Thanksgiving

Out of Bounds

SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT

CAN YOU LIST ALL THE LITTLE

THINGS THAT CONTRIBUTE TO OUR GOOD FORTUNE?  BY MARK LUCE

The little kids will tell you about maize and pilgrims. High schoolers will rejoice about the four-day weekend, and many college students will craft any number of excuses to not be able to make it home. But amid all the hand turkey art, cranberry sauce, homemade stuffing and naps in front of the football game, we wanted to remind you that the spirit of this autumnal season remains simple gratitude.

So I’ve mined the memory banks for a special column, one that speaks my gratefulness of such a wonderfully rich (figuratively, obviously) life. My family, of course — lovely wife Jennifer, and mischievous sons Miles and Quinn — is at the top of the list. The others follow, in no particular order:


Slapstick comedy. That I’ve seen Tiger Woods swing … in person.

That I’ve seen Roger Federer swing, even though not in person. The austerity of the Midwest landscape in novels by Willa Cather. The intensity of Glenn Gould’s piano playing on Bach’s Goldberg Variations, and the sheer beauty of Rostropovich’s recording of Bach’s Cello Suites. Plain white T-shirts, khaki shorts, Converse All-Stars and a baseball hat from the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum in Kansas City.

The short stories of Alice Munro, Raymond Carver and Denis Johnson. The extraordinary use of light by the painter Caravaggio. The extraordinary use of funk by James Brown. The soaring vision of Frank Miller’s Sin City series of graphic novels. LEGO’s. Netflix. Catfish. Tom Brady.


All the teachers I have ever had, many of whom I will never forget. Spending my time teaching others about literature, writing and art history. My colleagues, too numerous to mention. My friends, too numerous to mention. My extended family and all their quirks. My parents. And, of course, writing this column for the last 10 years.

Enjoy your Thanksgiving. I will.

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