

Stories, sayings and jokes I have used in preaching/teaching. Sort of Parables.

By Prof. Msgr. Vladimir Felzmann

Janek, praying desperately, "please God, to save my family, I need to win the National lottery! "God replies, " To give me a chance, please, Janek, buy yourself a lottery ticket." All I can do, is to do all I can. I try to do my best and then relaxed, I leave the rest to God.

There are two possibilities.

A cow eats grass. There are two possibilities. With that grass it can produce milk or not.

If it does, there is no problem.

If it does not, there are two possibilities. It off loads it in the field or not.

If it does not, there are two possibilities. It drops on to a path or not.

If it does, there are two possibilities.

You walk along that path or it. If you do, there are two possibilities.

You either see it or not.

If you do not, there are two possibilities.

You either tread in it or not.

If you do, there are two possibilities.

Either you are wearing boots or not.

If not, then you do have a problem.

The future is an unpredictable mystery to be experienced. Nowadays, I do not say "I will see next week. "I say, "it's in my diary."

Undertakings are like a breakfast bacon and egg. You are, like the hen, either involved, or like the pig, committed.

When given a job - like caring for young people or running pilgrimages - I always aim to act like that pig.

Love makes light work.

Taking a tour round the grounds of his friend's stately home – we are talking the August of 1928 – an Indian prince sees his host's teenage children playing tennis. "I could not get even my servants to do that in this heat," comments the Prince.

The sweaty exertions make no sense, until the motivation, the love of the game, is clear.

My own motivation for caring for others is rooted in Mt 25,40:"What you did to the least of mine, you did it to me."

The frozen bird.

A group of young people is walking along a white, frozen countryside.

As they pass through a kissing gate, they spot a frozen bird sitting on that gate.

One of them picks it up and, using the heel of their boot, scrapes a hole in a pile of newly bestowed cow dung, placing the bird therein.

The warmth of that dung unfreezes the bird and as it warms up, it starts to sing.

A fox passing by hears that song, comes over, picks that bird up, and kills it.

The moral of the story is that not everybody who puts you in it is an enemy. Not everyone who takes you out is a friend. And if you are in it, stay schtum. I try.

The wind and the sun see a beggar walking along wrapped in an old blanket.

The wind says to the sun, "I bet you I can remove that blanket." And so, the wind starts to blow ever harder. The beggar grips his blanket ever tighter. After half an hour, the wind gives up.

Then the sun comes out and starts to warm the beggar who soon takes off his blanket and carries it rolled up under his arm.

Moral of that story? "Who cares, wins."

Singlehanded, transatlantic, fundamentalist Christian sailor. Halfway across the Atlantic, an early morning, sudden storm turns his boat over. He climbs up onto its keel. "No problem. God will save me."

Mid-morning, a liner approaches and slows down. "Can we help you sir?" Comes a call from a loudspeaker. "Thank you. But no need. God will save me."

After noon, a super tanker approaches. Same conversation.

At dusk, a frigate comes close. Same conversation.

Midnight, our friend dies of hypothermia.

At the gates of heaven, he meets God. "You betrayed me. I believed in you." He speaks to God.

"But, my dear," replies God. "I sent you a liner, a super tanker, and a frigate. What more could I have done?"

God is present in the presents he sends us, and these include our friends, family, and allies in life.

Verona Bridge

A long time ago in Verona, an old stone bridge spanned the river Arno. The Count, whose bridge-toll-keeper plied his trade on the central span, had not used the monies raised to keep the bridge in good shape. Therefore, not unexpectedly, a spring flood carrying trees brought down the bridge.

From his castle, the Count saw his toll-keeper marooned on the central span that, miraculously, had survived. It may have been his guilt that made him order his town crier to proclaim that whoever rescued his toll-keeper would receive a reward of 1,000 ducats.

For a while no one moved. Then a stranger came forward.

He asked three strong men to accompany him up the river and bring a stout rope.

Tying the rope round his waist, the stranger waded into the flood and swam away, perpendicular to the riverbank. The current brought him to that central span. Holding tightly on to the toll-keeper his three-man support-team pulled them both safely to dry land.

When the Count came into the town square, accompanied by his page carrying the 1,000 ducats in a green felt bag on a silver tray, and was about to open his mouth, the stranger said, "Sire, I have lost nothing. He has lost everything. So, please, do give it to your toll-keeper."

