

The Golden Brick Road

How I Feel Affects Other People!!!

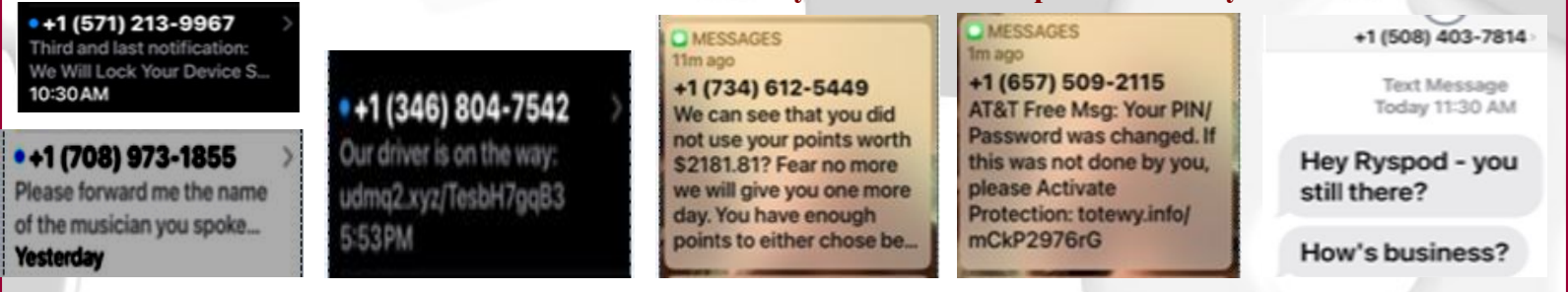
December 2021

Reminding "Seasoned Citizens" to continue to laugh, learn and love their lives...

DON'T LET THESE CREATIVE SCAMMERS WIN

Here are some of the text messages I've gotten that sound personal and as if they know me or I requested their contact. Seeing the preview is enough for me to know NOT to bother opening the message. **JUST DELETE IT!!!**


If you open it the technology monitors and records that you opened. And they add your name to another list. There are more than these but they follow the same pattern. Take your time and beware.



To book Sporty to share his powerful and joy-filled message with your group: www.sportyking.com If you or someone you know would like to receive a copy of this newsletter by email, send request to Sporty@sportyking.com

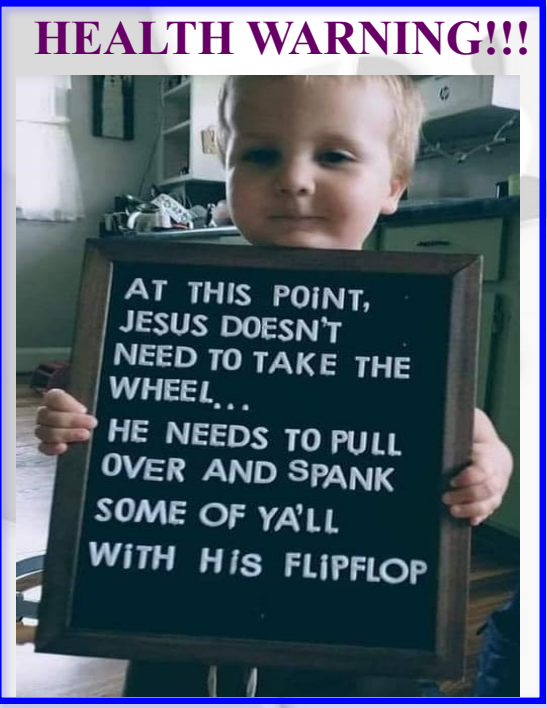
So NOW it's time to take a seat... Clean yourself up... Enjoy!!!
DECEMBER is 1 of the 12 best months for loving, living and laughing...
 Even in a **Second Pandemic** Year!!!

