

It is a little-known fact that Santa has to keep his Pilot's License current in order to make his deliveries every year, and so the old man wasn't too surprised when he got a letter from the FAA in June of this year informing him that an examiner would be appearing shortly to run him through the usual re-certification drill.

A detail of elves was sent out to wash and polish the sleigh, another group was assigned to inspect, service and repair all the tack, and a third squad started grooming the reindeer. Santa himself got out his flight log book and checked all of the paperwork and made sure that it was all in order.

On the appointed day the examiner arrived, and after the ritual cup of spiked coffee and cookies, he went over Santa's log and all the paperwork, then followed Santa outside. After a meticulous review of Santa's weight and balance calculations, the FAA examiner watched Santa do the pre-flight, then followed behind him, looking closely at everything from the bells on the back of the sleigh to Rudolph's nose.

When he finished, he turned to Santa and said: "It looks pretty good so far. Let me get one thing out of my bag and then we'll take her up."

When the examiner got back, Santa was in the sleigh and ready to taxi. As the examiner climbed into the sleigh, Santa noticed that he was carrying a shotgun. "What's THAT for?" he asked.

The examiner looked at him, then winked: "I really shouldn't tell you this, but you're going to lose an engine on take-off."



### Motherhood:

1. When your first child eats some dirt, a bit of grass or a worm, you take the child to a doctor.
2. When your second child eats some dirt, a bit of grass or a worm, you spit on a hankie and clean the kid's mouth.
3. When your third child eats some dirt, a bit of grass or a worm, you wonder whether it still needs lunch.



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SJD

When a visitor to a town in Alabama spotted a dog attacking a little girl, he grabbed the animal and strangled it with his bare hands. An impressed newspaper reporter saw the incident and told him the next day's headline would be, "Valiant Local Man Saves Child by Killing Vicious Animal."

"I'm not from this town," said the hero.

"Then," the reporter said, "it will say 'Alabama Man Saves Child by Killing Dog.'"

"Actually," said the man, "I'm from New Jersey."

"In that case," the reporter grumbled, "the headline will be 'Yankee Kills Family Pet.'"



dEAR Deviler,

When I was a child, every now and then, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner. And I remember one night in particular when she had made breakfast after a hard day at work.

On that evening, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage, and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed! Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. And I'll never forget what he said: "Honey, I love burned biscuits."

Later that night, I went to kiss Daddy good night and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your mother put in a long hard day at work today and she's real tired. And besides a burnt biscuit never hurt anyone!"

*Life is full of imperfect people. What I've learned over the years is that learning to accept each others faults and choosing to celebrate each others differences, is one of the most important keys to creating and keeping a healthy, growing, and lasting relationship.*

*So please pass me a biscuit..... and yes, the burned one will do me just fine!*

..... Joe W., Monroeville, NJ

