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you want a woman you have anything to laugh at when you are old.Have a GREAT! day.....and keep Laughing "This Is Good" Attitude:The story is told of a king in Africa who had a close friend with whom he grew up. The friend had a habit of looking at every situation that ever occurred in his life (positive or negative) and remarking, "This is good!" One day the king and his friend were on a hunt for gazelle. The friend would meditate and prepare to do something with his bow. The king would look at the friend and his bow and remark, "This is good!" To which the king replied, "No, this is not good!" and proceeded to send his friend to jail. About a year later, the king was hunting in an area that he should have known to stay clear of. Cannibals captured him and took him to their village. They tied his hands, stacked some wood, set up a stake and bound him to the stake. As they came near to set fire to the wood, they noticed that the king was missing a thumb. Being superstitious, they never ate anyone who was less than whole. So untying the king, they sent him on his way. As he returned home, he was reminded of the event that had taken his thumb and felt remorse for his treatment of his friend. He went immediately to the jail to speak with his friend. "You were right," he said, "it was good that my thumb was blown off." And he proceeded to tell the friend all that had just happened. "And so, I am very sorry for sending you to jail for so long. It was bad for me to do this." "No," his friend replied, "This is good!" "What do you mean, 'This is good'? How could it be good that I sent my friend to jail for a year?" "If I had not been in jail, I would have been with you."How Florida was Began! (author unknown)There were 12 tribes of Israel. Two tribes, we know, settled in the south of Canaan, and 10 tribes settled in the north. In 722 BCE, Israel lost track of 10 of its tribes. No written word in history books could ever explain the disappearance of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. Each leader of the 12 tribes was a son of Jacob. Can you imagine 12 brothers getting along? It just didn't work. They had to separate and move away from one another. The wives of the brothers were at each others' throats all the time and driving them crazy. You can imagine the women saying, "Nu, so look at your brother's wife. She has a bigger tenn than I do and has more jewels on her fingers. I should have married your brother." The brothers decided they couldn't stand the tumult and the kvetching any longer so they would move away from one another but they would try to keep in touch. Ten brothers went north, two went south. The trials and tribulations of the two tribes that went south remain in history books. The other 10 tribes saga is a mystery. I have a theory. The 10 tribes from the north met and decided it was too cold to stay north so they trekker down to that would establish a new homeland. They called it Florida. It was a state of golden sand, a land of milk and honey. It was warm there. Everyone was Jewish. They ate three meals a day. They ate dinner early in the evening so they could get a good night's sleep and not have to drive at night. There were orange groves nearby. They could send grapefruit and oranges to their relatives in other tribes. There were other natives living there from distant lands, who would clean their tents for a minimum of wages. And the weather was always beautiful, maybe, a little hot at times, but not so terrible. They had hairdressers and manicurists and clubhouses with activities so they could all play together. It was the Promised Land. So what do you think happened? Wort got out. Lantzmen from all over the country heard about this new Jewish Homeland. They started arriving in droves in big Lincolns and Lexusim, and they all spoke with different accents. They were from the Land of the Northeast: New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. No one was from Wyoming or Idaho. The 10 tribes began to adopt the customs of these newcomers. For instance, the New Yorkers introduced the others to delicatessen: big corned beef sandwiches, and to cheescake: big thick creamy slices, and to bagels. Bagels were made from round pieces of dough with holes in them. The people from Philadelphia introduced the others to cream cheese; and nu, there was a match: New York bagels and Philadelphia cream cheese. Bostonians tried to teach the other Lantzmen the King's English and proper diction, but the others could never learn how to say "cahr" correctly or to speak without an accent. They did learn to like the Boston baked beans, however. People from New Jersey taught the others how to build long roads. They said they had a very long road in New Jersey that allowed transportation to flow smoothly. The idea was adopted and called a turnpike. Some of these turnpikes today are called parking lots. Tribesmen from Connecticut