

**Thanksgiving  
is a time to  
share**





## *TORIES OF THE FIRST*

*THANKSGIVING* are many and varied. But for an accurate account,

we should go to the writings of one who actually attended.

In 1622, their “Thanksgiving” was actually a small “Harvest Festival,” where Pilgrims of Plymouth in New England took the opportunity to *thank* God for His blessing, along with *sharing* it with their new friends, the Native Americans (who they mistakenly called “Indians”). It is beautiful to hear of the harmony that existed in the very beginning between this tiny band of English settlers and the Native Americans they encountered. It is not the story of bloody battles as depicted in Hollywood movies, but of simple humans joined in the battle of sheer existence...

There are several touching stories for those early days that show the hearts of men and women who went through extreme suffering, experienced kindness, and formed a bond of lifetime friendships.

So, the first Thanksgiving was wonderful because there was sharing. The gifts and instructions of the Native Americans saved the lives of those first settlers, and thus later they shared their blessings with those who had helped them. Read the account of one man who rejoiced together with his friends at the table that first Thanksgiving day...

## "Rejoice together"



*Edward Winslow,  
Plymouth, in New England,  
this 11th of December, 1621.*

Our corn did prove well this first season, and, God be thanked, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good, but our peas not worth the gathering, for we feared they were too late sown. They came up very well, and blossomed, but the sun parched them in the blossom.

Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, so we might *after a special manner rejoice together* after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our governor, and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty....

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*A RELATION OR Journal of the beginning and proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimoth in NEW ENGLAND, by certaine English Aduenturers both Merchants and others.*  
Published in LONDON, Printed for Iohn Bellamie, 1622. pp. 60-61.

## *"According to the manner of the Indians"*

We set the last spring some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and peas, and *according to the manner of the Indians*, we manured our ground with herrings, which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors...

We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenant of peace with us; very loving and ready to pleasure us; we often go to them, and they come to us; some of us have been fifty miles by land in the country with them..., yea, it has pleased God so to possess the Indians with a fear of us, and love unto us, that not only the greatest king amongst them, called Massasoit, but also all the princes and peoples round about us, have either made suit unto us, or been glad of any occasion to make peace with us, so that seven of them at once have sent their messengers to us to that end. ... and we for our parts walk as peaceably and safely in the woods here as in the highways in England. We entertain them familiarly in our houses, and they as friendly bestowing their venison on us. They are a people without any religion or knowledge of God, yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe-witted, just...



From *The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*  
A journal handwritten by Edward Winslow  
March 1623

The next March there came news to Plymouth that King Massasoit was likely to die. Now it being a commendable manner of the Indians, when any, especially of note, are dangerously sick, for all that profess friendship to them to visit them in their extremity, either in their persons, or else to send some acceptable persons to them; therefore it was thought to be a good and warrantable action, that as we had ever professed friendship, so we should now maintain the same, by observing this their laudable custom.

