

A Navy Chief Dies and Goes to Heaven

Pope John Paul dies of old age and finds himself at the gates of Heaven at 0300. He knocks on the gate and a very sleepy-eyed watchman opens the gate and asks, "Wadda you want?"

"I'm the recently deceased Pope and have done 63 years of Godly works and thought I should check in here." The watchman checks his clipboard and says, "I ain't got no orders for you here, just bring your stuff and we'll sort this out in the morning."

They go to an old WWII barracks, 3rd floor, open bay. All the bottom racks are taken and all empty lockers have no doors. The Pope stows his gear under a rack and climbs into an upper bunk. The next morning he awakens to sounds of cheering and clapping. He goes to the window and sees a flashy Jaguar convertible parading down the clouds from the golden headquarters building. The cloudwalks are lined with saints and angels cheering and tossing confetti. In the back seat sits a Navy Chief, his Surface Warfare pin glistening on his chest, a cigar in his mouth, a can of San Miguel in one hand, and his other arm around a voluptuous blonde Angel with magnificent halos.

This disturbs the Pope and he runs downstairs to the Master-at-Arms shack and says, "Hey, what gives? You put me, the Pope with 63 years of Godly deeds, in an open bay barracks, while this Chief who must've committed every sin known and unknown to man is staying in a mansion on the hill and getting a hero's welcome. How can this be?"

The Master at Arms calmly looks up and says, "We get a Pope up here every 20 or 30 years, but we've never had a Navy Chief before"