

# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 18

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

May 3, 2020

A cantor, the man who sings the prayers at a synagogue, brags before his congregation in a booming, bellowing voice: "Two years ago I insured my voice with Lloyds of London for \$750,000."

There is a hushed and awed silence in the crowded room. Suddenly, from the back of the room, the quiet, nasal voice of an elderly woman is heard, "So what did you do with the money?"

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"Very good, sir. I'll change you from 502 to 555. Would you mind telling me why you don't like 502?" asked the clerk.

"Well, for one thing," said the drunk, "it's on fire."

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Rick was in trouble. He forgot his wedding anniversary. His wife was really angry so she told him, "Tomorrow morning, I expect to find a gift in the driveway that goes from 0 to 200 in less than 6 seconds AND IT BETTER BE THERE!!"

The next morning Rick got up early and left for work. When his wife woke up she looked out the window and sure enough There was a box gift-wrapped in the middle of the driveway. Confused by the small size, his wife put on her robe and ran out to the driveway and brought the box back in the house. She opened it and found a brand new bathroom scale.

Rick has been missing since Friday. Please pray for him.

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My brother was recently launched into the "real world" and shocked by the expenses that came with it, he was complaining about the high cost of auto insurance.

"If you got married," teased my dad, "the premium would be lower."

He smiled. "That would be like buying an airline just to get free peanuts."

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The drunk staggered up to the hotel reception desk and demanded his room be changed.

"But sir," said the clerk, "you have the best room in the hotel."

"I insist on another room!!" said the drunk.

During my senior year at university, the wife of one of my professors gave birth to twins. Now the father of four preschoolers, my professor looked more and more haggard as the days went by, and his forgetfulness increased.



Courtesy of Elder Luke Jensen, Switzerland Zurich Mission

***My sentiments exactly!***

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One day, several weeks after the birth, he arrived in class late and announced he had some bad news. He couldn't find the midterm papers we had written weeks before.

"But, sir," said a student, "you gave those midterms back last class."

"I did?" Our weary professor replied. "Well, how did you do on them?"



*Courtesy of Elder Luke Jensen, 2009*

**Some "outhouses" have absolutely no privacy!**

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There was a time when our dog suddenly began barking almost every night at around 3 a.m.

Irritated and sleepy, my husband, Larry, searched the back yard for what might have disturbed this otherwise peaceful animal.

For three days he found nothing amiss. When the dog woke up the neighborhood a fourth night at 3 a.m. with frantic barking Larry finally snuck around the house through the alley only to discover our quiet neighbor, the last man you'd suspect of wrongdoing, throwing pebbles over the fence at the dog.

My husband demanded to know what he was doing.

"My mother-in-law is visiting," the embarrassed neighbor explained. "If she gets woken up in the middle of the night one more time she says she'll leave."

During the second Gulf War, I was an Air Force colonel. I routinely flew on different aircraft to familiarize myself with their capabilities. One day I was aboard an intelligence aircraft where each crew member was surrounded by complex gear.

A young major showed me his computer screen. "That's a chat screen, Sir," the soldier said. "We use it to relay enemy information to the crew. It's like instant messaging."

Nodding, I moved down the line. Flashing on an airman's screen several feet away was this warning: "Heads up! The colonel's on the way!"

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### Little Known Illnesses

AFROPHOBIA: Fear of the return of 70's hair styles.

DEJA FLU: The feeling that one has had this cold before.

HYPOCOINDRIA: Fear of not having correct change.

HAIRPIECE SWIMPLEX: Rash caused by wearing a toupee in a pool.

HERPES CINEPLEX: Rash caused by movie tickets priced at \$9.50.

CELESTIAL SEASONINGS AFFECTIVE DISORDER: Herbal-tea addiction.

VISACARDITIS: The heart-stopping sensation brought on by exceeding your credit limit.

OREOPOROSIS: Disorder caused by too many cookies, not enough milk.

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"Mr. Clark, I have reviewed this case very carefully," the divorce court judge said, "and I've decided to give your wife \$775 a week."

"That's very generous, your honor," the husband said. "And every now and then I'll try to send her a few bucks myself."

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A balanced diet is a cookie in each hand.

# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 19

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

May 10, 2020

True Medical Stories...

One day I had to be the bearer of bad news when I told a wife that her husband had died of a massive myocardial infarct. Not more than five minutes later, I heard her reporting to the rest of the family that he had died of a "massive internal fart."

\* \* \* \*

During a patient's two week follow-up appointment with his cardiologist, he informed me, his doctor, that he was having trouble with one of his medications.

"Which one?" I asked.

"The patch, the nurse told me to put on a new one every six hours and now I'm running out of places to put it!"

