

Morning Breaks



Volume 6 Number 31

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

August 5, 2007

A woman is worried about an older woman, a widow, who lives in the apartment next door. She hasn't heard anything from her for a few days.

So she tells her son, "I want you to go next door and see how ol' Mrs. Pierpoint is."

A few minutes later, the boy returns.

"Well, is she all right?" the mother asks.

"She's fine, but she's annoyed with you," he says.

"At me? Whatever for?"

"Well," says her son, "Mrs. Pierpoint told me it's none of your business how old she is."

Showing his friend around his home, Fred started to point out all of the collectibles he and his wife had acquired over their long years of marriage.

"The day before I die, I'd like to sell every piece we've got just to see how much it's all worth."

"But you couldn't possibly know the day before you were going to die, so how could you sell it."

"Simple... If I sell it, my wife would kill me!"

Driving through a parking lot on a brand new department store, I saw painted on the ground at a crosswalk in letters 4 feet tall: "YELD". Close, but not close enough.

The next week I drove through the same parking lot and found it was changed. They had painted an "I" between the existing letters. Now it read "YEILD."

About two months later they finally fixed it. The old lettering was painted over with black and freshly painted on top of that was the word "STOP".

Used to being the center of attention, Robbie was a little more than jealous of his new baby sister. The parents sat him down and said that now that she was getting older, the house was too small and they'd have to move.

"It's no use." Robbie said, "She's crawling good now and she'd probably just follow us."

Two women were shopping. When they started to discuss their home lives, one said, "Seems like all we do is fight anymore. I've been so upset that I've lost twenty pounds."

"Why don't you just leave him?" asked the friend.



Courtesy of Sister Catherine Findlay, Chicago South Mission

"Oh, No! I can't find the Iron Rod!"

We were driving the other day and passed a business that was obviously having troubles beyond money. Their outdoor sign in front of the building read:

STOP \$T3AL1NG OUR L3TT3R\$!

"Oh! Not yet," the first replied. "I'd like to lose at least another fifteen pounds first."



Courtesy of Sister Catherine Findlay, Chicago South Mission

Perhaps a little too hopeful 😊

EVER WONDER...

Why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?

Why women can't put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why you don't ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"?

Why "abbreviated" is such a long word?

Why doctors call what they do "practice"?

Why you have to click on "Start" to stop Windows 98?

Why lemon juice is made with artificial flavor, while dishwashing liquid is made with real lemons?

Why the man who invests all your money is called a broker?

Why there isn't mouse-flavored cat food?

Who tastes dog food when it has a "new & improved" flavor?

Why they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

Why they don't make the whole plane out of the material used for the indestructible black box?

Why sheep don't shrink when it rains?

Why they are called apartments when they are all stuck together?

Why, if con is the opposite of pro, is Congress the opposite of progress?

Why they call the airport "the terminal" if flying is so safe?

Irony...

A fierce gust of wind blew 45-year-old Vittorio Luise's car into a river near Naples, Italy, in 1983. He managed to break a window, climb out and swim to shore - where a tree blew over and killed him.

Mike Stewart, 31, of Dallas was filming a movie in 1983 on the dangers of low-level bridges when the truck he was standing on passed under a low-level bridge - killing him.

Walter Hallas, a 26-year-old store clerk in Leeds, England, was so afraid of dentists that in 1979 he asked a fellow worker to try to cure his toothache by punching him in the jaw. The punch caused Hallas to fall down, hitting his head, and he died of a fractured skull.

George Schwartz, owner of a factory in Providence, R.I., narrowly escaped death when a 1983 blast flattened his factory except for one wall. After treatment for minor injuries, he returned to the scene to search for files. The remaining wall then collapsed on him, killing him.

Depressed since he could not find a job, 42-year-old Romolo Ribolla sat in his kitchen near Pisa, Italy, with a gun in his hand threatening to kill himself in 1981. His wife pleaded for him not to do it, and after about an hour he burst into tears and threw the gun to the floor. It went off and killed his wife.

In 1983, a Mrs. Carson of Lake Kushaqua, N.Y., was laid out in her coffin, presumed dead of heart disease. As mourners watched, she suddenly sat up. Her daughter dropped dead of fright.

