School Day for Fruit Stand

When the 1960s ended, San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district reverted to high rent, and many hippies moved down the coast to Santa Cruz.

Luanne Oleas of Salinas, California, writing in an article for *Reader's Digest*, told an interesting story that occurred during this period.

The hippies had children and got married, too, although in no particular sequence. But they didn't name their children Melissa or Brett. People in the mountains around Santa Cruz grew accustomed to their children playing Frisbee with little Time Warp or Spring Fever. And eventually Moonbeam, Earth, Love and Precious Promise all ended up in public school.

That's when the kindergarten teachers first met Fruit Stand. Every fall, according to tradition, parents bravely apply name tags to their children, kiss them goodbye and send them off to school on the bus. So it was for Fruit Stand. The teachers thought the boy's name was odd, but they tried to make the best of it.

"Would you like to play with the blocks, Fruit Stand?" they offered.

And later, "Fruit Stand, how about a snack?" He accepted hesitantly.

By the end of the day, his name didn't seem much odder than Heather's or Sun Ray's.

At dismissal time, the teachers led the children out to the buses. "Fruit Stand, do you know which one is your bus?"

He didn't answer. That wasn't strange. He hadn't answered them all day. Lots of children are shy on the first day of school.

It didn't matter. The teachers had instructed the parents to write the names of their children's bus stops on the reverse side of their name tags.



The teacher simply turned over the tag. There, neatly printed, was the word Anthony.

That story by Ms. Oleas offers a couple of glaring reasons for the misunderstanding: (1) a failure to investigate a situation that appeared to be strange, or (2) the danger of assumption.

If nothing else, however, perhaps the story offers a chuckle to begin your day.

A joyful heart is good medicine, but a crushed spirit dries up the bones (Proverbs 17:22 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter