



morning breaks

Volume 4 Number 49

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." -Marjorie Pay Hinckley

December 4, 2005

A woman sees a beautiful tennis bracelet in a jewelry store window. She goes in and asks the clerk if a small deposit will hold it until her husband does something unforgivable.

Two True stories from the Butterball Turkey Hotline, where people call to get advice on how to cook a Turkey from the experts:

- Thanksgiving Dinner on the run. A woman called to find out how long it would take to roast her turkey. To answer the question, the Talk-Line home economist asked how much the bird weighed. The woman responded, "I don't know, it's still running around outside."
- Tofu turkey? No matter how you slice it, Thanksgiving just isn't Thanksgiving without turkey. A restaurant owner in California wanted to know how to roast a turkey for a vegetarian menu.
- Then there's the time a lady was picking through the frozen turkeys at the grocery store, but couldn't find one big enough for her family. She asked a stock boy, "Do these turkeys get any bigger?" The stock boy replied, "No ma'am, they're dead."

It's the day before Thanksgiving and the butcher is just locking up when a man pounds on the door. "Please let me in," says the man, "I forgot to buy a turkey and my wife will kill me if I don't come home with one."

"OK" says the butcher. "Let me see what's left." He goes into the freezer and discovers that there's only one scrawny turkey left. He brings it out to show the man.

"That one's too skinny. What else have you got?" asks the man.

The butcher takes the bird back into the freezer and waits a few minutes then brings the same turkey back out to the man.

"Oh no," says the man, "that one doesn't look any better. You better give me both of them."

I've been working on my budget. Line one is my fixed expenses, line two is my fixed income and the difference is the fix I'm in.

My husband had run to the store with our daughters, Sarah (4) and Hannah (2) and on the way home he drove through a neighborhood looking for houses for sale. After a bit Sarah asked, "Daddy, what are we doing?"

My husband said he was looking at the houses that were for sale.

Sarah asked "Are you gonna buy a new house?"

Dad replied "Maybe."

Then Sarah said with much concern, "But Dad, how will we get it HOME?!"

The nation's crime rate is still at a 30-year low. Experts say with gas and food prices so high, there's nobody left who's worth robbing. - Jake Novak

After being laid off from five different jobs in four months, my Uncle Joe was hired by a warehouse. One day he lost control of a forklift and drove it off the loading dock.

Surveying the damage, the owner shook his head and said he'd have to withhold 10 percent of Uncle Joe's wages to pay for the repairs.

"How much will it cost?" asked my uncle.

"About \$4,500," said the owner.

"What a relief!" exclaimed Uncle Joe. "I've finally got job security!"



Buttercup just couldn't take it any more...She was tired of the DOG getting top billing and her claws were a heck of lot more dangerous than that sleeping hound's bark.

Five Surgeons are discussing who makes the best patients to operate on.

The first surgeon says, "I like to see Accountants on my operating table, because when you open them up, everything inside is numbered."

The second responds, "Yeah, but you should try Electricians! Everything inside them is color coded."

The third surgeon says, "No, I really think Librarians are the best; everything inside them is in alphabetical order."

The fourth surgeon chimes in: "You know, I like Construction Workers...those guys always understand when you have a few parts left over at the end, and when the job takes longer than you said it would."

But the fifth surgeon shut them all up when he observed: "You're all wrong. Politicians are the easiest to operate on. There's no guts, no heart, no balls, no brains and no spine...and the head and the ass are interchangeable."

Traffic was so bad on the freeway, I had to stop twice to make car payments

When troubles come your soul to try,
You love the friend who just stands by.
Perhaps there's nothing she can do,
The thing is strictly up to you.

For there are troubles all your own,
And paths the soul must tread alone.
Times when love can't smooth the road,
Nor friendship lift the heavy load.

But just to feel you have a friend,
Who will stand by until the end.
Whose sympathy through all endures,
Whose warm hand clasp is always yours.

