



Volume 12 Number 01

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

January 6, 2013

As I was treating my daughter and her family to the buffet at a casino, all the bells and whistles for a winning slot machine began to go off. My seven-year-old grandson was awed.

"Wow!" he yelled. "This is like Chuck E. Cheese for old people."



Happy New Year!

Two elderly couples were enjoying friendly conversation when one of the men asked the other, "Fred, how was the memory clinic you went to last month?"

"Outstanding," Fred replied. "They taught us all the latest psychological techniques: visualization, association, etc. It was great."

"That's great! And what was the name of the clinic?"

Fred went blank. He thought and thought, but couldn't remember. Then a smile broke across his face and he asked, "What do you call that flower with the long stem and thorns?"

"You mean a rose?"

"Yes, that's it!"

Fred turned to his wife.

"Rose, what was the name of that memory clinic?"

One of the highlights of the freshman university biology class was the monthly feeding of a caged rattlesnake kept in the laboratory. One time, the entire class gathered around the cage and, in complete silence, watched as the feeding took place.

"I'm jealous of the snake," the instructor said. "I never get the class's undivided attention like this."

A student answered matter-of-factly, "You would if you could swallow a mouse."

You are a lousy cook if....

Your family automatically heads for the table every time they hear a fire siren.

Anyone has ever broken a tooth eating your homemade yoghurt.

Your kids know what "peas porridge in a pot nine days old" tastes like.

Your son goes outside to make mud pies, the rest of the family grabs forks and follows him.

Your kids' favorite drink is Alka-Seltzer.

You have to buy 25 pounds of dog food twice a week for your toy poodle.

Your kids got even with the neighborhood bully by inviting him over for dinner.

Your husband refers to the smoke detector as the oven timer.

No matter what you do to it the gravy still turns bright purple.

During the year that my husband was undergoing expensive dental reconstruction, he got to know everyone in the dentist's office. When a couple of staffers teased him about his garbled speech after he got a mouth-numbing anesthetic, he replied, "Well, it's hard to talk with \$5,000 in your mouth."

My husband, an accountant, and I both suffer from occasional bouts of insomnia. One night I suggested we try a technique I'd read about, which was to encourage relaxation. Laying with our eyes closed, I described a relaxing scene: "We're in a beautiful, oceanside bungalow on a tropical island. A gentle breeze is coming through the French doors that lead to our private ocean path."

My husband's quiet voice startled me from my peaceful place. "How much is this vacation costing us?"



If cats wore t-shirts, here is what they might say.

"Purrfection cannot be improved"

"If you don't like my attitude, you should see my cat"

"Menopaws, This is the hottest I've been in years."

"Take my advice. I'm not using it."

"I'd like to help you out. Which way did you come in?"

"Cats know how we feel. They don't care, but they know."

"Dogs have owners. Cats have staff."

"Thousands of years ago, cats were worshiped as gods. They have never forgotten this."

Two gas company servicemen, a senior training supervisor and a young trainee, were out checking meters in a suburban neighborhood.

They parked their truck the end of the alley and worked their way to the other end. At the last house, a woman looking out her kitchen window watched the two men as they checked her gas meter.

Finishing the meter check, the senior supervisor challenged his younger co-worker to a foot race down the alley back to the truck to prove that an older guy could outrun a younger one.

As they came running up to the truck, they realized the lady from that last house was huffing and puffing right behind them. They stopped and asked her what was wrong.

Gasping for breath, she replied, "When I saw two men from the gas company running as hard as you two were, I figured I'd better run too!"

The front door was accidentally left open and our dog was gone. After unsuccessfully whistling and calling, my husband got in the car and went looking for him.

He drove around the neighborhood for some time with no luck. Finally he stopped beside a couple out for a walk and asked if they had seen our dog.

"You mean the one following your car?" they asked.

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

"Kneeling is definitely best," claimed one.

"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."

MORNING BREAKS

Volume 12 Number 02

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January 13, 2013

A man was being tailgated by a stressed out woman on a busy street. Suddenly, the light turned yellow just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at ...the crosswalk. The tailgating woman hit the roof, and the horn, screaming as she missed her chance to get through the intersection.

As she was still in mid-rant, she heard a tap on her window and looked up into the face of a police officer. He took her to the police station where she placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours, the policeman opened the cell door and said, "I'm very sorry for this mistake. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn, flipping off the guy in front of you, and cussing a blue streak at him. I noticed the 'What Would Jesus Do?' bumper sticker, the 'Follow Me to Sunday School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. Naturally, I assumed you had stolen the car!"