tried to convince the other tribes members to open a gambling casino. They believed they could make a great deal of money. However, the Jews frowned upon gambling and advise setting another tribe come along someday and make a go of that idea. Oy, did the Jews miss an opportunity then. Another tribe did just that, and they are making lots of wampum today in Connecticut. This is how Florida was began. Floridians are descendants of the 10 tribes of Israel. We are their long anymore. We are farnished at times, but we are not lost. We all live happily ever after.A lady dining in a fine restaurant is about to take a bite when she turns to the man at the table next to her. "Pardon me, sir," she says. "Your napkin has fallen on the floor." "O! Tanks for dat. Vitout you, I vouldn't know. I'm blindt." He reached-down to find his napkin. Once it's back on his lap, he asks her if he has spilled any food on his shirt. "Hardly at all," she answers, "just a few cracker crumbs." "Tanks, again, Missus," he replies, brushing them off. "Vitout you telling, I vouldn't know dese tings." A few moments later, he inquires again, "Do you mind I should ask a posional question?" "Not at all," she replies. "I don't do vell vit the ladies. Do you tink I'm ugly?" "You're quite presentable," she replies. "That shouldn't be a problem." Smiling now, he exults, "Vat a relief. I vas always afraid to ask. Again, I got to thank you." A few more moments pass and the lady speaks up. "Do you mind if I give you a bit of advice?" she asks. "Sotiently! Listen, I'll take all de help what you've got to vill take," he answers. "Lose the Jewish accent," she replies. "You're a Shvartzta."Top Ten Rejected Books by Jewish Authors:10. Portnoy Is No Longer Complaining: Philip Roth writes this sequel about his hero, Alexander Portnoy in which he has nothing to complain about. In fact, for a whole 312 pages, Portnoy reassures us that in fact he "is fine and pretty well adjusted."9. War and a Piece of Cheescake: Herman Wouk's attempt to write about the Goldstein family and their fight over the last piece of cheescake in the fridge left from Shavuoth.8. Michael and Me, the Strangest Pairing Since Borscht and Sour Cream: Rabbi Shmuel Boteach explores the relationship he has with Michael Jackson.7. Mein Camp: Mel Brooks writes a "campy" version of Mein Kampf in which he Desperately looks for the jokes that were unused in the Producers.6. Confessions of a Shiksa: A compilation of short stories in which non-Jewish women admit that they really married those Jewish doctors for their money, not love.5. In My Father's Footsteps: Isaac Bashevis Singer discusses how he "got schooled" by his father in a one-on-one game with his "Tatti." The problem is that Singer discusses this one 7-point game for 745 pages, which makes for very boring reading.4. How To Marry The Asian Teenager of Your Dreams: Woody Allen's dating tips.3. How High: The unauthorized biography of Reb Shimon Carlebach brought to you by the writers of VH1's Behind the Music.2. The Red Tent: a story of one woman's plight to stand up to her mother about the colors for her wedding canopy.1. Chicken Salmaltz for the Soul: A collection of vignettes about gaining weight around the Jewish holidays.To all you guacamoledunding, porkriid eating, cheescakechucking, chilusucking, pizzascarfing, beerswilling, armchair quarterbacks out there, have a greeeeeeeeat Superbowl! And who couldn't enjoy a game when it was 22 big, strong players run around like crazy for two hours while millions of people who really need the exercise, eat, drink, sit and watch! Have a good one!A state senator from Tennessee, by the name of John Ford, is in court for child support and he revealed he lives with his divorced wife and their three kids three days a week. He lives with his girlfriend and their two kids the other four days a week. He is being sued by another girlfriend for child support and his ex-wife is pregnant by him again. But the good news today he was given the Jerry Springer lifetime achievement award - Jay LenoThere is a big hot war going on in the United States. Did you know that? Marriot has announced they will upgrade their bedding to 300 thread count, 60% cotton sheets and a down comforter for 4 to 6 pillows per bed. Radisson has countered with a 250 thread count sheets and a firmness adjustable mattress. And Motel 6 announced they're not changing their thread count, but they will throw in the hooker for half price."Have you seen this commercial for Viagra? The guy comes home, he's sponging around, he's cleaning the house, he's cooking dinner, he's setting the table, he's putting flowers and candles out before his wife gets home. Do you think women watching the commercial go, "Never mind the sex. Where do I find a pill to get my husband to do all of that?" - Jay LenoThe boss of a Madison Avenue advertising agency called a spontaneous staff meeting in the middle of a particularly stressful week. When