

BEST. OLD FOLKS JOKES. EVER.

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CHANTELLE GRACE

BroadStreet
P U B L I S H I N G

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Two old guys, George and Pete, went to the movies.

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A few minutes after it started, George heard Pete rustling around, searching on the floor under his seat.

“What are you doing?” asked George.

Pete, a little grumpy by this time, replied, “I had a caramel in my mouth, and it dropped out. I can’t find it.”

George said, “Forget it! It will be too dirty by now.”

“I have to find it,” said Pete. “My teeth are in it!”

Seeing her friend Patty wearing a new locket, Edith asks if there is a memento of some sort inside.

“Yes,” says Patty, “a lock of my husband’s hair.”

“But Henry’s still alive.”

“I know, but his hair is gone.”



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I knew my husband's hearing had deteriorated after our friend who was new to the city asked where he could meet some singles.

“Well,” said my husband, “I see them in the McDonalds parking lot diving for fries.”

“Dear,” I intervened, “he said singles... not seagulls.”



An elderly man visited the doctor for a checkup.

“Mr. Smith, you’re in great shape,” said the doctor. “How do you do it?”

“Well,” said Mr. Smith, “I don’t drink, I don’t smoke, and the good Lord looks out for me. For weeks now, every time I go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, he turns the light on for me.”

Concerned, the doctor finds Mrs. Smith in the waiting room and tells her what her husband said.

“I don’t think that’s anything to worry about,” she said. “And on the bright side, it does explain who’s been peeing in the fridge.”



An older gentleman was invited to his friends' home for dinner one evening. He was impressed by the way his buddy preceded every request to his wife with endearing terms like honey, my love, darling, sweetheart, pumpkin, etc. The couple had been married almost seventy years, and clearly, they were still very much in love.

While the wife was in the kitchen, the man leaned over and said to his host, "I think it's wonderful that after all these years, you still call your wife those endearing names."

The old man hung his head. "I have to tell you the truth," he said. "I forgot her name about ten years ago."



I decided one day to reframe a favorite photograph of my mother and father from when they were dating.

After removing the picture from the frame, I turned it over, hoping to find a date. I didn't.

Instead, my mother had written "128 lbs."



The biggest loser at the weight-loss club was an elderly woman.

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"How did you do it?" the others asked.

"Easy," she said. "Every night I take my teeth out at six o'clock."



An elderly gentleman in his mid-nineties, very well dressed with a flower in his lapel and smelling slightly of good aftershave, walked into an upscale restaurant and took a seat at the bar.

An elderly lady, mid-eighties, was seated there also.

The gentleman ordered a drink, took a sip, turned to the woman, and said, “So tell me, do I come here often?”

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An elderly woman had just returned home after an evening at church, when she was startled by an intruder. As she caught the man in the act, she yelled, “Stop! Acts 2:38!” (Repent and be baptized, in the name of the Lord, so that your sins may be forgiven.)

The burglar stopped in his tracks.

The woman called the police and explained what had happened.

As the officer cuffed the man to take him in, he asked, “Why did you just stand there? All the lady did was yell a Scripture at you.”

“Scripture?!” replied the burglar, “She said she had an AXE and TWO 38s!”



A church was holding a marriage seminar and the priest had asked Luigi, as his fiftieth wedding anniversary was approaching, to share some insight into how he managed to stay married to the same woman all those years.

Luigi said to the audience, “Well, I tried to treat her well and spend money on her. But the best thing I did was take her to Italy for our twentieth anniversary.”

The priest said, “Luigi, you are an inspiration to all husbands here today. Please tell us what you plan to do for your wife for your fiftieth anniversary.”

Luigi proudly replied, “I’m gonna go and get her.”



“How was your blind date?”

“Terrible! He showed up in a 1932 Rolls-Royce.”

“What’s so terrible about that?”

“He was the original owner.”



An elderly couple had dinner at another couple’s house, and after eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen.

The two gentlemen were talking, and one said, “Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly.”

“What is the name of the restaurant?”

The man thought and thought and finally said, “What is the name of that flower you give someone you love? You know... the one that’s red and has thorns?”

“Do you mean a rose?”

“Yes, that’s the one.” He then turned toward the kitchen and yelled, “Rose, what’s the name of that restaurant we went to last night?”



I believe in loyalty.

When a woman reaches an age she likes, she should stick with it.



TECHNOLOGY

At age seventy, my grandfather bought his first riding lawn mower.

“This thing is great,” he bragged to my brother. “It took me only an hour and a half to mow the lawn. It used to take your grandmother two days to do it all!”



Senior citizens have taken to texting with a new vigor.

They have even developed their own lingo.

ATD = At the Door

BFF = Best Friend Fell

BTW = Bring the Wheelchair

BYOT = Bring Your Own Teeth

CBM = Covered by Medicare

FWB = Friend with Beta-blockers

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FWIW = Forgot Where I Was

GGPBL = Gotta Go Pacemaker Battery Low

GHA = Got Heartburn Again

LMDO = Laughing My Dentures Out

ROFLACGU = Rolling on Floor Laughing and Can't Get Up

TTYL = Talk to You Louder



Lincoln wanted to get his wife, Lucy, something nice for their fiftieth wedding anniversary, so he decided to buy her a cell phone. She was all excited; she loved her phone, and he explained all the features on it.

The next day, Lucy went shopping. Her phone rang, and it was Lincoln.

“Hi honey,” he said. “How do you like your new phone?”

She replied, “I just love it. It’s so small and your voice is clear as a bell. There’s one thing I don’t understand though.”

“What’s that?” asked Lincoln.

“How did you know I was at WalMart?”

