

# THE FAITH OF AMERICA

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PRAYERS  
READINGS  
AND SONGS

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

*compiled by:*

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THANKSGIVING DAY (Fourth Thursday  
in November)

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

when labor is free and is spent voluntarily in meeting the needs of the laborer, his family, and his community. Forced labor and forced idleness alike deprive man of his sacred dignity. Hence Labor Day should stimulate thought on how to render labor as free and creative as we can make it.

9. CONSTITUTION DAY: a day devoted to the American ideal of a government of laws, not of men. The importance of the Constitution that makes the anniversary of its signing an occasion for celebration does not rest primarily on its specific provisions, wise as many of these are. It rests rather on the principle of constitutionalism. That principle means that governmental authority must be defined and limited by law and that the citizen is entitled to know what his rights and his duties are. Constitution Day should inspire us to continue translating into law the ideals of justice and right in human relations.

10. COLUMBUS DAY: a day devoted to an appreciation of the exploring and pioneering spirit. Columbus' daring attempt to reach the East by traveling west opened up a new continent. He was followed by a host of intrepid explorers and pioneers. The pioneering spirit of self-reliance, zest for adventure, and quest for new paths has become a characteristic element of the great American tradition. The observance of Columbus Day should keep alive that spirit and encourage further high adventure in opening up ways of living better than man has yet known.

11. UNITED NATIONS DAY: a day devoted to the ideals of world peace and world unity. National sov-

ereignty does not mean national irresponsibility. Nations, like individuals, are their brothers' keepers. In our world of closely knit economic and cultural ties, no nation can live in isolation; all are interdependent. All must learn to work together to their mutual advantage and to pursue together the welfare of all people everywhere. True to that ideal, the United States assisted at the birth of the United Nations. The anniversary of that event should therefore serve as an occasion for renewing our allegiance to the United Nations and to the ideal of world peace and unity for which it stands.

12. ELECTION DAY: a day devoted to the responsibilities of self-government. The exercise of suffrage is both a sacred right and a solemn responsibility. Election Day should make the citizen aware of his share in government. Its observance should move him to use his ballot conscientiously, to place the public welfare as he sees it above considerations of personal, sectional, or partisan gain.

13. THANKSGIVING DAY: a day devoted to a grateful awareness of the blessings of American life. A blessing not appreciated is easily lost. If we take for granted the blessings that we enjoy by virtue of our living in a land of almost boundless opportunities and take no thought to the moral foundation on which the welfare of our people rests, those blessings will sooner or later be lost. Thanksgiving should be used to make us aware of those moral foundations, of our dependence on divine justice and love for the continued enjoyment of the blessings of American life.

**JANUARY 1**

Although the selections in this book are arranged for specific holidays, that arrangement is meant to be suggestive rather than prescriptive. Many of the selections may be used with equal appropriateness for holidays other than those for which they are designated here.

In addition to being used as a sort of liturgy for the public observance of American holidays, the selections in this book can be adapted for use in pageants, dramatizations, and other modes of expression by groups that are willing and able to give sufficient time to such activities.

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MORDECAI M. KAPLAN  
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# NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Day for the Rededication of  
Americans to American Ideals

industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom, in Thy name, we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that, through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth. In the time of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail.  
AMEN

**FOURTH THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER**

# THANKSGIVING

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# DAY

## The Significance of the Day

OUR GOD AND FATHER, it is good to give thanks to Thee and to acknowledge Thy blessings. Only thus can we savor them to the full. In the hurried pace of our lives and in our preoccupation with the petty and the trivial, we are prone to take Thy gifts for granted. Oblivious of Thy bounties, we sinfully waste the opportunities they afford us for living the good life. Therefore, do we set aside this day for thanksgiving.

We thank Thee for the land and for its fruits by which we live. We thank Thee for the vigor of body and mind that enables us to exploit the fertility of our country's fields and forests and the buried treasures of its mineral wealth. We thank Thee for the varied beauty of its landscape, for the grandeur of its mountains, the hospitality of its plains and prairies, and the gleaming vistas of ocean from its coasts. *we have this without*

We thank Thee for the inspiration of our country's history—for the courage and hardihood that sustained its explorers and pioneers, for the heroism that inspires its fighters for freedom and equality, for the enterprise that builds its teeming cities, for the arts that express the beauty and meaning of its way of life, for the just laws and free institutions that enable its people to work together in peace and harmony. *history*

Grant, O God, in Thy grace, that we may perfect our national life to the measure of Thy bounty. Grateful for the gifts Thou hast bestowed upon us, may we use them to extend the area of freedom, justice, and good-will among men. May our use of Thy gifts bear witness to mankind that life is good when lived according to Thy benign will, O gracious Giver of all good. AMEN.

