

HUMOUR - JULY 2014

MEXICAN OYSTERS

A big Texan cowboy stopped at a local restaurant following a day roaming around in Mexico.

While sipping his tequila, he noticed a sizzling, scrumptious looking platter being served at the next table. Not only did it look good, the smell was wonderful.

He asked the waiter, 'What is that you just served?'

The waiter replied, 'Ah señor, you have excellent taste! Those are called *Cojones de Toro* - bull's testicles from the bull fight this morning, a delicacy!'

The cowboy said, 'What the heck, bring me an order.'

The waiter replied, 'I am so sorry señor. There is only one serving per day because there is only one bull fight each morning. If you come early and place your order, we will be sure to save you this delicacy.'

The next morning, the cowboy returned, placed his order, and that evening was served the one and only special delicacy of the day.

After a few bites, inspecting his platter, he called to the waiter and said, 'These are delicious, but they are much, much smaller than the ones I saw you serve yesterday.'

The waiter shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Si, Señor. Sometimes the bull wins ".

INNOCENCE IS PRICELESS

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it.

The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.'

'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque. 'Pastor, what is this?'

The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.'

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked,

'Which service, the 9:00 or the 11:30?'

STICK TO THE TRUTH

The lady was a southern baptist who attended services and taught Sunday School every week.

One Sunday an out of town acquaintance, a gentleman, was in the pew right behind her. He noted what a fine looking woman she was and, while they were taking up the collection, leaned forward and said, "Hey, how about you and I having dinner on Tuesday?"

"Why yes, that would be nice", the lady responded.

On Tuesday he picked her up and headed to the finest restaurant in that part of town. When they sat down, the gentleman looked over at her and enquired, "Would you like a cocktail before dinner?"

"Oh, no," said she, "Whatever would I tell my Sunday School class?"

Well, the gentleman was set back a bit, so he didn't say much until after dinner, when he pulled out a packet of cigarettes and asked, "Would you like a smoke?"

"Oh my goodness no," said the woman. "I couldn't face my Sunday school class if I did that!"

With his ardour somewhat diminished, they left the restaurant got in his car to drive home. As they passed the local Holiday Inn he figured he had nothing to lose, having been morally rebuffed twice already, so he ventured forth with, "Ahhh.... Mmmm ... Ahh... How would you like to stop at this motel?"

"Sure, that would be nice," she said. The gentleman couldn't believe his ears, did a fast u-turn drove back to the motel and checked in.

The next morning, after a wild and passionate night of the most incredible love making imaginable, the gentleman awoke first. He looked at the lovely lady lying there in the bed and was suddenly overcome with remorse. He thought, what the hell have I done?

He shook her awake and pleaded, "I've got to ask you one thing, whatever are you going to tell your Sunday School class?"

The lady said, "The same thing I always tell them, you don't have to smoke and drink to have a good time".

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