

RELIGION

A man who went to Church with his wife fell always fell asleep during the sermon. The wife decided to do something about this and one Sunday took a long hat pin along to poke him with every time he would doze off.

As the preacher got to a part in the sermon where he shouted out "... and who created all there is in 6 days and rested on the 7th."

She poked her husband who came flying out of the pew and screamed "Good Lord almighty".

The minister said "That's right, that's right" and went on with his sermon.

The man sat back down, muttering under his breath and later began to doze off again when the minister got to "... and who died on the cross to save us from our sins..."the wife hit him again and he jumped up and shouted "Jesus Christ".

The Minister said "that's right, that's Right" and went on with his sermon.

The man sat back down and began to watch his wife and when the minister got to "... and what did Eve say to Adam after the birth of their second child"?

The wife started to poke the husband but he jumped up and said "If you stick that damn thing in me again I'll break it off".

A Catholic priest, a Protestant minister, and a Jewish rabbi were discussing when life begins. "Life begins," said the priest, "at the moment of fertilization. That is when God instills the spark of life into the fetus."

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

"You've both got it wrong," said the rabbi. "Life begins when the children have graduated from college and moved out of the house..."

A farmer named Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with a pet dog he doted on. The dog finally died and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, my dog has died. Could you be saying a mass for the creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "No, we cannot have services for an animal in the church, but there's a new denomination down the road, no telling what they believe, but maybe they'll do something for the animal."

Muldoon said, "I'll go right now. By the way, do you think \$5,000 is enough to donate for the service?"

To which Father Patrick quickly replied, "Why didn't you tell me the dog was Catholic?"

RELIGION

A man wonders if having sex on the Sabbath is a sin because he is not sure if sex is work or play. So he goes to a priest and asks for his opinion on this question.

After consulting the Bible, the priest says, "My son, after an exhaustive search, I am positive that sex is work and is therefore not permitted on Sundays."

The man thinks: "What does a priest know about sex?" So he goes to a minister, who after all is a married man and experienced in this matter.

He queries the minister and receives the same reply. Sex is work and therefore not for the Sabbath!

Not pleased with the reply, he seeks out the ultimate authority: a man of thousands of years tradition and knowledge. In other words, he goes to a rabbi. The Rabbi ponders the question, then states, "My son, sex is definitely play."

The man replies, "Rabbi, how can you be so sure when so many others tell me sex is work?"

The Rabbi softly speaks, "If sex were work, my wife would have the maid do it."

Jewish Singles Personal Ads

Divorced Jewish man, seeks partner to attend shul with, light Shabbos candles, celebrate holidays, build Sukkah together, attend brisses, bar mitzvahs. Religion is not important.

Sincere rabbinical student, 27. Enjoys Yom Kippur, Tisha B'av, Taanis Esther, Tzom Gedaliah, Asarah B'Teves, Shiva Asar B'Tammuz. Seeks companion for living life in the "fast" lane.

Yeshiva bochur, Torah scholar, long beard, payos. Seeks same in woman.

Worried about in-law meddling? I'm an orphan! Write.

Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality.

Female graduate student, studying kaballah, Zohar, exorcism of dybbuks, seeks mensch. No weirdos, please.

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzis, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it.

Jewish businessman, 49, manufactures Sabbath candles, Chanukah candles, havdallah candles, Yahrzeit candles. Seeks non-smoker.

Israeli professor, 41, with 18 years of teaching in my behind. Looking for American-born woman who speaks English very good.

RELIGION

80-year-old bubby, no assets, seeks handsome, virile Jewish male, under 35. Object matrimony. I can dream, can't I?

I am a sensitive Jewish prince whom you can open your heart to. Share your innermost thoughts and deepest secrets. Confide in me. I'll understand your insecurities. No fatties, please.

Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me.

Single Jewish woman, 29, into disco, mountain climbing, skiing, track and field. Has slight limp.

Jewish Princess, 28, seeks successful businessman of any major Jewish denomination: hundreds, fifties, twenties.

Desperately seeking shmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, and krechtzing. Under 30 is also OK.

Attractive Jewish woman, 35, college graduate, seeks successful Jewish Prince Charming to get me out of my parents' house.

Shul gabbai, 36. I take out the Torah Saturday morning. Would like to take you out Saturday night. Please write.

Couch potato Latke, in search of the right applesauce. Let's try it for eight days. Who knows?

What word beginning with "A" means "prince" in Jewish? A doctor!

Doctor Kaplan approached his eighty-three-year-old patient in the hospital room. "Mr. Adler, you're the best patient we've ever had in this hospital, and because you've been so cooperative I'm going to tell you something we don't usually tell a patient. I'm sorry-but you're going to die. Is there anyone you'd like to see?" "Yes," answered Adler. "I'd like to see another doctor!"

