

Daily Devotional, December 20, 2020 Some Christmas Chuckles

How They Forecast a Cold Winter

One day in early September the chief of a Native American tribe was asked by his tribal elders if the winter of 2011/12 was going to be cold or mild. The chief asked his medicine man, but he too had lost touch with the reading signs from the natural world around the Great Lakes. In truth, neither of them had any idea of how to predict the coming winter. However, the chief decided to take a modern approach, and the chief rang the National Weather Service in Gaylord Michigan. 'Yes, it is going to be a cold winter,' the meteorological officer told the chief. Consequently, he went back to his tribe and told the men to collect plenty of firewood.

A fortnight later the chief called the Weather Service and asked for an update. 'Are you still forecasting a cold winter?' he asked. 'Yes, very cold', the weather officer told him. As a result of this brief conversation the chief went back to the tribe and told his people to collect every bit of wood they could find.

A month later the chief called the National Weather Service once more and asked about the coming winter. 'Yes,' he was told, 'it is going to be one of the coldest winters ever.' 'How can you be so sure?' the chief asked. The weatherman replied: 'Because the Native Americans of the Great Lakes are collecting wood like crazy.'

Christmas Turkey Tale

Sarah, a new young bride calls her mother in tears. She sobs, 'Richard doesn't appreciate what I do for him.' 'Now, now,' her mother comforted, 'I am sure it was all just a misunderstanding.' 'No, mother, you don't understand. I bought a frozen turkey and he yelled and screamed at me about the price.' 'Well, the nerve of that lousy cheapskate,' says her mom. 'Those small turkeys are only a few dollars.' 'No, mother it wasn't the price of the turkey, it was the airplane ticket.'

"Airplane ticket.... What did you need an airplane ticket for?" "Well mother, when I went to fix it, I looked at the directions on the package and it said: "Prepare from a frozen state," so I flew to Alaska.'

Pure Fantasy

Just before Christmas, an honest politician, a generous lawyer and Santa Claus all got into the lift (elevator) at the Ritz Hotel in London. As the lift travelled from the 5th floor down to the ground level, one-by-one they noticed a £50 note lying on the lift's floor. Which one picked up the £50 note, and handed it in at reception? Santa of course, the other two don't actually exist!

Q. Why was the snowman looking through the carrots? **A.** He was picking his nose!

A Christmas Gift

A fellow bought his wife a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas.

After hearing about this extravagant gift, a friend of his said, "I thought she wanted one of those sporty four-wheel-drive vehicles."

"She did," he replied. "But where was I going to find a fake Jeep?"

Signs of Christmas

Toy Store: "Ho, ho, ho spoken here."

Bridal boutique: "Marry Christmas."

Outside a church: "The original Christmas Club."

At a department store: "Big pre-Christmas sale. Come in and mangle with the crowd."

A Texas jewelry store: "Diamond tiaras -- \$70,000. Three for \$200,000."

A reducing salon: "24 Shaping Days until Christmas."

In a stationery store: "For the man who has everything...a calendar to remind him when payments are due."

A Sign of the Times

As a little girl climbed onto Santa's lap, Santa asked the usual, "And what would you like for Christmas?" The child stared at him open mouthed and horrified for a minute, then gasped: "Didn't you get my E-mail?"

Fact Checker

To deliver his gifts in one night, Santa would have to make 822.6 visits per second, sleighing at 3,000 times the speed of sound. At that speed, Santa and his reindeer would burst into flame instantaneously!

An Axe to Grind

A boy begs his father to get him a Christmas tree this year. Each year, the boy asks and the father tells him, "I don't want to pay for it." But the son kept begging. Unable to bear his son's whining, he picks up his axe one day and heads out of the house.

Thirty minutes later he returns with a great big Christmas tree. "How did you cut it down so fast?" his son asks.

"I didn't cut it down," the father replies. "I got it at a tree lot."

"Then why did you bring an axe?"

"Because I didn't want to pay."

Three Wise Women (as opposed to Three Wise Men)

Do you know what would have happened if there had been Three Wise WOMEN instead of Three Wise MEN?

The WOMEN would have:

- Asked directions, - Arrived on time,
- Helped deliver the baby,
- Cleaned the stable,
- Made a casserole, and
- Brought practical gifts (like diapers!)

Silence is Golden

At a monastery high in the mountains, the monks have a rigid vow of silence. Only at Christmas, and only by one monk, and only with one sentence, is the vow allowed to be broken.

One Christmas, Brother Thomas is allowed to speak, and he says, "I like the mashed potatoes we have with the Christmas turkey!" and he sits down. Silence ensues for 365 days.

The next Christmas, Brother Michael gets his turn, and he says, "I think the mashed potatoes are lumpy and I hate them!"

