

Bus Stop

One of the responsibilities in my family is getting my younger brother Luke off the school bus at the end of the day. Sometimes it takes a little bit of bargaining and some manipulation with my siblings to get someone to go get him.

“If you go get Luke I’ll do the dishes!”

“I won’t tell mom your secret if you go get him!”

“I’ll go get Luke today if you go get him tomorrow!”

Luke still really likes school so he usually comes off the bus bouncing with excitement and ready to share about his day. When the bus pulls up to our house all the little faces start squishing on to the window and I hear the kids saying “bye!” But my favorite part is hearing Luke remember to say thank you to the busdriver everytime. “Thank you Tammy!”

We try to have a little bit of fun when we come down our driveway to the house. One Halloween I dressed as Darth Vader. I stood there stiff and serious while all the kids screamed with excitement on the bus. Luke still asks me to dress up again, even when it’s not Halloween. In the winter when the driveway is covered with snow we take the sled down the hill. But most days his body is so excited that I can see it in his face, he just wants to race. I usually have a head start and beat him to the door.

One time we all forgot to get Luke off the bus. We were fighting over who had to get him and suddenly we heard the bus honk. I ran up quickly with no shoes and waved big to have the busdriver see me. Luke got off the bus shaking his head with a big smile on his face, “I’m gonna tell mom!” Right away we made a him a big bowl of ice cream and he forgot about the whole thing...until mom got home.

When I’m a freshman in college Luke will be in the eighth grade, there won't be any older siblings to welcome him off the bus or listen about his day. I hope someday I can come home from college and surprise him in the driveway when he's getting off the school bus. We will race to the door.....and maybe I’ll let him win.