

This world.
Impossible.
Unthinkable.
We are brought to our knees.

God, today, there is no true north.
And when I last checked,
the sun did not rise at all.
Today, the innocent still suffer,
buildings still fall,
families still grieve.
A world has ended without
any reasonable fanfare.

This is the way of tragedy,
how it breaks in and robs us while we sleep.

Help us to know what to feel,
what to do,
how to grieve – together.

Blessed are we
who try to see things clearly,
though the truth of it all feels
unimaginable.

Blessed are we
who ask and wait, and ask again,
for answers that may not come,
for hope that seems hard to find,
for comfort that is not easily offered.

Along the way
show us how to live
when we've lost the things
we cannot get back.

Remind us that you, oh God,
are our home and our refuge.
When life's unthinkable fragility
is too difficult to hold,
take my hands.

Kate Bowler and Jessica Richie, *The Lives We Actually Have: 100 Blessings for Imperfect Days*.