

Tune My Heart

Morning Time in Our Homeschool



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Illustration by Gertrud Mueller Nelson

After 10+ years of homeschooling, we have happily found lifegiving practices that are the foundation of our learning together. Morning Time—when we join together for prayers, hymns, scripture, and poems—is the best part of our day. It’s the anchor that lends form to the rest of our day.

Morning Time is a wonderful occasion to get in tune with each other and the Spirit. Like the lovely [swell of sound](#) as an orchestra tunes before a concert, each of us plays a part. I’m not the teacher with assembled students. I, too, receive [the blessing](#) of hearing the Word proclaimed. Often in the rush of the morning, I can get impatient. But Morning Time gives me space every day to receive the grace of good words.

You can read more about our [Morning Time](#) at my blog.

All of our clip art comes from [Clip Art for Feasts and Seasons, Celebrations and Service](#) by Gertrud Mueller Nelson. I added the images to my Google Drive from the cd-rom, so it’s easy to add images to our printables.

We use accompaniment from [Small Church Music](#). It can be played from the website or downloaded onto a mobile device. We use a bluetooth speaker to improve the sound. Here is the music for “[Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing](#).”

Let us remember...

that we are in the holy presence of God.

St Jean Baptiste de la Salle...

pray for us.

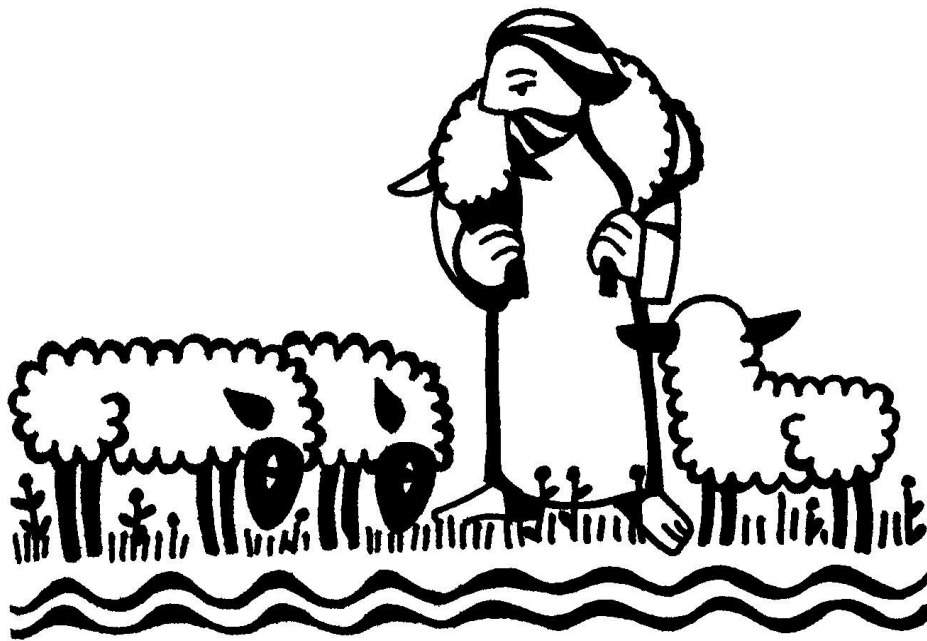
Live, Jesus, in our hearts...

forever.



Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.



O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even for evermore.



The Lake Isle of Innisfree by William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

