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

June 2, 2013

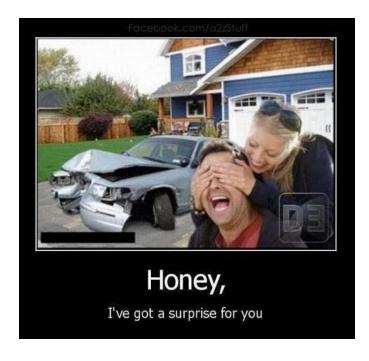
A knight and his men return to their castle after a long hard day of fighting.

"How are we faring?" asks the king.

"Sire," replies the knight, "I have been robbing and pillaging on your behalf all day, burning the towns of your enemies in the west."

"What?!" shrieks the king. "I don't have any enemies to the west!"

"Oh, no..." says the knight. "Well, you do now."



A co-worker was telling us about her sister who was coming to visit her. Someone asked how old her sister was, at which she paused, thought for a bit, and then answered, "She's half as old as I am, that's how I always remember."

So someone else (okay, it was me) said, "That's neat ... so every year that you age, she only ages half a year?"

My co-worker thought about that, and then said, "Oh, yeah, I guess it only works on even years."

Miriam had never been on a cruise before. One day, she meets her friend Lucy and they stop for a chat.

"So where are you and Sam going for your holidays this year?" asks Lucy.

"I'd like to try out a cruise," replies Miriam, "but I'm not sure whether Sam and I would enjoy ourselves. We're almost 80 now and Sam thinks cruising is for younger people."

"No, you're wrong in thinking that, Miriam," replies Lucy. "Most cruise ships have special design features just for senior citizens."

"So give me an example, please," says Miriam.

"Well ... OK," replies Lucy, "They have bifocal portholes."

A husband and wife were building a sunroom to accommodate their new hot tub. The project soon turned into a money pit.

During one of their numerous trips to the hardware store, the husband inquired about exhaust fans. The store clerk looked them up on the computer and praised one fan in particular because it was exceptionally quiet.

The husband asked for the price. After receiving the answer, he sighed and asked, "Do you have anything louder?"

Part of my job as a public-health nurse is teaching new parents how to care for their infants.

As I was demonstrating how to wrap a newborn, a young Asian couple turned to me and said, "You mean we should wrap the baby like an egg roll?"

"Yes," I replied, "That is a good analogy."

"I don't know how to make egg rolls," another mother said anxiously. "Can I wrap my baby like a burrito?"



Elder Jones discovered too late why Eskimo baptisms in December should only be done at the Stake Center!

One day a cowboy walked into a blacksmith shop and picked up a horseshoe, not realizing that it had recently come out of the forge.

He immediately dropped it and jammed his hand into his pocket, trying to act as if nothing had happened.

The blacksmith noticed and asked with a grin, "Kind of hot, wasn't it?"

"Nope," answered the cowboy through clenched teeth, "it just doesn't take me long to look at a horseshoe."

A nurse had been doing twelve-hour shifts on a medical/surgical unit. One evening she finally got to enjoy an action movie with her husband.

They were sitting in the theater holding hands. During the exciting chase scene, he turned to her and said. "Look, if you wanna hold hands, fine. But quit taking my pulse, okay?"

Self-Evident Truths About Pets

- * Although cats are rather delicate creatures, and they are subject to a good many ailments, I never heard of one who suffered from insomnia.
- * Dogs and cats instinctively know the exact moment their owners will wake up. Then they wake them 10 minutes sooner.
- * Dogs have owners. Cats have staff.
- * Dogs shed, cats shred.
- * I wonder if other dogs think poodles are members of a weird religious cult?
- * No one appreciates the very special genius of your conversation as the dog does.
- * Outside of a dog, a book is probably man's best friend. Inside of a dog, it's too dark to read.
- * I hope to be the kind of person my dog thinks I am.
- * Don't accept your dog's admiration as conclusive evidence that you are wonderful.
- * We wonder why the dogs always drink out of our toilets, but look at it from their point of view: Why do humans keep peeing into their water bowls?
- * Women and cats will do as they please ... men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea.
- * When a man's best friend is his dog, that dog has a problem.

The husband was constantly working on their defective washing machine, and his language was often colorful. One day the daughter returned home from a movie, and the parents asked if she had learned anything from it.

