, I should take him to coffee and lunch." But then convinced myself that I was too busy and continued on my way home.

I got home and sat in my chair, but couldn't shake the feeling that I should have taken the gentleman out for coffee and lunch. So, I jumped in my car and started driving back. The whole way, I was thinking and dare I say somewhat hoping, that he wouldn't be there any longer.

However, as I rounded the corner there he was. So, I pulled into a parking space and walked over to him and asked "Would you like to go for coffee and lunch with me?" He replied, "Yes sir I would as long as you don't hurt me." I nervously laughed and said, "I won't hurt you if you don't hurt me." I then introduced myself and he said his name was Michael.

We proceeded to a nearby restaurant and sat down. The waitress came up and I advised her that "Michael and I would like a cup of coffee." She gave us a menu and left to get our coffee. As she was walking away I couldn't help but notice the look of total lack of empathy on the waitresses face as she looked at Michael. I myself was thinking how could a person get into a position like this and how is it that they can't get themselves out unless, they don't want to. As the conversation proceeded I learned that Michael once had a wife, a house, kids, and was living the "American Dream" so-to-speak, but had fallen on hard times after his position at the company he worked for was eliminated. He says that his life just spiraled out of control after that.

I then began to see Michael as a person instead of just a "homeless person". I don't know for sure if his entire story was true, but he did seem genuinely down on his luck and couldn't find a way out. I then asked him if he noticed the way the waitress looked at him when we first got to the table, and he replied, "Yes I did, you get used to it after awhile." I then asked him if he had any friends who could help him and he replied, "Mister sometimes all a guy needs is a true friend." Suddenly it hit me, it's not the house, the car, or the job that really matters, it's if a person is actually lucky enough to have a true friend or not.

We finished our lunch and went on our merry way, but over the years I continued to talk to Michael and our friendship grew, I helped him get some housing and find a part time job. He never asked for help and seemed happy with where he was in life, which to me was barely surviving, but surviving on his own. Michael died not too long ago and I was there when he took his last breath. The last thing he said to me was, "Thank You for being my friend, I really needed one that day. And no matter what, you were always my friend." I guess he was right, no matter what, having a true friend is what most of us want, but very few have.

David ~ Pennsylvania

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## Floyd Floods.

On our Iowa farm, our father commonly hired drifters, parolees and men with basic labor skills. Some lived with us for months, even years. It was a full house around the 1950s-retro dinette table in the kitchen with our parents, my twin brother, my older sister and usually two hired men, Floyd and Charles, seated at the end of the table. The top of the table was crowded with dishes, pans, glasses and silverware. And we were tightly seated around it. It was an old house, built in the 1890s, with three bedrooms upstairs, plus three main rooms downstairs, plus two pantries. A cellar was under half the house. Over the decades, the floor settled slightly to the north. Storytelling at meals was robust. When our father got going, he would wave his arms and pound the table to make his points. Often, he would knock over a tall glass of water or Kool-Aid, suddenly flooding the table. Gravity rapidly sent the whole flood rushing downhill across the table and into the lap of Floyd. Then it dripped onto the floor. There was a rush for towels, apologies, and laughter at how Floyd, the fixture at the end of the table got unexpectedly soaked again. But in all honesty, we all accidentally tipped over glasses of liquid, and "Floyd Floods" were just part of mealtime.

Lawn - Arizona

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## A Honda Trail Bike And Restitution.

I used to have a little Honda trail bike that went a maximum of 35MPH, but living in the country and lots of back roads it was easy to get around and very rarely did I ever have to use a main road or highway to get where I needed to go. For some reason one day I decided to take a shortcut and go a short distance down the highway, since there were no cars and nobody watching that I could see. So, off I went at a whopping speed of 35 MPH. Just as I crested a hill there sat our only Sheriff in the County and there was no getting around it. I was busted! So, he pulls me over and said, "I already know who you are and I know your dad wouldn't want you driving on the highway without a drivers license." I replied, "You are correct and boy am I am trouble." So, after a few exchanges of information and answering questions Jerry (the sheriff) said, "Well I can do one of three things, you pick what you want to do." I replied, "What is my choices?" Of course thinking to myself the whole time, "Please don't tell my dad." He then told me he could:

1. Give me a ticket.
2. Tell my dad.
3. I could pay restitution for my infraction.

I decided to try my hand at restitution and Jerry agreed that he would let my dad know I would be going to his house for a few days after school, but not tell him why. For the next three days I worked harder than I have ever worked before, building fences, digging holes for a pole barn and stacking hay. When I was finished Jerry said, that my "Debt To Society" was paid and that he didn't ever want to catch me on the highway without a drivers license (especially while driving something that only went 35 MPH) again. I assured him that he never would and I kept my word. Jerry never did tell my dad about what I had done and he doesn't know to this day, but I learned a very valuable lesson that day that I have never forgotten.

I did see Jerry again years later before he died and thanked him for his kindness and for teaching me a lesson. He then let me know that he really didn't care about me driving on the highway without a license, because he already knew that I drove farm trucks and such, but he was actually concerned about my safety on something that only went 35 MPH.

Anonymous

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## The Humorous Side Of Life.

Had a friend ask me one day, "Can I ask a stupid question?" and I replied, "Better than anybody I know." He never asked me that again.

I was a jury foreman once and the trial ended in a hung jury. "We let the guy go, and I hung the jury."

Happiness is relative. I make a couple of bucks and my relatives are happy.

Did you hear the one about a horse who walks into a bar and the bar tenders asks, "Hey man why the long face"?

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## A note from the editor.

We rely on stories from readers to spread the word far and wide. If you are interested in submitting a story, or a joke you can do so at <https://coffetablegazette.com>. I personally want to thank you for taking the time to read this publication and kindly pass it on, who knows it may just brighten someones day.

If you submitted a story or joke and it didn't make it in the current issue, that doesn't mean it won't be published. We only have so much room per issue. Be sure to look for it in future issues and keep the submissions coming.