

# Chalkboard

By

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I think it has been mentioned before that I have never been the superstitious type. Looking for 4-leaf clovers has not occupied much of my time. I do avoid walking under ladders but it is a fear of having something dropped on my head rather than a desire to avoid ill luck that motivates me. For the most part, I adhere to planning and guidance from higher powers rather than depending upon luck.

Having said that, at the risk of violating my pedantic ways, I want you to know that, while visiting in Southeast Arkansas last weekend, I found a spoon in a persimmon seed. Good sources relay to me that finding such indicates a need for a shovel for winter snow.

Regenia says that I have to analyze everything to the point of tears. I am sure she is correct in her assessment as I did spend some internal time on the issue of the persimmon seed. Let me now enlighten or perhaps bore you with the details.

To begin, the chief reason we went home this weekend was to finish a project that was begun last summer. The project was underpinning my mother's house. A sub-project was crawling under her house and wrapping her water pipes. No lengthy explanation is needed here on the reasons for those activities. The purpose of the task was to keep the cold north wind and other various varmints out from under (Like those three prepositions together? Can you tell I have been down south?) the house and to prevent the water in the pipes from freezing.

When this project was first started, it was on one of the hottest days of the summer. When it was completed this weekend, the temperature had fallen some thirty degrees but was still some forty degrees above the freezing point of water. Simple to say that the need driving the project was not immediate but rather based on the anticipation of the future while relying on history to repeat itself. In some sense, that may be akin to predicting the future winter weather based on how the persimmon tree has grown its seed.

Yet it would not have mattered to me if the persimmon seed had a spoon, a knife, a fork, or a whole set of Desert Rose china encapsulated within the core of its heart. The pipes and underpinning was a done deal in my mind because I have been under that house before- crawling in the water, pipe wrench in one numb hand, a can of water pipe glue in the other, and

assorted philosophical musings emanating from between clenched and/or chattering teeth. Experience teaches me that it is better to prepare than to repair.

Thus, I must offer my yearly reminder to parents to please begin preparing your child regarding what to do if school has to be closed during the day for inclement weather. Every year I tell you, and I repeat it again, that the welfare of our students is always a great concern when the daily routine changes to resemble what often appears to be organized chaos.

You do not need a transplanted Delta boy to tell you how quickly roads can become hazardous in the winter months. Nor do you need me to explain the awful feeling some child would experience standing outside on the porch in front of a locked door. But maybe you will not be offended to hear me say that the time to talk with your child about “emergency plans” is now before the emergency arises rather than making a hurried telephone call to the school and getting a busy signal.

If you want to trust a persimmon seed then now is the time to have that talk. If you want to trust on past experiences then now is the time to have that talk. Whichever train of thought you prefer, please help the school staff to safely plan a means to get your child home and inside the house. Of course, that applies to “walkers”, “riders”, and all those students we transport by chromium yellow buses.

As for me, I will continue to analyze and to seek “what to do” from the One who told the persimmon tree what shape to put in the seed.