

A Fork in my Right Hand

There was an old woman who met with her priest to discuss her final wishes for her service and to get things "in order."

She told him which songs she wanted sung, what scriptures she would like read, what outfit to be buried in along with having her favorite Bible. All was in order.

The pastor was preparing to leave when the woman suddenly remembered something very important to her.

"There's one more thing!", she said excitedly.

"What's that?", asked the priest.

"This is very important.", the woman continued. "I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand."

"That surprises you; doesn't it?" the woman asked.

"Well", said the priest, "to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request."

She explained, "In all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I always remember that when the main course dishes were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, "Keep your fork."

"I loved to hear that because I knew that something better was coming...like chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. I knew something wonderful with substance was coming my way that would make me happy!"

"So I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my right hand and I want them to wonder, 'What's with the fork?'

Then I want you to tell them: "Keep your fork...the best is yet to come."

