



Thanksgiving Eve 2025



Grace Lutheran Church

3830 Gomer Street Yorktown Heights NY 10598

Christopher Chantelau Pastor, 914.223.0995

Greeting

P: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C: And also with you.

Prayer of the Day

P: The Lord be with you **C: And also with you.**

P: Let us pray:

C: Almighty God our Father, your generous blessings come to us anew every day. By the work of your Spirit lead us to acknowledge your goodness, give thanks for your benefits, and serve you in willing obedience; through your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Isaiah 25

O Lord, you are my God;

**I will exalt you, I will praise your name;
for you have done wonderful things,
plans formed of old, faithful and sure.**

*Therefore, strong peoples will glorify you;
cities of ruthless nations will fear you.*

**For you have been a refuge to the poor,
a refuge to the needy in their distress,
a shelter from the rainstorm and a shade from the heat.**

*When the blast of the ruthless was like a winter rainstorm,
the noise of aliens like heat in a dry place,
you subdued the heat with the shade of clouds;
the song of the ruthless was stilled.*

*On this mountain the Lord of hosts will make for all peoples
a feast of rich food, a feast of well-aged wines,
of rich food filled with marrow, of well-aged wines strained clear.*

*And he will destroy on this mountain
the shroud that is cast over all peoples,
the sheet that is spread over all nations;
he will swallow up death forever.*



Then the Lord God will wipe away the tears from all faces,

**and the disgrace of his people he will take away from all the earth,
for the Lord has spoken.**

It will be said on that day,

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, so that he might save us.

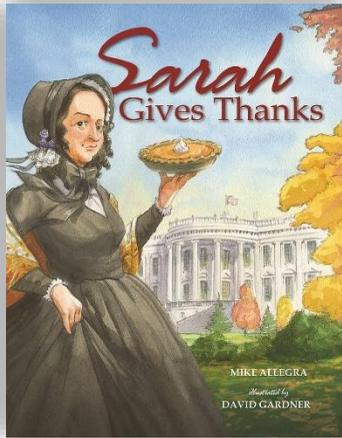
This is the Lord for whom we have waited;

let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

The First Thanksgiving

Andrew F. Smith in "Gastronomica," (Fall 2003)

Andrew F. Smith is a part-time Teaching Associate Professor in the Bachelor of Arts for Adults and Transfer Students at The New School in Manhattan. Since 1996, he has created and taught 21 different food studies courses.



The authoress Sarah Josepha Hale’s pre-1865 letters and editorials promoting Thanksgiving Day (and eventually leading to President Lincoln declaring the first official national Thanksgiving holiday) made no mention of the Pilgrims or of the First Thanksgiving. Neither did any of the local or state Thanksgiving Day proclamations, nor any of the presidential proclamations. Newspaper and magazine articles similarly made no reference to the Pilgrims, and with good reason.

Jamestown, Virginia, settled in 1607, had celebrated many days of thanksgiving prior to the establishment of any settlement in New England, so Jamestown had a much better claim to the First Thanksgiving than did Plymouth. Indeed, a marker in Jamestown today identifies the settlement as the site of the First Thanksgiving. Other observers have made claims for different First Thanksgivings celebrated by European explorers and settlers on the territory of the future United States even prior to the arrival of English colonists in Jamestown. Hale did, however, connect the Pilgrims with Thanksgiving in an 1865 editorial in Godey’s Lady’s Book, if only in passing: “The Pilgrim Fathers incorporated a yearly Thanksgiving day among the moral influences they sent over the New World. After our Independence the light crept slowly onward and westward.” Seven years later she wrote “America’s Thanksgiving Hymn,” highlighting the Pilgrims and “their first Thanksgiving Day.”

By 1867 other writers in northern newspapers and magazines had begun to associate Thanksgiving Day with the Pilgrims, and by the 1870s school textbooks were already reciting the First Thanksgiving story. By 1879 the linkage was deemed important enough



for the Reverend Tarbox to write a history of Thanksgiving, officially tracing it to the Pilgrims. Tarbox reprinted Winslow's account as well as William Bradford's description of the autumn of 1621, along with a few Puritan thanksgiving proclamations. Tarbox was followed by B.F. De Costa, who published *The Origin of Thanksgiving* in 1882, tracing Thanksgiving first to the Bible and ancient Rome, then to England and the Pilgrims, and finally to nineteenth-century America.

The Reverend W. DeLoss Love was more systematic in collecting thanksgiving proclamations, many of which he published in his *The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England* in 1895. His massive compilation proved that there was no First Thanksgiving. But Tarbox, De Costa, Love, and other writers had clearly traced Thanksgiving to the Pilgrims, and this was the story that thrived.

