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# Bubba Living



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# A Few Irish Stories

The Episcopal Bishop hailed a New York City taxicab and told the driver: "Take me up to Christ Church." The taxi sped up to Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The Bishop protested: "I said, Christ Church." With conviction, the taxi driver declared: "If He's not here, He's not in town."

A Muslim was sitting next to Paddy on a plane. Paddy ordered a whisky. The stewardess asked the Muslim if he'd like a drink. He replied in disgust "I'd rather be raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips!" Paddy handed his drink back and said, "Me too, I didn't know we had a choice!"

**An Irish Family Tradition.** Paddy had long heard the stories of an amazing family tradition. It seems that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been able to walk on water on their 18th birthday. On that special day, they'd each walked across the lake to the pub on the far side for their first legal drink. So when Paddy's, 18th birthday came 'round, he and his pal Mick, took a boat out to the middle of the lake, Paddy, stepped out of the boat... and nearly drowned! Mick

just barely managed to pull him to safety. Furious and confused, Paddy, went to see his grandmother. 'Grandma,' he asked, "It's my 18th birthday, so why can't I walk 'cross the lake like my father, his father, and his father before him?" Granny looked deeply into Paddy's, troubled brown eyes and said, "Because your father, your grandfather and your great grandfather were all born in December, when the lake is frozen, and you were born in August."

Paddy is said to be shocked at finding out all his cows have Bluetongue. "Be Jeysus!" he said, "I didn't even know they had mobile phones!"

Paddy calls Easy jet to book a flight. The operator asks "How many people are flying with you?" Paddy replies "I don't know! It's your bloody plane!"

Paddy and Mick found 3 hand grenades and decided to take them to the police station. Mick "What if one explodes before we get there?" Paddy: "We'll lie and say we only found two!"

Joe says to Paddy: "Close your curtains the next time you're making love to your wife. The whole street was watching and laughing at you yesterday." Paddy says: "Well

the joke's on them because I wasn't even at home yesterday."

In a convent in Ireland, the 99-year-old Mother Superior lay quietly. She was dying. The nuns had gathered around her bed, laying garlands around her and trying to make her last journey comfortable. They wanted to give her warm milk to drink, but she declined. One of the nuns took the glass back to the kitchen. Then, remembering a bottle of Irish Whiskey that had been received as a gift the previous Christmas, she opened it and poured a generous amount into the warm milk. Back at Mother Superior's bed, they lifted her head gently and held the glass to her lips. The very frail nun drank a little, then a little more, and before they knew it, she had finished the whole glass down to the last drop. As her eyes brightened, the nuns thought it would be a good opportunity to have one last talk with their spiritual leader. "Mother," the nuns asked earnestly, "Please give us some of your wisdom before you leave us." She raised herself up very slowly in the bed on one elbow, looked at them and said: "DON'T SELL THAT COW."

*From Tom, Bill, and John in KY, OH, and FL respectively*

# Bubba Living



## On Our Cover:

*Betsey in South Carolina sent us this photo of the new South Carolina Department of Transportation (SCDOT) winter weather fighter. Getting to the roads quickly and efficiently means smoother travel for all visitors and South Carolinians.*

*Thank you Betsey, and all our contributors and subscribers, Team Bubba*

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Thank you all for your support and contributions to this issue of *Bubba Living*. We received a lot more words and pictures than we could use in this issue, but we are already working on a May issue. And, your support is a vita part of *Bubba Living*. Your contributions can be sent to [jim@micropressbooks.com](mailto:jim@micropressbooks.com)

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**Thank you, Team Bubba**

## The Irish Divorce

**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!”**

*From Nick in Georgia*

## And the bagpiper played...



As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper’s cemetery in the Nova Scotia back country.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost, and being a typical man, I didn’t stop for directions.

I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone, and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left, and they were eating lunch I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late.

I went to the side of the grave, looked down and saw that the vault lid was already in place. I didn’t know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends.

I played like I’ve never played before for this homeless man.

And as I played “Amazing Grace”, the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished, I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head was hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, “I never seen anything like that before, and I’ve been putting in septic tanks for twenty years.”

Apparently, I’m still lost ... it’s a man thing.

*From Bonnie in Ohio*

# Man forgets where he parks his car - then finds it 20 years later



by Harry Cockburn

Thursday 16 November  
2017 13:19 GMT — The  
Independent.co.uk

Back in 1997 in the German city of Frankfurt, a man reported his car as stolen to the police.

Twenty years later, the authorities in the city have tracked down the missing vehicle, only to discover that the man who owned it had in fact, just forgotten where he'd parked the car and had assumed it

had been stolen.

The vehicle was found in a garage in an old industrial building that is due to be demolished.

The car was in the way of the demolition so it was reported to the police who then investigated who the owner was.

According to German regional paper *Augsberger Allgemein*, the man, now 76-years-old, was driven by the police with his daughter to be reunited with the car.

"The car can no longer be

driven and will be sent to the scrap heap," Frankfurt authorities said.

Earlier this year a man from Scotland lost his car after attending a Stoneroses gig in Manchester. He reportedly searched for the vehicle for 5 days before giving up. He even contacted the council and various companies in a bid to trace the vehicle.

He eventually reported the car stolen, but it was found six months later, exactly where he'd left it, though with parking fines estimated at over £5,000.

## Meanwhile in Canada...



2 of 5

Police investigate artist Simon Laprise's snow car, which rests in a snow removal zone. (Simon Laprise/L.S.D. Designs)

### Fake Snow Car in Canada

When life gives you snow, you make a fake car out of it in a snow removal zone to play a prank on police officers and snowplow drivers alike. That's how that saying goes, right?

Well, it does if you're 33-year-old Montreal machinist and artist Simon Laprise of L.S.D. Laprise Simon Designs. A resident of the borough Ahuntsic-Cartierville,

Laprise spent his Sunday afternoon molding the recently fallen snow into a DeLorean DMC-12, as made famous by the movie *Back to the Future*.

After finishing, the police drove by to check the snow removal zones around 1 A.M. Monday morning when they came across the snowy vehicle. The interaction resulted in an amazing photo of a lone officer, staring suspiciously at the mound, ticket book in hand.

Amused by the false DeLorean, the officers left Laprise's car with a ticket under its single wiper, reading, "You made our night!! Hahahaha :)". The car was demolished by snow removal crews later on Monday morning, according to Global News.