I had him quickly undress and discovered what I hoped I wouldn't see. Yes, the man had over fifty patches on his body! Now, the instructions include removal of the old patch before applying a new one.



*Introducing the latest design from AMISH-ATV; sleek styling, REAL Horsepower!*

Rick, fresh out of accounting school, went to a interview for a good paying job. The company boss asked various questions about him and his education, but then asked him, "What is three times seven?"

"22," Rick replied. After he left, he double-checked it on his calculator (he \*knew\* he should have taken it to the interview!) and realized he wouldn't get the job.

About two weeks later, he got a letter that said he was hired for the job! He was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, but was still very curious. The next day, he went in and asked why he got the job, even though he got such a simple question wrong.

The boss shrugged and said, "Well, you were the closest."

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When our local doctor began attending church services, the minister was delighted, and it wasn't long before they were helping each other in their work, the minister referring people to the doctor, and vice versa.

One referral from the doctor called at the church office with a note prescribing the minister's last four sermons. The minister was most pleased until he discovered that the patient's problem was insomnia.

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One day a little girl is sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly notices that her mother has several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast to her brunette hair.

She looks at her mother and inquisitively asks, "Why are some of your hairs white, Mom?"

Her mother replied, "Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white."



The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then asked, "Momma, how come all of grandma's hairs are white?"

The mother, without missing a beat, answered, "She was born that way, dear."

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I was at a yard sale one day and saw a box marked "Electronic cat and dog caller -- guaranteed to work."

I looked inside and was amused to see an electric can opener.

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The pen is mightier than the sword...if the sword is very small and the pen is very sharp!

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

One day, Abraham was surprised to receive an invoice from the restaurant for 'enjoyment of food'. So he went to the restaurant to point out that he had not bought anything from them. The manager said, "You're enjoying our food, so you should pay us for it."

Abraham refused to pay and the restaurant sued him. At the hearing, the judge asked the restaurant to present their side of the case. The manager said, "Every day, this man comes and sits outside our kitchen and smells our food while eating his. It is clear that we are providing added value to his poor food and we deserve to be compensated for it."

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

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

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

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



*Found on a dining room table at the Chicago Bears NFL Training Camp.*

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One night at the dinner table, the wife commented, "When we were first married, you took the small piece of steak and gave me the larger. Now you take the large one and leave me the smaller; You don't love me any more..."

"Nonsense, darling," replied the husband, "you just cook better now."

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Our young daughter had adopted a stray cat. To my distress, he began to use the back of our new sofa as a scratching post.

"Don't worry," my husband reassured me. "I'll have him trained in no time."

I watched for several days as my husband patiently "trained" our new pet. Whenever the cat scratched, my husband deposited him outdoors to teach him a lesson.

The cat learned quickly. For the next 16 years, whenever he wanted to go outside, he scratched the back of the sofa.

# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 20

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

May 17, 2020

Eagles may soar, but weasels aren't sucked into jet engines.

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*The following is a true incident...*

A friend of a friend is president of his homeowner's association down in Washington County, Utah. They are having a terrible problem with trash on the side of the road that is around his association's homes. The reason, according to this friend, is there is being built just next to them six new homes.....big ones!

Wallace said the trash is coming from the Mexican work crews working at the construction sites. (McDonalds, Burger King trash, etc).

He has pleaded with the site supervisors and the general contractor to no avail, called the City Offices, the County, even the Police and got no help.

Soooo...guess what some people in his community did?

They organized about twenty folks, named themselves The "Inner Neighborhood Services" to go out at lunch time and "police" the trash themselves. It is what they did while picking up the trash that is HILARIOUS!

They got some navy blue baseball caps and had the initials "INS" put on the caps. It doesn't take a rocket scientist, however, to understand what they hoped people would think it means. (For those of us who are not rocket scientists, INS is also the government acronym for "Immigration and Naturalization Service").

Well the day after their first pick up detail, with them wearing their caps and some carrying cameras; 46 out of 68 of the construction workers did not show up for work the next morning...and haven't come back yet! It has been ten days.

Now the General Contractor, I understand, is extremely mad, but can't say anything publicly, because he could be busted for hiring "illegal aliens".

The bunch can't be accused of impersonating INS folks, because they have it on their homeowner's association records the vote to form the new committee within their association, plus they informed the INS about what they were doing in advance, and the INS said basically, "have at it!"

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Years of smoking finally caught up with my friend one morning when he keeled over at work, clutching his heart. He was rushed to a hospital and peppered with questions.

"Do you smoke?" asked a paramedic.

"No," he whispered. "I quit."

"That's good. When did you quit?"

"About an hour ago."

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The speed of light is 186,000 miles per second, or the distance a baby can crawl when you turn your back.