Putting yourself into the skin of others – and remembering Mt 25,40 – can enhance your character.

Good or Bad?

An old Chinese story of unknown origin tells of a farmer who used an old horse in his fields. One day, the horse escaped into the hills and when the farmer's neighbours sympathized with the old man over his bad luck, the farmer replied, "Bad luck? Good luck? Who knows?"

A week later, the horse returned with a herd of wild horses from the hills, and the neighbours congratulated the farmer on his good luck. He replied, "Good luck? Bad luck? Who knows?"

Then, when the farmer's son was attempting to tame one of the wild horses he fell off its back and broke his leg. Everyone again sympathized with the farmer over his bad luck. But the farmer's reaction was, "Bad luck? Good luck? Who knows?"

Some weeks later, the army marched into the village and drafted every able-bodied youth they found. When they saw the farmer's son with his broken leg, they let him stay.

Good luck? Bad luck? Who knows?

Two Frogs

Two frogs fell into a bowl of milk. Having swum around the bowl, they realized that the edge of the bowl was too high and steep for them to get out unaided. The first frog, realizing that it was useless to waste his energy by continuing to swim since that would not get him out of the bowl, gave up swimming and drowned.

The other keeps afloat by swimming furiously. By the morning, the milk had been churned into solid butter and the frog, jumping up from that butter, escapes.

A frog put suddenly into boiling water, it will jump out, but if the frog is put in tepid water which is then brought to a boil slowly, it will not perceive the danger and will be cooked to death. The story is often used as a metaphor for the inability or unwillingness of people to react to or be aware of sinister threats that arise gradually - like global warming - rather than suddenly like Russia's invasion of Ukraine.

Life to the full.

There once was a philosophy professor who was giving a lecture. In front of him, he had a big glass jar, a pile of rocks, a bag of small pebbles, a tub of sand and a bottle of water.

He started off by filling up the jar with the big rocks and when they reached the rim of the jar he held it up to the students and asked them if the jar was full. They all agreed, there was no more room to put the rocks in, it was full.

"Is it full?" he asked.

He then picked up the bag of small pebbles and poured these in jar. He shook the jar so that the pebbles filled the space around the big rocks. "Is the jar full now?" he asked. The group of students all looked at each other and agreed that the jar was now completely full.

"Is it really full?" he asked.

The professor then picked up the tub of sand. He poured the sand in between the pebbles and the rocks and once again he held up the jar to his class and asked if it was full. Once again, the students agreed that the jar was full.

"Are you sure it's full?" he asked.

He finally picked up a bottle of water and tipped the water into the jar until it soaked up in all the remaining space in the sand. The students laughed.

The professor went on to explain that the jar of rocks, pebbles, sand and water represents everything that is in one's life.

Unforeseen consequences

Mr. Holland - the son of James and Hannah Holland, he was born in London in 1843 and became one of the partners in the building firm of Winslow & Holland with offices in Bloomsbury. Mr Holland was not born of a Catholic family but he became a convert thanks to the office boy in his employ who would ask his employer for permission for time off to go to Mass on Holydays.

Mr. Taprell Holland, aware of the propensity for young men to want to bury their grandmothers when they wanted time off, sought to verify this variation of the excuse by following him one day.

He was so impressed by his devotion in the church and how quickly the boy returned to the office that he took instruction in the Catholic faith and became a Catholic himself.

Despite intensive research it has not been possible to discover where and when he was received into the church. In thanksgiving for his conversion Mr Holland decided that he wanted to build a church. With the approval of the Cardinal he chose a prime site in the middle of Watford in an area that was rapidly being developed; now The Holy Rood Church.

Sayings

God loves me, not my history.

The past is a rehearsal for the present.

God is present in the present of the present in which alone we live.

Live now, think of tomorrow, remember yesterday.

Cabbages make better soup than roses.

I aim to die young, but late.

An open heart sees more than two open eyes.

Pain is for now. Quitting is for ever.

Ubuntu. What's good for you is good for me. We all have the same divine DNA.

Give without remembering. Receive without forgetting.

No seed sees its flower.

Cannot change others. However, we can give them the tools for the job, including motivation.

God so loved the world; he did not send them a committee.

Cannot tie a parcel with one hand.

Christianity comforts the disturbed, disturbing the comfortable.

Oceans do not sink a boat. Just the water we let.

We have two ears and one mouth. We should use them in those proportions.

In a crisis we discover our real self.

