



THE LAST LAUGH ...



A friend of mine was a philosophy major during his first semester in college. One day in a seminar class, they spent a great deal of time debating whether the glass was half full or half empty. After the class, my friend was feeling pretty good about himself and what he was learning at university, so when he went home, he tried to continue the discussion with his family. With maximum drama, he took a 12 ounce glass from the cupboard and poured in 6 ounces of water. Then took it into the dining room and placed it in the middle of the table. He proudly asked his family, "Can anyone tell me whether this glass is half full or half empty." Without missing a beat, his grandmother replied, "Depends if you're drinking or pouring."

My husband and I had just finished tucking our five young ones into bed one evening when we heard sobbing coming from three-year-old Billy's room. Rushing to his side, we found him crying hysterically. He had accidentally swallowed a penny and was sure he was going to die. No amount of talking could change his mind. Desperate to calm him, my husband palmed a penny that he happened to have in his pocket and pretended to pull it from Billy's ear. Billy was delighted. In a flash, he snatched it from my husband's hand, swallowed it and demanded cheerfully, "Do it again, Dad!"

Although up in years, Pete's mother-in-law was determined to learn how to drive. On her very first time behind the wheel, she moaned, "Pete, I don't know what to do!" Pete hesitated, and then softly said, "Just imagine I'm doing the driving."

Peter had spent a week visiting with his brother in Oklahoma. His sister-in-law and his 7-year old niece accompanied him to the airport for his flight back home. After verifying his seat number with the counter attendant, Peter came over to his relatives and stated that he'd have an additional three-hour wait. "How come?" his 7-year old niece asked. "My plane has been grounded," Peter explained. "Grounded?" she said "I didn't know planes had parents."

After booking my 80-year-old grandmother on a flight from Florida to Nevada, I called the airline to go over her special needs. The representative listened patiently as I requested a wheelchair and an attendant for my grandmother because of her arthritis and impaired vision to the point of near blindness

My apprehension lightened a bit when the woman assured me that everything would be taken care of. I thanked her profusely. "Oh, you're welcome," she replied. I was about to hang up when she cheerfully asked, ..."And will your grandmother need a rental car?"

The man looked a little worried when the doctor came in to administer his annual physical, so the first thing the doctor did was to ask whether anything was troubling him. "Well, to tell the truth, Doc, yes," answered the patient. "You see, I seem to be getting forgetful. No, it's actually worse than that. I'm never sure I can remember where I put the car, or whether I answered a letter, or where I'm going, or what it is I'm going to do once I get there -- if I get there. So, I really need your help. What can I do?" The doctor mused for a moment, then answered in his kindest tones, "Pay me in advance."

Dear Son,

I'm writing this slow 'cause I know you can't read fast. We don't live where we did when you first left. Your Dad read in the paper that most accidents happen within 20 miles of home, so we moved. I won't be able to send you the address as the last family here took the numbers with them for their next house, so they wouldn't have to change their address. This place has a washing machine. The first day I put four shirts in, pulled the chain, and I haven't seen 'em since. It only rained twice this week, three days the first time and four days this time. The coat you wanted me to send you, your Aunt Sue said it would be a little too heavy to send in the mail with the heavy buttons, so we cut them off and put them in the pockets. About your sister, she had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether it's a girl or a boy, so I don't know if you are an Aunt or an Uncle. Not much more news this time, write soon. Love, Mom
P.S. Was going to send you money, but the envelope was already sealed.