

The Hopes, Haunts, and Humor from My Life Above a Funeral Home



Laid To Rest: The Hopes, Haunts, and Humor from My Life Above a Funeral Home by Rose Gabler

★★★★☆ 4.6 out of 5

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Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
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File size : 2972 KB
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I grew up above a funeral home. My bedroom window looked out over the parking lot, and I could often see the hearses and limousines coming and going. At first, I was afraid of the funeral home. I thought it was a scary place where people went to die. But as I got older, I came to see it differently.

The funeral home was a part of my life. I played in the parking lot, and I helped my parents with the business. I met all sorts of interesting people, and I learned a lot about life and death.

In this memoir, I share some of my experiences of growing up and living above a funeral home. I write about the funny, the sad, and the heartwarming moments. I hope that my stories will help you to see death in a new light.

The Funny

There were plenty of funny moments growing up above a funeral home. One time, I was playing in the parking lot when I saw a hearse pull up. The back door opened, and a coffin slid out. I was curious, so I went over to take a closer look.

As I got closer, I saw that the coffin was open. And inside, there was a man sitting up and reading a newspaper!

I was so surprised that I almost fell over. The man looked up at me and smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm not dead yet."

I laughed and asked him what he was doing. He told me that he was practicing his eulogy. He wanted to make sure that it was perfect for his funeral.

I thought that was the funniest thing I had ever heard. I mean, who practices their eulogy before they die?

But the man was serious. He said that he wanted to make sure that his funeral was a celebration of his life. He wanted people to remember him for the funny, kind, and loving person that he was.

I thought that was a beautiful sentiment. And I'm sure that his funeral was a wonderful event.

The Sad

Of course, there were also sad moments growing up above a funeral home. I remember one time when I was helping my parents with a funeral. The family of the deceased was very distraught. They were crying and hugging each other. I felt so sorry for them.

I wanted to do something to help them, but I didn't know what to say. So I just stood there and held their hands.

After a while, the family started to calm down. They thanked me for being there for them. And they told me that they were grateful for the funeral home's services.

That experience taught me a lot about the importance of compassion. I learned that it's important to be there for people when they are grieving. And I learned that even the smallest gesture can make a big difference.

The Heartwarming

There were also many heartwarming moments growing up above a funeral home. I remember one time when I was helping my parents with a funeral. The deceased was a young woman who had died in a car accident. Her family was devastated.

But during the funeral, the family shared some wonderful stories about the young woman. They talked about how she was always smiling and how she loved to make people laugh. They also talked about how she was a talented musician and how she had a passion for helping others.

The funeral was a celebration of the young woman's life. And it was a reminder that even in death, we can find hope and comfort.

I am grateful for the experiences I had growing up above a funeral home. I learned a lot about life and death. And I learned the importance of compassion and hope.

I hope that my stories will help you to see death in a new light. And I hope that they will inspire you to live your life to the fullest.

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My memoir, *The Hopes, Haunts, and Humor from My Life Above a Funeral Home*, is available now on [Our Book Library.com](http://OurBookLibrary.com). Free Download your copy today and learn more about my experiences growing up above a funeral home.

Thank you for reading!

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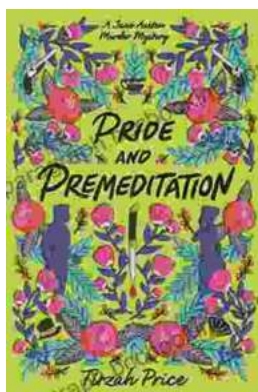
The Author



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