

Jean was traveling around New England by car. One day she stopped in a small village to look at a beautiful old church. There was a cemetery in front of it, and an old man was raking the grass around the graves.

Jean got out of her car, went into the cemetery and looked at some of the graves. Then she went over to the old man and said to him, "Good morning. Do people often die in this village?"

The old man stopped working for a few seconds, looked at Jean carefully and said, "No, they die once."

Jean laughed when she heard this, and then said to the old man, "I'm sorry. I didn't say that correctly. I'll ask it differently:

'Do a lot of people die in this village?'"

The old man stopped his work again. "Yes," he said, "All of them do." Then he began raking the grass again.