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Stein, aged sixty-five, visited the office of his son, Dr. Stein, and asked for something that would increase his sexual potency. The M.D. gave his father a shot and then refused to accept a fee. Nevertheless, Stein insisted on giving him ten dollars. A week later, Stein was back for another injection, and this time handed his son twenty dollars. "But Pop! Shots are only ten dollars!" "Take it!" said Stein. "The extra ten is from Mama!"

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RELIGION

"Is your nephew Irving a good doctor?" "Good? He's such a lovely boy, last year I needed an operation and I couldn't afford it. So he touched up the X-rays!"

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After examining Bloomberg, the doctor said, "You're going to need quite a bit of treatment. The fee will be a hundred dollars." "Doctor, I'm a poor man," pleaded Bloomberg. "Give me a break!" "All right," said the physician, "make it fifty dollars." "Times are bad, Doctor, and I have three children to support!" "Okay--twenty-five dollars!" "I only work three days a week--couldn't you make it a little less?" "Make it ten dollars!" said the frustrated physician. "But why do you come to me? I'm a specialist. You know I'm expensive!" "When it comes to my health," said Bloomberg, "money is no object!"

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Sid Berk, California's Vogue Shoes prez, broke up pals at the health club with this one : A man sat before Dr. Gluckstein, the aged but renowned urinary-disorders specialist. "My trouble," complained the man, "is that I can't pee!" "How old are you?" asked Dr. Gluckstein. "I'm ninety-three!" "It's all right," said the famous urologist. "You peed enough!"

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PSYCHIATRIST A Jewish doctor who hates the sight of blood

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"I got good news and bad news about our son," said Mrs. Smuckler to her husband. "Give me the bad news first!" said Mr. Smuckler. "Our boy's become a homosexual!" "And what's the good news?" "He's going with a rich doctor!"

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"Mrs. Sussman," said the psychiatrist, "there's nothing physically wrong with your little boy. But I'm afraid he does have an Oedipus complex!" "Oedipus, shmedipus!" retorted Mrs. Sussman. "Just so long as he loves his mother!"

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Mrs. Garfunkel needed an intimate examination and decided that instead of going to a regular doctor she would patronize her son's friend, a gynecologist. Besides, since the boy had grown up in the neighborhood, she felt more comfortable about him. Once Mrs. Garfunkel was on the examination table, the doctor, wearing rubber gloves, inspected and probed the woman's most private parts. When he finished, Mrs. Garfunkel said, "Sammy, your mama knows you're making a living like this?"

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"Stop shaking your arms and making those pained faces at me," said Dr. Braverman, the dentist. "I haven't even started drilling yet!" "I know that!" exclaimed Mrs. Kutcher, pulling the cotton out of her mouth to speak. "But you're standing on my corns!"

RELIGION

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Comedian Buddy Lester heard a fellow seeking advice from a doctor at a cocktail party. "Hey, Doc," asked the man, "how do you stop a Jewish girl from screwing?" "Marry her!"

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Overheard at the same cocktail party : "Morris, I want you to meet Doctor Sussman! Don't stand up, he's only a dentist!"

Golf Confession

A man goes to the confessional. "Forgive me father, for I have sinned."
"What is your sin, my child?" The priest asks back.

"Well," the man starts, "I used some horrible language this week and I feel absolutely terrible."

"When did you do use this awful language?" said the priest.

"I was golfing and hit an incredible drive that looked like it was going to go over 250 yards, but it struck a phone line that was hanging over the fairway and fell straight down to the ground after going only about 100yards."

"Is that when you swore?"

"No, Father," Said the man. "After that, a squirrel ran out of the bushes and grabbed my ball in his mouth and began to run away."

"Is THAT when you swore?" asked the Father again.

"Well, no." said the man, "You see, as the squirrel was running, an eagle came down out of the sky, grabbed the squirrel in his talons and began to fly away!"

"Is THAT when you swore?" asked the amazed Priest.

"No, not yet." The man replied. "As the eagle carried the squirrel away in his claws, it flew towards the green. And as it passed over a bit of forest near the green, the squirrel dropped my ball."

"Did you swear THEN?" asked the now impatient Priest.

"No, because as the ball fell it struck a tree, bounced through some bushes, careened off a big rock, and rolled through a sand trap onto the green and stopped within six inches of the hole."

"You missed the fucking putt, didn't you?" sighed the Priest.

RELIGION

There was this Christian lady who had to do a lot of traveling for her business, and so she did a lot of flying. But flying made her nervous so she always took her Bible along with her to read and it helped relax her. One time she was sitting next to a man. When he saw her pull out her Bible, he gave a little chuckle and went back to what he was doing.

After awhile he turned to her and asked, "You don't really believe all that stuff in there do you?"

The lady replied, "Of course I do. It is the Bible."

He said, "Well what about that guy who was swallowed by that whale?"

She replied "Oh, Jonah. Yes I believe that, it is in the Bible."

He asked, "Well, how do you suppose he survived all that time inside the whale?"

The lady said, "Well I don't really know. I guess when I get to heaven I will ask him."

