

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 Grace¹

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