

I Can't Write About That

By Hap Hansen

How can I possibly write about embarrassing moments? There have been so many, I just want to forget them. How can I write about the time, at age sixteen, I had walked a girl home from a date? When I tried to kiss her, she just turned away and said goodnight! When I got home and looked in the mirror, I discovered a pimple on the end of my nose, which looked to be about the size of Chicago! I don't even want to think about that, much less write about it!

I don't want to remember the time at church, when I leaned forward to talk to a friend. All of a sudden, I passed gas and it rattled against the wooden pew like thunder! I don't want to write about that. Or about the time, standing on a street corner, waiting for the light to change. A driver came by, honking his horn because we were too close to the street. I shouted at him, using every swear word I could think of. When I turned around, I was staring straight into the face of Pastor Brown! No, I can't write about that.

Several years ago, my wife and I had attended an investment banquet seminar. After the speaker finished and asked for questions, I stood up to make a point. Suddenly, my mind went blank and I could not think of the point I wanted to make. After stammering and stuttering for several seconds, I apologized and said, "I'm sorry, but at my age, sometimes the memory is the first thing to go." My wife looked up at me and quietly said, "No it's not!" I can't write about that!

In my lifetime, I've had dozens of embarrassing moments. But I'm not gonna write about those either!