

The Golfing Nun

Written by Cosmic

Thursday, 05 November 2009 16:22 - Last Updated Thursday, 05 November 2009 16:22

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A nun walks into Mother Superior's office and plunks down into a chair. She lets out a sigh heavy with frustration.



'What troubles you, Sister?' asked the Mother Superior. 'I thought this was the day you spent with your family.'



'It was,' sighed the Sister. 'And I went to play golf with my brother. We try to play golf as often as we can. You know I was quite a talented golfer before I devoted my life to Christ.'



'I seem to recall that,' the Mother Superior agreed. 'So I take it your day of recreation was not relaxing?'

'Far from it,' snorted the Sister. 'In fact, I even took the Lord's name in vain today!'

'Goodness, Sister!' gasped the Mother Superior, astonished. 'You must tell me all about it!'



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'Well, we were on the fifth tee...and this hole is a monster, Mother -540 yard Par 5, with a nasty dogleg right and a hidden green...and I hit the drive of my life. I creamed it. The sweetest swing I ever made.



And it's flying straight and true, right along the line I wanted...and it hits a bird in mid-flight !'



'Oh my!' commiserated the Mother. 'How unfortunate! But surely that didn't make you blaspheme, Sister!'

'No, that wasn't it,' admitted Sister. 'While I was still trying to fathom what had happened, this squirrel runs out of the woods, grabs my ball and runs off down the fairway!'



'Oh, that would have made me blaspheme!' sympathized the Mother.

'But I didn't, Mother!' sobbed the Sister. 'And I was so proud of myself! And while I was pondering whether this was a sign from God, this hawk swoops out of the sky and grabs the squirrel and flies off, with my ball still clutched in his paws!'

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of this, she said, 'I don't know what you're talking about, but I've started to feel, and

Sarah said back in her chair, folded her arms across her chest, fixed the Sister with a

'You missed the f*ing putt, didn't you?'**

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