

Speeding Pope

The driver packs all Pope Benedict's luggage into the limo, and notices the Pope still on the curb.

"Excuse me, Your Holiness," says the driver, "Would you please take your seat so we can leave?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," says the Pope, "they never let me drive at the Vatican when I was a cardinal, and I'd really like to drive today."

"I'm sorry, Your Holiness, but I can't let you do that. I'd lose my job! What if something should happen?"

"Who's going to tell?" says the Pope with a smile.

Reluctantly, the driver gets in the back as the Pope climbs in behind the wheel. But the driver quickly regrets his decision when, after exiting the airport, the Pontiff floors it, accelerating the limo to 200 km/h.

"Please slow down, Your Holiness!" pleads the driver, but the Pope keeps the pedal to the metal until they hear sirens.

"Oh, dear God, I'm going to lose my license -- and my job!" moans the driver.

The Pope pulls over and rolls down the window as the cop approaches, but the cop takes one look at him, goes back to his motorcycle, and gets on the radio.

"I need to talk to the Chief," he says to the dispatcher.

The Chief gets on the radio and the cop tells him that he's stopped a limo going 205 kph.

"So bust him," says the Chief.

"I don't think we want to do that, he's really important," said the cop.

The Chief exclaimed, "All the more reason!"

"No, I mean really important," said the cop with a bit of persistence.

The Chief then asked, "Who do you have there, the mayor?"

Cop: "Bigger."

Chief: "A senator?"

Cop: "Bigger."

Chief: "The Prime Minister?"

Cop: "Bigger."

"Well," said the Chief, "Who is it?"

Cop: "I think it's God!"

"What makes you think it's God?" asks the Chief, even more puzzled.

Cop: "His chauffeur is the Pope!"