

# The Capuchin

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Fr. Mychal Judge, Franciscan priest,  
first certified casualty at Twin Towers on 9/11.

*Happy Feast of St. Francis on October 4<sup>th</sup>  
to all members of the Franciscan Family*

# The Capuchin

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### *A Word From The Editor*



Fr. Mychal Judge, Franciscan priest, was the first casualty at Twin Towers, New York on 9/11. Fr. Judge was the first certified fatality because his was the first body to be recovered and taken to the coroner. The NY Medical Examiner found that Judge died of "blunt force trauma to the head", due to flying debris. The photo of his body being carried out of the ruins by five men is iconic and sometimes called an "American *Pietà*". At his Mass of Installation as Archbishop of New York (15 April 2009), Archbishop Timothy Dolan referred to him: "The Risen Christ is alive in her consecrated religious, women and men, in whom Elizabeth Ann Seton, Francis Xavier Cabrini, and Michael Judge find most worthy heirs,..."



Fr. Mychal's parents hail from Leitrim, where he visited some months before his death. In the aftermath of the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, we remember this man's faith and love. We also recall his special prayer ...

“Lord, take me where You want me to go,  
let me meet who You want me to meet,  
tell me what You want me to say,  
and keep me out of Your way”.

*Fr. Michael*

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## Around the Capuchin world

*By Peter Rodgers O.F.M. Cap.*



**Vietnam:** Capuchin friars from Indonesia have recently travelled to Vietnam to set up a mission there. Initially they will attend University to become qualified as English teachers, this being the only way they can get a residence permit. The church in Vietnam is tightly controlled by the government. Only priests who have been ordained in Vietnam have permission to do any ministry in the country.

**France:** In order to create opportunities to meet people who don't attend church – and even those who do – the Capuchins in Clermont Ferrand, in the south of France, have set up a Cafe Cappuccino in a down-town area of the city. It is staffed by friars and some lay-volunteers and is reporting growing numbers who come regularly to have coffee and chat to somebody.

**Turkey:** After the assassination of the Capuchin bishop, Mgr. Luigi Padovese, in Southern Turkey one year ago, there was another attempt on the life of an Indian Capuchin missionary in Adana, a town in south Turkey. Five men armed with sabres came into the church, shouting for the priest. Luckily the priest had left five minutes earlier. A quick-thinking church-worker managed to lock them into the church and called the police.

**Middle East:** The Capuchins are present only in a small few of the countries touched by recent turmoil in the Middle East. The friars in Bahrain had to suspend all services during the curfew; in Algeria they were even more tightly controlled than they usually are; in Oman it was mostly the inconvenience of dealing with strikes and road-blocks; Syria was described by the friars as most frightening. Thank God, so far, nobody has been hurt or injured.

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The Story of Edith Stein – A journey from Jewess to Carmelite Nun to Martyrdom in Auschwitz (PART I)

By Pat Keller O.F.M. Cap.

*Br. Patrick Keller is well known to our readers for his way with words. Many commented on his “Muddy Boots” article in the last edition. Pat hails from near Millstreet in county Cork. He has been in our Capuchin community in South Korea since its inception twenty five years ago. He loves the enigmatic (for most of us!) description of Edith Stein attributed to her brother-in-law: “She was the kind of woman with whom a man would gladly steal horses”!*

## *August 1944 – Home after Thirty Years*

The jolt of the train pulling up at the crowded platform shook her from her slumber. It was night. How long had she been asleep? Where were they? BRESLAU..... the name of the station slapped her awake. She was home. Thirty years on the road in search of truth and Dr Edith Stein was back in beautiful Breslau. Somewhere in her exhausted brain a kaleidoscope of childhood memories flickered like faded images in an old newsreel. She could see her mother standing at the front door, wringing her hands, whispering a prayer, always on the look out for her darling Edith, her youngest, her pride, her joy ....her greatest heartbreak. Couldn't picture her father ... a fleeting shadow. She was just a toddler in her mother's arms waving Papa bye-bye on that lovely summer morning as he tore out to work, to oversee a logging operation in the forest...a last chance at salvaging his failing lumber business. Poor man forgot to take his straw hat. Sunstroke killed him that afternoon. A house full of



*Young woman*

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children and no money.....Auguste Stein had to suffer unctuous condolences from men in suits with IOUs in their breast pockets that would land her and her family out on the street as soon as her husband had been decently buried. Those vultures had another thing coming to them. Delegating the nose wiping and the potty training to her eldest daughter Else, Auguste Stein marched down to the lumber yard, took the place by the scruff of the neck and within a few years creditors and competitors would grudgingly style her 'the best businessman in Breslau'.



