

*Anu matzanu m'nuchah*  
**(We have found rest)**

*Mi tachat kanfei, tachat kanfei,*  
*HaShechinah.*  
**(Beneath the wings of Shechinah)**

# Tefilah

## תפילה

Come, my students, and I will teach you about the virtue of prayer. Know, my students, that the virtue of prayer [tefilah] is very dear in the eyes of the Holy One, for the prayers were instituted in place of the sacrifices. As the sages, of blessed memory, said: "The prayers were instituted to correspond to the daily offerings." [Genesis Bereshit Rabbah 68:11] How is this? The daily Shacharit prayer was instituted in place of the daily morning offering. The Minchah prayer was instituted in place of the daily twilight offering. The Ma'ariv prayer was instituted in place of the limbs and the suet that were not consumed while it was still daytime and that were sacrificed and burned on all night. And on any day when there was an extra [musaf] sacrifice, there is a Musaf service. And thus it is written: "Take words with you and return to God. Say to God, 'Forgive all guilt and accept what is good, and we will pay [the offering] with our lips instead of with bulls.'" [Hosea 14:3] And the sages, of blessed memory, said in an aggadah: "Who pays [makes up] for the bulls that we used to offer before You? [We pay with] our lips, with the prayers that we pray before You. For if we need sacrifices, 'Lebanon does not contain fuel enough, nor are there enough beasts for sacrifice' [Isaiah 40:16], because our sins are many. Therefore, we do not have anything to pay in place of the sacrifices except our prayers, which we offer with our lips." [Pesikta de-Rav 165:2]

בני, באו ואלמדכם מעלת התפילה. דעו בני כי מעלת התפילה, מעלה יקרה בעיני המקום ברוך הוא, שהרי התפלות נתקנו במקום הקרבנות, שפך אמרו חכמינו וזרונם לברכה, תפלות כנגד תמידין תקנום. כיצד, תפלת שחרית כנגד תמיד של שחר. ותפלת המנחה, כנגד תמיד של בין הערבים. ותפלת הערב, כנגד אברים ופדרים שלא נתעבלו מבעוד-יום שקרבין והולכין כל הלילה. וכל יום שיש בו קרבן-מוסף, יש בו תפלת המוספין. וכן הוא אומר, קחו עמכם דברים ושובו אל-י' אמרו אליו כל-תשא עון וקח-טוב ונשלמה פרים שפתינו. ואמרו חכמינו וזרונם לברכה באגדה, מי משלם אותם הפרים שהיינו מקריבים לפניך? שפתינו, בתפלה שאנו מתפללין לפניך. שאם לקרבנות אנו צריכין - ולבנון אין די בער וחייתו אין די עולה. לפי שהטאתינו מרבין. לפיכך, אין לנו לשלם במקום הקרבנות אלא תפלותינו שאנו מניבין בשפתותינו.



## Prayer

ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, Rabbi Isaac Meir Alter of Ger pondered the question of what a certain shoemaker of his acquaintance should do about his morning prayer. His customers were poor men who owned only one pair of shoes. The shoemaker used to pick up their shoes at a late evening hour and work on them the whole night and part of the morning, in order to deliver them before their owners had to go to work. When should the shoemaker say his morning prayer? Should he pray quickly the first thing in the morning and then go back to work? Or should he continue his work, let the appointed hour of prayer go by, and, every once in a while, raising his hammer from the shoes, utter a sigh: "Woe unto me, I haven't prayed yet!"? Perhaps that sigh is worth more than prayer itself.

We, too, face this dilemma of wholehearted regret or perfunctory fulfillment. Many of us regretfully refrain from habitual prayer, waiting for an urge that is complete, sudden, and unexampled. But the unexampled is scarce, and perpetual refraining can easily grow into a habit—idle, sullen, and stolid. We may even come to forget what to regret, what to miss.

### PRAYER AS AN ANSWER

WE DO NOT refuse to pray. We merely feel that our tongue is tied, our mind inert, our inner vision dim, when we are about to enter the door that leads to prayer. We do not refuse to pray; we abstain from it. We ring the hollow bell of selfishness, rather than absorb the stillness that surrounds the world, that hovers over all the restlessness and fear of life—the secret stillness that precedes our birth and follows our death. *End*

self-indulgence brings us out of tune with the gentle song of nature's waiting, of mankind's striving for salvation. Is not listening to the pulse of wonder worth silence and abstinence from self-assertion? Why do we not set apart an hour of living for devotion to God by surrendering to stillness? We dwell on the edge of mystery and ignore it, wasting our souls, risking our stake in God. We constantly pour our inner light away from Him, setting up the thick screen of self between Him and us, adding more shadows to the darkness that already hovers between Him and our wayward reason. Accepting surmises as dogmas and prejudices as solutions, we ridicule the evidence of life for what is more than life. Our mind has ceased to be sensitive to the wonder. Deprived of the power of devotion to what is more important than our individual fate, steeped in passionate anxiety to survive, we lose sight of what fate is, of what living is. Rushing through the ecstasies of ambition, we awake only when plunged into dread or grief. In darkness, then, we grope for solace, for meaning, for prayer.