By the late 1880s the Pilgrim-centered story of the First Thanksgiving had blossomed in accounts published in popular fiction. One version appeared in Jane G. Austin's *Standish of Standish: A Story of the Pilgrims*, which contained a full chapter on the First Thanksgiving. In this fictional account, the Pilgrims – less than a year after their arrival in America – celebrated thanksgiving at a long table with bowls full of hasty pudding, with butter and treacle for a sweetener, and “clam chowder with sea biscuit swimming in a savory broth, while great pieces of cold boiled beef with mustard, flanked by dishes of turnips. . .” [Another table, claimed Austin, had a large pewter bowl full of “plum-porridge with bits of toasted cracker floating upon it,” and turkeys were stuffed with beechnuts. Then there were “oysters scalloped in their shells, venison pasties, and the savory stew compounded of all that flies the air.” Game was caught by hunters, and the Pilgrims and visiting Native Americans ate “roasts of various kinds, and thin cakes of bread or manchets, and bowls of salad” and consumed “great baskets of grapes, white and purple, and of native plum, so delicious when fully ripe in its three colors of black, white, and red.” Of course, there were “flagons of ale” and “root beer, well flavored with sassafras.”] . . . Finally, popcorn was kindly provided by the Native Americans in attendance.

The sad news, reported Austin, was that the Pilgrims had to do without milk and sweet potatoes at the First Thanksgiving, but she assured readers that a few years later cows were imported, which was true, as were sweet potatoes from the “Carolina colonies,” which was false. Based on Austin's fictional account, one might conclude that the Pilgrims who died during the following winter did so perhaps due to indigestion and overeating rather than starvation and malnutrition, as historians would have their readers believe.



C Dm G C

1 We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing;
 2 Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
 3 We all do ex - tol thee, our lead - er tri - um - phant,

G Am7 D7 G

he chas - tens and has - tens his will to make known;
 or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing his king - dom di - vine;
 and pray that thou still our de - fend - er wilt be;

G7 C Dm G7 C

the wick - ed op - press - ing now cease from dis - tress - ing,
 so from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning;
 let thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape trib - u - la - tion:

F G C Dm G7 C

sing prais - es to his name: he for - gets not his own.
 thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glo - ry be thine!
 thy name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

After being liberated from Egypt and wandering in the wilderness for 40 years God's people were preparing to enter the Promised Land. As they were making their preparations God spoke through Moses saying;

When you have come into the land that the Lord your God is giving you as an inheritance to possess, and you possess it, and settle in it, you shall take some of the first of all the fruit of the ground, which you harvest from the land that the Lord your God is giving you, and you shall put it in a basket and go to the place that the Lord your God will choose as a dwelling for his name. You shall go to the priest who is in office at that time, and say to him, "Today I declare to the Lord your God that I have come into the land that the Lord swore to our ancestors to give us." When the priest takes the basket from your hand and sets it down before the altar of the Lord your God . . . you shall set it down before the Lord your God and bow down before the Lord your God. Then you, together with the Levites and the aliens who reside among you, shall celebrate with all the bounty that the Lord your God has given to you and to your house.



Presidential Proclamation 2025

Donald Trump

CANTOR:

A D A D

*O sing of God's great vic - to - ry! Je - sus'
 This is the feast of vic - to - ry Of the
 O is it not a mys - ter - y That our
 All hon - or, bless - ing, glo - ry, might Sing his*

bmin emin A bmin G

*blood has set us free! Let all his crea - tures
 glo - rious Lamb a - bove. Now all God's peo - ple
 Lord a Lamb should be, Who on the cru - el
 hosts to Christ on high, All pow - er, rich - es,*





1. On ward, ye pil grims that jour ney to Zi on, Sing and be joy ful, what
2. On ward, ye work ers that toil in the vine yard, Bear ing the bur den and
3. Ye that are thirst y and faint in the de sert, Come to the wells of sal
4. You who are near ing the val ley of sha dow, Look ing by faith to the



ev er be tide; Trust in Je ho vah, your Lord and your Shep herd,
heat of the day; Ne ver grow wear y, but la bor with pa tience,
va tion so free; Drink of their wa ters, their life giv ing wa ters;
bright gold en shore, They shall draw wa ter from wells of sal va tion,



All that is need ed His love will pro vide. Think of the pro mise, the
Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.
Come, there's a wel come for you and for me.
Beau ti ful prom ise, more pre cious than gold.



soul cheer ing pro mise, Left to en cour age the young and the old,



Trust in Je ho vah, you Lord and your Shep herd,
Ne ver grow wear y, but la bor with pa tience,
Drink of thier wa ters, their life giv ing wa ters;
They shall draw wa ter from wells of sal va tion,



All that is need ed His love will pro vide.
Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.
Come, there's a wel come for you and for me.
Beau ti ful pro mise, more pre cious than gold.