"What if he isn't in heaven?" the man asked sarcastically.

"Then you can ask him," replied the lady.

THE CONFESSION

Tommy goes into a confessional box and says, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned; I have been with a loose woman".

The Priest says, "Is that you, Tommy?"

"Yes father, it's me."

"Who was the woman you were with?"

"I cannot tell you, Father, because I don't want to ruin her reputation."

The priest asks, "Was it Brenda O'Malley?" "No, Father."

"Was it Fiona MacDonald?" "No."

"Was it Ann Brown?" "No."

"Was it Mary Elizabeth O'Shea?" "No, Father."

"Was it Amy Thomas?" "No, Father."

"Was it little Cathy Morgan?" "NO, Father! I cannot tell you."

The priest finally says, "Tommy, I admire your perseverance, but you must atone for your sins. Your penance will be four Our Fathers and five Hail Marys. Go back to your seat."

Tommy walks back to his pew and his buddy, Sean, slides over and whispers, "What happened?!"

"Well, I got four Our Fathers, five Hail Marys and six good leads."

The other day I went to the local religious book store, where I saw a HONK IF YOU LOVE JESUS bumper sticker. I bought it and put it on the back bumper of my car, and I'm really glad I did. What an uplifting experience followed!

RELIGION

I was stopped at the light at a busy intersection, just lost in thought about the Lord, and didn't notice that the light had changed. That bumper sticker really worked! I found lots of people who love Jesus. Why, the guy behind me started to honk like crazy. He must REALLY love the Lord because pretty soon, he leaned out his window and yelled, "Jesus Christ!!!" as loud as he could.

It was like a football game with him shouting, "GO JESUS CHRIST,GO!!!" Everyone else started honking, too, so I leaned out my window and waved and smiled to all of those loving people. There must have been a guy from Florida back there because I could hear him yelling something about a sunny beach, and saw him waving in a funny way with only his middle finger stuck up in the air. I asked my two kids what that meant. They kind of squirmed, looked at each other, giggled and told me that it was the Hawaiian good luck sign. So, I leaned out the window and gave him the good luck sign back.

Several cars behind, a very nice black man stepped out of his car and yelled something. I couldn't hear him very well, but it sounded like, "Mother trucker," or "Mother's from there." Maybe he was from Florida, too. He must really love the Lord. A couple of the people were so caught up in the joy of the moment that they got out of their cars and were walking toward me. I bet they wanted to pray, but just then I noticed that the light had changed, and stepped on the gas. And a good thing I did, because I was the only driver to get across the intersection.

I looked back at them standing there. I leaned way out the window, gave them a big smile and held up the Hawaiian good luck sign, as I drove away. Praise the Lord for such wonderful folks.

A new priest at his first mass was so nervous he could hardly speak. After mass he asked the monsignor how he had done. The monsignor replied, "When I am worried about getting nervous on the pulpit, I put a glass of vodka next to the water glass. If I start to get nervous, I take a sip." So the next Sunday he took the Monsignor's advice. At the beginning of the sermon, he got nervous and took a drink. He proceeded to talk up a storm. Upon return to his office after mass, he found the following note on his door:

1. Sip the Vodka, don't gulp.
2. There are 10 commandments, not 12.
3. There are 12 disciples, not 10.
4. Jesus was consecrated, not constipated.
5. Jacob wagered his donkey, he did not bet his ass.
6. We do not refer to Jesus Christ as the late J.C.
7. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not referred to as Daddy, Junior, and Spook.
8. David slew Goliath, he did not kick the shit out of him.
9. When David was hit by a rock and knocked off his donkey, don't say he was stoned off his ass.
10. We do not refer to the cross as the Big T!
11. When Jesus broke the bread at the Last Supper he said, "Take this and eat it, for it is my body", he did not say, "Eat me."
12. The Virgin Mary is not referred to as the, "Mary with the Cherry".
13. The recommended grace before a meal is not: "Rub-A-dub-dub, thanks for the grub, yeah God"
14. Next Sunday there will be a taffy-pulling contest at St. Peter's, not a peter-pulling contest at St. Taffy's.

Maria just got married, and being a traditional Italian, she was still a virgin. So, on her wedding night, staying at her mother's house, she was nervous. But her mother reassured her. "Don't worry, Maria. Tony's a good man. Go upstairs, and he'll take care of you."

RELIGION

So up she went. When she got upstairs, Tony took off his shirt and exposed his hairy chest. Maria ran downstairs to her mother and says, "Mama, Mama, Tony's got a big hairy chest."

"Don't worry, Maria", says the mother, "All good men have hairy chests. Go upstairs. He'll take good care of you."

So, up she went again. When she got up in the bedroom, Tony took off his pants exposing his hairy legs. Again Maria ran downstairs to her mother. "Mama, Mama, Tony took off his pants, and he's got hairy legs!"

"Don't worry. All good men have hairy legs. Tony's a good man. Go upstairs, and he'll take good care of you."

