



## **Confession From An Irish Daughter**

An Irish girl went to London to work as a secretary and began sending home money and gifts to her parents.

After a few years they asked her to come home for a visit, as her father was getting frail and elderly.

She pulled up to the family home in a Rolls Royce and stepped out wearing fur and diamonds.

As she walked into the house her father said "They seem to be paying secretaries awfully well in London."

The Irish girl took his hands and said, "Dad - I've been meaning to tell you something for years but I didn't want to put it in a letter. I can't hide it from you any longer. I've become a prostitute."

Her father gasped, put his hand on his heart and keeled over.

The doctor was called but the old man had clearly lost the will to live.

He was put to bed and the priest was called.

As the priest began to administer Extreme Unction; with the mother and daughter weeping and wailing, the old man muttered weakly, "I'm a goner — killed by my own daughter! Killed by the shame of what you've become!"

"Please forgive me," the Irish girl sobbed, "I only wanted to have nice things! I wanted to be able to send you money and the only way I could do it was by becoming a prostitute."

Brushing the priest aside, the old man sat bolt upright in bed, smiling.

"Did you say prostitute? That was a close one - I thought you said Protestant!"