

Yes, AbiEcho, there is an Easter Bunny...
by Chuck Harrison

...and coming to your Grandpa Chuck for the answer to that question was definitely a step in the right direction. I'm an acknowledged expert on that subject.

Now I'm not going to hood-wink you by telling you that there is this large rabbit that scurries about on Easter morning hiding multi-colored eggs to the delight of wide-eyed youngsters worldwide. Those duties are delegated to moms and pops and social workers at the local playgrounds and parks. No, the Easter Bunny is really explained by the story I'm about to tell you. Real life. This happened when your grandpa was a youngster of about five years old.



As you know, your Great Uncle Buck is a little more than two years older than your Grandpa Chuck, and as a kid, that caused some problems for me. Hey, he was bigger than me, faster than me, stronger than me, and like most younger siblings in a family, I knew Mom and Pop liked him best.

It was Easter, 1944. Your great-grandma taught your Great Uncle Buck and I how to dye Easter eggs in multi-colors....you know, using the wire egg holder and putting the egg in only half way, letting it dry, and then re-dipping the other half to finish the job. Pretty exciting stuff. (I'm sure your mom has already shown you how to do that stuff. If not, get on her case).

We had our own chickens where we were living at the time so eggs were there for the gathering. Mom had set out a dozen for hard boiling and coloring to help us celebrate the Easter season. The eggs are all colored and had been hidden a few hundred times by your Great Uncle Bucky and me until they are about worn out. (Case in fact....come Easter morning there were only eleven eggs remaining for the Easter Bunny to hide. A small accident had eliminated one.)

My only mission on Easter morning was to find a few eggs so that I would have something to munch on for a couple of days. The rules of the day were that we got to eat what we found. Keep in mind that Buck is two years older so I knew I had my work cut out for me. With luck, I'd end up with a couple of eggs and he'd have a feast.

O.K. Easter morning arrives, right on schedule. Brother Buck and I are told that the old Easter Bunny had been there sometime in the middle of the night while we were "tucky-tuck" and had hidden our eleven multi-colored eggs.

Time for the hunt. Needless to say, there was much scurrying around the grounds by Buck and I to locate those treasures. After about an hour (most of the eggs had been found in the first ten minutes) we had only found nine eggs. And, believe it or not, Uncle Buck had 5 ...and Grandpa Chuck had 4. I was still in the hunt. I was competitive.

It was at this time that good old Mom announced, "Time for breakfast boys, come in and eat. You can find the rest of the eggs later." Pffttt.

Sitting at the breakfast table the only thing on my mind was the obvious. Where hadn't I looked that those last two eggs might be. Brother Buck was thinking the exact same thing. We had pancakes for breakfast. Mother, quite thoughtfully, hadn't prepared eggs.

Now, AbiEcho, before I go on, let me remind you that we're here to establish the validity of the Easter Bunny. The events that occur next in my little story proved to me, at age 5, that there really was an Easter Bunny. Hey, I knew then that either mom or pop (I suspected it was probably Pop) got up real early that morning and had hid those eggs. "Delegation", as I mentioned earlier. The Easter Bunny is much too busy to be involved in those menial tasks.

Breakfast is over. BUT....before we can resume our hunt for those final two eggs, "Chores must be done", says Mom. (You know moms!). My chores were the feeding of the chickens and gathering the eggs. Brother Buck was in charge of the pigeons and rabbits.

So I rush to the chicken coop. Just inside the door of the coop was a five gallon bucket with a tight fitting lid (to keep those chickens from getting a free meal). Off with the lid. Inside the bucket was a coffee can, which was turned upside down and pushed down because the bucket was full of feed. I yanked out that can so I could scoop up some feed to scatter for the chickens...and...son-of-a-gun!!!....two brightly colored Easter eggs!!

The hunt was over

Two eggs hidden in a place that only I would find them?

Whoa! Back up! What the heck is going on here?

Remember, AbiEcho, the egg count now is Grandpa Chuck 6, Great Uncle Buck 5, and the hunt is OVER. I had won!! I knew that. But, do you know what was going thru my head? Not great elation about winning. No. Those eggs were there for only me to find. Never in a zillion years would Brother Buck have ventured into the chicken coop and picked up that coffee can....that would be too close to looking like he was going to do my chores for me. Never happen!

The reality of the situation suddenly struck me. Whoever put those two eggs there (under the can in the chicken feed) did not know what the score would be when I lifted up that lid. Most likely it might have been the only two eggs "little Chuckie" would find. This is when the word "love" popped

into my mind. Someone didn't want to see me get skunked....someone cared.

Now, I'd heard the word "love" before. You know, when mom or pop tucks you in at night, you get the peck on the cheek, and they say, "I love you." Happens every night. But up to this point in time I never really understood what they meant.

At the ripe old age of five the meaning of "love" came to me. And whose fault was that? You're right. The Easter Bunny! De-delegation had taken place. The Old Bunny, in his infinite wisdom, had noticed that your Grandpa Chuck was missing a very important emotion in his life. So....being an expert on love, he took the time to de-delegate and "caused" a couple of eggs to be "lovingly" hidden. To make a five year old pause...to think...and to recognize "love".

To this day, with your grand-pa in his "golden years", I know why those two eggs were where they were. And now you do too.

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