## Thanksgiving as an Expression of the American Spirit

THIS OLDEST FESTIVAL, dating from the heroic age of America, is the best expression of our national spirit.

It combines into one conception productive enterprise, domestic felicity, and religious devotion.

Thanksgiving Day represents the fruits of industry turned to family festivity and sanctified by prayer.

It was instituted by men of culture and women of refinement, who showed themselves willing to suffer persecution, imprisonment, banishment from the comforts of an English home, exile across the sea, cold, hunger, pestilence, and death for their principles.

Those principles are today the richest treasure and the brightest hope for humanity.

They are the stuff of which heroes were made and by which a nation was nurtured to its manhood.

These three principles are the legacy which that heroic age has bequeathed to us, its heirs: *self-government in the state, freedom for the Church, good will toward mankind.*

Let us cherish these principles, for in them lie the essence, the beauty, the strength of American institutions, and the warrant of their perpetuity.

—Adapted from Joseph Parrish  
Thompson

## O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand\*

O God, beneath Thy guiding hand  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wint'ry strand,  
With pray'r and psalm they worshiped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the pray'r  
Thy blessing came, and still its Pow'r  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The mem'ry of that holy hour.

And here thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

—Leonard Bacon\*

\* THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS TO BE FOUND IN *Assembly Songs and Choruses* (PAGE 51), EDITED BY RANDALL J. CONDON, HELEN S. LEAVITT, ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON, PUBLISHED BY GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

## Harvest Hymn

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout  
Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings  
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors old, yet ever new,  
Oh, blessing with the sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the bowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still,

And gives us, with our rugged soil,  
The power to make it Eden fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil,  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot today?  
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Besides the bounteous boards of home?

Thank heaven, instead, that freedom's arm  
Can change a rocky soil to gold;  
That brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by the altars wreathed with flowers,  
And fields with fruits awake again  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The earlier and the latter rain.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

## Now Sing We a Song\*

Now sing we a song for the harvest;  
Thanksgiving and honor and praise,  
For all that the bountiful Giver  
Hath given to gladden our days;

For grasses of upland and lowland,  
For fruits of the garden and field,  
For gold which the mine and the furrow  
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,  
For that which the hands cannot hold;  
The harvest, eyes only can gather,  
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland,  
We glean it from meadow and lea,  
We garner it in from the cloudland,  
We bind it in sheaves from the sea. Amen.

—John W. Chadwick

\* THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS TO BE FOUND IN *Hymns for the Living Age* (PAGE 81), EDITED BY H. AUGUSTINE SMITH, PUBLISHED BY THE FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

## How the Nation Can Best Show Its Gratitude

ONCE AGAIN THE SEASON OF THE YEAR HAS COME WHEN, in accordance with the custom of our forefathers for generations past, we are called upon to give praise and thanksgiving to God.

During the past year we have been free from famine, from pestilence, from war. We are at peace with all the rest of mankind.

Our natural resources are abundant, and we have been endowed with adequate knowledge to make good use of these resources.

Ours is the opportunity as a free people to develop to the fullest extent all our powers of body, of mind, and of that which stands above both body and mind—of character.

Much has been given us from on high, and much will rightly be expected of us in return.

Into our care these resources of nature have been entrusted, and we are not to be pardoned either if we squander and waste them, or yet if we leave them undeveloped, for they must be made fruitful in our hands.

Ever through the ages, at all times and among all peoples, prosperity has been fraught with danger, and it behooves us to beseech the Giver of all things that we may not fall into love of ease and luxury,

That we may not lose our sense of moral responsibility, that we may not forget our duty to God, and to our neighbor.

Our democracy, based upon the principles of orderly liberty, can be perpetuated only if, in the heart of its citizens, there dwells a keen sense of righteousness and justice.

Let us pray that this spirit of righteousness and justice may grow in the hearts of all of us. May our souls be ever inclined toward the virtues that tell for gentleness and tenderness, for loving-kindness and forbearance, one toward another.

