**Fun, Oh Boy, Fun!**

**But when, oh when, will it begin?**

**Fun, a rare jewel, is hard to have.**

**Somewhere along the line, people got the modern idea that fun was there for the asking, that people deserved fun, that if we didn't have a little fun every day we would turn into (sakes alive!) puritans.**

**"Was it fun?" became the question that overshadowed all other questions like: Was it moral? Was it kind? Was it beneficial? Was it necessary? And (my favorite) was it selfless?**

**When pleasure got to be the main thing, the fun fetish was sure to follow. Everything was supposed to be fun. If it wasn't fun, then, by Jove, we were going to make it fun, or else.**

**Think of all the things that got the reputation of being fun: family outings, sex, education, work. Walt Disney, church, staying fit. All were supposed to be fun.**

**Fun got to be such a big thing that everybody started to look for more and more thrilling ways to supply it. One way was to step up the level of danger or licentiousness or alcohol or drug consumption -- so that, no matter what, you could be sure you would manage to have a little fun.**

**Television commercials brought a lot of fun and fun-loving folks into the picture. Everything that people did in those commercials looked like fun: swilling beer, buying insurance, mopping the floor, taking aspirin. But the more commercials we watched, the more we wondered when the fun would start in our own lives. It was pretty depressing.**

**Big occasions were supposed to be fun: Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter. Your honeymoon was supposed to be the epitome of fundom. And so we ended up going through every Big Event we ever celebrated, waiting for the fun to start.**

**It occurred to me, while I was sitting around waiting for the fun to start, that not much is fun, and that I should tell you just in case you're worried about your fun capacity.**

**I don't mean to put a damper on things. I just mean we ought to treat fun reverently. It is a mystery. It cannot be caught like a virus. It cannot be trapped like an animal. When it does come in, on little dancing feet, you probably won't be expecting it. In fact, I bet it comes when you're doing your duty or your work. It may even come on a Tuesday.**

**I remember one day, long ago. on which I had an especially good time. Pam Smith and I walked to the College Village drugstore one Saturday morning to buy some candy. We were about 12 years old (fun ages). She got her Bit-O-Honey, I got my Chunkys and M&M's. We started back to her house. I was going to spend the night. We had the whole day to look forward to. And we had plenty of candy.**

**It was a long way to Pam's house, but every time we got weary Pam would put her hand over her eyes, scan the horizon like a sailor and say, "Oughta reach home by nightfall," at which point the two of us would laugh until we thought we couldn't stand it. Then, after we got calm, she'd say it again.**

**You should have been there. It was the kind of day and friendship and occasion that made me regret that I ever had to grow up.**

**It was fun.**

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***

***(Written by Suzanne Britt Jordan, as it appeared in the June, 1980 issue of Reader's Digest, starting on page 146)***