But there is a wider, voluntary entrance to prayer than sorrow and despair—the opening of our thoughts to God. We cannot make Him visible to us, but we can make ourselves visible to Him. So we open our thoughts to Him—feeble our tongue, but sensitive our heart. We see more than we can say. The trees stand like guards of the Everlasting; the flowers like signposts of His goodness—only we have failed to be testimonies to His presence, tokens of His trust. How could we have lived in the shadow of greatness and defied it?

Mindfulness of God rises slowly, a thought at a time. Suddenly we are there. Or is He here, at the margin of our soul? When we begin to feel a qualm of diffidence lest we hurt what is holy, lest we break what is whole, then we discover that He is not austere. He answers with love our trembling awe. Repentant of forgetting Him even for a while, we become sharers of gentle joy; we would like to dedicate ourselves forever to the unfolding of His final order.

To pray is to take notice of the wonder, to regain the sense of the mystery that animates all beings, the divine margin in all attainments. Prayer is our humble answer to the inconceivable surprise of living. It is all we can offer in return for the mystery by which we live. Who is worthy to be present at the constant unfolding of time? Amid the meditation of mountains, the humility of flowers—wiser than all alphabets—clouds that die constantly for the sake of beauty, we are hating, hunting, hurting. Suddenly we feel ashamed of our clashes and complaints in the face of the tacit greatness in nature. It is so embarrassing to live! How strange we are in the world, and how presumptuous our doings! Only one response can maintain us: gratefulness for witnessing the wonder, for the gift of

our unearned right to serve, to adore, and to fulfill. It is gratefulness which makes the soul great.

However, we often lack the strength to be grateful, the courage to answer, the ability to pray. To escape from the mean and penurious, from calculating and scheming, is at times the parching desire of man. Tired of discord, he longs to escape from his own mind—and for the peace of prayer. How good it is to wrap oneself in prayer, spinning a deep softness of gratitude to God around all thoughts, enveloping oneself in the silk of a song! But how can man draw songs out of his heart if his consciousness is a woeful turmoil of fear and ambition? He has nothing to offer but disgust, and the weariness of wasting the soul. Accustomed to winding strands of thoughts, to twisting phrases in order to reap praise, he is incapable of finding simple, straight words. His language abounds in traps and decoys, in shams and tricks, in gibes and sneers. In the teeth of such powerful distractions he has to focus all the powers of his mind on one concern. In the midst of universal agitation how can there be tranquillity?

Trembling in the realization that we are a blend of modesty and insolence, of self-denial and bias, we beseech God for rescue, for help in the control of our thoughts, words, and deeds. We lay all our forces before Him. Prayer is arrival at the border. "The dominion is Thine. Take away from me all that may not enter Thy realm."

#### PRAYER AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

AS A TREE torn from the soil, as a river separated from its source, the human soul wanes when detached from what is greater than itself. Without the ideal, the real turns chaotic; without the universal, the individual becomes accidental. It is the pattern of the impeccable which makes the average possible. It is the attachment to what is spiritually superior: loyalty to a sacred person or idea, devotion to a noble friend or teacher, love for a people or for mankind, which holds our inner life together. But any ideal, human, social, or artistic, if it forms a roof over all of life, shuts us off from the light. Even the palm of one hand may bar the light of the entire sun. Indeed, we must be open to the remote in order to perceive the near. Unless we aspire to the utmost, we shrink to inferiority.

Prayer is our attachment to the utmost. Without God in sight, we are like the scattered rungs of a broken ladder. To pray is to become a ladder on which thoughts mount to God to join the movement toward Him which surges unnoticed throughout the entire universe. We do not step out of the world when we pray; we merely see the world in a different setting. The self is not the hub, but the spoke of the revolving wheel. In prayer we shift the center of living from self-consciousness to self-

surrender. God is the center toward which all forces tend. He is the source, and we are the flowing of His force, the ebb and flow of His tides.

