

## *Thanksgiving 2022*

Countless Thanksgivings  
bring memories of days gone by  
and blessed my journey till today.  
Most, were thankful images  
of the many pilgrims wandering  
their winding way through time  
to Fayette's holy ground,  
those who made me who I am.  
But few of those Thanksgivings  
stand out as unforgettable to me,  
like the birth of my first,  
or this Thanksgiving Morn  
when clearly in a dawning dream  
came the name of a quiet one  
seeking not fame or acclaim.  
My first images of this child  
who from good beginnings came,  
loving mother, doting father,  
a small girl at sister's knee.  
Little eyes busily scan her milieu  
signaling a singular curiosity,  
about her world, folks and things,  
the gifts of her loving Creator.  
She's a storyteller at heart and core,  
nurtured by caring forebears.  
The narrative she's written,  
filled with a depth of causes  
looking to a time of justice for all,  
is shaped of real experience,  
the joys and pains of her life.  
Her gift of breathing breath,  
And pulsing heartbeats in artifacts,  
lost in the passage of time,  
enrich our history with  
the common blood  
of universal beginnings.  
Her name is Linda!

*Richard McLean*

*24 November 2022*