I was sitting on my lawn sunning myself and reading when I was startled by a fairly late model car that crashed through my hedge and came to rest just in front of me. I helped the elderly driver out of the car and sat her down on a lawn chair.

I noted, "It's quite remarkable that you are still driving at your age."

"Yes," she replied. "I'm old enough that I don't need a license anymore."

"How is that possible?"

"The last time my doctor examined me, he asked if I had a driver's license. I told him yes and handed it to him. He took scissors out of a drawer, and as he cut the license into pieces he said, 'You won't be needing this anymore.' So I thanked him and drove home."



My husband and I attended a bridal fair trying to drum up work for his fledgling wedding photography business. One vendor assumed we were engaged and asked when the big day was.

"Oh, we've been married ten years," I said.

"Really?" she asked. "But you look so happy."

My mother once gave me two sweaters for Christmas. The next time we visited, I made sure to wear one.

As we entered her home, instead of the expected smile, she said,

"What's the matter? You didn't like the other one?"

When I took my Weed Eater back to the home-and-garden store to get it fixed, I was asked if I wanted to wait until the job was done.

"How long will it take?" I asked.

The clerk answered, "A day or two."

One day I called my mother from my apartment to make some plans with her. In the background behind her, I could hear a terrible noise, like a jet plane taking off.

"Mother," I asked apprehensively, "what's that awful noise?"

"It's the dishwasher," she replied. "Your father fixed it."



One Sunday after church Mom asked her very young daughter what the lesson was about.

Her daughter answered, "Don't be scared, you'll get your quilts." Needless to say, Mom was perplexed.

Later in the day, the Pastor stopped by for tea. Mom asked him what that morning's Sunday school lesson was about.

He said, "Be not afraid, Thy comforter is coming."

We recently had a guest speaker at our church. He is from India, part of an organization that our church supports.

Before he started his sermon, he asked if anyone had called any customer support numbers recently.

When several people in the congregation raised their hands, he said, "That's good. That means you won't have too much trouble understanding my accent."

STOCK: A magical piece of paper that is worth \$33.75 until the moment you buy it. It will then be worth \$8.50.

BOND: What you had with your spouse until you pawned his/her golf clubs to invest in Amazon.com.

BROKER: The person you trust to help you make major financial decisions. Please note the first five letters of this word spell "Broke".

BEAR: What your trade account and wallet will be when you take a flyer on that hot stock tip your secretary gave you.

BULL: What your broker uses to explain why your mutual funds tanked during the last quarter.

MARGIN: Where you scribble the latest quotes when you're supposed to be listening to your manager's presentation.

SHORT POSITION: A type of trade where, in theory, a person sells stocks he doesn't actually own. Since this also only ever works in theory, a short position is what a person usually ends up being in (i.e. "The rent, sir? Hahaha, well, I'm a little short this month.").

COMMISSION: The only reliable way to make money on the stock market, which is why your broker charges you one.

YAK: What you do into a pail when you discover your stocks have plunged and your broker is making a margin call.

First things first – but not necessarily in that order.



I just got off the phone with a friend who lives in northern Newfoundland.

He said that since early this morning the snow has been falling and is nearly waist high. The temperature is dropping way below zero and the north wind is increasing to near gale force.

His wife has done nothing but look through the kitchen window and just stare.

He says that if it gets much worse, he may have to let her in.

When the second boot was on, she had worked up a sweat. She almost whimpered when the little boy said, "Teacher, they're on the wrong feet."

She looked and sure enough, they were. It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off then it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the boots back on - this time on the right feet.

He then announced, "These aren't my boots." She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, "Why didn't you say so?" like she wanted to. Once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off.

He then said, "They're my brother's boots. My Mom made me wear them." She didn't know if she should laugh or cry. She mustered up the grace to wrestle the boots on his feet again.

She said, "Now, where are your mittens?"

He said, "I tuffed them in the toes of my boots..."



A teacher was helping one of her kindergarten students put his boots on?

He asked for help and she could see why. With her pulling and him pushing, the boots still didn't want to go on.

