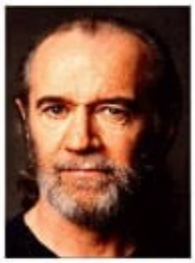
GEORGE CARLIN ON AGING



Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we're kids? If you're less than ten years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions. "How old are you?" "I'm four and a half." You're four and a half going on 5.

You get into your teens, and you simply jump to the next number. "How old are you?" "I'm gonna be 16." You could be 12, but you're gonna be 16. Eventually.

Then the great day arrives and you become 21. Even the words sound like a ceremony. You BECOME 21!!

Then you turn 30. What happened there? Makes you sound like bad milk. He TURNED; we had to throw him out. What's wrong? What changed?

You BECOME 21. You TURN 30; You're PUSHING 40. You REACH 50. Then you MAKE IT to 60. By then you've built up so much speed, you HIT 70. After that, it's a day by day thing. You HIT Wednesday…

You get into your 80's; you HIT lunch, you HIT 4:30. And it doesn't end there…

Into the '90s, you start going backward. "I was JUST 92." Then a strange thing happens; if you make it over 100, you become a little kid again. "I'm 100 and a half."

My Grandmother won't even buy green bananas. "Well, it's an investment, you know, and maybe a bad one. I just hate to waste money."



STINGY OLD LAWYER



A stingy old lawyer who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness was determined to prove wrong the old saying, “You can’t take it with you.”

After much thought and consideration, the old ambulance-chaser finally figured out how to take at least some of his money with him when he died.

He instructed his wife to go to the bank and withdraw enough money to fill two pillowcases. He then directed her to take the bags of money to the attic and leave them directly above his bed.

His plan: When he passed away, he would reach out and grab the bags on his way to heaven. Several weeks after the funeral, the deceased lawyer’s wife, up in the attic cleaning came upon the two forgotten pillowcases stuffed with cash.

“Oh, that old fool,” she exclaimed. “I knew he should have had me put the money in the basement.”

BUMPER SNICKERS



My grandmother has a bumper sticker on her car that says, ‘Sexy Senior Citizen.’ It’s hard to think of my dear old granny in that way.

What is she doing? Out entering wet shawl contests? Wheelchair racing? Teeth swapping? Makes me wonder where she got that ten-dollar bill she gave me for my birthday!

GOD'S IMPROVEMENT



A little girl was sitting on her grandfather's lap as he read her a bedtime story.

From time to time she would take her eyes off the book and reach up to touch his wrinkled cheek. She was alternately stroking her own cheek, then his again. Finally, she spoke up, "Grandpa, did God make you?"

"Yes, sweetheart," he answered, "God made me a long time ago.

"Grandpa, did God make me too?"

"Yes, indeed, honey," he said, "God made you just a little while ago."

Feeling their respective faces again, she observed, "God's getting better at it, isn't he?"

EXERCISES FOR SENIORS



You know how important exercise is, as we grow older. Here are a few suggestions. I start by standing outside behind the house and, with a five-pound potato sack in each hand, extend my arms straight out to my sides and hold them there as long as I can.

After a few weeks, I moved up to 10-pound potato sacks, then 50-pound potato sacks, and finally I got to where I could lift a 100-pound potato sack in each hand and hold my arms straight out for more than a full minute!

Next, I started putting a few potatoes IN the sacks, but I would caution you not to overdo it at this level.