

Tickling Your Funny Bone

How about a little humor to brighten your day ... and springboard you into the weekend?

Will Rogers – cowboy, humorist and newspaper columnist – said this: “Everything is funny as long as it is happening to somebody else.”

Here are a few tidbits to tickle your funny bone:

As the offering plates were being passed during worship, a little boy seated with his father whispered loudly: “Don’t pay for me, Daddy, I’m under five.”

...

A Methodist minister wired his bishop to ask if it would be all right for him to conduct the funeral of a Baptist. The bishop wired back, “Bury all the Baptists you can.”

...

A none-too-alert motorist sat motionless behind the wheel of his car. The traffic signal changed from green to yellow to red and back to green again. Still, he sat staring ahead.

Whereupon a police officer approached the absent-minded man and demanded, “Mister, don’t we have any colors you like?”

...

On Monday night, Jan. 17, 1983, friends of George Burns gathered to celebrate his 80 years in show business. “It’s nice to have an 80th anniversary,” the 87-year-old told 200 admirers at a Hollywood restaurant. “It is even nicer to show up for it.”

...

A Maine potato farmer and a Texas rancher were engaged in conversation at a political rally. The man from the Lone Star State asked, “How much land do you tend?”

“About a hundred acres,” the Maine farmer replied.

“I farm about 6,000 myself,” the Texan bragged.

The man from Maine was not overly impressed, so the Texan continued, “There’s a much bigger ranch down near San Antonio. To give you an idea of its size, the owner can start off in the morning in his car, and he ain’t barely crossed his place by noon.”

“I had a car like that myself once,” the man from Maine said.

...

(more)

Being challenged by his articulate priest, a bright, sensitive young man decided he wanted to become a monk. He discussed it many times during his high school days with the pastor of his parish.

Seeing he could not discourage the aspirant but warning him of the rugged discipline required, the pastor finally recommended the lad to the proper authorities. The superior in charge of the desired order told the candidate he would be allowed to speak but two words for the first 10 years.

At the end of that exhausting period, he was asked, "Do you have any comment?"

"Food cold," was the response.

Another decade of dedication was endured. The monk's confessor asked, "Do you have anything to say?"

"Bed hard," he answered.

At last, the third decade of silence passed. Again, the candidate for the chosen order was asked to comment.

"I quit."

"Good," replied the superior. "You've done nothing but complain for the last 30 years."

...

Have a good weekend. And try to find the humor in some situations – and people – you encounter.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine (Proverbs 17:22 KJV).

– Beecher Hunter