DO LET THIS CREATIVE FUNLETTER CONTINUE TO WIN YOUR HEART

<p>It takes 6-8 pallbearers to lift you up when you're deceased. Imagine what you can accomplish if you had 6-8 people lifting you up while you are living.</p>	<p>I met a woman outside the mall crying, she had lost \$200, so I gave her \$40 from the \$200 I found. When God blesses you, you must bless others.</p>	<p>I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING... PEOPLE WHO TAKE CARE OF CHICKENS ARE LITERALLY CHICKEN TENDERS!</p> 
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<p><i>How I feel affects other people!!!</i> "Life is short" is not about our number of days on earth, but the quality of each day spent. ~ Sporty King</p>	<p><i>How I feel affects other people!!!</i> Keep signing up for tomorrow. It'll get here some day. ~ Sporty King</p>	<p><i>How I feel affects other people!!!</i> Excuse me for being calm, but the game isn't over, and MY score keeper hasn't left!!! ~ Sporty King</p>
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<p><i>How I Feel Affects Other People!!!</i> My expectation of God is what he gives me in the end... not how he treats me getting there ~ Sporty King</p>	<p><i>How I feel affects other people!!!</i> There really is no negativity in the truth, because it allows us the chance to choose the positive. ~ Sporty King</p>	<p><i>How I feel affects other people!!!</i> Scholastic research won't work where a spiritual connection is needed. ~ Sporty King</p>
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Take a breath on December 7 in remembrance of the 80th Anniversary of Pearl Harbor Day. And continue to support our Service Members & Veterans without seeing them. That's how they support(ed) us.

You're not getting senile. You're exercising your right to forget!

YOU ARE NOT ALONE! EVERYONE'S GOT SOME KIND OF CHALLENGE & VICTORY!



Sign on ceiling over my hospital bed

How I feel affects other people!!!

It's always somebody's last day. Revel in that revelation, enjoy that it's not yours, and proclaim that this is the day God has made...

~ Sporty King 

we say start out with the end in mind? I'm remembering to apply that to life.

Am I talking about death? NOPE! You know how when goal setting

How I feel affects other people!!!

The first one without [her] is tough but it sets you up for the pain of the second, the process of the third, the preparation for the fourth... It doesn't get easier... you get stronger.

There's no need to get over it!!!

~ Sporty King 

Many are dealing with the loss of a loved one and this first Holiday without their physical presence. May this 'formula' encourage you to smile and be sure to add "You" to your thoughts of "[Her, Him, Them]." Think about how **you** did on the first night; next day; following week... Are your crying bouts getting shorter (1 hour 52 minutes instead of 2 hours)? Give yourself a smile for whatever small progress you've made. Try to let your memories focus on the fun things you did together so that the tears will be welcomed and salt your lips with joy.

HOW TO STOP CHURCH GOSSIP

Mary, the church gossip, and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several members did not approve of her extra-curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence. She made a mistake, however, when she accused Frank, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old pickup parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon.

She emphatically told Frank (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing! Frank, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny. He said nothing.

Later that evening, Frank quietly parked his pickup in front of Mary's house, walked home and left it there all night.

~ Unknown (... parked!)

Thanks Lou F/CX (bottoms' up)

A minister waited in line to have his car filled with gas just before a long holiday weekend. The attendant worked quickly, but there were many cars ahead of him. Finally, the attendant motioned him toward a vacant pump.

"Reverend," said the young man, "I'm so sorry about the delay. It seems as if everyone waits until the last minute to get ready for a long trip."

The minister chuckled, "I know what you mean. It's the same in my business."

SMART SALE:

Two young businessmen in Florida were sitting down for a break in their soon-to-be new store in the shopping mall. As yet, the store wasn't ready, with only a few shelves and display racks set up.

One said to the other, "I'll bet that any minute now some senior is going to walk by, put his face to the window, and ask what we're selling."

Sure enough, just a moment later, a curious senior gentleman walked up to the window, looked around intensely and rapped on the glass, then in a loud voice asked, "What are you sellin' here?"

One of the men replied sarcastically, "We're selling butt-holes."

Without skipping a beat, the old timer said, "You must be doing well. Only two left."

