

# Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 18

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

May 2, 2010

Because of a shortage of maids, the minister's wife advertised for a manservant. The next morning a nicely dressed young man came to the front door. "Can you start the breakfast by seven o'clock?" asked the minister.

"I guess so," answered the man.

"Can you polish all the silver, wash all the dishes, do the laundry, take care of the lawn, wash windows, iron clothes and keep the house neat and tidy?"

"Say, preacher," said the young fellow rather meekly, "I came here to see about getting married but if it's going to be as much work as all that, you can count me out right now."

A husband took his young daughter to the grocery store to help him buy groceries. In addition to the healthy items on his wife's carefully prepared list, the two of them returned home with a package of sugar-filled cookies.

"Why in the world did you buy those?" his wife asked. "You know they aren't good for you!"

"Oh, but don't worry, honey, these cookies have one-third less calories than usual in them," the husband replied.

The wife looked all over the package but couldn't find any claim to that fact, so she asked, "What makes you think that?"

"We ate about a third of the box on the way home."



*Do you know why I pulled you over?*

**OKAY ELDERS – REMEMBER. ONLY A MAN WOULD ATTEMPT THIS...HEAVEN HELP US.** (*I have edited some of the explicit descriptions it originally contained, but I think you'll still get the full meaning.*)

Pocket Tazer Stun Gun, a great gift for the wife. A guy who purchased his lovely wife a pocket Tazer for their anniversary submitted this:

Last weekend I saw something at Larry's Pistol & Pawn Shop that sparked my interest. The occasion was our 15th anniversary and I was looking for a little something extra for my wife Julie. What I came across was a 100,000-volt, pocket/ purse- sized tazer. The effects of the tazer were supposed to be short lived, with no long-term adverse affect on your assailant, allowing her adequate time to retreat to safety....

WAY TOO COOL! Long story short, I bought the device and brought it home. Okay, so I was home alone with this new toy, thinking to myself that it couldn't be all that bad with only two triple-A batteries, right? There I sat in my recliner, my cat Gracie looking on intently

(trusting little soul) while I was reading the directions and thinking that I really needed to try this thing out on a flesh & blood moving target. I must admit I thought about zapping Gracie (for a fraction of a second) and thought better of it. But, if I was going to give this thing to my wife to protect herself against a mugger, I did want some assurance that it would work as advertised. Am I wrong?

So, there I sat in a pair of shorts and a tank top with my reading glasses perched delicately on the bridge of my nose, directions in one hand, and tazer in another. The directions said that a one-second burst would shock and disorient your assailant. Longer bursts would do more. I'm sitting there alone, Gracie looking on with her head cocked to one side as to say, 'don't do it, stupid,' reasoning that a one second burst from such a tiny little ole thing couldn't hurt all that bad. I decided to give myself a one-second burst just for heck of it. I touched the prongs to my naked thigh, pushed the button, and...

HOLY HANNAH . . WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION . .  
. WHAT THE ..!!!

I'm pretty sure Hulk Hogan ran in through the side door, picked me up in the recliner, then body slammed us both on the carpet, over and over and over again. I vaguely recall waking up on my side in the fetal position, with tears in my eyes, body soaking wet, both nipples (and other body parts I'm too embarrassed to mention) were on fire with my left arm tucked under my body in the oddest position, and tingling in my legs.

The cat was making meowing sounds I had never heard before, clinging to a picture frame hanging above the fireplace, obviously in an attempt to avoid getting slammed by my body flopping all over the living room.

Note: If you ever feel compelled to 'mug' yourself with a tazer, one note of caution: There is no such thing as a one-second burst when you zap yourself! You will not let go of that thing until it is dislodged from your hand by a violent thrashing about on the floor. A three-second burst would be considered conservative.

A minute or so later (I can't be sure, as time was a relative thing at that point), I collected my wits (what little I had left), sat up and surveyed the landscape. My bent reading glasses were on the mantel of the fireplace. The recliner was upside down and about 8 feet or so from where it originally was. My triceps, right thigh and both nipples were still twitching. My face felt like it had been shot up with Novocain, and my bottom lip weighed 88 lbs. I had no control over the drooling. Apparently I pooped on myself, but was too numb to know for sure and my sense of smell was gone. I saw a

faint smoke cloud above my head which I believe came from my hair.

