

THE FUNERAL

A friend of mine, who shall remain nameless, arose one morning and, as was her habit, was sitting, reading the morning newspaper and having her cup of coffee, when her eyes flew to a name she recognized in the obituary column. It was a lady whom she knew from church. Quickly her eyes glanced down to see that the funeral was at 10 a.m. that very day. She dropped the paper and headed for the shower. She threw on her clothes and completed her preparations and was out of the door in no time at all. She arrived at the mortuary, just in the nick of time, and found a seat a few moments before the memorial service began. She looked all around; but she did not spot anyone in attendance that she knew from her church.

As the service proceeded, she found it deplorable that no one from her church was there. It seemed that she was the only one who cared enough to come and pay their respects. She could scarcely believe it! When she attended her church, everyone seemed to really care about one another. She was beginning to think dark thoughts. If they have no more loyalty than that, maybe she has been attending the wrong church. All sorts of random thoughts and words, such as ingratitude, disrespect, and unfaithfulness, crossed her mind. How could they be so busy in their own lives that they would abandon a member of their congregation?

Finally all that remained of the service was the walk to the front of the mortuary for the final goodbye and the viewing of the departed one in the casket. It was only then, as she neared the casket, that she was struck by the realization that it was not the lady from church in the casket, but someone she had never seen before, with the same name.

With barely a pause at all, she quickly departed the scene before anyone could make any contact with her, and even much more quickly, she rethought the idea of changing her place of worship.

As she was relaying the story to friends, she did make mention of the fact that the next time she attended church and saw the lady whose service she had thought she was attending, she had a hard time suppressing a laugh.

I love people who can laugh at themselves!

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