



*Courtesy of Elder Preston Reading, Oregon Portland Mission*

**July 4<sup>th</sup>, missionary pad, watching fireworks from afar...yup, missionary work is the greatest!**

### **Eleven Step Guide to Being Handy Around the House**

1. If you can't find a screwdriver, use a knife. If you break off the tip, it's an improved screwdriver.
2. Try to work alone. An audience is rarely any help.
3. Despite what you may have been told by your mother, praying and cursing are both helpful in home repair...but only if you are working alone.
4. Work in the kitchen whenever you can ... many fine tools are there, its warm and dry, and you are close to the refrigerator.
5. If it's electronic, get a new one ... or consult a twelve-year-old.
6. Stay simple minded: Get a new battery; replace the bulb or fuse; see if the tank is empty; try turning it to the "on" switch; or just paint over it.
7. Always take credit for miracles. If you dropped the alarm clock while taking it apart and it suddenly starts working, you have healed it.

8. Regardless of what people say, kicking, pounding, throwing, and sharing sometimes DOES help.
  9. If something look level, it is level.
  10. If at first you don't succeed, redefine success.
  11. Above all, if what you've done is stupid, but it works, then it isn't stupid.
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Don't worry about what people think...they don't do it very often.

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Three ministers sat discussing the best positions for prayer while a telephone repairman worked nearby.

"Kneeling is definitely best," claimed one minister.

"No," another contended. "I get the best results standing with my hands outstretched to Heaven."

"You're both wrong," the third insisted. "The most effective prayer position is lying prostrate, face down on the floor."

The repairman could contain himself no longer. "Hey, fellas," he interrupted, "the best prayin' I ever did was hangin' upside down from a telephone pole."

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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!"

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I think I've finally figured out what the problem is with the national debt...most of us work five days a week, but the government spends seven.

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Courtesy of Elder Dallin Green, New Zealand Wellington Mission

***Spiritual nourishment...anytime, anywhere!***

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Some engineers from the U.S.G.S. surveyed some property and found that in a certain area, the New Hampshire and Maine border must be changed. They stopped to inform a farmer that he was no longer in Maine, but in New Hampshire.

After a long pause, he grunted and said, "That's good. I couldn't take another one of these Maine winters."

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Okay, this one is questionable, but still funny. Enjoy:

A married couple were asleep when the phone rang at 2 in the morning. The wife (undoubtedly blond), picked up the phone, listened a moment and said "How should I know, that's 200 miles from here!" and hung up.

The husband said, "Who was that?"

The wife said, "I don't know, some woman wanting to know if the coast is clear."

A quiet evening of guard duty at Camp Pendleton, California, turned hairy when my son and his buddy saw a pair of luminous eyes staring back at them. The animal slunk toward them ... a cougar.

Retreating slowly, my son radioed the base. "We're being followed by a cougar," he said softly.

"What do we do?" A voice responded, "Get the license plate number, and we'll send over some MPs."

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The proud father brought home a backyard swing set for his children and immediately started to assemble it with all the neighborhood children anxiously waiting to play on it. After several hours of reading the directions, attempting to fit bolt A into slot B, etc., he finally gave up and called upon an old handyman working in a neighboring yard.

The old-timer came over, threw the directions away, and in a short while had the set completely assembled.

"It's beyond me," said the father, "how you got it together without even reading instructions."

"To tell the truth," replied the old-timer, "I can't read, and when you can't read, you've got to think."

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Howard came home from work one evening and there was his wife Miriam in the kitchen crying out loud.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked her.

"I just don't know what to do," said Miriam. "Because we were eating in for a change, I cooked us a special dinner - but the dog has just eaten it."

"Don't worry," said Howard, "I'll get us another dog."

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A mother was showing her son how to zip up his coat. "The secret," she said, "is to get the left part of the zipper to fit in the other side before you try to zip it up."

The boy looked at her quizzically... "Why does it have to be a secret?"



