

Steel Magnolias

Breast Cancer Support Group, Inc.

June 18, 2007

Simple Luxuries

Definitions

Simple:

Plain...Unadorned

Luxuries:

Expensive...Adorned

These two words seem to be contradictory, however, in the context of this letter, they are complimentary.

Years before Rick Bragg published his hauntingly poignant tribute to his mother, *All Over But the Shoutin'*, a story of growing up poor in the south, in which he wrote the words, "Luxury was a piece of hard candy," I wrote the poem, *Magic in a Coal Burner's Sound*.

As a metaphor or parallel, for this newsletter, I am including this poem, written about an event from mine and two of my siblings' childhood.

MAGIC IN A COAL BURNER'S SOUND

In an unpainted house, by the side of the tracks,
Three children dreamed of candy in a little brown sack.
The love of a gentle conductor for two girls and a boy,

Filled their young hearts with excitement and joy.

Each day these children were invariably found

Waiting for the old coal burner's sound.
Then, as the old train whistle would blow;
three little faces took on a bright glow.

Life was hard for this farming family.
The forties imposed want, and need, and scarcity.

Living miles from Florida's civilization;
Travel was rare due to poor transportation.

Candy was a treat these parents could not give;
It took everything earned in order to live.

Mr. Cotton was employed by the Seaboard Coastline.
His presence lent magic to this train's daily grind.

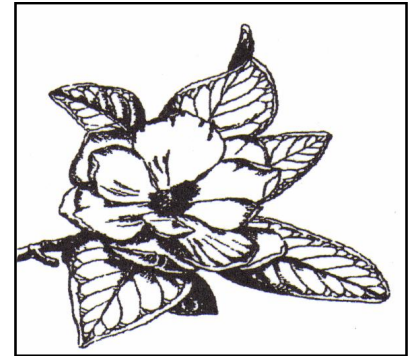
As the engine drew near the narrow driveway,
Black smoke would billow, then drift away.

Following the boxcars, carrying rock and produce;
Stood dear Mr. Cotton in the little red caboose.

A great big smile would spread across his face;
As he surveyed these children in their familiar place.
The little brown sack, so neatly filled and closed tight;
Was tossed by Mr. Cotton, as the engine pulled out of sight.

After years of playing in the same driveway,
Mom and Dad said, "Children, we are moving away."
Times got better in their new home, uptown
But the children yearned for the coal burner's sound.

They never saw the conductor after moving away;
But they love Mr. Cotton even until this day.
Married now, with children of their own;
They feel enriched, because of love freely shown.



Sharing love through support

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.....
By Lenora Washington Johnson

In 1951, Payne and Maxine Washington moved their children, Lenora, Betty and Gerald, away from the Old Walker Place, located in the Big Cypress Swamp, between Immokalee and Everglades City. They returned in 1954, to Sunniland, where in November, Debby was born.

Inspiration

The last of May, Dixie Reynolds, owner of the Avon Beauty Center, in the Quintard Mall, made a contribution of \$700 in beauty

products for newly diagnosed breast cancer patients. I called, Tuesday Bear Hugger, Gerri Smith, and asked for a new batch of cosmetic bags. Gerri and I talked about the positive effect of receiving a gift that makes us feel special, when we are facing the possible loss of everything we consider beautiful. Gerri said, "It feels like a little luxury." I then thought of Rick Bragg's eloquent phrase, "Luxury was a piece of hard candy." Gerri said that luxury for her, growing up poor in California, was a pair of strappy shoes.

In last month's newsletter, Vicki Everett, effectively shared how robbed she felt, as she tried to wrap her mind around her diagnosis. I am convinced that regardless of the diagnosis, any disease that threatens life and is going to mean a loss to our physical appearance, makes any unessential gift, seem like luxury.

Timely

Everyone who knows me well, knows what a stickler I am about everything that effects the ministry of Steel Magnolias, being done in a timely manner. The month of May was very special in that my brother, Gerald from Oklahoma and my sister, Debby from Missouri, whom I hadn't seen in about two years, arrived on Mother's Day for a one week visit. For over a month, I planned and worked to meet my responsibilities, making sure I'd have the week of the thirteenth to enjoy my brother and sisters. My attention to detail was distracted by a fire that destroyed my sister, Betty's home, the death of an extended family member, Kirby McGathy, and the death of Clarence Armour, the husband of Steel Magnolia, Patricia Armour.