P.S ... My wife can't stop laughing about my experience, loved the gift, and now regularly threatens me with it!

If you think education is difficult, try being stupid !!!

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### Why LDS Women Stress

As Latter-day Saint women, we are practically obsessed with anxiously engaging ourselves in good causes. Maybe it is subliminal. Glancing through the hymnal last Sunday I noted that:

As sisters in Zion, we who are called to serve and are all enlisted to go marching, marching forward because the world has need of willing men to all press on scattering sunshine. We wonder if we have done any good in the world today because we have been given much and want to do what is right, keep the commandments, press forward with the Saints, choose the right, and put our shoulders to the wheel going where He wants us to go. However, as the morning breaks high on the mountain top, truth reflects upon our senses and while we still believe that sweet is the work, we also realize that we have work enough to do ere the sun goes down. ---Author Unknown



*Late April Weather – Early May Humor.*

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Mr. and Mrs. Frobisher had just reached the airport in the nick of time to catch the plane for their two-week's vacation in Majorca. "I wish we'd brought the piano with us," said Mr. Frobisher.

"What on earth for?" asked his wife.

"I've left the tickets on it."

# Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 19

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

May 9, 2010

As the owner of an old clunker, I was used to dealing with a variety of car breakdowns. One day at the supermarket, just after I had filled my trunk with groceries, I noticed a stream of fluid leaking out of the bottom of the car. I knew I had to get home before the car was once again out of action.

When I arrived I asked my husband to take a look at the problem. Expecting the worst, I braced myself for his diagnosis.

When he came back in, he was smiling. "It's apple juice," he said.



***You might be a redneck if you make the old entertainment center work with the new wider TV!***

This young man was elated when he turned eighteen in a state where curfew is 11:00 p.m. for anyone under seventeen years of age.

He told his Dad how happy he was that now he could stay out until 3:00 a.m. if he wanted.

"Yes you can stay out as late as you want, but the car is under seventeen and it has to be in the garage by eleven." His father said.

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"Hello Mrs. Frobisher" said the bearded guy behind the counter at the bagel shop.

My husband and I looked at him but drew complete blanks. "I'm sorry, do we know each other?" I asked.

"Yeah, you was my English teacher."

Leaning over, my husband whispered, "Good job, Honey, good job."

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A six-year-old ran up and down the supermarket aisles shouting frantically, "Marian, Marian!"

Finally reunited with his mother, he was chided by her: "You shouldn't call me 'Marian'. I'm your mother. You should call me that."

"I know," said the child, "but the store is full of Mommies."

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Jim was just out of Navy boot camp, and was on his first ship. About two hours out of port, he began to get a bit ill from the motion of the ship. He approached an ensign, also just out of training and on his first cruise. He saluted and said, "Excuse me sir, I am feeling seasick, and I wondered if I may have permission to go downstairs to the dispensary."

The ensign returned his salute and replied, "Sailor, you are in the Navy now. You don't go downstairs, you go



below! There is no dispensary on this ship, there is sickbay. Not only that, that is not the floor, it is a deck, that is not the ceiling, it is the overhead, that is not a pillar, it is a stanchion, that is not a water fountain, it is a scuttle-butt. If I ever hear you using civilian words instead of Naval jargon, I will throw you out of that little round window over there!"

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***Styrofoam is almost as handy as duct tape at times.***

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Which windshield wiper blade always quits first? That's right -- the driver's side. This happened to me one day while driving home in the middle of a blinding storm. Unable to see, I pulled over and tried to figure out a quick fix. I found it in a yellow cotton work glove lying on the floor. I wedged the cloth hand under the wiper arm. It did a great job keeping my windshield clear.

Not only that -- you'd be surprised at how many people waved back.

