

# Turkey day every day



A not-quite lifetime ago, I awaited the holidays with a mixture of eagerness and solemnity (25¢ word!).

My excitement, of course, was knowing I would get time off from work (except when I worked retail). My solemnity would come as I grew thoughtful and pensive during the holidays, a time for consideration and introspection for me.

Nowadays, I get to do the introspection thing every day, so enough of that! Time for some plain old thanks...

– As always I give thanks to my family, here and gone. I don't feel sorrow about those who have passed. Everything ends and my Grandma, Grandpa and Mom would scold me if I went around all droopy-faced.

I cherish my spectacular memories of them and rejoice in the presence of my Dad, Stepmom, Sister (yeah, you too) and niecelings.

– Similarly, and to my great surprise, I have some long-standing and terrific friends who have managed to overlook my many flaws (or maybe just my personality) to stick by me through all these years.

– I'm thankful that I was courageous (or egotistical) enough to publish my books, because I met new friends from some of the people who rewarded me with their readership.

– Equally brave, I’m thankful I left my hermit cave on my Great North American Baseball Road Trip last year. It provided me the fulfillment of a lifetime dream and also the opportunity to meet those aforementioned new and old friends.

– I’m thankful for Florida, whose rare “intemperate” days (we got down to 59 the other day!) are a small annoyance in a locale filled with year-long green trees and loving sun.

– I’m thankful for perspective, that even after nerve-wracking situations such as the recent election, I am capable of understanding I can only control that which I can control. In so doing, it makes me able to better offer occasional help to those around me still in need of that calming touch.

– And, as you must know by now, I’m most grateful for laughter. Being capable of it and occasionally providing it for others. Most importantly, watching people of all ages and stripes laugh. Hope is never lost in a world that can still laugh.

(Oh, and I’m thankful – as I’m sure are you – that I didn’t make this blog post any longer)