On May 21, Prentiss and I walked into the RMC mailroom for the printing of the May newsletter, that I had completed on May 5, well in advance of my siblings' visit. It was upon arriving back home, listening to my phone messages, and hearing Gladys' voice, "Hello Lenora, I am ready for tomorrow's meeting and will have food for everyone," that I realized I was a week late with the newsletter and our meeting was the next evening. Since I'm my harshest critic, for the next few days, I gave myself misery.

On Thursday morning, Elaine, the wife of our pastor, thirty-five years ago, to whom Prentiss and I, prior to her surgery, visited and hand delivered care packages, called. She said, "Lenora, yesterday, I received the May newsletter, I laughed so hard, it prepared me for my afternoon appointment to learn my pathology report." I replied, "Elaine, I was a week late with that newsletter." She said, "For me, it was right on time!" Isn't God good?! Just when we seem to feel crushed by life's circumstances, God sends someone to remind us that our calling is from Him and subject to His timing, not ours.

I talked to Geri Smith about this OCD episode I'd put myself through. When she called to tell me when I should pick up the cosmetic bags at the Piedmont Curves, she told me to be sure and look for the envelope, she had tucked among the cosmetic bags. The following is what I found, a poem, written by Gerri.....

HOPE

**Hope starts from a tiny seed, and someone
Seeing what you cannot see.
The road is not familiar and you're afraid....
Traveling this strange place with the road unpaved.
Because they've been there, they know the way....
They can build you up and hold your hand'
And guide you through this uncharted land.
Love moves mountains, and hope helps you through
All the unfamiliar valleys that will challenge you.
Hold love in your heart and faith in your pocket,
And wear them proudly, like a precious locket.
Love, Hope, and Faith will carry you through
To do the things that challenge you.
Once your journey is done, and you've made it through,
You'll be there for someone who is frightened too.
Sharing Love, Faith, and Hope, and Encouragement too
And letting them know, they can count on you....
By Gerri Smith, Tuesday Bear Hugger.....May 2007**

Thank you Gerri for being such a good friend! The partnership that we have with the Tuesday Bear Huggers allows Steel Magnolias to provide a more complete package of HOPE and COMFORT for patients to whom we minister. In the past few years, the number of Bear Huggers, able to contribute to the sewing, has decreased. I cannot praise Gerri, Judy, and Helen enough for the love and dedication they invest, in spite of their own physical problems, in every cancer recovery item they make.

Whatsoever Things are True

Sunday morning, as I was preparing to attend church service, I heard a reporter on CBS, doing a report on "Honesty in America." It was concluded that most Americans, if they think the reason is important enough, will lie. To me, growing up with a mom and dad who lived by the saying: "Your word is your bond," and "Your name is really all you own, when you lose that, you have nothing." And then there were Grandma Mize's favorite sayings on the issue of lying: "Every lie will need another lie to prop the previous lie up, but The Truth Will Stand Alone." and "Anyone who will lie will steal-Anyone who will steal will kill." I find the CBS report chilling!

Pokey Warren, for whom I have great respect, sends some great Emails. On June 6, the following was sent to me from Pokey. I have read it several times and want to share it with our readers. Thank You, Pokey!

The SEED

A successful Christian business man was growing old and knew it was time to choose a successor to take over the business. Instead of choosing one of his directors or his children, he decided to do something different. He called all the young executives in his company together. He said, "It is time for me to step down and choose the next CEO. I have decided to choose one of you." The young executives were shocked, but the boss continued, "I am going to give each of you a SEED today-one very special SEED. I want you to plant the seed, water it, and come back here one year from today with what you have grown from the seed I have given you. I will then judge the plants that you bring, and the one I choose will be the next CEO."

One man, named Jim, was there that day and he, like the others, received a seed. He went home and excitedly, told his wife the story. She helped him get a pot, soil and compost and he planted the seed. Everyday, he would water it and watch to see if it had grown. After about two weeks, some of the other executives began to talk about their seeds and the plants that were beginning to grow. Jim kept checking his seed, but nothing ever grew. Three weeks, four weeks, five weeks went by, still nothing. By now, others were talking about their plants, but Jim didn't have a plant and he felt like a failure. Six months went by-still nothing in Jim's pot. He just knew he had killed his seed. Everyone else had trees and tall plants, but he had nothing. Jim didn't say anything to his colleagues, however, he just kept watering and fertilizing the soil-He so wanted the seed to grow.