A man hit by a car in New York in 1977 got up uninjured, but lay back down in front of the car when a bystander told him to pretend he was hurt so he could collect insurance money. The car rolled forward and crushed him to death.

My six-year-old grandson called his mother from his friend Charlie's house and confessed he had broken a lamp when he threw a football in their living room.

"But, Mom," he said, brightening, "you don't have to worry about buying another one. Charlie's mother said it was irreplaceable."



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August 12, 2007

The school of agriculture's dean of admissions was interviewing a prospective student, "Why have you chosen this career?" he asked.

"I dream of making a million dollars in farming, like my father," the student replied.

"Your father made a million dollars in farming?" echoed the dean much impressed.

"No," replied the applicant. "But he always dreamed of it."

time clock. He began to ask around to see who knew what had become of it.

"You!" he yelled at one of his employees. "Where's the suggestion box?"

"I don't personally know, Sir," the employee responded.

"But the office gossip is that it's under your desk, wired, and ticking."



Courtesy of Elder Jeff Cragun, Georgia Atlanta Mission

Legal Tagging by the Atlanta Ward.

A Cherokee Indian was a special guest at an 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."

My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was and I told him, "62."

He was quiet for a moment, then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

A speeding motorist was caught by radar from a police helicopter in the sky. An officer pulled him over and began to issue a traffic ticket.

"It seems everyone is out to get me lately. How did you know I was speeding?" the frustrated driver asked.

The police officer pointed somberly toward the sky.

"You mean," asked the motorist, "that I'm not just being paranoid? Even *He* is trying to get me?"

HOW TO DRIVE IN PHOENIX:

1. You must first learn to pronounce the city name, it is: "FEE-NICKS". [Ok, let me jump into this joke here for a second. I'll be brief. I was in training the other day, and we had a trainer from back east. We have a hospital that has "Alta" in the name. He kept pronouncing it ALL-ta (like "All" the president's men). We, who live and say this name on a daily basis say AL-ta (like "Al" Bundy on Home improvement). I think I should have said something, but didn't. It's kind

The strict and unsmiling manager noticed that the suggestion box was missing from the wall beside the

of like the great state of Nevada that borders right next to the (greater) state of Utah. I hear senators and congressmen from back east say Na-Vaah-da (aah, as in stick your tongue out and say aah...) when it's supposed to be pronounced Na-Va-da ('a' like in back). But, enough of my ramblings, back to the joke.]

2. The morning rush hour is from 5:00am to noon. The evening rush hour is from noon to 7:00pm. Friday's rush hour starts on Thursday morning.
3. The minimum acceptable speed on most freeways is 85 mph. On Loop 101, your speed is expected to match the highway number. Anything less is considered "Wussy".
4. Forget the traffic rules you learned elsewhere. Phoenix has its own version of traffic rules. For example, cars/trucks with the loudest muffler go first at a four-way stop; the trucks with the biggest tires go second. However, East Valley, SUV-driving, cell phone-talking moms ALWAYS have the right of way.
5. If you actually stop at a yellow light, you will be rear ended, cussed out, and possibly shot.
6. Never honk at anyone. Ever. Seriously. It's another offense that can get you shot.
7. Road construction is permanent and continuous in Phoenix. Detour barrels are moved around during the middle of the night to make the next day's driving a bit more exciting.
8. Watch carefully for road hazards such as drunks, skunks, dogs, barrels, cones, cows, horses, cats, mattresses, shredded tires, squirrels, rabbits, crows, vultures, javelinas, roadrunners, and the coyotes feeding on any of these items.
9. The Maricopa Freeway, Papago Freeway and the "I-10" are the same road.
10. If someone actually has their turn signal on, wave them to the shoulder immediately to let them know it has been "accidentally activated."
11. If you are in the left lane and only driving 70 in a 55-65 mph zone, you are considered a slow-moving road hazard and will be "flipped off" accordingly. If you return the flip, you'll be shot.
12. For summer driving, it is advisable to wear potholders on your hands.

When I go to a local discount store to get oil and filters for my car, I buy my wife a bouquet of flowers on display near the checkout counter. During one trip, some women in line behind me were oohing and aahing about a husband getting flowers for his wife.

"How often do you do that?" one asked.

Before I could answer, the cashier, more than familiar with my routine, said, "Every three months or 3,000 miles, whichever comes first."



