

MORNING BREAKS

Volume 12 Number 27

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

July 7, 2013

One of my daughter's wedding presents was a toaster oven. Soon after the honeymoon, she and her husband tried it out. Almost immediately, smoke billowed out of the toaster.

"Get the owner's manual!" my daughter's husband shouted.

"I can't find it anywhere!" cried my daughter a short time later.

"Oops!" came a voice from the kitchen. "Well, the toast is fine, but the owner's manual's burned to a crisp."

and dental appointments, shopping, obtaining a passport, and numerous other activities.

With a head full of missionary thoughts, he stopped at the bank one day to buy travelers' checks.

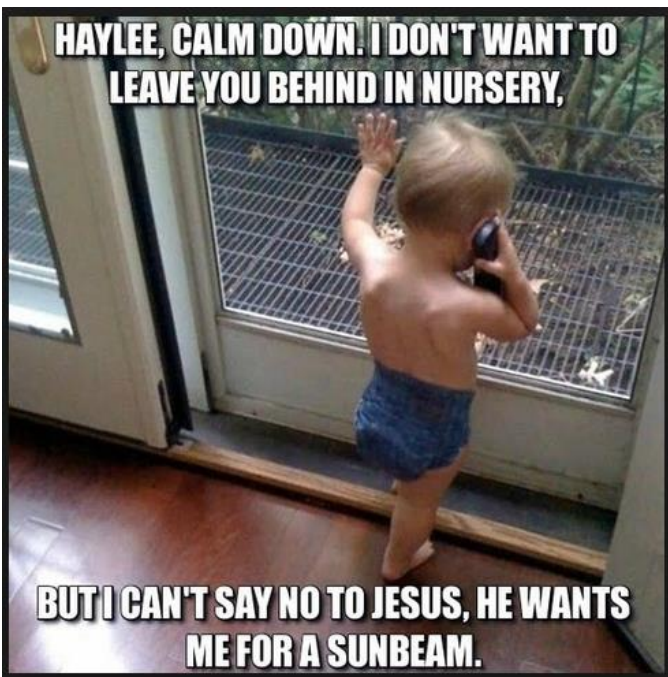
"What denomination?" asked the bank teller.

"LDS."

"What?"

"Oh," the missionary looked chagrined, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

When the teller still looked puzzled, he suddenly blushed as he realized what denomination he meant. "Ten dollars, please!"



Top 10 Marriage Proposal Rejection Lines for BYU Coeds

10. I'm waiting for a missionary (old, but still works).
9. I just put in my mission papers.
8. My salary won't support both of us.
7. Being single gives my mother something to live for.
6. I was hoping to do something meaningful with my life.
5. I already have enough laundry to do, thank you.
4. I'm waiting until I get to be your age to get married.
3. I have 3 more proposals to go to reach 100.
2. Is this a test of my faith?
1. Ha! In your dreams, bucko!

A mission had been in the mind of our son since he was old enough to plan, so when his call came to go to South Germany, excitement ran high. The weeks to follow were crowded with memorizing lessons, medical

One of my classmates struggled to complete a major term paper on time. He had selected a topic that required considerable background research, and he was running out of time to present the results in a polished form.

When he finally turned his paper in, past the deadline, it was diffuse and longer than the number of pages assigned.

"Why did you write such a long paper?" asked the professor.

"Because I didn't have enough time to write a short one," the student replied.



A man in the ward goes to see his bishop and says, "Bishop, something terrible is happening and I have to talk to you about it."

The bishop asks, "What's wrong?"

The man replies, "My wife is poisoning me."

The bishop, a bit surprised, asks, "How can that be?"

The brother then pleads, "I'm telling you - I'm certain she's poisoning me. What should I do?"

The bishop then offers, "Tell you what. Let me talk to her. I'll see what I can find out and I'll let you know."

The next day the bishop calls the man and says, "Well, I spoke to your wife on the phone yesterday for over three hours. You want my advice?"

The man anxiously answers, "Yes."

"Take the poison," says the bishop.

We had built our dream house some years ago, and furnished it with quality pieces as we could afford them. Now the delivery truck carrying the last purchase, a new bedroom suite, was pulling into the driveway.

"Finally!" I exclaimed, flinging open the front door as the driver walked up to the house. "I've been waiting twelve years for this!"

"Don't blame me, lady," he said. "I just got the order this morning."

A marketing type managed to corner me at the mall and was asking a series of survey questions:

"Which shaving cream do you use?"

"Baba's." The interviewer dutifully recorded my answer and proceeded with the next question.

"Which aftershave do you use?"

"Baba's."

"Which deodorant do you use?"

"Baba's."

"Which toothpaste do you use?"

"Baba's."

"Which shampoo do you use?"

"Baba's."

"Which soap do you use?"

"Baba's."

"Thank you. I have one final question: tell me please, What is 'Baba's'? Is it a foreign company?"

"No, Baba is my roommate."

At work, my dad noticed that the name of an employee was the same as an old friend. He found the man's e-mail address and sent him a message.

When Dad received a reply, he was insulted and fired back another e-mail: "I have put on some weight, but I didn't realize it was that noticeable."

His friend's hastily typed message, with an apparent typo, had read:

"Hi, Ron. I didn't know you worked here, but I did see a gut that looked like you in the cafeteria."

Make your house guest feel at home – even if you wish they were.

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July 14, 2013

When the pastor of a conservative small-town congregation in Kentucky received the gift of a white suit from a friend, he was a bit reluctant to wear it. But since it was so attractive and a perfect fit, he decided to put it on one warm Sunday.

As he was leaving for church, he asked his wife, "What do you think of this suit?"

After giving him the once-over, she replied, "It depends. Are you going to preach or sell chicken?"

"Life begins," said the priest, "at the moment of fertilization. That is when God instills the spark of life into the fetus."

"We believe," said the minister, "that life begins at birth, because that is when the baby becomes an individual and is capable of making its own decisions and must learn about sin."

"You are both wrong," said the bishop, "Life begins when the children have graduated from college and moved out of the house."



A brother in the ward was 50 pounds overweight and it was creating problems in his marriage, so he decided to schedule an interview with his bishop to seek help.

"Brother Smith," the bishop said, "Here's what I want you to do. I want you to jog 10 miles every day for the next 30 days. At the end of the 30 days, call me and let me know how things are going."

Brother Smith agreed. At the end of the 30 days, he called the bishop, very excited. "I did just as you said and I have never felt better in my life!" he exclaimed over the phone.

"Great!" replied the bishop, "And how's your wife?"

Brother Smith paused and then replied with agitated dismay, "How should I know, I'm 300 miles from home!"

A Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Mormon bishop were discussing when life begins.

One day the bishop, on his way home from a bishopric meeting, accidentally runs over the favorite cat of an old widow in the ward.

He knocks on the door to apologize and says to the sister, "I am so sorry, but I just ran over your cat and killed it - but I would like to replace it."

The old woman replies, "Okay, but I hope you are good at catching mice then!!"

A Bishop was an avid duck hunter, and was in the market for a new bird dog. His search ended when he found a dog that could actually walk on water to retrieve a duck. Shocked by his find, he was sure none of his friends would ever believe him.

He decided to try to break the news to his first counselor, a pessimist by nature, and invited him to hunt with him and his new dog.

Sure enough, as they waited by the shore, a flock of ducks flew by. They fired, and a duck fell. The dog responded and jumped into the water. The dog, however, did not sink but instead walked across the water to retrieve the bird, never getting more than his paws wet.

The counselor saw everything but did not say a single word, so on the drive home the bishop asked his counselor, "Did you notice anything unusual about my new dog?"

"I sure did," responded the counselor. "He can't swim."



For months Bill had been Lynn's devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions.