A year finally went by and all the young executives of the company brought their plants to the CEO for inspection. Jim told his wife that he wasn't going to take an empty pot. But she asked him to be honest about what had happened. Jim felt sick at his stomach, it was going to be the most embarrassing moment of his life, but he knew his wife was right. He took his empty pot to the boardroom. When Jim arrived, he was amazed at the variety of plants grown by the other executives. They were beautiful-in all shapes and sizes. Jim put his empty pot on the floor and many of his colleagues laughed, a few felt sorry for him!

When the CEO arrived, he surveyed the room and greeted his young executives. Jim tried to hide in the back. "My what great plants, trees and flowers you have grown," said the CEO. "Today one of you will be appointed the next CEO!" All of a sudden, the CEO spotted Jim at the back of the room with his empty pot. He ordered the financial director to bring him to the front. Jim was terrified. He thought, "The CEO knows I am a failure! Maybe he will have me fired!" When Jim got to the front, the CEO asked him what had happened to his seed-

Jim told him the story.....The CEO asked everyone to sit down except Jim. He looked at Jim, and then announced to the executives, "Behold your next Chief Executive! His name is Jim! Jim couldn't

believe it. Jim couldn't even grow his seed. How could he be the new CEO the others said? Then the CEO said, "One year ago today, I gave everyone in this room a seed. I told you to take the seed, plant it water it, and bring it back to me today. But I gave you all boiled seeds; they were dead-it was not possible for them to grow. All of you, except Jim, have brought me trees and plants and flowers. When you found that the seed would not grow, you substituted another seed for the one I gave you. Jim was the only one with the courage and honesty to bring me a pot with my seed in it. Therefore he is the one who will be the new Chief Executive!"

"What you sow, so shall you reap."

If you plant honesty, you will reap trust

If you plant goodness, you will reap friends

If you plant humility, you will reap greatness

If you plant perseverance, you will reap contentment

If you plant consideration, you will reap perspective

If you plant hard work, you will reap success

If you plant forgiveness, you will reap reconciliation

If you plant faith in Christ, you will reap a harvest

So, be careful what you plant now; it will determine what you will reap later.

Father's Day

Something about Father's Day makes us either think of all that our dad sacrificed for us and how much he taught us about being a person of integrity, or we remember, someone's dad who filled the gap, left by the dad we only wish we'd had. Gerri Smith wrote a tribute to her dad that completes our themes of "Simple Luxuries" and "Honesty."

My Dad, My Hero

My dad was my hero. I was a "Daddy's Girl." That was great! I admired him all my life, I still do, although he has been gone since 1998. For a while before he went to his rest, Daddy had Alzheimer's. Even then, I felt special to him, as he lit up like a Christmas tree when I went to see him, not knowing, really who I was. I think he did know I was someone special to him.

When I was a small child, Daddy went to the hospital for an operation. It was so hard being without him. I loved my Mom too, but I was "Daddy's Girl." He called me Gerri Pie. I sat on his lap and sang "Wild Irish Rose" to me, as I was his little Irish rose. Dad was Irish, and of course, some Scotch, and who knows what else, but we really hung on to the Irish!

As I was growing up, we had little, as my dad only had a 4th grade education, but he read and learned on his own, and was very smart. The type of jobs he got were not for big income but he stretched the money as far as it would go. I remember so much from that time. Those were "Good Old Days," when love and family meant more than money. We never went hungry. Daddy worked hard and did what he could do to make life good for us. We were what one would call "Poor," today. We really didn't know it.

Daddy did the laundry, with Mom's help, on an old wringer washer and Mom would hang the clothes on the line. Daddy spoiled all of us. Daddy was a great cook and liked to make breakfast. He was "Chief Cook and Bottle washer," as he called it.

Christmas was not bad for us because of Daddy, as he was always one step ahead of the game. He found old bike parts and cleaned, sanded, painted and put them together with a few new parts and we had a new bike for Christmas. We were so lucky and we felt loved. Mom was great too. She would save every nickel she could for us kids. When daddy wasn't in the kitchen, she would make a big pot of beans for us with spice cake, made from scratch.

