

Author & Speaker

Jonita Mullins

Preserving a Rich Heritage Psa 16:6

Happy Thanksgiving!

I want to give thanks to the Lord for all His abundant blessings this year. And thanks to all of you who have bought a book, attended a lecture, taken a tour and subscribed to this newsletter. I hope there will be plenty more opportunities for us to connect and share some wonderful history and heritage in the coming year.

Thank you for supporting me and my small business. Your interest and your purchases have allowed me to pursue this long-held dream of mine. God bless you! Have a great Thanksgiving and don't eat too much turkey!



*It is an illusion to think that more things mean more happiness.
Happiness comes of the capacity to feel deeply, to enjoy simply,
to think freely, to take risks, to be needed.*

ThanksGivers



True gratitude is more than simple words of thanks murmured to be polite. It is an attitude lived out every day. People who have an attitude of gratitude are thanksgivers. Thanksgivers find the good in life

even while acknowledging that life does have its dark side. But thanksgivers choose to be grateful for the true, the beautiful and the good because they realize they are fortunate to have it.

Thanksgivers celebrate Thanksgiving throughout the year instead of just one day. Thus, all of their life is in some way a celebration.

This attitude of gratitude enhances life. Thanksgivers are more likely to have a positive attitude in every area. They enjoy better relationships because they can give others the praise and appreciation we all crave and that creates a strong and lasting bond. They often enjoy better health because a positive mental state translates into a more positive physical state.

Thanksgivers find that being grateful brings them even more to be grateful for. It is a beautiful circle; it is the spirit of Thanksgiving.

My Calendar

Reading Making a Point

Ninnekah Elementary School, Ninnekah, OK

Thursday, November 30, 2017

I'll be reading my new children's book, *Making a Point*, to the third and fourth graders and sharing some Oklahoma history.

Good Reads for Christmas

Muskogee Public Library, Muskogee, OK

Saturday, December 9, 2017, 1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

A good book is the perfect gift for Christmas. Come support local authors who will be signing and selling their books.

Step-On Guide Service

Don't forget that I can provide a custom tour of local history and Christmas lights for groups coming to Muskogee for the holidays. Call me to discuss your plans at 918-348-6648.



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The Alphabet Prayer

Thank You, Lord,

. . . For a big red juicy apple, butter
melts-in-your-mouth cotton candy
soft golden drops of dande-
lions and tigers at the circus.
. . . For friends we can trust
garbage collectors, they are a must
helicopters always make us look up?
. . . For icicles, shiny and cold
jelly beans, bright and bold
kittens playing with a ball of yarn.
. . . For love to which we toast
marshmallows, a treat for most
noses help us to smell.



. . . For October rich and bright
colored pencils to write
with soft downy quilts we sleep.
. . . .For roses, a symbol of love

for sunshine, streaming from above
telephone towers carry our voices.
. . . For umbrellas on a rainy day
music that violins play
time we now have with washing
machines.

. . . For x-rays that help doctors know
when we're not sure if it's a boy or
girl, yellow
zippers when they don't break.

Thanksgiving at Creek Agency

Alice Robertson recounted a Thanksgiving spent in Indian Territory in 1867 when she was thirteen years old. At that time she was living with her family at Tullahassee Mission. The family had just buried twin baby brothers who had died during a fever epidemic that had raged through the summer across the Creek Nation.

As the cooler weather of autumn returned, the fever abated and Sunday school resumed at the mission, bringing in Creeks and Creek freedmen from the Choska Bottoms neighborhood to the worship service. The Creek Agency at that time was located near Fern Mountain.

In late November, the Creek agent, Colonel Garrett, invited the Robertson family to Thanksgiving dinner. Though concerned about the threat of bad weather, Rev. and Mrs. Robertson accepted the invitation after some wishful pleading by Alice and her siblings Grace and Samuel.

On Thanksgiving morning, the skies were gloomy and threatened rain. Overhead, hundreds of geese honked their way southward, warning of a cold turn in the weather. Rev. Robertson hitched up their horse to a small wagon loaded with hay. The children sat on a buffalo robe spread over the hay and huddled together under a large gray blanket, excited at the prospect of spending a holiday away from the poverty and hard work they knew at the mission.

After fording the Arkansas River the Robertsons arrived at the Agency residence and were greeted by the Garrett family. The home was a large log cabin with stone fireplaces at each end

and a porch stretching across the front. The mission family was hurried inside to warm up before a blazing fire in the parlor decorated with bright berries, crisp fall foliage and mistletoe. The children were invited to help themselves to apples and nuts set out on a table.

Soon the family was ushered into the dining room where another fire blazed and the table was spread sumptuously with a feast prepared by Aunt Sarah Davis, an African Creek woman who Alice called "the most famous cook in the Creek Nation."

They enjoyed turkey with rice stuffing, roasted venison, sweet potatoes, canned corn and tomatoes, biscuits and Sarah's famous corn pone baked in a skillet at the hearth. For dessert they feasted on pumpkin pie, pound cake and canned peaches from nearby orchards.

While they ate, the storm finally broke with a driving wind and heavy, cold rain. As it continued into the evening, the rain turned to sleet and it was decided the Robertsons should spend the night rather than venture out in the storm. Alice and Grace were settled on a pallet made from their buffalo robe and gray blanket and covered with one of Mrs. Garrett's quilted comforters.

After reading a Psalm and singing a hymn, the two families settled in for the night, the wind having finally died down and the sleet changing to a soft snowfall. As Alice drifted off to sleep, she imagined "angels were watching by the little graves [of her twin brothers] under the big oak tree at home to see that snow blankets were spread soft and smooth and they were not deserted." ❧

(To help with the restoration of the Alice Robertson House, donate to the Founders' Place Historical District. Visit savinghistorichouses.com for details.)