"Only a lot of four-letter words," she told them, "that until now I always thought were parts of the washing machine."

My husband bought an exercise machine to help him shed a few pounds. He set it up in the basement but didn't use it much, so he moved it to the bedroom. It gathered dust there, too, so he put it in the living room.

Weeks later I asked how it was going.

"I was right," he said. "I do get more exercise now. Every time I close the drapes, I have to walk around the machine."

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

June 9, 2013

My parents scoffed, but I knew my college degree in geology would come in handy one day. It was during Army Basic Training in Texas and I was pulling KP duty.

When the sergeant asked me what I did in civilian life, I proudly said that I was a geologist.

"Good. I'm looking for someone with your background," he said, while dropping a bulging sack onto the table. "You've got just the right qualifications to pick the rocks out of these potatoes before you peel them."



Resume Blunders

How bad a mistake can you make on your resume? Here are some real-life examples:

"My intensity and focus are at inordinately high levels, and my ability to complete projects on time is unspeakable."

"Education: Curses in liberal arts, curses in computer science, curses in accounting."

"Instrumental in ruining entire operation for a Midwest chain store."

"Personal: Married, 1992 Chevrolet."

"I have an excellent track record, although I am not a horse."

"I am a rabid typist."

"Created a new market for pigs by processing, advertising and selling a gourmet pig mail order service on the side."

"Exposure to German for two years, but many words are not appropriate for business."

"Proven ability to track down and correct erors."

"Personal interests: Donating blood. 15 gallons so far."

"I have become completely paranoid, trusting completely nothing and absolutely no one."

"References: None, I've left a path of destruction behind me."

"Strengths: Ability to meet deadlines while maintaining composer."

"Don't take the comments of my former employer too seriously, they were unappreciative beggars and slave drivers."

"My goal is to be a meteorologist. But since I possess no training in meteorology, I suppose I should try stock brokerage."

"I procrastinate--especially when the task is unpleasant."

"I am loyal to my employer at all costs...Please feel free to respond to my resume on my office voicemail."

"Qualifications: No education or experience."

"Disposed of \$2.5 billion in assets."

"Accomplishments: Oversight of entire department."

"Extensive background in accounting. I can also stand on my head!"

Cover letter: "Thank you for your consideration. Hope to hear from you shorty!"



"This house," said the real estate salesman, "has both its good points and its bad points. To show you I'm honest, I'm going to tell you about both.

The disadvantages are that there is a chemical plant one block south and a slaughterhouse a block north."

"What are the advantages?" inquired the prospective buver.

"The advantage is that you can always tell which way the wind is blowing."

Shopping one afternoon, I was paged to come to the mall office. I rushed over and an office clerk said that I was to call home right away.

Fearing the worst, I found a pay phone. When my teenage daughter answered, I immediately asked what was wrong. "Everything's fine, Mom," she said. "But I

have a date in an hour and I want to wear the shoes you have on."

My four-year-old likes to say the blessing at mealtimes, usually repeating the same short prayer: "Thank you, God, for this gracious food. Amen."

One evening, however, he offered thanks for the birds, the trees, each of his friends, and asked God to watch over his family and help them to be good.

I was thrilled that he was finally praying from the heart.

But after the "Amen," he took a spoonful of stew, gasped, then dropped his spoon into the bowl. "I should have said a longer prayer; my food is still too hot!"

A nearsighted bishop glanced at the note that Mrs. Jones had sent to him by an usher.

The note read: "Bill Jones having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

Failing to observe the punctuation, he startled his audience by announcing:

"Bill Jones, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

We baby boomers know that our daughters don't share the same need to iron that we do.

This became very apparent while visiting our daughter on our way home from an extended trip. After doing my laundry, I asked my daughter for her iron and ironing board, which she retrieved from the far reaches of her storage room.

I was about to plug the iron into the outlet when my grandson walked by and said, "Gramma, is that going to be noisy?"

I don't feel like doing anything today.

I think I have an enlarged procrastinate.

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

June 16, 2013

My wife left me a note saying I should try out for "American Idle."

But the joke is on her because she spelled it wr--- hey, wait a minute!



A woman walking down a residential street, noticed a little old man rocking in a chair on his porch. She called out to him as she passed.

"Hello there! I couldn't help but notice how happy you look. What's your secret for a long happy life?"

