

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 09

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

March 4, 2007

The new Bishop was visiting in the homes of his ward members. He and his counselor stopped at the house of a new member family, and it seemed obvious that someone was at home. But no answer came to his repeated knocks at the door. He took out a card, wrote "Revelation 3:20" on the back and stuck it in the door.

When the tithing envelopes were opened and processed the following Sunday, he found that his card had been returned. Added to it was this cryptic message, "Genesis 3:10."

Reaching for his Bible to check out the reference, he broke up in gales of laughter.

Revelation 3:20 begins "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Genesis 3:10 reads, "I heard thy voice and hid myself for I was naked."

The new family just happened to be newlyweds.

(Thanks to Sister Hester, serving in the Georgia Atlanta Mission, who prompted me to find this OLD story—and to my cousin who sent me a type of it as well. Sister Hester indicates that she and her companion use Revelations 3:20 when they knock on doors as well.)

A new grocery store opened near my house. It has an automatic water mister to keep the produce fresh. Just before it goes on, you hear the sound of distant thunder and the smell of fresh rain.

When you approach the milk cases, you hear cows mooing and experience the scent of fresh hay.

When you approach the egg case, you hear hens cluck and cackle, and the air is filled with the pleasing aroma of bacon and eggs frying.

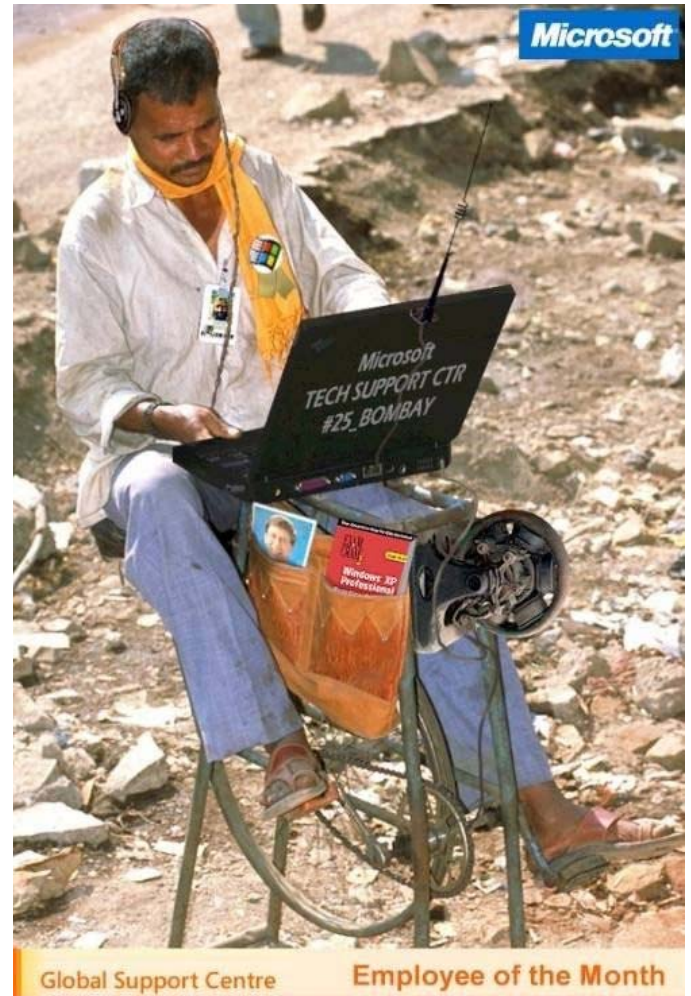
The veggie department features the smell of fresh buttered corn.

I don't buy toilet paper there any more.

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

"So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."



Mujibar was trying to get a job in India. The Personnel Manager said, "Mujibar, you have passed all the tests, except one. Unless you pass it, you do not qualify for this job."

Mujibar said, "I am ready"

The manager said, "Make a sentence using the words Yellow, Pink and Green."

Mujibar thought for a few minutes and said, "Mister manager, I am ready"

The manager said, "Go ahead."

Mujibar said, "The telephone goes green, green, and I pink it up, and say, 'Yellow, this is Mujibar.'"

Mujibar now works as a technician at a call center for computer problems.

No doubt you have spoken to him. I know I have.

Some investigators shared the following with some missionaries about an argument they had when they were first married:

The wife said, "You should brew the coffee because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long. "

The husband said, "You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee."

Wife replies, "No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee."

Husband replies, "I can't believe that, show me."

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says "HEBREWS"

Once they became members of the Mormon Church it became a non-issue.

