

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 01

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

January 7, 2007

One-Liners for the New Year

Don't let your worries get the best of you; remember, Moses started out as a basket case.

Many folks want to serve God, but only as advisors.

It is easier to preach ten sermons than it is to live one.

The good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose, but mosquitoes come close

People are funny; they want the front of the bus, the middle of the road, and the back of the church.

Opportunity may knock once, but temptation bangs on your front door forever.

God Himself does not propose to judge a man until he is dead. So why should you?

Some minds are like concrete; thoroughly mixed up and permanently set.

We were called to be witnesses, not lawyers or judges.

Be ye fishers of men. You catch them - He'll clean them.

Coincidence is when God chooses to remain anonymous.

Don't put a question mark where God put a period.

Don't wait for 6 strong men to take you to church...for the last time.

God doesn't call the qualified, He qualifies the called.

God promises a safe landing, not a calm passage.

If God is your Co-pilot - swap seats!

Prayer: Don't give God instructions -- just report for duty!

We don't change the message, the message changes us.



Ice may make it difficult to comply with the sign.

Safety is a major concern at the manufacturing company where I work. So I'm constantly preaching caution to the workers I supervise.

"Does anyone know," I asked a few guys, "what the speed limit is in our parking lot?"

The long silence that followed was interrupted when one of them piped up. "That depends. Do you mean coming to work or leaving?"

Cards offering used textbooks for sale are posted on the college notice board at the beginning of each semester. One read: "Introduction to Psychology, \$8, never used." The card was signed, "Must sell."

The next day a note had been added: "Good price. Are you sure it's never been used?" Signed, "Prospective buyer."

Below in a different hand was: "Positive!" Signed, "Professor who graded his exam."

A woman walks into the downtown welfare office, trailed by 15 kids.

"WOW," the social worker exclaims, "are they ALL YOURS???"

"Yep they are all mine," the flustered momma sighs, having heard that question a thousand times before. She says, "Sit down Leroy." All the children rush to find seats.

"Well," says the social worker, "then you must be here to sign up. I'll need all your children's names."

"This one's my oldest - he is Leroy."

"OK, and who's next?"

"Well, this one he is Leroy, also."

The social worker raises an eyebrow but continues. One by one, through the oldest four, all boys, all named Leroy. Then she is introduced the eldest girl, named Leighroy!

"All right," says the caseworker. "I'm seeing a pattern here. Are they ALL named Leroy?"

Their Momma replied, "Well, yes-it makes it easier. When it is time to get them out of bed and ready for school, I yell, 'Leroy!' An' when it's time for dinner, I just yell 'Leroy!' an' they all comes a'runnin. An' if I need to stop the kid who's running into the street, I just yell 'Leroy' and all of them stop. It's the smartest idea I ever had, namin' them all Leroy."

The social worker thinks this over for a bit, then wrinkles her forehead and says tentatively, "But what if you just want ONE kid to come, and not the whole bunch?"

"Then I call them by their last names."



Well, it finally happened!

It was Palm Sunday and, because of a sore throat, five-year-old Johnny stayed home from church with a sitter.

When the family returned home, they were carrying several palm branches. The boy asked what they were for.

"People held them over Jesus' head as he walked by," his older brother explained.

"Wouldn't you know it," the boy fumed. "The one Sunday I don't go, He showed up."

My 3 year old son recently had his first soccer game. The team consisted of 3- and 4-year olds, many of whom our son did not know. We took plenty of pictures, and after the game we used the photos to help him learn the names of his new friends and coaches.

"Who is this?" I asked pointing at one little boy.

"That's my friend Mason" came the reply.

"That's right! And who is this?" I asked pointing at a little girl.

"I don't know," came the reply.

"That's Madison. And who is this?" I asked pointing at Madison's daddy, the coach.

"I don't know," came the reply.

"That's Coach Juan. And who is this?" I asked pointing at Mason's mommy, Paige, the assistant coach.

In a small tentative voice the reply came,

"Coach Two?"

A Cherokee Indian was a special guest at my sister's elementary school. He talked to the children about his tribe and its traditions.

Then shared with them this fun fact: "There are no swear words in the Cherokee language."

One boy raised his hand, "But what if you're hammering a nail and accidentally smash your thumb?"

"That," the man answered, "is when we use your language."

On our first day of training for a charity parachute jump, the instructor made an important point. "Start preparing for landing when you're at 300 feet."

One student asked, "How do you know when you're at 300 feet"?

"A good question. At 300 feet, you can recognize the faces of people on the ground."

She thought about this for a moment before saying, "What happens if there's no one there I know"?

