

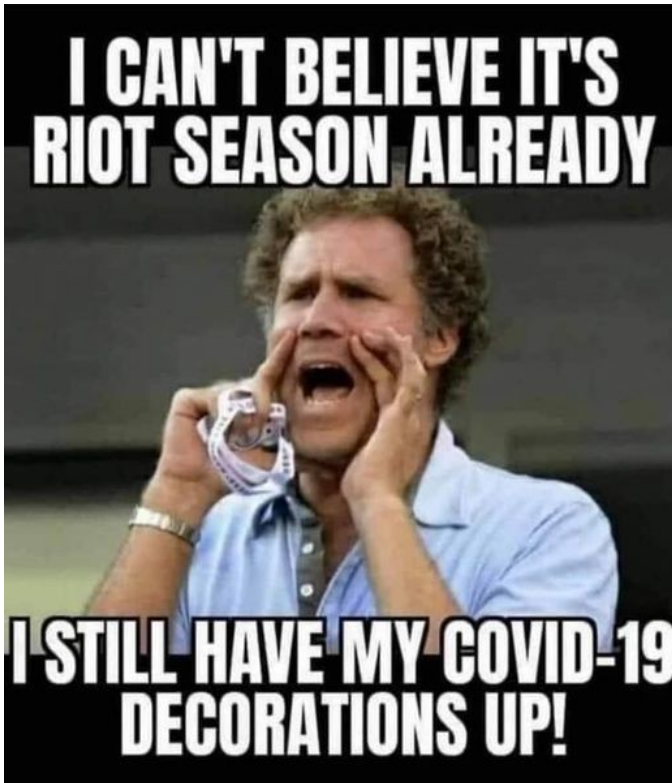
Morning Breaks

July 2026

Volume 27 Number 27

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

July 4, 2026



My wife and I were driving home from a family birthday party with our children when a voice came from the back seat of the car.

"Mom?"

"Yes Riley," my wife answered without looking back.

"I know what we can do tonight."

"And what is that?"

Without hesitation the voice said, "We can make name tags so you can remember that I'm Makenna and not Riley!"

Due to the popularity of the "Survivor" shows, Texas is planning to do one entitled: "SURVIVOR – TEXAS STYLE!"

The contestants will all start in Dallas, drive to Waco, Austin, San Antonio, then over to Houston and down to Brownsville. They will then proceed through Mission, up to Del Rio, El Paso, Odessa, Midland, Lubbock, and Amarillo. From there they will go on to Abilene and Fort Worth. Finally back to Dallas.

Each contestant will be driving a pink Prius with 14 bumper stickers which will read:

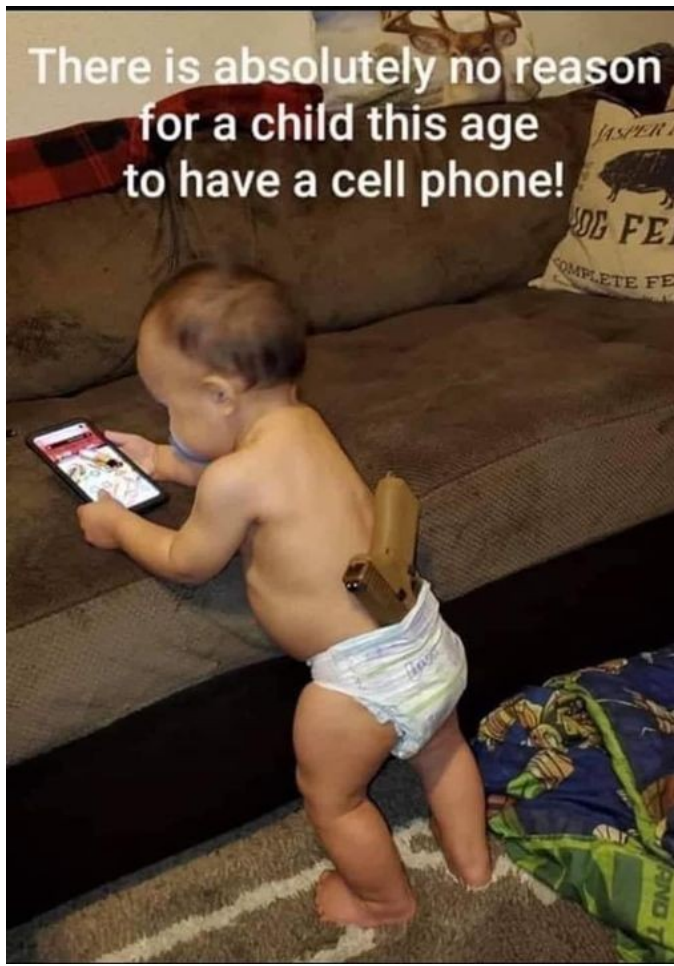
1. "I'm A Democrat"
2. "Amnesty For Illegals"
3. "I Love The Dixie Chicks"
4. "Boycott Beef"
5. "I Voted For Obama"
6. "George Strait can't sing"
7. "Elect Hillary In 2024"
8. "Vote Eric Holder Texas Governor"
9. "I Love Obamacare and Chuck Schumer"
10. "Al Franken Is My Hero"
11. "I Side With Jane Fonda"
12. "It's Trump's Fault"
13. "Islam Is A Peace-Loving Religion"
14. "I'm Here To Confiscate Your Guns"

