

Morning Breaks

May 2025

Volume 26 Number 18

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

May 4, 2025

HONEST JON

by Jon Clark



I loved the dress that I bought at a flea market. It fit perfectly, and the skirt was a swirl of intricate pleats. I wore it confidently to an evening party and glowed when a woman exclaimed, "Oh, how stunning!" Yes, I was grinning from ear to ear, until she added cheerfully, "Hang on to it, honey. Pleats will come back someday."

It was my first night caring for an elderly patient. When he grew sleepy, I wheeled his chair as close to the bed as possible and, using the techniques I'd learned in school, grasped him in a bear hug to lift him onto the bed. But I couldn't clear the top of the mattress. So I grabbed him again, summoned all my might, and hoisted him onto the bed. When the night shift nurse arrived, I recounted what had happened.

"Funny," she said, looking puzzled. "Usually I just ask him to get in bed, and he does."

One of my wife's third graders was wearing a Fitbit watch, which prompted my wife to ask, "Are you tracking your steps?"

"No," said the little girl. "I wear this for Mommy so she can show Daddy when he gets home."

A customer walked into my clothing shop and asked to see the pants that were advertised in the paper that day.

"We don't have an ad in the paper today," I told her.

She insisted I was wrong, so I got a copy of the paper, and we went through it, eventually landing on an ad for pants from another local store.

Exasperated, the customer glared at me and said, "In my newspaper, the ad was for this store!"

My 85-year-old grandfather was rushed to the hospital with a possible concussion. The doctor asked him a series of questions: "Do you know where you are?"

"I'm at Rex Hospital."

"What city are you in?"

"Raleigh."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Dr. Hamilton."

My grandfather then turned to the nurse and said, "I hope he doesn't ask me any more questions."

"Why?" she asked. "Because all of those answers were on his badge."



What I remember most about my dad's jokes is my mother's reaction. While everyone else was howling at one of his punch lines, my mom would always respond, "Bernard, no one thinks you're funny."

This is a sad story of the depression that can haunt a man.

Marcel was sick and tired of the world; of Covid 19, Brexit, Russian belligerence, global warming, racial tensions, and the rest of the disturbing stories that occupy media headlines. He drove his car into his garage and then sealed every doorway and window as best he could. He got back into his car and wound down all the windows, selected his favorite radio station and started the car.

Four days later, a worried neighbor peered through his garage window and saw him in the car. She notified the emergency services and they broke in, pulling Marcel from the car. A little sip of water and, surprisingly, he was in perfect condition, but his Tesla had a dead battery.

As a brain wave technologist, I often ask postoperative patients to smile to make sure their facial nerves are intact. It always struck me as odd to be asking this question right after brain surgery, so a colleague suggested I ask patients to show me their teeth. Armed with this new phrase, I said to my next patient, "Mr. Smith, show me your teeth."

He shook his head. "The nurse has them."

Whoever said that the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results has obviously never had to reboot a computer.

When my local barista handed me my change, one coin stood out. "Look at that. You rarely get one of these old wheat pennies nowadays," I said, tapping the sheaf of-wheat design. I handed her the penny.

Turning it over and over in her hand, she said, "You know, I always thought they were made of copper."

My boss phoned me today. He said, "Is everything okay at the office?"

I said, "Yes, it's all under control. It's been a very busy day, I haven't stopped."

"Can you do me a favor?" he asked.

I said, "Of course, what is it?"

"Pick up the pace a little. I'm in the foursome behind you."

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

May 11, 2025



An Airbus 380 is on its way across the Atlantic. It flies consistently at 800 km/h in 30,000 feet, when suddenly a Eurofighter with Tempo Mach 2 appears.

The pilot of the fighter jet slows down, flies alongside the Airbus and greets the pilot of the passenger plane by radio: "Airbus flight, boring flight isn't it? Take care and have a look here!" He rolls his jet on its back, accelerates, breaks through the sound barrier, rises rapidly to a dizzying height, only to swoop down almost to sea level in a breathtaking dive. He loops back next to the Airbus and asks, "Well, how was that?"

