

Thanksgiving Prayers and Readings

A Prayer for Thanksgiving by *Rabbi Lance J. Sussman*

Our God, God of our ancestors, Eternal One of the Universe,

On this Thanksgiving, we give our thanks to You
For the multitude of blessings You shower upon us
Day by day.

We thank You for our families and friends,
For this land and its great abundance,
For our heritage of Torah and mitzvot
And the strength You give us day by day
To live our lives and proclaim Your Glory.

We thank You, God of all people,
For our country and the precious blessing of freedom.
Help us to keep it strong and free.

We thank You for guiding our ancestors to these shores:
Remember the sacrifices they and all those who have bequeathed to us
Made for our benefit.
Let us, too, remember them and never forget their deeds and their love.

Be with all who defend and serve us.
Strengthen our resolve
To live lives of goodness.
Give us courage and hope,
That the day will yet come when all will live in peace
And none will be afraid.

We thank You Eternal One, for the harvest
And its many blessings.

Amen.

Psalm 67

The Nations Called to Praise God

To the leader: with stringed instruments. A Psalm. A Song.

- ¹ May God be gracious to us and bless us
and make his face to shine upon us, *Selah*
- ² that your way may be known upon earth,
your saving power among all nations.
- ³ Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.
- ⁴ Let the nations be glad and sing for joy,
for you judge the peoples with equity
and guide the nations upon earth. *Selah*
- ⁵ Let the peoples praise you, O God;
let all the peoples praise you.
- ⁶ The earth has yielded its increase;
God, our God, has blessed us.
- ⁷ May God continue to bless us;
let all the ends of the earth revere him.

The New Colossus

A poem by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightening, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”