

RANDA COVINGTON

It's been said, "The more you complain, the longer God makes you live." Grandmother died on her 91st birthday — obviously even He couldn't take it anymore. Come to find out she had every cardiac issue imaginable, but, being Grandmother, she didn't bother telling anyone in the family about it. Frankly, it was a surprise to me to find out she had a heart. But die she did, and this began the endless tributes over the past six weeks that elevated her in death, to sainthood. Being the dutiful doormat granddaughter, I showed up for all of it — the wake, the funeral, the memorial, the renaming of the park, and, today, the final indignity, the reading of the will. And because no Covington Family gathering is complete without "helpful" comments on my unrelenting single status, my eccentric Aunt Juliette cornered me with more words of wisdom. She said, Miranda, darling, you must keep this in mind — it's important to have a man in your life who can repair things; it's important to have a man in your life who can make you laugh; it's important to have a man in your life who's good in bed. (Lower.) And it's very important that these three men never meet, or you could end up dead." (Sighs.)