



## National Humor Month



# Jeanne Robertson

**A**pril is National Humor Month. Most people don't know that, but relax.

There's no gift swapping associated with it. National Humor Month is a reminder that humor is everywhere and can be found daily, year round. All we have to do is be on the lookout for it. If this month's story doesn't illustrate that, nothing ever will.

The background music in a major airport had just started playing "Achy Breaky Heart" when I went into the women's restroom. You know the song. "Don't tell my heart, my achy, breaky heart ..." Love it or not, most of us recognize the song that was written by Don Von Tress and made famous by Billy Ray Cyrus. (Yep, her daddy.)

This particular airport ladies room was typical. A long line of sinks stretched in front of an equally long mirror. Stalls lined up on the opposite wall. They were all empty because what was not typical was that the restroom was practically empty -- Usually women have to wait in line. This time there was only one woman, about my age, which made her a possible grandmother. She was at the far end of the room, at the last sink and was dancing to the music as she watched herself in the mirror. Having been to more than my share of Southern wedding receptions in the preceding ten years, I saw that she was line dancing by herself in front of the last sink. "You can tell the world, you never was my girl. You can burn my clothes when I'm gone." Step forward, step back, forward and back, skip, turn.

"You can tell my arms, go back to the farm. You can tell my feet to hit the floor."

She was adding extra wiggles and hand movements with her dance steps and was waving her arms here, there and yonder, keeping time with the music and all the while continuing to watch herself. She was oblivious to the fact that I had come in the room.

stepped out of the way. "Be my guest. You do it."

The music kept going in the background. "You can tell your ma, I moved to Arkansas. You can tell your dog to bite my leg."

I stepped over, balancing my big purse on my left shoulder, and waved my right hand under the faucet. Nothing. I tried it again with longer, bigger circles. It was then that I understood what she had been doing with her hands. Still, no water. "You have to hit it just right," I explained, putting my purse down in the sink to the left so I could use both hands. The water at that sink cut on immediately and gushed into my purse! We bumped into each other trying to get my purse out. She quickly put her hands under the spout in that sink but then the water had cut off and wouldn't come back on.



I didn't know whether to rush over, grab her shoulders and shake her and comfort her, "Get a grip! Don't let airline travel get you down!" Or, go back to the concourse and find more women to join us for a group line dance. I did neither. I stood there and kept watching. The music continued and so did she, puckering up her mouth at the mirror on, "You can tell my lips, to tell my fingertips. They won't be reaching out for you no more."

Several times in this song, there are places when Billy Ray Cyrus and the backup group sing, "Whoooooo." When that rolled around, this lady put her hands on her waist and shook her hips. Then, she started turning to her right, still dancing, as she looked over her left shoulder at the mirror. The song and her gyrations continued, surely with more exaggeration than if she had known she was being watched. The song kept going, "But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart. I just don't think he'd understand." By the time she got to another "Whoooooo" she was shaking her backside full speed toward the mirror. I thought she was getting ready to "moon" herself in the mirror and started to leave.

No "moon" occurred, thank goodness. After that short stop, she started turning to her right again, suddenly saw me and screamed. I screamed back because she startled me and then we both went into the "Ohmygosh, you scared me to death!" phase, both of us laughing.

"Are you okay?" I finally asked. "Oh, sure. No problem. I'm just trying to get the water to turn on."

My thought was that she didn't travel often so I proceeded to give her the benefit of my travel savvy. "It's motion activated. Put your hands under the faucet. That triggers the water."

Her look back at me was priceless. It said, "What do you think I've been doing?" But she simply smiled and swept her hand toward the sink as she

With my purse draining on the floor, I turned my attention back to the first sink, determined to make it work. As I circled my hands around in the sink bowl, I started dancing too. Couldn't help it. Catchy tune. "Or you can tell my eyes, to watch out for my mind. It might be walking out on me today." No water.

That's when this savvy traveler assured my new friend, "I deal with this all the time when I travel. Sometimes, you have to back away from the sink and approach it again, full on. So let me get as far away from the sink as I can," I explained, and backed into the stall behind us until my legs touched porcelain.

"Here I come! Get out of the way!" I shouted and started marching out of the stall with exaggerated stomps toward the sink and mirror. After three stomps, the toilet behind me automatically flushed.

That threw both of us into gasping-for-breath laughter. Two women came into the restroom right then, saw us and backed out!

"But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, I just don't think he'd understand."

The song was winding down when I got back to the sink and by then I was dancing as much as she had been. "And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart, he might blow up and kill this man."

She was bent double laughing so I began to show off - I have a tendency to do that - really wiggling my hips in time with the music. When the song hit the last "Whoooooo" I shook my whole body like a dog getting out of a pond and threw my hands up in the air.

The woman almost fell over my purse as she stumbled and grabbed my elbow. "Don't throw your right arm up! The paper towels will shoot out!"

Happy Humor Month!

**You Tube** 19+ MILLION Views [Jeanne Robertson](http://www.JeanneRobertson.com)

See Jeanne Live!

[www.JeanneRobertson.com](http://www.JeanneRobertson.com)