



Thanksgiving Day.

Forget about the pilgrims. Remember Abraham Lincoln and Sarah Josepha Hale, a writer who had tried for many years to have a national day of thanks established. Never heard of her? She's the one who wrote "Mary had a Little Lamb." Her efforts had been largely ignored until, at the height of our bloody civil war, Abraham Lincoln heard her in 1863 and established an annual national day

when we would call upon Providence,
*... to commend to his tender care all those who have become wid-
ows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife
.... and to heal the wounds of this nation.*

Forget the turkey and the parades. Some of us have plenty and
some of us have little. No matter how elaborate or how minimal the
table, for the people gathered around it there is a sacredness in the
circle which calls to us from our history, our joys, our fears.

Forget the walls that separate us. Let us touch each other and listen
to each other. And then let us give thanks.

A Muslim says,
Let us begin in the name of God.

And a Jew says,
Blessed are you O God, who gives food to all.

And a Buddhist says,
*In this food I see the presence of the entire universe supporting
me.*

And some Cistercian monks in Northern California say,
*Grant that we who are filled with good things from God's open
hand may never close our hearts to the hungry, the homeless, and
the poor.*

And once Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) said,

*For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything Thy goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we think Thee.*

And all of your friends at Starcross say, wherever you are and whatever your circumstances, may this be a blessed and happy Thanksgiving Day, and with Lincoln, we pray that the wounds of our nations and our lives may be healed.

Now, let us rejoice in each other!

Brother Toby

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