In life there is no substitute for death.

A hole is nothing. However, it can break your leg or even kill you.

We live in a global city, not a village which has a homogeneous culture.

Folk drink too much due to HALT: hunger, anger, loneliness, tiredness.

Do good and do it well.

I dream and learn as though I will live for ever. I live as though I might die today.

We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars. (Oscar Wilde)

If you are going through hell, keep going. (Winston Churchill)

Turn you face to the sun and the shadows fall behind you. (Maori Proverb)

Talking dog

A cash-in-hand job done, our man is walking home. He passes a pet-shop. An idea light up in his mind. He walks in.

“I am looking something special. What might have you on offer?”

“Well, we have a boa-constrictor.”

“Hm, better not, my wife would not fancy that.”

“Well there is an alligator...”

“Better not, it might fancy my wife.”

“Well sir, we do have a talking dog...”

“Absurd!”

“No, just a moment, sir”

“Bonzo!!!

A little black dog dances through the back door.

“Go on, sir, ask him a question...”

“What is the capital of France?”

Bonzo replies: “Paris”

“Err, who is the prime minister of the UK?”

“Theresa May” chips in Bonzo.

“Brilliant. Perfect. I’ll take him.”

Our man leads Bonzo round to his pub. Places him on a stool and waits for the lads to come in.

“What have you got there?”

“A talking dog.”

“Come orf it. Bet you - evens - it can’t speak,”

All his pals chorus that. Money is spread along the bar.

“Bonzo, what is the capital of France?”

Silence

“Bonzo!! Who is the Prime Minister?”

Silence. Then uproar – and guffawing laughter. Money is swept up. Our man finishes his pint leads Bonzo out slowly.

They stop under a lamppost.

“Bonzo, you betrayed me! I’ll....”

Bonzo looks up, cocks his head to one side and says: “But think of the odds we’ll get next week.”

Patience. God – dog to the dyslexic- knows best. Trust God. Easier now than it was for the followers of Jesus of Nazareth on Good Friday afternoon.

Rowing backwards

Thanks to ICBC – Imperials College Boat Club – I learned that rowing in an eight is a metaphor for life. In both we see the past. In neither do we see the way ahead.

Thank God that in that eight there is a cox who can see forward. For me, that cox is my conscience, God within me.

Georgie’s flower

While a Brownie – aged perhaps six – my younger sister Georgina wanted to get her gardener badge. She was given a potted plant to look after. Concentrating on other areas of life she forgot to water it. It refused to grow. In panic, just before walking down Gwendolyn Avenue to her unit she caught the top of the plant between her index finger and thumb and pulled. Of course the poor plant snapped. A burst of tears followed; too late to water that unlucky plant.

So, aged perhaps eight I learned that nature needs time - and care – for life to grow. Force just does not do the trick.
Hope needs patience - and application.

The Church

More a hospital for sinners than a museum of saints.

Commitment

Water-Pump

Imagine. It's New South Wales, Australia, 1954. The road carries on into the horizon. Ditches occasionally on both sides. A car is being driven along with dust curling up behind suddenly it loses speed and skids into a ditch. The driver had obviously fallen asleep. He climbs out. Sees there is no way he can get that care back on the road so he sits down and thinks.

"I have two litres of water. If I stay here I will be dead in three days max. If I start walking who knows..."

So, placing his two bottles in his army-surplus rucksack he starts walking as the sun starts setting. Suddenly silhouetted against the yellow-red- glow he sees a small number of huts. He walks towards these. If there had been a settlement here there must be water.

Moving past the first two empty huts he spots the handle of a pump.

Scooping away the sand blown up around it, he sees a chipped-enamel notice. "To prime pump, pour in two litres of water"

What would you do?

Perception

Bata

Funny how a few words can teach a young person important attitudes to life.

While still in Prague – probably in 1944 – I overheard my parents talking with friends about Bata – a Czech footwear company who in the mid-30s sent two reps to investigate export possibilities to Indonesia.

Each sent a telegram.

A' read "60 million pairs of feet without shoes. No possibilities".

B's: "60,000,000 pairs of feet without shoes. Huge possibilities."

I learned that reality is one thing. My responses – my take on it - are up to me.

4 workers

Imagine a small building site. Four men working there.

A social-science undergraduate – with a mike – comes onto the site.

"Please, in a few words, tell me know what you are doing"

1st says "Can't you see, I am mixing concrete."

