



THANK YOU ... THANK YOU

When I have time in the early morning to reflect, I feel grateful for so many things, especially for my 26 year marriage. Weeks ago such reflection moved me to show more appreciation for my wife. It all began pathetically but ended meaningfully. My wife Stephanie deserves to sleep late on Saturday and then have a quiet coffee. I had planned to whisk our girls secretly to IHOP for their own surprise breakfast with me. Unfortunately we woke mom while debating why they must wear socks with their shoes. Then while driving my girls surprised me when they announced they don't like pancakes for breakfast. With a tight jaw I whispered "you will like pancakes or go without breakfast."

At the IHOP my pouting children endured my lecture on the merits of a traditional breakfast. Afterward, they ordered from the lunch menu. To amend for my surly behavior I tried to be playful with them. Their moods improved but disaster nearly struck when they tossed a napkin at me. I dodged the napkin but it hit a well-dressed woman sitting behind me. By her grace (or pity) she pretended not to notice. After eating I asked my girls to pick-up the napkins, straws, flatware, etc. from under our table. Mr. Stovall, our waiter explaining that another

customer had already paid for all our meals. Wow! How incredibly nice!

I smiled to Mr. Stovall, "I love this community!" The gentleman who stopped by our table thanked me for being his family's pediatrician. Then I whispered a secret prayer thankful for this gentleman's kindness. Over a month later I'm still smiling because of his gesture. This gentleman's example to me, and my children, changed my day, and apparently (to a degree) my whole outlook. Stephanie claims that from that day I have been more grateful. Whenever I see our "uniformed" men and women: Armed Forces, Law Enforcement, or Fire and Rescue, I tell them "Thanks for serving." Their warm smiles tell me this makes a difference for both of us.

Stephanie now tells me that my IHOP breakfast was a huge success. Not that she was able to sleep late, but that my perspective has improved. Let me conclude to my IHOP benefactor, to all our Members in Uniform, to my wonderful doctors and nurses who care, to my kind and gracious pediatric patient families, to my own mother, to my own children, to my beloved Stephanie, and my Lord. Thank you ... Thank you ... Thank you.

With Love, Doc.

By Michael G Anderson MD FAAP

"Doc" (Mike Anderson) is the Pediatric Director at the Children's Pediatrics on Main Street in Canton, Georgia. Read more favorite of his stories, recipes, or take the virtual tour of the 100 year-old historic home where Doc and Stephanie practice pediatrics. They welcome visitors.

