

He rose from his bed one morning. It was a fine spring day in his new west Texas mission parish.

He walked to the window of his bedroom to get a deep breath of the beautiful day outside. He then noticed there was a jackass lying dead in the middle of his front lawn. He promptly called the local police station.

The conversation went like this: “Good morning. This is Sergeant Jones. How might I help you?” “And the best of the day to yourself. This is Father O’Malley at St. Ann’s Catholic Church. There’s a jackass lying dead in me front lawn and would ye be so kind as to send a couple o’yer lads to take care of the matter? Sergeant Jones, considering himself to be quite a wit and recognizing the foreign accent, thought he would have a little fun with the good Father, replied, “Well now Father, it was always my impression that you people took care of the last rites!”

There was dead silence on the line for a moment. Father O’Malley then replied, “Aye, ‘tis certainly true; but we are also obliged to notify the next of kin first, which is the reason for me call.”