The first contestant to make it back to Dallas alive, wins..

Conversation with my wife AFTER I fell down a flight of stairs...

Wife: "Did you miss a step?"

Me: "No, I hit them all."



The Rev. Charles A. Weatherbee was a popular Baptist minister who went throughout the Deep South spreading lies about the Mormons.

Golden encountered him as a young elder in Memphis, Tennessee. He and his companion were walking down the street, and coming from the other direction was Rev. Weatherbee.

Golden nudged his companion, "Isn't that the man who preaches against us?"

His companion said, "Yes, that's him."

As Weatherbee got nearer, he recognized the two ragtag young men in ill-fitting suits carrying valises as Mormon elders. Righteous wrath suddenly darkened the minister's features. "Good morning, you sons of the Devil!" he growled.

Golden doffed his hat politely and said, "Good morning, father!"

At one sacrament meeting, the male half of a semi-elderly couple was asked to say the opening prayer. They took aisle seats about three rows back to facilitate the assignment. However, during the preliminaries and opening hymn, the brother fell fast asleep.

As the hymn came to a close, his slumber continued. After an awkward pause, his wife soundly elbowed him in the ribs and proclaimed, "Marion, get up and say the prayer."

Coming suddenly and a bit rudely awake, he stumbled to the podium and gave the closing prayer.

Our ward had become enormous due to a new housing development within its boundaries. It became obvious the stake would have to divide us and realign the boundaries of about four wards. It was the subject of some strong emotions, as many of us had lived in the same ward for 30 years and had become fast friends.

The stake presidency called a special meeting to announce the new ward boundaries and were aware of the feelings of the members. Some of the tension was eased and there was laughter when the stake president announced the opening hymn, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go."

A woman's husband had been slipping in and out of a coma for several months, yet she had stayed by his bedside every single day.

One day, when he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer.

As she sat by him, he whispered, eyes full of tears;

"You know what? You have been with me all through the bad times.

When I got fired, you were there to support me

When my business failed, you were there.

When I got shot, you were by my side.

When we lost the house, you stayed right here.

When my health started failing, you were still by my side

You know what?"

"What dear?" she asked gently, smiling as her heart began to fill with warmth.

"I think you're bad luck."

