

## Jewish Sick Jokes

Tenth Anniversary Collection/ Rabbi Simkha Y. Weintraub, LCSW © as of January 2005

### **From the "Always analyzing" notebook, relayed by Rabbi Simkha Y.**

#### **Weintraub, a three-decade diabetic:**

A German, a Frenchman, and a Jew are struggling through the desert.

"Ach!" protests the German, "I am so thirsty! I must have a beer!"

"*Mon dieu!*" exclaims the Frenchman, "I am so thirsty! I must have a glass of wine!"

"Oy!" says the Jew, "I am so thirsty! I must have diabetes!"

#### **From the "Health is in the eye of the beholder" category:**

"So, did you hear about Zelig Weisskopf?"

"You mean the Zelig Weisskopf with the double hernia?"

"Yeah, that's the one."

"The man with the kidney problems and the bad leg?"

"That's him."

"Sure I know him. Yellowish skin, his head bobs up and down. So, nu, what happened to him?"

"He died last Thursday."

"Oy! Such a healthy man!"

#### **When it comes to our health...some issues seem eternal:**

Silverberg goes to consult a world-famous specialist in Warsaw about his medical *tsuris*.

"So, doctor, what do I owe you?"

"My fee is fifty rubles," replies the physician.

"Fifty rubles? But that's impossible!?"

"OK, then -- in your case, " the doctor replies, "I suppose I could adjust my fee to thirty rubles."

"Thirty rubles for one visit!? Absurd!"

"Alright, then, can you afford twenty rubles?"

"Who even has that kind of money?"

"Look," says the doctor, becoming quite irritated, "Just give me five rubles and get out of here."

"I can give you two rubles," says Silverberg. "Take it or leave it!"

"I don't understand you," says the doctor. "Why did you shlepp all the way to the most expensive doctor in all of Warsaw?"

"Listen, Doctor," Silverberg tries to explain, "When it comes to my health, nothing is too expensive!"

#### **The key may be to find the good news in the bad:**

Rosenberg goes to the doctor to get the results of the recent bloodwork.

"I'm afraid I have bad news, Irving," says Dr. Killstein. "You have cancer, and you also have Alzheimer's."

"Nu," says Irv, "At least I don't have cancer!"

**What would a collection of Jewish jokes related to sickness be without this classic one liner of Henny Youngman's, may he rest in peace?**

Guy goes to a doctor.

Doctor says, "You're sick."

Guy says, "I want another opinion."

"OK," Doctor responds, "You're ugly, too."

**It can be hard to ask the rabbi for help:**

It was a dark and stormy night, and Goldberg, 87, knew the end was near.

"Quick! Call the priest!" he said to his dear Sophie. "Tell him to come right away!"

"The priest, Sam? You must be delirious! You mean the rabbi!"

"No," Goldberg says, "I mean the priest. Why disturb the rabbi on a night like this?"

**...And sometimes, the rabbi gets sick, too:**

Rabbi Schwartz became ill quite suddenly and was rushed to the medical center for surgery.

Hours after recovery, a delegation from the synagogue knocked on the door of his hospital room.

"Rabbi Schwartz?"

"Yes, come in, come in!"

"We're here representing the Board of Trustees, to wish you a complete r'fuah shleimah," they began, "by a vote of 6 to 4!"

**Extra Fare**

A Yid, a hunchbacked Jew in Warsaw, climbed aboard a bus and dropped in his fare when he heard the bus driver scolding him: "Jew, you have to pay two fares -- one for you and one for your hump."

So the Jew reached into his pocket and put in another fare. When he took his seat, the Jew alongside whispered to him, "How could you let him talk to you like that? Why didn't you refuse to pay the extra fare?"

"Shah! Don't worry," the hunchback replied. "I fooled him. I didn't tell him about my hernia."

(Courtesy of Joseph Berger, *Displaced Persons*, NY: Scribner, 2001; page 98.)