The 2nd "Can't you see I am building a house."

Number 3 replies; "Isn't it obvious. I am earning a living"

and the 4th says:" Well, I reckon I am helping God build a home for a family."

Which one is right? What do think my DF?

The elephant

A group of blind men heard that a strange animal, called an elephant, had been brought to the town, but none of them were aware of its shape and form. Out of curiosity, they said: "We

must inspect and know it by touch, of which we are capable". So, they sought it out, and when they found it they groped about it. The first person, whose hand landed on the trunk, said, "This being is like a thick snake". For another one whose hand reached its ear, it seemed like a kind of fan. As for another person, whose hand was upon its leg, said, the elephant is a pillar like a tree-trunk. The blind man who placed his hand upon its side said the elephant, "is a wall". Another who felt its tail, described it as a rope. The last felt its tusk, stating the elephant is that which is hard, smooth and like a spear.

In some versions, the blind men then discover their disagreements, suspect the others to be not telling the truth and come to blows. The stories also differ primarily in how the elephant's body parts are described, how violent the conflict becomes and how (or if) the conflict among the men and their perspectives is resolved. In some versions, they stop talking, start listening and collaborate to "see" the full elephant. In another, a sighted man enters the parable and describes the entire elephant from various perspectives, the blind men then learn that they were all partially correct and partially wrong. While one's subjective experience is true, it may not be the totality of truth.

Hall of Mirrors

Aged perhaps five, I remember a fascinating – unforgettable - visit to Prague's Hall of Mirrors at the top of the funicular railway on Petrin Hill.

Seeing myself distorted made me and my sisters giggle and wander back again and again to take another look at the previous ones.

I knew how I looked in real life but perhaps other people were like those mirrors: seeing me in all those funny shapes. Who Knows? I now know that prejudices do distort perspectives.

Imperfections

Nepalese Water carrier

Once upon a time in Nepal there was a water carrier whose only responsibility was to keep on refilling the water tank of the large house at the top of a long hill. This he did by carrying suspended from the yoke on his back two large ceramic jars. The one on his left was cracked. It leaked.

One night he had a dream. The cracked one whispered: "I am so sorry I am broken. I know it means you have to make an extra journey every day to make up for the water I lose you." The water-carrier answered: "Do not worry. Haven't you noticed that – thanks to the water spilt, there are flowers growing on the left hand side of the path? There are none on the other side."

We are all a bit cracked. Maybe just as well. My own failings help grow my compassion for the weaknesses of others. They help my perception of others become more Christlike – and make me more humble. Flowers do flourish!

St Mary Abbott's Hospital

One 1983 Spring Saturday morning while teaching at the cardinal Vaughan School I was living in the Abingdon Road presbytery and helping out at Our Lady of Victories parish I

received a call from St Mary Abbott's Hospital [now no longer there, replaced by flats in 1992]

I picked up my stole and the oils.

A man had suddenly taken a turn for the worse. His face was slightly blue. The nurse left the side-ward. Unscrewing the stock – probably because I was nervous – the lid slipped from my finger and thumb and rolled under the bed. As soon as I had finished the anointing I bent down to retrieve it.

Staring me in the face was a vacant tube which had become disconnected from the oxygen cylinder. Lying on my back I reconnected it. Even before I left the room, the patient's face was turning a warm pink.

After I left – who knows – the nurse might have told her colleagues how wonderful the effects of the RC Rite of Anointing with oils can be.

Forgiveness

Caroline and Luke

Around the mid-80s I used to stay for my R&R in a small farmhouse near St Keverne, Cornwall.

One sunny afternoon, standing with her in her kitchen and talking about her previous life, Caroline said she felt deeply guilty about so many things in her life.

I said "Stop worrying. If you are sorry God forgives you." She would have none of that Caroline knew - as I knew - she had never satisfied her father and was often criticised for her life-style]

Then her four-year old son Luke, who had been playing in the farmyard, suddenly burst into the kitchen.

No idea - at the time - where it came from, but I blurted out:" But you forgive Luke!"

Caroline replied – the words are indelibly etched into me memory; "Of course I forgive Luke everything. I am completely responsible for him. Without me, he would not be here."

Then a lovely smile spread across her face. Caroline was – and probably still is – I lost contact many years ago – no fool.

Whenever I use this story, I add: "And God is even better than Caroline."