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At a dinner party to introduce the new Administrator of the Maryland State Highway Department, the new boss went on and on extolling his own virtues: the forward-thinking, the modernization he'd put in place, the down-sizing, equipment upgrades, roadway improvements he had both instituted and planned for the future while he was with the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, he opened the floor for questions.

"Sir," said a voice from the back of the room, "perhaps you'd also tell us why Pennsylvania didn't want you anymore."

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They say that a preacher's wife is always his number one assistant.

An example of this comes one Sunday morning after the preacher had just finished his sermon. He went and sat down with his wife and she asked him how he thought the church service went.

The Preacher shrugged and said, "The worship was excellent, and I think the prayer and communion times went quite well, but," he continued, "I just don't think the sermon ever got off the ground."

The wife looked over at him, and before she could stop herself, she said, "Well, it sure did taxi long enough!"

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Last summer my wife and I met a couple at a restaurant. After lunch, the women decided to go shopping, and I invited the man to go sailing.

While we were out on the water, a storm blew in. The tide had gone out, and we were down-wind trying to work our way back through a narrow channel. At one point the boat grounded and we had to climb overboard and shove with all our might to get it back in deeper water.

As my new friend stood there, ankle deep in muck, the wind blowing his hair wildly, rain streaming down his face, he grinned at me, and with unmistakable sincerity said, "Sure beats shopping."

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I'd been working on my business degree for about a year when I finally got to take a popular finance course. I went to the bookstore to buy the textbook and was shocked to find out it would cost me \$125. I asked how much it was worth if I sold it back at the end of the semester.

"You'll get \$50," said the clerk.

"This is insane," I protested as I handed him my credit card.

"I know," replied the clerk sympathetically. "I've always thought that a person who buys a finance book for \$125 then sells it back for \$50 should fail the course."

# Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 20

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May 16, 2010

My husband, who is an auto mechanic, was on the kidney-transplant list.

As you can imagine, it was a tense time for our family.

But one day, the phone rang and our teenage son answered. It was the hospital with good news.

"Dad!" he yelled excitedly, "Your parts are in!"

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***"The CHIEF is not going to like this!"***

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Seen in the Southern Illinois University student newspaper:

"Sweet, little old lady wishes to correspond with S.I.U. undergraduate. Prefers six-foot male with brown eyes answering to initials J.D.B.

Signed, "His Mother."

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The following is a quote from a director of sports information in the Navy, regarding the theft of some mascots from the Naval Academy by Army rivals:

"We knew Army cadets were involved because they cut through two fences to get to the goats, and 15 feet away there was an unlocked gate."

---

Rushing to work, I was driving too fast and as a result was pulled over by the highway patrol. The state trooper noticed that my shirt had the name of a local high school on it. "I teach math there," I explained.

The trooper smiled, and said, "Okay, here's a problem. A teacher is speeding down the highway at 16 m.p.h. over the limit. At \$12 for every mile, plus \$40 court costs, plus the rise in her insurance, what's her total cost?"

I replied, "Taking that total, subtracting the low salary I receive, multiplying by the number of kids who hate math, then adding to that the fact that none of us would be anywhere without teachers, I'd say zero."

He handed me back my license. "Math was never my favorite subject," he admitted. "Please slow down."

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Everything about living in the country delighted my neighbors, who had moved to our small town from the city. One day they spotted a sign, "Fresh Eggs For Sale" at a roadside stand where payment was on the honor system.

"Why can't everyone be this trusting?" they said as they put their money into the box and took a carton. When they got home and opened it, they found 11 eggs.

A rookie pitcher was struggling at the mound, so the catcher walked out to have a talk with him.

"I've figured out your problem," he told the young southpaw. "You always seem to lose control at the same point in every game."

"When is that?" asked the rookie.

"Right after the National Anthem."

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*You want me to do WHAT?*

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***Just in case your boss catches you asleep at your desk, be ready to blurt out one of these excuses:***

They told me at the blood bank that this might happen.

This is just a 15 minute power nap like they raved about in that time management course you sent me to.

I was working smarter - not harder.

Whew! I must have left the top off the whiteout.

I wasn't sleeping! I was meditating on the mission statement and envisioning a new paradigm!

