

Favorite Jokes and Funny Stories



A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones. – Proverbs 17:22

Did you know God has a sense of humor? I thought it was pretty funny that God used an angel to free the apostles from the prison they were sent to by the Sadducees – very sect that denied the existence of angels!

For **the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit:** but the Pharisees confess both. – Acts 23:8

Acts 5:17 ¶Then the high priest rose up, and **all they that were with him, (which is the sect of the Sadducees,)** and were filled with indignation,
18 And laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison.
19 But **the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors,** and brought them forth, and said,
20 Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.

The world has become so bad it sickens me to listen to the news and current events. Natural disasters such as floods, tornados, and hurricanes are blamed on climate change when the real reason is the judgments of God for moral depravity and rejection of the Bible as the Word of God. Talk about mind manipulation! Government agents call it, “perception management”. And I’m talking about news from both liberal and conservative news sources. It’s just so depressing. BUT thankfully we have the promises of God to know the nonsense will soon come to an end!

Psalms 37:1 Fret not thyself because of evildoers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

To lift our spirits, I found this article from my old website on

kt70.com/~jamesjpn and thought to republish it. Many of the stories are from the time George W. Bush was president during the invasion of Afghanistan and Iraq.

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Up the Proverbial Creek

A Japanese company (Toyota) and an American company (General Motors) decided to have a canoe race on the Missouri River. Both teams practiced long and hard to reach their peak performance before the race.

On the big day, the Japanese won by a mile.

The Americans, very discouraged and depressed, decided to investigate the reason for the crushing defeat. A management team made up of senior management was formed to investigate and recommend appropriate action. Their conclusion was the Japanese had 8 people rowing and 1 person steering, while the American team had 8 people steering and 1 person rowing.

Feeling a deeper study was in order, American management hired a consulting company and paid them a large amount of money for a second opinion. They advised, of course, that too many people were steering the boat, while not enough people were rowing.

Not sure of how to utilize that information, but wanting to prevent another loss to the Japanese, the rowing team's management structure was totally reorganized to 4 steering supervisors, 3 area steering superintendents and 1 assistant superintendent steering manager. They also implemented a new performance system that would give the 1 person rowing the boat greater incentive to work harder. It was called the 'Rowing Team Quality First Program,' with meetings, dinners and free pens and a certificate of completion for the rower. There was discussion of getting new paddles, canoes and other equipment, extra vacation days for practices and bonuses.

The next year the Japanese won by two miles.

Humiliated, the American management laid off the rower (a reduction in workforce) for poor performance, halted development of a new canoe, sold the paddles, and canceled all capital investments for new equipment. The money saved was distributed to the Senior Executives as bonuses and the next year's racing team was "out-sourced" to India ...

Sadly, the End.

However, sad, but oh so true! Here's something else to think about:

Ford has spent the last thirty years moving all its factories out of the US, claiming they can't make money paying American wages. Toyota has spent the last thirty years building more than a dozen plants inside the US .

The last quarter's results:

Toyota makes 4 billion in profits while Ford racked up 9 billion in losses. Ford folks are still scratching their heads.

IF THIS WASN'T SO SAD IT MIGHT BE FUNNY!

Banking by a Senior Citizen

A 98-year-old woman wrote this to her bank. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavored to pay my plumber last month.

By my calculations, three 'nanoseconds' must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honor it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire salary, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years.

You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank.

My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.

I noticed that whereas I personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become.

From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan payments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate.

Be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course, I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modeled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

- 1- To make an appointment to see me.
- 2- To query a missing payment.
- 3- To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
- 4- To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.
- 5- To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
- 6- To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.
- 7- To leave a message on my computer. (A password to access my computer is required. A password will be communicated to you at a later date to the Authorized Contact.)
- 8- To return to the main menu to listen to options 1 through 7.
- 9- To make a general complaint or inquiry, the contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.

While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call. Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous, New Year.

Your Humble Client

(Remember: This was written by a 98 year old woman!!)

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The \$2 Bill

Webmaster's note: *This is a classic!* But only US Americans (or possibly Canadians) older than 40 may appreciate it. ☐

On my way home from work, I stopped at Taco Bell for a quick bite to eat. In my billfold are a \$50 bill and a \$2 bill. I figure that with a \$2 bill, I can get something to eat and not have to worry about anyone getting irritated at me for trying to break a \$50 bill.

Me: "Hi, I'd like one seven-layer burrito please, to go."

Server: "That'll be \$1.04. Eat in?"

Me: "No, it's to go." At this point, I open my billfold and hand him the \$2 bill. He looks at it kind of funny.

Server: "Uh, hang on a sec, I'll be right back."

He goes to talk to his manager, who is still within my earshot. The following conversation occurs between the two of them: Server: "Hey, you ever see a \$2 bill?" Manager: "No. A what?"

Server: "A \$2 bill. This guy just gave it to me."

Manager: "Ask for something else There's no such thing as a \$2 bill." Server: "Yeah, thought so"

He comes back to me and says, "We don't take these. Do you have anything else?"

Me: "Just this fifty. You don't take \$2 bills? Why?"

Server: "I don't know."

Me: "See here where it says legal tender?"

Server: "Yeah."

Me: "So, why won't you take it?"

Server: "Well, hang on a sec."

He goes back to his manager, who has been watching me like I'm a shoplifter, and says to him, "He says I have to take it."

Manager: "Doesn't he have anything else?"

Server: "Yeah, a fifty. I'll get it and you can open the safe and get change"

Manager: "I'm not opening the safe with him in here."

Server: "What should I do?"

Manager: "Tell him to come back later when he has real money."

Server: "I can't tell him that! You tell him."

Manager: "Just tell him."

Server: "No way! This is weird. I'm going in back."

The manager approaches me and says, "I'm sorry, but we don't take big bills this time of night."

Me: "It's only seven o'clock! Well then, here's a two dollar bill."

Manager: "We don't take those, either."

Me: "Why not?"

Manager: "I think you know why."

Me: "No really, tell me why."

Manager: "Please leave before I call mall security."

Me: "Excuse me?"

Manager: "Please leave before I call mall security."

Me: "What on earth for?"

Manager: "Please, sir."

Me: "Uh, go ahead, call them"

Manager: "Would you please just leave?"

Me: "No."

Manager: "Fine – have it your way then."

Me: "Hey, that's Burger King, isn't it?"

At this point, he backs away from me and calls mall security on the phone around the corner. I have two people staring at me from the dining area, and I begin laughing out loud, just for effect. A few minutes later this 45-year-oldish guy comes in.

Guard: "Yeah, Mike, what's up?"

Manager (whispering): "This guy is trying to give me some (pause) funny money."

Guard: "No kidding! What?"

Manager: "Get this ... a two dollar bill."

Guard (incredulous): "Why would a guy fake a two dollar bill?"

Manager: "I don't know. He's kinda weird. He says the only other thing he has is a fifty."

Guard: "Oh, so the fifty's fake!"

Manager: "No, the two dollar bill is."

Guard: "Why would he fake a two dollar bill?"

Manager: "I don't know! Can you talk to him, and get him out of here?"

Guard: "Yeah."

Security Guard walks over to me and.....

Guard: "Mike here tells me you have some fake bills you're trying to use"

Me: "Uh, no."

Guard: "Lemme see 'em."

Me: "Why?"

Guard: "Do you want me to get the cops in here?"

At this point I am ready to say, "Sure, please!" but I want to eat, so I say "I'm just trying to buy a burrito and pay for it with this two dollar bill.

I put the bill up near his face, and he flinches like I'm taking a swing at him. He takes the bill, turns it over a few times in his hands, and says, Hey, Mike, what's wrong with this bill?"

Manager: "It's fake."

Guard: "It doesn't look fake to me."

Manager: "But it's a two dollar bill."

Guard: "Yeah?"

Manager: "Well, there's no such thing, is there?"

The security guard and I both look at him like he's an idiot, and it dawns on the guy that he has no clue.

So, it turns out that my burrito was free, and he threw in a small drink and some of those cinnamon thingies, too.

Made me want to get a whole stack of two dollar bills just to see what happens when I try to buy stuff. If I got the right group of people, I could probably end up in jail. You get free food there, too!

Help with adopting kittens

To all my dearest friends,

I need some help.