everyone gathered, the boss, who understood the benefits of having fun, told the burnt out staff the purpose of the meeting was to have a quick contest. The theme was, Viagra advertising slogans. The only rule was that they had to use past ad slogans, originally written for other products that captured the essence of Viagra Slight variations were acceptable. About 7 minutes later, they turned in their suggestions and created a Top Ten List. With all the laughter and camaraderie, the rest of the week went very well for everyone. Here's their top ten:10. Viagra, Whazazzz up!9. Viagra, The quicker pecker upper.8. Viagra, Like a rock!7. Viagra, When it absolutely, positively has to be there overnight.6. Viagra, Be all that you can be.5. Viagra, Reach out and touch someone.4. Viagra, Strong enough for a man, but made for a woman.3. Viagra, Tastes great! More Filling!2. Viagra, We bring good things to Life!And the unanimous number one slogan:1. This is your penis..... This is your penis on drugs! recall my first time with a condom, I was 16 or so. I went in to buy a package of condoms. There was a beautiful woman behind the counter, and she could see that I was new at it. She handed me the package and asked, if I knew how to wear one. I honestly answered, "No." So she unwrapped the package, took one out and slipped over her thumb. She cautioned me to make sure it was on tight and secure. I apparently still looked confused. So she looked all around the store. It was empty. She said, "Just a minute," and walked to the door, and locked it. Taking my hand, she led me into the back room, unbuttoned her blouse and removed it. She unhooked her bra and laid it aside. She asked, "Do these excite you?" Well, I was so dumbstruck that all I could do was nod my head. She then said, it was time to slip the condom on. As I was slipping it on, she dropped her skirt, removed her panties and laid down on a desk. "Well, come on," she said, "we don't have much time." So I climbed on her. It was so wonderful that unfortunately, I could no longer hold back and pow, I was done within a few minutes. She looked at me with a frown. "Did you put that condom on?" I said, "I sure did," and held up my thumb to show her. At a Drive Ranch the cowboy preparing the horses asked the blond if she wanted a Western or English saddle, and she asked that the difference was. When he told her he had a horse and one of the blonde replied, "The one without the horn is fine. I don't expect we'll run into too much traffic."The first morning of the honeymoon was quite a scare for Trump's new wife. She woke up and saw what his hair looked like in the morning.The NHL Players Association (NHLPA) announced today that they are upset at the NHL for planning to start next year's season with replacement players. Their statement was unanimously endorsed by the 75% of the NHL players who are currently replacing other players in Europe.I just got back from a pleasure trip. I took my mother-in-law to the airport. And now a little Jewish humour:Jewish Mothers don't differ from any other in the world when it comes to bragging about their sons. One Mother, trying to out-do another when it came to opportunities available to their just graduated-from-college sons said, "My Irving has had so many fine interviews, his resume is now in his fifth printing."Ben Jay lotion is now being imported into and sold in Israel. The company has mounted a massive advertising slogan with posters at bus stops all over Jerusalem at least. Their slogan: "Do you have Ben Gay in the closet?" The problem: in Hebrew, 'ben' means 'son,' and 'what is no indefinite 'a' in Hebrew; 'gay' means the same thing as it does in English; and finally, in written Hebrew, there is no differentiation between 'a' and 'the' when it is part of 'in.' The end result: their slogan loudly asks "Do you have a gay son in the closet?" Try again, Ben Gay...(A friend of mine is an agoraphobic homosexual, which makes it kind of hard for him to come out of the closet.) Little Sam was out shopping with his mother, something he didn't like very much. But when they passed a toy store, Sam came to life. He saw a new toy in the window that he didn't have but wanted. Sam begged, pleaded and nagged but to no avail. He got so rude that his mother firmly said, "I'm very sorry Sam, but we didn't come out to buy you a toy." Sam angrily said, "I've never met a woman as mean as you." Holding his hand gently, she replied, "Sam, darling, one day you'll get married and then you will... you really will, I promise you."After the funeral the Rabbi said, "I don't think you'll ever find another man like your late husband Morris." The widow replied, "So who's looking for one?"A Jewish Mama says "I don't like the locks of this whitish. The butcher replied, "Lady, for locks you don't buy whitish; you buy golden." "Oy, and this chicken, it has a broken leg." He says, "Look lady, you gonna eat it or dance with it?" She says, "And before