

CATHOLIC HORSES

A serious handicapper was at the races playing the ponies without the *Winning at the Track* program and all but losing his shirt.

He noticed a Priest in the paddock blessing the forehead of one of the horses for the 4th race.



Lo and behold, that horse - a very long shot - won the race.

Next race, as the horses were on their way to the gate, the Priest stepped onto the track and blessed one of the horses. The handicapper ran to a betting window and placed a small bet on the horse. Again, even though it was another long shot, the horse won the race by six lengths.

The racing fan collected his winnings, and anxiously waited to see which horse the Priest would bless next. In the 8th race the pattern happened once again and now his pockets bulged with cash.

The handicapper was elated. He made a quick dash to the ATM, withdrew all his savings, and waited for the Priest's blessing.

True to his pattern, the Priest stepped onto the track for the last race and blessed the forehead of an old nag that was the longest shot of the day.

This time the priest blessed the eyes, ears, and hooves of the old nag. The handicapper knew he had a winner and bet every cent he owned.

Then he watched dumbfounded as it finished last. In a state of shock, he went to the paddock where the Priest stood. Confronting the Priest, he demanded, 'Father! What happened? All day long you blessed horses and they were all winners. Then in the last race, the horse you blessed lost by a mile. Now, thanks to you I've lost everything!'

The Priest nodded with sympathy.

'Son,' he said, 'that's the problem with you Protestants, you can't tell the difference between a simple blessing and last rites.'