Prayer takes the mind out of the narrowness of self-interest and enables us to see the world in the mirror of the holy. For when we betake ourselves to the extreme opposite of the ego, we can behold a situation from the aspect of God. Prayer is a way to master what is inferior in us, to discern between the signal and the trivial, between the vital and the futile, by taking counsel with what we know about the will of God, by seeing our fate in proportion to God. Prayer clarifies our hopes and intentions. It helps us discover our true aspirations, the pangs we ignore, the longings we forget. It is an act of self-purification, a quarantine for the soul. It gives us the opportunity to be honest, to say what we believe, and to stand for what we say. For the accord of assertion and conviction, of thought and conscience, is the basis of all prayer.

Prayer teaches us what to aspire for. So often we do not know what to cling to. Prayer implants in us the ideals we ought to cherish. Salvation, purity of mind and tongue, or willingness to help may hover as ideas before our mind, but the idea becomes a concern, something to long for, a goal to be reached, when we pray: "Guard my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile; and in the face of those who curse me, let my soul be silent."

Prayer is the essence of spiritual living. Its spell is present in every spiritual experience. Its drive enables us to delve into what is beneath our beliefs and desires, and to emerge with a renewed taste for the endless simplicity of the good. On the globe of the microcosm the flow of prayer is like the Gulf Stream, imparting warmth to all that is cold, melting all that is hard in our life. For even loyalties may freeze to indifference if detached from the stream which carries the strength to be loyal. How often does justice lapse into cruelty and righteousness into hypocrisy. Prayer revives and keeps alive the rare greatness of some past experience in which things glowed with meaning and blessing. It remains important, even when we ignore it for a while, like a candlestick set aside for the day. Night will come, and we shall again gather round its tiny flame. Our affection for the trifles of living will be mixed with longing for the comfort of all men.

However, prayer is no panacea, no substitute for action. It is, rather, like a beam thrown from a flashlight before us into the darkness. It is in this light that we who grope, stumble, and climb discover where we stand, what surrounds us, and the course which we should choose. Prayer makes visible the right, and reveals the hampering and the false. In its radiance we behold the worth of our efforts, the range of our hopes, and the meaning of our deeds. Envy and fear, despair and resentment, anguish

## Whether It Is Good Enough For Us Or Not

Whether it is good enough for us or not,  
they will tell you that  
in the multitude of all possible names,  
God is nameless.  
Whether or not it is unfair to say so,  
they will tell you that  
the best you can know God  
is the way you hear a saw down the block  
in someone's garage,  
and knowing it is a saw at work,  
but having no sense of what is being cut  
or to what proportions or purpose,  
whether pine for a cabinet,  
oak for a dining room table  
for years of state banquets in a little castle,  
panelling for a den;  
or that it is like listening to muffled voices from a distance,  
all distorted and muddled,  
but the voices are too far away to catch the content of the words  
or, for that matter, even which language is being spoken.  
They offer you air, fire, light as analogies,  
nothing you can hold in your hands,  
ether-like, no-things and shapeless.

Our prophets wore themselves out for that amorphous victory.

The best our thinkers can do is,  
"As God is kind and caring, so you be kind and caring..."  
a kind of endless beginning, a boundless something, high,  
and whether or not that is good enough for us or not,  
it is where we must begin.

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## BENEDICTIONS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS

### Concerning Food

#### *For bread and before a meal including bread*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, by whose will bread comes forth from the earth.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, הַמוֹצִיא לֶחֶם כּוֹן  
הָאָרֶץ.

#### *For any other food or drink, and before a meal not including bread*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, by whose word all things come into being.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁהַכֹּל נִהְיָ בְּדְבָרְךָ.

#### *For fruits and vegetables that grow in the soil*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the earth.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָאָדָמָה.

#### *For cakes or biscuits*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, Creator of many kinds of food.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא מִיְּנֵי מְזוֹנוֹת.

#### *For fruits that grow on trees*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the tree.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָעֵץ.

### Concerning Events

#### *On hearing good news*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, for You are good and beneficent.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, הַטּוֹב וְהַמְּשִׁיב.

#### *On a happy occasion*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, that You have kept us alive, sustained us, and enabled us to reach this season.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁחַיֵּינוּ וְקִיָּמֵנו  
וְהַגִּיעֵנוּ לְזֶמֶן הַזֶּה.

#### *On hearing sad news*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe, and re-affirm our faith in Your justice.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, דִּין הָאֱמֶת.

