Around this time of year most ask “ what are you thankful for” shrug and think of the usual things in life. Breathing, mostly comes to mind as it is quite important. Then I think of my stuff still being in my apartment when i return home. Also that my car start when I have to go to work.

This thanksgiving my mother asked me as i was carving the turkey “ What are you thankful for” and I smiled and said “ that I haven't cut my fingers off yet”. You see I live alone, and up until recently have been newly unemployed. Small things keep me going in tough times.

Do not get me wrong I love working. And when I do, I am quite the monster at racking up 90+ hours a week, so to get a break is kind of a reason to be thankful. Some say I am nuts for doing so since I usually do not get paid by the hour. I do it out of love for my craft.

I am a chef. And the last job I had my employer thought it would be a good idea to try and save food that sat on a truck for 20 hours unrefrigerated. I as the chef protested and was heard and seen throwing the said food away. Two days later i was sat down and fired. And all I could do was laugh. As it was not my business to get upset about it.

However looking back I have concluded that this is what I am thankful for. For being raised with morals and the tescicles to follow my moral fortitude. Most would have shrugged and just given a “ If you say so boss” and done as told.

 In my mind i could compare it to the Nazi’s pushing jews into ovens. So as i sit here and review my resume once again and send it out to another potential employer, all I can say is that i am thankful that I am not that type of person and had parents that raised me better.