This is one of the seven habits of highly effective people!

I was testing the keyboard for drool resistance.

I'm in the management training program.

I'm actually doing a Stress Level Elimination Exercise Plan (SLEEP). I learned at the last mandatory seminar you made me attend.

This is in exchange for the six hours last night when I dreamed about work!

Darn! Why did you interrupt me? I had almost figured out a solution to our biggest problem.

The coffee machine is broken....

Someone must have put decaf in the wrong pot.

Boy, that cold medicine I took last night just won't wear off.

Ah, the unique and unpredictable circadian rhythms of the workaholic!

I wasn't sleeping. I was trying to pick up my contact lens without my hands.

The mail courier flipped out and pulled a gun so I was playing dead to avoid getting shot.

Gosh, I thought you (the boss) were gone for the day.

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My husband and I took our two-year-old daughter to the home-improvement store. Madison got tired of walking, so my husband let her ride on his shoulders. As he walked, Madison began pulling his hair. Although he asked her to stop several times, she kept on.

Getting annoyed, he scolded, "Madison! Stop that!"

"But, Daddy," she replied, "I'm just trying to get my gum back."

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As a sergeant in a parachute regiment, I took part in several night-time exercises. Once, I was seated next to a lieutenant fresh from jump school.

He was quiet and looked a bit pale, so I struck up a conversation. "Scared, lieutenant?" I asked.

He replied, "No, just a bit apprehensive."

I asked, "What's the difference?"

He replied, "That means I'm scared, but with a university education."

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Whenever life gets you down, just remember these wise words my grandfather shared:

Growing old is mandatory – but growing up is optional.



# Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 21

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

May 23, 2010

A lawyer phoned the governor's mansion shortly after midnight. "I need to talk to the governor, it's an emergency!" exclaimed the lawyer.

After some cajoling, the governor's assistant agreed to wake him up. "So, what is it that's so important that it can't wait until morning?" grumbled the governor.

"Judge Pierson just died, and I want to take his place," begged the attorney.

"Well, it's OK with me if it's OK with the funeral home," replied the governor.



The Americans and Russians at the height of the arms race realized that if they continued in the usual manner they were going to blow up the whole world. One day they sat down and decided to settle the whole dispute with one dog fight. They would have five years to breed the best fighting dog in the world and which ever side's dog won would be entitled to dominate the world.

The Russians found the biggest meanest Doberman and Rottweiler female dogs in the world and bred them with

the biggest meanest Siberian wolves. They selected only the biggest and strongest puppy from each litter, removed his siblings which gave him all the milk. After five years came up with the biggest meanest dog the world had ever seen.

Its cage needed steel bars that were five inches thick and nobody could get near it.

When the day came for the dog fight, the Americans showed up with a strange animal. It was a nine foot long Dachshund. Everyone felt sorry for the Americans because they knew there was no way that this dog could possibly last ten seconds with the Russian dog.

When the cages were opened up, the Dachshund came out of it's cage and slowly waddled over towards the Russian dog. The Russian dog snarled and leaped out of it's cage and charged the American dachshund. But, when it got close enough to bite the Dachshund's neck, the Dachshund opened it's mouth and consumed the Russian dog in one bite.

There was nothing left at all of the Russian dog.

The Russians came up to the Americans shaking their heads in disbelief. "We don't understand how this could have happened. We had our best people working for five years with the meanest Doberman and Rottweiler female dogs in the world and the biggest meanest Siberian wolves."

"That's nothing", an American replied. "We had our best plastic surgeons working for five years to make an alligator look like a Dachshund."

A defendant was asked if he wanted a bench trial or a jury trial.

"Jury trial," the defendant replied.

"Do you understand the difference?" asked the judge.

"Sure," replied the defendant. "That's where twelve ignorant people decide my fate instead of one."

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While attending US Army's Airborne School....

The Day before our first jump, the instructors (known as SGT Airbornes, students are called 'Airborne') demonstrated all the possible malfunctions one might encounter.

After watching a total malfunction, i.e. the parachute fails to deploy, one of the students asked: "SGT Airborne, if we have a complete malfunction, how much time do we have to deploy our reserve parachutes?"

"Airborne, you have the REST of your life to deploy that reserve!"

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Moses' first and last day as a lifeguard.

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Some midshipmen were tasked at the maritime museum to do the "dirty work" of restoring a 60-year-old destroyer. One day the Navy sent a crew of 20 men, while the Marines sent a crew of three.

The curator teased one of the Navy midshipman, saying, "You mean it takes twenty Navy guys to do the work of only three Marines?"

"Sir, no sir," he snapped back. "The truth is, sir, it takes six or seven of us to supervise each one of those Marines!"

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Shakey went to a psychiatrist. "Doc," he said, "I've got trouble. Every time I get into bed, I think there's somebody under it. I get under the bed, I think there's somebody on top of it. Top, under, top, under. . . you gotta help me, I'm going crazy!"

"Just put yourself in my hands for two years," said the shrink. "Come to me three times a week, and I'll cure your fears."

"How much do you charge?"

"A hundred dollars per visit."

"I'll sleep on it," said Shakey.

Six months later the doctor met Shakey on the street. "Why didn't you ever come to see me again?" asked the psychiatrist.

"For a hundred bucks a visit? A bartender cured me for ten dollars."

"Is that so! How?"

"He told me to cut the legs off the bed!"

---

In the far distant future in the year 4527, a number of scientists from all over the universe were having a convention on a far distant galaxy. Two beings were seated next to one another when they struck up a conversation.

"Where are you from?" the one asked.

"I'm from Alpha Century," he answered. "Where are you from?"

"I'm from Earth" was the answer.

"I know someone from earth," the Alpha Centurion said. "John Smith. Do you know him?"

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Driving along a country road, I ignored a Bridge Out sign and continued on. But in a few miles I came to a stop: the road was completely barricaded. So I turned around and retraced my route. That's when I saw this sign on the back of the first:

"It was, wasn't it?"



# Morning Breaks

Volume 9 Number 22

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

May 30, 2010

Today, I want to be serious for a moment and talk about the holiday which will be celebrated here in the United States on Monday.

Memorial Day is on the last Monday in May and honors those men and women who lost their lives serving their country. What we celebrate as Memorial Day today, began at the end of the Civil War. Family members of the many soldiers slain in battle would visit the grave sites of their fallen relatives or friends and decorate the graves with flowers.

On May 5, 1868, General John Logan proclaimed this day a holiday through his General Order No. 11. The day was entitled Decoration Day and was first observed on May 30, 1868. The northern states celebrated this day every year, but the southern states celebrated a day similar to this on a different day until sometime after World War I.

In 1882, the name Decoration day was changed to Memorial Day, and in 1971, Memorial Day was declared a national holiday to be held on the last Monday of May every year. Over the years it has come to serve as a day to remember all U.S. men and women killed or missing in action in all wars.

I am truly grateful for the freedoms which we enjoy today. Too often, we take these gifts for granted, little realizing the sacrifice which was involved in ensuring that these freedoms continue to be a part of all of our lives. Be honest, how many of us think of Memorial Day as just another chance for a three-day weekend? Is it a chance to go the lakes or beaches or mountains; a trip to Disneyland or Six Flags or some other amusement park?

If you are here in the United States, please remember to display the flag, not just for the day but for the whole weekend. Let's not forget the real reason for having this holiday. The quote below says it all:

*"It is, in a way, an odd thing to honor those who died in defense of our country in wars far away. The*

*imagination plays a trick. We see these soldiers in our mind as old and wise. We see them as something like the Founding Fathers, grave and gray-haired. But most of them were boys when they died, they gave up two lives -- the one they were living and the one they would have lived. When they died, they gave up their chance to be husbands and fathers and grandfathers.*

*They gave up their chance to be revered old men. They gave up everything for their country, for us. All we can do is remember."*

*-- Ronald Wilson Reagan  
Remarks at Veteran's Day ceremony,  
Arlington National Cemetery  
Arlington, Virginia, November 11, 1985*

Over the years the meaning of Memorial Day has faded too much from the public consciousness. From a solemn day of mourning, remembrance, and honor to the men and women who died in providing the freedoms we enjoy, it has been reduced to a weekend of BBQ's, shopping bargains and beaches where only token nods toward our honored dead is given, if at all. Too many don't know what the day stands for.