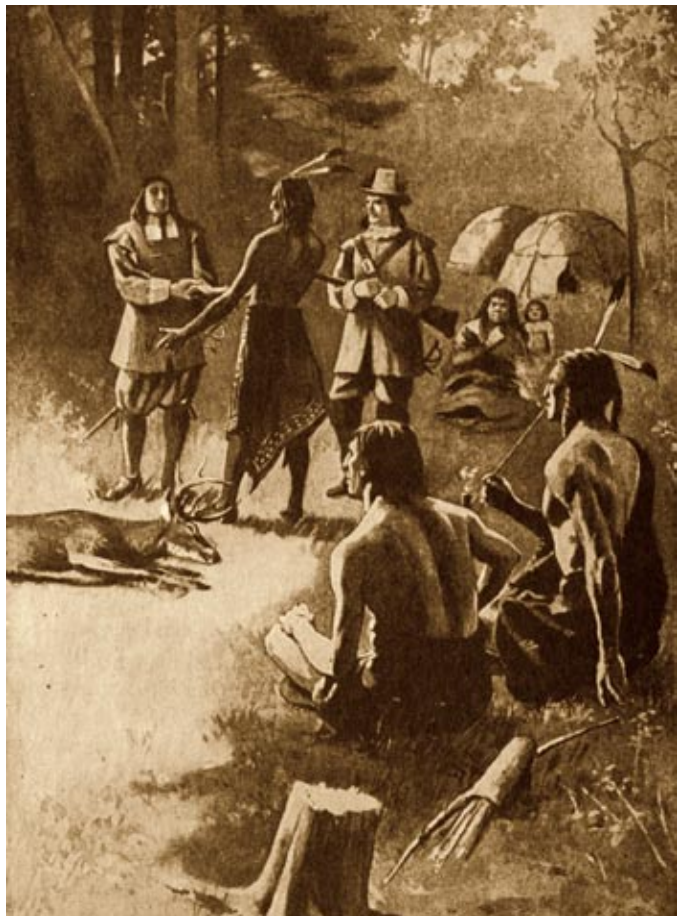
To that end, myself having formerly been there, the Governor again laid this service upon myself, and fitted me with some cordials to administer to him; having one who then wintered with us, and desired much to see the country, for my consort, and Hobbamock for our guide. So we set forward...



In Conbatant's country, where, upon discharge of my musket, divers Indians came to us from a house not far off. There they told us that Massasoit was dead, and that day buried. This news struck us blank, but especially Hobbamock, who desired we might return with all speed. I told him I would first think of it. Considering now, that he being dead, I thought no time so fit to visit.

In the way, Hobbamock, our guide, manifesting a troubled spirit, brake forth into these speeches: *Neen womasu sagimus, neen womasu sagimus*, etc. "My loving sachim, my loving sachim! Many have I known, but never any like thee." And turning him to me, said, whilst I lived. I should never see his like amongst the Indians; saying, he was no liar, he was not bloody and cruel, like other Indians; in anger and passion he was soon reclaimed; easy to be reconciled towards such as had offended him; ruled by reason in such measure as he would not scorn the advice of mean men; and that he governed his men better with few strokes, than others did with many; truly loving where he loved; yea, he feared we had not a faithful friend left among the Indians; showing, how he oftentimes restrained their malice, etc., continuing a long speech, with such signs of lamentation and unfeigned sorrow, as it would have made the hardest heart relent.

When we came to the village of Massasoit, we found the house so full of men, as we could scarce get in, though they used their best diligence to make way for us. There they were in the midst of their charms for him, making such a hellish noise, as it



distempered us that were well, and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick.

About him were six or eight women, who chafed his arms, legs, and thighs, to keep heat in him. When they had made an end of their charming, one told him that his friends, the English, were come to see him. Having understanding left, but his sight was wholly gone, he asked, Who was come? They told him Winsnow, for they cannot pronounce the letter *l*, but ordinarily *n* in the place thereof. He desired to speak with me. When I came to him, and they told him of it, he put forth his hand to me, which I took. Then he said twice, though very inwardly, *Keen Winsnow?* which is to say, “Art thou Winslow?” I answered, *Abbe*, that is, Yes. Then he doubled these words; *Matta neen wonckanet namen, Winsnow!* that is to say, “O Winslow, I shall never see thee again.”

Then I called Hobbamock, and desired him to tell Massasoit, that the Governor at Plymouth, hearing of his sickness, was sorry for the same; and though, by reason of many businesses, he could not come himself; yet he sent me with such things for him as he thought most likely to do him good in this his extremity; and whereof if he pleased to take, I would presently give him; which he desired; and having a confection of many comfortable conserves, etc., on the point of my knife I gave him some, which I could scarcely get through his teeth. When it was dissolved in his mouth, he swallowed the juice of it; whereat those that were about him much rejoiced, saying he had not

swallowed any thing in two days before. Then I desired to see his mouth, which was exceedingly furred, and his tongue swelled in such a manner, as it was not possible for him to eat such meat as they had, his passage being stopped up. Then I washed his mouth, and scraped his tongue, and got abundance of corruption out of the same. After which I gave him more of the confection, which he swallowed with more readiness. Then he desiring to drink, I dissolved some of it in water, and gave him thereof.

