

Cold Turkey!

It was February 24, 2007. My sons were away for the weekend. My daughter, who was 7 at the time, and I decided to go to McDonald's for dinner. We both wanted to hang out at home, so we were going to go through the drive-thru. The week before at school, her class had been learning about the poor effects of smoking and second hand smoking. At that point, my daughter picked up my pack of cigarettes and said, "Do you want to make your kids sick?" "Do you want to end up with a hole in your throat?" "Do you want to die?"

I looked at her and I said, "NO!" I said, "Go throw that out." She immediately got out of the car (while we were in the drive-thru), and went and threw them in the garbage can. That was the last time I ever had a pack of cigarettes. I never smoked again after that and I had been a smoker for over 20 years. She was just the right kind of "will-power" that I needed to quit cold turkey.



I feel so much better now than what I used to. My house, vehicle, clothes, and everything are so much better smelling. It was the best thing that could have happened to me. She was very proud and still brags to people that she helped me quit.

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