

# The Asian Reporter

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## MY TURN

■ Wayne Chan



# Blessed are the donuts

We are truly blessed. The other night, my wife Maya and I were sitting across from each other at the dining table when Maya seemed to pause for a moment, lost in thought.

She took a breath and with a gentle smile, looked up at me and said, “You know, I’m just so thankful we’re all healthy and happy right now.”

I knew what she meant.

Like any other family, we have our challenges. The one challenge most obvious in our family is the fact that two of our three triplets are on the autism spectrum, which requires both our constant attention and for them to attend a special-needs school. But this is something we’ve dealt with for 17 years now. It’s part of our lives. It’s part of our routine. We’ve got this.

What Maya meant, was that despite our children’s challenges, all three of them are happy, well adjusted, and doing just fine.

What she also meant, was that after many years of working hard and investing time, effort, and resources into our respective work and business, our diligence seems to be paying off.

We’re not ready to build a helipad on top of our home or hire Martha Stewart to cater a soiree or anything like that, but things have been looking up. We have a comfortable home, nice cars, and opportunities to travel.

And yet, regardless of how well things are going, some things never change.

A few days ago, Maya and I were invited to our local police foundation fundraiser. Called “Women in Blue,” the luncheon celebrated the work of women on the police force. It was an amazing and entertaining event highlighting some very honorable women.

After we finished the meal, and after a number of awards were presented, dessert was served, and along with the dessert was another treat — an

individually packaged gourmet donut. It was a small yet beautifully decorated donut with decadent frosting and crystal-like sparkles on top. The donuts were provided by one of the sponsors of the event, a local high-end donut shop specializing in scrumptious treats with exotic flavors and toppings.

Here’s the thing. The donut was served after the meal, and after the actual dessert, so when the event was over, many people in the audience left their donut behind — a pristine, perfectly decorated donut, sitting in its plastic packaging.

By now, you probably know where I’m going with this.

As guests were getting up to leave, Maya and I said goodbye to the people at our table. While we were heading to the exit, we saw a sea of brightly colored donuts practically lighting the path to the exit.

It didn’t matter that I was full. It didn’t matter that the only donut I could lay claim to was the one I was served. It didn’t matter that if I really wanted a donut, I could buy a dozen from the gourmet shop which was around the corner. Heck, it didn’t even matter that I’m on a diet and the main parameter of the diet — rule number one — is “No Donuts!”

The only thing that mattered to me was that there was a line of unclaimed donuts that had my name on them. I was swiping gourmet donuts in a room teaming with police officers.

And for those of you who know me, and know my wife, before you assume Maya was the voice of reason telling me it was ridiculous and embarrassing that I was scooping up all these donuts, let me just dispel the notion by mentioning that at one point Maya said, “I think I might be able to squeeze two more donuts into my purse.”

OK, maybe she didn’t actually say that, and maybe I was the one stuffing the donuts into her purse, but a donut is a donut in my book.

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