

Two 90 year old men, Moe and Joe, have been friends all of their lives. When it's clear that Joe is dying, Moe visits him every day. One day Moe says, "Joe, we both loved softball all our lives, and we played league ball together for so many years. Please do me one favor, when you get to Heaven, somehow you must let me know if there's softball there."

Joe looks up at Moe from his death bed, "Moe, 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, Joe passes on.

At midnight a couple of nights later, Moe is awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to him, "Moe--Moe." "Who is it?" asks Moe sitting up suddenly. "Moe--it's me, Joe."

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

"I'm telling you, it's me, Joe," insists the voice.

"Joe! Where are you?"

"In heaven", replies Joe. "I have some really good news and a little bad news."

"Tell me the good news first," says Moe.

"The good news," Joe says, "is that there's softball in heaven. Better yet, all of our old buddies who died before us are here, too. Better than that, we're all young again. Better still, it's always spring time and it never rains or snows. And best of all, we can play softball all we want, and we never get tired."

"That's fantastic," says Moe. "It's beyond my wildest dreams! So, what's the bad news?"

"You're pitching Tuesday."