

## Frank and Joe . . .



Two 70-year-old men had been friends all of their lives.

When it was clear that Frank was dying, Joe visited him every day.

One day Joe said, "Frank, we both loved playing golf all our lives, and we started playing soon after high school. Please do me one favor: when you get to heaven, somehow you must let me know if there's golf there."

Frank looked up at Joe from his deathbed and said, "Joe, you've been my best friend for many years. If it's at all possible, I'll do this favor for you."

Shortly after that, Frank died.

A few weeks later, Joe was awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to him, "Joe, Joe."

"Who is it," asked Joe, sitting up suddenly. "Who is it?"

"Joe -- it's me, Frank"

"You're not Frank. Frank just died."

"I'm telling you, it's me, Frank," insisted the voice.

"Frank, Where are you?"

"In heaven," replied Frank. "I have some really good news and a little bad news."

"Tell me the good news first," said Joe.

"The good news," Frank said with joy and enthusiasm, "is that there is golf in heaven. Better yet, all of our old buddies who died before me are here too. Even better than that, we're all young again. Better still, it's always summertime and it never rains. And best of all, we can play golf all we want, and we never get tired, and we get to play with all the Greats of the past."

"That's fantastic," said Joe "It's beyond my wildest dreams! So what's the bad news?"

"You're in my foursome this Saturday"