It helps somehow to pull you through,
Although there's nothing she can do.
And so with fervent heart we cry,
God Bless the friend who just stands by.

Anyone who's ever been to a "teaching hospital" knows to expect a group of students to descend upon them at any time. At one such hospital, in the recovery room, a bunch of students gathered around a beautiful blonde who, even in a gown, was obviously very well endowed.

Recovery is an excellent place for student doctors to become familiar with variations in heartbeats while the body comes back to normal from the operation and the anesthesia.

The first student approached the patient calmly and proceeded to listen intently to her heartbeat through the stethoscope.

The group was silent as he did so. The woman hesitated, then looked sympathetically into the eyes of

the doctor-to-be. Reaching up, she gently placed the earpieces into his ears.

A friend of mine was having a bit of marital tension in his household and was trying to figure out just what to do about it.

In the course of our conversation, I happened to mention to him that: "You know, quite often God speaks to us through our wives."

My friend looked at me kind of funny and said, "Wow! I didn't know God used that kind of language!"



In his determination to cut costs at Copper Hills High School, Mr. Worlton has decided to go to a "One Man MP3 Marching Band."

Little Johnny's new baby brother was screaming up a storm. He asked his mom, "Where'd we get him?"

His mother replied, "He came from heaven, Johnny."

Johnny says, "WOW! I can see why they threw him out!"

While attending a marriage seminar on communication, Tom and his wife Peg listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other."

He addressed the men, "Can you describe your wife's favorite flower?"

Tom leaned over, touched his wife's arm gently and whispered, Pillsbury All-Purpose, isn't it?"

The rest of the story is not pleasant.

A little girl was wearing one of those Medical Alert bracelets. Someone asked her what the bracelet was for. She replied, "I'm allergic to nuts and eggs."

The person asked, "Are you allergic to cats?"

The girl said, "I don't know. I don't eat cats."

Okay, enough already. Get busy and we'll see you next week!

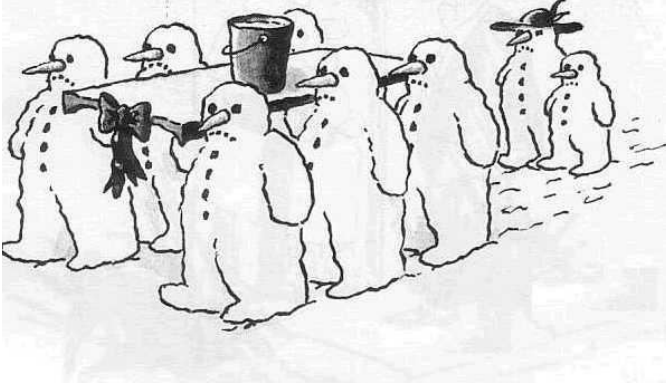


morning breaks

Volume 4 Number 50

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." -Marjorie Pay Hinckley

December 11, 2005



Frosty will be sorely missed by all...

Becky prepared a pasta dish for a dinner party she was giving. In her haste, however, she forgot to refrigerate the spaghetti sauce, and it sat on the counter all day. She was worried about spoilage, but it was too late to cook up another batch. She called the local Poison Control Center and voiced her concern. They advised Becky to boil the sauce again.

That night, the phone rang during dinner, and a guest volunteered to answer it. Becky's face dropped as the guest called out, "It's the Poison Control Center. They want to know how the spaghetti sauce turned out."

A little girl was wearing one of those Medical Alert bracelets. Someone asked her what the bracelet was for. She replied, "I'm allergic to nuts and eggs."

The person asked, "Are you allergic to cats?"

The girl said, "I don't know. I don't eat cats."

A few years ago, an American and a British journalist were discussing Thanksgiving on a British radio program. The American asked if Thanksgiving was celebrated in the UK.

"Yes," the British journalist replied, "but we celebrate it on the 6th of September."

"Why then?"

"That's when you chaps left."

There is nothing more PERMANENT than a TEMPORARY TAX!