The years passed and my parents got old. Then it was our turn to do for them. My dad was still working at the orange packing plant in California until he was denied his driver's license, then he quit. Before he quit though, he would bring boxes of oranges to us, seconds, I guess, to share with our

family and friends. He was great! I will always remember him as a big influence in my life. He taught us that honesty is always the best policy, and to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. He always said "A bird never flies so far that its tail (tale) doesn't catch it." Those were powerful words of wisdom to live by. He isn't with us anymore but he'll always be in my heart and always be my HERO! That's what Father's Day is all about.....all the special and wonderful Dads in the world, and the love and happiness they have brought to their families. By Gerri Smith June 10, 2007
In memory of my Daddy, James Montgomery.....1899-1998

RMC Summit on Aging

Several different agencies, with information of interest to retirees, were available on the morning of Wednesday, May 23, at the Anniston Meeting Center. It was about 9 a.m. when Prentiss and I arrived to set up the Steel Magnolias table. Chaplain Wilson was near the four tables reserved for the Chaplain Services and various support groups. The turn out was light but we gave educational brochures, Steel Magnolias pins, note pads and pens to quite a few people who came by our table.

At the Summit on Aging, a most important contact was made with the director of Medicaid in Calhoun County, Rickey L. Hatcher. Mr. Hatcher introduced himself to us and talked about the roll Medicaid plays in securing treatment for uninsured women who qualify for the CDC Breast and Cervical Cancer Program at the public health department. Mr. Hatcher said that through the Medicaid program, if cancer is diagnosed, there is no limit on funding to provide surgery and treatments for the qualifying patient. He said this information is not advertised. I thanked Mr. Hatcher and told him that part of the work of Steel Magnolias is to provide information concerning the funding for health services. I am more than a little impressed that I received information in the next day's mail concerning the Medicaid program.

Networking

Monday, June 4th, I received a telephone message from a friend, with a Jacksonville phone number for a man who called into a local, live radio show and made a plea for the name of a breast cancer support group for his wife who is facing her fourth battle with breast cancer. Later the same day, one of the Tuesday Bear Huggers called with the same phone number. On Wednesday, I talked with this dear man, who said, "I hope you have something for husbands too, because I think I need some kind of support." It was a wonderful feeling to be able to invite this deeply wounded man and the wife, he loves so deeply, to Steel Magnolias. Because of the wonderful husbands who attend and often meet apart from their wives, he will be helped. We all come together, prior to our meetings, sharing good food and fellowship. Our June meeting is designated for a pizza party and fellowship. However, we are always available for the person who needs to talk, privately, with a Steel Magnolia or one of our husbands.

As every wife knows, husbands want to fix what goes wrong. When their wives are diagnosed with cancer, they are facing a situation they can not fix. Therefore, they don't automatically know how to help the woman they love. My advice is: Your wife is the person whose body has been attacked by cancer. She is the person who endures the harsh treatments and suffers the side effects. Husbands should take their cues from their wife. If she needs some time to herself, don't take it personally, give her some space. If she needs to be held close and reassured of your love for her, make yourself available. Her taste will be changed by treatments, try and help her to have available what she feels hungry for. Don't take offence at impatient behavior or a too needy behavior. In time, life will become more normal.

Gone But Not Forgotten

During the month of May, two of our Steel Magnolias faced the passing of their beloved husbands. 51 year old, Clarence Michael Armour lost his battle with Multiple Myeloma and 62 year old Charlie West, a disabled Vietnam Veteran, died suddenly of a massive heart attack. To Patricia and Milli, We love you and will keep you and your families in our prayers. Milli also lost the presence of a best friend who lived in California and a sister who lived in New Orleans. Others lost: extended family of Prentiss and Lenora; 28 year old Rachael Koontz of Calhoun, GA, lost her battle with ovarian cancer and 64 year old Kirby McGathy of Anniston, lost his battle with lung cancer.

Because it is not a matter of IF but WHEN, for each of us, let us pray, "Lord order my steps today. Make me strong, not for the sake of possessing strength, but to make me sufficient for the crisis moments in my life and in the lives of others who reach out to me."

Steel Magnolias Group Meeting

The Steel Magnolias Breast Cancer Support Group, Inc., met on Tuesday, May 22, 2007 at the Tyler Center. Ina Rooks read the names on the prayer list and announced that several care packages had been sent. Ina read an excerpt from I Timothy 2, about intercessory prayer and Nancy Burnell led us in prayer.

Gladys Denizard had prepared a Puerto Rican banquet for dinner: steak, stuffed squash, Puerto Rican rice, and fried plantains. Others brought salads and desserts. The meal was enjoyed by all.

Gladys then presented a very informative program about Parrish Nursing. The program was started in the church and has been in existence for decades. Gladys stated that trained nurses and volunteers make up this group, committed to healing those suffering physically, mentally and spiritually. They work with people in the church and community to show them how to help themselves. She said, "Prayer is essential to the healing process." Gladys said, "Just as a Parrish Nurse would do, Steel Magnolias is an example of a group of people helping one another to help themselves."