Seniors -- don't mess with them.

They didn't get old by being stupid!

~ Unknown Jokester (in the mall...) (Thanks Roberta L/CX)

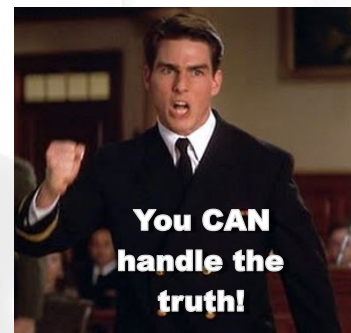
While driving in Pennsylvania, a family caught up to an Amish carriage. The owner of the carriage obviously had a sense of humor, because attached to the back of the carriage was a hand printed sign...

Energy efficient vehicle:

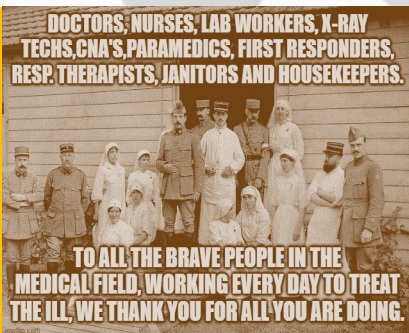
Runs on oats and grass.

Caution: Do not step in exhaust.

The Golden Brick Road



You CAN handle the truth!



DOCTORS, NURSES, LAB WORKERS, X-RAY TECHS, CNA'S, PARAMEDICS, FIRST RESPONDERS, RESP. THERAPISTS, JANITORS AND HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO ALL THE BRAVE PEOPLE IN THE MEDICAL FIELD, WORKING EVERY DAY TO TREAT THE ILL, WE THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU ARE DOING.



NOT EVERYONE GETS TO BE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

REMEMBER OUR MEN AND WOMEN IN UNIFORM.



REMEMBER, NOT EVERYONE GETS TO BE AT HOME THIS THANKSGIVING

THANK YOU TO ALL EMS/FIRST RESPONDER PROFESSIONALS FOR YOUR SERVICE



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



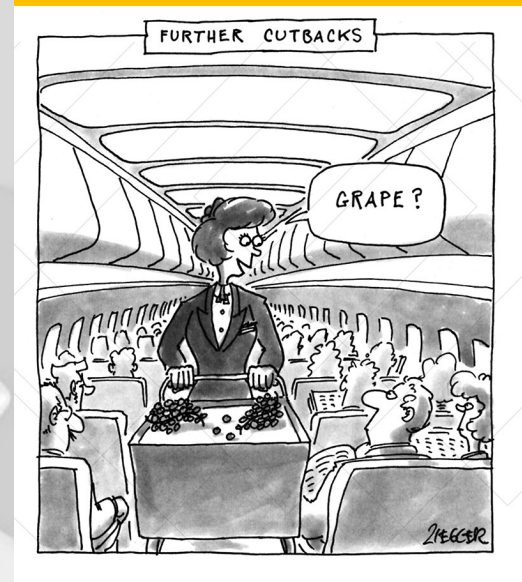
AND TO ALL A SAFE NIGHT



HERO OF THE DAY



Thank You Transit Workers



FURTHER CUTBACKS

GRAPE?



THANK YOU JANITORS AND CLEANING CREWS!



THANKS

(The Heart Always Needs Kindred Spirits)

Who can you add to this array of joy? Don't tell me! Tell them!!!

You're not getting senile. You're exercising your right to forget!

GOLF ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Four old timers were playing their weekly game of golf, one remarked how nice it would be to wake up on Christmas morning, roll out of bed and without an argument go directly to the golf course, meet his buddies and play a round. His buddies all chimed in said, "Let's do it! We'll make it a priority; figure out a way and meet here early, Christmas morning."

Months later, that special morning arrives, and there they are on the golf course.

The first guy says, "Boy this game cost me a fortune! I bought my wife a diamond ring that she can't take her eyes off of."