A father passing by his son's bedroom was astonished to see the bed nicely made up and everything neat and tidy. Then he saw an envelope propped up prominently on the pillow. It was addressed, "Dad." With the worst premonition, he opened the envelope and read the letter with trembling hands:

Dear Dad,

It is with great regret and sorrow that I'm writing you. I had to elope with my new girlfriend because I wanted to avoid a scene with you and Mom. I've been finding real passion with Joan and she is so nice. I knew you would not approve of her because of all her piercing, tattoos, her tight motorcycle clothes, and because she is so much older than I am. But it's not only the passion, Dad, she's pregnant. Joan says that we are going to be very happy. She owns a trailer in the woods and has a stack of firewood, enough for the whole winter. We share a dream of having many more children.

Joan has opened my eyes to the fact that marijuana doesn't really hurt anyone. We'll be growing it and trading it with the

other people in the commune for all the cocaine and ecstasy we want.

In the meantime, we'll pray that science will find a cure for AIDS so Joan can get better; she sure deserves it!

Don't worry Dad, I'm 15 yrs old now and I know how to take care of myself. Someday, I'm sure we'll be back to visit so you can get to know your grandchildren.

Your son, Chad

P.S. Dad, none of the above is true. I'm over at Tommy's house. I just wanted to remind you that there are worse things in life than the report card that's in my desk drawer. I Love You! Call when it is safe for me to come home.

A priest was being honored at his retirement dinner after 25 years in the parish. A leading local politician and member of the congregation was chosen to make the presentation and give a little speech at the dinner.

He was delayed so the priest decided to say his own few words while they waited.

"I got my first impression of the parish from the first confession I heard here. I thought I had been assigned to a terrible place. The very first person who entered my confessional told me he had stolen a television set and, when stopped by the police, had almost murdered the officer. He had stolen money from his parents, embezzled from his place of business, had an affair with his boss's wife and taken illegal drugs. I was appalled. But as the day's went on I knew that my people were not all like that and I had, indeed, come to a fine parish full of good and loving people."..

Just as the priest finished his talk, the politician arrived full of apologies at being late. He immediately began to make the presentation and give his talk.

"I'll never forget the first day our parish priest arrived," said the politician. "In fact, I had the honor of being the first one to go to him in confession."

Moral: DON'T EVER BE LATE

A kangaroo kept getting out of his enclosure at the zoo. Knowing that he could hop high, the zoo officials put up a ten-foot fence. He was out the next morning, just sauntering around the zoo. A twenty-foot fence was put up. Again he got out.

When the fence was forty feet high, a camel in the next enclosure asked the kangaroo, "How high do you think they'll go?"

The kangaroo said, "About a thousand feet, unless somebody locks the gate at night!"

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 10

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

March 11, 2007

The old principal made it to a practice to visit classes in school one day a week. He walked into the 4th grade class, where the children were studying the states, and asked them how many states they could name. They came up with about 40 names. He jokingly told them that in his day students knew the names of all the states.

One lad snickered, "Yes, but in those days there were only 13"....



Good Grief...I've been cloned.

This will warm your heart...just when you have lost faith in human kindness. The letter was sent to the principal's office after the school had sponsored a luncheon for the elderly. An old lady received a new radio at the lunch as a door prize and was writing to say thank you. This story is a credit to all humankind. Forward to anyone you know who might need a lift today.

Dear Safety Harbor Middle School:

God bless you for the beautiful radio I won at your recent senior citizens luncheon. I am 84 years old and live at the Safety Harbor Assisted Home for the Aged. All of my family has passed away. I am all alone now and it's nice to know that someone is thinking of me. God bless you for your kindness to an old forgotten lady.

My roommate is 95 and has always had her own radio, but before I received one, she would never let me listen to hers, even when she was napping. The other day her radio fell off the nightstand and broke into a lot of pieces.

It was awful and she was in tears. She asked if she could listen to mine, and I told her to kiss my butt. Thank you for that opportunity.

Sincerely,
Edna

A guy was down on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco when he saw a seafood restaurant and a sign on the Specials Board which read, "Big Lobster Tales, \$5 each."

Amazed at the great value, he said to the waitress, "\$5 each for lobster tails . . . is that correct?"

"Yes", she said, "It's our special just for today."

"Well", he said, "they must be little lobster tails."

"No," she replied, "they're really big!"

"Are you sure they aren't green lobster tails - and a little bit tough?"

"No", she said, "they're really big, red lobster tails"

"Big red lobster tails, \$5 each?", he said, amazed.

"They must be old lobster tails!"

"No, they're definitely today's."

"Today's big red lobster tails - \$5 each?" he repeated, astounded.

"Yes", she insisted.

"Well, here's my five dollars," he said, "I'll take one."