Faith as Trust

Jump, I can see you

Image a January scene once upon a time on the Yorkshire Dales.

Zoom in through the closed windows of a small cottage.

A young couple have just tucked their five-year old son, Jimmy into the first-floor tiny door-less bedroom bed.

As it is getting even colder they pile the ground-floor fire-place with sound logs having carried out their ablutions retire to their ground-floor bed.

Suddenly they are pulled awake by the heat. A log has rolled out of the grate and set the wooden stairs on fire. No way can they climb up these.

They go out into the bitter cold. They see the first-floor window beginning to glow.

Suddenly Jimmy is silhouetted in that glow.

He opens the window.

The flames grow brighter as the draft draws the flames further of the stairs.

Standing under the window the man shouts:" Jump Jimmy. I'll catch you."

"But dad, I can't see you"

"Don't worry, Jimmy! I can see you!!"

As the flames enter into the tiny bedroom, Jimmy has to jump.

He jumps – and is safely caught by his father.

It was not a long way down.

Nature – Teamwork/Community

One of the activities at SPEC was the 10' high wall.

Teams of three were invited to climb it. Of course, on their own each one didn't have a chance but if they plotted together they could.

One person crouches down. Onto that back another stands, the third climbing up onto the shoulders of the second easily reaches the top. The leaning down the second is pulled up the third. Leaning down together they pull that first – the croucher – up.

Never judge a book by its cover

A blonde was sent on her way to Heaven. Upon arrival, a concerned St Peter met her at the Pearly Gates.

'I'm sorry,' St Peter said; 'But Heaven is suffering from an overload of goodly souls and we have been forced to put up an Entrance Exam for new arrivals to ease the burden of Heavenly Arrivals.'

'That's cool' said the blonde, 'What does the Entrance Exam consist of?'

'Just three questions' said St Peter.

'Which are?' asked the blonde.

'The first,' said St Peter, 'is, which two days of the week start with the letter 'T' ?

The second is How many seconds are there in a year.

The third is What was the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?'

'Now,' said St Peter, 'Go away and think about those questions and when I call upon you, I shall expect you to have those answers for me.'

So, the blonde went away and gave those three questions some considerable thought.

The following morning, St Peter called upon the blonde and asked if she had considered the questions, to which she replied, 'I have.'

'Well then,' said St Peter, 'Which two days of the week start with the letter T?'

The blonde said, 'Today and Tomorrow.'

St Peter pondered this answer for some time, and decided that indeed the answer can be applied to the question.

'Well then, could I have your answer to the second of the three questions?' St Peter went on, 'how many seconds in a year?'

The Blonde replied, 'Twelve!'

'Only twelve?' exclaimed St Peter, 'How did you arrive at that figure?'

'Easy,' said the blonde, 'there's the second of January, the second of February, right through to the second of December, giving a total of twelve seconds.'

St Peter looked at the blonde and said, 'I need some time to consider your answer before I can give you a decision.' And he walked away shaking his head.

A short time later, St Peter returned to the Blonde. 'I'll allow the answer to stand, but you need to get the third and final question absolutely correct to be allowed into Heaven. Now, can you tell me the answer to the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda?'

The blonde replied; 'Of the three questions, I found this the easiest to answer.'

'Really!' exclaimed St Peter, 'And what is the answer?'

'It's Andy.'

'Andy??'

'Yes, Andy,' said the blonde.

This totally floored St Peter, and he paced this way and that, deliberating the answer. Finally, he could not stand the suspense any longer, and turning to the blonde, asked 'How in God's name did you arrive at THAT answer?'

'Easy' said the blonde, 'Andy sat, Andy watched, Andy waited till his billy boiled.'

And the blonde entered Heaven...

(Never judge a book by its cover or a woman by the colour of her hair)

The past a rehearsal for the present

“Today, you will be with me in Paradise.” (Lk23,43)

God is God; not as we think God is.

“My ways are not your ways, says The Lord (Is 55,8-9) Workers in the vineyard (Mt 20,1-16)

Stained glass BL

Rose from Botany Teacher or Lover

Look after bodies of others and your own soul

Each part of me is me

All is gift: give up/to; stewardship

Fisher and shepherd

Stone or tree? Spider or bee?

Mass is boring' into the Mystery of God

Everyone – everything – has same divine DNA

Pray alphabet

God loves me. Not my history.

