

## MONDAY

**John 13:21-25:** <sup>21</sup>After he said these things, Jesus became visibly upset, and then he told them why. "One of you is going to betray me." <sup>22</sup>The disciples looked around at one another, wondering who on earth he was talking about. One of the disciples,<sup>23</sup> the one Jesus loved dearly, was reclining against him, his head on his shoulder. <sup>24</sup>Peter motioned to him to ask who Jesus might be talking about. <sup>25</sup>So, being the closest, he said, "Master, who?"

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Torrential rainstorms were knocking down power lines all over town. That meant, as a customer service rep for the electric company, I was dispatching repairmen right and left.

When one lineman called a customer to get her exact address, he was told, "I'm at Post Office Box 99." The weary lineman replied, "Ma'am, I'll be coming to you in a truck, not an envelope."

*Cybersalt Digest*

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John was furious when his steak arrived too rare.

"Waiter," he shouted, "Didn't you hear me say 'well done'?"

"I can't thank you enough, sir," replied the waiter. "I hardly ever get a compliment."

*Cybersalt Digest*

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Frequent hand washing in my job as a medical technologist and the harsh weather combined give me very dry skin.

One night as I prepared for bed, I rubbed my hands with petroleum jelly and covered them with an old pair of white gloves. As I sat in bed reading a book with my gloves on, my husband finished showering and came into the room wearing a towel.

Drying himself off, he went to the closet, selected a tie and put it on.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Well" he replied, "if you are going to be formal, so am I."

*Cybersalt Digest*

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It was the weekend before the Presidential Inauguration and the staff of the White House was conducting tours. As the guide was showing one group of tourists the Presidential portraits in one of the historic halls, a door burst open and a large aquatic sea mammal, balancing a beach ball on its nose, scurried past.

"My, what was that?" asked a woman in front of the pack.

"What else?" replied the guide. "That's the Presidential Seal!"

*Humor Digest*

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I recall a time when my son was about 18 months old. I had him strapped into a backpack and was rushing to catch the bus. Apparently I mis-stepped and fell down an entire flight of stairs (13 to be exact). I was bruised and bleeding and had torn my jeans ... but my main concern was, naturally, for my child.

My fears were alleviated, though, when from behind me I heard a gleeful giggle followed by, "Again!"  
*Pastor Tim*

## TUESDAY

**John 13:26-27** <sup>26</sup>Jesus said, "The one to whom I give this crust of bread after I've dipped it." Then he dipped the crust and gave it to Judas, son of Simon the Iscariot. <sup>27</sup>As soon as the bread was in his hand, Satan entered him. "What you must do," said Jesus, "do. Do it and get it over with."

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"Everyone is on this low-fat craze now; the Mayo Clinic just changed its name to the Balsamic Vinaigrette Clinic." *Cybersalt Digest*

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"My doctor asked me if I'd thought about losing some weight and I told him I'd thought about it for 20 years!

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I think there ought to be a strict rule that governs all media that says, "No politician or journalist (or anybody else) is allowed to confess anybody else's sins and failures publicly, before confessing his or her own publicly." Zero chance of this ever happening.

*Daily Encounter*

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Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach him to use the Net and he won't bother you for weeks.

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"My first strong impression of Mr. Lincoln," says a lady of Springfield, "was made by one of his kind deeds. I was going with a little friend for my first trip alone on the railroad cars. It was an epoch of my life. I had planned for it and dreamed of it for weeks. The day I was to go came, but as the hour of the train approached, the hackman, through some neglect, failed to call for my trunk. As the minutes went on, I realized, in a panic of grief, that I should miss the train. I was standing by the gate, my hat and gloves on, sobbing as if my heart would break, when Mr. Lincoln came by.

"'Why, what's the matter?' he asked, and I poured out my entire story.

"'How big's the trunk? There's still time, if it isn't too big.' And he pushed through the gate and up to the door. My mother and I took him up to my room, where my little old-fashioned trunk stood, locked and tied. 'Oh, ho,' he cried, 'wipe your eyes and come on quick.' And before I knew what he was going to do, he had shouldered the trunk, was down stairs, and striding out of the yard. Down the street he went fast as his long legs could carry him, I trotting behind, drying my tears as I went. We reached the station in time. Mr. Lincoln put me on the train, kissed me good-bye, and told me to have a good time. It was just like him."