"There are quite a lot of advantages to being a bachelor," Bill began, "but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being, a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol; whom one can treat as one's absolute own; who will be kind

and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows."

To his delight, Bill saw a sympathetic gleam in Lynn's eyes. Then she nodded in agreement. Finally, Lynn responded,

"I think it's a great idea! Can I help you choose which puppy to buy?"

While I was working in the men's section of a department store, a woman asked me to help her choose a white dress shirt for her husband.

When I asked about his size, the woman looked stumped at first, then her face brightened. She held up her hands, forming a circle with her forefingers and thumbs.

"I don't know his size," she said, "but my hands fit perfectly around his neck."

A minister was planning a wedding at the close of the Sunday morning service.

After the benediction he had planned to call the couple down to be married for a brief ceremony before the congregation.

For the life of him, he couldn't think of the names of those who were to be married.

"Will those wanting to get married please come to the front?" he requested.

Immediately, nine single ladies, three widows, four widowers, and six single men stepped to the front.

A motorist, after being bogged down in a muddy road, paid a passing farmer five dollars to pull the car out with his tractor. After he was back on dry ground, he said to the farmer, "At those prices, I should think you would be pulling people out of the mud day and night."

"Can't," replied the farmer. "At night I haul water for the hole."

"Quidquid latine dictum sit, altum videtur."

(Anything in Latin sounds profound.)

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July 21, 2013

My mother-in-law asked her granddaughter if she was excited about her upcoming birthday.

"Yes," the granddaughter gravely replied, "it's a big birthday. I've waited my whole life to be five."



"Are we there yet?" "Mom, Jacob's on MY side of the cart!" "I'm bored." "Mom, Sarah's making faces at me!" "How much longer?" "I need to go potty!"

There is a strange new trend in our office ... putting names on the food in the company refrigerator.

Today I had a tuna sandwich named Kevin.

There was once a man named John Tate. It was his life's dream to have a compass company, so he saved his money and eventually started the Tate's Compass Company.

Shortly after the company opened, the company won a large contract to manufacture 200,000 compasses for the Boy Scouts of America. The employees worked feverishly day and night to meet the deadline and they

completed the order just in time for the National Jamboree.

At the start of the Jamboree, each boy scout was given a Tate's Compass to help them find their way. Unfortunately, it was discovered that every single compass had a serious defect. North pointed to South and South pointed North; every boy scout got lost and it was the largest fiasco known in Boy Scout history.

The Tate's compass company went out of business (of course), but from this experience came the familiar adage... "He who has a Tate's is lost." (Say it out loud)

A Boy Scout hiking in Yellowstone Park recently was chased by a grizzly bear. He was able to safely reach a ranger station only to be arrested by park rangers.

Apparently, it is illegal to run through the park with a bear behind.

A Bishop was walking down the street one day when he notices a Primary boy in his ward trying to press a doorbell on a house across the street. The boy is very small, though, and the doorbell is too high for him to reach. After watching the boy's efforts for some time, the Bishop steps across the street, walks up behind the little fellow and, placing his hand kindly on the child's shoulder, leans over and gives the doorbell a solid ring. Crouching down to the child's level, the Bishop smiles benevolently and asks, "And now what, young man?" To which the boy replies, "Now we run like Heck!"

An Idaho bishop, walking down a country lane, sees a young man in his ward trying to load hay back onto a truck after it had fallen off.

"You look hot, brother," said the bishop, "Why don't you rest a moment, and I'll give you a hand."

"I can't," said the young man, "My father wouldn't like it."

"Don't be silly," said the bishop, "Everyone is entitled to a break now and then. Come and have a drink of water."

Again the young man protested that his father would be upset.

Losing his patience, the bishop said, "Look, I'll go talk to him for you. Tell me where I can find him and I'll give him a piece of my mind!"

"Well," replied the young farmer, "he's under the hay."