These days, with all the emphasis on one's physical fitness, a new organization has sprung up called "Athletics Anonymous."

When you get the urge to play golf, tennis, go power-walking or bicycle riding (or anything else involving a type of physical activity), they send someone over to watch TV with you until the urge passes.



Liz goes to her first show at an art gallery and is looking at the paintings. One is a huge canvas that has black with yellow blobs of paint splattered all over it. The next painting is a murky gray color that has drips of purple paint streaked across it.

Liz walks over to the artist and says, "I don't understand your paintings."

"I paint what I feel inside me," explains the artist.

"Have you ever tried Alka-Seltzer?"

As a computer technician, I had just finished a big push, and finally had a little slack time. So I decided to catch up on a small but long-overdue task: copying archived files from some old floppy disks to CD's.

There were several dozen 5-1/4-inch disks piled up on my desk. I was busily working my way through these when the new, young IT student came up to me and put some object right down in the middle of my desk.

"Guess what this is?" the student asked.

I like interesting gadgets so I picked it up to look at it. It's a heavy 4-inch cube, apparently made of solid metal, with a large rod sticking out one side.

"I don't know," I said. "Tell me."

"It's a neodymium magnet. The world's most powerful magnet," student said. "It uses rare metals. Look, you can actually switch it on and off just by moving the rod, which combines the metals."

Before I could say anything, the student moved the switch. The magnet stuck tight to the metal surface of the desk, which the student demonstrated by trying to pull it off the desk with both hands.

He finally got it loose. But by then I'm staring in horror. The monitor on my desk has turned all the colors of the rainbow due to him waving this big magnet about. I shouted at him to take it away from me!

But it was too late. Most of the old floppies were wiped or badly corrupted.

The student had never seen 5-1/4-inch floppies before, so he didn't realize what they were. It took me a month to recover as much as possible with a disk editor.

I did have a laugh, though. The magnet had also wiped all of the magnetic strips on the student's credit cards.

At a naval barracks the enlisted men were being given their shots prior to going overseas. One lad, having received his whole series of injections, asked for a glass of water.

"What's the matter, Mate?" asked the sick bay attendant. "Do you feel light-headed?"

"No, just checking to see if I'm still watertight."

I'd been hired to paint a woman's living room, but every time I put another coat of paint on the walls, my client changed her mind about the color. After the third time, it still wasn't right. So back to the paint store I went.

As I painted the fourth coat on, she commented, "It seems like you're painting faster."

I replied, "No, the room's actually gotten smaller."

My memory's not as sharp as it used to be. And my memory's not as sharp as it used to be, either.

The little boy greeted his grandmother with a hug and said, "I'm so happy to see you grandma. Now maybe daddy will do the trick he has been promising us."

The grandmother was curious. "What trick is that my dear," she asked.

The little boy replied, "I heard daddy tell mommy that he would climb the walls if you came to visit us again."

A porter loaded down with suitcases followed the couple to the airline check-in counter.

As they approached the line, the husband glanced at the pile of luggage and said to the wife, "Why didn't you bring the piano, too?"

"Are you trying to be funny?" she replied.

"No, I really wish you had" he sighed. "I left the tickets on it."

Wisdom has two parts to it:

- (1) Having a lot to say.
 - (2) Not doing it.
-

My son was only 5 feet, 8 inches tall when he left for college in the fall. He worked through the Christmas holidays and didn't return home again until the February break.

