

THANKSGIVIKAH

by Adam Sifre

Our people had turkey. Enough for a feast. But then the relatives came. The sister and brother in-laws, the family friends, the nieces and nephews. They fell upon us with smiles and Tupperware. Then they were gone and our house was destroyed. On the table remained only a turkey leg and a scraping of stuffing. "Oy! We must clean. But not tonight!"

The next day, we ate the turkey and stuffing thinking, surely this food will not last and we will have to order in take out by Saturday. My people began to restore the house, but the task was great and our spirit was not. So we went to a movie and then to bed. Outside the world was at war, fighting in strange, exotic places: "Wallmart," and "Malls."

Sunday. We rested and ate more turkey. More stuffing. "Surely, this will be the last of it," we cried. "Who will feed us now that the house is still a mess?" God did not answer.

But Lo! The next day there upon the table was a turkey leg and a bowl full of stuffing.

"Turkey again?" some of us grumbled. But I wondered and was amazed.

For eight days we had turkey when there was just enough for one. On the eighth day the house was clean, more or less, and the turkey and stuffing were gone.

But God had not abandoned us. For in its place on the kitchen table there was a scroll, with the words "Golden Dragon" and "free delivery."

And it was good.

