

CLANCY'S CLICHES

Ahhhrf....THANKSGIVING!

Why did the turkey cross the road? Well, silly, it was the chicken's day off! And besides, that was the turkey who was suspected of "fowl" play! Woof—got a little off the road there....

Back to Thanksgiving, there is so much for which to give thanks...the good things and the obstacles...for gratitude can turn a negative into a positive. Now, dog-gone it, where should I begin?

There aren't that many mistakes I make but they teach me valuable lessons. Like when I eat peanut butter and it gets stuck in my mouth. It takes hours and lots of saliva before I stop smacking. (My mouth is bigger than yours, remember.) These instances give me the chance to learn and be curious about other concepts. Be thankful for your limitations, because they give you opportunities for "improvement" (or new tricks!).

Those days when my lunch is running late, I remember before my master rescued me when I didn't know if I'd even get lunch. So I'm grateful for the food on my poochie plate and a warm place to sleep. Boy, the sofa in the office beats a concrete floor and mud. My tail wags too, for my master who rescued me. So be thankful for the comforts of home, food, and folks out there who care for you enough to share life's basic needs.



Speaking of food, what smells best at Thanksgiving dinner?

Your nose does the smelling!

What did the turkeys at the space station say about Thanksgiving dinner?

Hubble, hubble, hubble!

Usually when I'm really tired and weary—from the attention I get, people and those kiddie's wanting to pet me, greeting people at the door, being a horse for the toddlers and all my other responsibilities - I'm so very grateful to *have* a place and purpose, and I hope that it means I made a difference in someone's life.

God has an unusual thing going on here at St. Leo which has been and continues to be demanding and strenuous for us as a parish. But what a place - so full of spirit and faith! So we should all be thankful for the new and difficult challenges we've been presented, for during these times we grow in our strength and character. At St. Leo in particular, we've grown to be a church full of building God's Kingdom—and we are truly a nation of all cultures and peoples!

Most of all, there are many "mini-masters" around this place that take care of me, talk to me, let me go outside, give me extra snacks (shhhhh), walk me, fluff the sofa pillows, clean up my accidental "presents", hug me, kiss my forehead, and let me lick them back. Let us all be grateful for the goodness in each other, for the gift of friendships and family, and for God's unconditional love.

On another note, I'm thankful for celebrations of life! Let's face it, we all know most of you read my column *before* the "other" column on page two. My master is in, well...let's just use the word denial, shall we.

Here's the fun part and this is in really small font so he can't read it without his glasses: he's celebrating one of those "zero" birthdays at the end of November. We're getting everyone together to celebrate after the 10:30 Mass on November 25th so unless he actually reads this column all the way through, it will be a total surprise! LOL!

Howlin' is hootin'; Growlin's not gooten! – Clancy

