

THANKSGIVING AND THANKSTAKING

By Dan Stone

We meet here again to share what will become but memories
of feelings too soon past that we hold close right now.

Our cause is simple, our purpose gentle, a gathering of good
friends sharing a few moments, watching each other grow in
body and soul.

With no gifts to wrap,
no candles to blow out,
no heroes to honor,
no resolutions to make.

With no clothes to show off,
no rings to finger,
no documents to sign,
no faces to mask.

With no candy to give,
no flags to wave,
no cigars to pass out,
no thoughts shared without caring.

Just pausing here and now, enjoying the best of each other,
relaxing for the moment, ignoring what may come.

Recreating pieces of previous meetings, while merging what's
past with what is, as memories of feelings become feelings
of memories.

Counting all our treasures and pleasures, counting some
surely worth little mention, but counting one another more
than once.

Holding each other close, pushing away the darkness, keeping
each other out of the cold.

Thankful for each and hopeful for all, a family of sorts,
together.

Looking back some, but not very much, and not very far nor
very long.

Mainly dancing the steps that this day offers, as it
brightens our lives and refreshes our spirits.

Smelling and tasting, seeing, hearing, feeling, (watching,
listening touching), remembering caring, enjoying,
helping and just living.

Soaking up the special moments as each of them passes us by
but never completely leaves us.

Laughing with each other and at certain others, letting go
more than can be helped.

Out of the rush, and free of the push.

Recognizing the plain simple joy of getting ourselves outside
and getting outside ourselves.

Outside, to remind us that thanks inside may become
imprisoned, lacking freedom to be exchanged as thanks
given for thanks taken.

So we have returned to this place in our hearts, completing
our tour of a year's offerings, harvesting our thanks by
being together.

With no gifts to wrap,
no candles to blow out,
no heroes to honor,
no resolutions to make.

Et Cetera.

Same time, same place, same friends, same things, yet all as
different as these feelings.

There's not much I'd rather do than mark these cycles with
you.

So, please pass the turkey, and maybe a little of that
dressing!!

Dan Stone
November, 1983