

Daily Devotional, September 5, 2020 Saturday Funnies

Life and Death

A man appears at Saint Peter's pearly gates. Saint Peter starts to conduct his interview, but as soon as he opens his mouth, the man disappears.

A few moments later the man appears again. Saint Peter opens his mouth to question the man, but he disappears again.

"Are you playing games with me?" asks Saint Peter, angrily.

"No," a distant voice replies anxiously, "They're trying to resuscitate me."

Beethoven's Death

When Beethoven passed away, he was buried in a churchyard.

A couple of days later, the town drunk was walking through the cemetery and heard some strange noise coming from the area where Beethoven was buried. Terrified, the drunk ran and got the priest to come and listen to it. The priest bent close to the grave and heard some faint, unrecognizable music coming from the grave.

Frightened, the priest ran and got the town magistrate.

When the magistrate arrived, he bent his ear to the grave, listened for a moment, and said, "Ah, yes, that's Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, being played backwards."

He listened a while longer, and said, "There's the Eighth Symphony, and it's backwards, too. Most puzzling." So the magistrate kept listening, "There's the Seventh... the Sixth... the Fifth..."

Suddenly the realization of what was happening dawned on the magistrate. He stood up and announced to the crowd that had gathered in the cemetery, "My fellow citizens, there's nothing to worry about. It's just Beethoven decomposing."

Chicagan in Hell (Circa 2013)

A Chicago man dies and goes to hell.

When he gets there, the devil comes over to welcome him. The devil then says "sometimes it gets pretty uncomfortable down here."

The man says, "No problem. I'm from Chicago."

So the devil goes over to the thermostat, turns the temperature up to 100, and the humidity up to 80. He then goes back to the Chicago man to see how he's doing. To the devil's surprise, the man is doing just fine.

"No problem...just like Chicago in June," the man says.

So the devil goes back over to the thermostat, and turns the temperature up to 150, and the humidity up to 90. He then goes back over to see how the Chicago man is doing.

The man is sweating a little, but overall looks comfortable. "No problem. Just like Chicago in July," the man says.

So now the devil goes over to the thermostat, turns the temperature up to 200, and the humidity up to 100. When he goes back to see how the man is doing, the man is sweating profusely, and has taken his shirt off. Otherwise, he seems OK.

He says, "No problem. Just like Chicago in August."

Now the devil is really perplexed. So he goes back to the thermostat, and turns the temperature down to MINUS 150 DEGREES. Immediately, all the humidity in the air freezes up, and the whole place (meaning Hell) becomes a frigid, barren, frozen, deathly cold wasteland.

When he goes back now to see how the Chicago man is doing, he is shocked to discover the man is jumping up and down, and cheering in obvious delight. The devil immediately asks the man what's going on. To which the Chicago man replies..... "THE CUBS WON THE WORLD SERIES!!!" "THE CUBS WON THE WORLD SERIES!!!"

Honk If You Love Jesus!

Grandma is eighty-eight years old and still drives her own car. She wrote a letter to her granddaughter:

Dear Granddaughter,

The other day I went up to our local Christian book store and saw a "Honk if you love Jesus" bumper sticker.

I was feeling particularly sassy that day because I had just come from a thrilling choir performance, followed by a thunderous prayer meeting.

So, I bought the sticker and put it on my bumper. Boy, am I glad I did; what an uplifting experience that followed.

I was stopped at a red light at a busy intersection, just lost in thought about the Lord and how good he is, and I didn't notice that the light had changed.

It is a good thing someone else loves Jesus because if he hadn't honked, I'd never have noticed.

I found that lots of people love Jesus!

While I was sitting there, the guy behind started honking like crazy, and then he leaned out of his window and screamed, "For the love of God!"

"Go! Go! Go! Jesus Christ, GO!"

What an exuberant cheerleader he was for Jesus!

Everyone started honking! and I just leaned out my window and started waving and smiling at all those loving people.

I even honked my horn a few times to share in the love!

There must have been a man from Florida back there because I heard him yelling something about a sunny beach.

I saw another guy waving in a funny way with only his middle finger stuck up in the air.

I asked my young teenage grandson in the back seat what that meant.

He said it was probably a Hawaiian good luck sign or something.

Well, I have never met anyone from Hawaii, so I leaned out the window and gave him the good luck sign right back.

My grandson burst out laughing.

Why, even he was enjoying this religious experience!

A couple of the people were so caught up in the joy of the moment that they got out of their cars and started walking towards me.

I bet they wanted to pray or ask what church I attended, but this is when I noticed the light had changed.

So, grinning, I waved at all my brothers and sisters, and drove on through the intersection.

I noticed that I was the only car that got through the intersection before the light changed again and felt kind of sad that I had to leave them after all the love we had shared.

So I slowed the car down, leaned out the window and gave them all the Hawaiian good luck sign one last time as I drove away. Praise the Lord for such wonderful folks!

Will write again

soon,

Love, Grandma.

Want to Have Some Fun?

A lady approaches her priest and tells him, "Father, I have a problem. I have two female talking parrots, but they only know how to say one thing."

"What do they say?" the priest inquired.

"They only know how to say, 'Hi, we're prostitutes. Want to have some fun?'"

"That's terrible!" the priest exclaimed, "but I have a solution to your problem. Bring your two female parrots over to my house and I will put them with my two male talking parrots whom I taught to pray and read the bible. My parrots will teach your parrots to stop saying that terrible phrase and your female parrots will learn to praise and worship."

"Thank you!" the woman responded.

The next day the woman brings her female parrots to the priest's house. His two male parrots are holding rosary beads and praying in their cage. The lady puts her two female parrots in with the male parrots.

Immediately, the female parrots say, "Hi, we're prostitutes, want to have some fun?"

One male parrot looks over at the other male parrot and exclaims, "Put the beads away, Sonny. Our prayers have been answered!"

What is Easter?

Three fools die around Easter and arrive at the pearly gates of heaven. They are greeted by Saint Peter. The saint peers at the fools from behind his glasses. "There are a finite number of spaces in Heaven," he tells them, "so to enter you must answer correctly one question: What is Easter?"

Peter turns to the first fool and asks, "What is Easter?"

The fool replies, "It's when we dress up in costumes, knock on people's doors, and beg for candy."

Saint Peter blinks once and turns to the second fool. "What is Easter?" he asks.

"Oh, that's easy. Easter is the holiday where we exchange presents, put up a nice tree, and drink eggnog."

Saint Peter rolls his eyes, tells the fool he's wrong, then turns to the last fool. "What is Easter?"

"I know the answer," replies the third fool.

"Really?" Saint Peter says in disbelief.

"Yes. Easter is a holiday in April that coincides with the Jewish holiday of Passover. It celebrates the resurrection of Jesus. Jesus was dining with his disciples when he was betrayed by one of them, forced to wear a crown of thorns, was beaten and crucified. He was buried in a nearby cave with a stone sealing the entrance."

Saint Peter was delighted, "Yes, yes! That's true!"

The fool had more, however. "And every year that stone moves aside and Jesus comes out, and if he sees his shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter."

Hope these are fun. Enjoy your Labor Day
Weekend!

Pastor Jim