Nobody is ever "totally" useless. They can always be used as an example for one thing or another.

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 02

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

January 14, 2007

A man was traveling down a country road when he saw a large group of people outside a house. He stopped and asked a person why the large crowd was there.

A farmer replied, "Joe's mule kicked his mother-in-law and she died."

"Well," replied the man, "she must have had a lot of friends."

"Nope," said the farmer, "we all just want to buy his mule."

A few months later, the Captain called the Sergeant in again with, "Sarge, I just got a telegram that Private McGrath's mother died. You'd better go tell him and send him in to see me. This time be more tactful."

So the Sergeant calls for his morning formation. "Ok, men, fall in and listen up." "Everybody with a mother, take two steps forward." "Not so fast, McGrath!"

Satan greets him: "Welcome Mr. Gates, we've been waiting for you. This will be your home for all eternity. You've been selfish, greedy and a big liar all your life. Now, since you've got me in a good mood, I'll be generous and give you a choice of three places in which you'll be locked up forever.

Satan takes Bill to a huge lake of fire in which millions of poor souls are tormented and tortured. He then takes him to a massive coliseum where thousands of people are chased about and devoured by starving lions. Finally, he takes Bill to a tiny room in which there is a bottle of the finest wine sitting on a table. To Bill's delight, he sees a PC in the corner. Without hesitation, Bill says "I'll take this option."

"Fine," says Satan, allowing Bill to enter the room. Satan locks the room after Bill.

As he turns around, he bumps into his chief minion, who cries, "That was Bill Gates! Why did you give him the best place of all!"

"That's what everyone thinks" snickered Satan. "The bottle has a hole in it!"

"What about the PC?"

"It's got Windows 95!" laughed Satan. "And it's missing three keys,"

"Which three?"

"Control, Alt and Delete."



The Captain called the Sergeant in. "Sarge, I just got a telegram that Private Jones' mother died yesterday. Better go tell him and send him in to see me."

So the Sergeant calls for his morning formation and lines up all the troops. "Listen up, men," says the Sergeant. "Johnson, report to the mess hall for KP. Smith, report to Personnel to sign some papers. The rest of you men report to the Motor Pool for maintenance. Oh by the way, Jones, your mother died, report to the commander."

Later that day the Captain called the Sergeant into his office. "Hey, Sarge, that was a pretty cold way to inform Jones his mother died. Couldn't you be a bit more tactful, next time?"

"Yes, sir," answered the Sarge.

Patient: Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up; something to put me in a fighting mood. Did you put something like that in this prescription?

Doctor: No need for that. You will find that in your bill.

"A strong 6.6 magnitude earthquake hit Hawaii yesterday morning. Pretty scary. President Bush says he wants to do anything he can to help them because he considers Hawaii to be one of our strongest allies.

"Of course, FEMA was there immediately. Actually, some FEMA had arrived a day earlier to assess the damage from the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor." -- Jay Leno



When my husband was a student at Tennessee Temple University, I often asked him to do errands after class, tying ribbons on his fingers to remind him. A good sport, he didn't protest, even though his classmates obviously noticed my little reminders.

One day he had to have a mole removed from above his ear and emerged from the doctor's office with his head wrapped in a white bandage. When he walked into class, everyone just stared.

Finally one student blurted out, "Whatever your wife wants you to remember today, it must be REALLY important."

A two-and-a-half-year-old walked into the bathroom while her mother was putting on make-up.

"I'm going to look just like you, Mommy!" she announced.

"Maybe, when you grow up," her mother told her.

"No Mommy, tomorrow. I just put on that 'Oil of Old Lady' you always use."

There were two elderly people living in Trailer Estates, a Florida mobile home park. He was a widower and she a widow. They had known one another for a number of years.

One evening there was a community supper in the big activity center. The two were at the same table, across from one another. As the meal went on, he made a few admiring glances at her and finally gathered his courage to ask her, "Will you marry me?"

After about six seconds of 'careful consideration,' she answered. "Yes. Yes, I will." The meal ended and, with a few more pleasant exchanges, they went to their respective places.

Next morning, he was troubled. "Did she say 'yes' or did she say 'no'?" He couldn't remember. Try as he would, he just could not recall. Not even a faint memory. With trepidation, he went to the telephone and called her. First, he explained that he didn't remember as well as he used to. Then he reviewed the lovely evening past.

As he gained a little more courage, he inquired, "When I asked if you would marry me, did you say 'Yes' or did you say 'No'?"

