**Sample Invitation to The Final Event!**

My Dear Friends,

If you’re reading this, then it’s likely that I’ve either done something really stupid and didn’t survive it, or I’ve died of some incurable disease. Nonetheless I’m dead and there’s not much more I can say about that. I hope you’ll join my family in an upcoming celebration:

DATE: Saturday, October 5

TIME: 6:30 p.m. until the sun goes down!

LOCATION: The Rod and Gun Club

I never looked good in makeup, and I refuse to wear a suit and tie for eternity, so I’ve asked the kids to bury me in a flannel shirt and blue jeans. I’ve also asked the kids to throw in a pack of unfiltered Camels and a lighter. I don’t smoke but I’ve always wanted to, and I guess it won’t hurt to give it a try now.

You’ll note this celebration will not be held in our church. Almost every wedding or funeral I’ve attended has been in a church, and most of them felt like a time to grieve rather than a time to be joyful. No one should mourn at my funeral; they should have fun and be amazed that I didn’t die at a much younger age. I certainly don’t want anyone wearing Sunday’s finest; t-shirts and blue jeans will be just fine.

I put a special bequest in my will to pay for an open bar and a DJ, so I’m hoping it’s a great party. I also don’t think anyone should be held accountable for stuff that happens at my funeral, so feel free to really cut loose and have a good time. If the cops show up, tell them I’m the host and I’ll take full responsibility.

I’ve asked the kids to donate my organs to science (especially my liver). Obviously, this will be closed casket, so if you have any great pictures to send my family, please do…

Sincerely,

Your Dead Friend