

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR
Ed Young, November 2011

The golden blanket of leaves around a bare sugar maple. The smell of woodsmoke. Wild onions in the spring. The unconditional love of mothers and dogs. The murmur of water flowing over a gravel bar. Fresh ground coffee. A baby's laughter. The softness of wool socks. Watching woods fill up with snow when there is nowhere you have to be. The fresh smell of the air after a cooling summer rain. The peacefulness of a sleeping infant. The fragrance of honeysuckle. Old cemeteries where people you still love are buried.

The majesty of Beethoven's Symphony #5. The exquisite beauty of Swan Lake. The love duet from Puccini's Madame Butterfly. The delighted squeal of a child catching her first fish. Winnie the Pooh. The grain in wood that has been shaped into something beautiful. A roaring fire on a cold winter night.

The greenness of sprouting hillsides in the spring. The poignancy of old photographs. A chair that remembers your shape when you sit down in it. A letter from an old friend. The exuberance of a mockingbird's song. The smell of sugar cookies baking. The honking of geese high overhead on a moonlit night. People before us who planted trees they would not live to sit under.

And let us be thankful for the strength to endure misfortune. For our friends who share our joys in good times and who comfort us in the bad times. For doctors and nurses who heal us when we are sick or broken. For those who defend our country, and all the others who protect our lives at the risk of their own. For our children from whom we learn more than we teach. For living in the only nation on earth that guarantees the pursuit of happiness. For those who love us in spite of. For what we can become.

----- Ed Young