

**T**his fragile-familied world might think us strange  
To tuck ourselves away in this over-busy age.  
But we sit here at Your table, Father, grade-by-grade.

We are precious souls, too loved to waste  
Our lives on trivial things that fade away.  
So we sit here at Your table, Father, day-by-day.

Teach us how to love each other as we ought,  
Knit our lives together, so we will not grow apart—  
That's why we choose *Your* table, Father, heart-to-heart.

You see what every child of Yours will be—  
Where we are strong, where we are weak . . .  
We thank You for Your filling, Father, need-by-need.

Help us redeem the time, that when we all should meet,  
And find our earthly education finally complete,  
We shall pull up to Your table, Father, seat-by-seat,

And find there at Your table a somehow-familiar fare—  
(after all, for many years, we met You there)  
When You stepped into our little world, and shared our cares,  
And we got to know Your table, Father, prayer-by-prayer.

L. L. Jones

**A**  
**HOMESCHOOL**  
**PRAYER**

