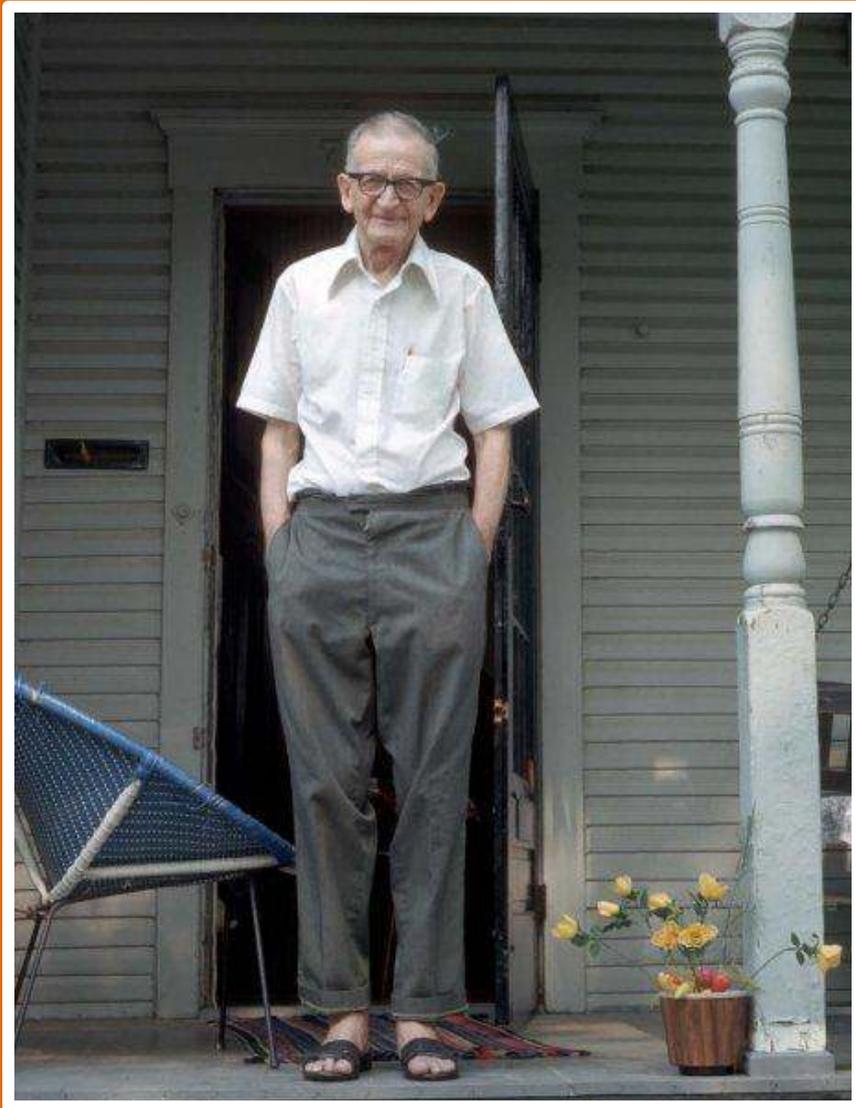


IF YOU WANT TO
BE HAPPY...



A Thanksgiving Story



Once upon a time, in a big white house on the hill, there lived an old man. He was always wondering what he could do so that he could make people happy.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Little flakes of snow were making the ground white.

Gentleman Gray looked out of his window. "What a beautiful Thanksgiving day we will have. I'm wondering if everyone will have a good dinner tomorrow."

Just then he heard the doorbell ring.

When he opened the door, Mr. Thomas, the shoemaker, was standing there.

"I didn't get your shoes finished till late," said Mr. Thomas, "so I thought I would bring them over."

"That was very kind of you, " said Gentleman Gray. "Here's an extra dime for your trouble."





“By the way, could your family eat a fine fat turkey tomorrow?” Gentleman Gray asked.

“That we could,” said Shoemaker Thomas with a smile.

“Well, you take this one, ” said Gentleman Gray handing him a big fat bird. “You know I've always said:

*If the day be sunny,
If the day be gray,
If you want to be happy
Give something away.”*

“I'll remember that,” said the shoemaker and closed the door.

