

## **FAST-FOOD**

A friend and I were standing in line at a fast-food restaurant, waiting to place our order. There was a big sign posted. "No bills larger than \$20 will be accepted."

The woman in front of us, pointing to the sign, remarked, "Believe me, if I HAD a bill larger than \$20, I wouldn't be eating here."

## **BEATS SHOPPING**

Last summer my wife and I met a couple who were friends of my wife at a restaurant. After lunch, the women decided to go shopping, and I invited the man to go sailing.

While we were out on the water, a storm blew up. The tide had gone out, and we were down wind trying to work our way back through a narrow channel. At one point the boat grounded and we had to climb overboard and shove with all our might to get it back in deep water.

As my new friend stood there, ankle deep in muck, the wind blowing his hair wildly, and rain streaming down his face, he grinned at me, and with unmistakable sincerity said, "Sure beats shopping."

## **DOCTOR-PATIENT**

On a busy Medical/Surgical floor, the doctor stops the nurse to brief her on a patient's condition. "This patient is a fellow physician and my favorite golf partner. His injury is serious and I fear he will not be able to play golf again unless you follow my orders exactly."

The doctor then began listing orders: "You must give an injection in a different location every twenty minutes followed by a second injection exactly five minutes after the first. He must take two pills at exactly every hour followed by one pill every fifteen minutes for eight hours. he must drink no more and no less than ten ounces of water every twenty-five minutes and must void between. Soak his arm in warm water for fifteen minutes then place ice for ten minutes and repeat over and over for the rest of the day. Give range of motion every thirty minutes. He requires a back rub and foot rub every hour. Feed him something tasty every hour. Be cheerful and do whatever he asks at all times. Chart his condition and vital signs every twenty minutes. You must do these things exactly as I ordered or his injury will not heal properly, and he will not be able to play golf well."

The nurse left the doctor and entered the patient's room. She was greeted by anxious family and an equally anxious patient. All asked the nurse what the doctor had said about the patient. The nurse started, "The doctor said that you will live."

Then quickly reviewing the orders, the nurse added, "But you will have to learn a new sport."

## **SIGNS THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER A KID**

You're asleep, but others worry that you're dead.

Your back goes out more than you do.

You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room.

You buy a compass for the dash of your car.

You are proud of your lawn mower.

Your best friend is dating someone half their age, and isn't breaking any laws.  
Your arms are almost too short to read the newspaper.  
You sing along with the elevator music.  
You would rather go to work than stay home sick.  
You constantly talk about the price of gasoline.  
You enjoy hearing about other people's operations.  
You consider coffee one of the most important things in life.  
You make an appointment to see the dentist.  
You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.  
Neighbors borrow \*your\* tools.  
People call at 9 p.m. and ask, "Did I wake you?"  
You have a dream about prunes.  
You answer a question with, "because I said so!"  
The end of your tie doesn't come anywhere near the top of your pants.  
You take a metal detector to the beach.  
You wear black socks with sandals.  
You know what the word "equity" means.  
You can't remember the last time you lay on the floor to watch television.  
Your ears are hairier than your head.  
You get into a heated argument about pension plans.  
You got cable for the weather channel. (My uncle calls the Weather Channel "Old Folks MTV.")  
You can go bowling without drinking.  
You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it.

### **WHY ARE WE HERE?**

On a beautiful summer's day, a father and his eight-year-old son were lying on the grass by the riverbank, looking up at the sky and watching the wisps of cloud float gently overhead.

After a few minutes of silence, the boy turned to the father and asked, "Dad, why are we here?"

"That's a good question, Son. I think we're here to enjoy days such as this, to experience nature in all its glory, the vastness of the sky, the beauty of the trees, the song of the birds, the rippling flow of the water. We're here to help make the world a better place, to pass on our wisdom to future generations who will hopefully profit from our achievements and learn from our mistakes. We're here to savor the small triumphs of life - passing your school exams, the birth of a new member of the family, promotion at work, a win for the home team! And we're here to comfort those dearest to us in times of distress, to provide kindness and compassion, support and strength, to let them know that, no matter how bad a situation may seem, they are not alone. Does that answer your question, Son?"

"Not really, Dad."

"No?"

"No, what I meant was, why are we here when Mom said to pick her up forty minutes ago?"

### **DIAPER CHANGE**

My wife and I, both graduate students, recently celebrated the arrival of our first child. At my wife's insistence, we had paid our entire medical bill and were now worried about meeting other payments.

