

Laugh



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I was 13 when my beloved grandmother died. At the wake, my brother Pat, my cousins Tommy and Kay, and I snuck off to one of the empty parlors. I loved being with my cousins—still do. As always, our hushed conversations quickly turned to giggles and laughs. Then my dad walked in. We felt ashamed of ourselves for laughing during his mother’s wake. We expected to hear, “Knock it off!”

But in the midst of his sadness, Dad smiled. He said, “I’m sure Grammy is so glad to hear you laughing. She loved hearing her grandchildren having a good time together.” Now when I hear laughter at a wake, I welcome it as a gift, a celebration of the life we continue to share with the loved one who has passed into eternity. —*Tom McGrath*

STRONG CATHOLIC FAMILIES

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