May our souls be inclined also toward those no less necessary virtues that make for manliness and rugged hardihood;

For only by love and patience, courage and fortitude can either nation or individual rise to the level of greatness.

Let us then as a people set our faces resolutely against evil, and with broad charity, with kindness and good will toward all men, but with unflinching determination to smite down wrong, let us strive with all the strength that is given us for righteousness in public and in private life.

—Adapted from *Theodore Roosevelt*

## A Thanksgiving Proclamation of George Washington

*The custom of proclaiming a day of national thanksgiving for the blessings that God has showered on America was initiated by its first president, George Washington. Let us read from his proclamation. It will help to make us aware of the great heritage of blessing which is ours by virtue of our being the heirs of those generous laws and institutions which the Founding Fathers of our country endeavored to bequeath to posterity.*

WHEREAS it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and whereas both

Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness;

NOW THEREFORE, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country, previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty, which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of government for our safety and happiness and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors, which He has been pleased to confer upon us.

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to

render our National Government a blessing to all the peoples, by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us) and to bless them with good governments, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

### O God, Our Help in Ages Past \*

O God, our help in ages past  
Our hopes for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before this rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

—Isaac Watts

\* THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS TO BE FOUND IN *Assembly Songs and Choruses* (PAGE 223), EDITED BY RANDALL J. CONDON, HELEN S. LEAVITT, AND ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON, PUBLISHED BY GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

### Gratitude for the Diversity of American Culture

ON THIS DAY of national thanksgiving, we are grateful to God not only for those benefits that have come to us from this land and from our experience in its settlement and development but also for the gifts that the settlers in this country brought with them from the lands of their origin. For we are the children of all the old nations, bound together by all that is good in many heritages.

Those who have here sought a haven and refuge, from the first settlers in Jamestown and in Plymouth to the last shipload of immigrants, came not empty-handed but bearing cultural gifts.

We are grateful for the gifts brought to this country by the sturdy stock that came from old England—

For their gift of the language that we all speak and that unites all of us, for their gift of civic liberty and for the freedom of worship that they planted and fostered in this land.

But not from England alone stem those blessings that make us thank Thee for having cast our lot in this blessed land.

The pattern of America is a blend of culture from many lands, woven of threads from many corners of the world.

Diversity itself is the pattern of America, the very stuff and color of its fabric.

To reap the full benefit of that diversity we should seek to know more about the experiences and qualities, hopes and achievements of the many kinds of people who have made America.

Not until wave after wave of these facts sweeps over us will the true quality of our American life ring in the American atmosphere, the American consciousness.

Only then will all Americans feel themselves at one with the builders of America in the past and with each other in the present, drawn together, knit together by a common stake in America.

Then all over the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian to the Mexican border, Swedish Americans, Russian, German, Italian, Irish, Negro, French, Spanish, Oriental, Czech Americans

will feel the same warmth and pride in their old yellowing letters and documents which is felt by those descended from the passengers of the Mayflower.

Then will they all feel themselves at home in the history of America, in that interplay, that diversity which *is* America.

The cultural atmosphere of the United States will then mean new and broader ways of seeing one's neighbor and freer and more generous ways of behaving toward him.

It will mean a new solidarity, irrespective of background, one that lets people remain themselves.

It will bring into full play the healthy simultaneous tension and fusion of stubborn creative differences, challenging all groups and individuals to vie with one another in contributing from their own life to the good of all.

Open Thou our eyes, O God, that we may see Thine image in all men and accept humbly and gratefully the gifts that each race, creed and nationality brings to our American life.

Then let us gather in one sheaf all these gifts and lay them on the altar of America's consecration to the service of Thee and Thy kingdom of freedom, justice and peace.

—Suggested by Louis Adamic,  
A NATION OF NATIONS

## Thanksgiving

*To Be Recited in Unison*

I thank Thee that I learn  
Not toil to spurn;  
With all beneath the sun  
It makes me one;—  
For tears, whereby I gain  
Kinship with human pain;  
For love, my comrade by the dusty ways,  
I give Thee praise.

