

Good-bye George Carlin—The repost



He and Bill Cosby were my dad's favorite comedians. So I grew up listening to him and loving him. When some celebrities die it spurs memories that have been tucked away somewhere. Then the headline kicks it out when you're not prepared for it.

When I read Carlin (that's what my dad called him—Carlin) died on Yahoo! I thought about my dad, sitting on his side of the couch, tapping out his pipe, and chuckling hard. He had more of a chuckle than a fully committed laugh, his whole body would shake and Carlin could really get him going.

Unfortunately, so could Gallagher. My brothers and I sat through many a watermelon splattering and bad pun. Not genius by any measure, but funny to my dad, so eventually to us, too.

Carlin was smart and sharp and did a lot of cursing. Though my dad didn't curse, he seemed to approve of us watching him. So there I was, little, listening to the s-bomb and references I didn't get—laughing! That must have been worth the lapse in discretion to my dad.

When someone you love dies you say good-bye to them, but then there follows a million other little good-byes. So, though George Carlin was a stranger, I felt tied to him and his passing forced another good-bye to my dad.