

## Passing Comments

*By Hap Hansen*

I looked up the meaning of eulogy. It is simply a statement of high praise. An obituary is a short biographical account of a person's life. Because of those meanings, I had difficulty writing my own account of life, so I'm writing about what others may have said about me on that last day.

I'm pretty sure my family would have said that I was a good husband and father. I think my friends and associates might have something else to say. My best friend would say that while I was religious, I was not much of a church goer and that I would have preferred that this service would be held at the local billiards parlor, playing pool and drinking beer! Another might say, "Hap might have prayed every day, but you should have heard him when he missed a two-foot putt and lost the golf match! He could swear like a trooper!"

"Hap liked a martini or two before dinner, but his doctor limited him to no hard liquor and just a small glass of wine each day. Wherever Hap is now, I'm know he's at the bar, ordering a double vodka martini on the rocks, very dry, two olives please!"

"Hap could never remember important dates. Birthdays were one such problem. His kids would always remind him several weeks before their birthdays, so he wouldn't forget. But his wife loved to play the game and never mention when her birthday was. On that fateful day, she would always say, 'Honey, do you know what day this is?' Hap would think for a moment and then say, 'Gee, I don't know, I think it's Thursday.'"

Hap spent over thirty years in business. Over that period of time, he had to fire many people, for various reasons. Some of them would probably say today, "He was a pure, unadulterated S.O.B!" One day at work, a supervisor came to Hap and said, "One of my employees, Joe, refuses to work." Hap said, "Fire him!" The supervisor said, "I can't, he's a minority." Hap said, "OK, send him up." The employee arrived, sat down and Hap said, "So, Joe, what's the problem?" Joe said, "My supervisor wants me to work, but I don't have to 'cause I'm a minority." Hap said, "Sorry to hear that Joe, you're fired!" Joe said, "You can't fire me, I'm a minority!" Hap said, "I'm not firing you for that, I'm firing you because you refuse to work!" I wonder what Joe would say at my wake?

Finally, I hope it is many years before we all meet at the billiard parlor. When the time comes, on that final day, as I am laying on a pool table, I would like it if one of my friends in the Writers Group would say, "Well, he was a fair writer." And I would appreciate it, if you and my fellow writers were not at the time, playing catch with an 8-ball!