So, up she went again. When she got up there, Tony took off his socks, and on his left foot he was missing three toes. When Maria saw this, she ran downstairs. "Mama, Mama, Tony's got a foot and a half!"

"Stay here and stir the pasta", says the mother. "This is a job for Mama!"

A nun and a priest were crossing the Sahara desert on a camel. On the third day out the camel suddenly dropped dead without warning. After dusting themselves off, the nun and the priest surveyed their situation. After a long period of silence, the priest spoke. "Well sister, this looks pretty grim."

"I know, father." the nun answered.

"In fact, I don't think it likely that we can survive more than a day or two."

"I agree." said the nun.

"Sister, since we are unlikely to make it out of here alive, would you do something for me?"

"Anything father."

"I have never seen a woman's breasts and I was wondering if I might see yours."

"Well, under the circumstances I don't see that it would do any harm.

The nun opened her habit and the priest enjoyed the sight of her shapely breasts, commenting frequently on their beauty.

"Sister would you mind if I touched them?" She consented and he fondled them for several minutes.

"Father, could I ask something of you?"

"Yes sister?"

"I have never seen a man's penis. Could I see yours?"

"I supposed that would be OK," the priest replied lifting his robe.

"Oh father, may I touch it?" This time the priest consented and after a few minutes of fondling he was sporting a huge erection.

"Sister, you know that if I insert my penis in the right place, it can give life."

"Is that true father?" "Yes it is, sister."

"Then why don't you stick it up that camel's ass and let's get the hell out of here."

RELIGION

A man who smelled like a distillery flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half-empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket.

He then opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes the disheveled guy turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"Mister, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol, and a contempt for your fellow man."

"Well, I'll be damned," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized.

"I'm very sorry, I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father."

"I was just reading here that the Pope does."

Some friars were behind on their belfry payments, so they opened up a small florist shop to raise the funds. Since everyone liked to buy flowers from the men of God, the rival florist across town thought the competition was unfair. He asked the good fathers to close down, but they would not. He went back and begged the friars to close. They ignored him.

He asked his mother to go and ask the friars to get out of the business.

They ignored her too. So, the rival florist hired Hugh MacTaggart, the roughest and most vicious thug in town, to "persuade" them to close.

Hugh beat up the friars and trashed their store, saying he'd be back if they didn't close shop. Terrified, the friars did so, thereby proving that. .

... . Hugh, and only Hugh, can prevent florist friars.

Erev Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas, and we, being Jews, My girlfriend and me -- we had nothing to do....

The Gentiles were home, hanging stocking with care, Secure in their knowledge St. Nick would be there....

But for us, once the Hanukkah candles burned down, There was nothing but boredom all over town....

The malls and the theaters were all closed up tight; There weren't any concerts to got to that night....

A dance would have saved us, some ballroom or swing, But we searched through the papers; there wasn't a thing....

Outside the window sat two feet of snow; With the wind-chill, they said it was fifteen below....

And while all I could do was sit there and brood, My girl saved the night and called out "CHINESE FOOD!"

So we ran to the closet, grabbed hats, mitts and boots -- To cover our heads, our hands, and our feet....

We pulled on our jackets, all puffy with down....

RELIGION

And boarded "The T," bound for old Chinatown....

The train nearly empty, it rolled through the stops, While visions of wontons danced through our kopfs....

We hopped off at Park Street; the Common was bright With fresh-fallen snow and the trees strung with lights, Then crept through "The Zone" with its bums and its thugs, And entrepreneurs selling ladies and drugs....

At last we reached Chinatown, rushed through the gate, Past bakeries, markets, shops and cafes, In search of a restaurant: "Which one? Lets decide!"

We chose "Hunan Chozer," and ventured inside....

Around us sat others, their platters piled high With the finest of foods their money could buy:

There was roast duck and fried squid, (sweet, sour and spiced,)

Dried beef and mixed veggies, lo mein and fried rice, Whole fish and moo shi and shrimp chow mee foon, And General Gaus chicken and ma po tofu.....

When at last we decided, and the waiter did call, we said: "Skip the menu!" and ordered it all....

And when in due time the food was all made, it came to the table in a sort of parade....

Before us sat dim sum, spare ribs and egg rolls, And four different soups, in four great, huge bowls....

The courses kept coming, from spicy to mild, and higher and higher toward the ceiling were piled....

And while this went on, we became aware every diner around us had started to stare....

Their jaws hanging open, they looked on unblinking; some dropped their teacups, some drooled without thinking....

So much piled up, one dish after the other, my girlfriend and I couldn't see one another!

Now we sat there, we two, without proper utensils, while they handed us something that looked like two pencils....

We poked and we jabbed till our fingers were sore And half of our dinner wound up on the floor....

We tried -- how we tried! -- but, sad truth to tell, Ten long minutes later and still hungry as well, We swallowed our pride, feeling vaguely like dorks, And called to our waiter to bring us two forks....

