

April 2016

JAKE'S JABS & JABBER

Va-va-va-Voom! We're hooooome! As Dorothy and my buddy, Toto, always say, "there's no place like home, there's no place like home...!" Clancy-Pants and I are enormously grateful to Auntie Linder and Uncle DenDen for coming to the rescue when our master took his infamous plunge. We'll miss our substitute home and family.



And, truly, there is *no* place like home. Whether it's a second home staying with other Munchkins (I'm a great look-alike!), or a tiny "castle" on a hill of moles, as long as it's with family, friends, love, laughter, snuggles, and that sanctuary of where memories can be made, that's home. Home is also the celebration of those you love, here and gone, held close to your heart. Home *is* the heart. The heart of the special people and special experiences in our lives. So, it really isn't only the physical place of dwelling, it's the place to dwell in your feelings, reminiscences and heart.



JOKES, JOLLIES, and JOTABLES

- * How many general-relativity theorists does it take to change a lightbulb? Two. One to hold the bulb and one to rotate space!
- * What did one uranium-238 nucleus say to the other? "Gotta Split!"

So, really! How many of you out there get my jokes. Clancy says his are better; I say mine are "stellar!"

Arfin' is Awesome; Yippin's so Yuckie!



- Jake