Morning Breaks

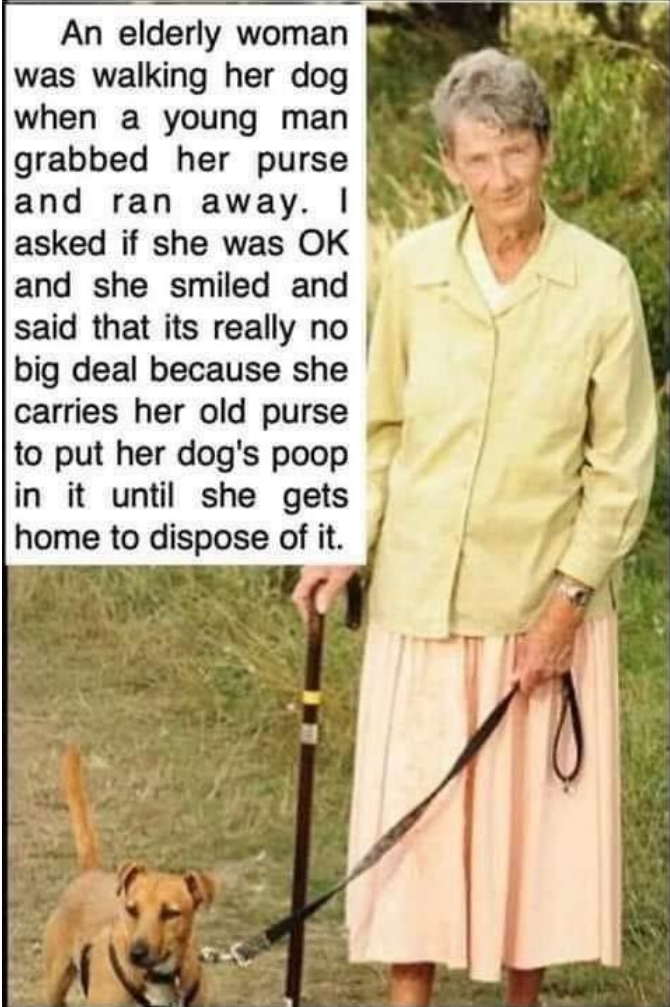
July 2026

Volume 27 Number 28

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

July 11, 2026

An elderly woman was walking her dog when a young man grabbed her purse and ran away. I asked if she was OK and she smiled and said that it's really no big deal because she carries her old purse to put her dog's poop in it until she gets home to dispose of it.



When a new family moved into the neighborhood, our young son found an immediate friend with their little boy of the same age. We had heard that two new teachers had been hired at the high school and wondered if the boy's father was one of them, so at the dinner table we asked our son if the boy's father was a teacher. He could hardly finish eating before he ran off to play again with his new friend.

When we called him later to come home for the evening, the first thing he said was, "His dad is not a teacher. He is a high priest."

I remember when one of our daughters went on a blind date. She was all dressed up and waiting for her date to arrive when the doorbell rang. In walked a man who seemed a little old, but she tried to be polite. She introduced him to me and my wife and the other children; then she put on her coat and went out the door.

We watched as she got into the car, but the car didn't move. Eventually our daughter got out of the car and, red-faced, ran back into the house.

The man that she thought was her blind date had actually come to pick up another of our daughters who had agreed to be a babysitter for him and his wife.

A few months ago we came home from church on a fast Sunday. Our 9-year-old son was complaining about being hungry since he had been fasting and was wanting a snack. We encouraged him to hold on another 30 minutes or so as dinner was almost ready.

Then our 4-year-old walked into the kitchen and said, "Daddy, can I have snack? I'm not fasting, I'm slowing!"

When I was a proofreader, I shared with my coworkers this example to illustrate how writing can skew based on gender: A professor wrote on the blackboard, "Woman without her man is nothing." The students were then instructed to insert the proper punctuation.

The men wrote, "Woman, without her man, is nothing."

The women wrote, "Woman! Without her, man is nothing."

So technically Moses was the first man to download files from the cloud using a tablet.



I went to my nearby pharmacy and asked to speak to the pharmacist on duty. As I waited, I took out my little brown bottle, along with a teaspoon, and set them up on the counter. The pharmacist came over, smiled, and asked if he could help me.

I said, "Yes! Could you please taste this for me?"

Weeing a senior citizen, the pharmacist went along. He took the spoon, put a tiny bit of the liquid on it, put it on his tongue and swilled it around. Then, with a stomach-churning look on his face, he spat it out on the floor and began coughing.