The second guy says, "I spent a ton too. My wife is at home planning the cruise I gave her. She was up to her eyeballs in brochures."

The third guy says, "Well, my wife is at home admiring her new car, reading the manual."

They all turned to the last guy in the group who is staring at them like they have lost their minds.

"I can't believe you all went to such expense for this golf game. I slapped my wife on the bum and said, 'Well babe, Merry Christmas! It's a great morning... intercourse or golf course?' She said, 'Don't forget your hat.'"

~ Internet Jokester (**FORE!!!**)

One day the kindergarten teacher said to her class of 5-year-olds, "I'll give \$10 to the child who can tell me who was the most famous man who ever lived."

A little Irish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St. Patrick." The teacher said, "Sorry Sean, that's not correct."

Then a little Scottish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St. Andrew." The teacher replied, "I'm sorry, Hamish, that's not right either."

Finally, a little Jewish boy raised his hand and said, "It was Jesus Christ." The teacher said, "That's absolutely right, Marvin. Come up and I'll give you the \$10."

As the teacher was giving Marvin his money, she said, "You know, Marvin, since you're Jewish, I was very surprised you said 'Jesus Christ'."

Marvin replied, "Yeah. In my heart, I knew it was Moses, but business is business."

~ Internet Jokester (**Shalom...**)

Thanks Joyce S/FL

Our lives are filled with many angles and choices. What we have to understand is that we make choices based on the information we have... thus it is always the right choice for us or our situation. Pray and choose your path. You're good at making choices, and you're the only one who has to walk it. The rest of us follow or watch you... not really knowing why you've chosen it... yet believing in you. ~ Sporty

I'm reminded of one of my little girls' remarks during a summer program in 2006. I had 30+ teens starting to get carried away, so I had to put them in check. As I 'settled them down' I authoritatively stated, "I laugh and joke, but I don't play." And as the many new kids held their breaths and made sure their eyes were fixed on me, Mariah (who was in her 3rd program with me) stated out loud, "Wow, that's tight Mr. Sporty. Can I use it?"

And I still laugh when I have that flashback. Not only because it was funny and calmed a tense moment... but because Mariah 'got it.' She understood that our personal relationship was not dictated by my public persona. Now one of my 'grownups,' I'm sure she'll get a kick out of reading this. And she still "gets it!" ~ Sporty

In finding your passion, consider which strength may outshine the strength of another. Thus you pursue it according to what works for you. My signature keynote speech ("How to be UGLY") is the base of my speaking business. I created it to compete in a Toastmasters speech contest. "Hearing" (not just practicing) the speech inspired me to use more acronyms... more positive language... create products that reinforced my message.... You can get started on pursuing your passion, by getting started. You have to be your own magic. Marvel at the work you put into what you do, and resolve to take it up another notch. ~ Sporty

... How I Feel Affects Other People!!!

didn't blow the whistle...."

You see, "grown-ups," you sometimes forget that you haven't always been so coordinated, responsible or knowledgeable. I would've loved to stand here and tell you about one life I've touched, but I have too many and have been touched by too many. So have you.

I don't ask that you drop focusing on your child. I remind you that your child is not the only one focused on you. You're the Ref... the coach... you are the glue. And don't look now, but you're sitting next to, in front of, behind and among someone who's got just as much "stick to it" as you.

And we need you to get together to make a difference, now more than ever. On every August 28, the anniversary of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr's *I Have a Dream* speech will come and go. His dream was about re-membering to referee and coach each unending generation of children to a land of peace. He didn't live to see it happen. Hey Coach! Will you? Or will you slowly forget?

Dr. King had a dream. Sporty King is living a reality... that referees & coaches, players & fans, little children and, more importantly, big adults have remembered that each model needs the proper glue.

ENJOY THIS EXCERPT FROM

S.T.U.F.F. Happens!!!

Situations That Unleash our Focus & Faith!!!

