

Some Thoughts About Funerals...Especially Mine : Ten things I want said at my funeral.

At several recent funerals, the ministers said, "I wonder what so and so would have to say if he were still with us." This got me to thinking about what I would say at **my** funeral if I were given the chance, and so I made a list of ten things I'd like for someone to say for me. Here they are:

1. I never liked Gene Autry as much as everyone thought.

Now, don't get me wrong, Gene Autry was my boy hood hero. I even fought Bobby Long when he said that Roy Rogers was a better cowboy, but Gene just isn't on my mind everyday, like he was when I was seven. I made a mistake of co-hosting a party with Ruth, the Grahams and the Myers entitled, "A Tribute to Gene Autry", and my love for Gene, in other people's eyes just doesn't seem to die. I joked about my affection for Gene once while giving a speech in Oklahoma and a lady in the audience had a Gene Autry sweater knitted for Ruth. Thank God I won't be getting any more Gene Autry memorabilia and I go happily to my grave knowing more about Gene than any sane person would have ever wanted to know.

2. Always give you pets people names.

Dogs and cats don't want to be named Bowser or Puffy. They hang around people all the time and having names like that sets them apart. Dogs and cats want to be named Harold or Maude or Anita or Wilfong. For the love of heaven, respect you pets and stop giving them silly names like Spot or Boopsie. Just think how much better place this world might be if more people had dogs named Marvin and cats named Wilbur. Orville and Harold (The only pets that were Ruth and mine...not the kid's) enriched my life and I loved them.

3. I liked golf more than Ruth did.

Ruth always gave it her best, but the real fact was that she only played golf to pacify me. During the summers, she was too busy to play, but during our time in FL, she played 3-4 times each week. She said she liked playing there more because the grass didn't grow as lush and the ball would roll further. Her golf goals were simple: a. to hit a drive that went into the air; b. to hit an approach shot that made a mark (she called them divots) on the green; and, c. to hit a shot so far that the group in front of

us would look back and say, “Hey!” I got to see her meet all of her goals...and to play some pretty good golf too.

4. I never met a person named Ned who wasn't nice.

As hard as this is to believe, it is true. Actually, the only person I ever knew named Ned was my cousin, you guessed it, Ned. We grew up together on farms (his farm was between where Ruth and I lived), and we played together all the time as young boys. I got to see Ned a lot because his folks let him start driving when he was eight years old. Yes, that is correct...eight years old! He drove a panel truck that didn't have any seats so he and his passengers all had to sit on wooden milk cartons, designed to carry glass quart bottles of milk. My folks never seemed to worry when we drove around to see other kids in the neighborhood. Ned never speeded and never had a wreck. So now do you see why I think Ned-types are nice? I followed the career of Ned Day the famous bowler, and although I never met him, I'm sure he was nice too. I once contemplated organizing a “Ned Hall of Fame,” but nothing ever came of that idea.

5. Living on a lake changed our lives.

Ruth always wanted to live on a lake. One autumn evening, in 1980, Ruth and I stopped at the Twin Lakes Country Club parking lot to admire the woods on the north side of the lake. The sun was shining on the fall leaves and it was beautiful. Ruth said, “I want to build a home on a site like that someday.” In 1985, Joe Myers called us and invited us to his home...he said he had something to ask us. When we got there, he and Mime took us to the exact place Ruth had pointed out some years before and said, “How would you like to buy this land from us?” The rest is history, and seeing the lake everyday through the various seasons gave us a greater appreciation of nature...and, made us more thankful for our many opportunities. The Grahams and the Myers, our neighbors, made our lives even more wonderful. On the day Joe and Mime offered us the land, Ruth said, “Glenn, if we can get this land, I'll do all of the mowing.” She never did! It is probably a bad time to bring this up now.

Note: You will need to come to my funeral to hear the last five!