



MEMORIES

THANKSGIVING

Everyone wants to go home for Thanksgiving,
wherever home is.
Not just you and me
but the fancy folks and
the downtown down-and-outers,
whoever they might have been.
Way back then, we were laughing
wide-eyed children at tables
heavy with turkey and dressing and pies,
whenever that once was.
And now savoring distant tastes of long
gone times, we re-collect sweet birds of
youth, whatever that must have been.

ROGER GRANET

A Tribute to Nancy and Ted:

What a wonderful Thanksgiving Day we had! As we drove down the imposing curving driveway to the towers of their ~~imposing~~ castle rising from the trees, past the suave green lawns (from which Ted had blown the leaves before we came), greeted with hugs from one and all, especially sweet-faced, smiling rosy Mary Liz, into the cheery, bright family room where Shammy rests on his pillow before the fire in the fireplace, our hearts swelled with pride that we are part of this family, indeed the progenitors of it.

The rooms are bright and shining, spacious and dramatic with heirloom paintings in gold frames, tall plants and the dining table set in splendor with a centerpiece by Mary Liz (I love her!) and the ten comestibles still to come -- turkey, dressing with raisins and apples, yams, baked potatoes, applesauce, broccoli, corn pudding, gravy, apple pie and peach custard pie made from their own peach tree. We admire the new lovely chandelier, Kathryn lights the candles, and we sing "We Gather Together To Ask the Lord's Blessing" and Kathryn recites (or did she read) the Prayer of St. Francis as our spoken grace. Then the chatter and babble of excited conversation commences. How impressed Glen and I are to hear the level of the girls' insights and maturity!

The sun pours in the windows looking out onto the neighbor's fields where the two horses are and the little gray cat makes a solemn piece of living statuary perched at the window. What peace and joy!

Kysa says she will be a literature major, perhaps to teach high school. She will also have a double major in theatre and dramatics.. She knows EVERYTHING ABOUT COLLEGES. I am thrilled because I was a lit major and I feel it is very practical of her to consider teaching. She has many strings to her bow: creative writing, poetry (By the way, Kysa, send me any new poems you have written. I forgot to ask so see them); music of all sorts, composing, singing; dancing and performing.

Kristin sounds like ME when I was 21, proud to be a LIBERAL.. We were trying to give the definition of what it means to be liberal. I think it is to put persons over property, to protest the huge gap between rich and poor, to protest the cruel, inhuman and unequal treatment of persons in the pursuit of profit. Opposition to Greed and self-serving, racial prejudice and war are characteristics of persons with liberal sensitivities. Being willing to change the status quo and work for making the society better distinguishes the liberal from the Conservative, Kristin pointed out.

Glen and I saw the South when there were twin drinking fountains labeled WHITES ONLY and COLORED ONLY. Glen was in the Second World War when we were shocked to hear the Nazis did the bestial acts of throwing Jews into open pits, burying them alive out of xenophobic madness to create a pure "Aryan" race and eradicate an entire race of people. (Interestingly enough, I just looked up the word "xenophobia" in our 1942 edition of Webster's Unabridged dictionary and it wasn't there, but it is in Glen's 1981 edition; "fear and hatred of strangers or foreigners." So maybe this psychological pathology was identified after Hitler? Was it Kysa, or Kristin, who asked "How do new words get created?" The attitude or feeling has always been around, but the label is new.

Kathryn "I love you!" for loading the dishwasher after the repast. (dictionary definition: feast) Your kindness to dear Nancy was bounteous. She worked SO HARD putting on the fabulous, miraculously beautiful gift of food for us to thank God for after working hard all week at her job.

Then the videos! It was intriguing to see the Thanksgiving of nine years ago, Kristin doing backflips and little Kathryn trying to emulate her, and Kysa having her 7th birthday party. Who could imagine that snaggletooth smile could turn into a raging Beauty!

So Theodore, Jr. and Nancy Miller made three gorgeous blondes who are also smart and good. As we drove home we grandparents felt contented and fulfilled. LET JOY BE UNRESTRAINED!!!

1991 Thanksgiving