

# Thanksgiving prompts reflection on the blessing of parents

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Slamming doors, screams about curfews and broken rules. My room isn't clean enough, my car is a pigsty. I'm disrespectful and immature. And I'm screaming retorts right back.

I've had more than enough arguments with my parents about pointless things I cannot even recall.

Every teenager thinks their parents are insane at some point. I'm sure parents think their children are out of their minds sometimes, too.

We teenagers are great at yelling we can't wait to move out and be on our own.

Heck, I think I said that a few weeks ago. Even though I adore my mom, I still can't wait to move out

But, now, around Thanksgiving time, I'm taking a step back and realizing how lucky I am to have such crazy, wonderful parents.

When I was four-years-old, my dad was diagnosed with prostate cancer.

He'd gone in for early testing. At the time, it was recommended men get checked for prostate cancer beginning at about 50 years old.

Well, he wouldn't have seen age 50 if he hadn't decided to get checked.

For a long time, we didn't know what to expect.

Yes, he'd detected it early. But, science wasn't as advanced as it is now. So, even a fairly early prognosis still meant a struggle.

He was fortunate enough to receive a new treatment that put him in remission.

Because he'd sought the treatment of a nationally-known doctor who was beginning a new type of treatment, he'll see my brother get married in a year. He'll walk me down the aisle at my wedding and see his grandchildren.

Had any one of those variables been different, maybe he

wouldn't have been so lucky.

But, thank God that isn't something we have to contemplate.

Then, three years ago my mom decided to have a double mastectomy because it was a sure bet she'd have breast cancer within the next two years.

What should've been a fairly routine procedure did a 180 quickly.

After we'd taken her home from her surgery, she began experiencing extreme pain and inflammation.

My stepfather took her to the emergency room at 3 a.m.. Doctors immediately took her for tests and discovered she'd contracted an antibiotic-resistant Staph infection.

People die from these kind of infections.

She spent weeks in the hospital with nurses coming in and out wearing protective gowns.

She had to have one of the harshest antibiotics on the market twice a day through an IV once she came home.

She was forced to have an open wound that required cleaning and bandaging for about eight months.

At the end of it all, she'd spent about two years in and out of operating rooms and hospital beds.

She had undergone nine surgeries.

And she managed to come out it even stronger than she'd been when she began this process.

And that's truly saying something.

So, this year, I'm going to take the time to recognize what a blessing my parents really are.

Recently, an old friend's father passed away suddenly.

She adored him.

It isn't fair for such a wonderful man to have been taken from such a sweet family.

Scary as it is, life can be altered in a single moment.

At 18 years old, my parents drive me up the wall sometimes. But, thank God I have both of my parents here to do that. I couldn't imagine it any other way.