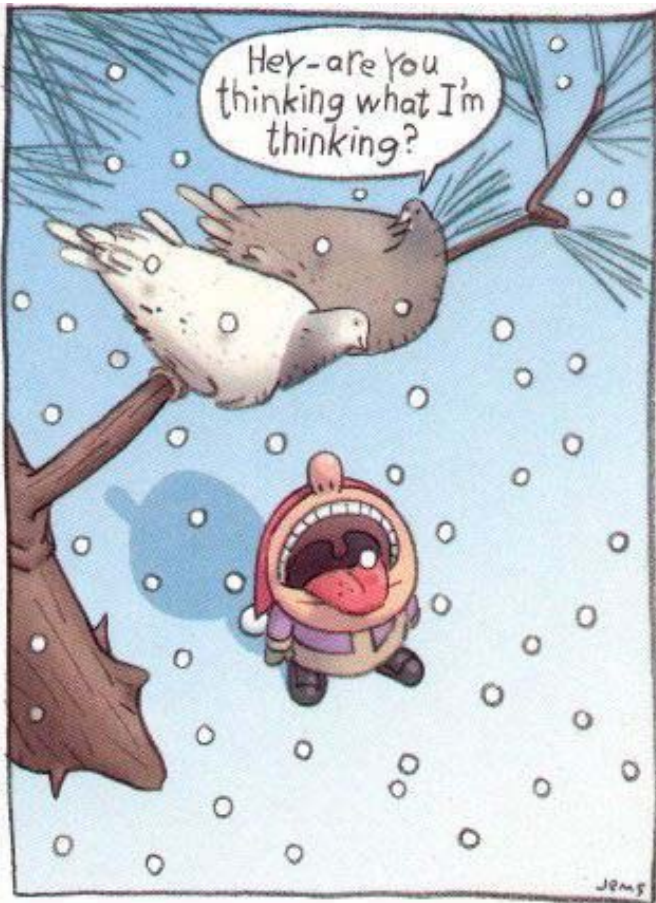
When he got off the plane, I was stunned at how much taller he looked. Measuring him at home, I discovered he now stood at 5 feet, 11 inches. He was as surprised as I. "Couldn't you tell by your clothes that you'd grown?" I asked him.

"Since I've been doing my own laundry," he replied, "I just figured everything had shrunk."

A Latin saying that has been upgraded to modern times: VENI, VEDI, VISA.

Translation: "I came, I saw, I did a little shopping."

Note: Occasionally you may see the same humorous article come through...it's not my fault. I keep getting the same material from different sources! Enjoy anyway!





I think Santa Claus is a woman....

I hate to be the one to defy sacred myth, but I believe he's a she.

Think about it. Christmas is a big, organized, warm, fuzzy, nurturing social deal, and I have a tough time believing a guy could possibly pull it all off!

For starters, the vast majority of men don't even think about selecting gifts until Christmas Eve. It's as if they are all frozen in some kind of Ebenezerian Time Warp until 3 p.m. on Dec. 24th, when they--with amazing calm--call other errant men and plan for a last-minute shopping spree.

Once at the mall, they always seem surprised to find only Ronco products, socket wrench sets, and mood rings left on the shelves. (You might think this would send them into a fit of panic and guilt, but my husband tells me it's an enormous relief because it lessens the 11th hour decision-making burden.) On this count alone, I'm convinced Santa is a woman.

Surely, if he were a man, everyone in the universe would wake up Christmas morning to find a rotating musical Chia Pet under the tree, still in the bag.

Another problem for a he-Santa would be getting there. First of all, there would be no reindeer because they would all be dead, gutted, and strapped on to the rear bumper of the sleigh, amid wide-eyed, desperate claims that buck season had been extended. Blitzen's rack would already be on the way to the taxidermist.

Even if the male Santa DID have reindeer, he'd still have transportation problems because he would inevitably get lost up there in the snow and clouds and then refuse to stop and ask for directions.

