

## Rosh HaShanah Shacharit 5780

### Ways to pray

Miriam Weinstein

Each morning after my walk, I make my bed, pulling at sheets, tucking corners, tugging my comforter over the mattress, arranging pillows. I pause, look out — wisps of clouds scatter across the sky.

Each morning while still in bed, grandpa, his soul returned to body, gave thanks to a sovereign being. Out of bed and hands washed, prayers continued. Praise to *Hashem* for the body, wonder of design:

blood, water, bile all in measured motion.  
I make another semi-circle of my bed. Pull, tuck, tug. I remember hearing him pray, entirely in Hebrew, almost a whisper.

*Adonai*. How little I know about God. *Shechinah*. Days before Rosh Hashanah, I watch leaves spiral — shades of amber, citrine, garnet settle on the ground. A flash of black and bright yellow by the birdbath

as a migrating warbler lands, swallows several staccato sips of water. Fallen leaves crackle underfoot; I inch closer. Listen. My attention is better in autumn. Attention, to the autumnal accounting: Where

have I been, where do I hope to go. How, if given another year in this patch of wilderness, how will I choose to scythe my path.

(as read at Rosh Hashanah 5780 morning services,  
30 September 2019)