*Student*

### *A right little Miss – Wrestling with God*

Edith Stein drew her first breath on Oct 12th 1891.....the youngest of eleven children...four of whom had died in infancy. She was a handful....very bright, full of questions and great at throwing tantrums. Pestering her siblings at their homework she downed the 3Rs without a burp. First day at school she kicked the stars when firmly informed that she was going into Low Infants with all the other five year olds. By secondary school she was a mess. Bored out of her skull in class she decided that she would drop out and pursue her own course of studies at home. Her mother gave her who-began-it.... she went on hunger strike. Enough. Mother had a business to run. This was a job for Else who had married and was living in Hamburg.....Edith would spend several months there cooling her heels. To Else she was able to reveal the terrible secret she had been keeping from her mother..... she had lost her Jewish faith....she was an atheist. She had wrestled with God..... then one day there was nothing there. She went home, knuckled down in school, read all round her, picked up languages like a bad cold and began to explore philosophy and its exciting new offshoot psychology...the science of the soul..... truth had

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to be somewhere in there. For the sake of peace in the house she continued to attend synagogue with her mother.

## *1911: University Student*

Sailing through her exams she entered Breslau University .... no big deal in our day but Edith was one of the first women students to enter a German university! She read German Literature, History, Philosophy and Psychology. At the end of her first year she was pulling her hair out. The psychology course was a bitter disappointment ... statistics, physiology of the brain, electro chemical experiments.... all science and no soul... as if the mystery of the human person could be expressed in the shorthand formulae of maths, chemistry and physics. What gave her hope were the writings of Edmund Husserl and his associates at Göttingen University.... they were laying the foundations of a new approach to philosophy loosely called Phenomenology. They were offering a summer course so Edith headed down to Göttingen. There would be no going back.



*University Lecturer*

All her years of study, research and thought had left her with a palette loaded with many hues.... phenomenology offered her a generous canvas on which to splash some of those colours and see where they would take her. Phenomenologists considered everything as grist to their mill..... even religion. So many of Husserl's students converted to Catholicism that he ( a Jewish convert to Lutheranism) joked that the Vatican owed him a halo. Edith threw herself into the college scene... a great mixer and good fun she enjoyed tennis, canoeing, hiking, theatre, noisy dinners and dancing the night away..... she had a nice Jewish boy in her cross-hairs..... she would husbandize him when the time was right.

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## *1914: The Great War – Supposed to be Over by Christmas!*

It was supposed to be over by Christmas.....Edith volunteered her services at a local Red Cross military hospital...to her credit she signed on for the dangerous and unpleasant infectious diseases ward...cholera, dysentery and typhus. A rough shop and a sobering experience.It left her with two convictions..... women were naturals when it came to caring for the sick....the 'state' had no respect for human beings.The war moved off to the trenches far away,the hospital closed and Edith was back at college.

## *1915: Frankfurt – Where Holy Roman Emperors were elected ...*

Edith headed to Frankfurt which at the time was a beautiful medieval city of wooden houses with its famous cathedral...the Westminster Abbey of the German speaking world.