**Call Her "Skippy"**

So this Jewish woman, Mrs Goldberg, goes to a diet doctor. He tells her that if she follows his diet exactly as prescribed, she should loose 10 pounds in a month. The woman is thrilled. The doctor explains that she must follow the diet, exactly as written, for one week, then skip a week, then follow the diet for a week, then skip another week, and then come back to see him at the end of the month.

In one month she returns. Miraculously, she has lost 20 poounds! The doctor is shocked. Mrs. Goldberg, he asks, "How did you do it?" She answers, "I think it was the skipping!"

### **From the "Everybody's a Doctor" category:**

"Ladies and gentlemen," the manager of a thriving Yiddish theater announces, "I am terribly sorry to have to tell you that the great actor, Yankel Leibovitch, has just had a stroke in his dressing room, a fatal stroke, and we cannot go on with tonight's performance."

A woman in the second balcony, herself with theatrical ambitions, jumps up and cries out, "Quick, give him an enema!"

"My dear lady, " says the manager, the stroke was *fatal!*"

"So give him an enema!" she shouts, even more emphatically.

"Madam, you don't see to understand. Yankel Leibovitch is *dead*. An enema can't possibly help."

"So would it *hurt?*"

### **Jewish Care at the End of Life, Lesson # 36,945,872**

Leibl was very old, and, alas, very sick. Dr. Moskowitz advised his wife and family to care for him but not to mention how near death he really was, lest he despair.

"Leib, darling, you look *wonderful!*" said Sophie as she entered his room.

"I do not! I look *terrible*, and I'm dying" replied Leibl, "Go call Mendl the tailor to make me a shroud!"

"Leib, Leib, your cheeks are pink, you'll be up and about in no time!" Sophie reassured him.

"Sophie, call Mendl! Call him now! Now!" Leibl insisted.

"Leib, what are you talking? Please God, soon you'll be..." Sophie tried to say.

"Sophie, call Mendl! Call Mendl!! Why won't you call Mendl?!" Leib implored.

"You know how slow he is!" Sophie answered, quickly covering her mouth.

### **Tell it to the Wall**

A journalist was assigned to the Jerusalem bureau of his newspaper. He gets an apartment overlooking the Wailing Wall. After several weeks he realizes that whenever he looks at the wall he sees an old Jewish man praying vigorously. The journalist wondered whether there was a publishable story here.

He goes down to the wall, introduces himself and says: "You come every day to the wall. What are you praying for?"

The old man replies: "What am I praying for? In the morning I pray for world peace, then I pray for the brotherhood of man. I go home, have a glass of tea, and I come back to the wall to pray for the eradication of illness and disease from the earth."

The journalist is taken by the old man's sincerity and persistence. "You mean you have been coming to the wall to pray every day for these things?"

The old man nods. "How long have you been coming to the wall to pray for these things?"

The old man becomes reflective and then replies: "How long? Maybe twenty, twenty-five years."

The amazed journalist finally asks: "How does it feel to come and pray every day for over 20 years for these things?"

"How does it feel?" the old man replies. "It feels like I'm talking to a wall."

### **So Much Bacon**

Moshe was having serious problems, and went to see the great healer, Reb Hirschl Tzvi.

“Oy, Rebbe! My stomach!” cried Moshe.

“What’s hurting?” asked Reb Hirschl.

“My stomach, Rebbe! My stomach, my stomach!” pleaded Moshe.

“Your stomach, huh? You must have...” began Reb Hirschl.

“Yes, yes, I did! Three times I ate bacon.” interrupted Moshe.

“Bacon, huh? If that was your transgression, then you must do this: You must memorize three *T’hillim*/Psalms, and say them every day.” explained Reb Hirschl.

Moshe got himself to *minyán* the next morning, where he began the arduous work of learning a psalm by heart. As he struggled to read and commit the first words to memory, he walked Yankel, who wasted no time in quickly, fluently praying what seemed like 50 Psalms, barely taking a breath.

“Yankel!” Moshe exclaimed. “I know you’re a learned man, but who eats so much bacon!”

