



Thanksgiving is a time when we traditionally reflect on our blessings. Yes, Blessings. “Bless us, o Lord and these Thy gifts . . .” We bless ourselves with the sign of the Cross and utter ‘God Bless you’ when you sneeze.

How about seeing blessings not as words we say or something one person gives to another. Rather, think of blessings as being together in kindness so that “blessing” is not something you do as much as something you are to one another — just like Mary visits

Elizabeth — a moment of encounter that acknowledges one’s worth.

A simple example from writer Pat Livingston, who often spoke in this Diocese. She tells a story of a time in Florida before the hurricanes. They were preparing for the third storm in a month. One sensible task was to fill the gas tank in the car. Pat tells how she had been waiting for an hour in a line that stretched for blocks. The woman in front of her was swiping her credit card and reaching for the fuel nozzle. Unbelievably, the tank opening was on the other side. She tried the two hoses — both too short. Frustrated after all that waiting, the woman collapsed against the pump, pounding her fists crying No No. Pat said this young lady was in her 20’s, long black hair, dressed in a professional suit. Pat thought, “How could this yuppie not know where her gas tank was?” Maybe she was sent to take care of the boss’s car . . . As the young woman goes back to her car, Pat says, “Why not drive forward and come back facing this way?” “You mean you’d wait. . .?” “Certainly! Don’t forget we are in this together.” Tears streamed from the woman’s face. “That’s the nicest thing anyone has said to me for a long time.” When the woman filled the tank, she came back and said to Pat, “Thank you. I really mean it — thanks!”

It was really a little thing Pat said. The point was, a blessing had been exchanged. Two people had come together in kindness and that was cause for Thanksgiving.

We bless one another when we meet in kindness. Yes, people are treasures to us. They are blessings. So this Thanksgiving is a good time to remember and cherish the people in our lives, who in need or in deed, “in sickness and in health” were with us in kindness and let us know we count. ‘Tis a time for the entire Parish to be grateful for all your fellow parishioners, who were with us in kindness to help us build-out the hall complex, and let us know we count. We are grateful.

Thanksgiving is a time to remember those who have attached words to us like, “May I help you?”, “I am right here.” “Blessed are you among women . . .,” and labels like friend, beloved, special, lover, the best, treasure, one-in-a-million, heart of my heart, soul friend (Anam Cara).

We may have been, and maybe are, an old violin to others, but from those who have been together with us in kindness, from them we believe that we each are a Stradivarius. We are indeed together in kindness when I bring bread from my table to our tables, to be shared at your table. We’re connected. We’re family.

I invite you to join us at the Thanksgiving Table of the Eucharist on Wednesday, at 7 P.M., as we gather together in kindness, reflecting on our blessings while being mindful of those who go without. As a reminder, the Thanksgiving collection will be given to Fr. Joe’s Villages. I cannot think of a better way to prepare ourselves for a grand family celebration.

As we thank God for many things, let us remember people, the French People, that we may be a blessing to them as so many have been a blessing to us.

Happy Thanksgiving!
Fr. Nick & All the Staff

