

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

The holidays will be upon us again soon. Everyone I talk to and every book I read says that the holidays are a difficult period following the death of a family member. Carolyn's favorite holiday was Thanksgiving.

Some years ago, Carolyn brought the family Thanksgiving dinner to our home, inviting everyone in both our families. As if it weren't enough, she would invite someone from another country who wouldn't experience Thanksgiving if they didn't come to our house. One year it was a fellow from Colombia who was studying English at the University of Delaware. Last year she invited a cousin of my brother's wife from Brazil.

Carolyn would take off the day before and cook a large number of dishes, which always amazed me. The most special element of the day for me was the spirit in which Carolyn did all this. It wasn't a chore; she truly loved doing it.

To keep Carolyn's special Thanksgiving spirit alive this year, I am inviting the whole gang over to our house. I'm going to take Wednesday off and cook up a storm. I've already started pulling out recipes that I think I can handle. I've been practicing in September and October so that I can prepare something edible. I'm going to enjoy doing it, even if nothing works out. If the turkey slides off the deck into the Susquehanna River, or the oven catches fire and ruins everything, I'm going to laugh about it and order in Chinese. I can't think of a better way of honoring Carolyn's memory than that.

By Douglas G. Harrell

Reprinted from For Those Who Give and Grieve, Vol. 10, No. 2



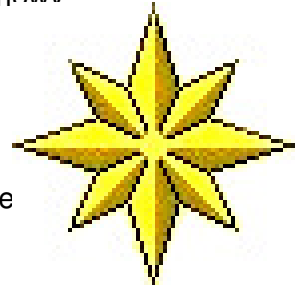
Star Child

Oh Star of David, Star of Light,
shine on all dear children
at Christmas time this night.

I remember the first star you drew,
or think I do.
How you sang the Dreidel Song
"We made it out of clay"
At Hanukkah in Cleveland,
you were seven.

And how your first sentence clearly
said, "Daddy make the Baby Jesus
House," but the kitten slept in it instead
that first Christmas
in the stone house
where we sledded down the snow
hillside in the moonlight.

We all remember separately,
collectively; around the circle
we hold hands
and breaking, light each candle



Some say
you watch us from your wall of stars.
Some say you close in close,
complete the ring,
and make the blessing with us,
coming home,
the way we want you to.

By Rachell Burrell, TCF Cincinnati OH

Reprinted from TCF Northshore/Boston Dec 93/Jan 94 Newsletter

Compassionate Friends

For all of us that grieve,
may we find peace.
For all of us that are angry,
may we learn to forgive.
For all of us that hurt,
may we find comfort.
For all of us that mourn,
may we have faith.
For we are all but one with our grief,
anger, hurt and mourning.
May we feel the peace of God
that passes all understanding.



By Rose Fox

Reprinted from TCF NorthShore Boston Newsletter, 1998



**Compassion: Entering willingly into the
suffering of another.**

By Barbara Pryor

Reprinted from TCF NorthShore Boston Newsletter, 1998



Compassion: a feeling of deep sympathy and sorrow
for another who is stricken by misfortune,
accompanied by a strong desire to alleviate the
suffering.

<http://dictionary.reference.com/>