you weigh the meat, take out the bones." He says, "Lady, I buy with bones; you'll buy with bones." She says, "I don't pay with bones; I give you." "All right, no bones." Mama then comes out with the coup de grace: "Thank you, you are a gentleman. Now put the bones in a separate bag for soup. And never mind the meat. I don't like your meat anyhow."Young Morris asked his father, "Dad, was Adam Jewish?" His father put down his newspaper and thought for a moment. He was an expert at Talmudic reasoning and in the art of making a point by an unanswerable question. He replied, "If we can determine that Eve was Jewish, my son, we would at once see that Adam was Jewish, for who but a Jew could bring himself to marry a Jewish girl?" (Here he turned his head a bit nervously to make sure his wife wasn't listening.) "Therefore, we can drop the Adam problem and instead ask ourselves, "Was Eve Jewish?" "To answer that, we have only to ask the question, "Would Louis be a Jewish girl say, 'Here, have a piece of fruit'?"If you believe in creation as espoused in the Bible, then Adam and Eve's children would actually have had to have sex with one another for the earth to have become populated. This is surely proof positive that Alabama was at one time the Garden of Eden.Found on a tombstone in St. Louis, MissouriG. Winch, the brewer, lies buried here.In life he was both hale and stout.Death brought him to his bitter bier.Now in heaven he hops about.On a headstone in Kent, EnglandGrim death took meWithout any warning.I was well at night.And dead in the morning.I was behind an attractive woman in the checkout line at the local Walmart store. She was questioning the store's policy on returns. She pointed to a very shrew, sexy, lady red-and-black negligee she had put on the check out counter to purchase, and asked, "Can I bring this back if it doesn't work?"Men and women are different in the morning. The men wake up aroused in the morning. We can't help it. We just wake up and we want you. And the women are thinking, "How can he want me the way I look in the morning?" It's because we can't see you. We have blood anywhere near our optic nerve. - Andy RooneyAccording to a survey in Family Circle magazine, twenty-seven percent of men say that sex puts them in a peaceful state of mind. Fifty-eight percent say money causes them stress. So I guess cheap hookers would make them ecstatic.Scientists say second hand smoke may lead to cervical cancer. Just where are these people blowing their smoke?Focus on a man. - Because I'm a man, when I lock my keys in the car I will fill with a wire long after hypothermia has set in. The AAA is not an option. I will win. - Because I'm a man, when the car isn't running very well, I will pop the hood and stare at the engine as if I know what I'm looking at. If another man shows up, one of us will say to the other, "I used to be able to fix these things, but now with all these computers and everything, I wouldn't, know where to start." We will then drink beer and break wind as a form of holy communion. - Because I'm a man, when I catch a cold, I need someone to bring me soup and take care of me while I lie in bed and moan. You're a woman. You never get as sick as I do, so for you this isn't a problem. - Because I'm a man, I can be relied upon to purchase basic groceries at the store, like milk or bread. I cannot be expected to find exotic items like "cumin" or "tofu." For all I know, these are the same thing. And never, under any circumstances, expect me to pick up anything for which "feminine hygiene product" is a euphemism. (F.Y.I. guys: cumin is a spice and not a bodily function.) - Because I'm a man, when one of our appliances stops working, I will insist on taking it apart, despite evidence that this will just cost me twice as much, once the repair person gets here and has to put it back together. - Because I'm a man, I must hold the television remote control in my hand while I watch TV. If the thing has been misplaced, I may miss a whole show looking for it (though one time I was able to survive by holding a calculator). - Because I'm a man, there is no need to ask me what I'm thinking about. The answer is always either sex, cars, or sports. I have to make up something else when you ask, so don't ask. - Because I'm a man, I do not want to visit your mother, or have your mother come visit us, or talk to her when she calls, or think about her any more than I have to. Whatever you got her for Mother's Day is okay; I don't need to see it. And don't forget to pick up something for my mother, too. - Because I'm a man, you don't have to ask me if I liked the movie. Chances are, if you're crying at the end of it, I didn't... and if you are feeling amorous afterwards, then I will certainly at least remember the name and recommend it to others. - Because I'm a man, I think what you're wearing is fine. I thought what you were wearing five minutes ago was fine, too. Either pair of shoes is