

Laughter After the Tears

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Being in our 30's, we never thought we would be sitting in a funeral director's office having to pour through catalogs of caskets and urns. It was tough.

But sometimes when there are no more tears left, a little laughter is necessary.

As we sat in the small room with the kind funeral director reviewing all the music options for the funeral, there was this moment when we looked at each other and just burst out laughing.

The music options included Endless Love and Somewhere Over the Rainbow. The thought of either of those songs playing in the background during the service made us chuckle. We knew her husband was looking down at us then and there shouting out “don’t even think about it!”

And suddenly I turned to my friend and said “You know, one day my husband might be sitting here making the same decisions about my funeral.” We burst out laughing again!

Because we knew if he were in charge it would go something like this:

“Angel would want me to go cheap - cheaper the better.” And my ghost would be hovering above screaming out, “Don’t listen to him I want the gilded gold casket - the big one!”

“She would want it to be a simple, small gathering.” And again my ghost would be having a fit hollering. “ No, no, no, I want it big, with an organ and soloist and a room filled to the brim with flowers. And afterwards I want mourning lots of mourning for days on end. And some wailing, yes definitely some wailing too!”

Beads of sweat formed on my forehead. I needed a funeral plan or else I was likely to be buried in the back yard.

That night when I came home I gave Brody strict instructions of what I expected at my funeral.

Then I said, “And afterwards I want to be cremated and I want you to keep me in a marble urn next to your bedside. And if possible, I want the urn to play my voice - in a continuous loop.”

He finally looked up from his paper as I'd peaked his interest. "What would it say?"

"You know, the usual. Where are you going...what are you doing...don't leave me here on this table, take me with you!"

"So basically your funeral plan is to nag me even after you are gone."

And with that, Brody just cemented the playing of Endless Love at his own funeral - - - in a continuous loop.

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