The Airbus pilot answers: "Very impressive, but now have a look here!" The jet pilot watches the Airbus, but nothing happens. It continues to fly stubbornly straight, with the same speed. After five minutes, the Airbus pilot radioed, "Well, what are you saying now?"

The jet pilot asks confused: "What did you do?"

The other laughs and says, "I got up, stretched my legs, went to the back of the flight to the

bathroom, got a cup of hot chocolate and a cinnamon cake."

The moral of the story is:

When you are young, speed and adrenaline seems to be great. But as you get older and wiser, comfort and peace are not to be despised either.

This is called S.O.S.: Slower, Older, Smarter.

Dedicated to all my friends who like me likes the S.O.S. approach!

TWELVE COMMANDMENTS FOR SENIORS

1. Talk to yourself. There are times when you need expert advice
2. "In Style" are the clothes that still fit you.
3. You don't need anger management. You need people to stop making you mad.
4. Your people skills are fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.
5. The biggest lie you tell yourself is "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."
6. On time is when you get there.
7. Even duct tape can't fix stupid – but it sure does muffle the sound.
8. It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller?
9. Lately, you've noticed people your age are much older than you.
10. Growing old should have taken longer.
11. Aging has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up.
12. You still haven't learned to act your age – and hope you never will.

And one more:

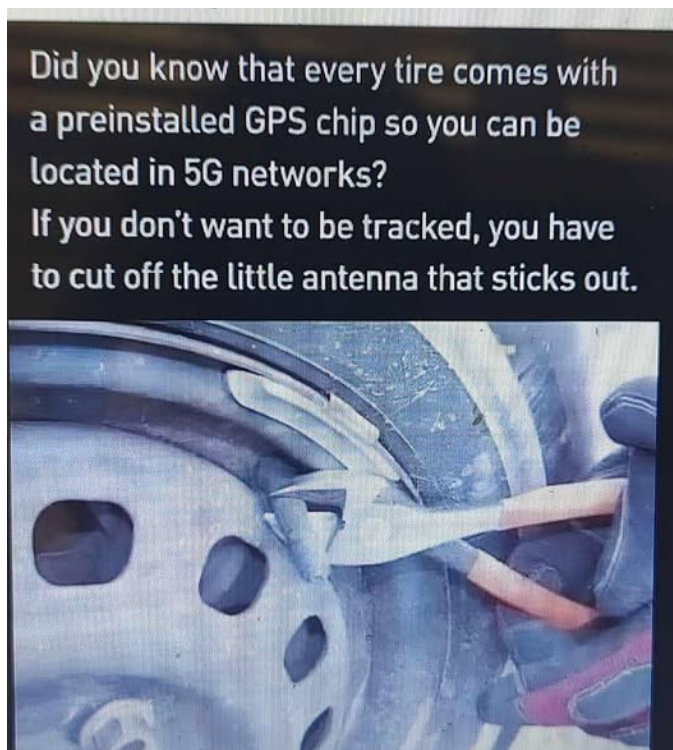
13. "One for the road" means going to the bathroom before you leave the house.

During his physical, the doctor asked the patient about his daily activity level.

He described a typical day this way: "Well, yesterday afternoon, I waded along the edge of a lake, drank eight beers, escaped from wild dogs in the heavy brush, jumped away from an aggressive rattlesnake, marched up and down several rocky hills, stood in a patch of poison ivy, crawled out of quicksand and took four leaks behind big trees."

Inspired by the story, the doctor said, "You must be one heck of an outdoors man!"

"Nah," he replied, "I'm just a crappy golfer."



During a lesson about adjectives, my friend, an elementary school teacher, asked her class to describe their mothers.

One boy described his mother's hair as auburn.

Impressed by his sophisticated word choice, my friend asked, "How do you know her hair color is auburn?"

Her student replied, "Because that's what it says on the box."

My three-year-old daughter stuck out her hand and said, "Look at the fly I killed, Mommy."

Since she was eating a juicy pickle at the time, I thrust her contaminated hands under the faucet and washed them with antibacterial soap. After sitting her down to finish her pickle, I asked, with a touch of awe, "How did you kill that fly all by yourself?"