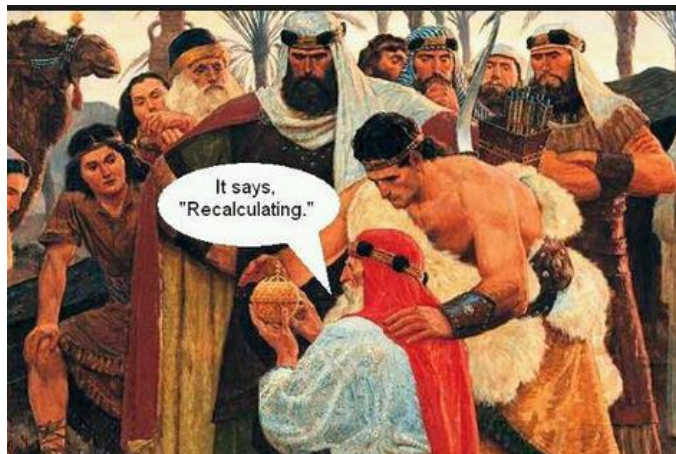
"How long have you been married?" she asked.

"Ten years", he replied.

A man and his wife were making their first doctor visit prior to the birth of their first child. After everything checked out, the doctor took a small stamp and stamped the wife's stomach with indelible ink.

The couple was curious about what the stamp was for, so when they got home, the husband dug out his magnifying glass to try to see what it was.

In very tiny letters, the stamp said, "When you can read this, come back and see me."



Returning home from a restaurant, two friends and I were stopped by a police officer. As the driver handed his license and registration over, he asked the officer if he had been speeding.

"You were doing just under 60 in a 50 zone, but I'm not going to give you a ticket," the officer said.

We were puzzled when he asked my friend to open the trunk, and more puzzled when he asked him to go around to the back of the car with him.

"I've got a burnt out taillight," the officer stated.

"Oh, no! Not again!" he exclaimed. "I just replaced one a few weeks ago."

"No, no," the officer corrected. "I've got a burnt out taillight on a car exactly the same as this, and I was wondering if you'd show me how to change it."

Once I worked as an operator on an old IBM 370/Model 138 mainframe at a local college. My position had been reclassified to fall into a new area outside of the I/S staff.

One day, my new supervisor entered the room and stared at the air conditioning unit directly behind me. He studied the two flashing lights for a few moments and asked what job it was currently processing.

I killed my career by replying, "Actually, sir, it's cooling the room. The computer is over there."

One of my husband's duties as a novice drill instructor at Fort Jackson, S.C., was to escort new recruits to the mess hall. After everyone had made it through the chow line, he sat them down and told them, "There are three rules in this mess hall: Shut up! Eat up! Get up!"

Checking to see that he had everyone's attention, he asked, "What is the first rule?"

Much to the amusement of the other instructors, 60 privates yelled in unison, "Shut up, Drill Sergeant!"

When a woman on the staff of the school where I worked became engaged, a friend and colleague offered her some advice.

"The first ten years are the hardest."

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July 28, 2013

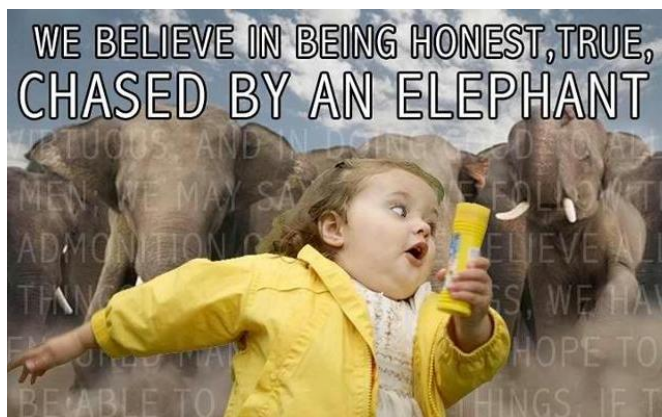
As Barb was getting to know David and his family, she was very impressed by how much his parents loved each other.

