

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

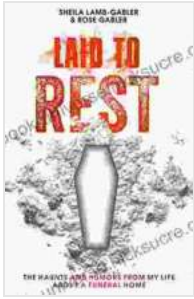


The Hope

I was born and raised in a small town in the Midwest. My parents owned the local funeral home, and we lived in the apartment above. I grew up surrounded by death, but I never thought of it as a morbid place. To me, it was just home.

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

★★★★☆ 4.6 out of 5



Language	: English
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Enhanced typesetting	: Enabled
Word Wise	: Enabled
Lending	: Enabled
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Print length	: 124 pages



I loved the funeral home. I loved the smell of fresh flowers, the sound of the organ playing, and the feeling of peace that always seemed to fill the air. I also loved the people who worked there. They were kind and compassionate, and they always treated me like family.

I spent many hours playing in the funeral home as a child. I would pretend to be a doctor or a nurse, and I would give the "patients" (dolls) their shots. I would also play hide-and-seek in the caskets, and I would often fall asleep in the embalming room.

As I got older, I started to help out around the funeral home. I would answer the phones, greet the families, and help with the visitations. I even helped to embalm a few bodies.

I learned a lot about death during those years. I learned that it is a natural part of life, and that it is nothing to be afraid of. I also learned that death can be a beautiful thing. I have seen families come together in grief, and I have seen them find comfort in each other.

I am grateful for the experiences I had growing up in a funeral home. They taught me a lot about life and death, and they helped me to become the person I am today.

The Haunts

Of course, there were also some things about the funeral home that I found a little bit scary. I was always afraid of the basement, which was dark and full of spiders. I was also afraid of the embalming room, which was always cold and smelled like chemicals.

I also had a few strange experiences in the funeral home. One time, I was playing hide-and-seek in the caskets, and I heard a noise. I looked around, but I couldn't see anyone. I started to get scared, and I ran out of the funeral home.

Another time, I was sleeping in the embalming room, and I woke up to the sound of someone crying. I looked around, but I couldn't see anyone. I started to get scared again, and I ran out of the funeral home.

I never told anyone about these experiences, because I was afraid they would think I was crazy. But I always wondered if there was something supernatural going on in the funeral home.

The Humor

Despite the spooky stories, there were also a lot of funny things that happened in the funeral home. One time, my dad was embalming a body, and he accidentally dropped the embalming fluid on the floor. The fluid started to bubble and foam, and it looked like a giant sea monster. My dad and I started laughing, and we couldn't stop.

Another time, my mom was giving a tour of the funeral home to a group of people. She was showing them the embalming room, and she accidentally opened the wrong door. The people gasped in horror when they saw the body lying on the table. My mom started to apologize, but then she realized that the body was fake. It was just a mannequin that we used for training. We all started laughing, and the people on the tour thought it was hilarious.

I have a lot of fond memories of growing up in the funeral home. It was a unique and special place, and I am grateful for the experiences I had there.



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