

A woman hurried to the pharmacy to get medication, got back to her car and found that she had locked her keys inside. She found an old rusty coat hanger left on the ground, looked at it and said, “I don’t know how to use this.”

She bowed her head and asked God to send her some help.

Within 5 minutes, a beat-up old motorcycle pulled up, driven by a bearded man who was wearing an old biker skull rag. He got off of his cycle and asked, if she needed help.

She said, “Yes, my daughter is sick. I’ve locked my keys in the car.

I must get home. Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?

He nodded, walked over to the car, and in less than a minute the car was open.

She hugged the man and through tears said, “Thank you God, for sending me such a very nice man.”

The Biker heard her little prayer and replied, “Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison yesterday; I was in prison for car theft.”

The woman hugged the man again, sobbing, “Oh, thank you, God! You even sent me a professional!”



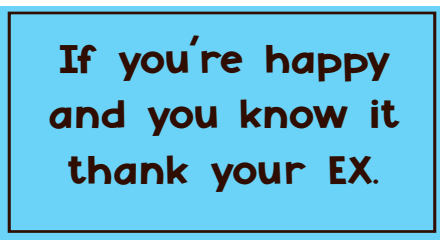
Coco‘Nut’ Funnies



Just asked the woman in Waterstones if Prince Harry's book is available to download.

She said, do you want the PDF file?

I said no, that's his uncle.

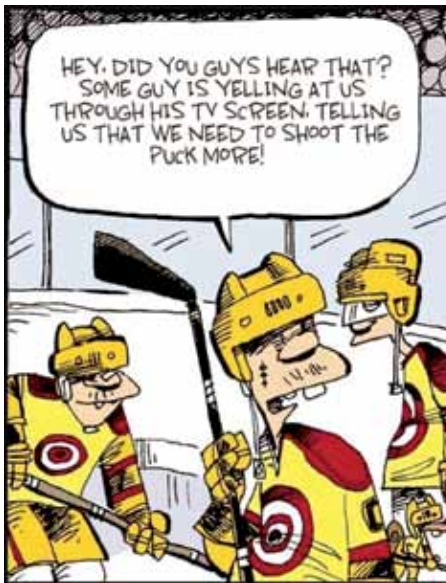


A man moves into a nudist colony.

He receives a letter from his mother asking him to send her a current photo of himself at his new location. Too embarrassed to let her know that he lives in a nudist colony, he cuts a photo in half and sends her the top half.

Later, he receives another letter asking him to send a picture to his grandmother. The man cuts another picture in half, but accidentally sends the bottom half of the photo. He is really worried when he realizes that he sent the wrong half, but then remembers how bad his grandmother's eyesight is, and hopes she won't notice.

A few weeks later, he receives a letter from his grandmother. It says, “Thank you for the picture. Change your hair style, it makes your nose look too short!”



The mother-in-law arrives home from shopping to find her son-in-law, Paddy in a steaming rage and hurriedly packing his suitcase.

“What happened Paddy?” she asks anxiously.

“What happened? I’ll tell you what happened! I sent an email to my wife telling her I was coming home today from my fishing trip. I get home... and guess what I found?”

Your daughter, my wife, Jean, naked with Joe Murphy in our marital bed! This is unforgivable! The end of our marriage. I’m done. I’m leaving forever!”

“Ah now, calm down, calm down Paddy!” says his mother-in-law.

“There is something very odd going on here. Jean would never do such a thing! There must be a simple explanation. I’ll go speak to her immediately and find out what happened.”

Moments later, the mother-in-law comes back with a big smile. “Paddy, there, I told you it must be a simple explanation. She never got your email!”

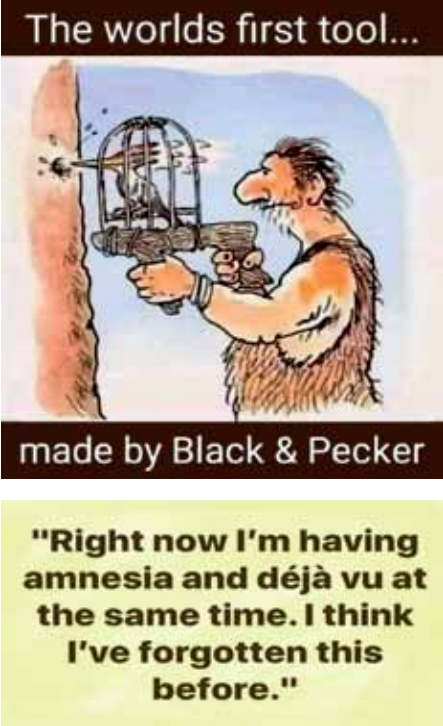
A painter by the name of Murphy, while not a brilliant scholar, was a gifted portrait artist. Quickly, his fame grew and soon people from all over Ireland were coming to his small town, in County Clare, to get him to paint their likenesses.

One day, a beautiful young English woman arrived at his house in a stretch limo and asked if he would paint her in the nude. This being the first time anyone had made such a request, he was a bit perturbed, particularly when the woman told him that money was no object; and in fact, she was willing to pay up to £10,000.

Not wanting to get trouble with his wife, Mary, he asked her to wait while he went into the house to confer with her.

They discussed whether it would be right or wrong. It was hard to make the decision, but finally Mary agreed, with one condition.

In a few minutes he returned to the young woman, “I would be me pleasure to paint yer portrait, missus,” he said, “the wife says it’s okay. I’ll paint you in the nude all right; but I have to at least leave me socks on, so I have a place to wipe me brushes.”



A man walks into a department store He says to sales lady “I would like to buy a Baptist bra for my wife, size 36B.” With a quizzical look the sales lady asked “what kind of bra?”

He repeated a “Baptist bra, she said to tell you she wanted a Baptist bra, and you would know what she wanted.”

“Ah now I remember” said the sales lady, “we don’t get as many requests for them as we used to mostly our customers lately want the Catholic bra, or the Salvation Army bra, or the Presbyterian type.”

Confused a little flustered, the man asks “So, what are the differences?”

The lady responded “It’s all really quite simple a Catholic type supports the masses The Salvation Army lifts the Fallen the Presbyterian type keeps things staunching and upright.”

He mused on the information for a minute and then asks “So. what is the Baptist type for?”

“They,” she replied “make mountains out of molehills.”