Cabbages make better soup than roses

SAYINGS

I trust you but not your companions

Die young but late

Liturgy: involve not entertain

I may do what I can with what I am.

Leadership implies action; not position, money is like water; no problem if enough and clean

Run to get rid of shadow?

Peace is not a goal. It is a way of life. Love of power or power of love?

Jesus Begotten by God – as apple by tree – not made.

Assertive not aggressive

1646 Westphalia Treaty took religion out of politics

Joy like light cannot be bottled

God wants more for- not from – me

Dream and learn as though live for ever; live as though die today.

Science for causes [what? how? when? where?]; religion for purposes, outcomes [why?]

Muslim-submit. Islam –surrender

Freedom from/ Freedom to?

An open hearts sees more than two open eyes.
Largest room? For improvement.
Isaac? Laughter. David? Beloved.
'Father@ 11 in OT 170 in NT
Live now, thinking of tomorrow, remembering yesterday.
Parables tear open fabric of security
Pain is for now. Quitting is for ever.
Bridge collapses not because of lorry but because of weakness. Do good and do it well.
Jesus Christ = the meaning of God.
Ubuntu: what is good for you is good for me.
Give without remembering. Receive without forgetting.
The RC is a religion of 'and'
Sustain the inner 'I' to relax the rest.
God so loved the world he did not send a committee.
Drink? HALT: Hungry, Angry, Lonely, Tired.
Questions and stories preach. I am; when I have nowhere to go.
Cannot change others. Can give them the tools for the job – including motivation.
No seed sees its flower.
Lord, may I have the grace to accept your gifts.
Get real as Jesus Christ.
At death we put down the torch of hope because the day has dawned.
We carry but are free from our past which is but a rehearsal for the present.
Enthusiasm turns deep-frozen tasty.
Karoshi [Japanese] = death by overwork.
Cannot tie parcel with one hand.
So good? Why not better?
Christianity comforts the disturbed; disturbs the comfortable.
In life there is no substitute for death.
A hole is nothing as is evil and just as dangerous.
We live in a Global City not a Village [which has homogenous culture]
Church is prophetic, spiritual, and institutional
In crisis discover our self.
Oceans do not sink boats. Just the water we let in.
Id quod maius cogitari nequit
That than which a greater cannot be thought.

Think beyond to achieve the impossible.

2 ears, 1 mouth; use in proportion.

JOKES

In 1990, Prince Charles arrives at Middleborough Town Hall wearing a Fox on his head”
“Your Royal Highness, please May I ask why you are wearing that Fox on your head?” “As I was leaving home Papa asked me where I was going and when I said Middlesbrough he said “Where the fuck’s that?” So I put it on.
Holmes-Watson. Camp. Pitch tent. 2 am Watson says look at those stars. I ask myself who made them all. Holmes says the question I am asking myself is who stole our tent while we slept?

Steeplejack signals to apprentice on ground by van for a 7lb hammer by performing a hammering motion with his closed hand then showing 7 digits. The lad replies by thumping his left chest and whacking his bum. Boss does not understand. Climbs down and asks. The lad replies "Left tit behind"

MP visits home for mentally challenged people. Man in corridor sees him coming and goes back to reading his comic. "Do you know who I am?" the MP growls. "No but ask that nice nurse and she will let you know".

Don't criticize my coffee. You too will - one day - be cold and weak.

B & Q in Dublin? Don't know but there are 2 Ps in Tipperary

Car driving Hitler by a farm runs a dog over. The driver is sent to the cottage to apologise [early 1934]. He goes to the cottage, raises his arm says "Hail Hitler, the dog is dead" and gets invited in for a celebration.

Ivan and Boris agree that when Boris goes back to the USSR he will send a card. If what he writes is true it will be in black. If not, the text will be in red. He writes "Lovely here, except they have no red ink"

Deepest Cannibalistic Africa market: £10/kilo for Benedictine Brain...£1 /kilo for Jay. Jay is upset asks why the difference in price. "Sahib If you only knew how many Benedictines we have to kill to get 1 lb. of brain you would understand.

"Excuse me my good man. Are there any cannibals here?" "Oh no Sahib. We ate the last one this morning."

4 ages: young, middle, how well you look. Isn't he/she splendid.

If there was a tax on brains you'd get a rebate.

Elephant? Mouse to EU spec.

A fairy appears. "You have lived a wonderful 90 years of life. I have been sent to offer you super sex." Man ponders for a moment. "Many thanks. I will go for the soup."