We fressed and we feasted, we slurped and we munched....

We noshed and we supped, we breakfasted and lunched....

We ate till we couldn't and drank down our teas and barely had room for our fortune cookies....

But my fortune was perfect; it summed up the mood when it said: "Pork is kosher, when its in Chinese food."

And my girlfriend -- well ... she got a real winner; hers said: "Your companion will pay for the dinner."

Our bellies were full and at last it was time To travel back home and write some bad rhyme Of our Chinatown trek (and to privately speak About trying to refine our chopstick technique)....

The MSG spun round and round in our heads, As we tripped and we laughed and gaily we said, As we carried our leftovers home through the night: "Good Yom Tov to all -- and to all a Good Night!"

A Hebrew teacher stood in front of his classroom and said, "The Jewish people have observed their 5,759th year as a people. Consider that the Chinese, for example, have only observed their 4,692nd year as a people.

RELIGION

What does that mean to you?"

After a moment of silence, one student raised his hand.

"Yes, David," the teacher said. "What does that mean?"

"It means that the Jews had to do without Chinese food for 1,063 years."

Three men die in a car accident Christmas Eve. They all find themselves at the pearly gates waiting to enter heaven. On entering they are told that they must present something "Christmassy." in order to get in.

The first man searches his pocket, and finds some pine needles from the family's Christmas tree. He is let in.

The second man presents a bow and some ribbon, from presents that were opened earlier in that night. So he is also allowed in.

The third man pulls out a pair of panties. Confused at this last gesture, St. Peter asks, "How do these represent Christmas?"

To which he replies, "Oh, They're Carol's."

A journalist assigned to the Jerusalem bureau takes an apartment overlooking the Wailing Wall. Every day when she looks out, she sees an old Jewish man praying vigorously. So the journalist goes down and introduces herself to the old man.

She asks: "You come every day to the wall. How long have you done that and what are you praying for?"

The old man replies, "I have come here to pray every day for 25 years. In the morning I pray for world peace and then for the brotherhood of man. I go home have a cup of tea and I come back and pray for the eradication of illness and disease from the earth."

The journalist is amazed. "How does it make you feel to come here every day for 25 years and pray for these things?" she asks.

The old man looks at her sadly. "Like I'm talking to a wall."

An elderly priest invited a young priest over for dinner. During the meal, the young priest couldn't help noticing how attractive and shapely the housekeeper was. Over the course of

RELIGION

the evening he started to wonder if there was more between the elderly priest and the housekeeper than met the eye.

Reading the young priest's thoughts, the elderly priest volunteered, "I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you, my relationship with my housekeeper is purely professional."

About a week later the housekeeper came to the elderly priest and said, "Father, ever since the young Father came to dinner, I've been unable to find the beautiful silver gravy ladle. You don't suppose he took it, do you?"

The priest said, "Well, I doubt it, but I'll write him a letter just to be sure." So he sat down and wrote: "Dear Father, I'm not saying that you 'did' take a gravy ladle from the house, and I'm not saying you 'did not' take a gravy ladle. But the fact remains that one has been missing ever since you were here for dinner."

Several days later the elderly priest received a letter from the young priest which read: "Dear Father, I'm not saying that you "do" sleep with your housekeeper, and I'm not saying you "do not" sleep with your housekeeper. But the fact remains that if you were sleeping in your own bed you would have found the gravy ladle by now."

A Christmas poem

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa's a wreck...
How to live in a world that's politically correct?
His workers no longer would answer to "Elves".
"Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves.

And labor conditions at the north pole
Were alleged by the union to stifle the soul.
Four reindeer had vanished, without much propriety,
Released to the wilds by the Humane Society.

And equal employment had made it quite clear
That Santa had better not use just reindeer.
So Dancer and Donner, Comet and Cupid,
Were replaced with 4 pigs, and you know that looked stupid!

The runners had been removed from his sleigh;
The ruts were termed dangerous by the E.P.A.
And people had started to call for the cops
When they heard sled noises on their roof-tops.

Second-hand smoke from his pipe had his workers quite frightened.
His fur trimmed red suit was called "Unenlightened."
And to show you the strangeness of life's ebbs and flows,
Rudolf was suing over unauthorized use of his nose

And had gone on Geraldo, in front of the nation,
Demanding millions in over-due compensation.

RELIGION

So, half of the reindeer were gone; and his wife,
Who suddenly said she'd enough of this life,

Joined a self-help group, packed, and left in a whiz,
Demanding from now on her title was Ms.
And as for the gifts, why, he'd ne'er had a notion
That making a choice could cause so much commotion.

Nothing of leather, nothing of fur,
Which meant nothing for him. And nothing for her.
Nothing that might be construed to pollute.
Nothing to aim. Nothing to shoot.

Nothing that clamored or made lots of noise.
Nothing for just girls. Or just for the boys.
Nothing that claimed to be gender specific.
Nothing that's warlike or non-pacific.
No candy or sweets...they were bad for the tooth.
Nothing that seemed to embellish a truth.
And fairy tales, while not yet forbidden,
Were like Ken and Barbie, better off hidden.

