

Keep Your Fork

> There was a young woman who had been diagnosed with a
> terminal illness and had been given three months to live. So as she was
> getting her things "in order," she contacted her pastor and had him come
> to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told
> him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she
> would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in.
> Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to
> leave when the young woman suddenly remembered something very important
> to her. "There's one more thing," she said excitedly.
"What's that?" came the pastor's reply.
"This is very important," the young woman continued.
> "I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand."
> The pastor stood looking at the young woman, not knowing
> quite what to say.
> "That surprises you, doesn't it?" the young woman asked.
> "Well, to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request," said
> the pastor.
The young woman explained. "My grandmother once told me
> this story, and from there on out, I have always done so. I have also,
> always tried to pass along its message to those I love and those who are
> in need of encouragement.
'In all my years of attending church socials and potluck
> dinners, I always remember that when the dishes of the main course were
> being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, 'Keep your
> fork' It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was
> coming ... like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something
> wonderful, and with substance!' So, I just want people to see me there
> in that casket with a fork in my 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." The pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as
> he hugged the young woman good-bye.
> He knew this would be one of the last times he would see
> her before her death. But he also knew that the young woman had a better
> grasp of heaven than he did.
> She had a better grasp of what heaven would be like than
> many people twice her age, with twice as much experience and knowledge.
> She KNEW that something better was coming.
At the funeral people were walking by the young woman's
> casket and they saw the pretty dress she was wearing and the fork placed
> in her right hand. Over and over, the pastor heard the question "What's
> with the fork?" And over and over he smiled.
> During his message, the pastor told the people of the
> conversation he had with the young woman shortly before she died. He
> also told them about the fork and about what it symbolized to her.
> The pastor told the people how he could not stop
> thinking about the fork and told them that they probably would not be
> able to stop thinking about it either.
He was right.