fine. With the belt or without it, looks fine. Your hair is fine. You look fine. Can we just go now? - Because I'm a man, and this is, after all, the year 2005, I will share equally in the housework. You just do the laundry, the cooking, the cleaning, the vacuuming, and the dishes, and I'll do the rest... like wandering around in the yard or garage with a beer wondering what to do.This has been a public service message for Women to better understand Men.I'm Fine - How are you?There's nothing the matter with me, I'm just as healthy as can be, I have arthritis in both knees. And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.My pulse is weak, my blood is thin,But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.All my teeth have had to come out, And my diet I hate to think about.I'm overweight and I can't get thin, But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in. And arch supports I need for my feet. Or I wouldn't be able to go out in the street.Sleep is denied me night after night, But every morning I find I'm all right. My memory's failing, my head's in a spin. But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in. Old age is golden I've heard it said, But sometimes I wonder, as I go to bed, With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup.And my glasses on a shelf, until I get up. And when sleep dums my eyes, I say to myself, Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?The reason I know my Youth has been spent, Is my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went! But really I don't mind, when I think with a grin. Of all the places my get-up has been. I get up each morning and dust off my wits, Pick up the paper and read the obits. If my name is missing, I'm therefore not dead,So I eat a good breakfast and jump back into bed. The moral of this is the tale unfolds, Is that for you and me, who are growing old... It is better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,Than to let people know the shape we are in.What was the most popular lamp in Pompeii? The Lava Lamp!Did you hear about the new high school course? It intersects you go between people and you are expected to come. A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. Of course, so does falling down a flight of stairs.-Richard Dory if you were to lay every vein, artery and capillary in a human's body end to end, that person would probably die Getting old is sooo hard at times. Yesterday I got Preparation H! mixed up with Poli-Grip. Now, I walk funny, but my gums don't itch!Harry did like always does, kissing his wife, crawling into bed and falling to sleep. All of a sudden, he wakes up with an elderly man dressed in a cow standing in front of his bed. "What the hell are you doing in my bedroom?.. and who are you?" he asked. "This is not your bedroom," the man replied, "I am St. Peter, and you are in heaven." "WHAT?!" Here are saying 'I'm dead?' I don't want to die.. I'm too young," said Harry. "If I'm dead, I want you to send me back immediately." "It's not that easy," said St. Peter, "you can only return as a dog or a hen." You can choose on your own...". Harry thought about it for a while, and figured out that being a dog is too tiring, but a hen probably has a nice and relaxed life. Running around with a rooster can't be that bad. "I want to return as a hen," Harry replied. And in the next second, he found himself in a chicken run, really nicely feathered. But man, now "he" felt like the rear end you gonna blow.. then along came the rooster. "Hey, you must be the new hen on the farm," he said. "How does it feel?" Well, it's OK I guess, but it feels like my rear end is blowing up. "Oh that!" said the rooster. "That's only the ovulation going on. Have you never laid an egg before?" "No, how do I do that?" Harry asked. "Cluck twice, and then you push all you can." Harry clucked twice, and pushed more than he was good for, and then "Plop" and an egg was on the ground. "Wow" Harry said "that felt really good!" So he clucked again and squeezed. And you better believe that there was yet another egg on the ground. The third time he clucked, he heard his wife shout: "Harry, for Gods sake wake up, you're shing all over the bed!"A young husband comes home one night, and his wife throws her arms around his neck: "Darling, I have great news." I'm a month overdue. I think we're going to have a baby! The doctor gave me a test today, but until we find out for sure, we can't tell anybody." The next day, a guy from the electric company rings the door-bell, because the young couple hasn't paid their last bill: "Are you Mrs. Smith? You're a month overdue, you know?" "How do YOU know?" stammers the young woman. "Well, ma'am, I it's in our files," says the man from the electric company. "What are you saying? It's in your files?" "Absolutely." "Well, let me talk to my husband about this tonight." That night, she tells her husband about the visit, and he, mad as a bull, rushes to