

Morning Break - September 2021

Volume 20 Number 36

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

September 5, 2021

THE FOUR STAGES OF



EARLY MORNING SEMINARY

8. It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller?
9. Lately, you've noticed people your age are so much older than you.
10. Growing old should have taken longer.
11. Aging has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up.
12. You still haven't learned to act your age and hope you never will.

And one more: "One for the road" means go to the bathroom before you leave the house.

TWELVE COMMANDMENTS FOR PEOPLE OVER 50

1. Talk to yourself. There are times you need expert advice.
2. "In Style" are the clothes that still fit.
3. You don't need anger management. You need people to stop ticking you off.
4. Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.
5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is, "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."
6. "On time" is when you get there.
7. Even duct tape can't fix stupid, but it sure does muffle the sound.

Two men assigned as ministering brothers went out one night to visit one of their families. They could hear activity inside, but no one would answer the door, even though they knocked repeatedly.

Finally, one of the men took out a piece of paper and wrote, "Revelation 3:20: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.'" Then he put the paper under the door.

The next Sunday, the member returned the piece of paper to the man. Below his message was written "Genesis 3:10: 'I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself.'"

Elder Timms loved to cook—but his meals often left much to be desired. One day his companion came into the kitchen and saw him crying as he heated a pan of soup.

"What's the matter, Elder? Bad news from home? A 'Dear John'?"

"No, it's worse! I made some meatloaf for our dinner tonight, but the neighbor's cat ate the whole thing."

"It's okay, Elder. We can get her another one."



Top 10 Reasons to Feed the Missionaries

10. Good way to get material for your talk next week.
 9. Good way to use up outdated food storage items.
 8. Gives you someone to watch the kids while you fix dinner.
 7. Meal is tax deductible.
 6. Good way to get rid of those week-old leftovers.
 5. Can you say, "free dishwashers?"
 4. Good excuse to order pizza.
 3. Good way to "one-up" the Smiths.
 2. Better company than the home teachers.
 1. Who else will eat your cooking?
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An Irishman walks into a bar in Dublin, orders three pints of Guinness and sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn. When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more.

The bartender approaches and tells him, "You know, a pint goes flat after I draw it; it would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The Irishman replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is in America, the other in Australia, and I'm here in Dublin. When we all left home, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the day when we drank together. So I drinks one for each a me brothers and one for meself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it there. The Irishman becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way: he orders three pints and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and orders just two pints. All the other regulars notice and fall silent. When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your great loss."

The Irishman looks confused for a moment, then a light dawns in his eye and he laughs. "Oh, no. Everyone's fine," he explains. "I just joined the Mormon church and I had to quit drinking."

The new ward mission leader invited two sets of missionaries to his home for dinner. As they all sat down to his wife's home cooking, the man turned to his six-year-old daughter and said, "Becky, would you like to say the blessing on the food?"

Becky, hesitating because of all the guests, replied, "I don't know what to say."

The father smiled and said softly, "Just repeat what you've heard Mommy say."

Becky nodded, and bowing her head said aloud, "Lord, why did he have to invite all these missionaries to dinner?"

Always have a teenager in your house. That way there is always someone there who knows everything.

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I hoisted the barrel back up again and secured the line at the bottom and then went up and filled the barrel with the extra bricks. Then, I went to the bottom and cast off the rope. Unfortunately, the barrel of bricks was heavier than I was and before I knew what was happening, the barrel started down, jerking me off the ground.

I decided to hang on!

Halfway up, I met the barrel coming down... and received a severe blow on the shoulder. I then continued to the top, banging my head against the beam and getting my fingers jammed in the pulley!

When the barrel hit the ground, it burst its bottom... allowing all the bricks to spill out. I was now heavier than the barrel and so started down again at high speed! Halfway down I met the barrel coming up and received severe injury to my shins!

When I hit the ground I landed on the bricks, getting several painful cuts from the sharp edges! At this point I must have lost my presence of mind because I let go of the line! The barrel then came down giving me a very heavy blow on the head and putting me in hospital!

I respectfully request 'sick leave'.

The Bricklayer's Story (as told by President Hinckley, October 1981 General Conference about a bricklayer who had been hired to repair a building damaged during a hurricane.)

Respected sir,

When I got to the top of the building, I found that the hurricane had knocked down some bricks off the top. So I rigged up a beam, with a pulley, at the top of the building and hoisted up a couple of barrels of bricks.

When I had fixed the building, there was a lot of bricks left over.

As a Latter-day Saint who is always open to conversation with almost anyone about faith and different religions, I've had some interesting chats. It's amazing what you can learn about people if you just listen.

