

Thankful

I hope all of my faithful co-tangenteers, readers, lurkers, and (maybe even) spammers had a blessed Thanksgiving Day spent with loved ones celebrating all the wonders and gifts that He has bestowed upon us. As has been the tradition at the home of Jamiahsh and family for the past 29 years (I believe) we had the noon meal with the parents, siblings, and their children. Alex offered up a prayer of Thanksgiving before we dug in. Noah offered up his own take as he lifted up his forkful of food.

After lunch, SOME of us took naps. I dunno how anyone managed this as 8 children do tend to create a lot of (at times) happy noise. At other times (when the three oldest went upstairs to get away from it all and the other 5 wanted to go), we encountered the cries of the littlest who got her fingers caught in the door. Later, I tried to organize a game of UNO... thinking that this would alleviate a bit of the rambunctiousness. It kind of worked... especially when a 5 year old kept winning.

For the evening meal, we had another crew join the rest of us.

Since my mother's mom passed away nearly 30 years ago, we have served leftovers for my maternal aunt and uncle and their families as well. Every year it seems to get more crowded.

Maybe that community center idea is getting better. Of course, it would be kind of hard to gather around the television to watch the Cowboys get beaten... poor Chad!

Finally, after the game and the annual feast of popcorn, buttered toast, pretzel sticks, and jelly beans of *A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving*, the festivities came to a close for another year... well for a month, anyway... wonder who gets the honor of hosting the big Christmas bash? I guess Uncle Bob and Aunt Lu.

I did forget my part in the day's festivities. I was asked to go to my oldest brother's house at 8:30AM to pick up his crock

pot. I figured that everyone would be up and about so I did not grab the spare set of house keys. When I arrived, I found the house locked up. I went back home to discover that Jeff had decided to hit the stores early. I grabbed the keys and went back and grabbed the pot.

Now let the fun, hustle and bustle, and celebrating take us to 2011.