

Excerpts from some of the chapters of

“So Jesus and Moses Are Teeing It Up...”

From the chapter...

Golfberg

Morris visits Israel on a golf vacation. After a few days of playing, he decides to take a break and see some of the sights of Jerusalem.

He hires a local guide who drives him to see the Wailing Wall, Calvary, the Temple of the Mount, Gethsemane, and ten more landmarks of the Holy City.

Late in the afternoon, the guide says, “Well, that’s about all there is to see for a day trip. Unless you want to grab a quick look in the cemetery over there and check out at the Monument of the Unknown Soldier.”

“Sure, let’s do that and then call it a day.”

From the entrance, half a mile away, they could see the heroic monument at the far end of the burial ground: a stone statue of a man towering atop a fifty-foot-high obelisk. Sculpted from alabaster, the man was dressed as a foot soldier. In one hand he carried a carbine; with the other, he shaded his eyes, as if gazing into the future.

At the base of the obelisk was a bronze plate with raised letters. They spelled out “David Goldfarb.”

“The hell is this?” says Morris. “I thought you said this was the Monument of the *Unknown* Soldier. But it says here the man’s name is David Goldfarb.”

“That’s right,” says the guide. “As a soldier he was unknown. But as a *furrier...*”

From the chapter...

Golf at Vatican Valley

Easter Sunday morning, the Pope and three of his Cardinals threw their clubs in the trunk of the Papal limo and drove to Vatican Valley.

On the first tee, Cardinal Schmidt asked the Pope if he didn't feel guilty about skipping Mass.

"Nah," said the Holy Father, "Catholics don't know squat about Easter anymore. Why bother."

"That's nuts, Your Eminence" said Cardinal Schmidt. "All the Catholics in my archdiocese know the meaning."

"Oh yeah, Fritz? Then *you* tell *me* what Easter's all about."

"Sure. Easter commemorates a blessed event that happened 2,000 years ago. To celebrate it, we Germans put a fir tree in our living rooms, decorate it, and place presents beneath it for family and friends. We sing carols, and..."

"Idiot," said the Pope, sculling a three-iron. "How about you, Stosh," he said to Cardinal Wyznsky, "can you do any better?"

"To observe Easter in Poland, the little children don macabre costumes and swarm the neighborhoods carrying paper bags. The kids knock on the doors and say, 'Trick or treat' and..."

"What, did you grow up Protestant?" said the Pope, kicking his ball off a root. To Cardinal Law he said, "You want to give it a try, Bernie?"

"Piece of cake. Christ was crucified on Good Friday. His body was carried inside a cave, to the mouth of which was rolled a great boulder. Three days later, on Sunday, the rock was rolled away. Christ had risen from the dead."

"*At last,*" thought the Pope, "*we're getting there.*"

"He walks outside to his gathered Disciples," Cardinal Law continued. "And if he sees his shadow..."

From the chapter...

Sure an' Golf Jokes

Irishman walks into the clubhouse pub after a Saturday round. Bartender asks him, "What'll you have, boyo?"

"I'll have me three pints of Guinness, sir."

The bartender pours them, and the man begins to sip alternately from one, the other, and then the third until all the glasses are empty. He then orders three more.

The bartender says, "Sir, I know you like them cold. But you don't have to order three at a time. I can keep an eye out and when you get low I'll bring you a fresh cold one."

"Thank you, but no, it ain't that," the golfer smiles. "I have two brothers, one in Australia and one in the Old Country. Years ago we made a vow that every Saturday we'd still drink together. So right now, me brothers are having three pints of Guinness too, and we're drinking together. If only in spirit."

The bartender allows as how that's an admirable tradition.

For months, every Saturday the man comes in and orders three stouts. Then one week he stops in and asks for only two. He drinks them down and orders two more.

The bartender says to him, "I know what your tradition is, and I'd just like to say that I'm sorry that one of your brothers is no longer on the right side of the sod."

The golfer says, "Oh, no, me brothers are fine. It's meself. I quit drinking for Lent."

From the chapter...

Ungodly Golf Jokes

Shipwrecked sailor swims to a desert island. Builds a bonfire to attract rescuers from a ship or plane. Months go by, then years. The man lives on fish and rainwater.

One day he spies a speck on the horizon. It comes closer and closer. Turns out, it's a beautiful woman in a wetsuit. She strides ashore and smiles hello.