When he was finally finished, I looked him right in the eye and asked, "Now, does that taste sweet to you?"

The pharmacist, shaking his head back and forth with a venomous look in his eyes yelled, "HELL NO!!!"

I said, "Thank Heavens. That a real relief! My doctor told me to have a pharmacist test my urine for sugar!"

I just spent 15 minutes searching for my phone in my car...while using my phone as a flashlight.

Thinking no one could hear me as I loaded a UPS tractor trailer, I began to whistle. I was really getting into it when a coworker in the next trailer poked his head in.

"You know, I always used to wish I could whistle," he said. "Now I just wish you could."

The first thing I did when I heard our great-granddaughter was born was to text my son: "You are a great uncle!"

He texted me back immediately: "Thank you. What did I do?"

As my two sons were climbing into the back seat of our car, Eric, five, yelled, "I call the left side!"

That didn't sit well with Ron, four. "No, I want the left side!"

"I want the left side!"

"No, I want the left side!"

Intervening, I said, "Since Eric is older, he can have the left side."

"Thanks, Dad!" said Eric. "Which side is left?"

A customer walked into the post office wanting to mail a package.

"Two-day shipping will cost \$12.95 to get it there by Friday," my coworker Billy told her.

The customer, clearly looking to save a few bucks, said, "The package doesn't have to get there till Saturday. Is there any way to make that happen?"

Billy nodded. "Sure. You can bring it back tomorrow."

Teaching is not for sensitive souls. While reviewing future, past, and present tenses with my English class, I posed this question: "'I am beautiful' is what tense?"

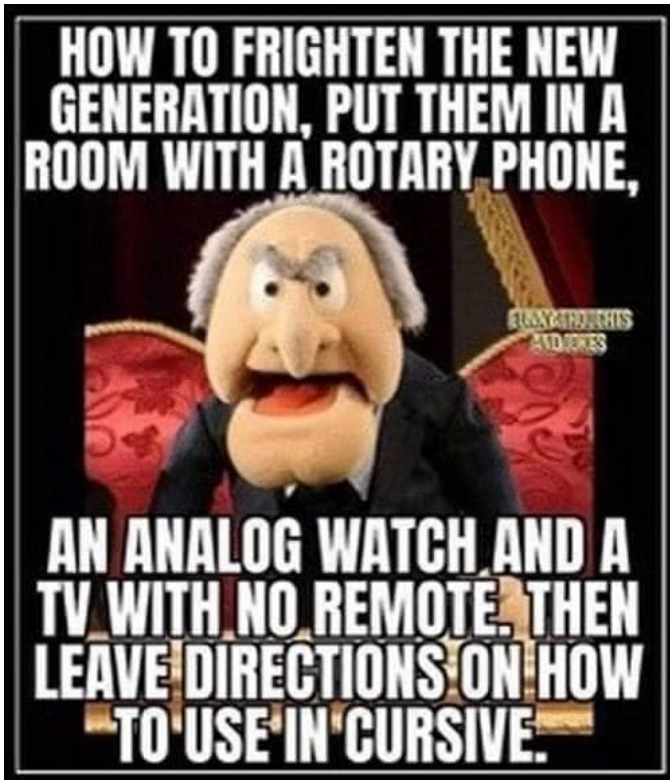
One student raised her hand. "Past tense."



Volume 27 Number 29

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

July 18, 2026



"So why put up a sign saying it would take 30 minutes?"

"It's the only sign we have."

I'm a nurse in a hospital's children's ward. One night, I was at the nurses' station when I heard a little boy in his room talking. He kept the patter up for some time. Finally, I got on the intercom and said softly but firmly, "All right, Johnny, it's time to go to sleep now."

There was quiet in the room, and then he said, "OK, God, I will."

I didn't hear a peep from him until morning.

A coworker once showed up to the office in a white wedding dress with a crinoline, beading—the works.

