

## The story of the first Thanksgiving

Around four hundred years ago many people in England were unhappy because their King would not let them pray to God as they liked. The King said they must use the same prayers as HE did and if they refused they were persecuted, imprisoned or even killed.

These Englishmen left their homes (in Plymouth) and went far away to a country called Holland. In Holland they were happy but they were very poor. Then when the children began to grow they became less godfearing and did not want to pray any more. After much talking and thinking these English people decided to embark on a pilgrimage to the new world: AMERICA.

They set out in a small ship called the Mayflower to take them across the sea. There were about one hundred people on board the tiny ship. It was crowded, cold and uncomfortable. The sea was rough. They spent two months sailing across the Atlantic Ocean. At last the Mayflower came in sight of land. The month was November and it was cold. There was nothing to be seen but snow, rocks and hard bare ground. They were tired and cold from their long journey, and hungry too. No one had enough food to eat. Many of them became sick and by springtime almost half of the people had died.

In spring the sun shone brightly, the snow melted and the leaves and flowers began to emerge. Some friendly Indians had visited the Pilgrims during the winter. One of the kindly Indians was named Squanto. He stayed with the Pilgrims and taught them how to plant their corn, peas, wheat and **barley**. The summer came and the days were long and bright. The pilgrim children were very happy in their new home on Plymouth Rock. When it was autumn the fathers gathered the barley, wheat and corn that they had planted and found that it had grown so well that they would have quite enough for the long winter that was coming.

Let us thank God for everything, they said. Then they decided to have a big thanksgiving party and invited the friendly Indians.

They prepared wild duck and **geese** and great wild turkeys. There was deer meat, bread and cakes. They had fish and clams from the sea nearby. The friendly Indians all came with their chief. They were dressed in deerskins and some of them had wild-cat fur skins hanging on their arms. Their long black hair fell **loose** on their shoulders and was trimmed with feathers or fox tails.

Before they ate the Pilgrims and the Indians thanked God together for all his goodness. And so the story goes of the first Thanksgiving celebrated in Plymouth colony nearly four hundred years ago.

**barley : orge**

**geese (pl goose) : oie**

**to loose : dénouer, détacher**

Les années suivantes, les colons continuèrent à célébrer la récolte d'automne. Après l'indépendance des Etats-Unis, le Congrès recommanda qu'une journée d'action de grâces fût célébrée dans tout le pays. Le premier Président, George Washington suggéra la date du 26 novembre. En 1864, à la fin d'une longue et sanglante guerre civile, Abraham Lincoln demanda à tous les Américains de réserver le quatrième jeudi de novembre comme jour d'action de grâces (Thanksgiving).

For Thanksgiving, in USA the traditionnal dessert is the **Pumpkin Pie**

1 (9 inch) unbaked pie crust

125 g brown sugar

1 coffee spoon ground cinnamon

1 coffee spoon ground ginger

1/4 coffee spoon ground nutmeg and salt

500 g pumpkin puree (cut the pumpkin into small pieces, cook it slowly with a tablespoon of water and a tablespoon ok butter; then mash it)

300 ml evaporated milk

2 eggs

## Directions

1. Preheat oven to 230 degrees
2. Add the sugar gradually to the pumpkin puree. Beat well and stir in salt and spices. Stir in the slightly beaten egg, then slowly add the evaporated milk, mixing until well blended. Pour the batter into the unbaked pie shell.
3. Bake at 230 degrees C for 10 minutes then reduce the oven temperature to 165 degrees and continue baking pie for an additional 30 minutes or until a knife inserted into the mixture comes out clean.

Serve it warm. Happy Thanksgiving !