Within half an hour this wrought a great alteration in him, in the eyes of all that beheld him. Presently after his sight began to come to him, which gave him and us good encouragement...

He requested me, that the day following, I would take my musket, and kill him some fowl, and make him some English pottage, such as he had eaten at Plymouth; which I promised.



After, his stomach coming to him, I must needs make him some without fowl, before I went abroad, which somewhat troubled me, being unaccustomed and unacquainted in such businesses, especially having nothing to make it comfortable, my consort being as ignorant as myself; but being we must do somewhat, I caused a woman to bruise some corn, and take the flour from it, and set over the grit, or broken corn, in an earthen pots. When the day broke, we went out, it being now March, to seek herbs, but could not find any but strawberry leaves, of which I gathered a handful, and put into the same; and because I had nothing, to relish it, I went forth again, and pulled up a sassafras root, and sliced a piece thereof, and boiled it, till it had a good relish, and then took it out again. The broth being boiled, I strained it through my handkerchief, and gave him at least a pint, which he drank, and liked it very well. After this his sight mended more and more; insomuch as we with admiration blessed God for giving his blessing to such raw and ignorant means, making no doubt of his recovery, himself and all of them acknowledging us the instruments of his preservation.

That morning he caused me to spend in going from one to another amongst those that were sick in his village, requesting me to wash their mouths also, and give to each of them some of the same I gave him, saying they were good folk. This pains I took with willingness, though it were much offensive to me, not being accustomed with such poisonous savours. After dinner he desired me to get him a goose or duck, and make him some

pottage therewith, with as much speed as I could. So I took a man with me, and made a shot at a couple of ducks.... So we returned forthwith and dressed it, making more broth therewith, which he much desired. Never did I see a man so low brought, recover in that measure in so short a time.

The fowl being extraordinary fat, I told Hobbamock I must take off the top thereof, saying it would make him very sick again if he did eat it. This he acquainted Massasoit therewith, who would not be persuaded to it, though I pressed it very much, showing the strength thereof, and the weakness of his stomach, which could not possibly bear it. Notwithstanding, he made a gross meal of it, and ate as much as would well have satisfied a man in health. About an hour after he began to be very sick, and straining very much, cast up the broth again; and in overstraining himself, began to bleed at the nose, and so continued the space of four hours. Then they all wished he had been ruled, concluding now he would die, which we much feared also. They asked me what I thought of him. I answered, his case was desperate, yet it might be it would save his life; for if it ceased in time, he would forthwith sleep and take rest, which was the principal thing he wanted. Not long after his blood stayed, and he slept at least six or eight hours.

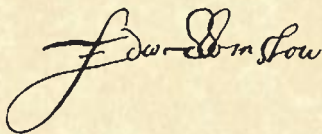
When he awaked, I washed his face, and bathed and suppled his beard and nose with a linen cloth... not doubting now of his recovery, if he were careful. Many, whilst we were there, came to see him; some, by their report, from a place not less

than an hundred miles. To all that came one of his chief men related the manner of his sickness, how near he was spent, how amongst others his friends the English came to see him, and how suddenly they recovered him to this strength they saw, he being now able to sit upright of himself.

The day before our coming, another sachim being there, told him that now he might see how hollow-hearted the English were, saying if we had been such friends in deed, as we were in show, we would have visited him in this his sickness, using many arguments to withdraw his affections, and to persuade him to give way to some things against us. But upon this his recovery, he brake forth into these speeches: *Now I see the English are my friends and love me; and whilst I live, I will never forget this kindness they have showed me.*

Whilst we were there, our entertainment exceeded all other strangers'. Divers other things were worthy the noting; but I fear I have been too tedious.

