

Thanks

*It's that time of year.
Crisp and cold. And almost Thanksgiving.*

I remember Thanksgiving dinners at Grandpa and Grandma Rosenthal's.

*Grandpa at the head of the table,
carving the turkey with a ninja sword knife
Grandma's carefully manicured hands,
offering us French cut green beans with almonds.
We little ones at the children's table,
olives on our fingers all around.*

*Most of all, at Thanksgiving, I remember hands, clasped
around the table,
heads bowed, words of thanks offered.*

*I'm thankful this year for hardworking hands
nurturing hands
welcoming hands
loving hands
olive-adorned hands.*



*If we can just keep holding hands,
with each other,
and with the One who created us all,
we'll be okay.*

Thanksgiving blessings.

*From 'Soul Care' a book of inspiration
by Rev. Joan Randall, Spiritual Care Director
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