### **Transferring to Beth Israel**

Morris Shapiro’s condition worsened, and his family was eager to get him “the best.” Miraculously, by pulling every string they had and calling in every single chit, they beat the odds and got him into Massachusetts General Hospital, which, at the time, admitted few Jews and had only the best Harvard Medical School doctors on staff.

But lo and behold, as soon as he was strong enough, Morris insisted that he be transferred to Beth Israel. Friends shlepped to MGH to visit him, only to learn that he was now at BI.

“Morris! What gives?” one friend, Sid, asked, “You were in the best cardiology unit in the country! Why did you leave? Was it the doctors?”

“The doctors?” Morris replied, “no – can’t complain.”

“The nursing staff, then?” Sid asked, “were the nurses uncaring?”

“No, no, can’t complain,” Morris answered.

“The room? The bed? Maybe the food was lousy?” Sid inquired, trying to make sense of this strange decision.

“No – can’t complain,” Morris sighed.

“Then what? Why did you leave Mass General to come here to BI?!” Sid pleaded.

“Here – *here* I can complain!”

### **Time is Money**

Jewish man goes to a doctor, and gets the bad news.

“I’m sorry, Ralph, you’ve got just six months to live,” says the doctor, “and my fee is \$ 1,000.”

“1,000!” Ralph screams, where am I going to get that kind of money.”

“OK – I’ll give you three more months.”

### **If You Had Taken My Word...**

A woman brought a very limp parrot into a veterinary surgery. As she lay her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest. After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said, "I'm so sorry, Polly has passed away."

The distressed owner wailed, "Are you sure? I mean, you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet rolled his eyes, shrugged, turned and left the room, returning a few moments later with a beautiful black Labrador. As the bird's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table and sniffed the dead parrot from top to bottom.

He then looked at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet petted the dog and took it out, but returned a few moments later with a cat. The cat jumped up and also sniffed delicately at the ex-bird. The cat sat back, shook its head, meowed and ran out of the room.

The vet looked at the woman and said, "I'm sorry, but like I said, your parrot is most definitely 100% certifiably ..... dead." He then turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill which he handed to the woman. The parrot's owner, still in shock, took the bill.

"\$150!, she cried, \$150 just to tell me my bird is dead !!"

The vet shrugged. "If you'd taken my word for it the bill would only have been \$20, but what with the Lab report and the Cat scan....."

### **Comfortable**

Jewish man is hit by a car.

A caring EMT worker, helping him as he lies in the street, asks, "Are you comfortable?"

"I make a living," he responds.

### **Like This**

Jewish man goes to the doctor, and lifting his elbow over his head, explains, "It hurts when I go like this!"

"So don't go like this," doctor replies.

### **Two Little Kids Were in a Hospital...**

Two little kids were in a hospital lying next to each other.

The first kid leaned over and asked, "What are you in here for?"

The second kid said, "I'm in here to get my tonsils out and I'm a little nervous."

The first kid said, "You've got nothing to worry about. I had that done to me once. They put you to sleep and when you wake up they give you lots of Jell-O and ice cream. It's a piece of cake!"

The second kid then asked, "What are you in here for?"

The first kid responded, "Well, I'm here for a circumcision."

The second kid said, "Whoa! I had that done when I was born. I couldn't walk for a year!"

### **Yearning for the Old Country**

Two immigrants meet on the street in New York.

"How's by you?" asks one.

"Could be worse. And you?"

"Surviving. But I've been sick a lot this year and it's cost me a fortune. In the past five months I've spent over three hundred dollars on doctors and medicine."

"Ach! Back home on that kind of money you could be sick for two years!"

### **The Most Beautiful Words**

The most beautiful words in the English language are not "I love you" but "It's benign."  
-- *Attributed to Woody Allen*

### **Diagnosing Jews...**

A resident pediatrician was making his rounds in the ward, trailed by six interns.

"Sickle cell anemia may be found in black children, especially if their parents come from the Caribbean. Tay-Sachs disease occurs in adult Jews, of course, but Jewish children are more easily identified by one fact. Can anyone tell me what that is?"

