

Writing Prompt: The turkey ...

The turkey had probably never been so manhandled.

Carving it had always been Dad's job; he had decades of experience. But Dad was now in the hospital, having endured a 1 percent of 1 percent scenario that had put him into a coma and along the path toward the light. The family had gathered in Ohio in solidarity, hope, prayers. And it was now Thanksgiving. There was actually much for which to be thankful—Dad had made an about face, turning his back on the light at the end of the tunnel, and seemed to be on his way to a full, albeit long, recovery. But he would need to remain in the hospital for a few more weeks.

So carving the turkey fell to Greg, the "man" of the house now. He'd never done this before but sensing the importance of the moment—and the job to be done within that moment—he valiantly gave it his all. This resulted in the manhandling, Greg frantically gripping the body of the bird with one hand to keep it from slipping and sliding all over the platter while he hacked away with the knife. No one wanted to make fun of him ... yet ... but it's a story we have told and laughed about numerous times since, with Greg now having decades of experience under *his* belt.