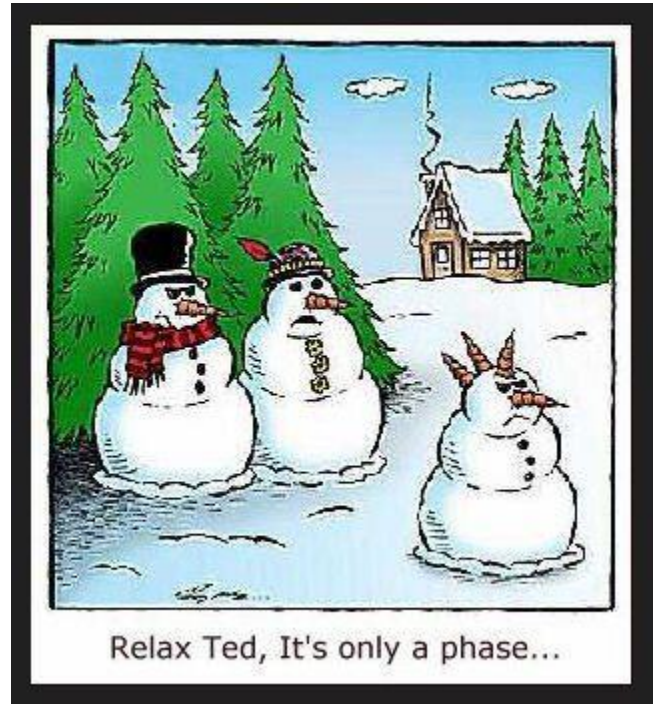
The following questions from lawyers were taken from official records nationwide:

1. Was that the same nose you broke as a child?
2. Now, doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, in most cases he just passes quietly away and doesn't know anything about it until the next morning?
3. Q: What happened then?
A: He told me, he says, 'I have to kill you because you can identify me.'
Q: Did he kill you?
4. Was it you or your brother that was killed in the war?
5. The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?
6. Were you alone or by yourself?

7. How long have you been a French Canadian?
8. Do you have children or anything of that kind?
9. Q: I show you exhibit 3 and ask you if you recognize that picture?
A: That's me.
Q: Were you present when that picture was taken?
10. Were you present in court this morning when you were sworn in?
11. Q: Now, Mrs. Johnson, how was your first marriage terminated?
A: By death.
Q: And by whose death was it terminated?
12. Q: Do you know how far pregnant you are now?
A: I'll be three months on November 8.
Q: Apparently, then, the date of conception was August 8?
A: Yes
Q: What were you doing at the time?
13. Q: Mrs. Jones, do you believe you are emotionally stable?
A: I used to be.
Q: How many times have you committed suicide?
14. So you were gone until you returned?
15. Q: She had three children, right?
A: Yes.
Q: How many were boys?
A: None
Q: Were there girls?
16. You don't know what it was, and you don't know what it looked like, but can you describe it?
17. Q: You say that the stairs went down to the basement?
A: Yes
Q: And these stairs, did they go up also?
18. Q: Have you lived in this town all your life?
A: Not yet.
19. A Texas attorney, realizing he was on the verge of unleashing a stupid question, interrupted himself and said, "Your Honor, I'd like to strike the next question."
20. Q: Do you recall approximately the time that you examined the body of Mr. Edington at the Rose Chapel?
A: It was in the evening. The autopsy started about 8:30 p.m.

Q: And Mr. Edington was dead at the time, is that correct?

A: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy!



A shopper at the grocery store had written a check for her purchases and was waiting for the clerk to bag them. Instead, he asked for identification, citing company policy. The flustered shopper responded, "But I'm your mother!"

A newly married man, feeling a little insecure, asked his wife, "Would you have married me if my father hadn't left me a fortune?"

"Honey," his bride replied sweetly, "I'd have married you no matter who left you that fortune!"

A wife texts her husband on a cold morning: "Windows frozen." Her husband texts back: "Pour some lukewarm water over it."

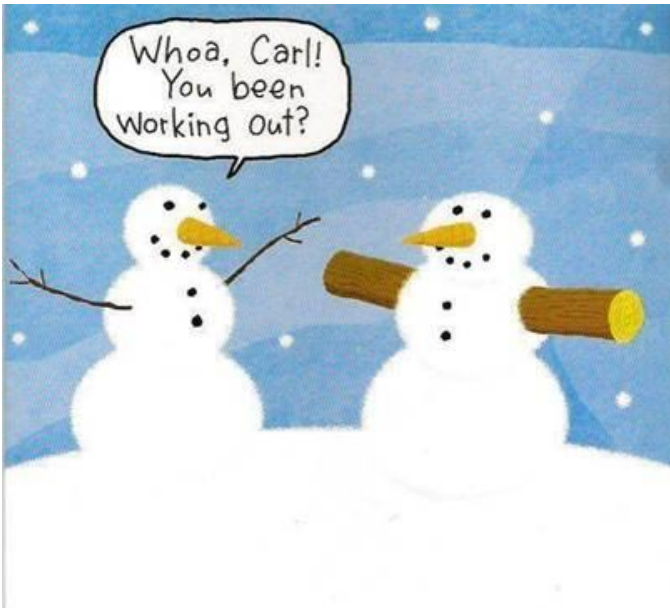
The wife texts back 5 minutes later: "Computer completely messed up now."