When our manager asked why she'd worn her wedding dress to the office, my coworker replied, "I was out of clean clothes and didn't feel like doing laundry."

I was in a small store in a nearby town one evening. Wanting to find out when it opened the next morning, I stopped a teenage staffer on her way out and asked, "What are your hours?"

Her reply: "Right now, six to nine because I'm in school. But next month it will be full-time."

I was waiting at a small train station when a man put up a sign regarding my train: "30-Minute Delay."

"What happened?" I asked.

"The train went off the rails," he said.

"How long will that take to fix?"

"Quite a few hours."

My job as a facilities maintenance engineer required a wide range of skills. One day I might have to fix the furnace, while the next day could see me painting the CEO's office.

When I described it to a coworker as "I'm a jack of all trades, master of none," I was amused, yet slightly offended, when she offered a less than complimentary interpretation from her native Cantonese: "Equipped with knives all over, yet none are very sharp."

Spotted on a business marquee in Tacoma, Washington: MY BOSS TOLD ME TO CHANGE THE SIGN, SO I DID.



inspired by God. It must have been a genuine revelation from the Lord because sure as hell nobody else would have ever thought of you.”

J. Golden Kimball was giving a tour of Salt Lake City to some people from the East Coast. They passed some prominent buildings in the city, and Kimball was explaining things about their construction, such as how long they took to be built.

One annoying tourist kept saying, after every building they went to, that back East they could have built these buildings in half the time. Kimball was getting rather annoyed with this guy.

Finally, they came around a corner and saw the Salt Lake Temple. The annoying man was amazed, and asked what the building was.

Kimball replied, "I have no idea, it wasn't there yesterday."

A husband and wife had just finished eating pancakes.

To the wife's surprise, her husband walked back to the stove and started making more pancakes.

Confused, his wife asked, "Honey, we just ate, why are you making pancakes?"

"They're for the dogs," he replied.

"Why are you making pancakes for the dogs?" she asked.

He replied: "Because they don't know how."

An overweight time traveler goes to ancient Rome and realizes he wore historically incorrect clothes for the trip.

Realizing his mistake he visits a toga shop to purchase new clothes. He looks around the shop and realizes they do not have togas big enough to fit him.

He goes to the counter and asks the clerk:

Time traveler: Do you have XL togas?

Clerk: Well, yes. But why do you need so many?

J. Golden Kimball began one of his stake conference addresses supposedly, by saying, 'Brothers and sisters, how many of you have read the Seventeenth Chapter of Mark in the New Testament?'

Many hands went up, and he said, 'Well, you're the people I want to talk to today! There are only sixteen chapters in Mark and my sermon for today is on liars and hypocrites!'

J. Golden Kimball was examining a hat in ZCMI. When a clerk approached him he asked the price. The clerk replied, 'Ten dollars,' whereupon Brother Kimball started to look inside the hat pulling back the band.

The clerk, confused by his close inspection, inquired, 'What are you looking for?'

Without looking up, Brother Kimball responded, 'Holes.'

'Holes?' questioned the now utterly confused clerk.

'Yes,' said Kimball, 'for the ears of the jack-ass who would pay ten dollars for this hat.'

When Reed Smoot was called as a[n] apostle, J. Golden Kimball came into his office to speak with him.

"Brother Smoot," he said, "I just wanted you to know that I really and truly believe that your calling was