I'm not the easiest guy in the world to get along with. So when our anniversary rolled around, I wanted my wife to know how much I appreciated her tolerating me for the past 20 years. I ordered flowers and told the florist to enclose a card that read, "Thanks for putting up with me so long."

When my wife got the delivery, she called me at work.

"Just where do you think you're going?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

She read the card aloud as the florist had written it: "Thanks for putting up with me. So long."

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If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.

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A mother was making a large batch of cookies with her ten-year-old son.

She asked him to read the recipe and ingredients to her, doubling them as he went along.

He did as she said, and thus his first instruction was to preheat the oven to seven hundred degrees.

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I broke a leg, arm and four teeth in a motorcycle accident. On the second day of my hospital stay, a middle-aged man became my roommate. I overheard a nurse say the man had a compound fracture of his tibia and a fractured clavicle.

The next day, my roommate asked me how I got injured.

"That's terrible," he said when I told him about my crash. "I used to ride when I was younger, but not anymore. It's just too dangerous."

"How did you get injured?" I asked him.

"Skydiving," he replied.

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Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

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I was in line at the souvenir booth of a Renaissance Faire when a man asked the clerk, "Do you sell sunglasses?"

"Alas, yeoman," she answered in her best fake old English, "colored bits of glass suspended before the eyes were not invented until after the Renaissance, so those are not goods we purvey."

As he began to turn away, ye olde Renaissance clerk added, "But we do carry baseball caps with our logo on them."

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Let's face it. Traveling just isn't as much fun when all the historical sites are younger than you are.

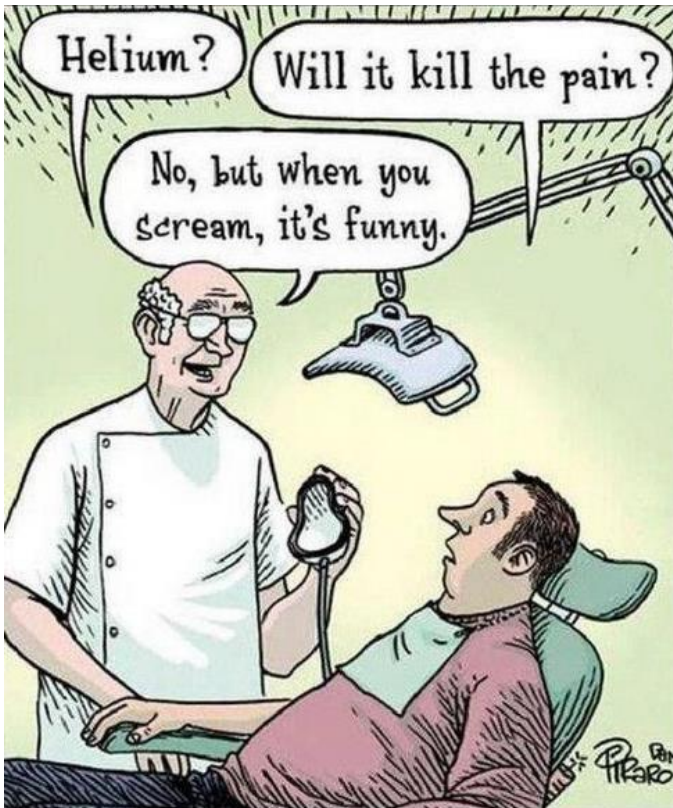


# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 21

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

May 24, 2020



*Okay, this is kind of sick humor, but I laughed. Did you?*

A preacher prepared for Sunday morning service, but only one person, a farmer, was there. He asked the farmer, "What do you think we should do?"

The farmer replied with a drawl, "Well, if only one cow came into the barn, I'd feed it."

So the preacher mounted the pulpit and began to preach ... and preach ... and preach. After about two hours, he concluded.

Then he stepped down and said to the farmer, "So, what did you think?"

The farmer replied, "Well, if only one cow came into the barn, I certainly wouldn't try to feed it all the hay."

Standing on the tee of a relatively long par three, a confident golfer said to his caddy, "Looks like a four-wood and a putt to me."

The caddy argued with him a bit and suggested that he instead play it safe and hit a four-iron then a wedge. The golfer was insulted and proceeded to scream and yell at the caddy on the tee telling him that he was a better golfer than that and how dare the caddy underestimate his game.

So, giving in, the caddy handed the gentleman the four-wood he had asked for. He proceeded to top the ball and watched as it rolled about fifteen yards off the front of the tee.

Immediately the caddy handed him his putter and said, "And now for one long putt..."

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When a cow tried to jump over a barbed-wire fence, it was udder destruction.

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My friend's husband is always telling her that housekeeping would be a snap if only she would organize her time better. Recently he had a chance to put his theory into practice while his wife was away.

