

Morning Service for Weekdays
From Union Prayer Book for Jewish Worship
(Adapted, Kent Ira Groff)

*Begin with silent prayer
(or such other prayer as the heart may prompt).*

O Lord, I shut out the din and fret and littleness of things that I may feel myself alone with you in the silence. As a child yields itself to loving arms, I yield myself to you, asking for nothing, complaining about nothing. What if my labor is hard, what if my lot is humble, what if my dreams turn into futile tears, if only there is the peace of your nearness in my heart. There comes to me in the stillness, despite the terror and tumult of life, a trust in a goodness that nourishes the roots of the grassblade, that glows in the flaming star, and attains fulfillment in the soul of mortals. How healing and strengthening is this communion with you, O God! If only I could always abide in it! But I must go forth again to the struggle for daily bread, to the restlessness of desire and the fear of pain, to the disillusionment of dreams that never come true. Let me not go forth alone, O God. Abide now deep in the solitude of my heart, that I may trust in you and be unafraid in the face of the inscrutable years, and see that everything happens for the best. Amen.