A Funny Thing Happened on the Way ....

(As most of us agree laughter is enjoyable, but when the occasion calls for solemnity and proper decorum laughter is ill-placed. Such was the case in the following true account).

Back in the sixties I was driving a prim British-born neighbor to the funeral service of another neighbor whom neither of us knew well. This occurred well before such events were known as “Celebrations of Life” and were usually quiet and somber.

In preparation for an evening out with my husband, I had shampooed my hair and pinned it into tight pin-curls, on which I had placed my best wig and a small veiled pill-box hat.

We arrived late to the funeral home and found the parking lot already full, so I pulled the car into a parking space a couple of houses down the street. Instead of taking the sidewalk to our destination we dashed through a neighboring yard. Suddenly my friend began to laugh and point at me. I had no idea why. When she finally got enough breath to tell me, she giggled, “You’ve lost your head”. I turned around to see my hat and wig dangling from a low-lying tree branch.

I wish I could tell you that was the end of the story, but I must tell you the rest of it. As I quickly replaced the wig and hat we composed ourselves and entered the funeral service, finding seats on the back pew.

Suddenly our pew began to shake and my neighbor quickly stuffed a hanky against her mouth and nose. Her laughter was contagious and I too began to go through paroxysms of snuffled giggles. Throughout the service we fought the chuckles that threatened to explode and overpower us, hoping people around us would think that we were sobbing. The minute the service ended we quickly exited.

Before then, I hadn’t known my proper little neighbor well, but that particular event forged a never-to-be forgotten bond between us, and one that we have seldom had the opportunity or liberty to share with others. You just had to be there!

Bobbye