—Emily Read Jones

## Thanksgiving in Hard Times

*To feel grateful when all things seem to be working out to our satisfaction is easy, but it is precisely when many of our desires are thwarted that we need most to be made aware of the blessings we enjoy, blessings that justify our hope in the future. The religious soul has always been able to find occasion for gratitude in adversity no less than in prosperity. The following reflections, suggested by the observance of Thanksgiving in a year of depression, should help us to be truly thankful whether fortune has smiled or frowned upon us.*

A THOUGHTFUL MIND will perceive propriety in a service of thanksgiving on the ground, not only of

any exceptional benefit, but of the continuance of those ordinary blessings which give its gladness and beauty to life. The preservation of our life itself from casualty or from disease, which might have fallen upon it, is no less a sign of God's goodness than a narrow escape from what seemed certain death. And so, though any given year may not have been marked by what we should call conspicuous blessings, it is right and proper that we should meet to give thanks for that bounty of heaven which has not failed, for our personal life, and health, and happiness, for the undisturbed serenity and tranquility of our homes, for the maintenance of public order, content and liberty, for the peaceful progress of industry, for the regular and beneficent operations of nature. The hand of God is in all this, as well as in the events which more strikingly exhibit His goodness and His power . . .

The year that is ending has not been what we commonly call a "good" year. It has been rather a bad year in the history of other nations, in business and in politics within our own borders.

How then shall we meet the call which invites us to give thanks today to God for His goodness. We might try to banish from our minds these gloomy facts. . . . And yet it is more likely to be useful to look at the facts as they are and to ask whether, if we should judge them aright, we should not find, not in spite of them, but *in* them, traces and tokens of God's goodness and occasions for praise.

We mourn, for example, the decline of our material prosperity, but it is a shallow view of things which regards material prosperity as an unmixed good for a man or for a nation. The psalmist who said, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," uttered a truth

which finds abundant confirmation in national as well as in personal history. Look at your neighbor whom you knew as a poor boy and who now is worth his millions. . . . He used to be considerate of others, helpful to those who needed help, nobly generous with what little he had to give. Now he seems to think that poverty is a crime, and it is easier to get a flame out of an iceberg than a dollar out of his purse. Once he judged men by their moral character. Now he speaks of them as "worth" whatever their property would sell for in the market. . . . What has made the change in him? Nothing but his success. . . .

And the same thing is equally true of a nation. The unparalleled development of the material resources of the American people in recent years has astonished the world, but it has also awakened the gravest solicitude of thoughtful minds. The ever rising tide of wealth, the vast increase and wide diffusion of luxury, the reckless extravagance and waste which have been common, the senseless rivalry in vulgar display, the growing tyranny of money in the hands of rich men and rich corporations, the wild fever of speculation, the prostitution of public office to an unrestrained desire of wealth, the increased inequality, and, in consequence of this, the deepening animosity of the classes of which society is composed, the swift and shameless spread of corruption in politics, the intrusion into the place of legitimate and honest business of the methods and morals of the gambling room, the growing frequency of gross violations of trust—all these things . . . have come as the direct and inevitable fruit of the era of prosperity which now—for a time at least, is ended. . . .

As you try to gather up your reasons for thanksgiv-

ing, do not turn your thoughts away from the things which at first seem dark. . . . Look at them, rather, frankly . . . and see if the goodness and the mercy of God are not manifest in them. So may your sorrows be turned into joy, and your sore disappointment into confident hope. So may you gain the height of adoring trust whereon he stood who long ago declared: "I will bless the Lord at all time: His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

—Edward B. Coe

## One Kind of Humility

Shall we say heaven is not heaven  
Since golden stairs are rugged and uneven?

Or that no light illuminates a star  
That swings in other regions than we are?

Deny with sour breath enduring God  
Because we cling so rankly to the sod?

No. Cleansed with weeping, fasting, and with  
prayer  
Praise God. Look starward. Mount the stair.

—Jean Starr Untermeyer,  
STEEP ASCENT

## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come\*

Come, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home;  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied;  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home.

—Henry Alford

\* THE MUSIC FOR THIS SONG IS TO BE FOUND IN *Assembly Songs and Choruses* (PAGE 214), EDITED BY RANDALL J. CONDON, HELEN S. LEAVITT, AND ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON, PUBLISHED BY GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON.

