

# The Coffee Table Gazette

Life Writes Its Own Stories.



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## The Day Aunt Ida Almost Died!

Many years ago my younger brother and my parents had gone to Mississippi to visit our great aunt Ida. Ida had been a Registered Nurse most of her life and was now a grand old age of 92.

The 3rd day into their visit I received a hysterical phone call from my younger brother. He was talking so fast I couldn't make out what he was saying, but I heard something about pot (marijuana), killing our great aunt Ida, and how I may need to send him money to go on the run!

When he calmed down a little he told me that somewhere along the line our great aunt had discovered that marijuana helped ease the many pains she was having in her old age (that alone made me laugh...and made me a little concerned to be honest!). In fact, she swore by it and told my brother it was the only thing that seemed to ease her pain. My brother, (being an avid recreational pot user) mentioned to my aunt that he also smoked marijuana and he had brought some with him. Our aunt apparently asked him to smoke some with her and he did. Our aunt went to take a nap a while later.

Hours had went by and when another relative went to wake our great aunt they couldn't wake her! They tried to wake her again and again, finally calling the ambulance to her care. The paramedics could not rouse her easily and took her to the hospital!

So, at this point my brother was calling me in such a panic because not only did he think he killed our aunt by smoking weed with her but he also thought he was going to prison if the doctors figured out what had happened! He was screaming in the phone, crying, and making plans to go on the run!

Luckily, a short while later our aunt woke up just fine and was in good health (or the same health she was in before smoking the weed)! She did tell the doctor what had happened and the doctor said she simply fell into an extremely deep sleep from the mixture of marijuana and the many medications she was on.

This story was definitely not funny at the time it was happening (and is in no way meant to endorse marijuana) but later we all died laughing at the hysterical state my brother was in during all of it. Our old aunt thought it was the funniest thing ever!

Our aunt passed away at the ripe old age of 102 and every time we think of the amazing lady she was we cannot help but to think of the time my brother killed her!

Tammy ~ Florida

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## My first ride in a snow plow.

When I was a kid we walked to school along a little path on the side of state highway 41 in Northern Idaho. Well one particular winter, we seemed to get more snow than usual and the snow plows were always whizzing by in an effort to keep the roads clear. So, as usual I got ready for school, walked to the edge of the highway and trail, looked both ways for snow plows and didn't spot one. So, I proceeded on my way to school, while thinking this was going to be an uneventful trip to school as usual.

However, when I was about half way down the little trail I suddenly got hit from behind with what felt like a truckload of bricks and then the next thing I knew I was encased in snow! Not knowing what happened, I thought maybe my brother had pulled his usual trick of waiting for me to get underneath a tree then running up and kicking the trunk to knock the snow loose. But, as I gathered my bearings I realized that I had snow up my pants and in places nobody would want snow! So, that theory was quickly disproved.

I started trying to dig myself out and then I heard a voice hollering. "Are you ok?", "I am so sorry!", along with out load prayers consisting of, "Dear God please tell me I didn't kill him." and "Oh Lord please tell me he's ok." As I continued to dig myself out I was thinking, "Wow something bad must have happened, I hope that guy is ok" other than a doozy of headache and disorientation after getting hit from behind with fast moving snow. I figured I wasn't doing as bad as the person the guy above was praying about.

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## My first ride in a snow plow.

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Then before I knew it I saw daylight and an arm reaches down, grabs me, and yanks me out of the snow bank faster than our cat running from the dog. And me being just a little tyke I didn't weigh much, so the next thing I know my feet are about 5' above the snow bank and I am looking at a big burly dude asking me if I am ok.

I must have passed out due to fright at that moment, because the next thing I remember, I am laying on a couch in a house I had never seen before, stark naked, wrapped in blankets, with hot water bottles all over me. The big burly guy was there, but this time there was a nice lady, who I assumed was his wife, and she asked me my name, if I felt ok, and what my phone number was, so she could call my family. It took me a second to gather my thoughts and I said, "Uh, excuse me, but I happen to be naked." and She replied, "Yes your clothes are in the dryer, you were soaked to the bone when my husband brought you here." So, I told her my name and phone number while the big burly guy, (who I later learned was Matt), called my family. I asked if they had any tylenol for the doozy of a headache I still had, and inquired as to how I got into this situation.

Mary, who was the nice lady and was in fact Matts, wife proceeded to explain, that while I was walking down the path, her husband had come along with the snow plow and didn't see me walking until it was too late. Hence, the snow from the plow hitting me from behind and burying me in an instant made snow bank. I then replied, "So that's what happened....and I was the one he was talking about before he yanked me out?" She then replied, "Yes and please forgive my husband he didn't mean to do it. I said, "That's ok, I didn't hear him come up behind me or I would have tried to duck behind a tree.

Come to find out, and as later explained to my dad and I, that the nearest medical care was over 14 miles away, being in rural Northern Idaho with the only route to the hospital snowed in, and determining that I was still alive, Matt had taken me to his home, (in the snow plow) to warm me up, get help, and contact my family as soon as possible. Mary explained that when Matt got home with me he was almost inconsolable, because he thought he had hurt me bad and God forbid maybe even accidentally killed me. Matt and Mary became very good family friends and up to the day he died he was still apologizing about the whole thing. I forgave him over and over and both our families had the perfect "How we met" story.

For the record: I made a 100% and complete recovery from the ordeal, neither family has any hard feelings about the situation, and based on the road conditions at the moment, the best decisions were made for the situation at hand. The only thing I regret, is that I don't remember my first ride in a snow plow, because as a kid, I always thought it would be cool to ride in one.

Jason ~ Idaho

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## A Few Events On This Day In History.

1869: Thomas Edison granted his first patent for the Electric Vote Recorder (U.S. Patent 90,646)

1880: US census is 50,155,783.

1935: Driving test & license plates introduced in England.

1936: British liner S.S. Queen Mary reaches New York.

2017: US withdraws from Paris climate deal.

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## The Humorous Side Of Life.

"I want to die peacefully in my sleep, like my grandfather... Not screaming and yelling like the passengers in his car."

"I used to have a handle on life, but then it broke."

"Don't you hate it when someone answers their own questions? I do."

I had a friend who was nervous about going to the school dance, so I told him to be his self; that was pretty mean, I guess.

Electricity and I don't get along. Most people are shocked to find out how bad I am as an electrician.

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## A note from the editor.

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We also rely on our 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.