

A STORY FOR A CHILD YOU LOVE

Jonah and the Wishbone

Every Thanksgiving, Jonah pulls the wishbone with Grandpa after the pumpkin pie — and Grandpa's wish is something better than words.

FamilyTellings

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



Jonah sits at the long table, warm and bright.

CHAPTER 1

The Long Table

Thanksgiving evening came soft and gold to Grandma and Grandpa's house. Jonah wiggled out of his coat and straightened his little orange bow tie. In the dining room, one long table stretched from window to wall, and every chair was full. Aunts, uncles, cousins, Mama, Grandma and Grandpa — all of them, all together. Candles made small warm circles on the tablecloth. 'There he is,' said Grandpa, patting the chair beside him. 'My Thanksgiving neighbor.' Jonah climbed up and looked down the long, shining table. Everything smelled like butter and cinnamon and home.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



Grandma brings the pumpkin pie, and everyone cheers.

CHAPTER 2

Pass the Plates

Then the dishes began to travel. Mashed potatoes went by in a white bowl. Green beans, soft rolls, and cranberry sauce that jiggled when Jonah poked it with a spoon. 'Pass it down,' said Mama. 'Pass it down,' said the cousin beside her. So the bowls went, hand to hand to hand, all the way around the long table. Jonah took a little of everything and a lot of the rolls. Glasses clinked. Chairs scooted. Somebody laughed, and then everybody laughed. Jonah's plate was full, but the table felt even fuller — full of people, full of warm voices, full of Thanksgiving.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



It is the little wishbone, dry and ready.

CHAPTER 3

Pumpkin Pie

When the big plates were empty, Grandma stood up. 'Wait right there,' she said, and she went into the kitchen. Jonah listened to the clock tick. He listened to Grandpa hum. Then Grandma came back, carrying a pumpkin pie with a golden top and a little curl of cream on every slice. 'Ooooh,' said the whole table at once. Grandma set the pie right in the middle. Jonah's slice was warm and spicy and sweet. He ate it slowly, one small spoonful at a time, because slow pie lasts longer.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



One, two, three! the whole family counts.

CHAPTER 4

The Wishbone

Grandma had saved something all day. She reached up to the shelf and brought down a small, quiet thing shaped like a letter Y. 'The wishbone,' she said. 'From our turkey.' Grandpa washed it and dried it with a soft cloth, then set it on the windowsill to dry a little more. Jonah looked at it all through dessert. It was white as a seashell and light as nothing at all. 'Is it ready?' he asked. 'Almost,' said Grandpa. 'A good wish needs a dry wishbone.' So they waited, and the candles burned lower, and the room grew cozy.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



Jonah got the big piece. Hooray, hooray for Jonah!

CHAPTER 5

Two Hands, One Wish

At last Grandpa lifted the wishbone down. 'Here is how it works,' he said. 'You take one end. I take the other. We each make a wish — but we don't say it out loud.' Jonah nodded very seriously. He wrapped his fingers around his end, careful and gentle. Grandpa wrapped his fingers around the other. Their hands made a little bridge over the tablecloth. 'Ready?' said Grandpa. Jonah's heart went thump, thump, thump. 'Ready,' he said. Around them, the whole long table went quiet, the way a room goes quiet when something special is about to happen.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



