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## Grandma's Thanksgiving Story

*Alice Lotherington*

Grandma was nestled in her comfortable armchair with her merry grandchildren: brave Willie, lively Joey, thoughtful Nettie, and sweet little Bess. The wind was howling, snow was falling, and the fire crackled warmly, painting their faces with dancing shadows. The perfect time for a story.

Nettie glanced at the clock, "Only twenty minutes left before bed. Time for your story, grandma."

"Ah yes, what would you like it to be about?" Grandma asked, tucking Bess in her lap.

"A Thanksgiving story, please," Joey piped in. "A really and truly one."

So, grandma, with a twinkle in her eyes, began her tale. "Well then, let's journey back to a time when England was home to a group of people known as Puritans. They were brave and adventurous, and they yearned for a new life. So, they embarked on a great journey across the ocean in a ship named 'Mayflower.' The journey was long and grueling, but they held on to their dreams."

The children listened with wide eyes as grandma continued, "Finally, they reached the shores of America in the freezing cold of December. The men built log houses, providing shelter for their families. However, their first spring was not as fruitful as they had hoped. Jack Frost came and stole their corn crops, leaving them hungry and waiting for a supply ship from England."



"Imagine the joy when they finally saw that ship," grandma's voice softened. "They celebrated their bounty and thanked God for their food. That day, every child had as much as they could eat."

"Is that why we celebrate Thanksgiving?" Bess asked, her eyes full of wonder.

"Not exactly," grandma replied with a gentle smile, "We celebrate Thanksgiving to give thanks for all the blessings of the year, not just food. But the spirit is the same. The Puritans were grateful for surviving their first year and for the food that helped them do so. We're thankful for all the good things and lovely people in our lives."

"And now," she said as the clock chimed nine, "Time for you little ones to go to bed. Dream of the feasts and fun awaiting you tomorrow on Thanksgiving Day."

With warm hugs and goodnight kisses, the children scampered off to bed, their minds filled with images of the Mayflower and brave Puritans, their hearts warmed by the thought of the joys of Thanksgiving. All the while, the wind continued to howl outside, while inside the house on the hill, hearts glowed with warmth and anticipation of the joyous day to come.

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