My cousin's cat had kittens and he was able to give away all but 3 of them. I told him I would help him find homes for the last 3. I can't take one but if three of you could take just one it would be such a help and the kittens could have a nice home. Since he lives up by the Lake Robinson Nuclear Power Plant, I'll go pick them up for you.

I've attached pictures of the last 3 kittens.

Will you help?





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Meals on Wheels

A cat dies and goes to Heaven. God meets him at the gate and says, "You have been a good cat all of these years. Anything you desire is yours, all you have to do is ask."

The cat says, "Well, I lived all my life with a poor family on a farm and had to sleep on hardwood floors."

God says, "Say no more." And instantly, a fluffy pillow appears.

A few days later, 6 mice are killed in a tragic accident and they go to Heaven. God meets them at the gate with the same offer that He made the cat. The mice said, "All our lives we've had to run. Cats, dogs and even women with brooms have chased us. If we could only have a pair of roller skates, we wouldn't have to run anymore."

God says, "Say no more." And instantly, each mouse is fitted with a beautiful pair of tiny roller skates.

About a week later, God decides to check and see how the cat is doing. The cat is sound asleep on his new pillow. God gently wakes him and asks, "How are you doing? Are you happy here?"

The cat yawns and stretches and says, "Oh, I've never been happier in my

life. And those Meals on Wheels you've been sending over are the best!"

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US Politics for Dummies

Q: Daddy, why did we have to attack Iraq?

A: Because they had weapons of mass destruction honey.

Q: But the inspectors didn't find any weapons of mass destruction.

A: That's because the Iraqis were hiding them.

Q: And that's why we invaded Iraq?

A: Yep. Invasions always work better than inspections.

Q: But after we invaded them, we STILL didn't find any weapons of mass destruction, did we?

A: That's because the weapons are so well hidden. Don't worry, we'll find something, probably right before the 2004 election.

Q: Why did Iraq want all those weapons of mass destruction?

A: To use them in a war, silly.

Q: I'm confused. If they had all those weapons that they planned to use in a war, then why didn't they use any of those weapons when we went to war with them?

A: Well, obviously they didn't want anyone to know they had those weapons, so they chose to die by the thousands rather than defend themselves.

Q: That doesn't make sense Daddy. Why would they choose to die if they had all those big weapons to fight us back with?

A: It's a different culture. It's not supposed to make sense.

Q: I don't know about you, but I don't think they had any of those weapons our government said they did.

A: Well, you know, it doesn't matter whether or not they had those weapons. We had another good reason to invade them anyway.

Q: And what was that?

A: Even if Iraq didn't have weapons of mass destruction, Saddam Hussein was a cruel dictator, which is another good reason to invade another country.

Q: Why? What does a cruel dictator do that makes it OK to invade his country?

A: Well, for one thing, he tortured his own people.

Q: Kind of like what they do in China?

A: Don't go comparing China to Iraq. China is a good economic competitor, where millions of people work for slave wages in sweatshops to make U.S. corporations richer.

Q: So if a country lets its people be exploited for American corporate gain, it's a good country, even if that country tortures people?

A: Right.

Q: Why were people in Iraq being tortured?

A: For political crimes, mostly, like criticizing the government. People who criticized the government in Iraq were sent to prison and tortured.

Q: Isn't that exactly what happens in China?

A: I told you, China is different.

Q: What's the difference between China and Iraq?

A: Well, for one thing, Iraq was ruled by the Ba'ath party, while China is Communist.

Q: Didn't you once tell me Communists were bad?

A: No, just Cuban Communists are bad.

Q: How are the Cuban Communists bad?

A: Well, for one thing, people who criticize the government in Cuba are sent to prison and tortured.

Q: Like in Iraq?

A: Exactly.

Q: And like in China, too?

A: I told you, China's a good economic competitor. Cuba, on the other hand, is not.

Q: How come Cuba isn't a good economic competitor?

A: Well, you see, back in the early 1960s, our government passed some laws that made it illegal for Americans to trade or do any business with Cuba until they stopped being Communists and started being capitalists like us.

Q: But if we got rid of those laws, opened up trade with Cuba, and started

doing business with them, wouldn't that help the Cubans become capitalists?

A: Don't be a smart-ass.

Q: I didn't think I was being one.

A: Well, anyway, they also don't have freedom of religion in Cuba.

Q: Kind of like China and the Falun Gong movement?

A: I told you, stop saying bad things about China. Anyway, Saddam Hussein came to power through a military coup, so he's not really a legitimate leader anyway.

Q: What's a military coup?

A: That's when a military general takes over the government of a country by force, instead of holding free elections like we do in the United States.

Q: Didn't the ruler of Pakistan come to power by a military coup?

A: You mean General Pervez Musharraf? Uh, yeah, he did, but Pakistan is our friend.

Q: Why is Pakistan our friend if their leader is illegitimate?

A: I never said Pervez Musharraf was illegitimate.

Q: Didn't you just say a military general who comes to power by forcibly overthrowing the legitimate government of a nation is an illegitimate leader?

A: Only Saddam Hussein. Pervez Musharraf is our friend, because he helped us invade Afghanistan.

Q: Why did we invade Afghanistan?

A: Because of what they did to us on September 11th.

Q: What did Afghanistan do to us on September 11th?

A: Well, on September 11th, nineteen men? Fifteen of them Saudi Arabians? hijacked four airplanes and flew three of them into buildings, killing over 3,000 Americans.

Q: So how did Afghanistan figure into all that?

A: Afghanistan was where those bad men trained, under the oppressive rule of the Taliban.

Q: Aren't the Taliban those bad radical Islamics who chopped off people's heads and hands?

A: Yes, that's exactly who they were. Not only did they chop off people's heads and hands, but they oppressed women, too.

Q: Didn't the Bush administration give the Taliban 43 million dollars back in May of 2001?

A: Yes, but that money was a reward because they did such a good job fighting drugs.

Q: Fighting drugs?

A: Yes, the Taliban were very helpful in stopping people from growing opium poppies.

Q: How did they do such a good job?

A: Simple. If people were caught growing opium poppies, the Taliban would have their hands and heads cut off.

Q: So, when the Taliban cut off people's heads and hands for growing flowers, that was OK, but not if they cut people's heads and hands off for other reasons?

A: Yes. It's OK with us if radical Islamic fundamentalists cut off people's hands for growing flowers, but it's cruel if they cut off people's hands for stealing bread.

Q: Don't they also cut off people's hands and heads in Saudi Arabia?

A: That's different. Afghanistan was ruled by a tyrannical patriarchy that oppressed women and forced them to wear burqas whenever they were in public, with death by stoning as the penalty for women who did not comply.

Q: Don't Saudi women have to wear burqas in public, too?

A: No, Saudi women merely wear a traditional Islamic body covering.

Q: What's the difference?

A: The traditional Islamic covering worn by Saudi women is a modest yet fashionable garment that covers all of a woman's body except for her eyes and fingers. The burqa, on the other hand, is an evil tool of patriarchal oppression that covers all of a woman's body except for her eyes and fingers.

Q: It sounds like the same thing with a different name.

A: Now, don't go comparing Afghanistan and Saudi Arabia. The Saudis are our friends.

Q: But I thought you said 15 of the 19 hijackers on September 11th were from Saudi Arabia.

A: Yes, but they trained in Afghanistan.

Q: Who trained them?

A: A very bad man named Osama bin Laden.

Q: Was he from Afghanistan?

A: Uh, no, he was from Saudi Arabia too. But he was a bad man, a very bad man.

Q: I seem to recall he was our friend once.

A: Only when we helped him and the mujahadeen repel the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan back in the 1980s.

Q: Who are the Soviets? Was that the Evil Communist Empire Ronald Reagan talked about?

A: There are no more Soviets. The Soviet Union broke up in 1990 or thereabouts, and now they have elections and capitalism like us. We call them Russians now.

Q: So the Soviets ? I mean, the Russians ? are now our friends?

A: Well, not really. You see, they were our friends for many years after they stopped being Soviets, but then they decided not to support our invasion of Iraq, so we're mad at them now. We're also mad at the French and the Germans because they didn't help us invade Iraq either.

Q: So the French and Germans are evil, too?

A: Not exactly evil, but just bad enough that we had to rename French fries and French toast to Freedom Fries and Freedom Toast.

Q: Do we always rename foods whenever another country doesn't do what we want them to do?

