

Thanksgiving

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Stress, In-laws, the kid table, cranberry mold, green bean casserole, Black Friday; yes, it's time for Thanksgiving. For most of us, it's the perfect time of year to show appreciation for all we have or perhaps a time to give thanks that you only have to dine with these people once a year and when I say "these people" I mean that group of extended family who were put on this earth for one thing and one thing only-to drive you nuts during the holidays. For instance I have two (count them... one, two)

Thanksgiving dinners to go to Thursday. Since most of you know how different Jay and I are personality wise, it stands to reason that our respective families are different as well. Never are the contrasts in our families more apparent than at Thanksgiving Dinner. For instance, at Jay's house with the exception of fights erupting between my boys the mood is relatively mild. And I have to admit I used to like the fact that I don't ever have to bring any food my mother-in-law's

house for Thanksgiving. That is until I realized she didn't want me to bring anything. It could be that she knows I'm busy and doesn't want me to bother. But, I know better. I think it's because my homemade (ok, store bought) pumpkin pie won't be as enticing as hers! How do I get through this you ask? I bring two pumpkin pies... for spite.

Now as the day lags on I prepare the boys for our second stop, my dad's house. Since I'm one of six kids and we are all married adults with children, you can imagine the pandemonium that breaks out when we try to do anything organized- Thanksgiving Dinner included. We are a very vocal family and this makes my introverted –albeit handsome- husband a little skittish. This is when he finds his way to the living room where he performs his own interpretation of the Thanksgiving bewilderment stare in front of the television. Only a fight breaking out between our children and their cousins can rouse his narcosis. When we all finally settle down to eat, my dad finishes first, leaves the table and goes to bed leaving my sisters and I to clean up the mess. All of my brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law wait patiently (at the door, coats on and cars running) while we finish up cleaning. When the day is over we all retire to our homes, tuck our kids in and brace ourselves. For we know in just four short weeks this whole scenario will repeat itself at Christmas.

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Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column "Telling Tales" and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own "tales." They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

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