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]](#footnote-1)*

1. Taken from: *Circle of Grace,* Jan Richardson. Wanton Gospeller Press, 2015. www.janrichardson.com [↑](#footnote-ref-1)