#### *Before a meeting for the benefit of the community*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe: You sanctify us by Your commandments, and enjoin us to attend to the needs of the community.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו  
וְצִוָּנוּ לְעִסוּק בְּצַדִּיקֵי צְבוּר.

#### *Before making a charitable donation*

We praise You, Eternal God, Sovereign of the universe: You sanctify us by Your commandments, and enjoin us concerning the duty of charity.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו  
וְצִוָּנוּ עַל הַצְּדָקָה.

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Concerning Nature

*On smelling flowers*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
Creator of fragrant plants.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא עֲשָׂבֵי בְּשָׂמִים.

*On hearing thunder*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
whose power and might  
pervade the world.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שְׁכֹחוּ וּגְבוּרָתוֹ מְלֵא  
עוֹלָם.

*On smelling spices*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
Creator of different kinds of  
spices.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא מֵינֵי בְּשָׂמִים.

*On seeing trees in blossom for the first time in the year*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
Creator of beautiful trees that  
give pleasure to the human eye.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁבָּרָא בּוֹ אֵילָנוֹת  
טוֹבִים לְהַנּוֹת בְּהֵם בְּנֵי אָדָם.

*On seeing a rainbow*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe, for  
You remember Your covenant  
and keep Your promise.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, זוֹכֵר בְּרִיתוֹ וּמְקִים  
בְּאִמְרוֹ.

*On seeing the wonders of nature*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe, for  
the marvels of Your creation.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, עֹשֶׂה מַעֲשֵׂה בְּרֵאשִׁית.

*On seeing a beautiful sight in nature*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
whose world is filled with  
beauty.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁכָּכָה לוֹ בְּעוֹלָמוֹ.

*On seeing the sea*

We praise You, Eternal God,  
Sovereign of the universe,  
Creator of the great oceans.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ  
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁעָשָׂה אֶת־הַיָּם הַגְּדוֹל.

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## WAKING TO A NEW DAY

Morning comes as a gift, offering itself as a time of promise and new beginnings. It is a time we may feel a particular closeness to God, for according to tradition, throughout the night God shelters our souls under the divine wing, and in the morning returns them to us. The prayers presented here are from Birkhot HaShabar, the traditional morning liturgy. They speak of life, its preciousness, and its eternal source. May God be with us all throughout the day.

IN THE MORNING

*Asher Yatzar*

IN THE MORNING

*Modeh Ani*

מִוֹדָה אֲנִי לְפָנֶיךָ	I thank You, God,
מֵלֶכֶךְ חַי וְקַיִם	Creator of life, eternal One.
שֶׁהַחַיּוֹת בֵּי נַשְׁמָתֵי בְּחַמְלָה	for restoring my soul with love,
רַבָּה אֱמוּנָתְךָ.	filled with Your eternal trust.

*Modeh a-ni l'fa-nehkha  
Meh-lekh hai v'ka-yahm  
sheh'heh'heh-zarta bi nish-ma-ti b'hem-la-  
rabba eh-mu-na-tehkha.*

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה	Blessed are You,
יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם	Adonai, our God, Ruler of the Universe,
אֲשֶׁר יָצַר אֶת הָאָדָם בְּחָכְמָה	who formed human beings with Wisdom,
וַיִּבְרָא בּוֹ נְקָבִים וְנָחֳלִים	creating pores, orifices, hollows, and holes,
וְנִלְוִיִּם וְנִלְוִיִּים.	openings, cavities, channels, and ducts...

גָּלוּי וְיָדוּעַ	It is clear and established
לְפָנֶיךָ כִּסֵּא כְבוֹדְךָ	before Your Throne
שֶׁאִם יִפְתַּח אֶחָד מֵהֶם	that if one should open
אוֹ יִסְתֵּם אֶחָד מֵהֶם	or another should close
אִי אֶפְשֶׁר לְהִתְקַיֵּם	it would be impossible to endure
וְלַעֲמוֹד לְפָנֶיךָ.	and to stand before You.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ	Blessed are You, Adonai,
רוֹפֵא כָּל בָּשָׂר	who heals all flesh,
וּמַפְלִיא לַעֲשׂוֹת.	performing wonders.