Kristi Nelson was diagnosed with Stage IV cancer when she was only 33 years old. For the past 27 years, she has walked through life with an ever-deepening practice of grateful living. In her book "Wake Up Grateful," Kristi offers inspiration, meditations, and practices for how to live gratefully in the world.

GRATITUDE IS GREAT; GRATEFULNESS IS GREATER

To speak about the differences between gratitude and gratefulness might seem like quibbling over semantics, but there are important distinctions. The common understanding of the word gratitude simply does not convey the magnitude of gratefulness and all that it offers us as a way of being in the world. Gratefulness does not reserve itself only for when good things happen or we get what we want. It is more than simply saying thank you when things go well or counting your blessings at the end of the day. Gratefulness revels in the deeper truths of "I woke up again today" or "I can still notice beauty after another hard day." It enables us to have the tenacity to attend and respond in a more resilient way to our challenges. It is a perspective shift to: No matter what happens, I still know that every moment offers me something for which to feel thankful, and I make myself available to the exploration. Gratefulness opens us to the opportunity to experience gratitude in every moment.

Gratefulness is gratitude for life. It reminds us that, in simply being alive, we are always receiving. While gratitude — as we know it — needs something good to happen, gratefulness only needs us to be awake. We do not need to do anything to feel grateful, or wait for anything more. We merely need to allow ourselves to notice and be wowed by things we so often overlook and tend to take for granted in the lives we already have.

GRATEFULNESS AS A WAY OF BEING

We are all moving through life guided by our attention and our intentions. Gratefulness is a way of being that helps us to focus our attention and navigate our lives with gratitude as our compass.

Consider all the forces that have conspired effectively for you to be here right now reading these words. Your presence is the result of millions of things not going wrong, and millions of things working perfectly. With a grateful orientation, we bring awareness to all that is miraculous about life and awaken to the opportunities in every moment.

We all deal with moments and experiences that cause us to feel disconnected and disoriented. Life will knock us off course in any number of ways: unexpected bad news,



our own suffering and that of others, abrupt change, loss. Small daily disappointments, heartaches, and tensions can also disorient us. Successfully navigating life in its fullness calls for resilience – orienting yourself in a way that can help you meet and greet whatever unfolds. As a way of being, gratefulness can offer a compass and trail markers to help you find your way back to a state of well-being whenever you lose your way. Gratefulness becomes your true North.

How could the distinctions between gratitude and gratefulness help you be aware of more opportunities in your life?



O God, whose Word well plant - ed Yields
 O God of seed and har - vest, Of
 O God, your fin - al har - vest Of
 fruit a hun-dred fold, We - praise your grac-es
 sun and soil and rain, At-tend the Word we -
 his - t'ry's an-cient field Will test with Truth the
 grant - ed To - those who sowed of old, Who
 sow lest Its plant - ing be in vain. Send
 proud - est That hu - man work can yield. Op -
 by their wit - ness scat - tered Good seed up - on the
 show - ers of your Spir - it, Bright sun - shine of your
 pres - sion's blight will van - ish, Fair free - dom's fruits in -
 soil Where oth - ers, reap - ing, gath - ered The -
 Grace, That mul - ti - tudes who hear it Your
 crease; And love and joy wil flour - ish To
 har - vest of their toil.
 Gos - pel may em - brace.
 cloth the earth with peace.



Affordable Housing in Yorktown

Sarah Wilson

Sarah Wilson is a member of the Yorktown Community, serving on the "Climate Smart Communities Task Force," and a member of Grace Lutheran Church where she is the convener of the Social Ministry and Green Team committees.

When I think about the holidays, I usually imagine us gathering with our friends and family. Although our homes may feel a bit crowded with extra visitors during the season, we are thankful that we can accommodate them, setting up a few extra folding chairs or an extra table in the dining room. However, some of our brothers and sisters live in substandard housing, with crowding and unhealthy environmental conditions all year round. Others allocate burdensome portions of their income to cover their housing costs, leaving little to cover their other costs. Some may have no permanent home at all, traveling from house to house to stay with friends or relatives for a while as they tried to make housing arrangements, or being housed in shelters. As we approach Thanksgiving . . . I pray for those who face homelessness. I pray harder for those who deny them shelter, period. Here in Yorktown, we have few affordable housing options, and there is no requirement that developers designate any portion of their proposed new units as affordable, meaning below market rates. We can, and should, do better than this. People languish on waiting lists for five years or more, hoping that a suitable unit will become available. I pray that all God's people may find adequate and affordable housing and I pray harder that our public officials take action to enable that equity and availability. Thanks be to God. Amen.

Blessing of the Stew Pot

Alla Renée Bozarth



Dr. Alla Renée Bozarth is an award-winning poet, Gestalt therapist, and Episcopal priest. She is the author of twenty-eight titles of prose books, poetry collections and audiotapes. Currently she lives near Mt. Hood in western Oregon, where she is the director of Wisdom House, a center for healing and spirituality.