## The Blessings of Home

*Of all the national festivals of America, Thanksgiving is most commonly celebrated by festivities and ritual observances in the home. This is natural, for any reflection on the blessings for which we are most grateful naturally brings to mind the joys of home. Many are the conditions that in modern times threaten the traditional values of home life, but if we are truly grateful for what the homes of our childhood have meant to us, we will never permit those values to be lost. We do well, therefore, on this occasion, to read the following recollections of home life by Kathleen Norris and her admonition to maintain the spiritual values of the traditional American home.*

HOW WE USED TO LOVE the very rooms of home when I was a child! We were used to them, we knew them all well, good points and bad. We knew the glowing softness with which winter sunsets crept redly into the hall, we knew just the cracks on the narrow enclosed back stairway where odors of bacon and coffee drifted up on cold mornings. The shadows that the lamp threw on the gracious walls, the spare room where visiting aunts mysteriously unpacked their "telescope baskets," the couch in the window corner of Mother's room, where anyone only moderately invalided was luxuriously installed,—these were not detached externals, they were a part of our very selves.

And back of them was the code of home, and the influence of home. There was prayer for one thing, there were books and games, endless jokes based upon endless absurdities, countless interlocking interests and dependencies. We all have to live among our kind in

this world, and it is a sorrowful thing to see how few of us know how to do it, how best to spare each other's sensitive spots and save our own. Home is the place to learn this art; a person who can live in peace at home, who is beloved and necessary at home, can live in peace anywhere, and be beloved and necessary there. Home ought to be our clearing house, the place from which we go forth lessoned and disciplined, and ready for life.

Not to see this, not to see the infinite possibilities that lie behind nursery and school room troubles, is to prove that our generation has its blind eye, as every generation has apparently. . . .

Our generation, in its mad rush for amusements that do not amuse, distractions that leave us duller and more bored than ever, more money, more motors, more travel, more clothes, all destined to blunt our capacity for enjoyment rather than to increase it—we are equally blind.

The building of a Family remains the Great Adventure, the road that is always new. It is not for every man and woman to undertake it; it is a happiness, a fulfilment not granted to all. But ah, the glory and the beauty and the triumph of the dreaded Fifties and Sixties to the man and woman who begin them deeply established in a real home of their own creating!

## Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam;  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-  
where.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call—  
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.  
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!

—John Howard Payne

## Thanks for the Blessings of Home

OUR FATHER, to whom we look to make us at home in this strange and mysterious universe, we thank Thee on this day of national Thanksgiving for the blessed homes of America,

For the love and affection, the comfort and security, the reverence and holiness that marked the family life of the early generations of our people.

Most of us carry in our hearts some happy memories of the home in which we were born,

In the shelter of which we learned our first lessons of loyalty, helpfulness, truth, and honor.

May our homes afford us a haven of rest away from the swirling currents of life, a retreat of privacy where we and our families can be ourselves and shut out the clamorous voices that stupefy our feelings, disturb our thinking, and distract our will and purpose.

May our children find in the home a warm and sheltered nest, where they can grow to wholesome maturity.

But let us not in the comfort of our homes forget the homeless,

Or those whom human folly and greed have condemned to live in unwholesome hovels or huddled in wretched tenements amidst filth and squalor.

Help us to make America's homes fit abodes for beings created in Thine image,

Worthy shrines for all that hallows American life.

May our homes, through the sacred memories of our forebears, link us with the past and, through the birth and rearing of children, link us with the future, so that we may know ourselves to be children of the Eternal,

That our lives may ever serve ideals which shall outlive us and shall abide with our posterity when we are no more.

As we thank Thee on this day for the blessed homes of our childhood, so may our children in the days to come have occasion to rejoice in their memories of home and offer Thee thanks and praises for Thy unflinching love. AMEN.

## Closing Prayer

O THOU who art our Creator and who sustainest our life by Thy bounties, Thou who hast blessed our land with all manner of wealth, bless Thou also us Thy people with the spirit of humility. Let us not, in the pride of possession, forget that we but hold all this wealth in trust and that only when we are faithful to that trust and use our wealth with wisdom, justice, and generosity can it yield us true happiness. Teach us that the joy of creation far surpasses that of acqui-

sition, that there is more security in mutual helpfulness than in selfish hoarding, that to earn the love and gratitude of our fellow men affords a deeper satisfaction than to force their fear, servility, and envy. We thank Thee, O God, for all Thy gifts, but above all we thank Thee for the gift of Thy spirit, for only by it can we learn to use Thy gifts for our blessing. AMEN.