Status Interruptus

The Plight of A Funeral Director

Funeral directors are community stewards who are on call to serve a population of human beings in need. As public allies, they are committed to assuming their roles responsibly. Sometimes they are subjected to challenging conditions that disrupt normative lifestyles.

People have a habit of dying or needing a funeral director's services at most inopportune times. Imagine being harshly awakened with a jolt by a piercing phone call in the middle of a frigid night when the temperature has dropped to its lowest point in decades and you are finally asleep in spite of a nasty head cold. Your spouse asks, "Who was that, dear?" Sniffling through congested nares, you gurgle phlegmatically, "Oh, it was just that busy coroner, Ken Cutthroat. He's having a staffing problem; everybody's sick to death. I've gotta pass over Jordan (*snuffle*) Canyon and meet him at the swamp to help retrieve the body of a young woman who had been missing for several months.

She's been sleepin' with the fishes for quite a while. The ice could be a problem. Where's our pick ass...(*seismic cough*)...er, ax? It's possible that I'll be back in time for breakfast. But I have to meet the Makers at eight, then go pick up the body of Bob Bellyupski, and Justin Reward's burial is at eleven. After that, the Boneyards will be arriving for a pre-planning conference. Maybe I can grab some barbecued ribs for a late lunch. But I heard that poor old Dick Limpster wasn't doing so well during sex (*ahh-choo!*)tuple bypass surgery. I may have to squeeze in another trip to the morgue. And that new embalming apprentice who was going to fill in for Ed Ema today got pooped out after his state exam and won't be able to circulate over to our place. Yeah, I'd better be sure to grab some grub sometime 'cause I'll need energy for tonight. The Goodfellows asked me to speak at their church meeting about the moral ramifications of dying. So in terms of getting home in time to play toe tag with the kids before they go to bed... I dunno. I may have to work the graveyard shift. It's a crapshoot, but, hey, that's life!"

Excerpt from the recreational pre-planning book,
Pondering Leaves: Composing and Conveying Your Life Story's Epilogue
(no longer available)

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