Blessed be the creator
and all creative hands
which plant and harvest,
pack and haul and hand
over sustenance -
Blessed be carrot and cow,
potato and mushroom,
tomato and bean,
parsley and peas,

onion and thyme,
garlic and bay leaf,
pepper and water,
marjoram and oil,
and blessed be fire
and blessed be the enjoyment,
of nose and eye,
and blessed be color
and blessed be the creator



for the miracle of red potato,
 for the miracle of green bean
 for the miracle of fawn mushrooms,
 and blessed be God
 for the miracle of earth:
 ancestors, grass, bird,
 deer and all game,
 wild creatures
 whose bodies become
 carrots, peas, and wildflowers,
 whose bodies give sustenance

to human hands,
 who's agile dance of music
 nourishes the ear
 and the soul of the dog
 resting under the stove
 and the woman working over the stove
 and the geese out the open window
 strolling in the backyard.
 And blessed be God for
 All, all, all.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest tossed, When you are dis -
 2. Are you ev - er bur - dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
 3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
 4. So a - mid the con - flict, wheth - er great or small, Do not be dis -

cour - aged, think - ing all is lost, Count your man - y bless - ings, name them
 heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man - y bless - ings, ev - 'ry
 prom - ised you His wealth un - told. Count your man - y bless - ings, mon - ey
 cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man - y bless - ings, an - gels

one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.
 doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
 can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
 will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

Chorus

Count your bless-ings, name them one by one; Count your man-y
 Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one; Count your man-y
 bless-ings, see what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,
 bless-ings, see what God hath done; Count your man-y bless-ings,
 name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, see what God hath done.

Thanksgiving in Seattle

Dr. David Henry Galen Boarder Giles



The "Opening Scene" from the book "A Mass Conspiracy to Feed People: Food Not Bombs and the World-Class Waste of Global Cities" published by Duke University Press in 2021 which Dr. Giles wrote while Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Washington, Seattle.

The thesis was that if there's technology and machinery on the planet that can make a television set for every man, woman, and child on the planet, and you don't have a television because you don't have



the money, the money is a way of
inventing scarcity.

—Peter Coyote (December 2008)

It's Thanksgiving in Seattle, and I'm up to my elbows in garbage—giving thanks, as it were, for the harvest I'm about to reap. I'm in a dumpster at Pike Place Market. Halfway in, actually, headfirst, balanced awkwardly on the edge. I'm sorting through produce discarded by the market's stalls, which closed early today. A crate full of green beans. Asparagus, only a little wilted (by retail standards). Potatoes—we'll mash these tonight. Pineapples with a few brown spots—we might save those for pie, along with the strawberries and apples from the last dumpster. Or bake them with dumpstered yams and a little brown sugar. My friend Meg keeps watch.

Among the soggy cardboard, only slightly sullied by coffee grounds, are untold postcommodities: some beyond hope, some ready to eat, all purged to make room on the shelves for newer stock. With a few precautions and a good rinse, they're no more dangerous than the recalcitrant leftovers in the back of your refrigerator. Better yet, the market compost dumpster never sees the kinds of detritus that accumulate in the average rubbish bin. It even smells nice. Like a salad or a garden. And in these piercing, grizzled Seattle Novembers, the chipped green dumpster walls are cold to the touch and keep the contents fresh—relatively speaking. (Value is always relative.) The experience is not completely unlike going shopping.

I only have to dig a few handbreadths down to excavate the ingredients for our Thanksgiving meal. The red brick road, worn smooth by decades of teeming wheels and feet, is deserted as Meg packs the food in waxed cardboard boxes, also from the dumpster. We'll take our haul to a friend's house to make dinner: stuffing, mashed potatoes, sweet potato pie, apple pie, and stir-fry. In all honesty, it will be the best Thanksgiving meal I've had in a long time (with apologies to my family). Then we will drive to Pioneer Square, the original "Skid Road," to give it away. It's two in the afternoon, but the usual tourists and patrons are elsewhere for the holiday. The stall-keepers have gone home. Their dumpsters sit at the curb, padlocked. (Taking a cue from Ziploc, "the freshness is locked in.") We can open their lids just enough to peer inside, but that suffices to let us know which one to plunder. Then it's a matter of prying out the pin that holds the lid's hinge in place, removing the hinge—a long, simple iron bar—and opening the dumpster from the wrong side. One doesn't normally do this in broad daylight, but we're running late: this was something of a last-minute "plan B." In fact, for the Seattle chapter of Food Not Bombs (which does Thanksgiving sometimes, qualms about colonial dispossession notwithstanding), dumpster-diving is usually supplemental. Most Food Not Bombs groups find enough vendors to donate their



