



Thanksgiving 2018

### ***HOW GOOD IT IS***

Psalm 133

*How very good and pleasant it is  
when kindred live together in unity!  
<sup>2</sup> It is like the precious oil on the head,  
running down upon the beard,  
on the beard of Aaron,  
running down over the collar of his robes.  
<sup>3</sup> It is like the dew of Hermon,  
which falls on the mountains of Zion.  
For there the Lord ordained his blessing,  
life forevermore.*

**How Good It Is...**when you can realize the blessings of your life, in real time.

How blessed we are to be able to gather together, courtesy of the interstate highway system, Amtrak, Logan Airport, or Facetime.

This Thanksgiving, whether or not you get out the china, or polish the silver, look around the table: yes, the feast is the food spread out in platters and casseroles, but feast your eyes on the faces gathered together. Light a candle. Say a prayer.

**How Good It Is...**when there are stories and more stories, about school, or travels; updates, ideas, no doubt some opinions. (And if you need to change the subject, there's always, "How about those Red Sox?" tossed over your shoulder, as you head out to get another dessert.)

How pleasant it is that we have enough to eat, and even leftovers, delicious and savory, and at the end of the day, enough to share as families depart.

**How Good It Is...**for us to remember those who gathered around us in the past, who peeled the Yukon Golds, passed the cranberry sauce, whipped the cream, or held the baby so you could get a mouthful.

If you are happy to be alone this day, then enjoy the solitude: the book, the movie, the walk in the park. If you're lonely, then is the yearning instructive?

And if sorrow comes in and sits with you at the table, if you're feeling loss, this aching may be a gift of remembering how important someone was in your life.

So cherish the handwriting on the recipes, the fading name cards in the back of the buffet drawer. Say out loud the names of grandparents, exchange students, friends from school...the links that circle the table.

And if the child who insists on only eating rolls and butter or the relative who is the authority on everything rattles you, smile as if an angel had told you a joke.

And as the mountain of dishes and pans pile up in the sink, remember – **How Good It Is...**how pleasant, for everyone to end up in the kitchen, with hands holding damp linen dish towels, continuing the spirals of love.

*Happy Thanksgiving.*

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Judy". The letters are cursive and fluid, with a long, sweeping tail on the final "y".

Judy