Thanksgiving is a day when we pause to give thanks for the things we have.

Memorial Day is a day when we pause to give thanks to the people who fought for the things we have.

So, let's not forget those who made the ultimate sacrifice. They are remembered in all our prayers. Also, let's not forget a prayer for the safety of all service men and women, whether they serve at home or overseas. Finally, a heartfelt Semper Fi from this Hospital Corpsman is sent to all the Marines I knew.

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Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints not only have a deep sense of patriotism and

honor those who have paid the ultimate price in defending their country, but use Memorial Day as a time to reflect on their own forebears who made it possible for them to enjoy this land of liberty where the Gospel of Jesus Christ could be restored in its fullness.

May of our ancestors gave their lives to make the gospel available to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. Many of our fathers, mothers, grandparents, great-grandparents and other relatives lived through great persecution so that we can enjoy the great blessings that have come from the restoration and temple ordinances.

Make Memorial Day a time to remember not only those who were cut down in the prime of their life in defense of your freedoms, but those who lived every day, year after year, to ensure that you could enjoy the blessing that the Lord has in store for you.

Which is why we gather together at cemeteries on this day, decorate graves of those departed, and remember the sacrifices they made in our behalf.

animals very much. I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef.

Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed too. Then he told me not to do it again.

The next day in class my teacher asked me what my favorite live animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, just like she'd asked the other children. So I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken. She sent me back to the principal's office again. He laughed, and told me not to do it any more.

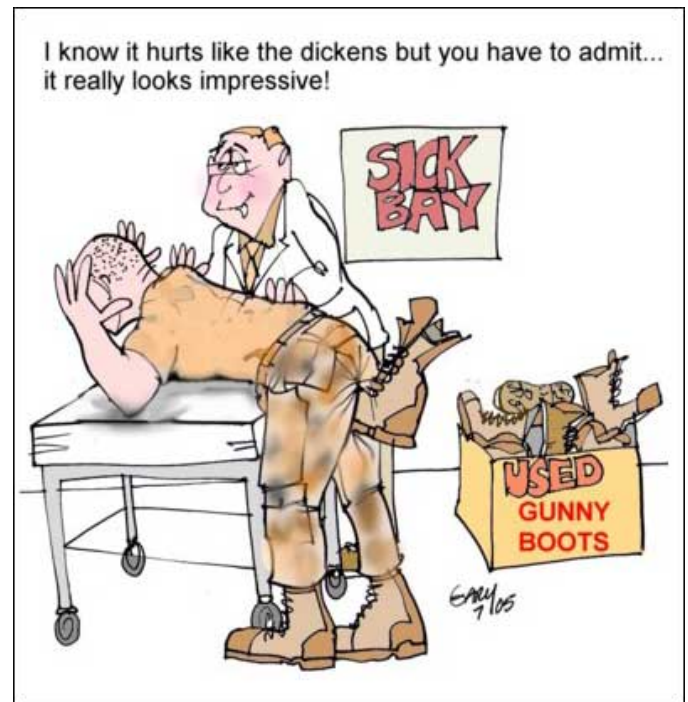
I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am. Today, my teacher asked us to tell her what famous person we admire most.

I told her, "Colonel Sanders".

Guess where I am now.....



**THERE ARE ONLY TWO WORDS  
THAT DESCRIBE THE MEANING  
OF MEMORIAL DAY.  
"THANK YOU"**



And now for some lighter items:

Our teacher asked us what our favorite animal was, and I said, "Fried chicken." She said I wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right because everyone else in the class laughed.

My parents told me to always be truthful and honest, and I am. Fried chicken is my favorite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA. He said they love

Sally was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the bottle. During her struggle the phone rang so she asked her 5-year-old daughter to answer the phone.

"Mommy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle."