

## A Multitude of Blessings

*By Marilyn Reeves*

The year was 1998. The Broncos had just won eleven games in a row and on the evening of November 22, my daughter-in-law Mary's water broke.

When they arrived at the hospital, Tom kept repeating to anyone who would listen, "Twins! Water broke. Twins! Water broke."

Around 3:00 a.m. on Monday, the 23<sup>rd</sup> I was awakened at Jim's place in Arvada by a phone call telling me the girls had arrived and to get to the hospital as soon as I could. Somehow I managed to drive across town in my sleep – it helped that I-70 was deserted at that hour of the morning – but I finally made it to the Aurora hospital off Mississippi and Potomac. I parked at the wrong end, however, and had to walk the length of the dark, deserted parking lot before finding the right entrance.

I was directed to the appropriate floor where I found a proud but worried Tom and an exhausted but elated Mary and got to see my brand new granddaughters for the first time. They were so tiny! Melony weighed in at 3 lbs. 14 oz., and about 15 minutes later, was followed by Beth at 4 lbs. 3 oz. Like most multiples, they were born prematurely and had to spend the next several weeks in their incubators.

Tom and Mary were so tired from all that running back and forth to the hospital that three days later, Jim and I volunteered to come over and prepare Thanksgiving dinner for them at their house.

We put the turkey in an oven bag to speed up the roasting time and were busy preparing the side dishes when all at once we were assaulted by the acrid smell of smoke and the raucous screech of the smoke alarm! Somehow that oven bag had torn open and the juices from the turkey hit the hot oven burners and burst into flame! After turning off the oven, we scrambled to open all the windows and doors amid the chaos of that constantly screaming alarm, and finally managed to air the place out enough for it to stop screeching.

Jim pulled the slightly blackened turkey out of the oven, peeled away the melted oven bag, poured off the excess juices, cleaned the mess out of the oven and then put the bird back in – topped with foil – to finish cooking.

So the turkey wasn't the best we ever had, but we had so much to be thankful for that year: Tom and Mary were the exhausted but grateful parents of two new baby girls, I had my first and only grandchildren and was in a loving relationship with a very special fellow. And we hadn't burned the house down after all. If that's not enough to be thankful for, I don't know what is!