I was conversing with a guy the other day who was agnostic. During the conversation, he also shared that not only was he an insomniac, but he had dyslexia as well.

"I spend most nights," he told me, "just lying awake, wondering if there really is a Dog."

men in the building and said, "I'll take him and him and him!"



**If common sense was lard,
most people wouldn't be
able to grease a pan.**

One Sunday a Christian leader told his congregation that the church needed some extra money and asked the people to prayerfully consider giving a little extra in the offering plate. He said that whoever gave the most would be able to pick out three hymns.

After the offering plates were passed, the leader glanced down and noticed that someone had placed a \$1,000 bill in offering. He was so excited that he immediately shared his joy with his congregation and said he'd like to personally thank the person who placed the money in the plate. Rosie, who sat all the way in the back shyly raised her hand.

The leader asked her to come to the front. Slowly she made her way to the leader. He told her how wonderful it was that she gave so much and in thanksgiving asked her to pick out three hymns.

Her eyes brightened as she looked over the congregation, pointed to the three most handsome

An old farmer writes to his son in prison: "Dear Son, this year I won't be able to plant potatoes because I can't dig the field by myself. I know, if you were here, you would help me.

The son writes back: "Dad, don't even think of digging the field because that's where I buried the money I stole."

The police read the letter and the next day the whole field was dug by police looking for the money but nothing was found.

The following day the son wrote again: "Now plant your potatoes, dad. It's the best I can do from here."

When my son was in Sunbeams he was a rather boisterous child. On the drive home from church one Sunday we had a conversation.

Me: what did you learn about in primary?

Sunbeam: I don't know.

Thinking he needed a question that made more sense to his 3 year old brain I rephrased it.

Me: what did your teacher say?

Sunbeam: be quiet!

A sister who worked at a Family History Center in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania in the 1990's told me how she went to a cemetery to look for some of her ancestors. It was a hilly area and she asked her husband to go to one area of the cemetery to hunt for her ancestor while she looked in another. She kept hunting and wondering if she would ever find this ancestor she was looking for.

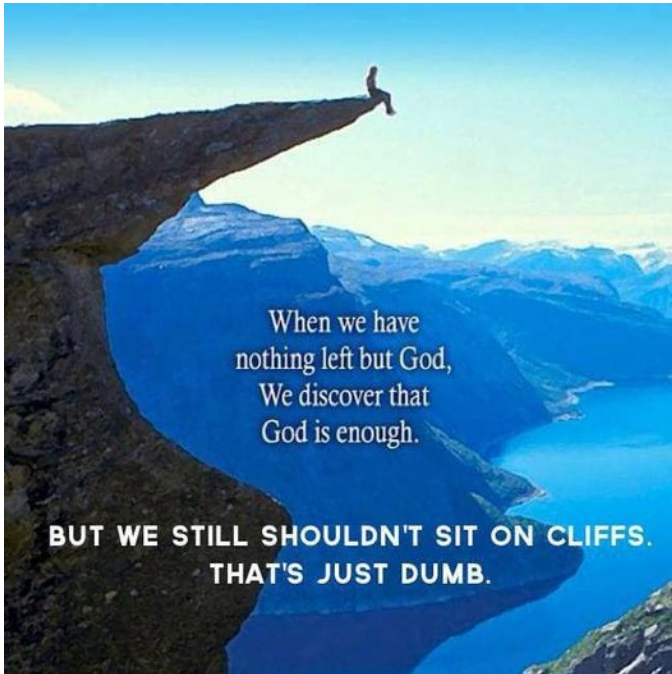
Suddenly she felt something pulling her down and she found herself on top of the grave of the very ancestor she was seeking. She said in a loud voice, "Okay! Okay! I found you. But did you have to yank me down so hard?!"

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was to find the headstones in the local cemetery that marked the graves of some of her ancestors.

We found most of the headstones but couldn't find the one for a 2nd or 3rd great grandmother. We must have walked around the cemetery for a couple hours and were about to give up when suddenly the ground gave way and my right leg fell into a hole all the way to my knee. I felt lucky that I didn't break my leg.

Yelling for my wife to help me, I shouted, "Wendy! I think I found her! She just pulled my leg into her grave." We never did find a headstone, thought. However, that's the first (and ONLY TIME) I had one leg in the grave before dying – thank heavens. (Somewhere we have a picture that I'll share in the Morning Breaks one day!)

PS: I wonder if the cemetery sextants ever fixed that hole? I'm not going back to check it out. She might pull me all the way in next time.