Gladys, then introduced her friend and mentor in Parrish Nursing, Rose Lawley. In a ministry to the Spanish speaking community, Rose and Gladys work together at Sacred Heart church. Rose has been a Parrish Nurse for three years and chairs the health ministry in her church. She would like to work with Steel Magnolias and other church denominations within her community, educating and connecting them with people without insurance or other needs. Lenora asked if Parrish Nursing sponsored a Health fair. Rose answered that the program participates in them through RMC. Nancy asked if they only see those in their church and Rose stated, "No, Parrish Nurses work throughout their community." However, Rose said that some churches have their own Parrish Nurse to care for church members and the surrounding community. She also stated that Parrish Nursing is a voice for those who can't speak for themselves. Some examples are: shut-ins, invalids and single moms. As with Steel Magnolias, follow-up is very important.

Marti Warren reported on Angie Hill, a recipient of a care package. She said Angie was so thankful for the help.

Chaplain Wilson spoke about the Senior Summit on May 23, at the Anniston Meeting Center. This summit would provide information concerning various services needed by individuals. Chaplain Wilson asked Steel Magnolias to sponsor a table with information available about Steel Magnolias.

President, Pam Bussey, then called Steel Magnolias into business session.

Old Business

Lenora Johnson proposed that we send a gift to a Steel Magnolia that has been hospitalized. Marti Warren made the motion to do so and Keither Zeimet seconded. Motion passed. Lenora also proposed a benevolent gift of \$50 for Steel Magnolias, to defray the cost of fuel for transportation, food, or whatever expense incurred while waiting on family in the hospital. Guidelines are needed and Marti Warren recommended that Nancy Burnell address guidelines and present a report at the June meeting.

The New Beginnings Banquet was discussed. Margaret Taylor moved to have the banquet. Nancy Burnell seconded. Chaplain Wilson will check about having it at Top of the River. Nancy Burnell moved to have the banquet at Top of the River and Marti Warren seconded.

Celebration of Life Picnic was discussed. The suggested place for the picnic was Oxford Lake on Aug. 11 or 18. Everyone was asked to think about the picnic and we would discuss it in June.

Nancy Burnell made a motion that Steel Magnolias contribute \$100 to Lenora's sister and her husband. They lost their house in a fire and the money would go to "Ronald and Betty Skelton, Fire Recovery Account," at Compass Bank. Marti Rogers seconded the motion and motion carried. There being no other business, meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully Submitted by Margaret Taylor, Secretary

Treasurer's Report

May		Balance Brought Forward	\$5,942.56
01 (-)	126.49	Lenora Johnson Mo. Expense & Care Pkg. Postage	5,816.07
03 (-)	560.93	Advanced Printing	5,255.14
22 (-)	180.00	Postage: in Advance of Increase in Breast Cancer Stamps	5,075.14
22 (-)	100.00	Betty and Ronald Skelton (Fire Recovery Account) Lenora's Sister	4,975.14

Thank You

Dear Steel Magnolias, Thank you for your contribution of \$100 to New Beacon Hospice, in memory of Dr. Thomas Twele Gratefully, The Twele Family

My Dearest Steel Magnolias, Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generous contribution to the "Fire Recovery Account" for my sister, Betty and her husband, Ronald. Lenora

Thank you, Keither for your additional contribution of \$25 to the "Fire Recovery Account" for my sister, Betty and her husband, Ronald. Lenora

(Note) Betty and Ron have bought a home on Monta Vista Drive, Oxford. Betty has retired from teaching.....this will be a new beginning for Betty & Ron. Please remember them in your prayers.

Speaking of Women's Health

When Prentiss and I arrived, Saturday, June 16, at the Lenlock Wal-Mart, Linda Barton was already stationed at the table assigned to Steel Magnolias. I cannot be grateful enough for the commitment to Steel Magnolias, that Linda has, as she serves in honor of her mother, Peggy Austin. Peggy, Linda, and niece, Susanne collected cans full of old costume jewelry, which Prentiss promptly delivered to Marti's house.

We had a steady flow of people at our table. A man from Jacksonville, stopped by and picked up brochures, etc., for his wife who is on chemotherapy for life. We also had several people stop by to tell us how much they, or a loved one, who receives the newsletter, enjoys it. We thank God for such a productive day! As an added blessing, Steel Magnolias received contributions that totaled, \$110.