When I popped in one evening to see how he was managing, he crowed, "I made a cake, frosted it, washed the kitchen windows, cleaned all the cupboards, scrubbed the kitchen floor, walls and ceiling and even had a bath."

I was about to concede that perhaps he was a better manager than his wife, when he added sheepishly, "When I was making the chocolate frosting, I forgot to turn off the mixer before taking the beaters out of the bowl, so I had to do all the rest."

Crime wouldn't pay if the government ran it...of course it's a crime the way the government runs anything.

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*"Hire" Education*

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A fellow computer programmer for a consulting group had designed some software for one of our largest accounts. He asked my help in putting it into operation.

At first, he handled most of the work. Eventually, though, he asked me to help with the last phase of the training.

When I sat down with one woman and told her I would be showing her how to make changes to the files, she sighed with relief. "I'm so glad you're teaching me instead of him."

Surprised, I said that my colleague was far more experienced than I was.

"Yes," she said, "but I feel much more comfortable with you. I get nervous around really smart people."

This old courthouse is being remodeled, and it's up to the county IT department to pull out the network and phone cables, reports a technician who's on the crew doing the cutting and pulling.

"We don't want the wrong cable cut, as we still have fiber and phone lines running through to another building," the tech says. "We have been very carefully tracing, tagging and pulling cables for two days."

"On the last day, we walk back to the shop to get ready to leave, and the boss comes in and tells us that we must have cut a fiber cable. The network and IP phones are down in the other building, and they are a little irate to say the least."

The technician knows his crew hasn't cut any fiber, but they go back to check. They inspect both buildings, but they can't find any sign of the break.

It's when they're walking one last time between the buildings that they overhear a conversation that provides a clue. "The construction foreman was talking about the heavy-duty forklift tearing up the lawn and getting stuck," reports the tech.

"You guessed it: The fork lift had run over our green plastic in-ground cable vault. When we went to look, all we saw was mud and fiber cables ripped in two. They had gotten the fiber but missed the 100-pair phone trunk, thank goodness. And here we were, so very careful."

"Then it started to rain."

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*Sign found on a door at a "greasy spoon" restaurant.*



# Morning Breaks

Volume 19 Number 22

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

May 31, 2020

A young officer is working late at the Pentagon one evening. As he comes out of his office about 8pm he sees a General standing by the classified document shredder in the hallway, a piece of paper in his hand.

"Do you know how to work this thing?" the General asks. "My secretary's gone home and I don't know how to run it."

"Yes, sir," says the young officer, who turns on the machine, takes the paper from the General, and feeds it in.

(PAUSE)

"Now," says the General, "I just need one copy....."

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There's a new online service that allows you to use Facebook, Twitter, e-mail, surf the Web and read all the news in one place.

That one place is called "work."

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Winter is the season in which people try to keep the house as warm as it was in the summer, when they complained about the heat.

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As a professor at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota, I often engage women psychology majors in heated discussions about male-female relationships.

Once, my friend Shelly and I got into a hot debate about whether men or women make the larger sacrifice of their respective gender characteristics when they get married.

To my surprise, Shelly agreed with me that men give up far more than women.

"You're right, Steve," she said. "Men generally give up doing the cleaning, the cooking, their grocery shopping, the laundry...."

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Never lend your car to anyone to whom you have given birth.

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A four-year-old girl had to have an x-ray taken at the medical office where she was taken. She had been in an accident with her bicycle and the doctor was afraid she may have broken her wrist.

## Bed and Breakfast



Why doesn't "onomatopoeia" sound like what it is?

The girl, however, was very concerned about the procedure, and no matter how her mother tried to calm her, she kept putting up quite a fuss as we led her into the x-ray facility.

When she came out a few minutes later, however, she was calm and all smiles. "They just took a picture of my bones," she explained to her mother.

"Yes, dear," her mom replied. "I told you it was easy. Did everything go well?"

"Yup. It was great!" the child exclaimed. "I didn't even have to take my skin off or anything!"

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I've changed my mind a dozen times. It seems to work better now.

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Parents can be very upset when their children don't get into the college of their choice. As an Admissions Counselor for a state university, I took a call from an irate mother who was demanding to know why her daughter had been turned down.

Avoiding any mention of the transcript full of "D" grades, I explained that her daughter just wasn't as "competitive" as those students who were admitted. "Why doesn't she try another school for a year and then transfer?" I suggested.

"Another school!" exclaimed the mother. "Have you seen her grades?"

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The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he can tell when he's really in trouble.

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One afternoon I spent a long time stuck on the grocery's express line behind a woman with way too many items.

"I'm sorry," she told the clerk. "I guess I forgot to count the things I had in my cart."

"Don't worry," the clerk replied. "Everyone behind you is counting them."

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To err is human; to blame it on someone else is more human.

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