There Holy Roman Emperors had been elected,monarchs enthroned and

entombed.Her abiding memory of the visit was a housewife loaded to the gunwales with groceries popping in for a quick prayer. From her own Jewish background and from palling around with Lutheran friends at college she knew people went to synagogue and church on the holy days for set services.....this Catholic phenomenon of dropping in for a chat was new to her. She liked it. She felt that that was how she would like to pray..... if only she had faith. [TO BE CONTINUED] ●



*Carmelite Nun*



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### THE PRESENT MOMENT

'I really AM only now, and I cannot actually return *to* the place at which I really was in the past' (51)... 'The being of the ego is alive only from moment to moment. It cannot be quiescent because it is restlessly in flight. It thus never attains true self-possession. And we are therefore forced to conclude that the being of the ego, as a constantly changing living present, is not autonomous but *received* being. It has been *placed into existence* and is sustained in existence from moment to moment' (54) – *Edith Stein*, in her famous philosophical work: “Finite and Eternal Being”.



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## "The general idea" By Br. Tom Zulu OFM Cap



*Br. Tom Zulu takes up the story of the Capuchins in Zambia on their 80th Anniversary. He plays on the words of one of the early missionaries, Fr. Declan McFadden, "the general idea" (see below) and finishes with a touching tribute: "To these men I shall play drums from the east and west, from the north and south of Zambia. I shall sound the malimba without words; to them I should sing with the eagle's voice for they are the wind beneath my wings".*

This year 2011 marks 80 years since the Capuchins of the Irish Province came to what was then known as Northern Rhodesia, today's Zambia. We are not able to know what Br. Kevin Moynihan, who was the Provincial then, had to go through at the idea of taking such "a huge mission-field in the heart of Africa", in Barotseland. Especially that this part was unknown to him and indeed to the Irish Capuchins.

This was surely a dream which I prefer to call a general idea borrowing the concept from Br. Declan McFadden who said "I have spent six months investigating and I travelled 2,000 miles, with 700 of that on foot. Now the general idea is to work up a series of stations linked all the way to Balovale."

I imagine how Br. Kevin had to wrestle with this general idea. First not knowing how to put it to the brothers and later asking who would buy into this general idea. I imagine him looking for maps to locate where this unknown place was, how many miles he travelled in his mind day and night thinking who



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would buy into this idea. Remember that their world was very different from the world as we know it today. Ireland was by then a kind of luxury compared to this unknown place which had literally no roads in many places, poor health facilities, and literally with no schools apart from a few. Then one day he receives courage from above and sells the general idea to the friars and probable there is some talk among them, sharing their fears of leaving the known and going into the unknown. There was nobody to tell them what the place looked like and what kind of people they would find, they were not able to google as we do today.



This is why Alban was overawed leading him to note that “the Province [had] not realised what they [were] stepping into.” Then finally a group of four friars go to the Provincial and tell him they would like to buy into this general idea. These were Casimir Butler, Alban Cullen, Declan McFadden and Oliver O’Hanlon. These four friars were the pathfinders but it was the three, namely Seraphin Nesdale, Phelim O’Shea (became Bishop O’Shea) and Killian Flynn (who became Apostolic Administrator), who were to shoulder the hard labour of evangelising the Balovale. These courageous friars became the pioneers of the general idea which is still being lived out today. Thanks to these men and for their charity of giving themselves to the people of Zambia, for their courageous response to Br. Kevin Moynihan “here I am, Brother, I shall go.”

This began the history of what today is the Vice Province of St. Francis, Zambia. The pioneers mentioned above had a vision to make the general idea a reality which is evident in Br. Declan’s research, in the number of Capuchin houses which were being established, and also in the building of schools through which they were going to empower the local people. Not only that, but also the number of friars that bought into this general idea is overwhelming evidence too. We are told, in Br. Donatus McNamara’s narrative, that “102 Irish friars and 17 New Jersey friars” did buy into this

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# Meeting of Zam



*43 members of the Zambian vice province  
Sr. Marie O'Brien, facilitator, as well as  
from the home province. The assembly*

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# bian Capuchins



*took part in the assembly. Present also were Desmond McNaboe and Christopher Twomey took place at St. Bonaventure College, Lusaka.*

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friar, himself being one those that bought into this idea, continued with the translation of the Word so that people may be able to listen to God speaking to them in their own language through the scriptures.