Courtesy of Elder Jeff Cragun, Georgia Atlanta Mission

The Deep South takes their religion seriously.

The following advertisement appeared in a physical culture magazine:

"Here's a good test for stomach muscles. Clasp your hands over your head and place your feet together on the floor. Now bend to the right at the waist as you sit down to the left of your feet. Now by sheer muscular control, haul yourself up, bend to the left and sit down on the floor to the right of your feet. Keep this up and let us know of the result."

The first letter received by the magazine said "HERNIA"

My six-year-old grandson called his mother from his friend Charlie's house and confessed he had broken a lamp when he threw a football in their living room.

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Volume 6 Number 33

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August 19, 2007

Two actors who haven't seen each other in several weeks run in to each other on the street.

1st Actor: Haven't seen you in a while, how's everything going?

2nd Actor: Pretty good. Two weeks ago I got a call from a lawyer in Florida. It seems I had an aunt that I never knew about that died and left me \$2,000,000.

#1: That's great!

#2: Yeah. And then last week I hit the lottery and won \$7,000,000.

#1: That's wonderful!

#2: Yeah, but this week, nothing!

curiosity gets the better of him, and he says, "I apologize for my stupid questions, but surely you know there is NEVER a woman sitting in that last stool, man. Why do you persist in asking out empty space?"

The mathematician replies, "Well, according to quantum physics, empty space is never truly empty. Virtual particles come into existence and vanish all the time. You never know when the proper wave function will collapse and a girl might suddenly appear there."

The owner raises his eyebrows. "Really? Interesting. But couldn't you just ask one of the girls who comes here every Friday if you could buy HER a cone? Never know... she might say yes."

The mathematician laughs. "Yeah, right. How likely is THAT to happen?"



Courtesy of Cody Young while on Green River Trip.

No SIGN is going to tell ME what I can or can't do!

Every Friday after work, a mathematician goes down to the Ice Cream Parlor, sits in the second-to-last seat, turns to the last seat, which is empty, and asks a girl, who isn't there, if he can buy her an ice cream cone.

The owner, who is used to the weird, local university types, always shrugs but keeps quiet. But when Valentine's Day arrives, and the mathematician makes a particularly heart wrenching plea into empty space,

And They Ask Why I Like Retirement?!

Question: How many days in a week?

Answer: 6 Saturdays, 1 Sunday.

Question: When is a retiree's bedtime?

Answer: Three hours after he falls asleep on the couch.

Question: How many retirees to change a light bulb?

Answer: Only one, but it might take all day.

Question: What's the biggest gripe of retirees?

Answer: There is not enough time to get everything done.

Question: Why don't retirees mind being called Seniors?

Answer: The term comes with a 10% percent discount.

Question: Among retirees what is considered

formal attire?

Answer: Tied shoes.

Question: Why do retirees count pennies?

Answer: They are the only ones who have the time.

Question: What is the common term for someone who enjoys work; refuses to retire?

Answer: NUTS!

Question: Why are retirees so slow to clean out the basement, attic or garage?

Answer: They know that as soon as they do, one of their adult kids will want to store stuff there.

Question: What do retirees call a long lunch?

Answer: Normal.

Question: What is the best way to describe retirement?

Answer: The never ending Coffee Break.

Question: What's the biggest advantage of going back to school as a retiree?

Answer: If you cut classes, no one calls your parents.

Question: Why does a retiree often say he doesn't miss work, but misses the people he used to work with?

Answer: He is too polite to tell the whole truth.

My favorite one:

Question: What do you do all week?

Answer: Mon to Fri. Nothing, Sat & Sun I rest!

When Adam stayed out very late for a few nights, Eve became upset. "You're running around with other women," she told her mate.

"Eve, honey, you're being unreasonable," Adam responded. "You know you're the only woman on earth."

The quarrel continued until Adam fell asleep, only to be awakened by a strange pain in the chest. It was his darling Eve poking him rather vigorously about the torso. "What do you think you're doing?" Adam demanded.

"Counting your ribs," said Eve.

My friend called his car insurance company to tell them to change his address from Texas to Vermont. The woman who took the call asked where Vermont was.

As he tried to explain, she interrupted and said, "Look, I'm not stupid or anything, but what state is it in?"