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# Elohai Neshama

אלהי Elohai/my God –

נְשָׁמָה שִׁנָּתַתָּ בִּי טְהוֹרָה הִיא. The soul You have given me is pure.  
 אַתָּה בְּרָאתָה אֶתָּה יָצַרְתָּה You created it, You formed it,  
 אַתָּה נְפַחְתָּה בִּי You breathed it into me,  
 וְאַתָּה מְשַׁמְרָה בְּקִרְבִּי You guard it within me.  
 וְאַתָּה עֲתִיד לְשַׁלְּחַה מִמֶּנִּי You will, in the future, take it from me,  
 וְלְהַחְזִירָה בִּי לְעֲתִיד לְבֹא. and restore it to me at a future time.  
 כָּל זְמַן שֶׁהַנְּשָׁמָה בְּקִרְבִּי So long as this soul is within me,  
 מוֹדָה אֲנִי לְפָנֶיךָ I acknowledge/thank/praise You,  
 יְיָ אֱלֹהֵי וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתַי Adonai, My God, God of my ancestors,  
 רְבוּן כָּל הַמַּעֲשִׂים אֲדוֹן כָּל הַנְּשָׁמוֹת. Master of all creation, Sovereign of all souls.  
 בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ Praised are You, Adonai,  
 הַמְחַזֵּיר נְשָׁמוֹת who restores the soul to the  
 לְפִגְרִים מְתִים. lifeless and exhausted.

Elohai

n'sha-ma sheh-na-tata bi t'ho-ra hi  
 A-tah v'ra-tah, A-tah y'tsar-tah.  
 A-tah n'fah-tah bi,  
 V'A-tah m'shahm-ra b'kir-bi.

# Morning Blessings

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם Praised are You, Adonai our God,  
 רֹבֵד הַיְחָוִד Ruler of the universe  
 ...אֲשֶׁר נָתַן לְשִׁכּוֹי בֵּינָה לְהַבְחִין ...who enables us to distinguish between  
 בֵּין יוֹם וּבֵין לַיְלָה. light and darkness.  
 ...שָׁעֲשֵׂנִי בְּצַלְמוֹ. ...who created me in the divine image.  
 ...שָׁעֲשֵׂנִי יִשְׂרָאֵל. ...who made me a Jew.  
 ...שָׁעֲשֵׂנִי בֶן-בְּתֵר (חֹרִין). ...who made me free.  
 ...פּוֹקֵחַ עֵוְרִים. ...who gives sight to the blind.  
 ...מְלַבֵּשׁ עֲרֻמִּים. ...who clothes the naked.  
 ...מַתִּיר אֲסוּרִים. ...who releases the bound.  
 ...זוֹקֵף כְּפוּפִים. ...who raises those bowed down.  
 ...רוֹקֵעַ הָאָרֶץ עַל הַמַּיִם. ...who sets the earth upon the waters.  
 ...שֹׁעֵשׂה לִי כָּל-צָרָתִי. ...who provides for all my needs.  
 ...הַמְּכִין מַצְעוֹתַי גִּבֹּר. ...who guides my steps.  
 ...אוֹזֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּגִבּוֹרָה. ...who girds the people Israel with migl  
 ...עוֹטֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל בְּתַפְאָרָה. ...who crowns the people Israel with gl  
 ...הַנּוֹתֵן לְיָעֵף כֹּחַ. ...who gives strength to the weary.



**Nissim G'dolim Po – Great Miracles Happening Here and Now**

Miracles abound

*In the most unlikely of places*

If we but open our eyes

*We are the ones who make the miracles occur.*

We do not wait for God to make them for us.

*Each and every day, these are the miracles that are ours:*

***Baruch Atah Adonai, Eloheinu Melech HaOlam.....***

*Who has implanted mind and instinct within every human being.*

*Who has given me freedom to choose to break old, stale habits.*

*Who opens my eyes when I am too blinded by my pride to see the truth that someone else is trying to convey.*

*Who places compassion within our world so that I remember not to take my troubles too seriously.*

*Who frees me when I am held hostage by my own narrowly envisioned future.*

*Who lifts me up with hope when all seems so bleak.*

*Who makes firm my steps as I walk into the unknown.*

*Who blesses me with strength when I feel weak and determined when I feel lost.*

*Who allows me to see the good and the beautiful that can emerge from the bad and the ugly.*

*Who infuses me with a second wind when I feel beaten and alone.*

*Who removes the sleep from my eyes with the knowledge that with every new sunrise, new possibilities for holiness abound.*



