

Auxiliary Craft & Bake Sale



The LA held their Annual Craft & Bake sale. Pictured above at the bake table from left to right are Judy, Eileen, Leila, Shelia & Janet. Pictured below is Helen McMahon manning her craft table



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GENERATION

A soccer goalkeeper was walking along the street one day when he heard screams from a nearby building. He looked up to see smoke billowing from a fourth-floor window and a woman leaning out holding a baby. "Help ! Help!" screamed the woman, "I need someone to catch my baby!"

A crowd of onlookers had gathered, but none was confident about catching a baby dropped from such a great height. Then the goalkeeper, stepped forward. "I'm a professional goalkeeper," he called to the woman. "I'm renowned for my safe hands. Drop the baby and I will catch it. For me, it will be just like catching a ball."



The woman agreed: "Ok, then. When I drop my baby, treat it as if you were catching a ball."

On a count of three, the woman dropped the baby. Everyone held their breath as the goalkeeper lined himself up to catch it. There was a huge sigh of relief, followed by wild cheering as the goalkeeper caught the baby safely in his arms. Then he bounced it twice on the ground and kicked it 50 yards down the street.

A pheasant was standing in a field chatting to a bull. "I would love to be able to get to the top of yonder tree", sighed the pheasant, "but I haven't got the energy."

"Well, why don't you nibble on some of my droppings?" replied the bull. "They're packed with nutrients."

The pheasant pecked at a lump of dung and found that it actually gave him enough strength to reach the first branch of the tree.

The next day, after eating some more dung, he reached the second branch. And so on.

Finally, after a fourth night, there he was proudly perched at the top of the tree. Whereupon he was spotted by a farmer who dashed into the farmhouse, emerged with a shotgun, and shot the pheasant right out of the tree.

Moral of the Story: Bullshit might get you to the top, but it won't keep you there

Impressive Hunting Dog

An avid duck hunter was in the market for a new bird dog. His search ended when he found a dog that could actually walk on water to retrieve a duck. Shocked by his find, he was sure none of his friends would ever believe him.

He decided to try to break the news to a friend of his, a pessimist by nature, and invited him to hunt with him and his new dog.

As they waited by the shore, a flock of ducks flew by. They fired, and a duck fell. The dog responded and jumped into the water.

The dog, however, did not sink but instead walked across the water to retrieve the bird, never getting more than his paws wet. The friend saw everything but did not say a single word.

On the drive home the hunter asked his friend, "Did you notice anything unusual about my new dog?" "I sure did," responded his friend. "He can't swim."

A professor of chemistry wanted to teach his fifth grade class a lesson about the evils of liquor, so he produced an experiment that involved a glass of water, a glass of whiskey, and two worms.



"Now, class. Observe the worms closely," said the professor as he put the first worm into the water. The worm in the water writhed about, happy as a worm in water could be.

The second worm, he put into the whiskey. It writhed painfully, and it quickly sank to the bottom, dead as a doornail. "Now, what lesson can we derive from this experiment?" the professor asked.

Little Johnny, who naturally sits in back, raised his hand and wisely, responded, "Drink whiskey and you won't get worms!"