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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 father’s 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.

This was reality for a few months. My brother and father were at each other’s throats, and I regretfully did nothing as I should have been doing as the older brother. My brother and I’s father had decided to move and stay down in the basement while he was working on buying a new house. I will give him credit for getting a house close enough to be able to get us to school and for us to see him, but it was not an easy transition from the house I had lived in the majority of my life. As time continued to march on without a second to process what had happened, my mother had completed her course at the National Academy. My father was not willing to take us to her graduation, but her sisters took us all the way to Quantico.

This was a unique experience because Quantico is not open to the public, and it does more than just the National Academy. It is the training grounds for the FBI tactical forces. We were able to see Hogan’s Alley, a fake town for urban tactical training. The facility was amazing, a state-of-the-art university with the benefit of everyone is proficient in firearms. My mother could barely contain her excitement see my brother and I after not seeing us for the past couple of months and only being able to listen to my brother when he called about the disagreements between my father and brother. It was amazing to see the, now former, Director of the FBI, James Comey. This was a messy point in my life, but her willingness to is continue is such trying challenging scenarios is an inspiration about how I go through life.

My mother did make some fascinating connections while in Quantico. A Marine Sergeant was a classmate of when she went to the FBI: National Academy. That sergeant was assigned to watch over the Marine One. When President Obama came to my hometown of Evansville, Indiana back in October of 2014. I do not know how he was able to get clearance or authorization for me and my brother to get up close to such a legendary aircraft. This was not just seeing the helicopter from the side of the hanger, but we had the ability to sit in Air Force One. I was able to sit in the piolet’s seat and the president’s seat. Looking back, I realize how big of a deal it is to sit in the exact same seat as leader of the strongest nation on Earth. To this day, I still have the photos of me and the craft. But politics always make life more complicated.

Time rolled forward and tensions between communities and law enforcement continues, my mother would start to worry about my safety. I would continue to wear thin blue line and other pro-police shirts and a similarly designed plate on my car. I was now driving and put more worry on her than just the standard of your child driving. She would remind me to be more vigilant about law enforcement because of my size. I love cars, and I definitely never speed and definitely only modify my car in ways compliant with laws and regulations. Nevertheless, my mother was worried about how I would act if I were to get pulled over. As she is one of the captains for the Gibson County Sheriff’s Office, everyone knows about me to various degrees and would put both me and an officer in a slightly awkward situation if they had to report to their higherup that they gave me a ticket. Thankfully that has never been an issue, but I have been pulled over by out of county officers and that is her concern. I do have a potentially overly chill attitude around cops, and I do not get any form of nervous when pulled over. I was also told not to name drop, which may have helped me to get out a ticket, but a mother’s wrath is worse than any ticket. I have seen enough bodycam footage and listened to my mother about how a traffic stop goes down and I understand why a cop would be nervous walking up to a car. An officer must walk up blind to a situation not knowing what a person is doing or what is going through their head. She pleaded again and again that I should just comply because if I was told to step out of my car, six foot five is fairly intimidating to a majority of people. I do think that my cool attitude has gotten me out of most situations, but I know it doesn’t work every time.

The situation where it failed was when I was taking me and my brother to church and I, for legal reasons, one hundred percent was not doing seventy in a forty-five, mind you that I theoretically was keeping up with the flow of traffic. About a mile from where I was clocked, an Evansville police officer pulled me over, nearly ignoring me, but I missed an exit that would have let me disappear without dropping a gear. That situation got me a ticket for going fifty-five, and I think not instigating an argument saved me from getting reckless driving on my record at the age of seventeen. Flash forwards a few months, and by pure chance, my mother took a security detail and ended up swapping positions with the officer that ticketed me. She told me that she informed him that I was her son, and his response was that if I had name-dropped, I may have gotten out of the ticket.