

Laughter Is Not Always the Best Medicine

By Hap Hansen

This is a true story. One that happened about 57 years ago. Our oldest son is now 60 years old. When he was about three, perhaps a little older, we always used to wrestle. We would roll around, I would get him down, then let him get me down. Every time, when he got me down, he would always say, "Oh, boy, Dad, I got you down now!"

Now for the story. It is perhaps a bit risqué, but true nonetheless. It was a gorgeous fall morning. My wife and I were in bed. The window was open. A slight, warm breeze was wafting in. The sun was just rising. The birds were chirping. I woke up, turned over, and looked straight into the eyes of my wife. And she was smiling. And gentlemen, we knew when our wives smiled at us in the bedroom, it was almost always good news! I smiled back.

Soon we were hugging. Then we were kissing. And then, we were making love. The next thing I knew, I heard the bedroom door open. Our-three-year old son bounded in, wearing his cowboy hat and boots. He climbed up on the bed, jumped straight on my back, and said, "Oh, boy, Dad, we got Mom down now!"

At first, my wife and I were incredulous. Then we both started laughing hysterically. Folks, that's when I first truly understood the completely different meaning of the two Latin words, 'Coitus Interruptus.'

And that's when, later that morning, I installed a lock on our bedroom door!