“seconds” that we don’t need to spend the hours it takes to prospect in the rubbish. We had originally secured donations for this week from a local supermarket. Amid the tumult of Thanksgiving crowds that morning, however, they’d forgotten to set anything aside for us except a small bag of flour. (They’d thrown away the rest of the day’s surpluses, so naturally we checked their dumpster too.) In a pinch, we knew Pike Place would bear fruit. On an average day, the market’s detritus reflects its vast turnover. The goods passed over in the course of its postcard-perfect commerce are world class. Its dumpsters overflow with slightly bruised peaches, perfectly tender mangos, and barely overripe avocados – some of the hundred billion pounds or so of edible food thrown away in the United States every year. Food that has reached the end, not of its usefulness, but of its social life. Fortunately for the abandoned peach, mango, or avocado, many people like Meg and myself are there to intercept it. While millions of hands around the country, and around the world, labor first to make it valuable – cultivating, harvesting, packing, and shipping it – and then to devalue it (pulling it from the shelves, trucking it to a landfill, where commodities go to die), thousands of hands also work to resuscitate it. Countercultures of gleaners, dumpster-divers, squatters, punks, hippies, Food Not Bombers, and so on, for whom the value of a thing doesn’t follow the economic or cultural logics that banish it to a dumpster. They’ll tell epic tales of their favorite discoveries and found new movements, networks, and kin on the reliable availability of resources beyond the capitalist market. Even the dumpsters themselves take on a new kind of currency, as bespoke monikers circulate along with their contents – the “Bread Dumpster,” the “Chocolate Dumpster,” the “Burrito Dumpster.” They become, quite literally, household names among a certain scavenging coterie. People drive to Seattle sometimes just to hit the Juice Dumpster. Rumor has it there’s a Cookie Dumpster in Boston somewhere.

This anecdote is also an allegory of everyday life in what Karl Polanyi ([1944]-1957) called the “market society,” into whose political and cultural institutions are woven the assumptions of capitalism, from its tax code to its tastes and values. The story suggests daunting questions about the way markets, small and large, (de)value goods. We might ask: Why do people throw such useful things away? What can we learn about them, and their society, from their trash? What becomes of that trash once it is thrown away? What sort of afterlife does it find? What new economies – or mass conspiracies – might be built on the detritus of the old? After all, when we made it down to Pioneer Square with our offerings that night, although different charities had been serving turkey all day (unlike most of the other days during the year), and despite the quickly dropping temperature, we still found people waiting for us. And we still ran out of food. One older shelterless man I met under the viaduct that night summed it up for me: “There’s always more hungry people around here.”



The Prayers of the Church

P: Dear people of faith, gathered in this sacred space, let us give thanks

C: that we can come together, and that we have reasons to give thanks.

P: Let us ask God to renew our hearts, minds and spirits as we share this sacred time together.

C: I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: We give thanks for the splendor and bounty of creation,

C: for the abundant harvest of farms, orchards, fields, forests, vineyards, streams, lakes and sea.

P: We give thanks for the places where we find shelter and safety.

C: For being dry and warm. For being welcomed and welcoming.

P: For storing and sharing. For living and dying in peace.

C: I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: We give thanks for the freedom to worship, to work, to rest,

C: to speak out and speak up, to follow our curiosities and to pursue solutions to problems.

P: We give thanks that we have the will, the resources and the power to help.

C: For the agencies, organizations, communities and individuals here in Yorktown committed to reaching out and lifting up. For those who have been there for us when we were the ones in need. I am thankful that I can be thankful.

P: For the safe travels and warm homecomings

C: We give our heartfelt thanks.

P: For all that life brings that we may live it fully

C: We give our heartfelt thanks.

Passing the Peace

Offering





As saints of old their fir-st fru-its brought of or - cha-rd, flock, and
A world in need now sum - mons us to la - bor, love, and
In gra - ti-tude and hum - ble trust we bring our best to -



field to God the gi - ver of all good, the
give; to make our life an off - er - ing that
day, to serve your cause and sha-re your love with



source of boun-teous yield; so we to - day our
oth - ers too may live. The Church of Christ is
all hu - man - i - ty. O God, who gave your -



fir - st fru-its bring: the wealth of this good land, of
call - ing us to make the dream come true: a
self to us in Je - sus Christ your Son, teach



farm and mar - ket, shop and home, of mind, and heart, and hand.
world re-deemed, your king - dom come, all life in Christ made new.
us to give our - selves each day un - til life's work is done.



Offertory Prayer

P: Let us pray. Gracious God,

C: Acknowledging the many blessings received by your design and your grace, we offer these gifts back to the mission and ministry of your Church. May our response of thanks be pleasing in your sight and may you direct our offering to the sustenance and growth of your purposes; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Great Thanksgiving

P: The Lord be with you.