A: No, we just do that to our friends. Our enemies, we invade.

Q: But wasn't Iraq one of our friends back in the 1980s?

A: Well, yeah. For a while.

Q: Was Saddam Hussein ruler of Iraq back then?

A: Yes, but at the time he was fighting against Iran, which made him our friend, temporarily.

Q: Why did that make him our friend?

A: Because at that time, Iran was our enemy.

Q: Isn't that when he gassed the Kurds?

A: Yeah, but since he was fighting against Iran at the time, we looked the other way, to show him we were his friend.

Q: So anyone who fights against one of our enemies automatically becomes our friend?

A: Most of the time, yes.

Q: And anyone who fights against one of our friends is automatically an enemy?

A: Sometimes that's true, too. However, if American corporations can profit by selling weapons to both sides at the same time, all the better.

Q: Why?

A: Because war is good for the economy, which means war is good for America. Also, since God is on America's side, anyone who opposes war is a godless un-American Communist. Do you understand now why we attacked Iraq?

Q: I think so. We attacked them because God wanted us to, right?

A: Yes.

Q: But how did we know God wanted us to attack Iraq?

A: Well, you see, God personally speaks to George W. Bush and tells him what to do.

Q: So basically, what you're saying is that we attacked Iraq because George W. Bush hears voices in his head?

A. Yes! You finally understand how the world works. Now close your eyes, make yourself comfortable, and go to sleep. Good night.

Q: Good night, Daddy.

California International Studies Project
Stanford University

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Letter to God

A little boy wanted \$100.00 very badly and prayed for weeks, but nothing happened. Then he decided to write God a letter requesting the \$100.00. When the postal authorities received the letter to God, USA, they decided to send it to the President. The president was so amused that he instructed his secretary to send the little boy a \$5.00 bill. The president thought this would appear to be a lot of money to a little boy. The little boy was delighted with the \$5.00 bill and sat down to write a thank-you note to God, which read:

>>> Dear God: Thank you very much for sending the money. However, I noticed that for some reason you sent it through Washington, DC, and those crooks deducted \$95.00 in taxes.

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Weapons of Math Instruction

At New York's Kennedy airport today, an individual later discovered to be a public school teacher was arrested trying to board a flight while in possession of a ruler, a protractor, a setsquare, a slide rule, and a calculator.

At a morning press conference, Attorney general John Ashcroft said he believes the man is a member of the notorious al-gebra movement. He is being charged by the FBI weapons of math instruction.

"Al-gebra is a fearsome cult," Ashcroft said. "They desire average solutions by means and extremes, and sometimes go off on tangents in a search of absolute value. They use secret code names like "x" and "y" and refer to themselves as "unknowns", but we have determined they belong to a common denominator of the axis of medieval with coordinates in every country."

As the Greek philanderer Isosceles used to say, there are 3 sides to every triangle," Ashcroft declared.

When asked to comment on the arrest, President Bush said, "If God had wanted us to have better weapons of math instruction, He would have given us more fingers and toes."I am gratified that our government has given us a sine that it is intent on protracting us from these math-dogs who are willing to disintegrate us with calculus disregard. Murky statisticians love to inflict plane on every sphere of influence," the President said, adding: "Under the circumferences, we must differentiate their root, make our point, and draw the line."

President Bush warned, "These weapons of math instruction have the potential to decimal everything in their math on a scalene never before seen unless we become exponents of a Higher Power and begin to factor-in random facts of vertex."

Attorney General Ashcroft said, "As our Great Leader would say, read my ellipse. Here is one principle he is uncertainty of: though they continue to multiply, their days are numbered as the hypotenuse tightens around their necks.

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No More Privacy

Operator : "Thank you for calling Pizza Hut."

Customer: "Yes, hello, may I please order.."

Operator : "I must have your multi purpose card number first, Sir"

Customer: "It's eh..., hold on...6102049998-45-54610"

Operator : "OK... you're... Mr Sheehan, calling from 17 Meadow Drive. Your home number is 555-494-2366, your office # is 555-745-2302 and your mobile is 014-266-2566. Would you like to have the delivery made to 17 Meadow Drive?"

Customer: "Yes, how did you get all my phone numbers?"

Operator : "We are 'connected to the system' Sir"

Customer: "May I order your Seafood Pizza...?"

Operator : "That's not a good idea, Sir"

Customer: "How come?"

Operator : "According to your medical records, you have high blood pressure and even higher cholesterol level, Sir"

Customer: "What?... What do you recommend then?"

Operator : "Try our Low Fat Soybean Yogurt Pizza. You'll like it"

Customer: "How do you know for sure?"

Operator : "You borrowed a book entitled "Popular Soybean Yogurt Dishes" from the National Library last week, Sir"

Customer: "OK I give up... Give me two family sized ones then, how much will that cost?"

Operator : "That should be enough for your family of 5, Sir. The total is \$ 29.99"

Customer: "I will be paying by credit card."

Operator : "I'm afraid you have to pay us cash, Sir. Your credit card is too close to the limit thereby marking you as a credit risk – and that's not including the late fees that were added to your electric bill for being one week late in your payment October of last year. By the way, did you know you are going to owe your bank \$1.55 when you receive your statement next week – you obviously made a mathematical error in your check book last month when you deducted the payment made to Blockbuster Video for the rental of "The Matrix", giant tub of popcorn, 2 Snickers bars, 1 Butterfinger, 2 M&M's (1 plain/1 peanut) and family size polybag of licorice whips (red not black)."

Customer: "I guess I have to run to the neighborhood ATM and withdraw some cash before your guy arrives" .

Operator : "You can't do that, Sir. Based on the records, you've reached your daily limit on machine withdrawal today after your tire separated"

on Vermont Rd on the way to pick up your son, James from his soccer match against Lincoln Jr. High and you had to call Ace Towing. We extend our congrats to your son on his win however!" .

Customer: "Never mind just send the pizzas, I'll have the cash ready. How long is it gonna take anyway?" .

Operator : "About 45 minutes, Sir but if you can't wait you can always come and collect it on your motorcycle..." .

Customer: " What the..?" .

Operator : "According to the details in system, you own a Harley,...registration number E1123..." .

Customer: "@#%/\$@&?#" .

Operator : "Better watch your language Sir. Remember on 15th July 1987 you were convicted of using abusive language to a policeman... .

Customer: (Speechless) .

Operator : "Is there anything else Sir?" .

Customer: "Nothing... by the way... are you giving me the 3 free bottles of Pepsi as advertised?" .

Operator : "We normally would Sir, but based on your records you have a diabetic in the family and we do not trust you to store the Pepsi responsibly and keep it out of the hands of said diabetic."

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Cats and Dogs

Note from webmaster: I thought this was the funniest thing I read in a long time! For the record, I love both dogs AND cats. I presently care for a Siberian Husky and would also like to have a cat but cannot because others I live with don't like them. ☐

EXCERPTS FROM A DOG'S DIARY:

Day 180

8:00 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

9:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

9:40 am – OH BOY! A WALK! MY FAVORITE!

10:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!

11:30 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!

12:00 noon – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!

1:00 pm – OH BOY! THE YARD! MY FAVORITE!
4:00 pm – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!
5:00 pm – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
5:30 pm – OH BOY! MOM! MY FAVORITE!

Day 181

8:00 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
9:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!
9:40 am – OH BOY! A WALK! MY FAVORITE!
10:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!
11:30 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
12:00 noon – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!
1:00 pm – OH BOY! THE YARD! MY FAVORITE!
4:00 pm – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!
5:00 pm – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
5:30 pm – OH BOY! MOM! MY FAVORITE!

Day 182

8:00 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
9:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!
9:40 am – OH BOY! A WALK! MY FAVORITE!
10:30 am – OH BOY! A CAR RIDE! MY FAVORITE!
11:30 am – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
12:00 noon – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!
1:00 pm – OH BOY! THE YARD! MY FAVORITE!
4:00 pm – OH BOY! THE KIDS! MY FAVORITE!
5:00 pm – OH BOY! DOG FOOD! MY FAVORITE!
5:30 pm – OH BOY! MOM! MY FAVORITE!

EXCERPTS FROM A CAT'S DIARY:

Day 183

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant.

Day 184

Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded, must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair ... must try this on their bed.

Day 185

Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good little

cat I was... Hmm. Not working according to plan.

Day 186

I am finally aware of how sadistic they are. For no good reason I was chosen for the water torture. This time however it included a burning foamy chemical called "shampoo." What sick minds could invent such a liquid. My only consolation is the piece of thumb still stuck between my teeth.

Day 187

There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the foul odor of the glass tubes they call "beer". More importantly I overheard that my confinement was due to MY power of "allergies." Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

Day 188

I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and maybe snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit. The bird on the other hand has got to be an informant, and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room, his safety is assured. But I can wait, it is only a matter of time!

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Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?

GEORGE W. BUSH

We don't really care why the chicken crossed the road. We just want to know if the chicken is on our side of the road or not. The chicken is either with us or it is against us. There is no middle ground here.

AL GORE

I invented the chicken. I invented the road. Therefore, the chicken crossing the road represented the application of these two different functions of government in a new, reinvented way designed to bring greater services to the American people.

COLIN POWELL

Now at the left of the screen, you clearly see the satellite image of the chicken crossing the road.

HANS BLIX

We have reason to believe there is a chicken, but we have not yet been allowed access to the other side of the road.

MOHAMMED ALDOURI (Iraq's former ambassador)

The chicken did not cross the road. This is a complete fabrication. We don't even have a chicken.

SADDAM HUSSEIN

This was an unprovoked act of rebellion and we were quite justified in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas on it.

RALPH NADER

The chicken's habitat on the original side of the road had been polluted by unchecked industrialist greed. The chicken did not reach the unspoiled habitat on the other side of the road because it was crushed by the wheels of a gas-guzzling SUV.

PAT BUCHANAN

To steal a job from a decent, hard-working American.

RUSH LIMBAUGH

I don't know why the chicken crossed the road, but I'll bet it was getting a government grant to cross the road, and I'll bet someone out there is already forming a support group to help chickens with crossing-the-road syndrome. Can you believe this? How much more of this can real Americans take? Chickens crossing the road paid for by their tax dollars, and when I say tax dollars, I'm talking about your money, money the government took from you to build roads for chickens to cross.

MARTHA STEWART

No one called to warn me which way that chicken was going. I had a standing order at the farmer's market to sell my eggs when the price dropped to a certain level. No little bird gave me any insider information.

JERRY FALWELL

Because the chicken was gay! Isn't it obvious? Can't you people see the plain truth in front of your face? The chicken was going to the other side. That's what they call it – the other side. Yes, my friends, that chicken is gay. And, if you eat that chicken, you will become gay too. I say we boycott all chickens until we sort out this abomination that the liberal media whitewashes with seemingly harmless phrases like the other side.

DR. SEUSS

Did the chicken cross the road?
Did he cross it with a toad?

Yes, The chicken crossed the road,
But why it crossed, I've not been told!

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

To die. In the rain. Alone.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

I envision a world where all chickens will be free to cross roads without having their motives called into question.

GRANDPA

In my day, we didn't ask why the chicken crossed the road. Someone told us that the chicken crossed the road, and that was good enough for us.

BARBARA WALTERS

Isn't that interesting? In a few moments we will be listening to the chicken tell, for the first time, the heart-warming story of how it experienced a serious case of molting and went on to accomplish its life-long dream of crossing the road.

JOHN LENNON

Imagine all the chickens crossing roads in peace.

ARISTOTLE

It is the nature of chickens to cross the road.

KARL MARX

It was an historical inevitability.

VOLTAIRE

I may not agree with what the chicken did, but I will defend to the death its right to do it.

RONALD REAGAN

What chicken?

CAPTAIN KIRK

To boldly go where no chicken has gone before.

FOX MULDER

You saw it cross the road with your own eyes! How many more chickens have to cross before you believe it?

SIGMUND FREUD

The fact that you are at all concerned that the chicken crossed the road reveals your underlying sexual insecurity.

BILL GATES

I have just released eChicken 2003, which will not only cross roads, but also will lay eggs, file your important documents, and balance your checkbook – and Internet Explorer is an inextricable part of eChicken.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Did the chicken really cross the road or did the road move beneath the chicken?

BILL CLINTON

I did not cross the road with THAT chicken. What do you mean by chicken? Could you define chicken, please?

COLONEL SANDERS

I missed one?

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A conversation in the Oval Office

George: Condi! Nice to see you. What's happening?

Condi: Sir, I have the report here about the new leader of China.

George: Great. Lay it on me.

Condi: Hu is the new leader of China.

George: That's what I want to know.

Condi: That's what I'm telling you.

George: That's what I'm asking you. Who is the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes.

George: I mean the fellow's name.

Condi: Hu.

George: The guy in China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The new leader of China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The Chinaman!

Condi: Hu is leading China.

George: Now whaddya' asking me for?

Condi: I'm telling you Hu is leading China.

George: Well, I'm asking you. Who is leading China?

Condi: That's the man's name.

George: That's who's name?

Condi: Yes.

George: Will you or will you not tell me the name of the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir? Yassir Arafat is in China? I thought he was in the Middle East.
Condi: That's correct.
George: Then who is in China?
Condi: Yes, sir.
George: Yassir is in China?
Condi: No, sir.
George: Then who is?
Condi: Yes, sir.
George: Yassir?
Condi: No, sir.
George: Look, Condi. I need to know the name of the new leader of China. Get me the Secretary General of the U.N. on the phone.
Condi: Kofi?
George: No, thanks.
Condi: You want Kofi?
George: No.
Condi: You don't want Kofi.
George: No. But now that you mention it, I could use a glass of milk. And then get me the U.N.
Condi: Yes, sir.
George: Not Yassir! The guy at the U.N.
Condi: Kofi?
George: Milk! Will you please make the call?
Condi: And call who?
George: Who is the guy at the U.N?
Condi: Hu is the guy in China.
George: Will you stay out of China?!
Condi: Yes, sir.
George: And stay out of the Middle East! Just get me the guy at the U.N.
Condi: Kofi.
George: All right! With cream and two sugars. Now get on the phone.
(Condi picks up the phone.)
Condi: Rice, here.
George: Rice? Good idea. And a couple of egg rolls, too. Maybe we should send some to the guy in China.

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The shepherd and the economist

A man walking along a road in the countryside comes across a shepherd and a huge flock of sheep. Tells the shepherd, "I will bet you \$100 against one of your sheep that I can tell you the exact number in this flock." The shepherd thinks it over; it's a big flock so he takes the bet. "973," says the man. The shepherd is astonished, because that is exactly right. Says "OK, I'm a man of my word, take an animal." Man picks one up and begins to walk away.

"Wait," cries the shepherd, "Let me have a chance to get even. Double or nothing that I can guess your exact occupation." Man says sure. "You are an

economist for a government think tank," says the shepherd. "Amazing!" responds the man, "You are exactly right! But tell me, how did you deduce that?"

"Well," says the shepherd, "put down my dog and I will tell you."

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THE LAWYER & THE LITTLE BOY

A lawyer is trying to call his clients. The phone rings and their little boy, in a whisper, says, "Hello."

Lawyer: "Is your mommy there?"

Boy: (whisper) "Yes."

Lawyer: "Can I speak with her?"

Boy: (whisper) "She's busy."

Lawyer: "Is your daddy there?"

Boy: (whisper) "Yes."

Lawyer: "Can I speak with him?"

Boy: (whisper) "He's busy."

Lawyer: "Is there anyone else there?"

Boy: (whisper) "The fire department."

Lawyer: "Can I talk to one of them?"

Boy: (whisper) "They're busy."

Lawyer: "Is there anybody ELSE there?"

Boy: (whisper) "The police department."

Lawyer: "Well, can I talk to one of THEM?"

Boy: (whisper) "They're busy."

Lawyer: "Let me get this straight, your mother, father, the fire department AND the police department are ALL in your house, and they're ALL busy. WHAT are they doing?"

Boy: (whisper) "They're looking for me."

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McDonnell-Douglas Survey

This was actually posted very briefly on the McDonnell-Douglas web site by an employee there who obviously has a sense of humor. The company, of course, does not (have a sense of humor) – and made the web department take it down immediately.

Thank you for purchasing a McDonnell Douglas military aircraft. In order to protect your new investment, please take a few moments to fill out the warranty registration card below. Answering the survey questions is not

required, but the information will help us to develop new products that best meet your needs and desires.

1. Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss Lt. Gen. Comrade
 Classified Other

First Name:

Initial:

Last Name:.....

Password: (max 8 char)

Code Name:.....

Latitude-Longitude-Altitude:

2. Which model aircraft did you purchase?

F-14 Tomcat

F-15 Eagle

F-16 Falcon

F-117A Stealth

Classified

3. Date of purchase (Year/Month/Day):

19.../.../....

4. Serial Number:.....

5. Please check where this product was purchased:

Received as gift / aid package

Catalog showroom

Independent arms broker

Mail order

Discount store

Government surplus

Classified

6. Please check how you became aware of the McDonnell-Douglas product you have just purchased:

Heard loud noise, looked up

Store display

Espionage

Recommended by friend / relative / ally

Political lobbying by manufacturer

Was attacked by one

7. Please check the three (3) factors that most influenced your decision to purchase this McDonnell-Douglas product:

Style / appearance

Speed / maneuverability

Price / value

Comfort / convenience

Kickback / bribe

Recommended by salesperson

McDonnell Douglas reputation

Advanced Weapons Systems

- Backroom politics
- Negative experience opposing one in combat

8. Please check the location(s) where this product will be used:

- North America
- Iraq
- Central / South America
- Iraq
- Aircraft carrier
- Iraq
- Europe
- Iraq
- Middle East (not Iraq)
- Iraq
- Africa
- Iraq
- Asia / Far East
- Iraq
- Misc. Third World countries
- Iraq
- Classified
- Iraq

9. Please check the products that you currently own or intend to purchase in the near future:

- Color TV
- VCR
- ICBM
- Killer Satellite
- CD Player
- Air-to-Air Missiles
- Space Shuttle
- Home Computer
- Nuclear Weapon

10. How would you describe yourself or your organization? (Check all that apply:)

- Communist / Socialist
- Terrorist
- Crazy
- Neutral
- Democratic
- Dictatorship
- Corrupt
- Primitive / Tribal

11. How did you pay for your McDonnell-Douglas product?

- Deficit spending
- Cash
- Suitcases of cocaine
- Oil revenues
- Personal check

- Credit card
- Ransom money
- Traveler's check

12. Your occupation

- Homemaker
- Sales / marketing
- Revolutionary
- Clerical
- Mercenary
- Tyrant
- Middle management
- Eccentric billionaire
- Defense Minister / General
- Retired
- Student

13. To help us understand our customers' lifestyles, please indicate the interests and activities in which you and your spouse enjoy participating on a regular basis:

- Golf
- Boating / sailing
- Sabotage
- Running / jogging
- Propaganda / disinformation
- Destabilization / overthrow
- Default on loans
- Gardening
- Crafts
- Black market / smuggling
- Collectibles / collections
- Watching sports on TV
- Wines
- Interrogation / torture
- Household pets
- Crushing rebellions
- Espionage / reconnaissance
- Fashion clothing
- Border disputes
- Mutually Assured Destruction

Thank you for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire. Your answers will be used in market studies that will help McDonnell-Douglas serve you better in the future—as well as allowing you to receive mailings and special offers from other companies, governments, extremist groups, and mysterious consortia.

As a bonus for responding to this survey, you will be registered to win a brand new F-117A in our Desert Thunder Sweepstakes!

Comments or suggestions about our fighter planes? Please write to:

McDONNELL DOUGLAS CORPORATION
Marketing Department

Military Aerospace Division

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Advice from Mom

One evening, a young woman came home from a date, rather sad. She told her mother, "Anthony proposed to me an hour ago." "Then why are you so sad?" her mother asked.

"Because he also told me he is an atheist. Mom, he doesn't even believe there's a Devil." Her mother replied, "Marry him anyway. Between the two of us, we'll show him just how wrong he is."

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A man left for work one Friday afternoon. But, being payday, instead of going home, he stayed out the entire weekend partying with the boys and spending his entire paycheck.

When he finally appeared at home, Sunday night, he was confronted by a very angry wife and was barraged for nearly two hours with a tirade befitting his actions.

Finally his wife stopped the nagging and simply said to him, "How would you like it if you didn't see me for two or three days?" To which he replied, "That would be fine with me."

Monday went by and he didn't see his wife. Tuesday and Wednesday came and went with the same results. Come Thursday, the swelling went down just enough where he could see her a little out of the corner of his left eye.

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Answering Machine Messages

"Hi. Now you say something."

"I can't come to the phone now because I have amnesia and I feel stupid talking to people I don't remember. I'd appreciate it if you could help me out by leaving my name and telling me something about myself. Thanks."

"Greetings, you have reached the Sixth Sense Detective Agency. We know who you are and what you want, so at the sound of the tone, please hang up."

"You know what I hate about answering machine messages? They go on and on and on and on, wasting your time. I mean, all they really need to say is, "We aren't in, leave a message." That's why I've decided to keep mine simple and short. I pledge to you, my caller, that you will never have to suffer through another long answering machine message when you call me..."

"Hello, this is Douglas. I'm not home right now, but I can take a message. Hang on a second while I get a pencil." (background noise – open a drawer and shuffle stuff around) "Okay, what would you like me to tell me?"

"Hello. I'm Douglas's answering machine. What are you?"

"Douglas's house, the final frontier. These are the messages of Douglas's answering machine. Its five-year mission: to seek out your name and your telephone number. To boldly inform you to wait for the tone."

<Noisy pick-up of phone> "Hi, I'm a burglar and I was just about to steal Douglas's answering machine. If you give me your name and number I'll...uh....I'll post it on the fridge where he'll see it. By the way, do you know where he keeps the silver?"

"The number you've dialed is purely imaginary. Please multiply by one and dial again."

Hi, Douglas's answering machine is broken. This is his refrigerator. Please speak very slowly, and I'll stick your message to myself with one of these magnets on my face here."

<voice 1> "Answer the phone, please, Hal."
<voice 2> "I'm sorry, Dave, I can't do that."

"This is not an answering machine – this is a telepathic thought-recording device. After the tone, think about your name, your reason for calling, and a number where I can reach you, and I'll think about returning your call.

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Two sisters, one blonde and one brunette, inherit the family ranch. Unfortunately, after just a few years they are in financial trouble. In order to keep the bank from repossessing the ranch they need to purchase a bull so that they can breed their own stock.

The brunette balances their checkbook, then takes their last \$600 out west to where a man has a prize bull for sale.

Upon leaving, she tells her sister, "When I get there, if I decide buy the bull, I'll contact you to drive out after me and haul it home."

The brunette arrives at the man's ranch, inspects the bull and decides she does want to buy it. The man tells her that he can sell it for \$599, no less. After paying him, she drives to the nearest town to send her sister a telegram to tell her the news.

She walks into the telegraph office, and says, "I want to send a telegram to my sister telling her that I've bought a bull for our ranch. I need her to hitch the trailer to our pick-up truck and drive out here so we can haul it home."

The telegraph operator explains that he'll be glad to help then adds, "It's just 99 cents a word".

Well, after paying for the bull, the brunette only has \$1 left. She realizes that he'll only be able to send her sister one word. After thinking for a few minutes, she nods, and says, "I want you to send her the word, 'comfortable'.

The telegraph operator shakes his head. "How is she ever going to know that you want her to hitch the trailer to your pick-up and drive out here to haul that bull back to your ranch if you send her the word, 'comfortable'?"

The brunette explains, "My sister is blonde. She'll read it slowly."

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A man was walking along a deserted beach one day and found a strange looking bottle lying in the sand. He looked up and down the beach and didn't see anyone who might have dropped it, so he decided to open the bottle.

A powerful genie appeared and thanked the man for letting him out of his magical cage.

The genie said, "I am so grateful to get out of that bottle that I will grant you a wish. BUT, I can only grant one."

The man thought for a while and finally said, "I have always wanted to go to Hawaii, but I've never been able to go because I cannot stand flying in an airplane, and boats tend to make me claustrophobic. So for my wish, I want a

road to be built to Hawaii."

The genie thought about the road for a few minutes and finally said, "No, I don't think I can do that. Just think of all the work involved. Consider all the piling needed to hold up a highway and how deep they would have to go to reach the bottom of the ocean. Just imagine all the pavement needed. No, I'm sorry, but that is just too much to ask."

The man thought for a few minutes and then decided on his second choice. The man said, "There IS one other thing I have always wanted. I would like to be able to understand women. What makes them laugh and cry, why are they temperamental, and why are they so difficult to get along with. Basically, I'd like to know what makes them tick."

The genie pondered the request for a moment, and finally said, "So, do you want two lanes or four?"

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An elderly couple, a middle-aged couple and a young newlywed couple, wanted to join a church.

The pastor said, "We have special requirements for new parishioners. You must abstain from having sex for two weeks."

The couples agreed and came back at the end of two weeks.

The pastor went to the elderly couple and asked, "Were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?"

The old man replied, "No problem at all, Pastor." "Congratulations! Welcome to the church!", said the pastor.

The pastor went to the middle-aged couple and asked, "Well, were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?"

The man replied, "The first week wasn't too bad. The second week I had to sleep on the couch for a couple of nights but, yes, we made it."

"Congratulations! Welcome to the church!", said the pastor.

The pastor then went to the newlywed couple and asked, "Well, were you able to abstain from sex for two weeks?"

"No Pastor, we were not able to go without sex for the two weeks," the young man replied sadly.

"What happened?" inquired the pastor.

"My wife was reaching for a can of paint on the top shelf and dropped it. When she bent over to pick it up, I was overcome with lust and took advantage

of her right there."

"You understand, of course, this means you will not be welcome in our church," stated the pastor.

"We know." said the young man. "We're not welcome at the Home Center anymore, either."

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A bachelor who lived at home with his mother and pet cat went on a trip to Europe. Before he left he told his best friend to inform him of any emergencies. A few days after his departure, his cat climbed up on the roof, fell off and was killed. His friend immediately wired him with the message: "Your cat died!"

In a few hours he was back home, having cut short his trip in grief and anger at his friend, whom he told "Why didn't you break the news to me gradually? You know how close I was to my cat! You could have sent a message 'Your cat climbed up on the roof today', and the next day you could've written, 'Your cat fell off the roof' and let me down slowly that he died."

After a quick memorial service, the bachelor left again to continue his trip. A few days later he returns to his hotel and there is a message waiting for him from his friend. He read, "Your mother climbed up on the roof today."

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Adam was walking around the garden of Eden feeling very lonely, so God asked him, "What is wrong with you?"

Adam said he didn't have anyone to talk to.

God said that He was going to make Adam a companion and that it would be a woman.

He said, "This person will gather food for you, cook for you, and when you discover clothing she'll wash it for you. She will always agree with every decision you make. She will bear your children and never ask you to get up in the middle of the night to take care of them. She will not nag you and will always be the first to admit she was wrong when you've had a disagreement. She will never have a headache and will freely give you love and passion whenever you need it.

Adam asked God, "What will a woman like this cost?"

God replied, "An arm and a leg."

Then Adam asked, "What can I get for a rib?"

The rest is history

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There once was a rich man who was near death. He was very grieved because he had worked so hard for his money and he wanted to be able to take it with him to heaven. So he began to pray that he might be able to take some of his wealth with him.

An angel hears his plea and appears to him. "Sorry, but you can't take your wealth with you." The man implores the angel to speak to God to see if He might bend the rules.

The man continues to pray that his wealth could follow him. The angel reappears and informs the man that God has decided to allow him to take one suitcase with him. Overjoyed, the man gathers his largest suitcase and fills it with pure gold bars and places it beside his bed.

Soon afterward the man dies and shows up at the Gates of Heaven to greet St. Peter. St. Peter seeing the suitcase says, "Hold on, you can't bring that in here!"

But the man explains to St. Peter that he has permission and asks him to verify his story with the Lord. Sure enough, St. Peter checks and comes back saying, "You're right.. You are allowed one carry-on bag, but I'm supposed to check its contents before letting it through."

St. Peter opens the suitcase to inspect the worldly items that the man found too precious to leave behind and exclaims, "You brought pavement?!!!"

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Got a letter from Grandma the other day...

The other day I went up to a local Christian bookstore and saw a "honk if you love Jesus" bumper sticker. I was feeling particularly sassy that day because I had just come from a thrilling choir performance, followed by a thunderous prayer meeting, so I bought the sticker and put it on my bumper. Boy, I'm glad I did! What an uplifting experience that followed!

I was stopped at a red light at a busy intersection, just lost in thought about the Lord and how good He is...and I didn't notice that the light had changed. It is a good thing someone else loves Jesus because if he hadn't honked, I'd never have noticed!

I found that LOTS of people love Jesus! Why, while I was sitting there the guy behind started honking like crazy, and then leaned out of his window and screamed "For the love of GOD! GO! GO! Jesus Christ, GO!" What an exuberant cheerleader he was for Jesus! Everyone started honking! I just leaned out of

my window and started waving and smiling at all these loving people. I even honked my horn a few times to share in the love! There must have been a man from Florida back there because I heard him yelling something about a "sunny beach"... I saw another guy waving in a funny way with only his middle finger stuck up in the air. Then I asked my teenage grandson in the back seat what that meant, he said that it was probably a Hawaiian good luck sign or something. Well, I never met anyone from Hawaii, so I leaned out the window and gave him the good luck sign back. My grandson burst out laughing...why he was enjoying this religious experience!

A couple of people were so caught up in joy of the moment that they got out of their cars and started walking towards me. I bet they wanted to pray or ask what church I attended, but this is when I noticed the light had changed. So, I waved to all my sisters and brothers grinning, and drove on through the intersection before the light changed again and I felt kind of sad that I had to leave them after all the love we had shared, so I slowed the car down, leaned out of the window and gave them the Hawaiian good luck sign one last time as I drove away.

Praise the Lord for such wonderful folks!

Love grandma.

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An ambitious yuppie finally decided to take a vacation. He booked himself on a Caribbean cruise and proceeded to have the time of his life. ... at least for awhile. A hurricane came unexpectedly. The ship went down and was lost instantly.

The man found himself swept up on the shore of an island with no other people, no supplies, nothing. Only bananas and coconuts. Used to 4-star hotels, this guy had no idea what to do.

So for the next four months he ate bananas, drank coconut juice, longed for his old life, and fixed his gaze on the sea, hoping to spot a rescue ship. One day, as he was lying on the beach, he spotted movement out of the corner of his eye. It was a rowboat, and in it was the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. She rowed up to him.

In disbelief, he asked her: "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I rowed from the other side of the island," she said, "I landed here when my cruise ship sank." "Amazing," he said, "I didn't know anyone else had survived. How many of you are there? You were really lucky to have a rowboat wash up with you."

"It's only me," she said, "and the rowboat didn't wash up, nothing did." He was confused, "Then how did you get the rowboat?". "Oh, simple." replied the woman "I made the rowboat out of raw material that I found on the island, the oars were whittled from Gum tree branches, I wove the bottom from Palm

branches, and the sides and stern came from a Eucalyptus tree.”

“But– but, that’s impossible,” stuttered the man, “you had no tools or hardware, how did you manage?” “Oh, that was no problem,” replied the woman, “on the south side of the island there is a very unusual strata of alluvial rock exposed. I found that if I fired it to a certain temperature in my kiln, it melted into forgeable ductile iron. I used that for tools, and used the tools to make the hardware.

But, enough of that,” she said. “Where do you live?” Sheepishly he confessed that he had been sleeping on the beach the whole time. “Well, let’s row over to my place, then” she said. After a few minutes of rowing, she docked the boat at a small wharf. As the man looked onto shore he nearly fell out of the boat. Before him was a stone walk leading to an exquisite bungalow painted in blue and white.

While the woman tied up the rowboat with an expertly woven hemp rope, the man could only stare ahead, dumbstruck. As they walked into the house, she said casually “It’s not much, but I call it home. Sit down please; would you like to have a drink?”

“No, no thank you” he said, still dazed, “can’t take any more coconut juice.” “It’s not coconut juice,” the woman replied. “I have a still.” How about a Pina Colada?” Trying to hide his continued amazement, the man accepted, and they sat down on her couch to talk. After they had exchanged their stories, the woman announced, “I’m going to slip into something more comfortable. Would you like to take a shower and shave, there is a razor upstairs in the cabinet in the bathroom.”

No longer questioning anything, the man went into the bathroom. There in the cabinet was a razor made from a bone handle. Two shells honed to a hollow ground edge were fastened on to its end inside of a swivel mechanism. “This woman is amazing,” he mused, “what next?”

When he returned, she greeted him wearing nothing but vines –strategically positioned– and smelling faintly of gardenias. She beckoned for him to sit down next to her.

“Tell me,” she began, suggestively, slithering closer to him, “we’ve been out here for a very long time. You’ve been lonely. There’s something I’m sure you really feel like doing right now, something you’ve been longing for all these months? You know...” She stared into his eyes.

He couldn’t believe what he was hearing: “You mean–?”, he replied, “...I can check my e-mail from here?”

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A judge was interviewing a woman regarding her pending divorce, and

asked, "What are the grounds for your divorce?"

She replied, "About four acres and a nice little home in the middle of the property with a stream running by."

"No," he said, "I mean what is the foundation of this case?"

"It is made of concrete, brick and mortar," she responded.

"I mean," he continued, "What are your relations like?"

"I have an aunt and uncle living here in town, and so do my husband's parents."

"Do you have a real grudge?"

"No," she replied, "We have a two-car carport and have never really needed one."

"Please," he tried again, "is there any infidelity in your marriage?"

"Yes, both my son and daughter have stereo sets. We don't necessarily like the music, but the answer to your questions is yes."

"Ma'am, does your husband ever beat you up?"

"Yes," she responded, "about twice a week he gets up earlier than I do."

Finally, in frustration, the judge asked, "Lady, why do you want a divorce?"

"Oh, I don't want a divorce," she replied. "I've never wanted a divorce. My husband does. He said he can't communicate with me."

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Comparison of Religious Theory in the Late 20th Century

Here's a tongue in cheek article a friend sent me. I hope it doesn't offend anyone but I thought it was pretty humorous because it hits close on the main emphasis of that particular Faith. If you don't think so, it could be your knowledge of the different Faiths covered here is either too limited or too extensive!

Capitalism – He who dies with the most toys, wins.

Hari Krishna – He who plays with the most toys, wins.

Catholicism – He who denies himself the most toys, wins.

Orthodox Judaism – Our toys are the only Kosher toys.

Greek Orthodox – They were our toys first.

Messianic Judaism – No, they were OURS first.

Russian Orthodox – Our toys are the only legally correct toys.

Branch Davidians – He who dies playing with the biggest toys, wins.

Atheism – There is no toy maker.

Polytheism – There are many toy makers.

Evolutionism – The toys made themselves from less complicated models.

Paganism – Every tree is a toy.

Church of Scientology – Toys are us.

Communism – Everyone gets the same number of toys, and you go straight to hell if we catch you selling yours.

B’Hai – All toys are just fine with us.

TM – Your toys are your just desserts.

Amish – Toys with batteries are surely a sin.

Taoism – The doll is as important as the dump truck.

Mormonism – Every boy can have as many toys as he wants.

Voodoo – Let me borrow that doll for a second.

Hedonism – To heck with the rule book!? Let’s play!

Hinduism – He who plays with bags of plastic farm animals, loses.

Presbyterian – My toys were custom made for me by the Toy Maker.

Evangelical Free – Would you like to play with some of my toys?

Full Gospel – Everyone who has a toy raise your hands and shout.

7th Day Adventist – He who plays with his toys on Saturday loses.

Heaven’s Gate – There is no toy like a comet. It’s to die for.

Church of Christ – He whose toys make music, loses.

Christian Church in America – Ours are not the only toys, but they are OUR TOYS ONLY!

Disciples of Christ – When we all get to toy land, what a day of play that will be.

Baptist – Once played, always played.

The Family – Toy, joy, toy, joy, toy. The best toy is a rainbow. (I take this as a compliment! It shows the emphasis the Family puts on using music to get out the Message, the Heavenly vision and eternal non-material values.)

Separatist Baptist – He that hath a sixteenth century toy hath righteousness.

Family of God – I got toys. You got toys? All God’s children got toys.

Jehovah’s Witnesses – He who sells the most toys door-to-door, wins.

Pentecostalism – He whose toys can talk, wins.

Charismaticism – Talk! Big deal. Our toys laugh and fall down!

Dutch Reformed – Toys? You mean this is supposed to be fun?

Brethren – Whatever else you do, keep your toys out of sight.

Faith Movement – If you ask for a new toy and don’t get it, it is your fault.

Methodist – Now which toy do we play with this week?

Existentialism – Toys are a figment of your imagination.

Confucianism – Once a toy is dipped in the water, it is no longer dry.

Episcopalian – Once a toy is sprinkled with water it wins.

United Pentecostal – Not wet enough and only our toys have the right label.

Third Wave – Our toys dance and sing the coolest songs!

Toronto Blessing – Pull our toys strings and they bark and laugh uncontrollably.

Non-denominationalism – We don’t care where the toys came from, let’s all just play with them.

Agnosticism – It is not possible to know whether toys make a bit of difference.

Unitarianism – Oh the joy of any toy, or not.

New Age – Angels are the most fashionable toys and crystal is really cool.
Abraham Forum Messianic– Your toys are syncretistic pagan idols, soaked in anti-semitic evil. My toys are rich in righteous tradition and entirely acceptable to the Toy Maker.

Abraham Forum Christian – Your toys are but ancient shadows of reality. My toys are straight from the Toymaker's workbench.

GOD – "Grow up children! Just take my son Jesus, stop playing and get to work!"

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If Noah had lived in the United States in the year 2001, his story may have gone something like this:

And the Lord spoke to Noah, and said, "In one year, I am going to make it rain and the rain shall not stop until it submerges the entire earth and all living flesh is destroyed. Because of this, I want you to save the righteous people and two of every living species on earth. Therefore, I am commanding you to build an Ark."

In a flash of lightning, God delivered the specifications for an Ark. Daunted by this task, but respectful of God's wishes, Noah took the plans and agreed to build the ark. "Remember," said the Lord, "you must complete the Ark and fill it in one year's time."

Exactly a year later, fierce storm clouds covered the earth and all the seas of the earth went into a tumult. The Lord saw that Noah was sitting in his front yard weeping.

"Noah!" He shouted. "Where is the Ark?"

"Lord, please forgive me," cried Noah. "I did my best, but there were big problems. First, I had to get a permit for construction, and your plans did not meet the building codes. I had to hire an engineering firm and redraw the plans. Then I got into a fight with OSHA over whether or not the Ark needed a sprinkler system and approved floatation devices. Then, my neighbor objected, claiming I was violating zoning ordinances by building the Ark in my front yard, so I had to get a variance from the city planning commission. Then, I had problems getting enough wood for the Ark, because there was a ban on cutting trees to protect the Spotted Owl. I finally convinced the US Forest Service that I really needed the wood to save the owls. However, the Fish and Wildlife Service won't let me take the 2 owls. The carpenters formed a union and went on strike. I had to negotiate a settlement with the National Labor Relations Board before anyone would pick up a saw or hammer. Now, I have 16 carpenters on the Ark, but still no owls. When I started rounding up the other animals, an animal rights group sued me. They objected to me taking only two of each kind aboard. This suit is pending. Meanwhile, the EPA notified me that I could not complete the Ark without filing an environmental impact statement on your proposed flood. They didn't take very kindly to the idea that they had no jurisdiction over the conduct of the taxes. All I has

was a notice from Creator of the Universe. Then, the Army Corps of Engineers demanded a map of the proposed flood plain. I sent them a globe. Right now, I am trying to resolve a complaint filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that I am practicing discrimination by not taking atheists aboard. The IRS has seized my assets, claiming that I'm building the Ark in preparation to flee the country to avoid paying the state that I owe them some kind of user tax and failed to register the Ark as a "recreational water craft." And, finally, the ACLU got the courts to issue an injunction against further construction of the Ark, saying that since God is flooding the earth, it's a religious event, and, therefore unconstitutional. I really don't think I can finish the Ark for another five or six years."

Noah waited. The sky began to clear, the sun began to shine, and the seas began to calm. A rainbow arced across the sky. Noah looked up hopefully. "You mean you're not going to destroy the earth, Lord?" "No," He said sadly. "I don't have to. The government already has."

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When NASA was preparing for the Apollo project, they did some astronaut training on a Navajo Indian reservation. One day, a Navajo elder and his son were herding sheep and came across the space crew. The old man, who only spoke Navajo, asked a question, which his son translated. "What are the guys in the big suits doing?"

A member of the crew said they were practicing for their trip to the moon. The old man got really excited and asked if he could send a message to the moon with the astronauts. Recognizing a promotional opportunity for the spin-doctors, the NASA folks found a tape recorder. After the old man recorded his message, they asked the son to translate. He refused.

So the NASA reps brought the tape to the reservation, where the rest of the tribe listened and laughed, but refused to translate the elder's message to the moon.

Finally, NASA called in an official government translator. He reported that the moon message said, "Watch out for these guys; they've come to steal your land."

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One day while walking down the street a highly successful executive woman was tragically hit by a bus and she died. Her soul arrived up in heaven where she was met at the Pearly Gates by St. Peter.

"Welcome to Heaven," said St. Peter. "Before you get settled in though, it seems we have a problem. You see, strangely enough, we've never once had an

executive make it this far and we're not really sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," said the woman.

"Well, I'd like to, but I have higher orders. What we're going to do is let you have a day in Hell and a day in Heaven and then you can choose whichever one you want to spend an eternity in."

"Actually, I think I've made up my mind...I prefer to stay in Heaven," said the woman.

"Sorry, we have rules..."

And with that St. Peter put the executive in an elevator and it went down to hell. The doors opened and she found herself stepping out onto the putting green of a beautiful golf course. In the distance was a country club and standing in front of her were all of her friends and they were all dressed in fine evening wear and cheering for her. They ran up and kissed her on both cheeks and they talked about old times.

They played an excellent round of golf and at night went to the country club where she enjoyed an excellent steak and lobster dinner. She met the Devil who was actually a really nice guy and she had a great time telling jokes and dancing.

She was having such a good time that before she knew it, it was time to leave. Everybody shook her hand and waved good-bye as she got on the elevator. The elevator went back up to the Pearly Gates and found St. Peter. "Now it's time to spend a day in heaven," he said.

So she spent the next 24 hours lounging around on clouds and playing the harp and singing. She had a great time and before she knew it her 24 hours were up and St. Peter came and got her.

"So, you've spent a day in hell and you've spent a day in heaven. Now you must choose your eternity," he said.

The woman paused for a second and then replied, "Well, I never thought I'd say this, I mean, Heaven has been really great and all, but I think I had a better time in Hell."

So St. Peter escorted her to the elevator and again she went back to Hell. When the doors of the elevator opened she found herself standing in a desolate wasteland covered in garbage and filth. She saw her friends were dressed in rags and were picking up the garbage and putting it in sacks. The Devil came up to her and put his arm around her.

"I don't understand," stammered the woman, "yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and a country club and we ate lobster and we danced and had a great time. Now all there is a wasteland of garbage and all my friends look miserable."

The Devil looked at her and smiled. "Yesterday we were recruiting you. Today

you're staff."

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Elevator Experience

This is a True Story.... (Note: Hope so. It's certainly funny!!)

On a weekend in Atlantic City, a woman won a bucketful of quarters at a slot machine. She took a break from the slots for dinner with her husband in the hotel dining room. But first she wanted to stash the quarters in her room.

"I'll be right back and we'll go to eat." she told her husband and she carried the coin-laden bucket to the elevator. As she was about to walk into the elevator she noticed two men already aboard.

Both were black. One of them was big..very big..and intimidating figure. The woman froze. Her first thought was:

"These two are going to rob me." Her next thought was: "Don't be a bigot, they look like perfectly nice gentlemen. But racial stereotypes are powerful, and fear immobilized her. She stood and stared at the two men. She felt anxious, flustered and ashamed. She hoped they didn't read her mind. Surely they knew her hesitation about joining them in the elevator was all too obvious. Her face was flushed. She couldn't just stand there, so with a mighty effort of will she picked up one foot and stepped forward and followed with the other foot and was on the elevator. Avoiding eye contact, she turned around stiffly and faced the elevator doors as they closed.

A second passed, and then another second, and then another. Her fear increased! The elevator didn't move. Panic consumed her.

"My God", she thought, "I'm trapped and about to be robbed!"

Her heart plummeted. Perspiration poured from every pore Then.... one of the men said, "Hit the floor." Instinct told her: Do what they tell you. The bucket of quarters flew upwards as she threw out her arms and collapsed on the elevator carpet. A shower of coins rained down on her.

"Take my money and spare me", she prayed. More seconds passed.

She heard one of the men say politely, "Ma'am, if you'll just tell us what floor you're going to, we'll push the button." The one who said it had a little trouble getting the words out. He was trying mightily to hold in a belly laugh.

She lifted her head and looked up at the two men. They reached down to help her up. Confused, she struggled to her feet. "When I told my man here to hit the floor," said the average sized one, "I meant that he should hit the elevator button for our floor. I didn't mean for you to hit the floor, ma'am." He spoke genially. He bit his lip. It was obvious he was having a hard

time not laughing.

She thought: My God, what a spectacle I've made of myself. She was too humiliated to speak. She wanted to blurt out an apology, but words failed her. How do you apologize to two perfectly respectable gentlemen for behaving as though they were going to rob you. She didn't know what to say.

The three of them gathered up the strewn quarters and refilled her bucket. When the elevator arrived at her floor they insisted on walking her to her room. She seemed a little unsteady on her feet, and they were afraid she might not make it down the corridor

At her door they bid her a good evening. As she slipped into her room she could hear them roaring with laughter while they walked back to the elevator. The woman brushed herself off. She pulled herself together and went downstairs for dinner with her husband.

The next morning flowers were delivered to her room-a dozen roses. Attached to EACH rose was a crisp one hundred dollar bill. The card said:"Thanks for the best laugh we've had in years." It was signed,

Eddie Murphy & Michael Jordan

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The Recruitment

The chief of staff of the US Air Force decided that he would personally intervene in the recruiting crisis affecting all of our armed services. So, he directed that a nearby Air Force base be opened and that all eligible young men and women be invited. As he and his staff were standing near a brand new F-15 Fighter, a pair of twin brothers who looked like they had just stepped off a Marine Corps recruiting poster walked up to them.

The chief of staff walked up to them, stuck out his hand and introduced himself. He looked at the first young man and asked, "Son, what skills can you bring to the Air Force?"

The young man looks at him and says, "I'm a pilot!"

The general gets all excited, turns to his aide and says, "Get him in today, all the paper work done, everything, do it!" The aide hustles the young man off.

The general looks at the second young man and asked, "What skills do you bring to the Air Force?"

The young man says, "I chop wood!"

"Son," the general replies, "we don't need wood choppers in the Air Force, what do you know how to do?"

"I chop wood!"

"Young man," huffs the general, "you are not listening to me, we don't need wood choppers, this is the 20th century!"

"Well," the young man says, "you hired my brother!"

"Of course we did," says the general, "he's a pilot!"

The young man rolls his eyes and says, "Dang it, I have to chop it before he can pile it!"

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Mutant Marsupials Take Up Arms Against Australian Air Force

The reuse of some object-oriented code has caused tactical headaches for Australia's armed forces. As virtual reality simulators assume larger roles in helicopter combat training, programmers have gone to great lengths to increase the realism of their scenarios, including detailed landscapes and – in the case of the Northern Territory's Operation Phoenix – herds of kangaroos (since groups of disturbed animals might well give away a helicopter's position).

The head of the Defense Science and Technology Organization's Land Operations/Simulations division reportedly instructed developers to model the local marsupials' movements and reaction to helicopters.

Being efficient programmers, they just re-appropriated some code originally used to model infantry detachments' reactions under the same stimuli, changed the mapped icon from a soldier to a kangaroo, and increased the figures' speed of movement.

Eager to demonstrate their flying skills for some visiting American pilots, the hotshot Aussies "buzzed" the virtual kangaroos in low flight during a simulation. The kangaroos scattered, as predicted, and the Americans nodded appreciatively . . . and then did a double-take as the kangaroos reappeared from behind a hill and launched a barrage of stinger missiles at the hapless helicopter. (Apparently the programmers had forgotten the remove "that" part of the infantry coding).

The lesson? Objects are defined with certain attributes, and any new object defined in terms of the old one inherits all the attributes. The embarrassed programmers had learned to be careful when reusing object-oriented code, and the Yanks left with the utmost respect for the Australian wildlife.

Simulator supervisors report that pilots from that point onwards have strictly avoided kangaroos, just as they were meant to.

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