"Wow," he says. "Another human being."

"How long you been stranded here, mister?" she asks, shaking herself dry.

"Long, long time."

"How long since you've had a drink of whisky?"

Two years, three months and fourteen days."

She unzips her wetsuit, reaches under her armpit, and pulls out a pint of Johnnie Walker Red.

Amazed, the guy accepts the bottle and takes a long pull "Oh, God, that's wonderful. If only I had a cigarette to go with it..."

"Will these do?" she says, reaching under her other armpit and removing a pack of Camels. "Light one up for me, too."

She has a belt of Johnnie while they smoke. "And while we're at it," she says, unzipping her wetsuit to the navel, "would you like to play around?"

"Don't tell me," he says. "Don't tell me you've got a set of clubs in there, too?"

From the chapter...

Shaggy Golfers

After a cold November match, three golfers are warming themselves in front of fireplace in the clubhouse. They order brandy and cigars all around.

To nobody's surprise, the macho stories begin. How one guy hit his approach shot 280 yards over the water to eagle the number-one stroke hole, and so on.

One golfer says, "Boys, I must be the meanest, toughest golfer there ever was. Like last week I'm following this group at Stow Acres South, and one of them slices a ball into the pasture to the right of the 13th fairway, and the group goes looking for it. A bull sees them. He busts through his pen and charges them. Tosses one guy up in the air, gores another one through the thigh, tramples someone else. So I jump over the fence and race to the bull. I grab him by the horns, throw him to the ground, and hold him down until help comes and they shoot him with a tranquilizer dart."

"Then you're almost as tough as me," says the second golfer. Last winter I was playing Palm Desert with Pete Higgins. Warm day, and some rattlesnakes were out sunning themselves. My partner hit one into the rough and a six-foot diamondback slid off a rock and made a move for Higgins. Before it could strike, I grabbed that snake with my bare hands, whacked it with a sand iron, bit off its head, and finished the round with a 78."

The third golfer remained silent, slowly stirring the coals with his penis...

From the chapter...

18 Reasons Why Golf Is Better Than Sex

Golf is Better than Sex Because...

18. You don't have to sneak your golf magazines into the house.
17. If you're having trouble with golf, it's perfectly acceptable to pay a professional to help you.
16. The Ten Commandments don't say much about golf.
15. If your partner videotapes your golf swing, you don't have to worry about it showing up on the Internet.
14. Your partner won't keep asking questions about other partners you've golfed with.
13. It's perfectly respectable to golf with a total stranger.
12. When you see a really good golfer, you don't have to feel guilty about imagining the two of you golfing together.
11. If your regular golf partner isn't available, he/she won't object if you golf with someone else.
10. You probably won't go blind if you golf by yourself.
9. When dealing with a golf pro, you don't have to wonder if you're really talking to an undercover cop.
10. The size of your putter...

[Plus nine more.]

From the chapter...

Th-th-therapy

This golfer with a terrible stammer hears that another member, Dr. Taylor, is one of the world's most prominent speech therapists. So he sees Taylor at the clubhouse bar, buys him a beer, and tells him about his problem.

He says, "Duh-duh-duh *Doc*-tor, I've g-g-got this p-p-problem."

Dr. Taylor asks him a series of diagnostic questions and concludes, "The fact is, most stuttering isn't the result of physiology. No, typically the manifestations derive from psychological factors. Like tension. Believe it or not, I got into this profession because I, also was a terrible stammerer. And I was finally cured—forever—by a technique they don't teach you in med school."

"Would you mind sh-sh-sharing it with me?"

"Well, this is between you and me, okay?"

"Sh-sh-right."

"One day in the office I got horny. I drove home and asked my wife to come to bed. And—totally unlike the Mildred I'd known and loved for fifteen years—she performed the most incredible oral sex on me. It lasted for almost half an hour. And when I finally achieved orgasm, a lifetime's stress and tension were washed away as if by a crashing wave. That happened several years ago—and to this day, as you can tell, I speak fluently, effortlessly, and with crystal clarity. I haven't stuttered since."

"Wow, what a touching story!" the man said.

"I suggest you try it yourself, see what happens."