I am proud to call the two groups of four and three pioneers our heroes of courage and determination. They are our heroes of the Capuchin way of life in Zambia and our heroes of the general idea which young men of the soil have to buy into in order to keep it alive. While it is good and nice to always sing the praises of what our heroes achieved, we are challenged to ask ourselves difficult questions. Today we have different means of bringing this general idea to the heights than our pioneers had, thanks to IT. The question we have to ask ourselves is how much are we using these means in evangelization, in empowering the locals? How many hours do I spend with people and how many hours do I spend in front of the talking box? How many litres of fuel do we burn for leisure and how many litres do I burn for evangelisation? Are we still buying into this general idea or we have our own specific idea which we have to finish? “I have travelled 2,000 miles, with 700 of that on foot. Now the general idea is to work up...” Br. Declan told us in his time. Are we able to say that “I have travelled 2,000 miles, with more than 700 of these by driving and now the general idea is to work up a, b, c, d...”? I feel that these are just some of the difficult questions we (the remaining missionary friars and the friars of the soil) need to reflect upon as we celebrate 80th Anniversary of the Capuchin present in Zambia. Failure to take time to reflect on such questions personally and collectively is saying we have a specific idea which should come to a conclusion. This will make us irrelevant in Zambia. The challenge of this anniversary is that it calls us to reflect on our priorities and have them right.



On a personal note, I had a great experience visiting the graves of Declan McFadden in Rochestown and of Casimir Butler in Glasnevin, Dublin. It was like telling them how much the seed they had sown in Zambia has grown. This crowned my visit to the land of these men,

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general idea and worked at making it what it is today. The latter mentioned general idea long after the pioneers were gone. Some of these friars have returned to Ireland having laboured so much in Zambia, giving their best, and some of them are now peacefully sleeping in the Lord. Listening to their stories gives me hope of the future of the Capuchin way of life in Zambia and beyond. From these courageous friars I learnt what to be Capuchin means and to translate this way of life in my culture as an on-going process.

To these men I shall play drums from the east and west, from the north and south of Zambia. I shall sound the malimba without words; to them I should sing with the eagle's voice for they are the wind beneath my wings. ●



*Fr. Tom Zulu*

Br. Noel Brennan reminisces about the past ...



The Malengwa postulants went to Senanga recently and had a picnic at the riverside (Zambezi river). A few of them are seen here preparing for the journey back home.

The picture shows typical features of this part of the Western Province: the sand, the cattle, the river, and the vast flood-plain beyond.

In my younger, more adventurous, days (c.1973!), together with Michael Haig, a fellow-teacher at the Secondary School, I did a 4-day trek from Senanga friary across the river heading west to the other side of the flood plain, then north along the "mukulo" through the villages, back east again from Liliachi to Moyo and finally from there South (catching an old banger of a bus) home to Senanga. The village hospitality we experienced all along the way was overwhelming, as you would expect in Africa. ●

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integrity - a promise fulfilled  
*By Fr. Edwin Flynn OFM Cap*



*Fr. Edwin hails from Cork City. After priestly ordination he volunteered to work overseas in Zambia, where he spent fifty five years (must be some kind of record!) before returning to Ireland some years ago. Still active, he is resident in Holy Trinity Friary in Cork.*

In 1957 I was asked to start off a junior secondary school at Lukulu Mission, Zambia. The following year I was joined by Richard Lubasi, a brilliant scholar who had won first place in national examinations, an excellent teacher and everything one could wish for in a member of staff. We got on very well together — actually, it was he who taught me how to relate to young Zambians and understand their culture.

You could say it was education on a shoestring! Textbooks had to be shared, twenty for a class of forty students. There were hardly any books in the library, but nobody complained! With just two of us on the staff and two classes, we were kept busy, teaching, marking copybooks and preparing lessons for the following day.

But the students were the ones who had the greatest problems to face. Those coming from Livingstone had to travel 120 miles on open wagons of the Sawmills train, then 500 miles by road perched on top of loaded trucks, and finally 70 miles on foot across the flood plains of the Zambezi river to arrive at Sancta Maria Mission. They had to bring cash to buy two pair of school



*Judge Mushabati with his mother and Fr. Edwin*



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uniforms in addition to the school fees.