She took the money and led him to a table where she invited him to sit down. She then sat down next to him, put her hand on his shoulder, leaned over close to him and said,

"Once upon a time there was a really big red lobster ..."

Working at the post office, I'm used to dealing with a moody public. So, when one irate customer stormed my desk, I responded in my calmest voice, "What's the trouble?"

"I went out this morning," she began, "and when I came home, I found a card saying the mailman tried to deliver

a package, but no one was home. I'll have you know, my husband was in all morning! He never heard a thing!"

After apologizing, I got her parcel.

"Oh good!" she gushed. "We've been waiting for this for ages!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"My husband's new hearing aid."



An indication of things to come...

A young man excitedly tells his mother he's fallen in love and is going to get married.

He says, "Just for fun, Ma, I'm going to bring over 3 women and you try and guess which one I'm going to marry."

The mother agrees.

The next day, he brings three beautiful women into the house and sits them down on the couch and they chat for a while. He then says, "Okay, Ma, guess which one I'm going to marry."

She immediately replies, "The one in the middle."

"That's amazing, Ma. You're right. How did you know?"

"I don't like her."

A minister was called away unexpectedly by the illness of a close family member. He entrusted his new assistant with filling the pulpit. The Pastor's wife stayed

home. When he returned, the minister asked his wife what she thought of the young man's sermon.

"The poorest I've ever heard," she said. "There was nothing in it, nothing at all. It didn't even make sense. It was very unorganized. I was disappointed."

Later that day, the concerned minister met his assistant and asked him, "How'd the Sunday service and sermon go? Did all go well? How did you manage?"

"All went very well, sir, absolutely wonderful," he said. "I didn't have time to prepare a new sermon of my own on such short notice, so I got on your computer and pulled up one of your old sermons from last year."

After a particularly inspiring worship service, a church member greeted the pastor. "Reverend, that was a wonderful sermon. You should have it published."

The pastor replied, "Actually, I'm planning to have all my sermons published posthumously."

"Great!" enthused the church member. "The sooner the better!"

A lady on a commuter train was reading a newspaper article about life and death statistics.

Fascinated, she turned to the man next to her and said, "Did you know that every time I breathe somebody dies?"

"Really!?" he said, "Have you tried mouthwash?"

My friend, an ex-Marine Aviator wanted to show off his new twin-engine plane. I was riding along as he put it through its paces.

Suddenly, we were caught in a violent thunderstorm, with lightning crashing all around us. Next, we lost the radio and most of the instruments. As we were being tossed around in the sky, George said, "Uh-oh!"

Fearing the worst, I asked, "What's wrong now?"

George replied, "I got the hiccups. Quick, do something to scare me."

And now a word from the post office: Bill travel through the mail at twice the speed as checks.

The Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 11

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

March 18, 2007

The attorney for whom I work as a legal secretary was handling the disposition of a will. Because of the size of the estate involved, we spent several days on paper work with the widow. Afterward, myboss wearily remarked that settlement of the estate had entailed an unusual amount of effort.

"Yes, it did," said the widow, sighing. "You know, sometimes I just wish that John hadn't died."

"Nothing at all," replied the coach. "That's just the way the rookie mumbles." (you can roll your eyes now.)

Little Johnny had been misbehaving and was sent to his room. After a while he emerged and informed his mother that he had thought it over and then said a prayer.

"Fine", said the pleased mother. "If you ask God to help you not misbehave, He will help you."

"Oh, I didn't ask Him to help me not misbehave," said Little Johnny. "I asked Him to help you put up with me."

The pastor was known for the clarity and brevity of his sermons. His talks were well organized and always ended promptly in 20 minutes.

One Sunday, he seemed to wander and drift around a bit and was still preaching to the congregation after 35 minutes. His wife managed a small signal, which fortunately he recognized as a sign he should come to a close.

