

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* ††† **Humor for today** ††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

To measure the quality of puns, you must use a sighsmograph.

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

I am trying to get my head around the fact that ‘Take Out’ can mean food, dating, or murder.

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

The school was having trouble with Little Johnny and decided to have him tested by a psychologist. His first question was, “If I have ten apples and take away five apples, what is the difference?” After a brief pause, Little Johnny answered, “That’s just what I say, ‘What is the difference?’”

When asked whether a pair of trousers were singular or plural, he replied, “Well, they are singular at the top and plural at the bottom.”

Finally, the psychologist decided to test his spelling and asked him, “How do you spell Banana?” After careful consideration, he replied, “B A N A N A N A N A N A N A-” The psychologist interrupted him and said, “Johnny, that’s quite enough,” to which he replied, “I know how to spell it, I just don’t know when to stop.” The psychologist then wrote in his report: “If you are not having problems with Little Johnny, it would not be normal.”

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

Three aspiring psychiatrists were attending their first class on emotional extremes. “Just to establish some parameters,” said the professor to the student from Arkansas, “What is the opposite of joy?” “Sadness,” said the student. “And the opposite of depression?” he asked of the young lady from Oklahoma. “Elation,” she said. “And you, sir,” he said to the young man from Texas, “How about the opposite of woe?” The Texan replied, “Sir, that would be giddy up.”

†††JMJ††† **This is Serious** †††JMJ†††

You can find sermons for the Second Sunday of Lent at
<https://jmjsite.com/2nd%20Sunday%20of%20Lent.html>

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

Considerations and Motives to Excite in Our Souls a Lively Sorrow for Our Sins
PART THREE: You Have Crucified Jesus Anew

Behold, O my soul, the great evil thou hast done in committing sin. Look at Jesus on that Cross; and look at His torn and mangled limbs; look at the streams of Blood flowing from His Wounds. All that is the work of thy sins. Thy evil thoughts have crowned His head with sharp thorns. Thy immodesty has defiled His face with bruises and spittle. Thy impurity has cruelly scourged Him from head to foot. It is thou who hast inflicted all those wounds, mangled those hands, transfixed those feet, torn that innocent flesh by thy sins. It is thou who hast displayed such wanton cruelty against that adorable Body, sacrificing and drawing forth from it streams of Blood, without one thought of pity, where the gratification of thy unworthy passions was concerned. It is thou who hast drenched that Divine mouth with vinegar, by so many evil words, and so much licentious conversation. It is thou who hast afflicted and grieved that loving Heart by thy hatred, aversions, and rancour towards thy neighbor. It is thou who hast barbarously pierced that sacred side, when thou didst give entrance into thy heart to that illicit love. It is thou who hast overwhelmed thy Lord with shame and ignominy by thy pride and vanity. It is thou who hast by thy execrable sins put thy Father, thy Creator, and thy God, to a cruel death. It is thou who hast trampled His adorable Blood underfoot each time that thou hast returned to thy sins. Read, cruel soul, read in the Wounds of thy Jesus, the greatness and malice of thy sins. Measure the enormity of thy crimes by the greatness of the torments and sufferings of thy loving Redeemer. My suffering Jesus! How, oh, how could I ever have had the heart thus cruelly to torture Thee? How was it that I did not fall down dead through alarm and horror at the sight of my own impiety? And what evil hast Thou done me, O my sweet Jesus, that I should treat Thee with such horrible inhumanity? Ah, hast thou ever ceased for a moment to love me and load me with blessings? Even on the Cross Thou didst pray for me, invite me to repentance, offer me pardon, and satisfy Divine justice for my sins at the price of Thy own precious life. My Crucified Redeemer!

Behold me humbled, penitent, and sorrowful at Thy feet; ah, do not cast that soul which cost Thee so dear into eternal flames. My sweet Jesus! Receive me into Thy tender embraces, hide me in Thy opened side, press me to Thy loving Heart. I confess that it is I who am Thy crucifier, that it is I who have nailed Thee to the Cross, by my sins. I do not deserve pardon for such a shameful impiety. But those Wounds speak for me, that Divine Blood pleads in my behalf, and they obtain mercy for a traitor who deserves it not. Mercy, O my Jesus, mercy and pardon! I detest all my sins from the very bottom of my heart; I hate and abhor them, because they have inflicted on Thee so many sufferings and so painful a death. Wash my soul in Thy precious Blood, let my heart break with sorrow, and make me fully comprehend what mortal sin is – mortal sin, which has put to death the Son of God – that so I may never cease whilst I have life to bewail the great evil which I have done in committing it.

Thank you for your prayers and sacrifices and for visiting <http://www.JMJsit.com>. Please share this information and tell others about this website.