TOP TEN REASONS TO VOTE FOR MITT ROMNEY:

- 10) The National Cathedral could be renamed the National Tabernacle.
- 9) NASA could commission a satellite to 'hie to Kolob'.
- 8) The Secret Service could be renamed the Sacred Service.
- 7) All official government prayers could include the phrase 'that we all can get home safely'.
- 6) Napoleon Dynamite could get someone other than Pedro elected.
- 5) The President could not only explain things in Layman's terms, but also Lemuel's terms.
- 4) The President could issue pardons in exchange for 100% home teaching.
- 3) Not only could he pronounce 'Nuclear' but also 'Mahonri Moriancumer' and 'Maher Shalal Hash Baz'.
- 2) At his inauguration he would swear on the Bible 'as far as it is translated correctly'.
- 1) Finally a first family large enough to fill up the White House.

Dear Bank Manager,

I am writing to thank you for bouncing the check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations some three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check, and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire salary, an arrangement which, I admit, has only been in place for eight years.

You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account with \$50 by way of penalty for the inconvenience I caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to re-think my errant financial ways.

You have set me on the path of fiscal righteousness. No more will our relationship be blighted by these unpleasant incidents, for I am restructuring my affairs in 1999, taking as my model the procedures, attitudes and conduct of your very bank. I can think of no greater compliment, and I know you will be excited and proud to hear it. To this end, please be advised about the following changes.

First, I have noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you I am confronted by the impersonal, ever-changing, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh and blood person.

My mortgage and loan repayments will, therefore and hereafter, no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee of your branch, whom you must nominate. You will be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as our bank knows about me, there is no alternative.



Courtesy of Elder Jeff Cragun, Georgia Atlanta Mission

Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Justice of the Peace, and that the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in all dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me level the playing field even further by introducing you to my new telephone system, which you will notice, is very much like yours. My Authorized Contact at your bank, the only person with whom I will have any dealings, may call me at any time and will be answered by an automated voice. By pressing Buttons on the phone, he/she will be guided thorough an extensive set of menus:

1. To make an appointment to see me.
2. To query a missing repayment.
3. To make a general complaint or inquiry.
4. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there; Extension of living room to be communicated at the time the call is received.
5. To transfer the call to my bed room case I am still sleeping. Extension of bed room to be communicated at the time the call is received.
6. To transfer the call to my bath room in case I am attending to nature. Extension of toilet to be communicated at the time the call is received.
7. To transfer the call to my mobile phone in case I am not at home.
8. To leave a message on my computer. To leave a message a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated at a later date to the contact.
9. To return to the main menu and listen carefully to options 1 through 8. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service. While this may on occasion involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration. This month I've chosen a refrain from The Best Of Woody Guthrie: Oh, the banks are made of marble With a guard at every door and the vaults are filled with silver that the miners sweated for.

After twenty minutes of that, our mutual contact will probably know it by heart.

On a more serious note, we come to the matter of cost. As your bank has often pointed out, the ongoing drive for greater efficiency comes at a cost - a cost which you have always been quick to pass on to me. Let me repay your kindness by passing some costs back.

First, there is the matter of advertising material you send me. This I will read for a fee of \$20 per page. Inquiries from your nominated contact will be billed at \$5 per minute of my time spent in response. Any debits to my account, as, for example, in the matter of the penalty for the dishonored check, will be passed back to you.

My new phone service runs at 75 cents a minute (even Woody Guthrie doesn't come for free), so you would be well advised to keep your inquiries brief and to the point.

Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement. May I wish you a happy, if ever-so-slightly less prosperous, New Year.

Your humble client.



"Wow! This is an expensive golf course  
...a free drop costs ten bucks!"

Always take time to stop and smell the roses...sooner or later you'll inhale a bee.



The man looked a little worried when the doctor came in to administer his annual physical, so the first thing the doctor did was to ask whether anything was troubling him.

"Well, to tell the truth, Doc, yes," answered the patient.

"You see, I seem to be getting forgetful. No, it's actually worse than that. I'm never sure I can remember where I put the car, or whether I answered a letter, or where I'm going, or what it is I'm going to do once I get there -- if I get there. So, I really need your help. What can I do?"

The doctor mused for a moment, then answered in his kindest tones, "Pay me in advance."