"I smoke three packs of cigarettes a day," he replied. "I also drink a case of whiskey a week, eat nothing but fast food, and never exercise."

"Wow!" The woman was amazed. "How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-six," he replied.

The teenage girl brings her new boyfriend home to meet her parents. He has a baseball cap on backwards, torn low-rider jeans and numerous tattoos and body piercings.

The mother pulls her daughter aside. "Dear, you know your father and I love you and we only want the best for you. This boy, he just doesn't seem very ... nice."

"Oh please, Mom! If he wasn't nice, why would he be doing five hundred hours of community service?"

We live in a small town where we have a volunteer Ambulance Corp. We are blessed with many dedicated and fully qualified attendants, who staff our ambulances and give freely of themselves. I was chatting with one of the EMS responders one day and she could hardly stifle a chuckle, so I asked her what was so funny and she told me this story...

It seems that she had gone to an automobile accident and was checking a patient who was lying on the road for injuries. As she knelt beside him and probed him, she asked, "Does this hurt or does that hurt?" After each probe, he replied, "No." When she had nearly completed her examination, she shifted to a better spot from which to finish the examination when after one of her probing questions, he exclaimed very loudly, "That hurts!"

When she asked where, he looked up at her with a look of real pain on his face and said, "Your kneeling on my fingers!"

The personnel manager was impressing the applicant with the prospective job.

"We make parts for microscopes. You'll be required to work with lenses that are ten-thousandths of an inch

thick.""I can handle it," the applicant said, "I used to slice meat in a delicatessen."

"Good," the caller said. "That's all I wanted to know." It was the partner's doctor.



Three men worked in the Empire State Building on the 102nd floor.

One day the elevator was out of service, so they had to walk up to their office. To pass the time, they decided that one would sing a song, one would tell a joke, and the third would tell a sad story - each taking a turn every floor until they reached the top.

Finally, as they reached the 100th floor, one man sang his last song. As they reached the 101st floor, the second guy told his last joke. As they ascended the flight to the 102nd floor, the third man said, "I forgot the key."

An eccentric philosophy professor gave a one question final exam after a semester dealing with a broad array of topics. The class was already seated and ready to go when the professor picked up his chair, plopped it on his desk and wrote on the board: "Using everything we have learned this semester, prove that this chair does not exist."

Fingers flew, erasers erased, notebooks were filled in furious fashion. Some students wrote over 30 pages in one hour attempting to refute the existence of the chair. One member of the class however, was up and finished in less than a minute.

Weeks later when the grades were posted, the rest of the group wondered how he could have gotten an A when he had barely written anything at all. His answer consisted of two words: "What chair?"

As an attorney in a major law firm, I have many colleagues who work long hours. However, the reputation of one of my partners' workaholic ways even extended beyond the office. He not only had to leave work early one day because of a medical problem, but was also told by his doctor to stay home until the end of the week. My colleague grudgingly agreed to comply.

In the middle of the week, our receptionist received a call for him. She announced that the partner was out of the office until Friday.

I was blessed with three beautiful, intelligent and terrific children. When they were seven, six and five, my youngest daughter who was always asking questions, came home from kindergarten one day and asked, "Daddy, how many children did you want?"

Thinking for a minute, I looked at her and said, "Two."

She thought about this for a moment and then asked, "Me, and who else?"

We baby boomers know that our daughters don't share the same need to iron that we do.

This became very apparent while visiting our daughter on our way home from an extended trip. After doing my laundry, I asked my daughter for her iron and ironing board, which she retrieved from the far reaches of her storage room.

I was about to plug the iron into the outlet when my grandson walked by and said, "Gramma, is that going to be noisy?"

HONK!!!! (if you love peace and quiet!)

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

June 23, 2013

On a street, where the speed is limited to 30 mph the police stop a driver.

"Not only have you been driving too fast, you've been passing cars where it is not allowed. Your lights don't work, your tires all completely worn out. This is surely going to cost you a lot. What's your name?"

"Schtrathewisizeski Vocgefastilongchinic."

"Well, I'll let you go this time but don't do it again."



One of our regular patrons, a truck driver, entered the cafe where I worked and hobbled painfully over to a table.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I hurt my back at work," he explained with a grimace.

"Gee, I thought those rigs were equipped with cushioned seats, air springs and swivel controls," I said.

"The seats are great," he confirmed. "It's the ground that hurts ... I fell out of my truck."

