



Bo's Blog

I guess I'm just a real tradition-oriented person ("Really?" says Alison). November, for me, is the month of Thanksgiving dinner—and all the things that go with that. Going to my mom's in Sacramento, seeing my sister, uncle, aunt, and family down there, having turkey, mashed potatoes, gravy, sweet potatoes, vegetables, and fruit salad with whipped cream and marshmallows in it. These are the things I think of when I think of Thanksgiving.

But these things don't always happen each November. There have been times when I haven't been able to go down to Sacramento. I haven't always had turkey for Thanksgiving. And now I have health concerns that make me realize that my idealized Thanksgiving dinner is not especially good for my cholesterol and triglyceride levels. And although this has not traumatized me greatly, experiencing these things has made me realize yet again that change is always a part of our lives.

Others have experienced even greater changes in their lives than I have. I think of all those who got "underwater" on their home mortgages, those who lost their homes to foreclosure, those who had to simply walk away because they could not pay their mortgages, and those who are now homeless because of events and decisions beyond their control, and I realize that I am lucky that my family and I still have a home in which to live. I think of the people I know, and many more I do not know, who must spend this holiday season without someone they love because they have passed away, or are serving in Afghanistan, or are in prison, or have run away, and I realize that I am lucky that I can spend my holidays with my family. I think of the people who have lost their jobs, or those who must make their Thanksgiving dinner out of a limited number of food stamps, or those thousands of children who die each day in our world from hunger, and I realize how lucky I am that I will have a special dinner this month.

I like my traditions. But it's good for me to be reminded that my traditions are just things, like cars and money and clothes. And when we try to cling too tightly to our things, we can forget that they are blessings, and must be held loosely. How good it is that we have this time of year to remind us of our blessings, and to remind us that it is important for us to give thanks for them.

Shalom,
Bo