*A Prayer for Overcoming Burnout*

**I** am weary, God; please renew my spirit.  
 When I despair, fill me with hope.  
 When I feel as if I have no more to give, remind me that my strength comes from You.  
 When I assume that my energy is finite, teach me to see that I am connected to an infinite source of inspiration and goodness.  
 When I lose faith in myself, remind me that I am blessed with enormous talent and ability.  
 When I get lazy, remind me that there is much work to be done and that there are many people who need my assistance. Teach me to see that my efforts do make a difference.  
 When I forget why I am doing what I am doing, help me to recover the excitement, the meaning, and the satisfaction that led me to this work.  
 When I lose direction, show me the way, God, back to passion, back to enthusiasm, back to You. Amen. ✕

*A Prayer to Overcome Excessive Competitiveness*

**I**'ve always been a competitive person, God, but I fear I've gone too far. I've grown selfish, God. I've neglected my family. I've wished for my colleagues to fail. I've rejoiced at their ruin. I have refused to offer help when my help was needed.

Help me, God. Teach me that there is goodness inside me. Show me how to harness my drive and direct it toward honorable ambitions. Let me become driven for causes that bring healing to Your world. Teach me, God, to see that success is not an end in itself.

Fill me with Your peace, God, so that I can slow down and rejoice in all the blessings that surround me. Amen. ✕

O My God

My soul's compassion

My heart's precious friend

I turn to You

In the silence of my innermost being,

In the fragments of my yearned-for wholeness,

I hear whispers of Your presence-

Echoes of the past when you were with me

When I felt your nearness

When together we walked-

When you held me close, embraced in Your love,

laughed with me in my joy.

I yearn to hear you again.

In your oneness, I find healing.

In the promise of Your love, I am soothed.

In your wholeness, I too can become whole again.

Please listen to my call--

help me find the words

help me find the strength within

help me shape my mouth, my voice, my heart

so that I can direct my spirit and find You in prayer

In words only my heart can speak

In songs only my soul can sing

Lifting my eyes and heart to You.

*Adonai*

*S'fatai tiftach*

open my lips, precious God,

so that I can speak with you again.



## געבעט

אויף אונדזער בענקשאפט נאך דיר -- ענטפער אונדז, גאט!  
 זיי גובר דיין שווייגן, האר פון אלע ווערטער!  
 יארטויזנטער פארשמאכטע בעטן דיך: -- אנטפלעק זיך!  
 מיר ווילן נישט דאס רעטעניש-גערעטעניש!  
 ווייז אונדז גוטסקייט אנטשאט חכמה, פרייד שטאט צויבער.  
 פארוואס רייצסטו זיך מיט אונדזער צוטרוי?  
 לאכסטו אויס דען אונדזער שטאלץ אויף דיר?  
 פארוואר באהאלטסט פאר אונדזער תשוקה זיך. א, זע:  
 אונדזערע ליידנשאפטן זענען פארשטעלטע בענקשאפט נאך דיר,  
 אונדזערע זינד -- א נויטגעטראנק אין דארשט נאך דיר,  
 און דיין שווייגן איז גיהנם אויף דער ערד -- --  
 איך שפיר דיין אויער נאנט צו מיינע בעטנדיקע ליפן  
 און ווייס: ס'איז דיין הקפדה הארציקער ווי מיינ רחמנות.  
 נאר טיילמאל טוט א שפריץ די גאל פון גרויל און שרייט  
 פון טויזנט מיילער: -- גאט אליין איז אונדזער קטיגור!  
 און איך קאן מיינ ווארטלאז ווארט דאן קיינעם זאגן.  
 שטארקער ווי מיינ גלויבן איז פארצווייפלונג פון א וועלט,  
 אז כוואלט מדרגות אלע און מתנות דינע  
 פאר בלויז א ליכטיק ווארט פון דיר אוועקגעגעבן.

פ. סאלאמאנסקין

## Petition \*

God, answer us—we long for You!  
 Overcome Your silence, Lord of all words!  
 The downcast of a thousand years beg you:—reveal Yourself!  
 Spare us word-plays on enigmas.  
 Show us goodness, not craft; joy not magic.  
 Why do You tease our trust in You?  
 Mock our pride in You?  
 Truly, You hide from our craving for You. Oh, see:  
 Our lustful passions disguise our need for You,  
 Our sins—a desperate thirst for You,  
 And Your silence—*gehinnom*, hell on earth.  
 I feel Your ear near to my beseeching lips,  
 and know that Your strict rule  
 is kinder than my pity.  
 But at times bile spurts from horror, and screams  
 through a thousand mouths: God Himself is our prosecutor!  
 And then I cannot speak my wordless words to anyone.  
 Deeper than my faith is the world's despair,  
 so that I'd give away all Your gifts to me and all my talents,  
 for simply a light bright word given from You.

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