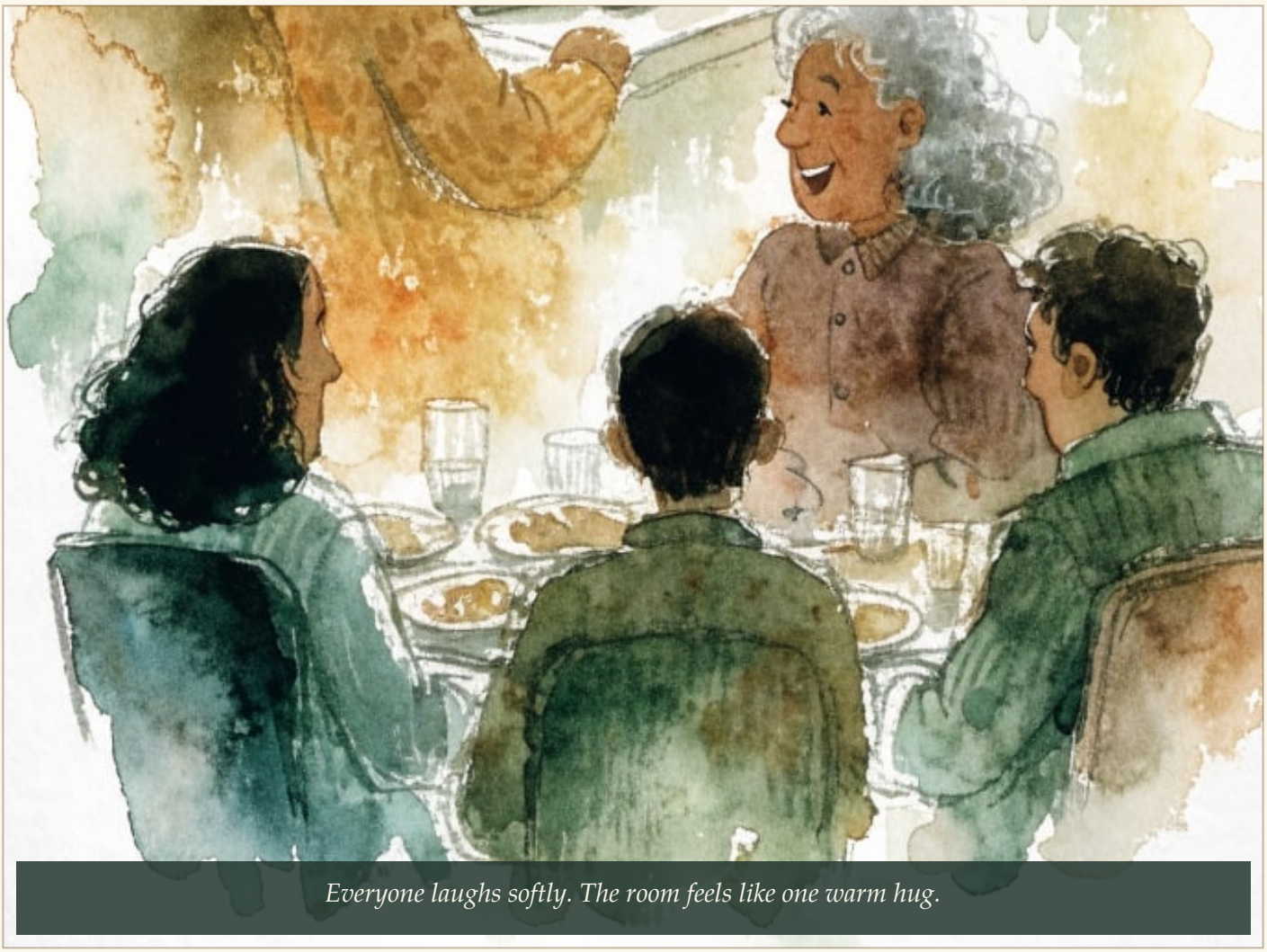
Grandpa winks and says, That.

CHAPTER 6

Snap!

Grandma counted. 'One... two... three!' Jonah pulled. Grandpa pulled. SNAP! The wishbone broke in two, and both pairs of hands flew apart. Jonah looked down at his piece. It was the big one — the long, curved, lucky one. 'You got it!' said Grandma. 'He always gets it,' said Grandpa, and he laughed. The family clapped and cheered, and Jonah held his piece up high like a tiny trophy. 'Snap,' he said, just to say it again. 'Snap!' said his cousin, and everyone laughed harder.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings



Everyone laughs softly. The room feels like one warm hug.

CHAPTER 7

That

Later, when the plates were stacked and the candles were short, Jonah leaned close to Grandpa. 'What did you wish for?' he whispered. Grandpa thought about it. He looked down the long table at Grandma, at Mama, at every aunt and uncle, at the warm room and the empty pie dish. Then he winked one eye and said, 'That.' Jonah didn't quite understand. But he looked down the long table too, and he saw everybody he loved, all in one golden room. He leaned against Grandpa's arm and stayed there, cozy and warm. Part of the long table. Part of the family.

A Keepsake made possible with FamilyTellings