

MEMBERSHIP IS THE NAME OF THE GAME - INVITE SOMEONE TO BREAKFAST.

JOKE(S) OF THE DAY

For men old age and memory loss comes in four stages: Stage one, you forget names. Stage two, you forget faces. Stage three, you forget to zip up. Stage four, you forget to zip down.

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A man is struck by a bus on a busy street. He is lying near death On the sidewalk as a crowd gathers. "A preacher. Somebody get me a preacher!" the man gasps. A policeman checks the crowd and yells, "A PREACHER, PLEASE!" Out of the crowd steps a little old man of at least 80 years of age. "Mr. Policeman," says the man, "I'm not a preacher. I'm not even a Christian. But for 50 years now I'm living behind the church on First Avenue, and every night I'm overhearing their services. I can recall a lot of it, and maybe I can be of some comfort to this man." The cop agrees, and clears the crowd so the man can get through to where the injured man lay. He kneels down, leans over the prostrate man, and says in a solemn voice: "B-4. I-19. N-38. G-54. O-72."

A minister decided to do something a little different one Sunday morning. He said "Today, I am going to say a single word and you are going to help me preach". Whatever single word I say, I want you to sing the hymn that comes to your mind. The pastor shouted out, "Cross." Immediately the congregation started singing in unison, "The Old Rugged Cross". The pastor hollered out "Grace". The congregation began to sing "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound." The pastor said "Power". The group sang "There is Power in the Blood". The Pastor said "Sex." The congregation fell into total silence. They nervously began to look around at each other afraid to say anything. Then all of a sudden from way in the back of the church a little old lady old stood up and began to sing..... "Precious Memories."

depression is merely anger without enthusiasm.

don't suffer from insanity, enjoy it.

whatever hits the fan will not be evenly distributed.

Ole and Sven vere talking about sex. Sven said, "Yes sir, I did it tree times las night vit a 30-year old." Ole replied, "You're kidding!! I can't even do it vonce anymore. Vats your secret?" "Vell," Sven replied, "da secret is to eat lotsa whole veat bread." Ole yumped up and rushed as fast as he could to da store. He told the clerk, "I'd like four loaves of whole veat bread." The clerk said, "Dats a lotta bread; it'll probably get hard before you're done eating it all." "Damn!" Ole said. "How does everyone know about dis except me?"

Why do you "put your two cents in"... but it's only a "penny" for your thoughts"? Where's that extra penny going?

How important does a person have to be before they are considered assassinated instead of just murdered?