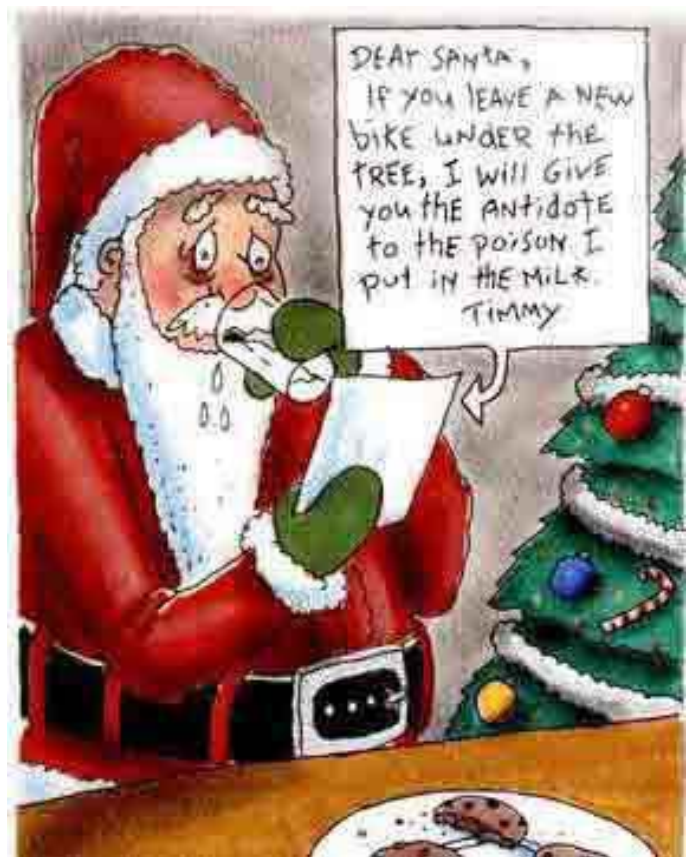
Add to this the fact that there would be unavoidable delays in the chimney, where the Bob Vila-like Santa would stop to inspect and repoint bricks in the flue. He would also need to check for carbon monoxide fumes in every gas fireplace, and get under every Christmas tree that is crooked to straighten it to a perfectly upright 90-degree angle.

Other reasons why Santa can't possibly be a man:

- Men can't pack a bag.
- Men would rather be dead than caught wearing red velvet.
- Men would feel their masculinity is threatened, having to be seen with all those elves.
- Men don't answer their mail.
- Men would refuse to allow their physique to be described even in jest as anything remotely resembling a "bowlful of jelly."

- Men aren't interested in stockings unless somebody's wearing them.
- Finally, being responsible for Christmas would require a commitment.

I can buy the fact that other mythical holiday characters are men. Father Time shows up once a year unshaven and looking ominous. Definite guy. Cupid flies around carrying weapons. Uncle Sam is a politician who likes to point fingers. Any one of these individuals could pass the testosterone screening test, but not St. Nick; Not a chance.



Everyone has a photographic memory...some people just don't have any film in the camera.

Whenever I think of the past it brings back so many memories!

The Night Before Christmas (Legal Style)

Whereas, on or about the night prior to Christmas, there did occur at a certain improved piece of real property (hereinafter "the House") a general lack of stirring by all creatures therein, including, but not limited to a mouse.

A variety of foot apparel, e.g. stocking, socks, etc., had been affixed by and around the chimney in said House in the hope and/or belief that St. Nick a/k/a/ St. Nicholas a/k/a/ Santa Claus (hereinafter "Claus") would arrive at sometime thereafter.

The minor residents, i.e. the children, of the aforementioned House were located in their individual beds and were engaged in nocturnal hallucinations, i.e. dreams, wherein visions of confectionery treats, including, but not limited to, candies, nuts and/or sugar plums, did dance, cavort and otherwise appear in said dreams.

Whereupon the party of the first part (sometimes hereinafter referred to as "I"), being the joint-owner in fee simple of the House with the party of the second part (hereinafter "Mamma"), and said Mamma had retired for a sustained period of sleep. (At such time, the parties were clad in various forms of headgear, e.g. kerchief and cap.)

Suddenly, and without prior notice or warning, there did occur upon the unimproved real property adjacent and appurtenant to said House, i.e. the lawn, a certain disruption of unknown nature, cause and/or circumstance. The party of the first part did immediately rush to a window in the House to investigate the cause of such disturbance.