My Mother met with the Bishop to renew her temple recommend. They had the usual conversation and were going through the questions. The Bishop added some compliments on my parents reaching their 60th wedding anniversary.

He then said "That's remarkable that you have reached that mark to be together. In all those years of marriage did you ever have any thoughts of divorce?"

My mother responded, "Oh no, never divorce...murder a couple of times!"

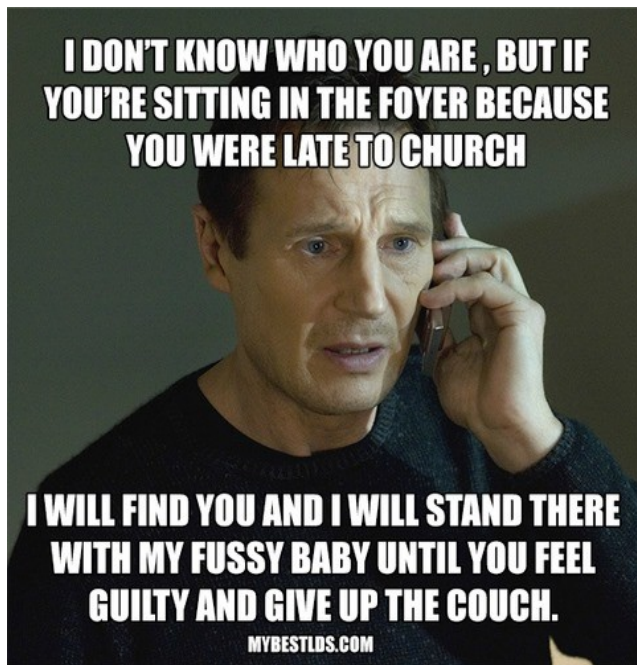
True Story: My wife and I went to Panguitch, Utah for our anniversary one year. Our purpose

Mildred, the church gossip and self-appointed monitor of the church's morals, kept sticking her nose into other people's business. Several members did not approve of her extra-curricular activities, but feared her enough to maintain their silence.

She made a mistake, however, when she accused Frank, a new member, of being an alcoholic after she saw his old pickup truck parked in front of the town's only bar one afternoon. She emphatically told Frank (and several others) that everyone seeing it there would know what he was doing.

Frank, a man of few words, stared at her for a moment and just turned and walked away. He didn't explain, defend, or deny. He said nothing. Later that evening, Frank quietly parked his

pickup in front of Mildred's house...and walked home. The truck stayed there all night. You gotta love Frank!



6 year old (to her crying brother): "It's okay to be sad, sometime we need to let our feeling out, just let yourself be sad."

Mother: "That's so lovely. Well done! Why is your brother crying?"

6 year old: "Because I hit him."

At a wedding ceremony the priest asked if anyone had anything to say concerning the union of the bride and groom. It was their time to stand up and talk or forever hold their peace.

The moment of utter silence was broken by a beautiful woman carrying a child. She started walking toward the pastor slowly. Everything turned to chaos.

The bride slapped the groom.

The groom's mother fainted.

The groomsmen started giving each other looks and wondering how best to help save the situation.

The priest asked the woman, "Can you tell us why you came forward? What do you have to say?"

The woman replied, "We can't hear you in the back."

So a grandmother was a little sensitive about her age, and tries to avoid answering any questions about it, but her 4 year old grandson persisted He said "Grandma, Grandma, how old are you?"

"A woman never reveals her age, Billy," she replied to her young grandson.

So Billy said "Ok, can I please, please can I try to guess your age? Just give me the first number."

Thinking that it seems harmless she said "Alright, Billy, it's Six."

After a minute Billy asks, "And the second?"

Grandma sighed, and finally relented and said "Ok, Billy, if you really want to know it's seven."

At that point, you could see the little boy was deep thought. After about a minute or so the little boy said " Ok Grandma, I give up. What's the third number?"

"What can God do for a liar who refuses to repent? Can the Lord save him? He can't claim salvation. Baptizing him in water will not settle the trouble...unless you keep him under." -J. Golden Kimball