Faced with hard times, the company offered a bonus of one thousand dollars to any employee who could come up with a way of saving money.

The bonus went to a young woman in accounting who suggested limiting future bonuses to ten dollars.

My sense of humor always gets me into trouble, but I just can't help it.

Applying for a job one time, the employment form clearly said: "Age of Father, if living" and the same query for my Mother.

I put down the figures 119 and 117 in the spaces provided, and the interviewer asked if my parents were truly that old.

I replied, "No, but they would be if they were still living."

A man was seen fleeing down the hall of the hospital just before his operation. "What's the matter?" he was asked.

He said, "I heard the nurse say, 'It's a very simple operation, don't worry, I'm sure it will be all right."

"She was just trying to comfort you, what's so frightening about that?"

"She wasn't talking to me. She was talking to the doctor!"

I am a prosecuting attorney in a small Mississippi town and will admit to having a few extra pounds on me. Not long ago, I was questioning a witness in an armed robbery case.

I asked, "Would you describe the person you saw?"

The witness replied, "He was kind of short and stout."
"You mean short and stout like me?" I asked.

"Oh, no," the witness said. "He wasn't that fat."



OUTER DARKNESS, NEVADA — Faced with rising fuel costs due to the proposed Cap and Trade legislation, Heck, Inc. (stock symbol: <u>H3LL</u>) announced today that it would be forced to implement rolling-brownouts of its blast furnaces starting this week.

The news comes at an inopportune time for the Kingdom of Chaos, which is also struggling with record population increases and historically cold winters blamed on Global Climate Change.

The unfortunate confluence of events is prompting some analysts to question Heck's decision to move its base of operations to the state.

"We moved here in the first place because of the favorable weather conditions," claims one underdemon, who desired to remain anonymous because he is not authorized to speak on the subject, "Of course, with our easy access to Las Vegas, we save billions on transportation costs for new arrivals. We also enjoy the prestige of being the only repository of souls located within minutes of Yucca Mountain."

If the situation does not improve quickly, Heck may be forced to seek a second round of government bail-out money. "With the entire country going to Heck under the current congress, it is only appropriate that they should pay for it," said a second under-demon.

The state's senior senator has already scheduled a special news conference to promote another bailout bill. According to his official spokesman, "Heck - they're

the largest employer in the state and it is important they do not go under."

The senator claims he has met with his Democratic colleagues, who have assured him they will support a second bail-out bill - as soon as Heck freezes over.

No More Red Ties at Conference



Salt Lake City, Utah — The LDS Church announced this morning that it will be asking all General Authorities to refrain from wearing red ties at its semi-annual General Conference this April.

Until three years ago, General Authorities were required to wear red ties to all sessions of the conference. At recent conferences, however, the dress code has been relaxed, and a gradual transition from red to blue has unofficially taken place.

The red-tie policy raised a red-flag at Church headquarters two months ago, when the results of a member re-activation study concluded that many less-active members were seeing red because of the previous dress code. The color red, traditionally associated with evil, was, according to the study, quickly becoming a red herring for some members with weaker testimonies.

"This is truly a red-letter day for the Church," said an official Church spokesman, "We welcome back any who have been offended and sincerely hope that the new policy may, in some small way, roll out the red carpet for an eventual return to full fellowship in the gospel."

Many General Authorities are welcoming the change in policy. "I hated those darn ties," said one member of the 32nd Quorum of the Seventy. Not all General Authorities are painting the town red over the changes, however. "My budget is going to go in to the red big time if I have to replace all my ties," said another member.

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

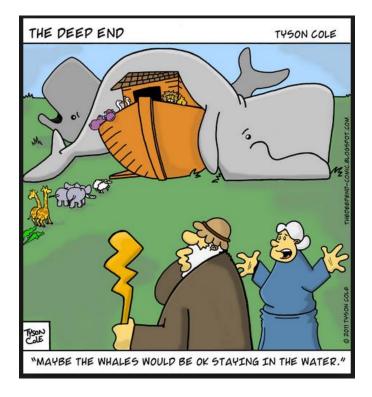
June 30, 2013

The Latter-day Saint woman on the train was anxious to use the "golden questions," so as soon as she could she asked the man in the seat next to her, "How much do you know about the Mormon Church?"

"Oh, a little," came the answer.

"Would you like to know more?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am a stake president, and I need all the help I can get!"