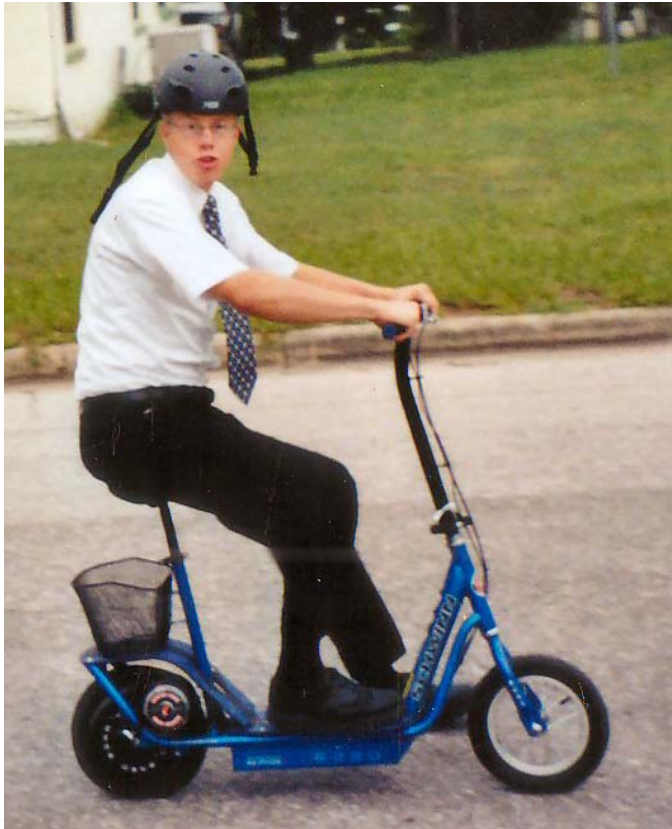
When they got home after the service, the wife asked him why he got so muddled and why he went on speaking so long.

He answered, "Well, I've gotten into the habit of tucking a lozenge in my mouth before I stand to speak. When the lozenge has dissolved, I know it is time to stop. This morning, unfortunately I picked up a collar button instead of a lozenge."

A woman joined a health spa and on her first day eagerly joined in an exercise class. However, when it ended she went to the front desk and requested cancellation of her membership.

When asked why, she replied, "Your floors are so low that I can't touch my toes!"

One evening a preschooler, Krystal, and her parents were sitting on the couch chatting. Krystal asked, "Daddy, you're the boss of the house, right?"



Courtesy Elder Spencer Reading, September 2004

But President...this IS my bike!

The press was interviewing a sensational new baseball shortstop. The trouble was, the guy spoke so quietly no one could hear him. One of them finally asked the coach, "What's the matter with him?"

Her father proudly replied, "Yes, I am the boss of the house."

But Krystal quickly burst his bubble when she added "Cause Mommy put you in charge, huh Daddy?"

Since he runs a pawnshop, I decided to ask a friend of mine to appraise my grandfather's violin.

"Old fiddles aren't worth much, I'm afraid," he explained.

"What makes it a fiddle and not a violin?" I asked.

"If you're buying it from me, it's a violin. If I'm buying it from you, it's a fiddle."



Courtesy Elder Preston Reading, January 2007

I'm now armed with the "WORD"...I just need the rest of the armour.

The "Forwarder's" 12 Step Program

Sometimes friends have to tell you things you might not like to hear, but need to. If you are one of those people who like to forward every e-mail you get, please repeat the following ...

- 1) I will NOT get bad luck, lose my friends, or lose my mailing lists if I DON'T forward an e-mail!
- 2) I will NOT hear any music or see a taco dog, if I do forward an e-mail.
- 3) Bill Gates is NOT going to send me money. Victoria Secret doesn't know anything about a gift certificate they're supposed to send me.
- 4) Ford will NOT give me a 50% discount even if I forward my e-mail to more than 50 people!

- 5) I will NEVER receive gift certificates, coupons, or freebies from Coca Cola, Cracker Barrel, Old Navy, or anyone else if I send an e-mail to 10 people.
- 6) I will NEVER see a pop-up window if I forward an e-mail! (If you do, you have a virus or trojan.)
- 7) There is NO SUCH THING as an e-mail tracking program and I am not STUPID enough to think that someone will send me \$100 for forwarding an e-mail to 10 or more people!
- 8) There is NO kid with cancer through the Make-a-Wish program in England collecting anything! He did when he was 7 years old. He is now cancer free and 35 years old and DOESN'T WANT ANY MORE POST CARDS, or GET-WELL CARDS!
- 9) The government does not have a bill in Congress called 901B (or whatever they named it this week) that, if passed, will enable them to charge us 5 cents for every e-mail we send.
- 10) There will be NO cool dancing, singing, waving, colorful flowers, characters, or program that I will receive immediately after I forward an e-mail. NONE, ZIP, ZERO, NADA!!
- 11) The American Red Cross will NOT donate 50 cents to certain individuals dying of some never-heard-of disease for every e-mail address I send this to. The American Red Cross RECEIVES donations.
- 12) And finally, I WILL NOT let others guilt me into forwarding at email by telling me if I don't I am not their friend or that I'm a bad person.

Now, repeat this to yourself until you have it memorized, and send it along to at least 5 of your friends before the next full moon or you will gain twenty pounds in the next three months! (No, not really! If you believe that last statement, go back and read this message again!)

