

July 2019 - Lappe Lutheran Church

www.lappelutheranchurch.weebly.com

- Divine Worship 11:15 am - Holy Communion on the 1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday of the month

A sign in a Shoe Repair store in Vancouver read:

We will heel you
We will save your sole
We will even dye for you.

At an Optometrist's office:

If you don't see what you're looking for,
YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

On a Plumber's truck: We repair what your husband fixed.

On an Electrician's truck: Let us remove your shorts.

On another Plumber's truck: Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber.

At an Auto Finance company: The best way to get back on your feet – miss a car payment.

Outside a Muffler Shop: No appointment necessary. We hear you coming.

In a Veterinarian's waiting room: Be back in 5 minutes. Sit... Stay...

At the Electric Company:

We would be delighted if you send in your payment on time.
However, if you don't, YOU will be de-lighted.

In the front yard of a Funeral Home: Drive carefully. We'll wait.

In a Chicago Radiator Shop: Best place in town to take a leak.

Sign on the back of a Septic Tank Truck: Caution - this truck is full of Political Promises.

"if you can't handle me in
JANUARY
YOU DON'T DESERVE ME IN
JULY.
— CANADA

**IF A CANADIAN
FALLS IN THE FOREST
and no one's around,
DOES HE STILL
APOLOGIZE?**

**I AM A
CANADIAN WOMAN**
I was born with
my heart on my sleeve,
a fire in my soul,
and a mouth
I can't control

What has
4 letters,
Sometimes
9 letters,
but never
has 5 letters.

Neil Armstrong became the first human to step onto the surface of the Moon, at 02:56 UTC on 21 July 1969. An estimated 500 million people worldwide watched this event, the largest television audience for a live broadcast at that time.
50 Years ago!!



How did they name Canada?

They threw all the letters of the
alphabet in a jar and called them out
as they got them out:

"C, eh? N, eh? D, eh?"

How do you get 50 Canadians out of
a swimming pool?

**"Please get out of the
swimming pool"**

And
now
some...

Canadian Slang

(Let's clear this up, eh?)



This is a can of
POP...
Not a can of
soda...



This is a
CHOCOLATE BAR...
Not a candy bar...



This is a **TOQUE** (too-ook)
Not a beanie...



This is a
dollar and
yes, it's
called a
LOONIE...



This is a **COUCH...**
Not a sofa, or a
chesterfield...



These are **ROCKETS...**



SMARTIES are
round, chocolate
candies...

**That's what they
are, and this is
how we talk.
Deal with it,
Eh?**



'Someone asked the other day, 'What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?'

'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up, I informed him. 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?' 'It was a place called 'at Home,'" I explained!

'Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.'

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it :

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, never wore Levis, never set foot on a golf course, never traveled out of the country or had a credit card.

In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears & Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore (or Sears) Maybe he died.

My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never had heard of soccer.

I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow)

We didn't have a television in our house until I was 11. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at midnight, after playing the national anthem and a poem about God; it came back on the air at about 6 a.m. And there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people.

I was 19 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called 'pizza pie.' When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had. Pizzas were not delivered to our home. But milk was.

I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers. My brother delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which he got to keep 2 cents. He had to get up at 6 AM every morning. On Saturday, he had to collect the 42 cents from his customers. His favorite customers were the ones who gave him 50 cents and told him to keep the change. His least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren. Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing. Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it?

My Dad is cleaning out my grandmother's house (she died in December) and he brought me an old Royal Crown Cola bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it. I knew immediately what it was, but my daughter had no idea. She thought they had tried to make it a salt shaker or something. I knew it as the bottle that **sat on the end of the ironing board to 'sprinkle' clothes with because we didn't have steam irons. Man, I am old.**

How many do you remember?

Head lights dimmer switches on the floor. Ignition switches on the dashboard. Heaters mounted on the inside of the fire wall. Real ice boxes. Pant leg clips for bicycles without chain guards. Soldering irons you heat on a gas burner. Using hand signals for cars without turn signals.

One day, an atheist was walking through the woods, admiring all the beauty that the "accident of evolution" had created.

"What majestic trees! What powerful rivers! What beautiful animals!" he said to himself.

As he strolled alongside the flowing river he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look.

There he saw a 7-foot grizzly bear charging toward him! The man screamed in horror and ran as fast as he could away from the giant bear... As the bear's shadow fell over him, the man tripped and fell to the ground...

Feeling the hot breath of the terrifying bear on his neck, the man rolled over. The bear loomed large over him, raising its fierce paws to strike him dead. As the bear's shadow fell upon his face and its paws came down upon his chest, the atheist screamed, "Oh help me, God!"

Time stopped. The river he loved suddenly stopped flowing... The trees stopped swaying... The bear froze.

Then a bright light beamed down upon the man, a voice boomed all around him, "I am God, and even though you don't believe in me, I am here for all beings on this earth."

The atheist felt relieved and confessed to God, "I'm in a situation and wonder if you would get me out of it."

"You deny my existence your whole life, teach others I don't exist, and even credit creation to a 'cosmic accident'.

Yet still, you ask for my help. Am I to count you as a new believer?"

The atheist looked directly into the light and replied, "It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now, but perhaps you could make the BEAR a Christian?"

"Very well," said the voice. The light went out. The river resumed running. And the sounds of the forest returned. Then the bear dropped down from its terrifying stance, clasped its paws tightly together... bowed its head and spoke:

"Thank you, Lord, for this meal which I am about to receive. I am truly grateful. Amen."