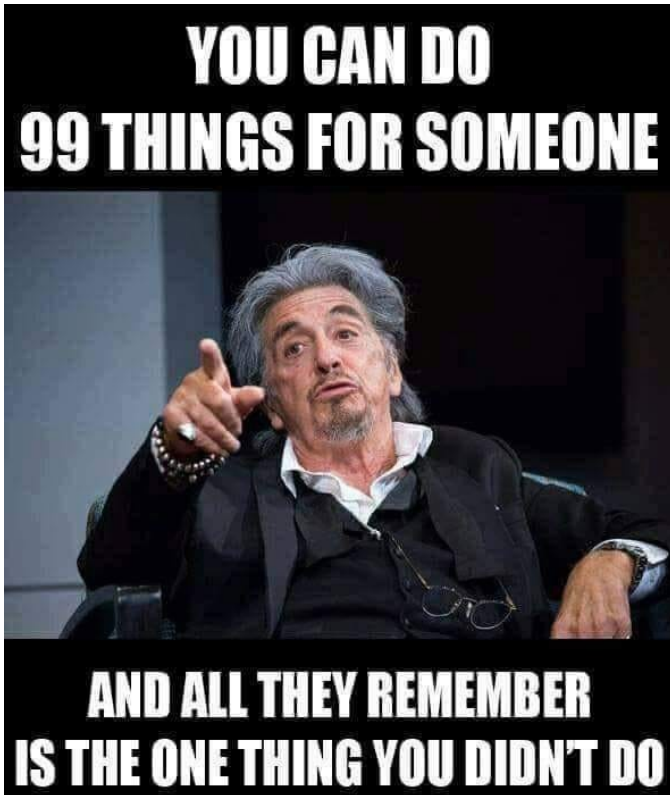
Morning Breaks

July 2026

Volume 27 Number 30

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

July 25, 2026



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.

The local bar was so sure that its bartender was the strongest man around that they offered a standing \$1000 bet.

The bartender would squeeze a lemon until all the juice ran into a glass, and hand the lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze one more drop of juice out would win the money.

Many people had tried over time (weight-lifters, longshoremen, etc.) but nobody could do it.

One day this scrawny little man came into the bar, wearing thick glasses and a polyester suit, and said in a tiny squeaky voice.

"I'd like to try the bet." After the laughter had died down, the bartender said OK, grabbed a lemon, and squeezed away.

Then he handed the wrinkled remains of the rind to the little man.

But the crowd's laughter turned to total silence as the man clenched his fist around the lemon and six drops fell into the glass.

As the crowd cheered, the bartender paid the \$1000, and asked the little man.

"What do you do for a living? Are you a lumberjack, a weight-lifter, what?"

The man replied with an disturbing grin, "I work for the IRS."



On the outskirts of a small town, there was a big, old pecan tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts.

'One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me,' said one boy. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, 'One for you, one for me, one for you, One for me...'

He just knew what it was. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along.

'Come here quick,' said the boy, 'you won't believe what I heard! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls!'

The man said, 'Beat it kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk.' When the boy insisted though, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery.

Standing by the fence they heard, 'One for you, one for me. One for you, One for me.'

The old man whispered, 'Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord...'

Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to see anything. The old man and the

boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord.

At last they heard, 'One for you, one for me. That's all.. Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done....'

They say the old man had the lead for a good half-mile before the kid on the bike passed him.

Norman is 89 years old. He's played golf every day since his retirement over 20 years ago. One day he arrives home upset. "That's it," he tells his wife. "I'm giving up golf. My eyesight is so bad that once I hit the ball I can't see where the dang thing goes."

His wife sympathises and makes him a hot cup of tea. As they sit down she says, "Why don't you take my brother with you and give it one last try."

"That's a terrible idea" says Norman, "your brother's 102 years old. How could he help?"

"He may be 102 years old", says the wife, "but his eyesight is perfect."

Norman figured he'd give it a try So the next day he heads off to the golf course with his brother-in-law. He tees up, takes a mighty swing and squints down the fairway.

He turns to the brother-in-law and says, "Did you see the ball?"

"Of course I did!" replied the brother-in-law. "I have perfect eyesight".

"Where did it go?" says Norman.

"Where did what go? Do I know you?"

Walking up to a department store's fabric counter, the pretty girl said, "I would like to buy this material for my new dress. How much does it cost?"

"Only one kiss per yard," replied the male clerk with a smirk on his face.

"That's fine," said the girl. "I'll take ten yards."

With expectation and anticipation written all over his face, the clerk quickly measured out the cloth, wrapped it up, then teasingly held it out.

The girl snapped up the package, pointed to the old man behind her, and smiled, "Grandpa's gonna pay the bill."