Who doesn't like to play with words? Were you ever given a chance? Envied or Congratulated because of that?

This is the story of a boy not unlike the others in the Orphanage, except in one respect. He had been brought there as an infant, no hint of parent, just a healthy baby boy.

Some years later this healthy growing lad was given the opportunity to identify himself. The good Nuns suggested he choose any family name he liked .They would register that birth certificate information with the State.

There was a world of options. Yet he had a favorite memory of when he was most pleased, filled with contentment. And when he told the Nuns his choice they congratulated him on this beautiful choice. He already had a first name, that of the Saint of the Orphanage, Anthony. Now with a this Certificate, he grew into an adult telling everyone I am Tony Joy.

And this came to pass. He grew to be that JOY to all he met. It was not that his name made him joy-full.
It became innate, nothing ever forced. Some said he radiated joy.
And indeed, that case could be made, in school,
later in the military flying the Hump from India to China, then as husband and parent, while as businessman operating a pharmacy in that same city where he appeared to be born.

In his later years when I met him, his house was a font of kindness, art, song, beauty, laughter, yes joy (little j) with family, or in the larger world of his many friends.

From that boyhood choice, he forever wore and always radiated the elegance of his name. Mr Joy.

The practice of married couples being identified henceforth with the husband's family name is eroding in the culture society is moving into. Would any girl marrying a man named JOY ever reject this standard? I would hope not.

For then, she, her husband, and if blesses with children, each would always be

Joy to the



World.

Bolo given fromTony Joy estate to Harry Zirkelbach