the electric company offices the first thing the next morning. "What's going on here? You have it on file that my wife is a month overdue? What business is that of yours?" the husband shouts. "Just calm down," says the clerk. "It's nothing serious. All you have to do is pay us." "PAY you? and if I refuse?" "Well, in that case, sir, we'd have no option but to cut yours off." "And what would my wife do then?" the husband asks. "I I don't know. I guess she'd have to use a candle." The wife appeared at the breakfast table in curlers and a worn bathrobe. The husband looked up from his newspaper and said, "Why can't you look like you did when we were first married?" "How can I?" she snapped back. "I'm not pregnant!" "Why do you think cunningling is commonly referred to as 'eating' while fellatio is called a 'blow job'. These terms must have been invented by a woman to make the one sound enjoyable and the other like work.A young lady went to a dance, and she had a low-cut, strapless gown on. Around her neck she wore a little golden airplane on a long chain. All night she noticed a young man, staring at her. In her embarrassment, she held up the airplane and said, "Oh, you like my airplane, huh?" The young man smiled mischievously. "No ma'am, I was just admiring the landing field."Finally, Christmas was over and the elves were taking off for their well deserved vacation. Chandro the Lead Elf says, "Man, I've been waiting for this for six months. I'm getting my ass down to Miami. I'm gonna do nothin, but suck down margaritas, along with many babes as I can, and soak up the sun til I get this damn cold out of my bones." So he gets to Miami, checks into his hotel and then heads straight for the bar. He spots a gorgeous, tall, well built blonde sitting alone sipping a drink. So he goes over, climbs on the stool next to her and orders a margarita. He downs it, orders another one, downs that too. He smiles at the blonde and says, "Hi sweetie, I'm Chandro, Santa's elf." The blonde looks at him and says, "Hi, I'm a girl, not a boy." Chandro says, "Well, I'm a girl, not a boy." The blonde says, "Come on and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, gentlemen?" There seems to be a fully stocked bar, so the men all get for a martini. In short order, the bartender serves up 4 iced martinis - and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please." They can't believe their good luck. They pay the 40 cents, finish their martinis, and order another round.Again, four excellent martinis are produced with the bartender again saying, "That's 40 more cents, please." They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity is more than they can stand. They've each had two martinis and so far they've spent less than a dollar. Finally one of the men couldn't stand it any longer and asks the bartender "How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime apiece?" Here's my story. I'm a retired tailor from Brooklyn, and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery for \$25 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime, wine, liquor, beer, all the same. "Wow. That's quite a story," says one of the men. The four of them sipped at their martinis and couldn't help but notice three other guys at the end of the bar who didn't have a drink in front of them, and hadn't ordered anything the whole time they were there. One man gestures at the three at the end of the bar without drinks and asks the bartender, "What's with them?" The bartender says, "They're seniors from Florida. They're waiting for happy hour."We had made some changes in our lives. My husband had lost 50 pounds and after eight years of being a housewife, I had taken a job in a doughnut shop. When I returned home after my first day at work, I gave my husband a big hug. He seemed to cling to me longer than usual. "Did you really miss me that much today, dear?" I asked. "No," came the reply. "But you smell so much like doughnuts, I hate to let you go home."I've been on again and again for years and advertisers. I've seen a Super Bowl halftime show and it contain no barely-clothed performers, just the usual barely talented ones Fox Sports said that the Super Bowl would use four cameras embedded in the field. It's a lead elf. What would you say to a little fucker? She looks down and says, "Hello, you little fuck."Four retired guys are walking down a street in Milwaukee. Then they turn a corner and see a sign that says "Old Time's Bar - ALL DRINKS 10 CENTS!" They look at each other, and then go in. The old bartender says in a voice that carries across the room, "Come on and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, gentlemen?" There seems to be a fully stocked bar, so the men all get for a martini. In short order, the bartender serves up 4 iced martinis - and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please." They can't believe their good luck. 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