

Argyll & The Isles



News and Views from around the Diocese

Number 86 - Spring 2007

On the Lighter side

Another cannibal story!

Did you hear about the missionary who arrived in the cannibal village on Saturday and by Monday night he was history? Looking through his belongings, one of the natives found a magazine and without missing a beat began tearing out pictures of people and popping them in his mouth.

Seeing what he was doing, one of his friends asked, "So how's that dehydrated stuff?"

Look On The Bright Side

The detective was interviewing a man whose clothing shop had just been burgled.

"It's bad," said the proprietor, "but it's not as bad as it could have been if he'd robbed me yesterday."

"Why is that?" the detective asked.

"Because today my annual sale started."

Letter to a soldier in Afghanistan

Dearest Son

I'm writing this slowly because I know you can't read fast. We don't live anymore where we did when you left home. Your dad read in the newspaper that most accidents happen within 20 miles of your home, so we moved. I won't be able to send you the address because the last Wimbledon family that lived here took the house

numbers when they moved so they wouldn't have to change their address.

This new place is really nice. It even has a washing machine. I'm not sure about it, however. I put a load of clothes in and pulled the chain. We haven't seen them since.

The weather isn't bad here. It only rained twice last week; the first time for three days and the second time for four days.

About that coat you wanted me to send; your Uncle Billy said it would be too heavy to send in a parcel with the buttons on, so we cut them off and put them in the pockets.

Uncle Billy locked his keys in the car yesterday. We were really worried because it took him two hours to get me and your father out.

Your sister had a baby this morning, but I haven't found out what it is yet so I don't know if you are an aunt or uncle. The baby looks just like your brother.

Uncle Bobby fell into a whisky vat last week on a tour of a new distillery. Some men tried to pull him out but he fought them off and drowned. We had him cremated, he burned for three days.

Three of your friends fell off a bridge in a pickup truck. Butch was driving. He rolled down the window and swam to safety. Your other two friends were in the back. They drowned because they couldn't get the tailgate down.

There isn't much more news at this time. Nothing much out of the normal has happened.

With lots of love from your favourite aunt,

Mummy

The British Army

Thank you for calling the British Army. I'm sorry, but all our units are out at the moment, or are otherwise engaged.

Please leave a message with your country, name of organisation, the region, the specific crisis and a number at which we can call you. As soon as we have sorted out Afghanistan, Kosovo, Bosnia, Macedonia, Serbia, Iraq, Sierra Leone, The Congo, marching up and down bits of tarmac in London and compulsory health and safety at work training, we will return your call.

Please speak after the tone, or if you require further options continue to hold:

* If your crisis is small and close to the sea, press 1 for the Royal Marines.

* If your concern is distant, with a tropical climate, good hotels and can be solved by one or two low-risk bombing runs, please press 2 for the Royal Air Force.

(Please note that this service is not available after 16.30 or weekends.)

* If your enquiry concerns a situation, which can be resolved by a warship, some bunting, flags, a damn good cocktail party and a first class marching band, please write, well in advance, to the First Sea Lord, The Royal Navy, Whitehall, London SW1.

Donation

Father O'Malley answers the phone.

"Hello, is this Father O'Malley?"

"It is!"

"This is the Inland Revenue. Can you help us?"

"I can!"

"Do you know a Ted Houlihan?"

"I do!"

"Is he a member of your congregation?"

"He is!"

"Did he donate £10,000 to the church?"

"He will."

Senility

An elderly man went to his doctor and said, "Doctor, I think I'm getting senile. Several times lately, I have forgotten to zip up."

"That's not senility," replied the doctor. "Senility is when you forget to zip down."

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