Between bites, she said, "I hit it with my pickle."

Our fourth grader celebrated his birthday on crutches, so he couldn't carry the cupcakes into school without help. I asked our sixth-grader, Noah, to help his brother carry them in.

"I could," he said, "but I'd prefer not to."

Spotting a teaching moment, my husband asked Noah, "What would Jesus do?"

Noah answered, "Jesus would heal him so he could carry his own cupcakes."

A priest buys a lawn mower at a yard sale. Back home, he pulls on the starter rope a few times with no results. He storms back to the yard sale and tells the previous owner, "I can't get the mower to start!"

"That's because you have to curse to get it started," says the man.

"I'm a man of the cloth. I don't even remember how to curse."

"You keep pulling on that rope, and it'll come back to you."

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

May 18, 2025



"Male, 38, still living with his parents. They asked us to keep him overnight, so they could change the locks."

A linguistics professor was lecturing his class one day.

"In English", he said, "a double negative forms a positive. In some languages, though, such as Russian, a double negative is still a negative. However, there is no language wherein a double positive can form a negative."

A loud voice from the back of the room piped up, "Yeah, right."

Robert went to his lawyer and said, "I would like to make a will but I don't know exactly how to go about it."

The lawyer smiled at Robert and replied, "Not a problem, leave it all to me."

Robert looked somewhat upset and said, "Well, I knew you were going to take a big portion, but I would like to leave a little to my family too!"

Two lawyers arrive at the pub and ordered a couple of drinks. They then take sandwiches from their briefcases and began to eat. Seeing this, the angry owner of the pub approaches them and says, "Excuse me, but you cannot eat your own sandwiches in here!"

The two look at each other, shrug and exchange sandwiches.

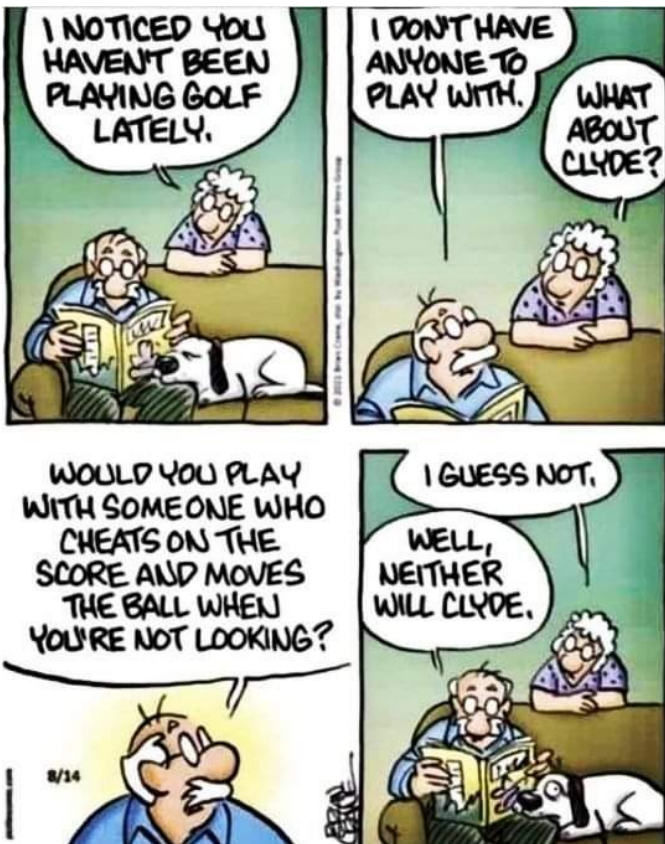
Brenda and Terry are going out for the evening. The last thing they do is put their cat out. The taxi arrives, and as the couple walk out of the house, the cat scoots back in. Terry returns inside to chase it out. Brenda, not wanting it known that the house would be empty, explains to the taxi driver, "My husband is just going upstairs to say goodbye to my mother."

Several minutes later, an exhausted Terry arrives and climbs back into the taxi saying, "Sorry I took so long, the stupid idiot was hiding under the bed and I had to poke her with a coat hanger several times before I could get her to come out!"

