As I reflect on this day of Thanksgiving, and I think of those things for which we traditionally give thanks—family, friends, our hopefully good health, the abundance of food, its deliciousness, our creator, our loved ones and all those who have died—still I am moved to include, to honor, to give thanks that rests on the bedrock of being, to precisely that: our Being, our Awareness, our intimate knowing of being alive on this earth, as this Earth, and for the teachers and teachings that work so selflessly to bring us awake, out of our long and recurrent sleep, into the Beauty of Who We Are and what the World is—and that all our days, despite our and the world’s hardships, desecrations, oppressions, and unjust impoverishments—will still be filled with joy, with the recognition of beauty, with the praise that leaps to our hearts unbidden, as the sun rises, as each new day begins.