



FRIENDS

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead. He remembered dying, and that the dog had been dead for years. He wondered where the road was leading them.

After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight broke it. When he was standing before it, he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother of pearl and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold.

He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got close, he saw a man at a desk to one side. When he was close enough, he called out, "Excuse me, where are we?"

"This is Heaven, sir," the man answered.

"Wow! Would you happen to have some water?" The man asked.

"Of course, sir. Come right in, and I'll have some ice water brought right up." The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

"Can my friend," gesturing toward his dog, "come in, too?" the traveller asked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept pets."

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going.

After another long walk and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road, which led through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence. As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book. "Excuse me!" he called to the reader. "Do you have any water?"

"Yeah, sure, there's a pump over there". The man pointed to a place that couldn't be seen from outside the gate. "Come on in."

"How about my friend here?" the traveller gestured to the dog.

"There should be a bowl by the pump."

They went through the gate and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it. The traveller filled the bowl and took a long drink himself and then he gave some to the dog. When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree waiting for them.

"What do you call this place?" the traveller asked.

"This is Heaven," was the answer.

"Well, that's confusing," the traveller said. "The man down the road said that was Heaven, too."

"Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's Hell."

"Doesn't it make you mad for them to use your name like that?"

"No. I can see how you might think so, but we're just happy that they screen out the folks who'll leave their best friends behind."

Sometimes, we wonder why friends keep forwarding jokes to us without writing a word, maybe this could explain:

"When you are very busy, but still want to keep in touch, guess what you do -- you forward jokes.

When you have nothing to say, but still want to keep contact, you forward jokes.

When you have something to say, but don't know what, and don't know how, you forward jokes. And to let you know that: you are still remembered, you are still important, you are still loved, you are still cared for, guess what you get? A forwarded joke.

"So my friend, next time if you get a joke, don't think that you have been sent just a joke, but that a friend has thought of you today and wanted to send you a smile."