At that time, the party of the first part did observe, with some degree of wonder and/or disbelief, a miniature sleigh (hereinafter "the Vehicle") being pulled and/or drawn very rapidly through the air by approximately eight (8) reindeer. The driver of the Vehicle appeared to be and in fact was, the previously referenced Claus.

Said Claus was providing specific direction, instruction and guidance to the approximately eight (8) reindeer and specifically identified the animal co-conspirators by name: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen (hereinafter "the Deer"). (Upon information and belief, it is further asserted that an additional co-conspirator named "Rudolph" may have been involved.)

The party of the first part witnessed Claus, the Vehicle and the Deer intentionally and willfully trespass upon the roofs of several residences located adjacent to and in the vicinity of the House, and noted that the Vehicle was heavily laden with packages, toys and other items of unknown origin or nature. Suddenly, without prior invitation or permission, either express or implied, the Vehicle arrived at the House, and Claus entered said House via the chimney.

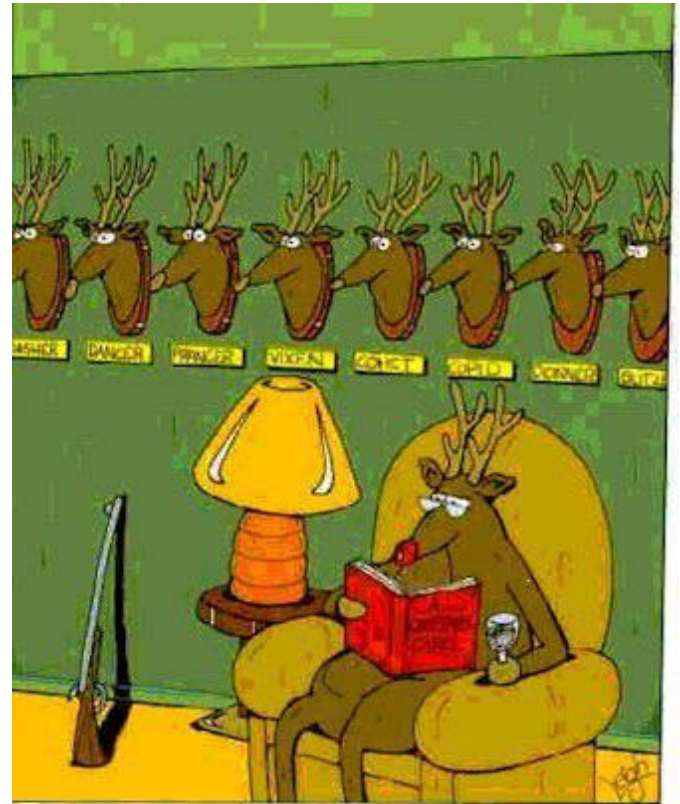
Said Claus was clad in a red fur suit, which was partially covered with residue from the chimney, and he carried a large sack containing a portion of the aforementioned packages, toys, and other unknown items. He was smoking what appeared to be tobacco in a small pipe in blatant violation of local ordinances and health regulations.

Claus did not speak, but immediately began to fill the stocking of the minor children, which hung adjacent to the chimney, with toys and other small gifts. (Said items did not, however, constitute "gifts" to said minor pursuant to the applicable provisions of the U.S. Tax Code.)

Upon completion of such task, Claus touched the side of his nose and flew, rose and/or ascended up the chimney of the House to the roof where the Vehicle and Deer waited

and/or served as "lookouts." Claus immediately departed for an unknown destination.

However, prior to the departure of the Vehicle, Deer and Claus from said House, the party of the first part did hear Claus state and/or exclaim: "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!", or words to that effect.



All of the other reindeer used to laugh and call him names.

It was the beginning of December. The trip had gone reasonably well, and he was ready to go back. The airport on the other hand had turned a tacky red and green with loudspeakers blaring annoying elevator renditions of cherished Christmas carols.

Being someone who took Christmas very seriously, and being slightly tired, he was not in a particularly good mood.

