Look, the world is always ending somewhere.

Somewhere the sun has come crashing down.

Somewhere it has gone completely dark.

Somewhere it has ended with the gun, the knife, the fist.

Somewhere it has ended with the slammed door, the shattered hope.

Somewhere it has ended with the utter quiet that follows the news from the phone, the television, the hospital room.

Somewhere it has ended with a tenderness that will break your heart.

But, listen, this blessing means to be anything but morose. It has not come to cause despair.

It is simply here because there is nothing a blessing is better suited for than an ending, nothing that cries out more for a blessing than when a world is falling apart.

This blessing will not fix you, will not mend you, will not give you false comfort; it will not talk to you about one door opening when another one closes.

It will simply sit itself beside you among the shards and gently turn your face toward the direction from which the light will come, gathering itself about you as the world begins again.

Jan Richardson, Circle of Grace

1 Taken from: Circle of Grace, Jan Richardson. Wanton Gospeller Press, 2015. www.janrichardson.com