During a beautiful spring afternoon, I was attending a music festival. Just as I stopped to listen to a folk singer, a group of exhibitors, dragging out tools and sawhorses, began setting up their display booth nearby. All their shouting and hammering made it difficult to enjoy the music. The noise they made got louder and even more obnoxious and intrusive as time went on.

Finally, to everyone's relief, they completed the construction. As a finishing touch, they hung a sign on their booth. It read "Silent Auction."

Morning Breaks

Spring 2007 © Clive M. Killpack

Volume 6 Number 12

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

March 25, 2007

If you consider that there has been an average of 160,000 troops in the theatre of operations during the last 22 months, and a total of 2,112 deaths, that gives a firearm death rate of 60 per 10,000 soldiers.

The firearm death rate in Washington D.C. is 80.6 per 10,000 for the same period.

That means that you are about 25% more likely to be shot and killed in the U.S. Capitol, which has some of the strictest gun control laws in the nation, than you are in Iraq.

Conclusion: The U.S. should pull out of Washington immediately



Elder Scott Elison returned home from Brazil with a distinct foreign accent and had trouble thinking in English. His future wife will probably appreciate the second item.

One morning I locked both sets of keys inside my roommate's car. We finally managed to pry a clothes hanger through a window, only to discover that the hanger was useless on that type of lock. I remembered

hearing that firemen have a special tool for opening car doors, and rushed inside to call.

Fifteen minutes later a fire truck rounded the corner, and a burly firefighter in boots, yellow slicker and fire hat jumped out. In his hand he held the special tool. It was a wire clothes hanger.

Bill and Bob, longtime golfing buddies, were involved in a match-play contest with the score "all-square" at the 18th tee.

Bill slices his tee shot way left, and the ball finally stops on the cart path. Meanwhile, Bob smashes his first shot straight down the middle.

"Oh well," says Bill, "I should get a free drop from there."

"No way!" says Bob, "We play the ball as it lies."

And so Bill did.

After dropping his opponent on the middle of the fairway, Bill took the golf cart to his lie on the concrete path. Sparks fly from the cart path, as Bill makes a few aggressive practice swings.

Finally, Bill hits the ball off the cart path, leaving a miraculous shot only 3 feet from the pin.

As the two meet in the fairway, Bob comments, "That was a great shot...what club did you use?"

"Your 6 iron," says Bill.

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March Madness Humor...

Karl Malone and Michael Jordan died and went to heaven. St. Peter was waiting for them at the Pearly Gates.

"Come on in boys, I'll show you around the place."

St. Peter took Michael aside first. "Michael because you were such a great basketball player and a good Samaritan we would like to present you with this house to live in."

He then pointed to a run down old shack with a Chicago Bulls banner over the front door. Michael was stunned, he had worked so hard all of his life and this was his reward?

He looked off into the distance and up on a beautiful hill, there was a glorious mansion. Beautiful fountains, flowers, and a Utah Jazz banner over the front door. In fact the windows were stained glass "GO JAZZ", and the street name was KARL MALONE AVENUE. Michael was disgusted "You mean after all my championships, all my MVP's, you give me this run down old thing, and Karl gets that house!?"

St. Peter started to laugh "Michael, Michael, Michael, that's not Karl's house, that's the Boss' house!"

You know you are totally and hopelessly addicted to basketball when...

-You're asked in a spelling bee contest to spell Krzyzewsky, Gheorghe, Gugliotta, Marciulionis, Jacikevicius, Ilgauskas and Szczerbiak... and you spell each and every name perfectly right. What's more, you spell Tomjanovich with an 'h' and Rakocevic without one...

On my birthday I was cutting the lawn when my teenage son came home from a baseball game. Seeing me behind the mower, he exclaimed, "Oh, Dad, you shouldn't have to mow the lawn on your birthday." Touched, I was about to turn the mower over to him when he added, "You should wait until tomorrow!"



***Basketball is good anytime, anywhere,
in any kind of weather!***

At the end of my factory shift, I was asked to purchase some supplies. The machines' conveyor belts needed talcum powder to prevent them from sticking, and we had run out of aspirin for workers with noise induced tension headaches.

I drove to the nearest store and loaded a shopping cart with four cases of baby powder and several boxes of aspirin. As the man behind me in the checkout line peered at my purchases, he laughed and exclaimed, "I'm glad that's your baby and not mine!"

A real estate agent had just closed his first deal, only to discover that the piece of land he had sold was completely under water.

"That customer's going to come back here pretty mad," he said to his boss. "Should I give him his money back?"

"Money back?" roared the boss. "What kind of salesman are you? Get out there and sell him a houseboat!"