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"Sometimes I feel like an old Illinois farmer once expressed himself while eating cheese. He was interrupted in the midst of his repast by the entrance of his son, who exclaimed, 'Hold on, dad! there's skippers in that cheese you're eating!'"

"'Never mind, Tom,' said he, as he kept on munching his cheese, 'if they can stand it I can.'"  
*A Lincoln*

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My brother-in-law, head chef in a New Orleans restaurant, underwent major surgery. His wife who spent anxious hours awaiting news, supposed that the atmosphere in the operating room was comparable to what she was experiencing. As it turns out the tension there were less than she had pictured.

When they wheeled out my brother-in-law this memo was pinned to his hospital gown: "Don't forget to give the Operating Room Nurse a copy of my recipe for remoulade sauce,  
*E. G. Leblanc*

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I've been on a constant diet for the last two decades. I've lost a total of 789 pounds. By all accounts, I should be hanging from a charm bracelet.  
*Erma Bombeck*

## WEDNESDAY

**John 13:28-30** <sup>28</sup>*No one around the supper table knew why he said this to him.* <sup>29</sup>*Some thought that since Judas was their treasurer, Jesus was telling him to buy what they needed for the Feast, or that he should give something to the poor.* <sup>30</sup>*Judas, with the piece of bread, left. It was night.*

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Give your all for our fellow man in need and do not worry about the results. No good work will go unseen and only God knows of the impact that your life can have on someone else.

Doing a charitable service is not performed so that we may be praised, but we assist others so that they may be helped, insuring that only God receives credit as the source of it. In so doing we are merely passing on the many blessings that have already lifted our lives and our spirits.  
*Chaplain Moore*

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A veterinarian was feeling ill and went to see her doctor. The doctor asked her all the usual questions: What are your symptoms? How long have they been occurring? Etcetera. Finally the vet interrupted the doctor, saying, "Hey look, I'm a vet -- I don't need to ask my patients these kind of questions; I can tell what's wrong just by looking. Why can't you?"

The doctor nodded, looked her up and down, wrote out a prescription and handed it to her and said, "There you are. Of course, if it doesn't work, we'll have to have you put down."  
*Preaching Now*

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**Did you know about this event and 9-11 memorial?**

This was dedicated in November, 2009 in Jerusalem. I missed it in the news, if it was shown. Israel dedicates 9/11 Memorial in Jerusalem... Please do share it, we haven't seen any coverage of this memorial in our US press. Whatever else was said, this says it all.

Click on the link below: It is a You Tube video of the memorial ceremony in Jerusalem, Nov. 2009.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CRPYTiN5Oso>

*Edward Church*

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"It seems to be human nature to forget to say, 'Thank you.'

Samuel Leibowitz, a brilliant criminal lawyer, saved 78 people from the electric chair; not one thanked him.

Art King had the radio program, 'Job Center of the Air.' He supposedly found jobs for 2500 people, of whom, only ten ever thanked him.

An official of the post office, in charge of the Dead Letter Box in Washington, D.C., reported, one year, that he had received hundreds of thousands of letters addressed to 'Santa Claus' asking him to bring many things, but after Christmas, only one letter came to the box thanking Santa Claus for bringing the toys asked for." *Daily Encounter*

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**ACTUAL MEDICAL CHART NOTATIONS...**

The patient refused autopsy. Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital. Skin: somewhat pale but present.

On the second day the knee felt better and on the third day it disappeared. Lab test indicates abnormal liver function.

Discharge status: Alive, but without permission. Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch. The patient is tearful and crying constantly. Also appears to be depressed.

