

THANKSGIVING



*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.*