



Perspective

PBP.

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Last night in Montreal I heard a famous Canadian child psychologist lecture on, of all things, child psychology. Now there's nothing unusual about this except this particular man caused me seriously to wonder if he had ever been a child himself.

Short, balding and trying desperately to be funny, he had some very bad things to say about short children. The short child, he concludes, is in danger of picking up an inferiority complex if he doesn't fight back when kidded about his lack of inches. So the doctor was telling those of us parents who have short kids to teach them to retaliate to taunts about their shortness by saying snappy things.

For instance, if a bully says to a shorty, "Was your mother a midget?" he is to snap back, "No, was your father a horse?"

Now I don't know how kids react today, but back when I was growing up that kind of retort was the same as saying, "Say, Jackass, how about knocking my teeth out."

Personally I think this psychologist is a menace to all the short kids in Canada. I strongly advise that all authorities who keep bold watch on our northern borders be advised of this war monger and prevent him, or any rascal like him, from every coming south and spreading his poison in the States. Heaven knows we're having enough trouble with men in high places without getting all the shorties stirred up.

My ~~daughter~~ daughter, who is a shorty, has never been in a fight in her life. Despite the fact it looks like she's doomed to remain at armpit height the rest of her life, she still has a sweet disposition. To kidding regarding her shortness, she just giggles. Advice to ask

her friends — or her brothers — if their father was a horse would have a disastrous conclusion.

Perhaps Bonnie is this way because her child psychologist ~~s~~ my wife — whose approach to such problems is strictly pragmatic. If Bonnie complains about the way God made her, Mom ~~told~~ her there are only two kinds of girls in the world — those who make up their beds in the morning and those who don't. There ~~is~~ no room for a discussion about height — or any other theological question — as long as there are ~~are~~ unmade beds in the house.

Last night's psychologist seems to think it is more important for a short kid to be quick with the tongue than to empty trash cans. Snappy retorts, it seems, are more important than parental obedience.

~~Well~~, the fact I am writing for a family newspaper means I have to respond to such garbage with an "expletive deleted." But I seriously doubt if anyone can improve on God's command for kids to obey their parents, or Jesus' directive to turn the other cheek to stupid insults. Loving your tormentor does not mean you are acknowledging inferiority. Instead it proves you're bigger inside than the bully is outside.

And why I've said about shorties applies to kids who have normal height but have funny ears, buck teeth, dark skin, pale skin, web toes, pointy heads, long arms, short necks, big breasts, flat breasts, wide bottoms, beardless faces, foreign accents, big lips, flat noses, stutters, pimples and warts.

And if case you want to disagree with me by taunting me about an obvious physical deformity above my eyebrows, I have a snappy retort: "Haven't you heard? Bald is beautiful!"