



Dan Schweitzer

When Thanksgiving-I was celebrated, the guys around the table gave the mid-section a pat, grabbed a brew, and watched the kids play ball. They had a lot to be thankful for, and probably wondered what the future held.

Fast forward to Thanksgiving-CCCLXXXIX. Move the banquet table a few thousand miles west, and up 9,000 feet. Surprisingly, the story is similar. Us guys intend to pat our gut, grab a brew, and watch a ball game. Here in TT-land, we too have a lot to be thankful for.

- Janie Briney, who concocted the chili dinner idea that enticed hundreds of us turkeys to try square dancing.
- Dennis O'Neal, Ron Hopson, and Cleo Hoegemeyer, new callers all, that patiently taught us turkeys to trot.
- Smiles.
- Friends.
- Great callers that constantly find novel ways to run us around in curious patterns.
- Volunteers that take on the responsibility for scheduling callers, reserving halls, setting up tables and chairs, cleaning up, collecting money, and paying bills.

- Laughter.
- Great corners.
- Entire evenings with no greater concern than crashing a square.
- Thrift stores stocked with cheap outfits that normal people (non-square dancers) buy only for Halloween parties.
- Squares that break down in laughter.
- Squares that find the right corner, despite chaos, giggles, and "improv".
- Callers that tease turkey flocks into laughing all night.
- The cute gal getting me another brew out of the fridge.
- New friends.
- Smiling corners.
- The rum cake that sometimes appears (then disappears) at the TT snack table.
- Google on the internet for the Thanksgiving-I date (1621) and a refresh on Roman Numerals. Speaking of the internet, check us out at www.timberlinetoppers.org.

Hey, I wonder what the future holds.