Even Politicians need their nose scratched at times.

The Game Warden stopped a deer hunter and asked to see his hunting license. "This is last year's license," the warden informed him.

"I know," said the hunter, "but I shouldn't need a new license, I am only shooting at the deer I missed last year."

Morning Breaks

Volume 6 Number 34

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August 26, 2007

You're not a kid anymore when ...

- The only reason you're awake at 4 a.m. is indigestion.
- You are proud of your lawnmower.
- 8 a.m. is your idea of "sleeping in."
- People call you at 8 p.m. and ask: "Did I wake you?"
- Your high school diploma is the color of buttermilk.
- Nobody ever tells you to slow down.
- You've seen Halley's Comet ... twice.
- You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it.

bee out I could still feel something in my mouth. So I stuck my fingers in there and pulled out the stinger!

"What are the chances that a bee would fly into my mouth...well, considering that it's me we are talking about I have to say that the chances of that happening again are pretty good! That's sad to say but it's the truth." –Elder Preston Reading.

Words that aren't in the dictionary, but should be.
From A-Z:

Abacadabblers: an amateur magician.

Badaptation: a bad movie version of a good book.

Carbage: the trash found in your automobile.

Dadicated: being the best father you can be.

Ecrastinate: checking your e-mail just one more time.

Faddict: someone who has to try every new trend that comes along.

Gabberflasted: the state of being speechless due to someone else talking too much.

Hackchoo: when you sneeze and cough at the same time.

Iceburg: an uppity, snobbish neighborhood.

Jobsolete: a position within a company that no longer exists.

Knewlyweds: second marriage for both.

Lamplify: turning on (or up) the lights within a room.

Mandals: sandals for men.

Nagivator: someone who constantly assists with driving directions in an overly critical manner.

Obliment: an obligatory compliment.

Pestariffic: adjective describing a particularly pesty person.

Qcumbersome: a salad that contains too many cucumbers.



–Courtesy of Elder Preston Reading, Oregon Portland Mission

Notice anything unusual about this picture? No? Just Preston, right? Well, you better read on...

"Me and my companion were riding our bikes back from a dinner appointment that we had when all of a sudden a bee flew into my mouth and stung me! After I spit the

Ramdumbtious: a rowdy, energetic person who's not too bright.

Sanktuary: a graveyard for ships.

Testimony: fees paid to expert witnesses.

Unbrella: an umbrella that the wind has turned inside-out.

Vehiculized: you own a vehicle.

Wackajacky: very messed up.

Xerocks: two identical pieces of stone.

Yawnese: the language of someone trying to speak while yawning.

Zingle: a single person with a lot of pep in his or her step.

My wife clipped a job listing out of the paper for me. She said it wasn't much to start out... but a huge pay raise. It read, "Salary: 23k to start. 401k after 1 yr."

While watching a movie recently, I couldn't hear the dialogue over the chatter of the two women sitting in front of me.

Unable to bear it any longer, I tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Excuse me," I said, "I can't hear."

"I should hope not," she replied sharply. "This is a private conversation."

After directory assistance gave Glenda her boyfriend's new telephone number, she dialed him - and got a woman.

"Is Mike there?" Glenda asked.

"He's in the shower," she responded.

"Please tell him his girlfriend called," Glenda said and hung up.

When he didn't return the call, Glenda dialed again.

This time a man answered... "This is Mike," he said.

"Hey, you're not my boyfriend!" Glenda exclaimed.

"I know, I know," he replied. "That's what I've been trying to tell my wife for the past half-hour."

Old Sam Johnson goes to his doctor complaining of aches and pains all over his body. After a thorough examination, the doctor gives him a clean bill of health.

"Sam, you're in excellent shape for an 85 year old man. But I'm not a magician - I can't make you any younger", says the doctor.

"Who asked you to make me younger, already?" says Sam. "You just make sure I get older!"

There's no doubt history is in the making with the 2008 presidential race. We may have either the first Black president, the first Woman president, or the first Mormon president. Why not kill three birds with one stone - elect Gladys Knight president and call it a day."



-Courtesy of Elder Preston Reading, Oregon Portland Mission

Bigfoot. We found him, taught him, but can't quite figure out how to baptize him?