Old Costume Jewelry Needed

Steel Magnolias receive funding each month from the sale of old jewelry given in the name of Steel Magnolias and sold through **Warren's Family Affair**, located in the **Noble Building**. We need your contributions of old jewelry. Please make note that jewelry is for Steel Magnolias.

Swinging Stars Square Dance Club.....Benefit for Steel Magnolias

Oct. 13....Oxford Civic Center

We are currently collecting items to place in the Swinging Stars' Silent Auction. Anything you wish to contribute, please take to the Wound Healing Center in the Tyler Center or call (256) 231-8827. We will make arrangements to meet you at our RMC West office.

Mark Your Calendar

Tuesday, June 26: Steel Magnolias group Meeting, 5:00 p.m., Tyler Center meeting room behind the Deli....Pizza Supper and Fellowship Meeting

Tuesday, July 24: New Beginnings Banquet, 6:00 p.m., Top of the River Restaurant Anniston....Active Members or Invitation.....Special Speaker will be Dr. Sylvia Malone, Stage Actress, Educator, and Cancer Survivor

Saturday, October 13: Swinging Stars Square Dance Club Benefit for Steel Magnolias Oxford Civic Center....Silent Auction and much more!

Here Goes

Obituary

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend Finney. "Did you see the paper?" asked Gallagher. "They say I died!" "Yes, I saw it!" replied Finney. "Where are ye callin' from?"

Real Groaners

Two antennas met on a roof, fell in love and got married. The ceremony wasn't much but the reception was excellent!.....A jumper cable walks into a bar. The bartender says, "I'll serve you, but don't start anything!".....Two cannibals are eating a clown. One says to the other: "Does this taste funny to you?".....Two cows are standing next to each other in a field. Daisy says to Dolly, "I was artificially inseminated this morning." "I don't believe you," says Dolly. "It's true, no bull!" exclaims Daisy.....An invisible man marries an invisible woman. The kids were nothing to look at either.....I went to buy some camouflage trousers the other day but I couldn't find any.....I went to a seafood disco last week....and pulled a mussel.....What do you call a fish with no eyes? A fish.....Two fish swim into a concrete wall. The one turns to the other and says "Dam!".....Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too.....

Deja Moo: The feeling that you've heard this bull before.

Time for Church

One Sunday morning, a mother went to wake her son and tell him it was time to get ready for church, to which he replied, "I'm not going." "Why not," she asked. "I'll give you two good reasons," he said. "One, they don't like me, and two, I don't like them." His mother replied, "I'll give YOU two good reasons why YOU SHOULD go to church. (1) You're 59 years old, and (2) you're the pastor!"

Trucker and Valley Girl

As a trucker stops for a red light, a Valley Girl catches up. She jumps out of her car, runs up to his truck, and knocks on the door. The trucker lowers the window, and she says, "Hi, my name is Heather and you're losing some of your load." The trucker ignores her and proceeds down the street. When the truck stops for another red light, the girl catches up again. She jumps out of her car, runs up and knocks on the door. Again, the trucker lowers the window. As if they've never spoken, the Valley Girl says brightly, "Hi, my name is Heather and you're losing some of your load!" Shaking his head, the trucker ignores her again and continues down the street. At the third red light, the same thing happens again. All out of breath, the Valley girl gets out of her car, runs up, knocks on the truck door. The trucker rolls down the window. Again she says, "Hi, my name is Heather, and you're losing some of your load!" When the light turns green, the trucker revs up and races to the next light. When he stops this time, he hurriedly gets out of his truck, runs back to the Valley Girl. He knocks on her window, and after she lowers it, he says...."Hi my name is Kevin. It's winter in Colorado and I'm driving the SALT TRUCK!"

Leader of the HMO

Three people die, a Doctor, a school teacher and the head of a large HMO. When met at the pearly gates by St. Peter, he asks the Doctor, "What did you do on Earth?" The Doctor replied, "I healed the sick and if they could not pay, I would do it for free." St Peter told the doctor, "You may go in." St. Peter then asked the teacher what she did. She replied, "I taught educationally challenged children." St. Peter then told her, "You may go in." Then St. Peter asked the third man, "What did you do?" The man hung his head and replied, "I ran a large HMO." To which St. Peter replied, "You may go in, but you can only stay 3 days."

Disorder in the Courts

ATTORNEY: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning? WITNESS: Did you actually pass the bar exam?.....ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body? WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m. ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at that time? WITNESS: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy on him!.....ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse? WITNESS: No. ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure? WITNESS: No. ATTORNEY: So then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy? WITNESS: No. ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure? WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar. ATTORNEY: But could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless? WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law!"