"Certainly," one intern chimed in, "Heartburn."

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 4)*

### **No Need to Worry**

The doctor was checking up on the health of his patient.

He consoled him as soon as he completed his examination.

"Fine, fine, Mr. Schoenfeld, you're doing much better," he said. "Your general condition has improved. There is only one thing that doesn't look so good – your floating kidney. But doesn't worry me a bit."

"And if you had a floating kidney," snapped Mr. Schoenfeld, "Do you think I'd worry about it?"

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 76)*

### **CPR**

Close to drowning, Benny Cohen was pulled out of the ocean by a lifeguard. His wife ran over sobbing, "Benny! Benny, what happened?"

"Madam, please don't get hysterical," said the lifeguard, "I'm just going to give your husband some artificial respiration and he'll be fine."

"What?!" Mrs. Cohen yelled, "My Benny gets either real respiration or nothing!"

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 36-7)*

### **Test Results**

Mr. Cohen went to the doctor's office to collect his wife's test results.

The doctor's receptionist told him, "I'm sorry, sir, but there has been a bit of a mixup. We have a problem. When we sent your wife's samples to the lab, the samples from another Mrs. Cohen were sent as well, and we are now uncertain which one is your wife's. Frankly, that's either bad or terrible."

Mr. Cohen asked, "What do you mean?"

The receptionist sighed, "Well, one Mrs. Cohen has tested positive for Alzheimer's disease and the other for AIDS. We can't tell which is your wife."

"That's terrible! Can we do the test over?"

"Normally, yes. But your medical plan won't pay for these expensive tests more than once."

Mr. Cohen asked, "Well, what am I supposed to do now?"

The receptionist replied, "The doctor recommends that you drop your wife off somewhere in the middle of Brooklyn. If she finds her way home, don't sleep with her."

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 78)*

### **Don't Worry**

"Doctor, I need your help!" complained Yoitle. "I talk to myself!"

"Do you suffer any pain?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"In that case," said the doctor, "go home and don't worry. Millions of people talk to themselves."

"But Doctor," cried Yoitle, "you don't know what a nudnik I am!"

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 80)*

### **No Longer Numb**

Irwin Sternmeyer was just coming out of anesthesia after a series of tests in the hospital, and his wife, Zelda, was sitting at his bedside. His eyes fluttered open, and he murmured, "You're beautiful."

Flattered, Zelda continued her vigil while he drifted back to sleep. Later he woke up and said, "You're cute."

"What happened to 'beautiful'?" Zelda asked.

"The drugs are wearing off," he replied.

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 90)*

### **Send the Bill to...**

Mr. Cohen was brought to the emergency room at Mercy Hospital and taken quickly in for coronary surgery. The operation went well and as the groggy man regained consciousness, he was reassured by the doctor who was waiting by his bed.

"You're going to be just fine, Mr. Cohen," the doctor said.

The doctor was joined by a nurse who said, "We do need to know, however, how you intend to pay for your stay here. Are you covered by insurance?"

Mr. Cohen said, "No, I'm not," in a whisper.

"Then can you pay in cash?" the nurse persisted.

"I'm afraid I cannot."

"Well, do you have any close relatives?" the nurse questioned sternly.

"Just my sister in New York," he volunteered. "But she converted to...she's a nun...in fact a real spinster."

"Oh, I must correct you, Mr. Cohen. Nuns are not spinsters – they are married to God."

"Wonderful, wonderful," Mr. Cohen said. "In that case, please send my bill to my brother-in-law."

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 95)*

### **Concerning the Goals of Treatment**

An elderly man went to the doctor complaining of aches and pains all over his body. After a thorough examination, the doctor gives him a clean bill of health.

"Hymie, you're in fine shape for an eighty-year-old. After all, I'm not a magician – I can't make you any younger," said the doctor.

"Who asked you to make me younger? Just make sure I get older!"

*Courtesy of Alan King's Great Jewish Joke Book (New York: Crown Publishers, 2002, page 96)*