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***Who knew Chicago had so many corn fields?***

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Old Abraham was a poor tailor whose shop was next door to a very upscale French restaurant. Every day at lunch time, Abraham would go out the back of his shop and eat his black bread and herring while smelling the wonderful odors coming from the restaurant's kitchen.

But one day, Abraham was surprised to receive an invoice from the restaurant for 'enjoyment of food'. So

he went to the restaurant to point out that he had not bought anything from them.

The manager said, "You're enjoying our food, so you should pay us for it."

Abraham refused to pay and the restaurant sued him. At the hearing, the judge asked the restaurant to present their side of the case.

The manager said, "Every day, this man comes and sits outside our kitchen and smells our food while eating his. It is clear that we are providing added value to his poor food and we deserve to be compensated for it."

The judge turns to Abraham and said, "What do you have to say to that?"

Abraham didn't say anything but stuck his hand in his pocket and rattled the few coins he had inside.

The judge asked him, "What is the meaning of that?"

Abraham replied, "I'm paying for the smell of his food with the sound of my money."

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Several American nurses were training at a hospital in Liverpool, England. These nurses had little money for meals, so they ate the awful food provided at the hospital complex, and sometimes kindly visitors would give them some of the treats they had brought for patients who had not wanted to eat them.

One night a woman brought a pie to the kitchen and said to one of the nurses, "Would you eat this up, love?" So she and another American student nurse devoured every delicious crumb!

Soon the woman returned, however, and asked, "Is me 'usband's pie 'ot yet, dearie?"

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MEMORANDUM

From: Headquarters - New York

To: General Managers

Next Thursday at 10:30 Haley's Comet will appear over this area. This is an event which occurs only once every 75 years. Notify all directors and have them arrange for all employees to assemble on the Company lawn and inform them of the occurrence of this phenomenon. If it rains, cancel the day's observation and assemble in the auditorium to see a film about the comet.

MEMORANDUM

From: General Manager

To: Managers

By order of the Executive Vice President, next Thursday at 10:30, Haley's Comet will appear over the Company lawn. If it rains, cancel the day's work and report to the auditorium with all employees where we will show films: a phenomenal event which occurs every 75 years.

MEMORANDUM

From: Manager

To: All Department Chiefs

By order of the phenomenal Vice President, at 10:30 next Thursday, Haley's Comet will appear in the auditorium. In case of rain over the Company lawn, the Executive Vice President will give another order, something which occurs only every 75 years.

MEMORANDUM

From: Department Chief

To: Section Chiefs

Next Thursday at 10:30 the Executive Vice President will appear in the auditorium with Haley's Comet, something which occurs every 75 years. If it rains, the Executive Vice President will cancel the comet and order us all out to our phenomenal Company lawn.

MEMORANDUM

From: Section Chief

To: All EA's

When it rains next Thursday at 10:30 over the Company lawn, the phenomenal 75 year old Executive Vice President will cancel all work and appear before all employees in the auditorium accompanied by Bill Haley and his Comets.

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A little girl asked her father, "Daddy? Do all Fairy Tales begin with Once Upon A Time?"

He replied, "No, there is a whole series of Fairy Tales that begin with 'If elected I promise...'"

A rather old minesweeper was cruising a lonely stretch of the South Pacific and was overtaken by a new Australian cruiser.

All the US sailors admired the new ship and the Captain sent a blinker-light message to the Aussies: "You are beautiful."

Less than 10 seconds later, the Aussie ship blinkered back: "I'll bet you say that to all the ships."



"Will you shut that thing off?  
I'm trying to putt!"

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Murphy's Law on Computers...

- As soon as you delete a worthless file, you'll need it.
- Installing a new program will always mess up at least one old one.
- You can't win them all, but you sure can lose them all.
- The likelihood of a hard disk crash is in direct proportion to the value of the material that hasn't been backed up.
- There are only two kinds of computer users: Those whose hard disks have crashed, and those whose hard disks haven't crashed - yet.
- Anything can be made to work if you fiddle with it. If you fiddle with something long enough, you'll break it.



A terrific explosion occurs in a gunpowder factory, and once all the mess has been cleared up, an inquiry begins. One of the few survivors is pulled up to make a statement.

"Okay Simpson," says the investigator, "you were near the scene - what happened?"

