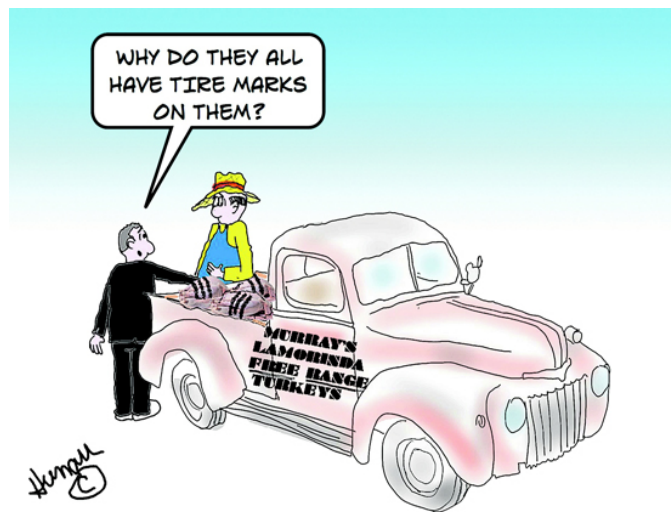


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Thanksgiving Traditions of Yore



Thanksgiving is a time of tradition - and lots of food, for that matter. Families and friends gather around tables and fireplaces, in living rooms, and maybe even in front of TVs to watch a game or two. One tradition in the Borrowman household is to craft limericks while the turkey is roasting and recite the occasionally clever works around the holiday dinner table. The Lamorinda Weekly staff took the challenge to write a few of their own. We hope you enjoy them, and we hope you have a wonderful Thanksgiving!

"Lamorinda Thanksgiving"

A handsome young turkey named Tom,
Handled life with the greatest aplomb.
When faced with an ax,
Which he named "turkey tax,"
Took off running...and dinner was gone.

Mashed potatoes and gravy and mince,
Enough food to make anyone wince.
We first, of course buy it,
Then get others to try it,
Each Thanksgiving is fit for a prince!

The Pilgrims from olde Plymouth Rock,
Their first winter depleted food stocks.
When they tired of jerky,
The Natives brought turkey,
Which they ate from handmade earthen crocks.

Myles Standish, a Pilgrim from yore,
Wore his shoes, though they scuffed up the floors.
Cried "I'm having no luck'll,
Will someone please buckle,
My boots or I'll be sent outdoors!"

Area hillsides, in spring,
With the sounds of wild turkeys do ring.
But approaching November,
Gobbles die off like embers,
Somehow those dumb birds use their wings!

The squash that you carved Halloween,
Three weeks later might look a bit green.
The insides - all goop,
Make a great orange soup,
To be served from a pumpkin tureen!

What may follow the Macy's parade,
Is your uncle's long football tirade.
The relatives hellish,
Your cranberries relish,
Though they seem an unending brigade.

Families and neighbors and friend,
So much food that each table will bend.
Now this...this is living,
A Happy Thanksgiving,
To all Lamorindans... Amen!

C. Dausman

"The Feast"

Hungry families hailing from Lamo,
Table laden with items de carbo.
So ready to dish,
Calories delish,
Yes please, I'd love more swiss chard, Joe.

Novice chefs afraid of cranberry,
Few guests pitching in as pie-fairy.
With help from Grandma,
Yikes, the turkey's raw!
Preparing the feast not so scary.

C. Tyson

"Memories"

Grew up loving my Mom's candied yams,
Served lovingly with turkeys and hams.
A part of our holiday food medley,
their caloric effect was deadly -
Turning to piano legs my formerly nice gams.

L. Snyder

"Foreigners' Thanksgiving"

Foreigners had heard all year long,
Of a tradition proud and strong.
When at last time came to party,
Everyone's with their family.

Downtown aimlessly they wander,
And finally found each others.
They did purchased the last turkey,
And found in friends new family.

S. Braccini

"Giving Thanks"

There once was a table so round,
Where family and friends could be found.

They ate and they drank,
After each giving thanks,
For what wonders in life did abound.

One boy sat with a smile on his mug,
In his chair he did wriggle and shrug.

Then he blurted it fast,
Scared his moment would pass,
"I give thanks for my family - and bugs!"

J. Wake

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