"They're so thoughtful," Barb said. "Why, your dad even brings your mom a cup of hot chocolate in bed every morning."

After a time, Barb and David were engaged, and then married. On the way from the wedding to the reception, Barb again remarked on David's loving parents, and even the chocolate in bed.

"Tell me," she said, "does it run in the family?"

"It sure does," replied David. "And I take after my mom."



Q: How many Mormons does it take to change a lightbulb?

A: One to preside... One to conduct... One to say the opening prayer... One to bring the jello salad...

The old Mormon patriarch lay dying in his bed. In death's agony, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs. He

gathered his remaining strength, girded up his loins, lengthened his stride and lifted himself from the bed. Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands. With labored breath, he leaned against the door-frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already in the Celestial Kingdom: there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table were literally hundreds of his favorite chocolate chip cookies. Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man?

Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table, landing on his knees in a rumped posture. His lips parted; the wondrous taste of the cookie was already in his mouth; seemingly bringing him back to life. His aged and withered hand shakingly made its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when it was suddenly smacked with a spatula by his wife. "Stay out of those," she said, "they're for the funeral."

There were three Mormon men in a hospital waiting room, waiting to become first time fathers.

A nurse comes out and tells the first father, "Congratulations. You're the father of twins!" He says, "Great! I play for the Minnesota Twins."

A second nurse comes out and tells the second father, "Congratulations. You're the father of triplets!" He says, "That's cool! I work for 3M."

The third father suddenly gets up, races to a window and jumps out.

A third nurse comes out, and asks, "Where's the third father?"

One of the other fathers said, "Oh he just jumped out the window."

The nurse asks, "Why?"

He replied, "He works for Seven-Up!"



In Salt Lake City, many people spend time researching their family tree. Even the big department stores sell genealogy supplies. A newcomer to Salt Lake City got a job as a clerk at one of the big department stores.

She received her introduction to genealogy one day when a customer came into the store and asked "Where do I find the Family Group Sheets?" The new clerk, with a shocked look on her face, answered, "Family Group Sheets? All we carry are the King, Queen, double and twin size sheets."

A professor of clinical psychology at Victoria University in Wellington, New Zealand, included a lecture on crowd psychology in his annual course. To illustrate mass hysteria, he regularly showed TV news footage of teenage crowds greeting the Beatles at the local airport in the 1960's.

One year, when he ran the footage, he heard squeals and bursts of laughter from his students. When the film ended he asked what had caused the hilarity.

Replied one student, "We recognized some of our mothers!"

A guy came home to his wife and said, "Guess what? I've found a great job. A 10 a.m. start, 2 p.m. finish, no overtime, no weekends and it pays \$600 a week!"

"That's great," his wife said.

"Yeah, I thought so too," he agreed. "You start Monday."

My neighbor, who has always been a very religious person, now believes the end of the world is near and preaches that people should repent and forego their earthly possessions.

I am not a disbeliever or anything, but there's one thing I find completely incongruent with his belief: Why does he refuse to give me his Porsche?

A man commissioned Picasso to paint a portrait of his wife. Startled by the nonrepresentational image on the canvas, the woman's husband complained, "It isn't how she really looks."

When asked by the painter how she really looked, the man produced a photograph from his wallet.

Returning the photography Pablo observed, "Small, isn't she?"

Everyone vows to join a gym and go three days a week. Yeah, right. A woman once called me at the health club where I used to work.

"I got a note saying it was time for me to renew my membership," she said. "As much as I love to work out, I don't think I'll renew."

"Fine," I said, "but you'll have to come down here to fill out cancellation forms."

After a long pause - "Umm, where are you located?"

A man joined the priesthood. The order he joined could not speak for seven years. Then they could only say 2 words.

The first seven years passed and they went into a small room. His 2 word were "too cold".

The next seven years passed and they took him back into the small room and his 2 words were "bad food".

The next seven years passed they took him back into the small room and his 2 words were "I quit".

"Good," they said, "all you have done is complain."