

Jingle Bells at a Funeral

In his book, *Real Country Humor*, Bobby Braddock relates a true story told to him by Dennis Wilson, who sings backup for a lot of people in Nashville.

A friend of his sings at funerals and weddings, and this guy got a call from a woman whose husband had died of a heart attack. She said, "I heard you sing at my cousin's funeral, and I wondered if you'd sing at my husband's funeral, who just died."

The guy said, "Yes, ma'am, that's what I do. Did you have anything particular in mind?"

"Well," she said, "it was so sudden, and I'm so upset that I haven't been able to think straight."

"What was something he really liked?" the guy asked.

She thought long enough about it and came up with *Jingle Bells*.

"Yes, that's it," she said. "He really liked *Jingle Bells*. Maybe you could sing that one."

The guy responded, "*Jingle Bells* wouldn't be appropriate for a funeral, would it?"

"But that was his favorite song," the woman insisted.

"Okay, then," he said, "I'll do it."



When he got there, everybody was crying and carrying on; it had been such a sudden death. But he got up and started singing, "Dashing through the snow ..."

People started frowning and giving him dirty looks. He could feel the hostility in the air. But he managed to finish he song and sit back down.

After the funeral, the widow comes over with the money to pay him for singing. As she handed him the envelope, she said in a scolding voice, "I meant *Glory Bells!*"

I know you are wondering: What does this mean for me as I start my day here at work?

Not a darn thing – unless it tickles your funny bone.

And if it does, then it has value.

He will yet fill your mouth with laughter, and your lips with shouting (Job 8:21 ESV)

– Beecher Hunter