"Well, it's like this. Old Charley was in the mixing room, and I saw him take a cigarette out of his pocket and light up."

"He was smoking in the mixing room?" the investigator said in stunned horror, "How long had he been with the company?"

"About 20 years, sir" "20 years in the company, then he goes and strikes a match in the mixing room, I'd have thought that would have been the last thing he would of done!"

"It was, sir."

hung in the air, an anonymous voice called out, "How about sending us back FOUR weeks?"

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As he was driving home from work, a man in a rural community was stopped by a local police officer. The motorist, informed that he had failed to come to a full stop at a stop sign, was handed a ticket.

"Don't I get a warning?" he protested.

The officer replied, "Sure. Here's your warning: If you don't come to a complete stop next time, I'll give you another ticket."

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I used to work for a large company, they often did special things for us to make work a little more enjoyable, below is a memo I found in my desk today thought I would pass it on.

Casual Day Memo No. 1: Effective immediately, the company is adopting Fridays as Casual Day so that employees may express their diversity.

Memo No. 2: Spandex and leather micro-miniskirts are not appropriate attire for Casual Day. Neither are string ties, rodeo belt buckles or moccasins.

Memo No. 3: Casual Day refers to dress only, not attitude. When planning Friday's wardrobe, remember image is a key to our success.

Memo No. 4: A seminar on how to dress for Casual Day will be held at 4 p.m., Friday in the cafeteria. Fashion show to follow. Attendance is mandatory.

Memo No. 5: As an outgrowth of Friday's seminar, a 14-member Casual Day Task Force has been appointed to prepare guidelines for proper dress.

Memo No. 6: The Casual Day Task Force has completed a 30-page manual. A copy of "Relaxing Dress Without Relaxing Company Standards" has been mailed to each employee. Please review the chapter "You Are What



***A Sign of the Times...ready to burn?***

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After about three weeks in basic training, my husband's unit was not measuring up to expectations. The sergeant threatened to send them all back three weeks to start over.

Apparently, at least one new soldier was already reconsidering his career choice. As the sergeant's threat

You Wear" and consult the "home casual" versus "business casual" checklist before leaving for work each Friday. If you have doubts about the appropriateness of an item of clothing, contact your CDTF representative before 7 a.m. on Friday.

Memo No. 7: Because of lack of participation, Casual Day has been discontinued, effective immediately.

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***Some pictures just deserve an encore!***  
***"Rainbow's End!"***

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"Flight 1234," the control tower advised, "turn right 45 degrees for noise abatement."

"Roger," the pilot responded, "but we're at 35,000 feet. How much noise can we make up here?"

"Sir," the radar operator replied, "have you ever heard the noise a 727 makes when it hits a 747?"

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Fans of '60's music, my 14-year-old daughter and her best friend got front-row tickets to a Peter, Paul, and Mary concert.

When they returned home, my daughter said, "During the show, we looked back and saw hundreds of little lights swaying to the music. At first we thought people were holding up cigarette lighters. Then we realized that the lights were the reflections off all the eyeglasses in the audience.

The server had to be taken offline on an emergency basis to fix a major problem and restore corrupted data. The group responsible did a wonderful job of minimizing downtime and keeping everyone informed about the progress, reports a technician there.

But once it's all over, one particularly clue-challenged middle manager sends along a request for handling the next crisis.

"Any chance we can conduct these activities over the weekends? This was not a good thing to have happen during the standard work week."

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A lawyer was getting fitted for a suit at his tailor's office. As he was standing there, he decided to have some fun with the man.

"I guess our jobs are pretty similar," said the lawyer.

The tailor remained silent, so the lawyer continued, "What I mean is that we're both in the same business - making suits. And both of our suits end up in a court of law."

The tailor said nothing, but continued measuring, so the lawyer added, "Of course, I went to college and then law school for seven years to learn how to make my suits."

"Yes," said the tailor, "but when I make a suit, it only costs you two hundred dollars."

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My wife and I take turns walking our five-year-old daughter to the bus stop for school every morning. Today was my turn, and as me and all the other moms in the neighborhood waited one of them asked me to say hello to my wife.

"I will," I said. "It'll make her feel better. She has pneumonia..."