A few days later the man again sees Dr. Taylor at the bar. He buys the doctor a beer, and they clink glasses. With a big smile, he says, “Dr. Taylor, I can’t tell you how much I appreciate your advice. Thanks to you, I too can now speak fluently and with crystal clarity. A truly wonderful solution to a lifelong problem. From the bottom of my heart, sir, I thank you.”

“You’re entirely welcome, my friend.”

They clink glasses once more and the doctor gets up to leave.

“Oh Doctor, one more thing...”

“Yes?”

“I love what you’ve done with the house.”

From the chapter...

And Then There's the One About...

An elderly woman could no longer care for herself at home, so her children placed her in a nursing home overlooking the golf course she had played every weekend for many years.

Her room faced south, only a short iron away from the 17th green. The sun shone in through the window. The ducks in the small greenside pond swam in lazy circles.

As the family was helping her settle in, a nurse came into the room and began to give the old woman a brief physical. "Let's just check your pulse here, dearie."

As the nurse counted heartbeats, the old woman tilted to one side. The nurse immediately straightened her back up.

"Now let's have a listen to your lungs. Take a deep breath..."

Again, the old woman started listing to one side, and again the nurse gently moved her upright. This done, the family said goodbye, and promised they'd come visit the next day.

When they came, the sun was again streaming through the window, along with the chirping of robins and goldfinches.

"So Mother," said one of her sons, "how do you like it here?"

"Oh, it's not bad. The room is pretty, the view is nice, and the food's not bad. There's just one thing..."

"What's that, Mom?"

"They never let you fart."

From the chapter...

Be Careful What You Wish For

Two Irish golfers are adrift in a lifeboat after a horrific storm at sea.

Up in the bow, Patrick starts rummaging through the provisions stowed in a locker: a coil of rope, a Swiss army knife, a can of Sterno... “and what’s this? Look, Mike, it’s a crusty old brass lamp. Like they had in *The Arabian Nights*.”

“Why don’t you give it a rub,” says Mike “see if a genie pops out, gives us three wishes.”

Which is exactly what happens. Except this genie tells the boyos he’s only got one wish left in his bag. “So make it a good one,” he says.

Patrick blurts out, “Turning the ocean into Guinness would be good.”

The genie claps his hands and immediately the entire sea turns into Guinness. And the genie vanishes before their astonished eyes.

For minutes they sit and contemplate their fate, rocked by the rhythmic waves of stout. On the horizon, a whale surfaces. Blowing foam from its spout.

Finally, Mike speaks. “I think you’ve gone and done it now,” he says.

“What do you mean?” says Patrick.

“Now we're going to have to pee in the boat.”

From the chapter...

From the Mouths of Caddies

- 10)** Golfer: "One more shot like that, and I'm going to drown myself in the water hazard."
Caddy: "Do you think you can keep your head down that long? "
- 9)** Golfer: "I'd move heaven and earth to break 100 today."
Caddy: "Try heaven, for a change."
- 8)** Golfer: "I think my game is improving"
Caddy: "Me too. You miss the ball much closer now."
- 7)** Golfer: "Do you think I can get there with a 5 iron? "
Caddy: "Eventually."

[Many more...]

From the chapter...

Ray's Rules of Golf

The harder you swing, the farther you hit. In golf as in life, always give 110%. Strike every shot with all your strength. It is a sign of manliness and puts fear in the heart of your adversary. On a par-3, for example, after your opponent has come up short with a 5-wood, pull out your 7-iron and whale away. This will show him.

Hold your head up high. A confident manner creates confident shots. So keep your chin up. Just before club contacts ball, your head should pop up proudly, the better to see the ball soar toward the target.

Share your knowledge. Give advice freely. Just as you cherish your father's constant advice to keep you from making the same mistakes he made in life, your foursome will thank you for correcting their grip, stance and follow-through. Try to point things out during their backswing, where it can do the most good.

Pay off your bets with the oldest bills in your wallet. Golfers do not value cash. At finer clubs...

[Many more...]

From the chapter...

Honest-to-God Golf Jokes

So Jesus and Moses are teeing it up for a five-dollar Nassau. The first hole is a 180-yard par-3 over water. Both men scull their drives into the pond.

Moses reloads and tees up another Titleist and hits a fried egg into the greenside bunker.

Jesus walks across the top of the pond, parts the water, and hits his ball off the rocky bottom onto the green six inches from the pin.

“Hey, J.C.?” says Moses “You going to play golf, or you going to screw around.”

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