Rather than stating the actual cost in the local currency, let me say the fees were equal to six months' wages for an ordinary worker. No one family could pay such fees unless they had cattle that they could put up for sale. Regularly students spent time visiting elder brothers, uncles or other relatives, in order to get enough to pay the fees.



*Judge Mushabati and guests of honour*

Each year I put up a notice asking anyone who had not yet paid the fees in full to report to the office. Christopher Mushabati came to say he had not paid. I reminded him of how important education was for his future and advised him to think carefully about his relatives, to see who could pay the fees for him. In the meantime Richard and I talked about it, and we made a decision that if Christopher could not pay the fees, we would ask him to make a promise to pay after leaving school, as soon as he found employment. Christopher agreed and made that promise.

After leaving school, he kept in touch with me and I followed his career from Magistrate to Judge followed by promotion to the High Court and later to the Supreme court. But there was more as I was soon to learn.



*Celebrating: Judge Mushabati, Fr. Jude McKenna (Capuchin Superior in Zambia) and Fr. Edwin*

In 2007, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Sancta Maria Secondary School, he came to see me. He said that his family were all gathering together the following Sunday. They had a complaint. All their lives they heard this message:

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“Make a promise, keep it,” followed by a lecture: “When I was in Secondary school, Fr Edwin asked me to make a promise . . .” But they had never met this priest, so now they wanted to meet him.

Christopher asked me to come together with Fr Jude McKenna, as Superior of the Capuchins. When we arrived, he introduced me to his family, telling them that I was the one who had asked him to make a promise to pay the school fees as soon as he found work and the letter he received from me congratulating him on keeping the promise he had made.



*Judge Mushabati with members of his family and Fr. Edwin*

He then made two presentations, one to Fr Jude to thank the Capuchins for establishing the secondary school in Sancta Maria, and the other to thank me for trusting him to fulfil his promise. He had a photographer from the Post newspaper who went round taking photos to commemorate the occasion. It made the headlines for the Sunday Post, (11, Nov. 2007) — a Supreme Court judge talking about his early education and the remarkable promise that became a key principle of his life. ●



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### *When will we be using the new edition of the Roman Missal?*

The texts of the new edition of the Roman Missal are being introduced in two phases to avoid too much change happening at once. From the second Sunday of September we will begin to use the new translations of the people's prayers and responses at Mass, for example, the Confiteor, the Gloria and the Creed. These texts will be in Missalettes and on congregational cards when people come to Mass. From the First Sunday of Advent the new translations of the prayers of the Mass that are led by the priest will come into use, for example, the Collect or opening prayer and the Eucharistic Prayer. The Third Edition of the Roman Missal, therefore, will be fully implemented on the First Sunday of Advent.



Julie Kavanagh

*These Q&A's are part of a set prepared by Julie Kavanagh and Fr. Paddy Jones for the Irish Bishops' Conference. The remainder will appear in future newsletters. To view in full see: [www.catholicbishops.ie](http://www.catholicbishops.ie)*

**New response: The Lord be with you – And with your spirit.**

This response is one of the very obvious changes in the new edition of the Missal. It is the literal translation of what we find in the Latin text “et cum spiritu tuo”. This direct translation is already found in other languages, for example, German, Italian, French & Spanish.

The source for this dialogue between priest and people is very much scripture. In four of his letters, St. Paul uses the following greetings: Galatians 6:18 – May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit; Philippians 4:23 – The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your Spirit; 2 Timothy 4:22 – The Lord be with your spirit; Philemon v25 – The grace of

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the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit. Similar greetings can be found in the Old Testament.

What does “your spirit” mean? It does not refer to the Holy Spirit though it is spoken to people who live according to that Spirit. For St. Paul the spirit is our spiritual part that is close to God. “And with your spirit” is about having the spirit or mind of Christ as your guiding light, as what guides us through the day – a Christian spirit. While it will sound unfamiliar to us this greeting and response captures our biblical roots. It is a recognition of the spirit among us as Christians, a spirit that we must live and, in greeting one another, it proclaims the presence of Christ among us. This greeting and response occurs four times in the Mass.

