



# Perspective

Someplace, sometime I read — or heard — a story about a 9-year-old boy named Tommy who had been asked to write a school paper on “Where I Came From.”

The child went home and asked his father, who was busy reading the evening paper, “Daddy, where did I come from?” The embarrassed father cleared his throat and finally muttered, “Well, son, the stork brought you.”

The child shook his head and went to the kitchen, where his mother was busy cutting up cabbage for cole slaw. “Mother, where did you come from?”

The mother blushed and looked through the door into the living room at her husband, who lowered the paper just enough so she could see his grin. She cleared her throat like Daddy and said, “Well, I guess you’d say the stork brought me.”

The child marched out onto the back porch where his grandfather was dropping seeds into the parakeet cage. “Granddad, I’ve got to write a paper for school. Where did you come from?”

The old man winked and said, “Why, the stork brought me, of course.”

Nine-year-old Tommy went back to his room and flopped across the bed. Reaching for his pencil and notebook he began to write. “There hasn’t been a normal childbirth in our family in three generations...”

But, as Charlie Shedd has said, “The stork is dead.” And it’s about time somebody shot down that dirty bird so we can talk turkey. With sex rampant on the screen and the newsstand, it puts a tremendous obligation back on the parents — and church and school leaders if the parents renege — to give the facts and to give them in the proper perspective.

Most junior high kids today know more about sex facts than their parents did when they got married. But knowing facts isn’t enough. We’re living in a sex explosion. It used to be enough to say a woman was “indisposed”, or if you were really bold to suggest she was “that way.” Now grammar school kids know all the terms, and stories about the stork are out, out, out.

I’m not an advocate of sex education in the public schools — as such. Several years ago I almost got caught

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

up in a local witch hunt where anyone who suggested sex education was dubbed a Communist and had to run from the local lynch mob. But it’s past time in most families for fathers and mothers to sit down with their children and teach them the facts of life in the setting where they can best comprehend it — the home.

Last year I wrote two small books for children, one to elementary age kids and another to junior high kids, telling it like it is. Much to my consternation I found that such frankness was not accepted in most religious bookstores. Some few agreed to sell the books, but most managers admitted that while kids needed to know, the local churches were still so taboo on the subject that they couldn’t afford to jeopardize their business. And so we continue on in our ignorance, preferring storks to facts.

Sex should never be taught separate from the moral factors which make it spiritual as well as physical. But it must be taught, for if our kids don’t learn from the proper sources, they’ll learn elsewhere. And then they’ll teach us a few things — all of which we could do without.