Volume 12 Number 04

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

January 27, 2013



Mom and the kids had been up in the attic together doing some cleaning. The kids uncovered an old manual typewriter and asked her, "Hey Mom, what's this?"

"Oh, that's an old typewriter," she answered, thinking that would satisfy their curiosity.

"Well what does it do?" they asked.

"I'll show you," she said and returned with a blank piece of paper. She rolled the paper into the typewriter and began striking the keys, leaving black letters of print on the page.

"WOW!" they exclaimed, "that's really cool, but how does it work like that? Where do you plug it in?"

"There is no plug," she answered. "It doesn't need a plug."

"Then where do you put the batteries?" they persisted.

"It doesn't need batteries either," she continued.

"Wow! This is so cool!" they exclaimed. "Someone should have invented this a long time ago!"

A visitor once asked, "Does it ever rain in Arizona?"

A rancher quickly answered, "Yes, it does. Do you remember in the Bible where it rained for 40 days and 40 nights?"

The visitor replied, "Yes, I'm familiar with Noah's flood."

"Well," the rancher puffed up, "We got about two and a half inches of that."

A teenager was sitting in church, and when the collection plate was passed around, he quickly pulled a dollar bill from his pocket and dropped it in.

Just then, the person behind him tapped him on his shoulder and handed him a \$20 bill. The boy smiled, placed the \$20 in the plate, and passed it on, admiring the man's generosity.

Then the boy felt another tap from behind and heard a whisper: "Son," the man said, "that was your \$20 bill that had fallen out of your pocket."

My daughter was six and excited about learning all the wonderful things about the world that first-graders learn. She turned to me one day and asked, "Mom, back in the old days when you were a kid, had they learned how to make the wheel yet?"

I replied, "No, Sweetie, back then we were just grateful to have fire."

The Lone Ranger and Tonto are camping in the desert. They set up their tent and soon fall asleep. Some hours later, Tonto wakes the Lone Ranger and says, "Kemo Sabe, look toward sky, what you see?"

The Lone Ranger replies, "I see millions of stars."

"What that tell you?" asked Tonto.

The Lone Ranger ponders for a minute then says, "Astronomically speaking, it tells me there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Chronologically, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three in the morning. Theologically, the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. What does it tell you, Tonto?"

"Someone stole our tent."



A husband and wife were at a party chatting with some friends when the subject of marriage counselling came up.

"Oh, we'll never need that. My husband and I have a great relationship," the wife explained.

"He was a communications major in college and I majored in theater arts."

"He communicates real well and I just act like I'm listening."

Because the oven was overshooting the set temperature, I shaved a few minutes off the cooking time for my muffins, set the timer and asked my husband to keep an eye on them while he did the dishes and I dusted.

Not long after, I smelled something burning and dashed into the kitchen.

"Are those my muffins burning?" I asked Andy.

"Yes," he said as he calmly wiped a dinner plate.

"Then why are they still in the oven?" I cried.

"Because," he replied, "the timer hasn't gone off yet."

Each evening bird lover Tom stood in his backyard, hooting like an owl - and one night, an owl finally called back to him.

For a year, the man and his feathered friend hooted back and forth. He even kept a log of the "conversation."

Just as he thought he was on the verge of a breakthrough in interspecies communication, his wife had a chat with her next door neighbor.

"My husband spends his nights ... calling out to owls," she said.

"That's odd," the neighbor replied. "So does my husband."

I have five siblings, three sisters and two brothers.

One night I was chatting with my Mom about how she had changed as a mother from the first child to the last.

She told me she had mellowed a lot over the years:

"When your oldest sister coughed or sneezed, I called the ambulance.

When your youngest brother swallowed a dime, I just told him it was coming out of his allowance."

My twins were born when my oldest boy was just 16 months old. When the twins became toddlers, my brood had grown into a rambunctious threesome, and I relied on my mother for advice and moral support.

One morning I phoned her to describe how one of the twins had decorated the living and dining room walls with colorful, indelible felt markers. "I'll have to paint everything," I wailed. "I'll never be able to scrub this off!"

Quietly, Mom said, "When you did it, you used lipstick."