He was delighted to hear her say, "Why, I said, 'Yes, yes I will' and I meant it with all my heart." Then she continued, "I am so glad that you called, because I couldn't remember who had asked me."

"Dad," a teenaged girl says, running into her father's den, "I'd like to kiss you good-bye before I go to school!"

"You're too late, honey. Your mother just did that two minutes ago, and I don't have any cash left on me."

The supervisor of my work section recently made a casual comment about my shaggy mane of hair.

He then went on to extol the virtues of a good haircut, which, he insisted, makes an elderly man look younger and a younger man seem more mature.

"How would a haircut make a middle-aged man like me appear?" I asked.

"Still employed," was his answer.

Do you realize that if there were 24 hours and 15 minutes in a day we'd all get enough sleep?

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 03

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

January 21, 2007

I recall a trip to Rigby stake that I took some years ago in company with my kinsman, Elder J. Golden Kimball. We were to attend a conference on Saturday and Sunday, but arrived at Rigby in the afternoon of Friday.

The conference opened in due season, and Brother Kimball arose to speak. The first thing he said that interested me was this: "There isn't one man in a thousand that knows how to treat a woman." And the sisters all over the house looked at each other and nodded their heads approvingly. Then Golden fired off the other barrel: "And there isn't one woman in a thousand that knows when she's well treated." I came home more than ever convinced that there are two sides to every question. –Orson F. Whitney, Jr., *April Conference, 1929.*



A two-and-a-half-year-old walked into the bathroom while her mother was putting on make-up.

"I'm going to look just like you, Mommy!" she announced.

"Maybe, when you grow up," her mother told her.

"No Mommy, tomorrow. I just put on that 'Oil of Old Lady' you always use."

A nice, calm and respectable lady went into the pharmacy, right up to the pharmacist, looked straight into his eyes, and said, "I would like to buy some cyanide."

The pharmacist asked, "Why in the world do you need cyanide?"

The lady replied, "I need it to poison my husband."

The pharmacist's eyes got big and he exclaimed, "I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband! That's against the law! I'll lose my license! They'll throw both of us in jail! All kinds of bad things will happen. Absolutely not! You CANNOT have any cyanide!"

The lady reached into her purse and pulled out a picture of her husband kissing the pharmacist's wife.

The pharmacist looked at the picture and replied, "Well now, that's different. You didn't tell me you had a prescription."

A small boy is sent to bed by his father. Five minutes later, the boy calls out, "Daaaaad...."

"What?"

"I'm thirsty. Can you bring me a drink of water?"

"No, you had your chance. Lights out and be quiet."

Five minutes later: "Daaaaad..."

"WHAT?!"

"I'm THIRSTY. Can I have a drink of water?"

I told you NO! If you ask again, I'll have to spank you!"

Five minutes later: "Daaaaad... When you come in to spank me, can you bring a drink of water?"

As a professor at Texas A & M, I taught during the day and did research at night. I would usually take a break around nine, however, calling up the strategy game Warcraft on the Internet and playing with an on-line team.

One night I was paired with a veteran of the game who was a master strategist. With him at the helm, our troops crushed opponent after opponent, and after six games we were undefeated. Suddenly my fearless leader informed me his mom wanted him to go to bed.

"How old are you?" I typed.

"Twelve," he replied. "How old are you?"
Feeling my face redden, I answered, "Eight."

A woman visited a psychic of some local repute. In a dark and gloomy room, gazing at the Tarot cards laid out before her, the Tarot reader delivered the bad news:

"There is no easy way to say this so I'll just be blunt: Prepare yourself to be a widow. Your husband will die a violent death this year."

Visibly shaken, the woman stared at the psychic's lined face, then at the single flickering candle, then down at her hands. She took a few deep breaths to compose herself. She simply had to know. She met the Tarot reader's gaze, steadied her voice and asked, "Will I get away with it?"



It was the first time I'd cut down a tree...I just didn't know which way it would fall!

Ron just got a new sports car and was out for a drive when he cut off a truck driver. The trucker motioned for Ron to pull over. When he did, the driver got out of his truck and pulled a piece of chalk from his pocket. He drew a circle on the road and told Ron to stand in the circle and not move. He then went to Ron's new car and cut up the leather seats.

When the truck driver turned around Ron had a slight grin on his face.

"Oh, you think that's funny?" the trucker asked, "Watch this." He got a baseball bat out of his truck and broke every window in the car.

When he turned and looked Ron had a smile on his face.

This drove the driver into a rage. He got his knife back out and sliced all the tires. Now Ron was laughing. The truck driver really started to lose it. He went back to his truck and got a can of gas, poured it on the sports car and set it on fire. He turned around and Ron was laughing so hard he almost fell down.