2 + 2? Are we buying or selling?

Russian history is unpredictable.

Everybody is happy

Prague airport 1965. In big letters "Everyone is happy in CSR." The UK visitor stops a man and asks if this is true. "Oh yes. When I turn tap water runs. I am happy. Switch light, on light comes on. I am happy. KGB comes knocking on the door and asks "Are you Comrade Novak?" And I am so happy I can say I am not Comrade Novak."

Just after the end of WW2, in a church in Naples, two men are praying aloud.

A dapper-dressed man, prays. "God, please give me \$50,000 so I can save my business."

A shabby- dressed man, prays "Dear father, please let me have \$20 so I can feed my family."

The rich, turns to him, and says "Here, take your \$20 and piss off. Don't distract God."

God does not think he is a psychiatrist/architect/....

What, when you say it, disappears? Silence.

On the football stadium terrace. P in pocket.

If that gut was on a woman she would be 6 months pregnant. It was. She is.

Where do 3 couples get together for sex? Latin.

What do men and sperm have in common? 1 in 10 million becomes human.

Adam. "Lord, I am looking for a companion. Someone equal to me?" "That will cost you an arm and a leg" "Ah well then, what do I get for a rib?"

When forced to live under communism, the Czechs and Slovaks fought back the only way they could – by creating jokes. Here is a dozen.

1. In the Jachymov uranium mines, two prisoners talk:

-How many years did you get?

-5.

-What did you do?

-Nothing.

-Don't lie! You get 10 for that!

2. It's Bratislava. A man and his son are staring at the iron curtain.

Son asks:

-Daddy, who lives behind that fence?

Father says with sadness in his voice:

-We do, son. We do...

3. Gustav Husk (Secretary General of the Communist Party) was an amazing surgeon. He managed to transplant the heart of Europe into USSR's asshole.

4. Son asks his father:

-Daddy, what is that 'communism' everyone speaks of?

-You see son, some time ago, there was a man called Lenin and... Well, actually, he was called Uljanov. But that man started a revolution in Leningrad and... Well, actually, it was in Petersburg. But he started the revolution one October and... Well, actually it was in November, but...

Son interrupts him and says:

-But daddy, that does not make any sense!

Father says:

-And now you understand what communism is.

5. Journalist asks:

-Comrade Stalin, do you have any hobby?

-I collect jokes about me.

-And how many have you collected so far?

-About two and a half gulags.

6. What is the difference between the Austrian constitution and the Czechoslovak constitution?

They both secure freedom of speech, but only the Austrian one secures freedom after speech.

7. Friends talking:

-How are you?

-Average. Worse than last year, better than next year.

8. Moscow, a policeman sees a Jew holding a Hebrew dictionary.

-Why are you learning Hebrew? You know you cannot leave.

-I am learning Hebrew so that I can talk to Moses and Abraham when I get to heaven.

-And if you go to hell?

-I already speak Russian.

9. A man gets eaten by Leonid Brezhnev and meets Gustav Husak in his stomach. He asks him:

-Comrade Secretary General, did you get eaten too?

-No, I came here through the other end.

10. Three men talk in a cell about the reasons why they were imprisoned:

-They locked me up because I always got to work late. They accused me of being a western saboteur.

-I was locked up because I always got to work early. They accused me of being a western spy.

-I was locked up because I always got to work on time. They accused me of having western clocks.

11. Why do StB (secret police) agents always work in groups of 3? One can read, another one can write and the last one is there to keep an eye on those two intellectuals.

12. It's Prague airport 1965. In big letters, there is a sign, "Everyone is happy in CSSR." The UK visitor stops a man and asks if this is true. "Oh yes. When I turn tap, water runs. I am happy. Switch light, on light comes on. I am happy. KGB comes knocking on the door and asks, "Are you Comrade Novak?" And I am so happy I can say I am not Comrade Novak."

Life shaping facts.

I may do what I can with what I am.

Cannot run away from my shadow.

Peace is not a goal. It is a way of life.

Better to be assertive than aggressive.

Joy, like light, cannot be bottled.

Largest room? For improvement.

Isaac? Laughter. David? Beloved.

Muslin= submit. Islam = surrender.

A bridge collapses not because of a lorry but its own weakness.

My role in life is - in the Kingdom of God - ACE

To affirm, console and encourage folk to learn what it means – and how to live - in the Kingdom of God.