For they raised the hackles of those psychological
Who claimed the only good gift was one ecological.
No baseball, no football...someone could get hurt;
Besides, playing sports exposed kids to dirt.

Dolls were said to be sexist, and should be passe;
And Nintendo would rot your entire brain away.
So Santa just stood there, disheveled, perplexed;
He just could not figure out what to do next.

He tried to be merry, tried to be gay,
But you've got to be careful with that word today.
His sack was quite empty, limp to the ground;
Nothing fully acceptable was to be found.

Something special was needed, a gift that he might
Give to all without angering the left or the right.
A gift that would satisfy, with no indecision,
Each group of people, every religion;

Every ethnicity, every hue,
Everyone, everywhere...even you.
So here is that gift, it's price beyond worth...
"May you and your loved ones just enjoy peace on earth."

A woman went to see her priest for a confession. "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned."

RELIGION

The Priest said "Tell me you sin." The woman replied..."Last night I made love seven times. The Priest said..."Go home and squeeze the juice of two lemons into a glass, but don't add water. Next, drink the lemon juice."

The woman then asked "Will this absolve me of this sin?" "No, the Priest replied, but it will definitely take that smile off your face."

Two nuns are ordered to paint a room in the convent, and the last instruction of the Mother Superior is that they must not get even a drop of paint on their habits.

After conferring about this for a while, the two nuns decide to lock the door of the room, strip off their habits, and paint in the nude.

In the middle of the project, there comes a knock at the door. "Who is it?", calls one of the nuns.

"Blind man," replies a voice from the other side of the door. The two nuns look at each other and shrug, and, deciding that no harm can come from letting a blind man into the room, they open the door.

"Nice tits," says the man, "Where do you want these blinds?"

Subject: The Pope learns the truth

There was a Pope who was greatly loved by all his followers, a man who led with gentleness, faith and wisdom. His passing was grieved by the entire world, Catholic or not. As the Pope approached the gates of heaven, it was St. Peter who greeted him in a firm embrace.

Welcome, your holiness, your dedication and unselfishness in serving your fellow man during life has earned you great stature in heaven. You may pass through the gates without delay and are granted free access to all parts of heaven. You are also granted an open door policy and may, at your own discretion, meet with any heavenly leader, including the Father without prior appointment.

Is there anything else which you may desire? Well, yes," the Pope replied. I have often pondered some of the mysteries which have puzzled and confounded theologians through the ages. Are there perhaps any transcripts which record the actual prophecies of old? I would love to see what was actually said, without the dimming memories over time.

St. Peter immediately ushered the Pope to the heavenly library and explained how to retrieve the various documents. The Pope was thrilled and settled down to review the history of man's relationship with God. Two years later, a scream of anguish pierced the stacks of the library. Immediately, several of the Saints and Angels came running.

There they found the Pope pointing to a single word on a parchment, repeating over and over, There's an 'R', there's an 'R' - it's celebrate, not celibate!

A shy gentleman was preparing to board a plane when he heard that the Pope was on the same flight. "This is exciting," thought the gentleman. I've always been a big fan of the Pope. Perhaps I'll be able to see him in person.

RELIGION

Imagine his surprise when the Pope sat down in the seat next to him for the flight. Still, the gentleman was too shy to speak to the Pontiff.

Shortly after take-off, the Pope began a crossword puzzle. This is fantastic, thought the gentleman. I'm really good at crosswords. Perhaps, if the Pope gets stuck, he'll ask me for assistance.

Almost immediately, the Pope turned to the gentleman and said, "Excuse me, but do you know a four letter word referring to a woman that ends in 'unt'?"

Only one word leapt to mind... My goodness, thought the gentleman. I can't tell the Pope that! There must be another.

The gentleman thought for quite a while, then it hit him. Turning to the pope, the gentleman said, "I think you're looking for the word 'aunt'."

"Of course," said the Pope. "Do you have an eraser?"

A priest and a nun were lost in a snowstorm. After a while, they came upon a small cabin. Being exhausted, they prepared to go to sleep. There was a stack of blankets and a sleeping bag on the floor but only one bed. Being a gentleman, the priest said, "Sister, you sleep on the bed. I'll sleep on the floor in the sleeping bag."

Just as he got zipped up in the bag and was beginning to fall asleep, the nun said "Father, I'm cold." He unzipped the sleeping bag, got up, got the blanket and put it on her.

Once again, he got into the sleeping bag, zipped it up and started to drift off to sleep when the nun once again said, "Father, I'm still very cold." He unzipped the bag, got up again, put another blanket on her and got into the sleeping bag once again.

Just as his eyes closed, she said, "Father, I'm sooooo cold."

This time, he remained there and said, "Sister, I have an idea. We're out here in the wilderness where no one will ever know what happened. Let's pretend we're married."