Years ago when our children were very young, a member of the bishopric was invited to teach the children during sharing time in primary. He started by reading the Twenty-third Psalm. Then he told the children about sheep, that they weren't smart and

needed lots of guidance, and that a shepherd's job was to stay close to the sheep, protect them from wild animals and keep them from wandering off and doing dumb things that would get them hurt or killed.

He pointed to the little children in the room and said that they were like sheep and needed lots of guidance.

Then he put his hands out to the side, palms up in a dramatic gesture, and with raised eyebrows said to the children, "If you are the sheep then who is the shepherd?" He was pretty obviously indicating himself.

A silence of a few seconds followed. Then a young boy said, "Jesus. Jesus is the shepherd."

The young minister, obviously caught by surprise, said to the boy, "Well, then, who am I?"

The little boy frowned thoughtfully and then said with a shrug, "I guess you must be a sheep dog."

Many years ago, when my 9 year old daughter was 3, our morning block meetings started at 9:00 a.m. We were seated and waiting for sacrament meeting to begin, when this sister walked by us in a really bright, gaudy dress. My husband, who never says anything about anyone, even made a comment about how "loud" the dress was.

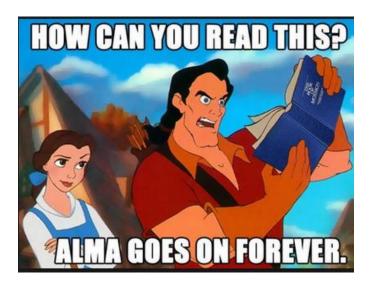
After the service was over, we were standing in the foyer chatting with another couple. I couldn't see my daughter and then I noticed her standing right next to (practically on top of) the woman with the dress. When I asked her what she was doing, she said "I'm trying to hear this dress mom. Dad said it was really loud, but I haven't heard it make a peep yet."

Everyone within earshot, with the exception of my husband and the woman in the dress burst out laughing. My husband wanted to crawl in a hole, and I have to say I never saw that particular dress worn again.

Shortly after the birth of their second child, a husband offered to take his wife shopping for a new dress. He endured more than two hours of listening to her complaints about which figure flaw each dress accentuated.

As she emerged from the dressing room, having tried on the last selection, she asked for her husband's opinion. By this time he had learned just the right things to say. "It's perfect!" he exclaimed. "It makes your waist look smaller, your legs look longer, and slenderizes your hips."

Just then another lady in the dressing room spoke out. "If there is a dress here that will do that, I'll buy them all!"



A man was walking along the street when he saw a crowd of people running toward him. He stopped one of the runners and asked, "What's happening?"

The runner replied breathlessly, "A lion has escaped from the city zoo."

"Oh no! Which way is it heading?"

"Well, you don't think we're chasing it, do you?"

A company offered tours through the historic district, led by guides dressed in Colonial clothing. While leading a group, one of the guides, tripped and fell, breaking his wrist.

He went to the hospital, and as he sat waiting in the emergency room, a policeman walked by.

Doing a double take at him in his 18th-century garb he asked, "Just how long have you been waiting?"

My husband and I often spell words so that our small children won't understand what we're saying. I didn't realize what a habit this had become until one day when my husband and I were in the grocery store at the soup aisle.

An aggressive young woman banged into our cart, then nudged me over, blocking my access to the soup.

Annoyed, I looked at my husband and said, "Boy, is she r-u-d-e!"

"Yeah," he replied, "and I'll bet she can s-p-e-I-I."

The newlyweds were opening their wedding gifts when they discovered an envelope with two tickets to a popular play inside. Included was a simple note that said, "Guess Who?"

The pair spent quite a few minutes trying to guess who would have given the tickets to them, but failed in their effort.

Failing in their guesses, the couple attended the play anyway and had a delightful time. They then returned home, still trying to guess the identity of the gift giver. However, upon entering their home, they were shocked to find it stripped of all of their belongings.

Sitting in the middle of the counter was a note, in the same handwriting as the previous note, which said, "Now you know."

On one occasion, Heber C. Kimball was praying fervently for several individuals. Suddenly, he burst in to laughter, which greatly surprised the others participating in the prayer.

Regaining his composure, he continued with his prayer by remarking, "Lord, if makes me laugh to pray about some people."

I once tried to drown my problems. Unfortunately, I discovered they knew how to swim.