

Who Will Come For You

Not to get morose here on a summer evening, but I was thinking the other day of a Hollywood movie cliché where a young woman gets knocked down by a taxicab on Broadway in New York City and gets up to find her dead mother standing there beckoning. Get it? She's dead and her Mom has come down from heaven to get her. I didn't see a descending celestial escalator, it's true. But I didn't see Mom come up out of the subway either.

Who will come for you? Let's assume your Happy Reaper is dead. You know what I mean. He or she can't be someone who is alive when you kick the bucket, buy the farm, swallow the big one, pass the cornfield or ride the red rocket. I'm sure my wife would come for me if she is dead when I'm getting there. At least, I think she would. I'm pretty sure. But I am going to assume she will still be alive and probably shopping so therefore not qualified or available to come and get me.

And let's not complicate the issue with the idea there is no time in heaven. That when you die and go to heaven since there is no time every one you ever knew or ever will know is already

there because there is no past or future there. You may see old friends you will never meet. You know what I mean. But don't dwell on it too long or you'll get a headache like I did.

And it can't be your dog. Dogs are wonderful, I know, and I'm sure they are deserving of eternal bliss, but they're definitely not mentioned in the bible. I'm pretty sure. Pigs, yes, but not dogs. And besides, do you remember the time your wife brought you home the special box of Steele Fudge from Atlantic City and you had one piece....just one damned piece....and left it on the kitchen table overnight and got up the next morning and Poocho had eaten the rest of it? Definitely subway.

So who among my dead relatives and friends will be the one to come and get me? When I grab my chest or cough real hard someday and the lights sort of blur and I hear the escalator begin to hum, who will I see when I look up? I already know what I'm going to say. "Hi, Dad. Been a while."

David Griffin

Copyright 2007

The Press at Windswept Farm



Saugerties, NY