Is what we have been praying up to now wrong?

The Missal that we have been using in Ireland since 1975 was approved for use by the Holy See and the Conferences of Bishops. Over time and with use, some of its weaknesses have emerged. The revised translation is intended to address some of these weaknesses, particularly by seeking to strengthen scriptural imagery within the prayers and by bringing them closer to the original Latin text – this has resulted in the language of the prayers being somewhat elevated. The current translation has served a number of generations of the faithful well and remains the proper and valid form of our prayer together until such time as the new Missal is introduced. ●



Fr. Paddy Jones



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Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul.  
(From Old English Prayer: Author Unknown)  
By James Harrington OFM Cap.



- ◆ A man goes to the doctor with a strawberry growing out of his head. The doctor says 'I'll give you some cream to put on it.'
- ◆ Two fat blokes in a pub, one says to the other 'Your round.' The second one says so are you, you fat overweight slob!
- ◆ Phone answering machine message - '...If you want to buy marijuana, press the hash button now'
- ◆ Doctor to patient: "I've treated a few cases like yours before, so I should have better luck this time.
- ◆ A man came round in hospital after a serious accident. He shouted, 'Doctor, doctor, I can't feel my legs!' The doctor replied, 'I know you can't, I've cut your arms off.'
- ◆ Teacher: Where is the English Channel?  
Pupil: The second button on the left.
- ◆ Jimmy: "My father has six Olympic Gold Medals."  
Ronnie: "What was he, a sprinter?"  
Jimmy: "No, he's a pawnbroker."
- ◆ 1st employee: "Are you going to the boss's funeral?"  
2nd Employee: "Oh no. I'm working to-day. You see my motto is Business before Pleasure."

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- ◆ Teacher: 'If I had six bricks in one hand and eight in the other, what would I have?'  
Smart pupil: 'Please sir, big hands.'
- ◆ What part of your body shouldn't move when you're dancing? -  
'Your bowels!
- ◆ She married him for his looks - but not the kind she gets from him now!
- ◆ While fishing off the Florida coast, a tourist capsized his boat. He could swim, but his fear of alligators kept him clinging to the over turned boat. Seeing a man on the shore the tourist shouted, "are there any gators around here?" "No", the man shouted back "they ain't been around here for years!" Feeling safe, the tourist started swimming leisurely towards the shore. About half way there he asked the guy, "How'd you get rid of the gators?" "We didn't do nothing," Replied the man. "The sharks got them."
- ◆ Mary: "Mammy, can I have an ice cream, please?"  
Mother: "No! It's too cold". Mary thought for a while and then said "Mammy, can I have an ice cream if I put my coat on?"



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## Dogs and People

- ◆ One reason a dog can be such a comfort when you're feeling blue is that he doesn't try to find out why – Author unknown.
- ◆ The average dog is a nicer person than the average person – Andy Rooney.
- ◆ Everything I need to know I learned from my dog. When loved ones come home, always run to greet them. Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride. Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.
- ◆ If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man – Mark Twain.
- ◆ A man may smile and bid you hail,  
Yet wish you to the devil,  
But when a good dog wags his tail,  
You know he's on the level.  
Author unknown
- ◆ If your dog is fat, you're not getting enough exercise.
- ◆ The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue.



# How to Know When you're Getting Old

*Everything hurts!  
What doesn't hurt, doesn't work.  
The gleam in your eye  
is the sun shining on your bi-focals.  
You feel like the morning after,  
but you haven't anywhere.  
Your children begin to look middle aged.*

*You join a health club,  
but you don't go  
A dripping tap causes an uncontrollable urge.  
You have all the answers  
but nobody asks you the questions.  
You look forward to a dull evening.  
You need glasses to find your glasses*

*You turn out the light for economy  
instead of romance.  
You are in a rocking chair,  
but cant make it go.  
Your knees buckle but your belt won't.  
Your back goes out more than you do.*

*Your house is too big,  
your medicine box is not big enough.  
You sink your teeth in a steak,  
and they stay there.  
Your Birthday cake collapses from the  
weight of all the candles.*