When the shoemaker returned home his children met him at the door.

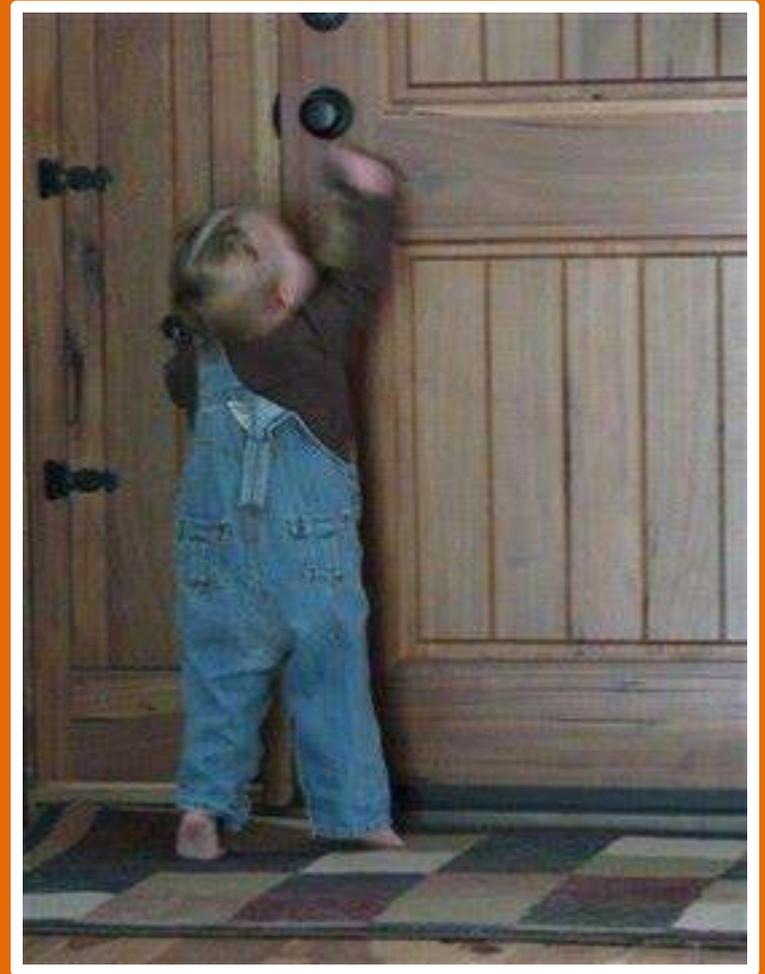
"What do you have there, daddy?" asked small Jim.

"A surprise?" asked wee little Patty.

The shoemaker opened the big package.

"Oh, oh! How nice!" said the shoemaker's wife.

"What a big, fat bird!" cried Patty.





“Suppose you put on your hat and coat, Jim, and take Mrs. Lee the chicken we were going to have for our dinner,” said the shoemaker.

When Jim knocked at Mrs. Lee's door, he heard a cheery voice say, "Come in."

Mrs. Lee was making pumpkin pies.

“Father sent this chicken to you for your Thanksgiving dinner, " said Jim.

"What a fine man!" said Mrs. Lee. "He has made me happy indeed."

"Won't you have a piece of pie before you go out into the cold again?" asked Mrs. Lee.

Now if there was anything Jim liked it was pumpkin pie. So there in Mrs. Lee's cozy kitchen, Jim ate his pie.