Once again, silence for 366 days (it's leap year). The following Christmas, Brother Paul rises and says, "I am fed up with this constant bickering!"

Honesty is the Best Policy

A lady lost her handbag in the bustle of Christmas shopping. It was found by an honest little boy and returned to her. Looking in her purse, she commented, "Hmmm....That's funny. When I lost my bag there was a \$20 bill in it. Now there are twenty \$1 bills."

The boy replied, "That's right, lady. The last time I found a lady's purse, she didn't have any change for a reward."

All I Want For Christmas

The Santa Claus at the mall was very surprised when a young lady about twenty years old walked up and sat on his lap.

Santa doesn't usually take requests from adults, but she smiled very nicely at him, so he asked her, "What do you want for Christmas?"

"Something for my mother, please." said the young lady.

"Something for your mother? Well, that's very thoughtful of you," smiled Santa. "What do you want me to bring her? "

Without blinking she replied, "A son-in-law!"

Turkey Tonic

A lady was picking through the frozen turkeys at the grocery store but couldn't find one big enough for her family. She asked a stock boy, "Do these turkeys get any bigger?" The stock boy replied, "No ma'am, they're dead."

A Letter to Santa From Mom

Dear Santa,

I've been a good mom all year. I've fed, cleaned and cuddled my two children on demand, visited the doctor's office more than my doctor, sold sixty-two cases of candy bars to raise money to plant a shade tree on the school playground and figured out how to attach nine patches onto my daughter's girl scout sash with staples and a glue gun.

I was hoping you could spread my list out over several Christmases, since I had to write this letter with my son's red crayon, on the back of a receipt in the laundry room between cycles, and who knows when I'll find any more free time in the next 18 years. Here are my Christmas wishes:

I'd like a pair of legs that don't ache after a day of chasing kids (in any color, except purple, which I already have) and arms that don't flap in the breeze but are strong enough to carry a screaming toddler out of the candy aisle in the grocery store. I'd also like a waist, since I lost mine somewhere in the seventh month of my last pregnancy. If you're hauling big ticket items this year I'd like a car with fingerprint resistant windows and a radio that only plays adult music; a television that doesn't broadcast any programs containing talking animals; and a refrigerator with a secret compartment behind the crisper where I can hide to talk on the phone.

On the practical side, I could use a talking daughter doll that says, "Yes, Mommy" to boost my parental confidence, along with one potty-trained toddler, two kids who don't fight and three pairs of jeans that will zip all the way up without the use of power tools. I could also use a recording of Tibetan monks chanting, "Don't eat in the living room" and 'Take your hands off your brother,' because my voice seems to be just out of my children's hearing range and can only be heard by the dog. And please don't forget the Playdoh Travel Pack, the hottest stocking stuffer this year for mothers of preschoolers. It comes in three fluorescent colors and is guaranteed to crumble on any carpet making the in-laws' house seem just like mine. If it's too late to find any of these products, I'd settle for enough time to brush my teeth and comb my hair in the same morning, or the luxury of eating food warmer than room temperature without it being served in a Styrofoam container.

If you don't mind I could also use a few Christmas miracles to brighten the holiday season. Would it be too much trouble to declare ketchup a vegetable? It will clear my conscience immensely. It would be helpful if you could coerce my children to help around the house without demanding payment as if they were the bosses of an organized crime family; or if my toddler didn't look so cute sneaking downstairs to eat contraband ice cream in his pajamas at midnight.

Well, Santa, the buzzer on the dryer is ringing and my son saw my feet under the laundry room door. I think he wants his crayon back. Have a safe trip and remember to leave your wet boots by the chimney and come in and dry off by the fire so you don't catch a cold. Help yourself to cookies on the table but don't eat too many or leave crumbs on the carpet.

Yours Always...Mom.

P.S. - One more thing...you can cancel all my requests if you can keep my children young enough to believe in Santa.

I hope you all enjoy your Christmas season. It will be different without being together with many of our family members and close friends. In whatever ways you can connect, I hope you will find some joy in that time together, whatever form that takes.

As this tragic and lonely year comes to a close, one thing remains constant: we are reminded that Christ entered our world and though we may not physically see Him, He remains with us each and every day, caring for us, nurturing us and guiding us on our walk through this dark year. His light shines brighter than our darkness and He will lead us once again into more joyful times—one which will be for all believers, the most joyful of all when we enter into eternity.

My prayer for all of you this Christmas is that you will find renewed hope as we are reminded of the love God had for us by sending His one and only Son into our world, whose birth we relive and celebrate at this time each year. A perfect and joyful reminder of what awaits us beyond Easter. God's Blessings to all of you this Christmas! Pastor Jim