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#### Mailing list

Please notify us if you move or want your name added or removed from our mailing list.

## PLEASE CHECK ONE:

- Add to mailing list
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Name\_\_\_

Address\_

Mail to: Central NY Parkinson's Support Group, Inc. P.O. Box 181 New Hartford, NY 13413

# Nancy's Nonsense



Working at an airline ticket counter, I pulled up a passenger's reservation that showed his name as "Cole, Pheven." "I'd like to be certain our information is correct," I said to him. "What is your first name?" "It's Stephen," he replied. "I hope the reservation agent got it right. I told him it's spelled with a ph."

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## T'was The Week After Christmas

T'was the week after Christmas and all through the house Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.

The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste. All the holiday parties had gone to my waist.

When I got on the scales there arose such a number! When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber).

I'd remember the marvelous meals I'd prepared; The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,

The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."

So--away with the last of the sour cream dip, Get rid of the fruitcake, every cracker and chip

Every last bit of food that I like must be banished Till all the additional ounces have vanished.

I won't have a cookie--not even a lick. I'll want only to chew on a long celery stick.

I won't have hot biscuits, or corn bread, or pie, I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.

I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore --But isn't that what January is for?

Unable to giggle, no longer a riot. Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!