In which there is a place that has weather like yesterday a lot

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My father couldn't organize a three-car funeral. That's how mother and I came to miss hers'. After the memorial I rode ahead in the hearse with Buddy Coffee, the funeral director. My father was to bring the minister in his car, and the others would follow. Mother expressly did not want to be buried in Pilot River, so father had made arrangements for her elsewhere. On the river road Buddy and I talked about baseball, women and beer, always expecting to catch my father and the others in the rear view mirror. A twelve o'clock memorial didn't get us to the cemetery until past three in the afternoon. To be unexpected was the capper. Buddy made a phone call, and then came back out to the hearse. "We might as well find us some dinner: Your father gave me the wrong cemetery." Before Buddy could walk around to the driver's side I slid across the seat and put the hearse into gear. I watched Buddy in the rear view mirror, hands in his pockets, resigned to spending the night in a motel. I got mother back to Pilot River just after dinnertime. There wasn't anyone outside, although I could hear a lawnmower a block over. I backed the hearse around to the backdoor and pulled the coffin out, leaning it against the house. I got some tools out from the garage and worked open the lid. Mother was there, undisturbed. I said, "Father made a mistake, so we can't bury you today. Come inside the house and I'll fix some lemonade." She took my arm and we went inside to sit in the cool of the shade of the kitchen.