

Sick Parade.

If you know someone who is a bit crook,
let us know so we can give them a shout out.



Peter Holmes.

Pete has been in and out of the Mersey recently getting a few parts replaced and a few others modified. He reckons the old fuselage is probably getting close to time expired as at the moment he's running most of it on COS.

We wish him all the best – get well soon mate, Wynyard are still looking for a good full back!!!

Father Norton woke up Sunday morning and realizing it was an exceptionally beautiful and sunny early spring day, decided he just had to play golf. So... he told the assistant priest that he was feeling sick and persuaded him to say Mass for him that day. As soon as the assistant priest left the room, Father Norton headed out of town to a golf course about forty miles away.

This way he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone he knew from his parish. Setting up on the first tee, he was alone. After all, it was Sunday morning and everyone else was in church! At about this time, Saint Peter leaned over to the Lord while looking down from the heavens and exclaimed. "You're not going to let him get away with this, are you?"

The Lord sighed, and said, "No, I guess not." Just then Father Norton hit the ball and it shot straight towards the pin, dropping just short of it, rolled around three times and fell into the hole.

IT WAS A 420 YARD HOLE IN ONE!

St. Peter was astonished. He looked at the Lord and asked, "Why did you let him do that?" The Lord smiled and replied, "Who's he going to tell?"

This page left blank.