C: And also with you.

P: Lift up your hearts.

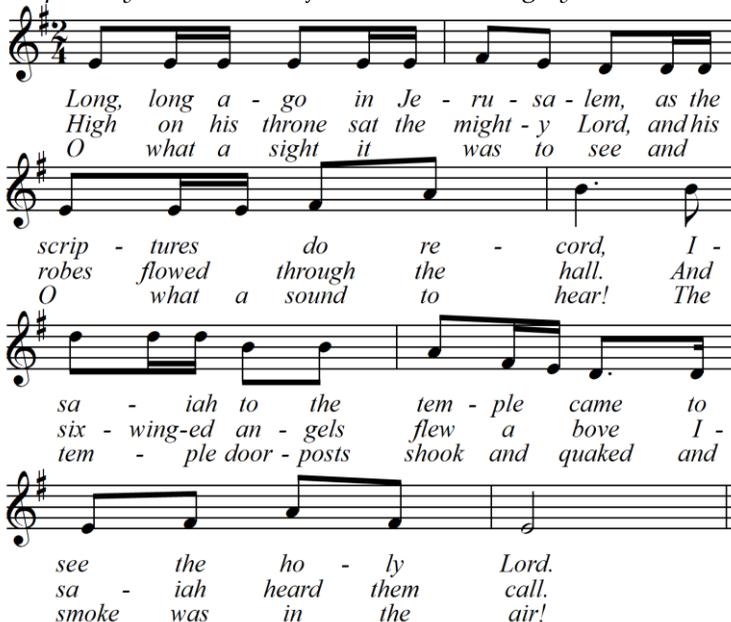
C: We lift them to the Lord.

P: Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

C: It is right to give him thanks and praise.

P: It is indeed right and responsible that we should at all times and in all places offer thanks and praise to you almighty and merciful God, through our Savior Jesus Christ; who overcame death and the grave, and by his glorious resurrection opened to us the way of everlasting life. And so, with all the heavenly choirs and all the saints of every time and every place, we praise your name and join their unending hymn:

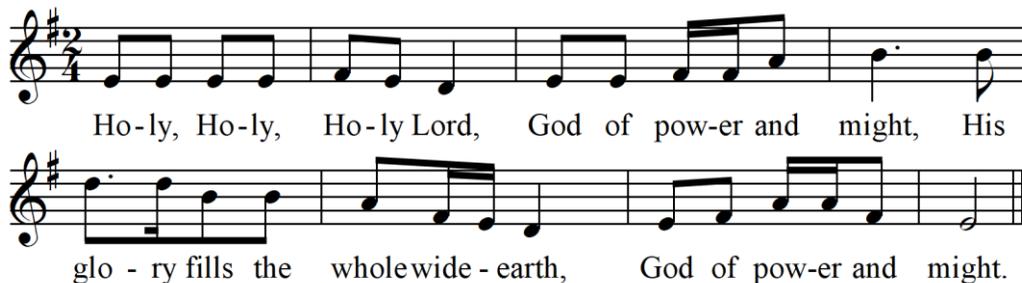
Cantor



Long, long a - go in Je - ru - sa - lem, as the
High on his throne sat the might - y Lord, and his
O what a sight it was to see and
scrip - tures do re - cord, I -
robes flowed through the hall. And
O what a sound to hear! The
sa - iah to the tem - ple came to
six - wing - ed an - gels flew a bove I -
tem - ple door - posts shook and quaked and
see the ho - ly Lord.
sa - iah heard them call.
smoke was in the air!



CONGREGATION



Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, God of pow-er and might, His
glo-ry fills the wholewide - earth, God of pow-er and might.

The Eucharistic Prayer

P: Holy, mighty, and merciful Lord, heaven and earth are full of your glory.

We recall and proclaim that in your great love you sent to us Jesus, your Son, who came as the Messiah, reaching out to heal the sick and suffering, preaching good news to the poor, and inviting all to your table through his sacrifice on the cross.

In that night in which he was handed over, our Lord Jesus took bread, and gave thanks; broke it, and gave it to his disciples, saying: "Take and eat; this is my body, given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me."

After supper, he again took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it for all to drink, this time saying: "This cup is the new covenant in my blood, shed for you and for all people for the forgiveness of sin. Do this for the remembrance of me."

Proclaiming his death, resurrection, and ascension, we gather here at this table as foretaste of his return and the fulfillment of the Kingdom. And calling to your remembrance, Father, these saving acts and the promises you have given through them we ask that you pour out your Holy Spirit of hope and fellowship. We come with willing and eager hearts to the feast you have prepared, proclaiming all glory and honor is yours, almighty Father, now and forever.

