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Poor Cousin Joan

Karlee Horton

It was at my cousin's funeral when I really realized that my family was crazy. I always knew we were a little different, but it was cousin Joan that revealed to me the true essence of our ways. We met at my grandfather's house before and followed each other to the cemetery. The funeral was going on just fine. As well as it can go when you have a preacher get all the stats on the family and what not five minutes before it starts. He got most of the names wrong, including my cousin Joan who was now Cousin June. Aunt Janine was Aunt Jenny, Uncle Marty was Mary. I mean really he should of just written it down, and known better...who has an Uncle Mary?!? Now my family has always been social drinkers... Ok, ok most of them are alcoholics. My Uncle Marty being the worst. He drinks from the time he gets up to the second he lays down, always with a cup. Well he didn't like being called Mary and decided to do something about it. In the middle of "Amazing Grace" he stands up to inform the congregation, as he called us, that his name was Marty, "damn it!" and we better know it! He keeps ranting on reciting childhood memories and embarrassing stories that I'm sure cousin Joan was happy not to relive. After a couple of minutes in his drunken stupor he began to tell his famous home made jokes. Don't get me wrong; they're funny, just not appropriate. My aunt Janine has always been a little on the religious side. While most of us are still trying to sing along, over my uncle Marty, she starts belting out hallelujahs and praising Jesus for what, I don't know. My grandma Lulu has been a little loco since I've known her, not to mention to worst case of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder that you could ever come across. Well my sister's baby started crying and threw up on grandma Lulu. This only made her throw up. She starts screaming and practically dumping antibacterial gel, lotion, and spray on not only herself, but every person that was unfortunate enough to be near her. My aunt Janine saw it as an evil spirit and starting laying hands and speaking in tongue, while my uncle Marty found it as the most hilarious thing that he had ever seen. He was laughing so hard that he was just about rolling down the aisle. At this point, most of the extended family, personal guests, and friends were leaving, and I don't blame them. My parents were standing there, almost as if nothing was going on. I guess after years and years of these people you get sort of oblivious. I, on the other hand, was dumbfounded. I always knew my family was different, but this, I had no idea! I nudged my brother and we began to laugh. Maybe it wasn't the best way to remember a person, but I'll sure never forget her.