

# September 2019 - Lappe Lutheran Church

www.lappelutheranchurch.weebly.com

Friends don't care if your house is clean.  
They care if you have wine:



## *I said a prayer for you today*

I said a prayer for you today  
And know God must have heard—  
I felt the answer in my heart  
Although He spoke no word!  
I didn't ask for wealth or fame  
(I knew you wouldn't mind)—  
I asked Him to send treasures  
Of a far more lasting kind!  
I asked that He'd be near you  
At the start of each new day  
To grant you health and blessings  
And friends to share your way!  
I asked for happiness for you  
In all things great and small—  
But it was for His loving care  
I prayed the most of all!

Divine Worship 11:15 am

Holy Communion on the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday

Sunday School (Sept to June)

Second Sunday of every month there is  
birthday coffee after the service.

A man, his wife, and his  
mother-in-law went on  
vacation to the Holy Land.  
While they were there, the  
mother-in-law passed away.

An undertaker told them,  
"You can have her shipped  
home for \$5,000, or you can  
bury her here in the Holy  
Land for \$150."

The man thought about it for  
a while and then told him, "I  
see. Well, you'd better ship  
her home then."

The undertaker asked  
"Why? Why would you  
spend \$5,000 to ship your  
mother-in-law home, when it  
would be wonderful to have  
her buried here and only  
spend \$150?"

The man said, "A man died  
2,000 years ago. He was  
buried here and 3 days later,  
he rose from the dead. I just  
can't take that chance!"

A married man, Jack wakes up with a huge hangover after a night out drinking with the boys.

He doesn't even remember how he got home from the party.

"Oh, damn," he thinks to himself, wondering if he did something wrong the night before.

Jack had to force himself to open his eyes, and the first thing he sees is a couple of aspirins next to a glass of water on the nightstand.

Jack sits up and sees his clothing in front of him, all clean and pressed.

He takes the aspirins, and then cringes when he sees a huge black eye staring back at him in the bathroom mirror.

Then he notices a note hanging on the corner of the mirror written in red with little hearts on it and a kiss mark from his wife in lipstick: "Dear husband, last night you came home drunk and made a huge racket. But don't worry! Breakfast is on the stove. I left early to get groceries to make your favorite dinner tonight. I love you, darling!  
Love, Jillian"

He stumbles into the kitchen and sure enough, there is hot breakfast, steaming hot coffee, and the morning newspaper all waiting for him. His son is also at the table, eating.

Jack asks, "Son... what happened last night?"

The truth is revealed

"Well, you came home after three in the morning, drunk and out of your mind. You fell over the coffee table and broke it, and then you threw up in the hallway, and got that black eye when you ran into the door."

Confused, he asks his son, "So, why is your mother in such a good mood, and why is there breakfast on the table waiting for me?"

His son replies, "Oh THAT! Well, when Mom dragged you to the bedroom, and tried to take your pants off, you screamed, 'Leave me alone, I'm married! I'm married!'"

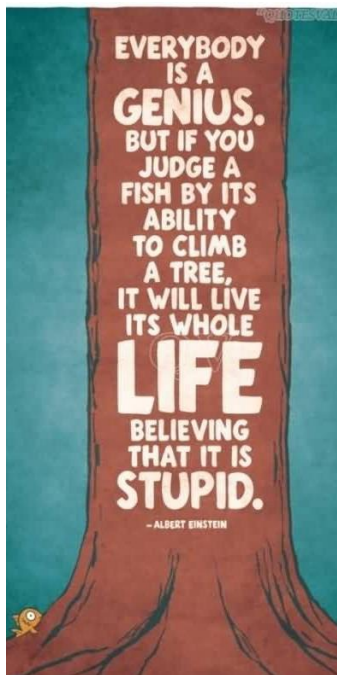
I do not have ducks.

Or a row.

I have squirrels,  
and they're  
everywhere.

Imagine if trees gave  
free Wi-Fi. We'd all be  
planting like crazy. It's a  
pity they only give us  
the oxygen we  
breathe.





Be a Fruit  
Loop in a  
world of  
Cheerios!



A woman, renewing her driver's license, was asked by the woman at Registry to state her occupation. She hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself. 'What I mean is, ' explained the woman at Registry, 'do you have a job or are you just a .....?' 'Of course I have a job,' snapped the woman. 'I'm a Mum.' 'We don't list 'Mum' as an occupation, 'housewife' covers it,' Said the recorder emphatically. I forgot all about her story until one day I found myself in the same situation. The Clerk was obviously a career woman, poised, Efficient, and possessed of a high sounding title like, 'Official Interrogator' or 'City Registrar.' 'What is your occupation?' she probed. What made me say it? I do not know. The words simply popped out. "I'm a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations." The clerk paused, ball-point pen frozen in midair and Looked up as though she had not heard right. I repeated the title slowly emphasizing the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pronouncement was written, in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire. 'Might I ask,' said the clerk with new interest, 'just what you do in your field?' Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply, 'I have a continuing program of research, (what mother doesn't) In the laboratory and in the field, (normally I would have said indoors and out) I'm working for my Masters, (the whole family) And already have four credits (all daughters). Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities, (any mother care to disagree?) And I often work 14 hours a day, (24 is more like it). But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are more of a satisfaction rather than just money.' There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the form, stood up, and personally ushered me to the door. As I drove into our driveway, buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my lab assistants -- ages 13, 7, and 3. Upstairs I could hear our new experimental model, (a 6 month old baby) in the child development program, testing out a new vocal pattern. I felt I had scored a beat on bureaucracy! And I had gone on the official records as someone more distinguished and indispensable to mankind than 'just another Mum.' Motherhood! What a glorious career! Does this make [grandmothers](#) 'Senior Research associates in the field of Child Development and Human Relations' And [great grandmothers](#) 'Executive Senior Research Associates?' I think so!!! I also think it makes [Aunts](#) 'Associate Research Assistants.'

### When Insults Had Class

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire."—Winston Churchill

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary."

—William Faulkner (about Ernest Hemingway)

"I've had a perfectly wonderful evening. But this wasn't it."—Groucho Marx

"I didn't attend the funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it."—Mark Twain

"He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends."—Oscar Wilde

"I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend... if you have one."

—George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill

"Cannot possibly attend first night; will attend second, if there is one."

—Winston Churchill's response to George Bernard Shaw

"He is simply a shiver looking for a spine to run up."—Paul Keating

"He had delusions of adequacy."—Walter Kerr

"Why do you sit there looking like an envelope without any address on it?"—Mark Twain

"His mother should have thrown him away and kept the stork."—Mae West

"Winston, if you were my husband, I would poison your coffee!"—Lady Astor to Winston Churchill at a dinner party

"Madam, if I were your husband, I would drink it!"—Winston Churchill's response to Lady Astor

"Thank you for sending me a copy of your book; I'll waste no time reading it."—Moses Hadas

"He has the attention span of a lightning bolt."—Robert Redford

"He can compress the most words into the smallest idea of any one I know."—Abraham Lincoln

"He has Van Gogh's ear for music."—Billy Wilder

"Some cause happiness wherever they go; others, whenever they go."—Oscar Wilde