We were discussing our sad financial situation one evening when our son demanded a diaper change.

As my wife leaned over the baby's crib, I heard her mutter, "The only thing in the house that's paid for, and it leaks."

## **MORTALITY**

After I became a widow I began thinking about my own mortality. One day my daughter called home from college and I announced to her, "I think it's time for us to talk about where I would like to be buried."

"It's way too soon to even think of anything like that," she snapped indignantly.

Then there was a brief silence.

"Wait a minute," she said, "did you say married or buried?"

"I said buried."

"Oh, okay, sure."

## **PUMPKIN PIE**

Our neighbors gave us a pumpkin pie as a holiday gift. As lovely as the gesture was, it was clear from the first bite that the pie tasted bad. It was so inedible that we had to throw it away. Ever gracious and tactful, my wife sent the neighbors a note. It read: "Thank you very much for the pumpkin pie. Something like that doesn't last very long in our house."

## **KITCHEN RULES**

You can't put plastic in the dishwasher, metal in the microwave or utensils in the garbage disposal. There are so many rules in the kitchen that it's just safer to eat out.

## **GIFTS FOR HIM**

If you are really, really broke, buy him anything for his car. A 99-cent ice scraper, a small bottle of de-icer or something to hang from his rear view mirror. Men love gifts for their cars. No one knows why.

If you cannot afford a cordless drill, buy him anything with the word ratchet or socket in it. Men love saying those two words. "Hey George, can I borrow your ratchet?" "OK. By-the-way, are you through with my 3/8-inch socket yet?" No one knows why.

When in doubt - buy him a cordless drill. It does not matter if he already has one. I have a friend who owns 17 and he has yet to complain. As a man, you can never have too many cordless drills. Again, no one knows why.

Do not buy men socks. Do not buy men ties. And never buy men bathrobes. I was told that if God had wanted men to wear bathrobes, he wouldn't have invented Jockey shorts.

You can buy men new remote controls to replace the ones they have worn out. If you have a lot of money, buy your man a big-screen TV with the little picture in the corner. Watch him go wild as he flips, and flips, and flips.

Do not buy a man any of those fancy liqueurs. If you do, it will sit in a cupboard for 23 years. Real men drink whiskey or beer.

Do not buy any man industrial-sized canisters of after-shave or deodorant. I'm told they do not stink - they are earthy.

Buy men label makers. Almost as good as cordless drills. Within a couple of weeks there will be labels absolutely everywhere. "Socks. Shorts. Cups. Saucers. Door. Lock. Sink." You get the idea. No one knows why.

Never buy a man anything that says "some assembly required" on the box. It will ruin his Special Day and he will always have parts left over.

Good places to shop for men include Northwest Iron Works, Parr Lumber, Home Depot, John Deere, Valley RV Center, and Les Schwab Tire. NAPA Auto Parts and Sears' Clearance Centers are also excellent men's stores. It doesn't matter if he doesn't know what it is. "From NAPA Auto, eh? Must be something I need. Hey! Isn't this a starter for a '68 Ford Fairlane? Wow! Thanks."

Men enjoy danger. That's why they never cook - but they will barbecue. Get him a monster barbecue with a 100-pound propane tank. Tell him the gas line leaks. "Oh the thrill! The challenge! Who wants a hamburger?"

Tickets to a Patriots game are a smart gift. However, he will not appreciate tickets to "A Retrospective of 19<sup>th</sup> Century Quilts." Everyone knows why.

Men love chainsaws. Never, ever, buy a man you love a chainsaw. If you don't know why - please refer to Rule #8 and what happens when he gets a label maker.

It's hard to beat a really good wheelbarrow or an aluminum extension ladder. Never buy a real man a stepladder. It must be an extension ladder. No one knows why.

Rope. Men love rope. It takes us back to our cowboy origins, or at least The Boy Scouts. Nothing says love like a hundred feet of 3/8" manila rope. No one knows why.

## **WILD CUISINE**

I love the outdoors, and because of my passion for hunting and fishing, my family eats a considerable amount of wild game.

We eat so much wild game, in fact, that one evening as I set a platter of broiled venison steaks on the dinner table, my ten-year-old daughter looked up and said:

"Boy, it sure would be nice if pizzas lived in the woods."

### **CORN PROBLEM**

We were eating corn on the cob two weeks ago and my 5-year-old daughter Rachel, seemed to be struggling with it a little bit. I said "Rachel, eat it like a typewriter".

She looked at me with pure innocence in her eyes and said "Mommy, what's a typewriter?"