A policeman spotted a jay walker and decided to challenge him, "Why are you trying to cross here when there's a pedestrian crossing only 20 feet away?"

"Officer", replied the jay walker, "If you'd seen as many people killed in that pedestrian crossing as I have over the past few years you'd cross back here, too!"

I'm always amazed to hear of air crash victims so badly mutilated that they have to be identified by their dental records. What I can't understand is, if they don't know who you are, how do they know who your dentist is?



the belfry to begin the screening process. After observing while several applicants demonstrated their skills, he decided to call it a day. Just then a lone, armless man approached him and announced that he was there to apply for the bell ringer's job.

Bishop Thomas was incredulous. "You have no arms."

"No matter," said the man. "Observe!" He then began striking the bells with his face, producing a beautiful melody on the carillon.

The bishop listened in astonishment, convinced that he had finally found a suitable replacement for Quasimodo. Suddenly, while rushing forward to strike a bell, the armless man tripped and plunged headlong out of the belfry window to his death in the street below.

The stunned bishop immediately rushed down the stairways. When he reached the street, a crowd had gathered around the fallen figure, drawn by the beautiful music they had heard only moments before. As they silently parted to let the bishop through, one of them asked, "Bishop, who was this man?"

"I don't know his name," the bishop sadly replied, "but his face rings a bell."

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- The Wall Street Journal is read by the people who run the country.
 - The New York Times is read by people who think they run the country.
 - The Washington Post is read by people who think they ought to run the country.
 - USA Today is read by people who think they ought to run the country but don't understand The Washington Post.
 - The Los Angeles Times is read by people who wouldn't mind running the country, if they could spare the time.
 - The Boston Globe is read by people whose parents used to run the country.
 - The New York Daily News is read by people who aren't too sure who's running the country.
 - The New York Post is read by people who don't care who's running the country, as long as they do something scandalous.
 - The San Francisco Chronicle is read by people who aren't sure there is a country, or that a country is a good idea in the first place.
 - The Miami Herald is read by people who are running another country.
 - The Chicago Tribune is read by people who live in the Midwest, which readers of the other newspapers don't think is part of the country.

The airline had a policy that required the plane captain stand at the door while the passengers exited, smile, and give them a - 'Thanks for flying XYZ airline'.

An airline pilot on this particular flight hammered his plane into the runway really hard. In light of his bad landing, he had difficulty looking the passengers in the eye, all the time he thought that a passenger would have a smart comment. However, it seemed that all the passengers were too shell shocked to say anything.

Finally, everyone had gotten off except for this little old lady walking with a cane. She said, "Sonny, mind if I ask you a question?"

"Why no Ma'am," said the pilot, 'What is it?"

The little old lady said, "Did we land or were we shot down?"

After Quasimodo's death, Bishop Thomas of the cathedral of Notre Dame sent word through the streets of Paris that a new bell ringer was needed. The bishop decided that he would conduct the interviews personally and went up into

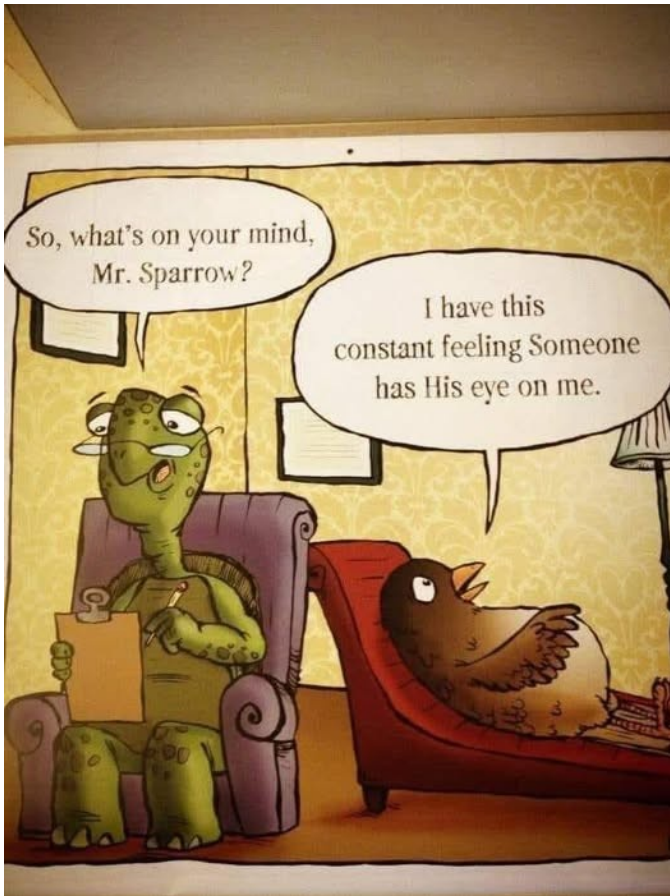
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"A sense of humor keeps life interesting..." –Marjorie Pay Hinckley

