



THE BOTTLE OF WINE

For all of us who are married, were married, wish you were married, or wish you weren't married, this is something to smile about the next time you see a bottle of wine:

Sally was driving home from one of her business trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly

Navajo woman walking on the side of the road.
As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped
the car and asked the Navajo woman if she would like
a ride.

With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into
the car.

Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make
a bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old
woman just sat silently, looking intently at
everything she saw, studying every little detail,
until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to
Sally.

'What in bag?' asked the old woman.

Sally looked down at the brown bag and said, 'It's
a bottle of wine. I got it for my husband.'

The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or
two.

Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder,
she said:

'Good trade.....'

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