C: Amen

P: Lord, remember us in your kingdom, and teach us to pray:

**C: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
thy kingdom come,**

thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread;

and forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those who trespass against us;

and lead us not into temptation,

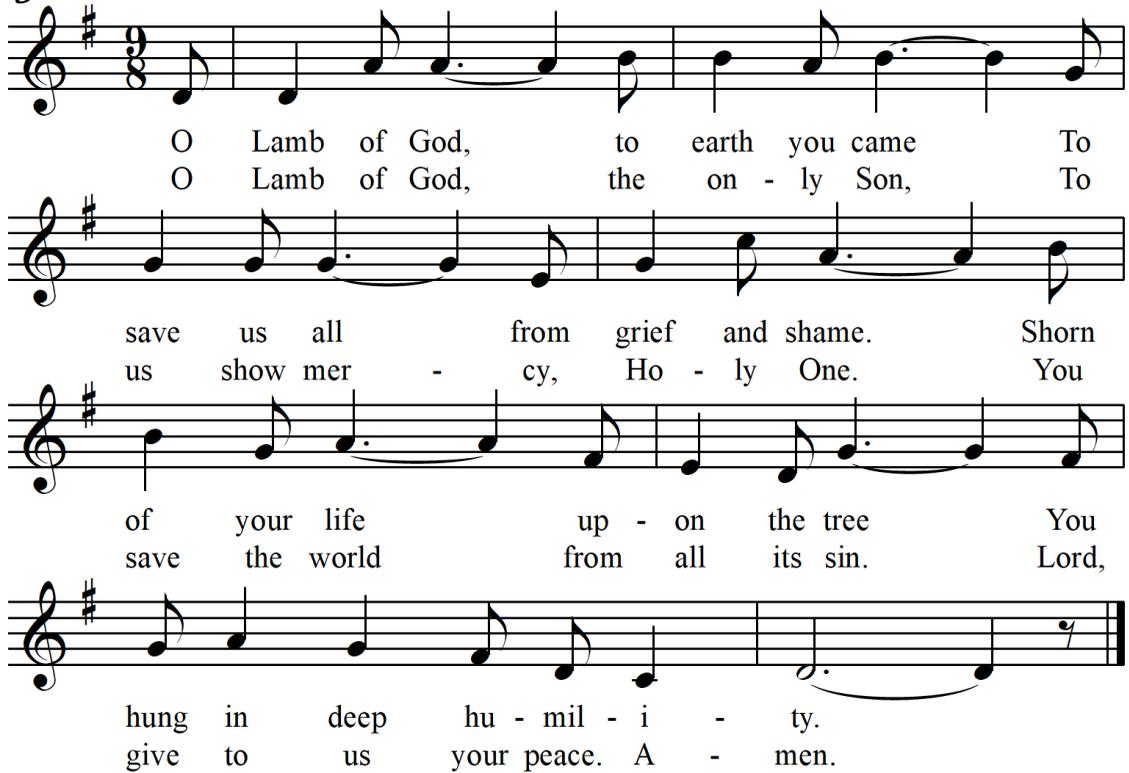
but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,

forever and ever. Amen.



Agnus Dei



O Lamb of God, to earth you came To
 O Lamb of God, the on - ly Son, To
 save us all from grief and shame. Shorn
 us show mer - cy, Ho - ly One. You
 of your life up - on the tree You
 save the world from all its sin. Lord,
 hung in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
 give to us your peace. A - men.

Distribution

Power in the Blood

Would you be free from the burden of sin?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Would you o'er evil a victory win?
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

*There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r
 In the blood of the Lamb;
 There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r
 In the precious blood of the Lamb.*

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.

Would you do service for Jesus your King?
 There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
 Would you live daily His praises to sing?
 There's wonderful pow'r in the blood.



I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
Still praying as I'm onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

*Lord, lift me up, and let me stand
By faith, on heaven's tableland;
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.*

My heart has no desire to stay
Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
Though some may dwell where these abound,
My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.