May 25, 2025



Fred came home from college in tears.

"Mom, am I adopted?"

"No of course not," replied his mother. "Why would you think such a thing?"

Fred showed her his genealogy DNA test results. He had no match with any of his relatives, and strong matches for a family who lived on the other side of the city.

Perturbed, his mother called her husband. "Honey, Fred has done a DNA test, and... and... I don't know how to say this... he may not be our son."

"Well, obviously!" he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"It was your idea in the first place" her husband continued. "You remember, that first night in hospital when the baby did nothing but scream and cry and scream and cry. On and on. And you asked me to change him."

"I picked a good one I reckon. Ever so proud of Fred."

A man just finishes his LASIK eye surgery and his surgeon leads him in his office to discuss the surgery.

"So, would you like the good news or the bad news first?" the surgeon says.

The man excitedly replies, "I'll take the good news first!"

The surgeon says, "Well, you're about to get a new dog."

A husband and wife had just finished eating pancakes.

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

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

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

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

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

"Never fight until you have to. But when it's time to fight, you fight like you're the third monkey on the ramp to Noah's Ark... and brother, it's startin' to rain."



The biggest hurdle they faced was that the teacher insisted on no baby talk.

"You need to use 'big people' words," she'd always remind them. She asked Chris what he had done over the weekend.

"I went to visit my Nana."

"No, you went to visit your Grandmother. Use big people words!" She then asked Mitchell what he had done.

"I took a ride on a choo-choo."

She said: "No, you took a ride on a train. Use big people words". She then asked Bobby what he had done.

"I read a book," he replied.

"That's wonderful!" the teacher said. "What book did you read?"

Bobby thought about it, then puffed out his little chest with great pride and said: "Winnie the bear crap."

I was in a long line at 7:45 am today at the grocery store that opened at 8 am for seniors only.

A young man came from the parking lot and tried to cut in at the front of the line, but an old lady beat him back into the parking lot with her cane.

He returned and tried to cut in again but an old man punched him in the gut, then kicked him to the ground and rolled him away.

As he approached the line for the third time he said, "If you don't let me unlock the door you'll never get in there."

It was autumn, and the Native Americans on the remote reservation asked their new Chief if the winter was going to be cold or mild. Since he was an Chief in a modern society, he had never been taught the old secrets.

When he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the weather was going to be. Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he replied to his tribe that the winter was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect firewood to be prepared.

Also, being a practical leader, after several days he got an idea. He went to the phone booth, called the National Weather Service and asked, "Is the coming winter going to be cold?"

"It looks like this winter is going to be quite cold indeed," the meteorologist at the weather service responded. So the Chief went back to his people and told them to collect even more wood in order to be prepared.

A week later, he called the National Weather Service again. "Is it going to be a very cold winter?"

"Yes," the man at National Weather Service again replied, "it's definitely going to be a very cold winter." The Chief again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of wood they could find.

Two weeks later, he called the National Weather Service again. "Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?"

"Absolutely," the man replied. "It's going to be one of the coldest winters ever."

"How can you be so sure?" the Chief asked.

The weatherman replied, "The Native Americans are collecting wood like crazy."