Going to check in his luggage, he saw hanging mistletoe. Not real mistletoe, but very cheap plastic with red paint on some of the rounder parts and green paint on some of the flatter and "pointier" parts, that could be taken for mistletoe only in a very Picasso sort of way.

With a considerable degree of irritation and nowhere else to vent it, he said to the lady attendant, "Even if I were not married, I would not want to kiss you under such a ghastly mockery of mistletoe."

"Sir, look more closely at where the mistletoe is."

(pause)

"Ok, I see that it's above the luggage scale, which is the place you'd have to step forward for a kiss."

"That's not why it's there."

(pause)

"Ok, I give up. Why is it there?"

"It's there so you can kiss your luggage goodbye."

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Volume 4 Number 52

"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." —Marjorie Pay Hinckley

December 25, 2005



This LITTLE tidbit that was sent to me sure sounds like something Dave Barry would write. So let me acknowledge Mr. Barry, who is a Pulitzer Prize-winning syndicated columnist at the Miami Herald and apologize for any copyright infringement that sending this might be present. It's entitled, "Gift Wrapping Tips For Men"

(Edited slightly)

This is the time of year when we think back to the very first Christmas, when the Three Wise Men; Gaspar, Balthazar and Herb, went to see the baby Jesus and, according to the Book of Matthew, "presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh." These are simple words, but if we analyze them carefully, we discover an important, yet often overlooked, theological fact: There is no mention of wrapping paper.

The words "wrapping paper" do not appear in the Bible, which means that the very first Christmas gifts were NOT wrapped. This is because the people giving those gifts had two important characteristics:

1. They were wise.
2. They were men.

Men are not big gift wrappers. Men do not understand the point of putting paper on a gift just so somebody else can tear it off. This is not just my opinion: This is a scientific fact based on a statistical survey of two guys I know.

One is Rob, who said the only time he ever wraps a gift is "if it's such a poor gift that I don't want to be there when the person opens it." The other is Gene, who told me he does wrap gifts, but as a matter of principle never takes more than 15 seconds per gift. "No one ever had to wonder which presents daddy wrapped at Christmas," Gene said. "They were the ones that looked like enormous spitballs."

I also wrap gifts, but because of some defect in my motor skills, I can never completely wrap them. I can take a gift the size of a deck of cards and put it the exact

center of a piece of wrapping paper the size of a regulation volleyball court, but when I am done folding and taping, you can still see a sector of the gift peeking out. (Sometimes I camouflage this sector with a marking pen.) If I had been an ancient Egyptian in the field of mummies, the lower half of the Pharaoh's body would be covered only by Scotch tape.

On the other hand, if you give my wife a 12-inch square of wrapping paper, she can wrap a C-130 cargo plane. My wife, like many women, actually likes wrapping things. If she gives you a gift that requires batteries, she wraps the batteries separately, which to me is very close to being a symptom of mental illness. If it were possible, my wife would wrap each individual volt.

My point is that gift-wrapping is one of those skills like having babies that come more naturally to women than to men. That is why today I am presenting:

GIFT-WRAPPING TIPS FOR MEN:

- Whenever possible, buy gifts that are already wrapped. If, when the recipient opens the gift, neither one of you recognizes it, you can claim that it's myrrh.
- The editors of Woman's Day magazine recently ran an item on how to make your own wrapping paper by printing a design on it with an apple sliced in half horizontally and dipped in a mixture of food coloring and liquid starch. They must be smoking crack.
- If you're giving a hard-to-wrap gift, skip the wrapping paper! Just put it inside a bag and stick one of those little adhesive bows on it. This creates a festive visual effect that is sure to delight the lucky recipient on Christmas morning:
YOUR WIFE: Why is there a Hefty trash bag under the tree?
YOU: It's a gift! See? It has a bow!
YOUR WIFE (peering into the trash bag): It's a leaf blower.
YOU: Gas-powered! Five horsepower!
YOUR WIFE: I want a divorce.
YOU: I also got you some myrrh.