The nun hesitantly said, "Well, if you're sure."

To which the priest yelled out, "Get up and get your own stupid blanket!"

Aunt Yetta's 27 Rules for Jewish Living

1. Never take a front-row seat at a bris.
2. If you can't say something nice, say it in Yiddish.

RELIGION

3. The High Holidays have nothing to do with marijuana.
 4. And what's wrong with dry turkey?
 5. A good kugel sinks in mercury.
 6. Pork is forbidden, but a pig in a blanket makes a nice hors d'oeuvre.
 7. Always whisper the names of diseases.
 8. One mitzvah can change the world; two will just make you tired.
 9. Never leave a restaurant empty-handed.
 10. The important Jewish holidays are the ones on which alternate-side-of-the- street parking is suspended.
 11. A bad matzoh ball makes a good paperweight.
 12. Without Jewish mothers, who would need therapy?
 13. According to Jewish dietary law, pork and shellfish may be eaten only in Chinese restaurants.
 14. If you are going to whisper at the movies, make sure it's loud enough for everyone else to hear.
 15. No meal is complete without leftovers.
 16. If you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. But if you can, make sure you tell everybody what you paid.
 17. The only good thing more important than a good education is a good parking spot at the mall.
 18. It's not whom you know, it's whom you know that had a nose job.
 19. After the destruction of the Second Temple, God created Loehmann's.
 20. WASPs leave and never say good-bye. Jews say good-bye and never leave.
 21. Israel is the land of milk and honey; Florida is the land of milk of magnesia.
 22. If you don't eat it, it will kill me.
 23. Anything worth saying is worth repeating a thousand times.
 24. Next year in Jerusalem. The year after, how about a nice cruise?
 25. Spring ahead, fall back, winter in Miami.
 26. Laugh now, but one day you'll be driving a big Cadillac and eating dinner at four in the afternoon.
- AND LAST, BUT CERTAINLY NOT LEAST:
27. There comes a time in every man's life when he must stand up and tell his mother that he is an Adult. This usually happens at around age 45.
-

The Pope met with his cardinals to discuss a proposal from Benjamin Netanyahu, the leader of Israel.

"Your Holiness," said one of the Cardinals, "Mr. Netanyahu wants to challenge you to a game

RELIGION

of golf to show the friendship and ecumenical spirit shared by the Jewish and Catholic faiths."

The Pope thought it was a good idea, but he had never held a golf club in his hand. "Have we not," he asked, "a cardinal who can represent me against the leader of Israel?"

"None that plays golf very well," a cardinal said. "But," he added, "there is a man named Jack Nicklaus, an American golfer who is a devout Catholic. We can offer to make him a cardinal; then ask him to play Benjamin Netanyahu as your personal representative. In addition to showing our spirit of cooperation, we'll also win the match."

Everyone agreed it was a good idea.

The call was made. Of course, Nicklaus was honored and agreed to play.

The day after the match, Nicklaus reported to the Vatican to inform the Pope of the result. "I have some good news and some bad news, Your Holiness," said the world-class golfer.

"Tell me the good news first, Cardinal Nicklaus," said the Pope.

"Well, Your Holiness, I don't like to brag, but even though I've played some pretty terrific rounds of golf in my life, this was the best I have ever played, by far. I must have been inspired from above. My drives were long and true, my irons were accurate and purposeful and my putting was perfect. With all due respect, my play was truly miraculous."

"There's bad news?" the Pope asked.

Nicklaus sighed. "I lost to Rabbi Woods by three strokes."

Quick Wit:

A minister told his congregation, "Next week I plan to preach about the sin of lying. To help you understand my sermon, I want you all to read Mark 17."

The following Sunday, as he prepared to deliver his sermon, the minister asked for a show of hands. He wanted to know how many had read Mark 17. Every hand went up. The minister smiled and said, "Mark has only 16 chapters. I will now proceed with my sermon on the sin of lying."

The Argument

Jesus and Satan were having an ongoing argument about who managed to get the most out of his computer.

RELIGION

This had been going on for days and God was tired of hearing all of the bickering. God said, "Cool it. I am going to set up a test that will run two hours and I will judge who does the better job."

So down they sat at the keyboards and typed away.

They did spreadsheets.

They wrote reports.

They sent faxes.

They sent out e-mail.

They sent out e-mail with attachments.

They downloaded.

They did some genealogy reports.

They made cards.

They did every known job.

But just a few minutes before the two hours were up a lightening flashed across the sky. The thunder rolled and the rains came down hard.

And of course the electricity went off. Satan was upset. He fumed and fussed and he ranted and raved - all to no avail. The electricity stayed off. But after a bit the rains stopped and the electricity came back on. Satan screamed, "I lost it all when the power went off. What am I going to do? What happened to Jesus' work?"

Jesus just sat and smiled.

Again Satan asked about the work that Jesus had done. As Jesus turned his computer back on the screen glowed and when he pushed "print" it was all there.