*Mark's Musings*

**THURSDAY**

**John 13:31-33** <sup>31</sup>When he had left, Jesus said, "Now the Son of Man is seen for who he is, and God seen for who he is in him. <sup>32</sup>The moment God is seen in him, God's glory will be on display. In glorifying him, he himself is glorified—glory all around! <sup>33</sup>"Children, I am with you for only a short time longer. You are going to look high and low for me. But just as I told the Jews, I'm telling you: 'Where I go, you are not able to come.'

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What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane? Bright Orange (of course)

*Carolyn*

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A golfer teed up his ball on the first tee, took a mighty swing and hit his ball into a clump of trees. He found his ball and saw an opening between two trees he thought he could hit through. Taking out his 3-wood, he took a mighty swing. The ball hit a tree, bounced back, hit him in the forehead and killed him. As he approached the gates of Heaven, St. Peter asked, "Are you a good golfer?" The man replied: "Got here in two, didn't I?" *James Hamilton*

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A teller at the bank where I worked noticed that a drive-in-customer was writing something on one of the documents he was going to place in the transaction basket. As she looked at the contents, she saw, "This is a stickup" printed on one of the bills to be paid.

She panicked, looked up at the man in the car and asked in a shaky voice, "What do you want?"

The customer, realizing the teller's apprehension, began apologizing, "I'm so sorry! That message wasn't for you – It's a message for the electric company.

*Jim Choma*

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The following story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. A. J. Conant, the artist, who painted his portrait in Springfield in 1860:

"One day a man who was migrating to the West drove up in front of my store with a wagon which contained his family and household goods. He asked me if I would buy an old barrel for which he had no room in his wagon, and which he said contained nothing of special value.

I did not want it, but to oblige him I bought it, and paid him, I think, half a dollar for it. Without further examination, I put it away in the store and forgot all about it. Sometime after, in overhauling things, I came upon the barrel, and, emptying it upon the floor to see what it contained, I found at the bottom of the rubbish a complete edition of Blackstone's Commentaries.

I began to read those famous works, and I had plenty of time; for during the long summer days, when the farmers were busy with their crops, my customers were few and far between. The more I read"--this he said with unusual emphasis--"the more intensely interested I became. Never in my whole life was my mind so thoroughly absorbed. I read until I devoured them."

*Abe Lincoln*

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In most states you can get a driver's license when you're sixteen years old, which made a lot of sense to me when I was sixteen years old but now seems insane.

*Humor Digest*

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A rubber band pistol was confiscated from algebra class, because it was a weapon of math disruption.

## FRIDAY

**John 13:34-36** <sup>34</sup>"Let me give you a new command: Love one another. In the same way I loved you, you love one another."<sup>35</sup> This is how everyone will recognize that you are my disciples—when they see the

love you have for each other." <sup>36</sup>Simon Peter asked, "Master, just where are you going?" Jesus answered, "You can't now follow me where I'm going. You will follow later."

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I thought I saw an eye doctor on an Alaskan island, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.

No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.

A dog gave birth to puppies near the road and was cited for littering.

A grenade thrown into a kitchen in France would result in Linoleum Blownapart.

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

Two hats were hanging on a hat rack in the hallway.. One hat said to the other: 'You stay here; I'll go on a

I wondered why the baseball kept getting bigger. Then it hit me.

A sign on the lawn at a drug rehab center said: 'Keep off the Grass.'

The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large

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Farmer Gossman calls the vet and says, "My horse is very very sick. She's lying down and won't eat anything and is making strange noises."

The vet comes and looks over the horse and says "You're right - she certainly is ill - and she needs some very strong medicine."

He took a bottle out of his box, put two pills into his hand and said, "Give her these. The pills should make her better."

"How can I give them to her? She won't eat anything," the farmer asked.

The vet hands him a long tube and says "Put this tube in her mouth, then put the pills in the tube and blow. That'll take care of it."

The next day the vet came to the farm again to check up on things.

"How's your horse?" the vet asked.

"No change," the farmer said, "but I've been feeling very ill myself."

"Oh?" the vet said, "Why?"

"Well, I did what you said," the farmer answered. "I put the tube in the horse's mouth and then put the two pills down it - just like you said."

"And?" the vet asked.

"She blew first!" *Laugh & Lift*