In conclusion, remember that the important thing is not what you give, or how you wrap it. The important thing, during this very special time of year, is that you save the receipt.

A Relief Society President went to the Post Office to buy 100 stamps for her Christmas cards. "What denomination," asked the clerk?

"Oh, good heavens!" said the woman, "Have we come to this?" She thought about it for a few minutes, wanting to be fair and unbiased, then stated, "You had better give me 50 Mormon, 20 Baptist, 20 Catholic...and 10 Jewish for good measure."

One year at Christmas, mom went to my sister's house for the traditional feast. Knowing how gullible my sister is, mom decided to play a trick. She told my sister that she needed something from the store.

When my sister left, mom took the turkey out of the oven, removed the stuffing, stuffed a Cornish hen, and inserted it into the turkey, then re-stuffed the turkey. She placed the bird(s) back in the oven.

When it was time for dinner, my sister pulled the turkey out of the oven and proceeded to remove the stuffing. When her serving spoon hit something, she reached in and pulled out the little bird. With a look of total shock on her face, mother exclaimed, "Patricia, you've cooked a pregnant bird!"

At the reality of this horrifying news, my sister started to cry. It took the family two hours to convince her that turkeys lay eggs.

Dear Santa,

I've been a good mom all year. I've fed, cleaned, and cuddled my two children on demand, visited the doctor's office more than my doctor, sold sixty-two cases of candy bars to raise money to plant a shade tree on the school playground and figured out how to attach nine patches onto my daughter's girl scout sash with staples and a glue gun.

I was hoping you could spread my list out over several Christmases, since I had to write this letter with my son's red crayon, on the back of a receipt in the laundry room between cycles, and who knows when I'll find anymore free time in the next 18 years.

Here are my Christmas wishes:

I'd like a pair of legs that don't ache after a day of chasing kids (in any color, except purple, which I already have) and arms that don't flap in the breeze, but are strong enough to carry a screaming toddler out of the candy aisle in the grocery store. I'd also like a waist, since I lost mine somewhere in the seventh month of my last pregnancy.

If you're hauling big ticket items this year, I'd like a car with fingerprint resistant windows and a radio that only plays adult music; a television that doesn't broadcast any programs containing talking animals, and a refrigerator with a secret compartment behind the crisper where I can hide to talk on the phone.

On the practical side, I could use a talking daughter doll that says, "Yes, Mommy" to boost my parental confidence, along with one potty-trained toddler, two kids who don't fight, and three pairs of jeans that will zip all the way up without the use of power tools. I could also use a recording of Tibetan monks chanting, "Don't eat in

the living room" and "Take your hands off your brother", because my voice seems to be just out of my children's hearing range and can only be heard by the dog.

And please don't forget the Playdoh Travel Pak, the hottest stocking stuffer this year for mothers of preschoolers. It comes in three fluorescent colors and is guaranteed to crumble on any carpet making the In-law's house seem just like mine.

If it's too late to find any of these products, I'd settle for enough time to brush my teeth and comb my hair in the same morning, or the luxury of eating food warmer than room temperature without it being served in a Styrofoam container. If you don't mind I could also use a few Christmas miracles to brighten the holiday season. Would it be too much trouble to declare ketchup a vegetable? It will clear my conscience immensely.

It would be helpful if you could coerce my children to help around the house without demanding payment as if they were the bosses of an organized crime family; or if my toddler didn't look so cute sneaking downstairs to eat contraband ice cream in his pajamas at midnight.

Well, Santa, the buzzer on the dryer is ringing and my son saw my feet under the laundry room door. I think he wants his crayon back. Have a safe trip and remember to leave your wet boots by the chimney and come in and dry off by the fire so you don't catch cold. Help yourself to cookies on the table, but don't eat too many or leave crumbs on the carpet.

Yours always.....

Mom

PS: One more thing...you can cancel all my requests if you can keep my children young enough to believe in Santa.

