

**Subject:** Why We Love Children!!!!!!  
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Happy St. Paddy's Day....  
Joe



# Why We Love CHILDREN!!

A kindergarten pupil told his teacher he'd found a cat, but it was dead. "How do you know that the cat was dead?" she asked him. "Because I pissed in its ear and it didn't move," answered the child innocently. "You did WHAT?!!" the teacher exclaimed in surprise. "You know," explained the boy, "I leaned over and went 'Pssst!' and it didn't move."

A little girl goes to the barber shop with her father. She stands next to the barber chair, while her dad gets his hair cut, eating a snack cake. The barber says to her, "Sweetheart, you're gonna get hair on your Twinkie." She says, "Yes, I know, and I'm gonna get boobs, too."

A small boy is sent to bed by his father. Five minutes later:

"Da-aaad..."

"What?"

"I'm thirsty. Can you bring drink of water?"

"No, You had your chance. Lights out."

Five minutes later: "Da-aaaad..."

"WHAT?"

"I'm THIRSTY. Can I have a drink of water?"

I told you NO! If you ask again, I'll have to spank you!!"

Five minutes later... "Daaaa-aaaad..."

"When you come in to spank me, can you bring a drink of water?"

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him, "How do you expect to get into Heaven?" The boy thought it over and said, "Well, I'll run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, Dylan, come in or stay out!'"

One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her son into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, "Mommy, will you sleep with me tonight?" The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug. "I can't dear," she said. "I have to sleep in Daddy's room." A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: "The big sissy."

It was that time, during the Sunday morning service, for the children's sermon. All the children were invited to come forward. One little girl was wearing a particularly pretty dress and, as she sat down, the pastor leaned over and said, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter Dress?" The little girl replied, directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mom says it's a b\*tch to iron."

When I was six months pregnant with my third child, my three year-old came into the room as I was preparing to get into the shower. She said, "Mommy, you are getting fat!" I replied, "Yes, honey, remember Mommy has a baby growing in her tummy." "I know," she replied, "but what's growing in your butt?"

One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part where Chicken Little warns the farmer. She read, "...and Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, "The sky is falling!" The teacher then asked the class, "And what do you think that farmer said?" One little girl raised her hand and said, "I think he said: 'Holy Sh\*t! A talking chicken!'" The teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.

**That's why we love kids....God bless them all**

1. I resolve not to make any New Years Resolutions, thus removing the possibility of my failing to keep them. Nobody can claim I failed Philadelphia when I never tried going there.
2. I resolve not to get upset with or criticize politicians for the stupid things they say or do. I'll make my position known at the ballot box and throw the rascals out, thus lowering my blood pressure and economizing in my use of language.
3. I resolve to use my language with my family or friends telling them how much I love them. Words are finite, so why should I waste them on foolish things.
4. I resolve to break any resolution that others make for me because I get a thrill out of upsetting their apple cart. Spilled apples are good for the soul and keep us humble.
5. I resolve to interfere with resolutions others make for themselves. I'll offer a piece of cheesecake to anyone on a diet every chance I get. Life is not that easy and it's about time they learned it.
6. I resolve to stop this list before I end up insulting everyone.

## The Immigrant Experience

I remember my father telling us kids at the dinner table about his first day of school in America. He is now deceased, but this one story sticks in my mind. His father was a proud Italian-American who instilled that value in all of his kids: Be proud of who you are and succeed in every endeavor you pursue. You are just as good as anybody else.

That first day of school was an exciting event for my father. He was thoroughly scrubbed and got to wear his Sunday clothes. When he walked into the classroom, he was greeted by a matronly lady who smiled, saying “And what is your name?” My dad hesitated, fidgeting with his clothing. With a large smile, he then blurted out his first name, “Cherico.”

“Pardon me?” the teacher said. Surely she was a saint of some sort or why would she want to teach school and put up with a bunch of kids that were not her own?

“Cherico,” he repeated with no less enthusiasm than the first time. Maybe she had a hearing disorder.

She then said, “No, no, no. This is America. We speak English here. I’m going to put your name down as *Charles*.”

My father protested, “My name is Cherico, not Charles.”

“What did you say?” she snapped as her demeanor quickly changed. This saint transformed herself in the space of a minute.

He waited a long time, but finally said, “Nothing, Ma’m. You are correct. My name is Charles.”

The rest of the day went by without anything eventful happening. But there was a sinking feeling in the bottom of my father’s stomach. The first lesson he received was the most valuable he was to learn all year long: Some people will not accept you for who you are. Such acceptance is not automatic in this world. When the day ended, he simply said “Good Bye” to his new teacher and hurried out because he knew couldn’t hold back much longer. Once outside the door, little rivulets ran down his cheeks onto his Sunday clothes.