"How did he do it?" Satan asked.

God smiled and said, "Jesus Saves."

This married man goes to confessional and he tells the priest, "I had an affair with a woman... almost." The priest says, "what do you mean almost?"

The man says "Well, we got undressed and rubbed together but then I stopped." The priest replies, "Rubbing together is the same as putting it in. Your not to go near that woman again, now say five Hail Marys and put \$50 in the poor box."

The man leaves confessional, says his prayers, then walks over to the poor box. He pauses for a moment and then starts to leave.

The priest, who was watching him, quickly runs over to him and says, "I saw that, you didn't put any money in the poor box!" The man replies, "Well Father, I rubbed up against it and you said it was the same as putting it in!"

RELIGION

A woman dies and goes to heaven. As St. Peter is processing her, she hears a woman screaming in pain. She looks in the room and sees them drilling holes in the woman's shoulders to fasten the wings.

A few minutes later, she hears a man screaming and sees them drilling holes in his head to fasten the halo.

"I do not want to go to heaven", she tells St. Peter. "I'll go to the other place."

"You don't want to go down there", he replies. "it's HELL, they rape and sodomize you down there."

"I don't care", she answers. "At least I already have holes for that."

Prime Minister and proceed to talk for about 5 minutes. After he hung up the Pope handed the Prime Minister a yellow pc. of paper with the figure of \$5.75 on it. The P.M. looked at it and asked what it was and the Pope replied that it was the charges for making the call. The P.M. paid the bill and that was that.

About a year later the Pope had a chance to visit Israel and was sitting in the office of the Prime Minister and he noticed a blue and white phone on the P.M.'s desk. Naturally he ask what it was for and got the reply that it to was a phone to God and would the Pope like to use it? "Sure" replied the Pope and he too talked for about 5 min. and then hung up. Then the P.M. handed the Pope a sheet of paper with the figure of . 25 cents. The only thing the Pope said was "how come so cheap." The P.M. said" in this country the call is LOCAL."

GOD'S CHILDREN

Whenever your kids are out of control, you can take comfort from the thought that even God's omnipotence did not extend to God's kids.

After creating heaven and earth, God created Adam and Eve. And the first thing he said was: Don't".

"Don't what?" Adam replied.

"Don't eat the forbidden fruit." God said.

"Forbidden fruit? We got forbidden fruit?"

Hey, Eve...we got forbidden fruit!" "No way!"

"Yes way!"

RELIGION

"Don't eat that fruit!" said God.

"Why?"

"Because I am your Father and I said so!" said God wondering why he hadn't stopped after making the elephants.

A few minutes later God saw his kids having an apple break and was angry.

"Didn't I tell you not to eat the fruit?" the First Parent asked.

"Uh huh," Adam replied.

"Then why did you?"

"I dunno" Eve answered.

"She started it!" Adam said.

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

"DID NOT!!"

Having had it with the two of them, God's punishment was that Adam and Eve should have children of their own.

Thus, the pattern was set and it has never changed.

But there is reassurance in this story. If you have persistently and lovingly tried to give them wisdom and they haven't taken it, don't be hard on yourself. If God had trouble handling children, what makes you think it would be a piece of cake for you?

Advice for the day:

If you have a lot of tension and you get a headache, do what it says on the aspirin bottle:
TAKE TWO AND KEEP AWAY FROM CHILDREN.

An Old Man's Confession

An elderly man goes into confession and says to the priest: "Father, I'm 80 years old, married, have four kids and 11 grandchildren, and last night I had an affair. I made love to two 21 year old girls. Both of them. Twice."

RELIGION

The priest said: "Well, my son, when was the last time you were in confession?"

"Never Father, I'm Jewish."

"So then, why are you telling me?"

Are you kidding, I'm telling everybody!

A young doctor had moved out to a small community to replace a doctor who was retiring. The older gent suggested the young one accompany him on his rounds so the community could become used to a new doctor.

At the first house a woman complained, "I've been a little sick to my stomach." The older doctor said, "Well, you've probably been overdoing the fresh fruit. Why not cut back on the amount you've been eating and see if that does the trick?"

As they left the younger man said, "You didn't even examine that woman. How'd you come to your diagnosis so quickly?"

"I didn't have to. You noticed I dropped my stethoscope on the floor in there? When I bent over to pick it up, I noticed a half dozen banana peels in the trash. That was what was probably making her sick."

"Huh," the younger doctor said, "Pretty sneaky. I think I'll try that at the next house."

Arriving at the next house, they spent several minutes talking with an elderly woman. She complained that she just didn't have the energy she once did. "I'm feeling terribly run down lately."

"You've probably been doing too much work for the church," the younger doctor told her. "Perhaps you should cut back a bit and see if that helps."

As they left, the elder doc said, "Your diagnosis is almost certainly correct, but how did you arrive at it?"

"Well, just like you at the last house, I dropped my stethoscope. When I bent down to retrieve it, I noticed the preacher under the bed."