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Creative Writing

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The careers of one’s parents will affect the thought processes and reactions to shocks in their professional world. This idea come to fruition whenever your parent is a first responder. My mother is a police officer, and this affects how you look at the world and the turmoil that goes on. Being the son of a police officer has and forever will be a part of who I am and my identity. There is an ever-changing dynamic between police and their local communities across the nation, and I cannot have any more pride in her persistence to help her community. Every time an officer was slain in the line of duty, I was heartbreaking to see how my mother would have to put on a straight face, but I could feel her slowly breaking down as the numbers continued to rise. I paid attention to every death I could, mourning for the families of the officers, and praying that I would not end up in a similar situation.

My mother has and continues to be an officer of the law since before I was born. Her career used to be seen as cool back in early elementary school, that young age where everyone wants to be a fire fighter, an officer, or an astronaut. Everyone would look up to the jobs and those who worked them with such wonder and enthusiasm, but I could not relate to that feeling. Not to belittle her achievements, but she was Mom, who went to work and earned money for the family, but other people in my grade thought it was a big deal. I believe I was in fourth grade, December 14, 2012, Sandy Hook happened, and I was around 10 years old without social media to know what had happened. She sat down me and my younger brother to talk about what had happened. I was not fully able to understand the concept of a school shooting, but I was told I was not supposed to try to get to her if something like that were to happen at our school. There are many places that people find comfort, and when you are young, you find it in your parents. To be told that in a traumatic situation like that, we were not to try to seek her out, you have to wake up to a very harsh and unforgiving reality.

20XX rolls around and my own world gets flipped upside down as I land on the wrong side of a coin flip, my mother and father get divorced. Divorce is already an awful thing to happen to somebody and the phycological effects will radiate for quite a while. This is compounded when you can only see one parent. My mother was able to go the FBI: National Academy in Quantico, Virginia. This put her about twelve hours away and my brother and I were under the supervision of our father. My father was going through what could be almost considered the Borchelt midlife crisis, an event almost genetic as one of his brothers cut ties and he filed the divorce. He was emotionally unavailable, and this did not make the process any easier, nor did what I would classify as his mistress. He went from a relatively care-free man to now having a stick in his ass. This was only the beginning of the changes in his nature. I fell into the spot of a favorite child, and I shamelessly took hold of that title, not putting enough care into how my brother was being affected. My brother got in trouble all the time with my father, and I still feel guilt for doing nothing when I should have said something.

My brother has been diagnosed with ADHD and it was just before the divorce that this happened. While it was not an excuse for his often-erratic behavior, my father took the lack of control my brother had very poorly and had little patience. A change in punishment for even the smallest misdeed would be taking toys away from my brother. This was something as small as responding with an affirmative hum instead of saying “yes sir”. That was my fathers solution for a few weeks before he decided that my brother was not “learning’ from his “mistakes”. Faster than the change my father had when my mother left for the National Academy, My father had gone from reprimanding and taking away toys, to now breaking and destroying them.