



**A Prayer for September 22, 2020, During the Jewish Days of Awe**  
Rabbi Steven W. Engle, Congregation of Reform Judaism, Orlando

Summer's gone. Nights grow cold  
These are the days of awe – the shofar blows  
With bread in hand – down to the sea  
We take time, give thanks  
And cast our sadness free.

That we may start fresh  
That we may come clear  
That we may know sweetness and peace  
Throughout the year  
That we may find love  
When we need it most  
And open our hearts and hands  
And draw each other close

A day to fast and to count the ways  
We've promised and fallen short – we meet each other's gaze  
Begin again – life won't wait  
Time turns and we return  
And walk on through the gates

Under the moon – a roof of trees  
We bring in the harvest – beneath the stars we eat  
And sing for the joy – Make ourselves strong  
We'll reap what we've sown  
May it last all year long

That we may start fresh  
That we may come clear  
That we may know sweetness and peace  
Throughout the year  
That we may find love  
When we need it most  
And open our hearts and hands  
And draw each other close