

MONDAY

JOHN 11:57 *Meanwhile, the high priests and Pharisees gave out the word that anyone getting wind of him should inform them. They were all set to arrest him.*

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Life changing Prayers of the New Testament. Read them through slowly from time to time but start one at a time to memorize!

2 Pet 1:2-4 Grace and peace be multiplied to you in the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord; 3 seeing that His divine power has granted to us everything pertaining to life and godliness, through the true knowledge of Him who called us by His own glory and excellence. 4 For by these He has granted to us His precious and magnificent promises, so that by them you may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world by lust.

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Please join me in remembering a great icon. Veteran Pillsbury spokesman, The Pillsbury Doughboy, died yesterday of a severe yeast infection and complications from repeated pokes to the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a slightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out, including Mrs. Butterworth, The California Raisins, Hungry Jack, Betty Crocker, The Hostess Twinkies, Captain Crunch, and many others. The graveside was piled high with flours as longtime friend Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, describing the Doughboy as a man who "never knew how much he was kneaded." Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with many turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times, still, as a crusty old man, he was considered a roll model for millions. Toward the end it was thought he'd rise once again, but he was no tart. Doughboy is survived by his second wife, Play Dough. They have three children, John Dough, Jane Dough and Dosey Dough, and they have one in the oven. He is survived by his father, Pop Tart The funeral was held at 3500 for about 20 minutes.

Humor Digest

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Out bicycling one day with my eight-year-old granddaughter, Andrea, I got just a little bit wistful. 'In ten years,' I said, 'you'll want to be with your friends and you won't be going walking, biking, and swimming with me like you do now.'

Andrea shrugged. 'In ten years you'll be too old to do all those things anyway.'

Humor Digest

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When there is nothing left but God that is when you find out that God is all you need.

James Hamilton

'Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and listen.'

Bobby - age 7

Alzheimer's allows you to use more 4 letter words, like... "what?" ... "when?" ... "where?" ... and "who?"
Chaplain Moore

TUESDAY

John 12:1-3 *Six days before Passover, Jesus entered Bethany where Lazarus, so recently raised from the dead, was living. 2Lazarus and his sisters invited Jesus to dinner at their home. Martha served. Lazarus was one of those sitting at the table with them. 3Mary came in with a jar of very expensive aromatic oils, anointed and massaged Jesus' feet, and then wiped them with her hair. The fragrance of the oils filled the house.*

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Grandpa was celebrating his 100th birthday and everybody complimented him on how athletic and well-preserved he appeared. "Gentlemen, I will tell you the secret of my success," he cackled. "I have been in the open air day after day for some 75 years now."

The celebrants were impressed and asked how he managed to keep up his rigorous fitness regime. "Well, you see my wife and I were married 75 years ago. On our wedding night, we made a solemn pledge. Whenever we had a fight, the one who was proved wrong would go outside and take a walk."
Thomas Ellsworth.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of that great fictional detective, Sherlock Holmes, told the story of the time he went on vacation and climbed into a taxi cab in Paris. Before Doyle could utter a word, the driver turns to him and asks, "Where can I take you, Mr. Doyle?"

The famous author was flabbergasted. He asked the cab driver if they had ever met before. They had not. It was, in fact, the first time they had laid eyes on each other. "Then how the blazes did you know it was me?" Doyle asked.

The cab driver said, "This morning's paper had a story about you being on vacation in Marseilles. This is the taxi stand where people who travel to Paris from Marseilles usually arrive at. Your skin color tells me you have been on vacation.

The spot of ink on your index finger suggests that you are most likely a writer. Your clothing is very English, and not French or German. Adding all these clues together, I deduced that you are Arthur Conan Doyle."

"Good show! Well done!" exclaimed Doyle. "You are a real-life counterpart to my own Mr. Sherlock Holmes!"

"There is one other thing though," the driver added with a sly smile.

"What is that?"

"Your name is on the front of your suitcase." *Sermon Fodder*

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Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first. *Ronald Reagan*

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I am a marvelous housekeeper. Every time I leave a man, I keep his house. *~Zsa Zsa Gabor*

WEDNESDAY

John 12:4-6 *Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples, even then getting ready to betray him, said, "Why wasn't this oil sold and the money given to the poor? It would have easily brought three hundred silver pieces." He said this not because he cared two cents about the poor but because he was a thief. He was in charge of their common funds, but also embezzled them.*

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The 5 pounds you wanted to lose is now 25 and you have a better chance of losing your keys than the 25 pounds.

Humor Digest

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Keep your thoughts positive, because your thoughts become your words; keep your words positive, because your words become your actions; keep your actions positive, because your actions become your habits; keep your habits positive, because your habits become your values; keep your values positive, because your values become your destiny." *Code of the Caring Institute*

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SLOW DOWN THERAPY

Remember a happy, peaceful time in your past. Rest there. Each moment has richness that takes a lifetime to savor.

Set your own pace. When someone is pushing you, it's OK to tell them they're pushing.

Take nothing for granted: watch water flow, the corn grow, the leaves blow, your neighbor mow.

Taste your food. God gives it to delight as well as to nourish.

Cybersalt Digest

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Humorous Quotes on Life

If you look like your passport photo, you're too ill to travel. *~Willkommen*

Every day I get up and look through the Forbes list of the richest people in America. If I'm not there, I go to work. *~Robert Orben*

Misers aren't fun to live with, but they make wonderful ancestors. *~David Brenner*

My therapist told me the way to achieve true inner peace is to finish what I start. So far I've finished two bags of M&Ms and a chocolate cake. I feel better already. *Dave Barry*

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Try to treat with equal love all the people with whom you have relations. Make a habit of this, and soon you will perceive that all humankind is part of your family. Thus the distance between "myself" and "yourself" will be filled in, which is the goal of all religious worship. arr. *Ananda Moyi*

THURSDAY

John 12:7-8 *Jesus said, "Let her alone. She's anticipating and honoring the day of my burial. 8You always have the poor with you. You don't always have me."*

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As U.S. tourists in Israel, Morris and his wife Ruth were sitting outside a Bethlehem souvenir shop, waiting for fellow tourists.

An Arab salesman approached them carrying belts. After an impassioned sales talk yielded no results, he asked where they were from.

"America," Morris replied.

Looking at Ruth's dark hair and olive skin, the Arab responded, "She's not from the States."

"Yes I am," said the wife.

He looked at her and asked, "Is he your husband?"

"Yes," she replied.

Turning to the husband, the Arab said, "I'll give you 100 camels for her."

Morris looked stunned, and there was a long silence. Finally he replied, "She's not for sale."

After the salesman left, the somewhat indignant wife asked, "Morris, what took you so long to answer?"

Morris replied, "I was trying to figure out how to ship 100 camel's back home." *GCFL*

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"You should be ashamed," the father told his son, "When Abraham Lincoln was your age, he used to walk ten miles every day to get to school." "Really?" the kid said. "Well when he was your age, he was president." *Unknown*

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One night my father woke himself up with a loud "Hello!" to someone in his dream. As the next day came and went, Dad thought the nocturnal outburst was his alone to remember. But that night, as he and Mom

were getting ready for bed, she said dryly, "If you dream of anyone you know tonight, just wave."
Laugh & Lift

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Three sisters, ages 92, 94 and 96, live in a house together. One night the 96-year-old draws a bath. She puts her foot in and pauses. She yells to the other sisters, 'Was I getting in or out of the bath?'

The 94-year-old yells back, 'I don't know. I'll come up and see.' She starts up the stairs and pauses. 'Was I going up the stairs or down?'

The 92-year-old is sitting at the kitchen table having tea listening to her sisters, she shakes her head and says, 'I sure Hope I never get that forgetful, knock on wood.' She then yells, 'I'll come up and help both of you as soon as I see who's at the door.' *Shelvie Stephens*

FRIDAY

John 12:9-11 *Word got out among the Jews that he was back in town. The people came to take a look, not only at Jesus but also at Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead. 10So the high priests plotted to kill Lazarus 11because so many of the Jews were going over and believing in Jesus on account of him.*

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One morning this winter in central South Dakota a husband and wife were listening to the radio during breakfast. They heard the announcer say, "We're going to have 8 to 10 inches of snow today (sounds like Keller, TX), so you must park your car on the even-numbered side of the street, so the snowplows can get through." So the good wife went out and moved her car.

A week later while they were eating breakfast again, the radio announcer said, "We're expected 10 to 12 inches of snow today. You must park your car on the odd-numbered side of the street, so the snowplows can get through." The good wife went out and moved her car again.

The next week they are again having breakfast, when the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 12 to 14 inches of snow today (that sounds like Southlake, TX yesterday). You must park...." Then the electricity went out. The good wife was very upset, and with a worried look on her face she said, "Honey, I don't know what to do...which side of the street do I need to park on so the snowplows can get through?"

With the love and understanding in his voice, the husband replied, "Why don't you just leave it in the garage this time." *Sam Spence, Weekly Letter from the Chaplain*

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"Sticks and stones may break your bones, but names will never hurt you."

Really? Insults, teasing, gossip, and verbal abuse can inflict deeper and more enduring pain than guns and knives.

Ask anyone who as a kid was fat, skinny, short, tall, flat-chested, big-busted, acne-faced, uncoordinated, slow-witted, or exceptionally smart. In schoolrooms and playgrounds across the country, weight, height, looks, and intelligence are the subject of more taunting and ridicule than race or religion.

And it doesn't get better. Unkind words, tasteless jokes, criticism, and ridicule don't lose their sting when we become adults.

There's nothing new about this. But if we trivialize how damaging words can be, especially to youngsters, the ethical significance of verbal assaults can be lost. When we say words can't hurt anyone, we negate the feelings of those who are genuinely hurt.

Instead of minimizing the importance of words, we should encourage parents and teachers to demand a higher level of respect and greater sensitivity precisely because words can be so powerful.

Yes, we should try to fortify our children's sense of self-worth so they can bear insults and sarcasm better. And we should urge them not to take what others say too seriously. But it's just as important to teach them that words have the power of grenades and must be used carefully.

Michael Josephson