...Being fitted for our return, we took our leave of him; who returned many thanks to our Governor, and also to ourselves for our labour and love; the like did all that were about him. So we departed.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Smith". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The letters are fluid and connected, with a large, sweeping flourish at the end of the word "Smith".



# Punkin' Pie is for sharing

## THE PERFECT PUMPKIN PYE RECIPE

From *The Compleat Cook*. London: printed for Nathaniel Brook, 1671.

*(pumpkin pie in "Southern" by the excellent cooks of the tribe of Benjamin)*

*For a Big Family Thanksgiving Dinner*

Take a nice medium sized, ripe Pumpkin, slice it and cook it until soft, mash it until smooth to make ready about six cups, add a palmfull of cynamon (1  $\frac{3}{4}$  tbs), a little ginger (2 tsp), then take the nutmeg (2 tsp) and sprinkle in, take 8 eggs and beat them all together in a medium sized wooden bowl.

Use a wide wooden spoon to add in as much honey as you think fit (1  $\frac{3}{4}$  c), Add in a few pinches of salt (2 tsp) and beat together a little more than a pint of fresh milk (2  $\frac{1}{2}$  c), then add the same amount of the crème from the top of the jar (2  $\frac{1}{2}$  c), then fill your pye crust, while yet unbaked

It should fill 3 good pie shells. Place it in a good hot oven and keep the fire real hot at the beginning and then let it die down some (425° F for 15 minutes, then 350° F for about 35 minutes). That will keep it from blistering. Watch it carefully to see when pyes are baked.

## PYE CRUST RECIPE

3 lb.	Whole Wheat Pastry Flour
1 TBL	Salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp	Baking Soda
$\frac{1}{4}$ c.	Oil
1 lb.	Butter

- Mix together thoroughly. Use 1 c of dry mixture for one 9-inch pie shell.
- Gently knead with  $\frac{1}{4}$  c of ice water. Roll between 2 pieces of clear film wrap.

## *"According to the manner of the Community"*

The Pilgrims needed to learn to do things "in the manner of the Indians" when they arrived in this land if their endeavor was to be a success, as Edward Winslow stated. The First Thanksgiving in Plymouth teaches us some valuable lessons to live by. Winslow's description of that first harvest celebration, held in the warm company of their neighbors, the Native Americans, brings hope to us all as we dream of the possibility of humans of all different cultures living together in mutual respect. Though these first years of sharing and brotherhood quickly faded into the egocentric European lifestyle from which the Pilgrims had fled, we must nonetheless admire their brave attempt to establish something new and pure.

Sadly, selfishness rather than sharing became their way of life. War with the Native Americans took the place of their early bonds of brotherhood. That same sad story repeats itself again and again throughout the recorded history of mankind. Hopefully someday there will be those who have learned the lesson of history to the point that they will not be doomed to



repeat the foolish mistakes of the past. In order to do so, we must learn to live in a new “manner.”

We here in the communities strive to be those who study the past, learn its lessons, and strain to live in a *different* manner. We hope the “manner of the community” would reflect the example set by the Son of God who selflessly gave Himself to set a perfect pattern for us to live by.

We admire the Pilgrim Separatists, their heart of sharing, and the love and respect they tried to show to those around them. We also admire the kindhearted Native Americans who opened the way for these newcomers to settle in this land. Without their kindness, the story of the European settlement of America could have turned out quite differently. Had it not been for the greed and cruelty of those who came after those first Pilgrims, perhaps they could have found a way to continue that early friendship that had been formed between the Native Americans and the Europeans. We long for a better day when mutual understanding, selfless love, and sharing will be the manner in which all humans conduct themselves. But until that day comes, we press on to do as the letter to the Philippians exhorts us:

*Whatever happens, live your lives in a manner worthy of the good news of Messiah... stand firm in one spirit, contending as one man for the faith. (Phil. 1:27)*

As Edward Winslow exhorted, we “rejoice together” in our Thanksgiving celebration. In fact, we try to live as if it were “Thanksgiving Day” every day (minus the excessive feasting, of course).



I am thankful  
for you...

Significant Greetings by

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