Being chosen as the one to witness my mother take her last breath in 2007, I found the strength to put grief on hold. Blessed with the opportunity to coach youth basketball in 1990, I learned to coach parents, though I have no kids. Bankruptcy in 1999 pushed me to believe in my passionate calling to be a Speaker. And in 2010 I began this new path in following my dream. That's how life happens!!! Four life episodes Dealing with (Life, Parenting, Passion, Change) STUFF that becomes one calm and reassuring read to help you enjoy the challenge of remaining focused and maintaining your faith.

S.T.U.F.F. HAPPENS!!!

Situations That Unleash our Focus & Faith!!!

SPORTY KING

How I Feel Affects Other People!!!

Dealing With Parenting!!!

The Perfect Parent/Chosen Child Handbook is read in opposite directions (front to back/back to front) ... 40 pages long ... all blank! I wrote this monologue 10 years after one of my 'parenting' lessons.

How Slowly We Forget (1999)

*"Hey Ref! How'd you like a ticket to the game we're watching?"
"Hey Coach! I didn't pay 50 bucks to watch my kid sit on the bench."*

When I moved to Bolingbrook, a suburb 40 miles southwest of Chicago, someone told me I lived in a "model" neighborhood. Well each model needs the proper glue.

I decided I'd ease into the flow of suburban life by refereeing basketball in the community league. Community league is instructional basketball, and part of the eligibility requirement is not playing on your school team. So I really wanted to coach, but figured I'd need to get to know people first before they could trust me to guide their children. I'd wait to coach next year.

What I didn't realize was that Bolingbrook was (apparently) a haven for retired professional basketball players, coaches and referees. And as I took my place on the floor to blow my whistle for the first time, and point eager-to-learn 5th graders in the right direction, I felt an air of excitement (and even a little childishness) as I looked around at all the parents in the stands.

Involved and concerned parents, who obviously loved their little heroes and looked forward to enjoying watching them learn and develop their competitive and coordination skills. Parents obviously bubbling with the anticipation of that memorable 1st basket their son would score... ready to share that inaugural glowing smile that stretched, not only from ear to ear, but from head to toe. That "look, I did it" jolt of electricity that separated adults (one at a time) from the comforting pine of the bench seats in the stands.

Yes, these were parents. Involved, concerned role models who systematically turned into a boisterous, fuming swarm of frustrated "we saw them doing it on TV" maniacs... who had no love for my love of molding

fundamentally sound citizens with a sense of fair play who might one day have to create a better world for us to live in.

And as I made *wrong call after bad call after missed call*, I saw myself become the child... scolded, pressured, pushed to fill the shoes of an older brother or sister, parent, relative or friend... the teenager... conscious of my appearance, questioning my decisions, wondering who I am... and finally the adult... cautious, with failing eyesight, hearing, reflexes and stamina.

Well, after 2 weeks and 6 games on that roller coaster, I decided to start coaching a year earlier than anticipated. And in Week #3 I began my coaching by talking to the coach from each team at center court:

Gentlemen, I understand that each of you has a son in this program. In fact, I'm sure you're volunteering to be visibly an active part in your son's development as a ball player. I, on the other hand, do not have a son in this program, and am really doing this because I, too, want to see your son develop as a fundamentally sound ball player.

I won't get every call right, I'll call what I see, and I don't have a problem with your asking for an explanation to my call. But what I need you to be conscious of is the fact that if all you do is scream and refute my calls, you only teach your son (not to mention his teammates and the fans) that the ref is never right. Thus he'll grow up resenting authority and being clueless as to why he doesn't make the school team.

Now how often, when I make the right call, do you look down the bench and explain to the guys why that was a good call, and why they should be conscious of not making the same mistake? If you can't explain my call, I will gladly stop the game and do so for you, your players and your fans. But I am not here to have you abuse me game after game. Cool?

That was in 1989, and starting that day I began to hear "Excuse me Ref, would you watch #5? He's pushing my guy." Or "Oooohhh, Sporty, didn't he walk?"

I'd say, "OK, I'll keep an eye on him." or "Yeah. Wow, I can't believe I