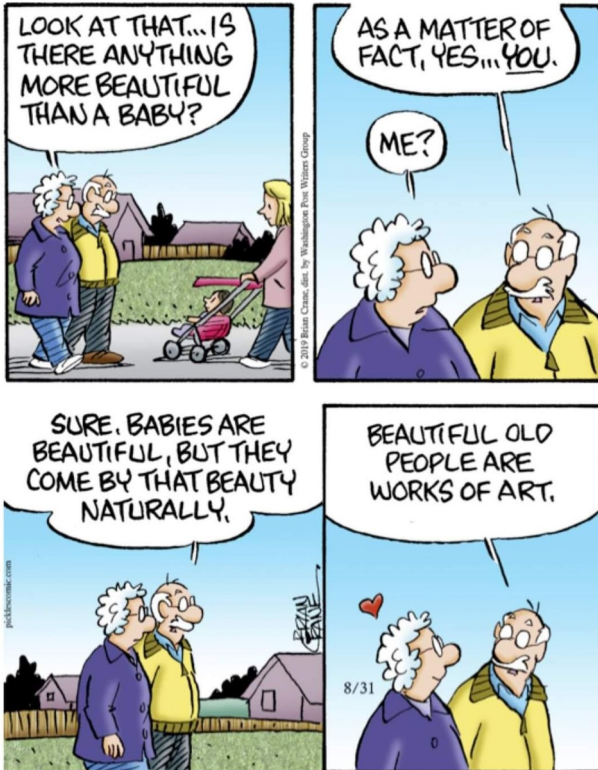
I showed up for church at 9:00 AM...then realized it was Stake Conference. It started at 10.

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Once two elders were tracting in the back country of the Ozarks.

As they left one elderly couple, they overheard the man saying to his wife, "Ain't that a hoot, Maude! Both them boys named Elmer!"

Teacher: "If I gave you 2 cats and another 2 cats and another 2, how many would you have?"

Johnny: "Seven."

Teacher: "No, listen carefully... If I gave you two cats, and another two cats and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny: "Seven."

Teacher: "Let me put it to you differently. If I gave you two apples, and another two apples and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny: "Six."

Teacher: "Good. Now if I gave you two cats, and another two cats and another two, how many would you have?"

Johnny: "Seven!"

Teacher: "Johnny, where in the heck do you get seven from?!"

Johnny: "Because I've already got a freaking cat!"

A couple had been married a long time. The wife was always working hard to make their marriage tolerable, even though her husband didn't make it very easy. It had been a long time since he had even told her that he loved her and it was quite a source of strife in their marriage.

The wife became ill and after a brief battle with this illness, died. She met Saint Peter at the pearly gates and he said, "To get into heaven, you just need to do one, thing: spell the word ,LOVE."

"L-O-V-E", she said. To which she was granted access to heaven. "Wow, that was easy", she told Saint Peter.

Saint Peter agreed and then said he needed to go on break, and asked if she could take over for him. So, for the next while, she greeted people, asked them to spell LOVE and then granted them access.

Suddenly she saw her husband at the gate. "Wow! I wasn't expecting to see you, so soon. But to get into heaven you need to do one thing. Spell the words "Deoxyribonucleic acid."



I was having trouble with my computer. So I called David, the 11 year old next door whose bedroom looks like Mission Control, and asked him to come over.

David clicked a couple of buttons and solved the problem.

As he was walking away, I called after him, "So, what was wrong?"

He replied, "It was an ID ten T error."

I didn't want to appear stupid, but nonetheless inquired, "An ID Ten T error?"

What's that? In case I need to fix it again."

David grinned, "Haven't you ever heard of an ID ten T error before?"

"No", I replied.

"Write it down," he said, "and I think you'll figure it out."

So I wrote down: I D 1 0 T

I used to like that little boy.

We are taught to be a grateful people. Frankly, there's always a lot to be thankful for if you take time to look for it.

For example, I'm sitting here now, thinking how nice it is that wrinkles don't hurt. I wish I could say the same about my knees.

There was an old man who lived by a forest. As he grew older and older, he started losing his hair, until one day, on his deathbed, he was completely bald. That day, he called his children to a meeting.

He said, "Look at my hair. It used to be so magnificent, but it's completely gone now. My hair can't be saved. But look outside at the forest. It's such a lovely forest with so many trees, but sooner or later they'll all be cut down and this forest will look as bald as my hair."

"What I want you to do..." the man continued. "Is, every time a tree is cut down or dies, plant a new one in my memory. Tell your descendants to do the same. It shall be our family's duty to keep this forest strong."

And so they did.

Each time the forest lost a tree, the children replanted one, and so did their children, and their children after them.

And for centuries, the forest remained as lush and pretty as it once was, all because of one man and his re-seeding heirline.

Many years ago our ward was holding its conference one hot Sunday afternoon in a building with no air conditioning. The exterior doors were propped open with chairs in an attempt to catch a breeze and relieve the interior heat.

As the speaker droned on about important but technical points of the gospel, my four-year old daughter crawled up in my lap, laid her head on my chest, and quite loudly said, "When the bishop says one or two things, that's ok. But when he says five or six things, he just puts me to sleep."

People could be heard laughing several pews away....