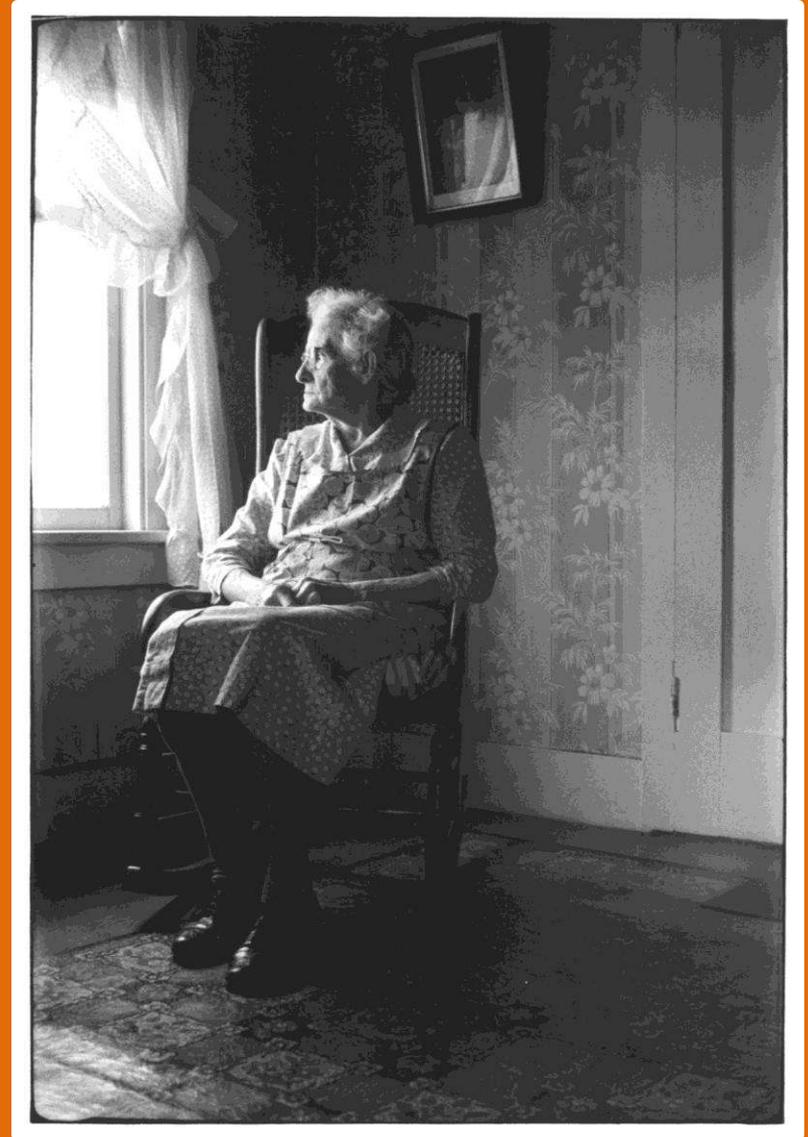
After Jim had gone, Mrs. Lee said, "Now, Mrs. Jones has worked so hard washing clothes for other people that I believe I'll take her one of my pumpkin pies."

When Mrs. Jones saw the pumpkin pie, she exclaimed, "What a lovely pie! It is the finest one I've seen. I can hardly wait to taste it. Now it's my turn to make someone happy."

Mrs. Jones sat down in her rocking chair by the warm kitchen fire and thought and thought. "I know what I can do," she said. "I can make some gingerbread cookies for the Murphy children. They have no mother, poor dears."

So Mrs. Jones made some spicy gingerbread cookies that smelled so good!

The Murphy children, Joyce, Pat and Kathleen, were seated at the table having supper of bread and milk when Mrs. Jones knocked at the door.





"Here's some gingerbread cookies for your Thanksgiving dinner," said Mrs. Jones. "I hope it's good."

"Oh, thank you, " said Joyce.

"My, they smell so good, " said Pat.

"I can hardly wait to eat them," said Kathleen.

After Mrs. Jones had gone, Joyce spoke up, "Let's take a cookie to Jack, the little crippled boy, who lives next door."

So they wrapped it in paper and carried it to the house next door.

Little Jack was seated in a chair by the window. His face lit up when he saw the children.

"This is for you," said Joyce.

"It's a gingerbread cookie," said Kathleen.

When Jack opened the package, he gave a little squeal. "Oh what a lovely cookie. Thank you and thank you," he said to Joyce and Kathleen.





And the next day when little Jack was eating his lovely cookie he saved the crumbs and went outside and scattered them on the ground for the birds to eat.

The birds twittered as if to say, like old Gentleman Gray:

*If the day be sunny
If the day be gray
If you want to be happy
Give something away.*

We have many blessings.
May we show our gratitude by sharing with others.
In turn, we will feel happy.

*Happy
Thanksgiving!*