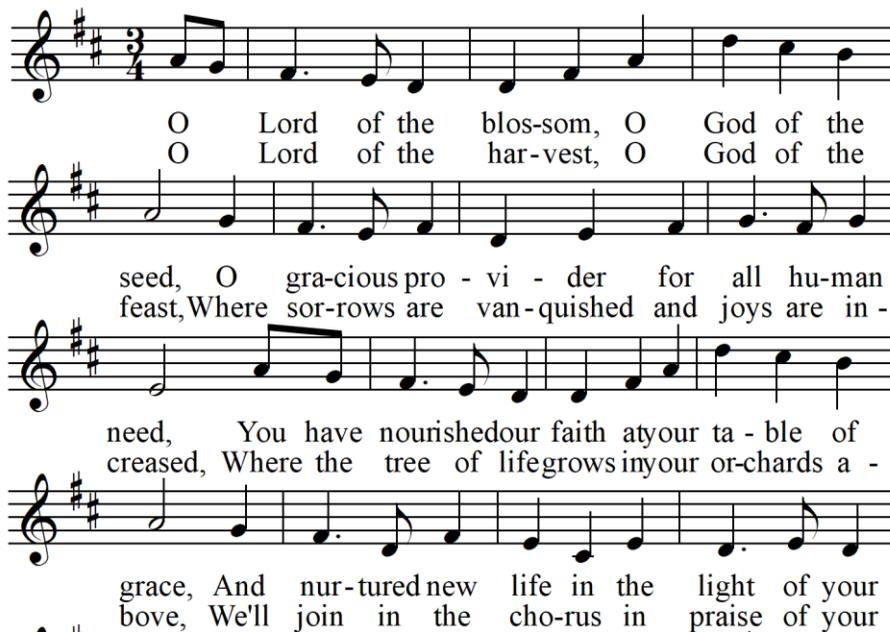
I want to live above the world,
Though Satan's darts at me are hurled;
For faith has caught a joyful sound,
The song of saints on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height,
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found,
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Post Communion Blessing

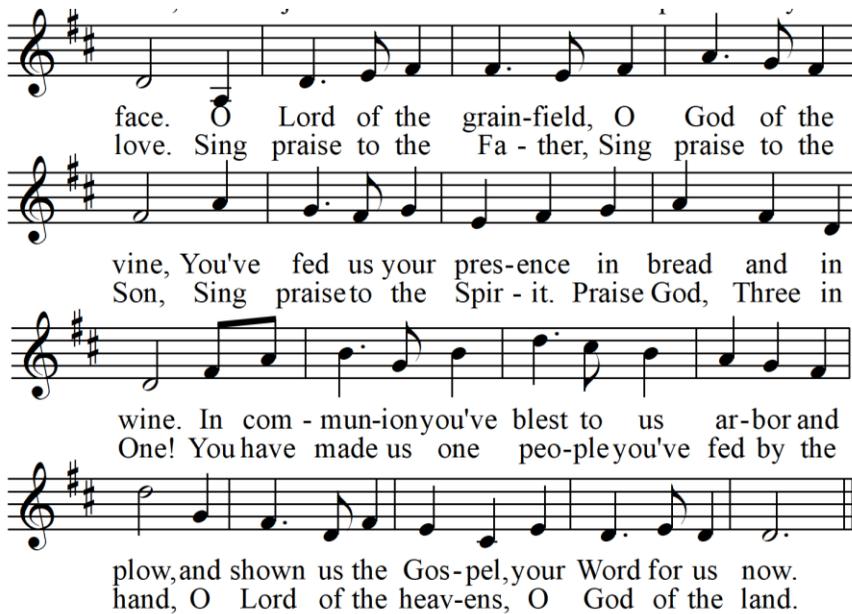
*P: The body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ strengthen you and keep you in his grace.
C: Amen.*

Post Communion Canticle



O Lord of the blos-som, O God of the
O Lord of the har-vest, O God of the
seed, O gra-cious pro - vi - der for all hu-man
feast, Where sor-rows are van-quished and joys are in -
need, You have nourished our faith at your ta - ble of
creased, Where the tree of life grows in your or-chards a -
grace, And nur-tured new life in the light of your
bove, We'll join in the cho-rus in praise of your





face. O Lord of the grain-field, O God of the
love. Sing praise to the Fa-ther, Sing praise to the
vine, You've fed us your pres-ence in bread and in
Son, Sing praiseto the Spir-it. Praise God, Three in
wine. In com-mun-ionyou've blest to us ar-bor and
One! You have made us one peo-pleyou've fed by the
plow,and shown us the Gos-pel,your Word for us now.
hand, O Lord of the heav-ens, O God of the land.

Post Communion Prayer

P: We rejoice that you use the harvests of the field, the fruit of the vineyard and the fellowship of the table to fulfill your promise of an abiding presence in our lives. As we leave this sacred time, lead us out to faithful lives that manifest Your presence through all that we say and do. In Jesus' name we pray;

C: Amen.

Benediction

Recessional Hymn

Sing to the Lord of Harvest

1. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.

By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.

By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom, and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing.

3. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
He filleth with his fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns that year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.



[Instrumental Interlude for 2 Verses]

4. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
Heap on his sacred altar
The gifts his goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls he died to save.

5. Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.
Your hearts lay down before him
When at his feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

Dismissal

P: Go in peace and serve the Lord.

C: Thanks be to God.



Want to send your college student some cookies to help with all that studying for finals? Contact the church office by December 1st w/ their name & address and we will take care of the rest! Thank you to the Grace Women's Group for assembling all the cookie tins & sending to our students!

