WOK & ROLL | Peter Kwong

**Life is short. That’s why I love telling jokes**

I love reading jokes, it’s fun that we are able to laugh at silly stuff in life and, more importantly, to be able to laugh at ourselves. After all, laughter is the best medicine, right?

My wife and I had been going around nursing homes when we were living in Milwaukee, serenading the seniors. Many of them were in wheelchairs and didn’t have much mobility. Yet, I could still see them tapping their toes or moving their fingers while we sang. I loved to tell them jokes, I knew they enjoyed them by the hint of their smile and the nod of their heads (for my approval, at least, while my wife would just roll her eyes).

Life is too short and if telling jokes can make someone happy, I’ll keep telling.  So, here they are:

A guy went to a bar and ordered three shots of whiskey. The bartender was baffled, and said, “Sir, why three separate shots? I can put them all in one glass for you.”

The guy said, “No, you don’t understand. When I drink, I want to share the toast with my two brothers. You see, I live in Wisconsin, but I have a brother who lives in New York, and another in California. So, each time when I drink, I am sharing that with them too.” The bartender gladly obliged. Each time he showed up, there would be three shots waiting for him.

And it went on for months. Then, one day, the guy came in and told the bartender to just pour two shots instead of three. Puzzled, the bartender asked, “Hey, why two shots instead of three, as usual?”

The guy replied, “Ahh, I quit drinking.”

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A wife is looking at the mirror one morning, and then complained to her husband, “Honey, look, everything is falling apart. I got wrinkles in my eyes. And look at these muscles, they are getting flabby and saggy. Everything is going south.”

Without blinking an eye, the husband said, “Oh, babe, your eyesight is as good as ever.”

And he is still in the hospital.

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An avid golfer is curious about life in heaven after death, so he went to a fortune teller to find out if there is golfing in heaven. The fortune teller looked at the crystal ball and then said, “Yes, there are plenty of golf courses in heaven. All beautifully trimmed and maintained. You can be golfing eternally. But I see just one minor handicap.”

“What is it?” The golfer inquired.

“Well,” the fortune teller said, “Your tee time is at 8:30 a.m. tomorrow.”

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This guy lived in a high-rise apartment in Manhattan. One morning, to test out how the weather was going to be for the day, he reached his hand outside the window and waited. Then, lo and behold, there was a “splat” in his palm. He was surprised to find that it was a glass eye. Not knowing where it came from, he stuck his head out the window, and saw a beautiful lady two floors up waving at him, signaling him to bring the eye back to her.

He went up to her place and she invited him to stay for some cocktails. They chatted and had a good time. As time flew, he was getting hungry and she said, “Why don’t you stay for dinner. I have something warming up in the oven already.”

He stayed, and they had dinner and some wine. It was a delightful evening indeed. Then, as he was leaving to go back to his own place, she invited him to spend the evening with her. A little taken back, he said, “Excuse me, but do you do that with everyone?”

And she said, “No, only with the ones that catch my eye."

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God created Adam, and he was quite happy in paradise. But, somehow, he got lonely, and went to God and complained that he wanted some company. God was very accommodative, He said, “Adam, I can make you this perfect woman. She will be kind, gentle and obedient, never to question you, and she will do whatever you want and whatever pleases you to keep you happy.”

Adam was elated. “God, thank you, thank you. What do I have to do?”

And God said, “It will cost you an arm and a leg.”

“An arm and a leg? That’s way too much. So what if I just give a rib?”

And that’s how Adam got Eve for a rib.

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Pastor John died and went to heaven. St. Peter met him at the Pearly Gates and welcomed him. “Brother John, welcome. Let me show you to your eternal resting place.” So, he was shown a nice apartment with lots of sunlight and room, it was a good resting place indeed. As they were walking out, he saw this big beautiful mansion, with a manicured garden, swimming pool, and tennis court. He was flabbergasted, and asked St. Peter, “Wow, this is some place to live. Who lives there, God himself”?

And St. Peter said, “No, this is the place for Tony, a taxi driver at New York City.”

Pastor John was dumbfounded, and said, “Wait, I preached at our church all my life, Sunday after Sunday. And all I got is to live in this tiny apartment? And this taxi driver Tony from New York City got to live in this beautiful, wonderful mansion? What gives?”

St. Peter calmly explained. “Brother John, here in heaven, we measure everything by results, and not just efforts. Yes, you work very hard, preaching every Sunday for many, many years. You have indeed devoted your life to the mission of God. But yet, when you preach, everybody falls asleep. But now, when Tony drives his taxi around New York City, everybody prays.”

A message indeed of efforts and results.

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