Sent: Sun, 12 Jul 2009 13:05:29 -0400
From: [redacted] P6/b(6)
Bcc: "Strickland, Bobby" <"/o=eop/ou=first administrative group/cn=recipients/cn=bobby_strickland">
Subject: Laughter is good for the soul

From: [redacted]
Subject: Laughter is good for the soul
Date: Wed, 3 Jun 2009 13:03:06 -0400

Laughter…..IS SO-O-O-O-O Good For the Soul!

Do what gives you peace!!
Sam/ATL

I just want to thank all of you for your educational emails over the past year.

Thanks to you, I no longer open a public bathroom door without using a paper towel.

I can't use the remote in a hotel room because I don't know what the last person was doing while flipping through the channels.

I can't sit down on the hotel bedspread because I can only imagine what has happened on it since it was last washed.

I can't enjoy lemon slices in my tea or on my seafood anymore because lemon peels have been found to contain all kinds of nasty germs including feces.

I have trouble shaking hands with som eone who has been driving because the number one pastime while driving alone is picking your nose.

Eating a Little Debbie sends me on a guilt trip because I can only imagine how many gallons of Trans fats I have consumed over the years.

I can't touch any woman's purse for fear she has placed it on the floor of a public bathroom.

I must send my special thanks to whoever sent me the one about poop in the glue on envelopes because I now have to use a wet sponge with every envelope that needs sealing.
Also, now I have to scrub the top of every can I open for the same reason.

I no longer have any savings because I gave it to a sick girl (Penny Brown) who is about to die in the hospital for the 1,387,258th time.

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I no longer have any money at all, but that will change once I receive the $15,000 that Bill Gates/Microsoft and AOL are sending me for participating in their special e-mail program

I no longer worry about my soul because I have 363,214 angels looking out for me, and St.Theresa's novena has granted my every wish.

I no longer eat KFC be cause their chickens are actually horrible mutant freaks with no eyes or feathers.

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I no longer use cancer-causing deodorants even

though I smell like a water buffalo on a hot day.

Thanks to you, I have learned that my prayers only get answered if I forward an e-mail to seven of my friends and make a wish within five minutes.

Because of your concern I no longer drink Coca Cola because it can remove toilet stains.

I no longer can buy gasoline without taking someone along to watch the car so a serial killer won't crawl in my back seat when I'm pumping gas.

I no longer drink Pepsi or Dr Pepper since the people who make these products are atheists who refuse to put 'Under God' on their cans.

I no longer use Saran wrap in the microwave because it causes cancer.

And thanks for letting me know I can't boil a cup of water in the microwave anymore because it will blow up in my face...disfiguring me for life.

I no longer check the coin return on pay phones because I could be pricked with a needle infected with AIDS.

I no longer go to shopping malls because someone will drug me with a perfume sample and rob me.

I no longer receive packages from UPS
or FedEx since they are actually Al Qaeda in disguise.

I no longer shop at Target since they are French and don't support our American troops or the=2 0Salvation Army.

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I no longer answer the phone because someone will ask me to dial a number for or which I will get a phone bill with calls to Jamaica , Uganda , Singapore and Uzbekistan .

I no longer buy expensive cookies from Neiman-Marcus since I now have their recipe.

Thanks to you, I can 't use anyone's toilet but mine because a big brown African spider is lurking under the seat to cause me instant death when it bites my butt.

And thanks to your great advice, I can't ever pick up $5.00 dropped in the parking lot because it probably was placed there by a rapist waiting underneath my car to grab my leg.

If you don't send this e-mail to at least 144,000 people in the next 70 minutes, a large dove with diarrhea will land on your head at 5:00 PM this afternoon and the fleas from 12 camels will infest your back, causing you to grow a hairy hump. I know this will occur because it actually happened to a friend of my next door neighbor's ex-mother-in-law' s second husband's cousin's beautician...

Stay FAITHFUL and Be GRATEFUL.

The happiest people don't have the best of everything. They just make the best of everything."
Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God.

God Bless! MJB

Lauren found her dream laptop. Find the PC that's right for you.