"What's so funny?" The truck driver asked him.

Ron replied, "When you weren't looking, I stepped outside the circle 4 times."

Most of us have a bad habit we are constantly trying to break. For me, it's biting my fingernails. One day I told my husband about my latest solution: press-on nails.

"Great Idea, Honey," he smiled. "You can eat them straight out of the box."

My wife had never been to a baseball game, so I took her to see the Los Angeles Dodgers one night. Our seats were right behind the third-base line. At the top of the first inning, the batter hit a foul ball. Miraculously, I managed to catch it on the fly. As I sat down, breathless with excitement, my wife turns to me and says... "That was nice! How many of those do you get a game?"

A farmer brought his daughter a little, pot-belly pet pig, which she called "Stinky" when she played with it out in the yard, but she called it "Ballpoint" when it was in the sty.

"Tell me," he asked her father, "Why do you have two names for your pig?"

"That's easy," she replied. "Ballpoint is just his pen name."

We were on our way to the hospital where our 16-year-old daughter was scheduled to undergo a tonsillectomy. During the ride we talked about how the procedure would be performed.

"Dad," our teenager asked, "how are they going to keep my mouth open during the surgery?"

Without hesitation he quipped, "They're going to give you a phone."

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 04

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

January 28, 2007

I never thought of it this way...

"Marvel not, therefore, that all things are in commotion. War, famine, pestilence, earthquake, tempest and tidal wave-these are among the predicted signs of the Savior's second coming. Earth must be freed from oppression and cleansed from all iniquity. It is God's House, and he is coming to live in it, and to make of it a glorified mansion. House-cleaning is in progress, and Saturday's work must be done and out of the way before the Lord of the Sabbath appears." – Elder Orson F. Whitney, April Conference, 1920.



So which driver was just "plane" stupid?

The power of suggestion...

It was entertainment night at the Senior Center. Claude the hypnotist exclaimed: "I'm here to put you into a trance; I intend to hypnotize each and every member of the audience."

The excitement was almost electric as Claude withdrew a beautiful antique pocket watch from his coat "I want you each to keep your eye on this antique watch. It's a very special watch. It's been in my family for six generations"

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting, "Watch the watch, watch the watch, and watch the watch..." The crowd became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth, light gleaming off its polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch, until, suddenly, it slipped from the

hypnotist's fingers and fell to the floor, shattering into a hundred pieces.

"CRAP" exclaimed the Hypnotist.....

....It took three days to clean up the Senior Center.

On asking dumb questions...

Our family-owned restaurant is the setting for many of our discussions about how to handle the customer who asks, "What's good tonight?"

Obviously, we would never serve anything we didn't think was good. I braced myself one Saturday night when I heard the dreaded question posed to my husband.

He calmly replied, "Anything over \$17.95."

Where no doctor has gone before...

Nancy's nephew was 4 when she was pregnant with her first kid. She allowed him to place his hand on her belly and feel the baby kick.

His little face scrunched and said, "How does the baby get out of there?"

She wanted to keep it simple so she said, "The doctor will help."

His eyes widened in amazement as he exclaimed, "You've got a doctor in there, too?"

A life-changing event...

I dialed a number and got the following recording: "I am not available right now, but Thank you for caring enough to call. I am making some changes in my life.

Please leave a message after the Beep. If I do not return your call, you are one of the changes."

Jay Leno has it right!

"With hurricanes, tornados, fires out of control, mud slides, flooding, severe thunderstorms tearing up the country from one end to another, and with the threat of

bird flu and terrorist attacks, are we sure this is a good time to take God out of the Pledge of Allegiance?"



TO ALL THE KIDS WHO SURVIVED the 1930's 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's !!

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they were pregnant. They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can, and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets, not to mention, the risks we took hitchhiking.

As infants & children, we would ride in cars with no car seats, booster seats, seat belts or air bags.

Riding in the back of a pick up on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and NOT from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and NO ONE actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread and real butter and drank Kool-Aid made with sugar, but we weren't overweight because .

WE WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING !

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day.

And we were O.K.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, no video games at all, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies or DVD's, no surround-sound or CD's, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet or chat rooms..... WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them!

We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls and, although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them!

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of.

They actually sided with the law!

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever!

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL!

If YOU are one of them . . . CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids before the government regulated so much of our lives...for our own good

And while you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave (and lucky) their parents were.

Something to ask your "Representative"...

Why does a slight tax increase cost you two hundred dollars, while a substantial tax cut on gives you back thirty-five cents?