

For the Beauty of the Earth

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By Jan Ross

WILLARD, Ohio—Thanksgiving is a time of year when memories are stirred of a childhood rich with tradition reflecting Christian heritage. My heart is filled with memories of magnificent sounds of hymns being sung in the congregation of saints in the church in which I was raised.

The harmonies, the powerful sounds of men singing with their deep and foundational tenor and bass voices. The beauty and moving delicacy of the women raising their voices in their soprano and alto harmonies.

The mesmerizing sound of an occasional descant heard in the distance from the balcony and one solo voice as if the angels of heaven had joined the chorus offering praise to the Father, the Rock of All Ages, the Triumphant Victor, the Praiseworthy King.

I can't hold back the tears as these memories flood my heart. Oh, how I miss those who played such an important part in my upbringing—those who helped to form in me a tender heart that has pursued God throughout the years.

Allow me the privilege of sharing one such song with you this Thanksgiving. It matters not whether you celebrate Thanksgiving Day where you live. What matters is the heart of the worshiper who hastens to make known God's manifest blessings to all who will hear.

Take the time to read the words penned by men centuries ago and join in the celebration of true and most sincere thankfulness.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For thy Church which evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

Join me today as I spend some quality time thanking the Lord for His provision, His peace, grace, protection and love!

Thank Him for all His hands have done to make a way for us to be reconciled to Him through the shed blood of the Sacrifice Lamb! Thank Him for the ability to thank Him! He's worthy of all our praise!