



Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place. Looking up to heaven he said, "Lord, take pity on me. If you find me a parking place I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of me life and give up me Irish Whiskey!"

Miraculously, a parking place appeared.

Paddy looked up again and said, "Never mind, I found one."



Father Murphy walks into a pub in Donegal, and says to the first man he meets, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

The man says, "I do, Father."

The priest says, "Then stand over there against the wall."

Then the priest asked a second man, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Certainly, Father," replies the man.

"Then stand over there against the wall," says the priest.

Then Father Murphy walks up to O'Toole and says, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole said, "No, I don't Father."

The priest says, "I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole says, "Oh, when I die, yes. I thought you were getting a group together to go right now."



O'Toole worked in the lumber yard for twenty years and all that time he'd been stealing the wood and selling it. At last his conscience began to bother him and he went to confession to repent. "Father, it's 15 years since my last confession, and I've been stealing wood from the lumber yard all those years," he told the priest.

“I understand my son,” said the priest. “Can you make a Novena?”

O’Toole said, “Father, if you have the plans, I’ve got the lumber.”



Paddy was in New York. He was patiently waiting, and watching the traffic cop at a busy street crossing. The cop stopped the flow of traffic and shouted, “Okay pedestrians.” Then he’d allow the traffic to pass. He’d done this several times, and Paddy still stood on the sidewalk. After the cop had shouted, “Pedestrians,” for the tenth time, Paddy went over to him and said, “Is it not about time ye let the Catholics across?”



Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend, Finney.

“Did you see the paper?” asked Gallagher. “They say I died!!”

“Yes, I saw it!” replied Finney. “Where are ye callin’ from?”



An Irish priest is driving down to New York and gets stopped for speeding in Connecticut. The state trooper smells alcohol on the priest’s breath and then sees an empty wine bottle on the floor of the car.

He says, “Sir, have you been drinking?”

“Just water,” says the priest.

The trooper says, “Then why do I smell wine?”

The priest looks at the bottle and says, “Good Lord! He’s done it again!”



Walking into the bar, Mike said to Charlie the bartender, “Pour me a stiff one - just had another fight with the little woman.”

“Oh yeah?” said Charlie, “And how did this one end?”

“When it was over,” Mike replied, “she came to me on her hands and knees.”

“Really,” said Charles, “Now that’s a switch! What did she say?”

She said, “Come out from under the bed, you little chicken.”



Flynn staggered home very late after another evening with his drinking buddy, Paddy. He took off his shoes to avoid waking his wife, Mary.

He tiptoed as quietly as he could toward the stairs leading to their upstairs bedroom, but misjudged the bottom step. As he caught himself by grabbing the banister, his body swung around and he landed heavily on his rump. A whiskey bottle in each back pocket broke and made the landing especially painful.

Managing not to yell, Flynn sprung up, pulled down his pants, and looked in the hall mirror to see that his butt cheeks were cut and bleeding. He managed to quietly find a full box of Band-Aids and began putting a Band-Aid as best he could on each place he saw blood.

He then hid the now almost empty Band-Aid box and shuffled and stumbled his way to bed.

In the morning, Flynn woke up with searing pain in both his head and butt and Mary staring at him from across the room.

She said, “You were drunk again last night weren’t you?”

Flynn said, “Why you say such a mean thing?”

“Well,” Mary said, “it could be the open front door, it could be the broken glass at the bottom of the stairs, it could be the drops of blood trailing through the house, it could be your bloodshot eyes, but mostly.....it’s all those Band-Aids stuck on the hall mirror.”