"Oh, poor girl," they all said in unison.

One of them crooked her eyebrow at me and said, "I hope you're helping her with the kids, the cooking and cleaning."

"I can't," I said pointing to the band aid on my index finger. "Hangnail."





Hello, you have reached an office that thought it was so smart getting all its employees cordless phones. The person you are trying to reach is here right now, staring at me as I answer this call and searching desperately for their cordless phone in the mess on their desk.

"It won't matter if they find it since they didn't leave it on the charger last night and the battery is dead. So you might as well leave a message with me and I'll have them call you after the 4 hour handset recharge period is completed."

After a long day on the course, the exasperated golfer turned to his caddy and said, "You must be the absolute worst caddy in the world!"

"No, I don't think so," said the caddy. "That would be too much of a coincidence."

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My friend Allison adopted a stray cat and took him to the vet to be neutered.

"I'm about 90 percent certain he's been fixed," the vet said.

"How can I be 100 percent sure?" Allison asked.

"Watch to see if he does any 'male' things."

"He already lies on the couch all day," she said. "If he starts hogging the remote, I'll bring him in."



*Visited ANY government agency lately?*

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I remember an old car I used to own. You know the kind, ratty and raggedy, driven when I was a poor college student. I was having trouble with something I couldn't readily identify myself, so I took it into the shop.

The mechanic looked at it a couple of minutes and said, "What you really need is the radiator cap solution."

"Oh," I said, trying not to sound too confused. "Do you mean the radiator cap isn't holding enough pressure?"

"That's part of the problem" he said. "What you really need to do is lift the radiator cap and drive another car under it. Then the next day you can replace the radiator cap, and it should solve your problem."

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Bill and Moe had started with only five hundred dollars between them, but they had built up a computer business with sales in the millions. Their company

employed over two hundred people, and the two executives lived like princes.

Almost overnight, things changed. Sales dropped sharply, former customers disappeared, the business failed, and personal debts forced both into bankruptcy. Bill and Moe blamed each other for the troubles, and they parted on unfriendly terms.

Five years later, Bill drove up to a decrepit diner and stopped for a cup of coffee. As he was discreetly wiping some crumbs from the table, a waiter approached. Bill looked up and gasped.

"Moe!" he said, shaking his head. "It's a terrible thing, seeing you working in a place as bad as this."

"Yeah," Moe said with a smirk. "But at least I don't eat here."



### Kid Wisdom

When your dad is mad and asks you, "Do I look stupid?" don't answer.

Never tell your mom her diet's not working.

Stay away from prunes.

Don't pull your dad's finger when he tells you to.

Never leave your three-year-old brother in the same room as your school assignment.

If you want a kitten, start out by asking for a horse.

Felt-tip markers are not good to use as lipstick.

Don't pick on your sister when she's holding a baseball bat.

When you get a bad grade in school show it to your mom while she's on the phone.

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Tired of having to balance his wife Cindy's checkbook, Mike made a deal with her; he would only look at it after she had spent a few hours trying to wrestle it into shape. Only then would he lend his expertise.

The following night, after spending hours poring over stubs and figures, Cindy said proudly, "There! I've done it! I made it balance!"

Impressed, Mike came over to take a look.

"Let's see...mortgage 550.00, electricity 70.50, phone 35.00." His brow wrinkled as he read the last entry. "It says here ESP, 615.00. What is that?"

"Oh," she said, "That means, Error Some Place!!!"

---

I was sitting in the foyer of a bank when a young man walked by, and then stopped for a moment on his way out. I noticed that one of the latches on his overstuffed briefcase was unfastened, putting strain on the remaining latch.

"You're going to lose the contents of your briefcase," I warned him.

Just then the case burst open. He stared at me with something akin to fear in his eyes as he gasped, "How on earth did you do that?"

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While on leave, my Marine buddy and I met two nursing students from Southern California. After chatting them up awhile, the conversation turned to what we did in the service. When we told them we were in the infantry, the girls seemed very impressed, giving us big smiles as they told us how sweet that was.

Since infantry and sweet are seldom used in the same sentence, I was a little confused. Until, that is, one of the girls said, "We admire any man who works with infants."