

# Thought for the Day: 16-22 November 2020

## by Rev. Alan Stewart

This week's Thoughts are a series of beautiful blessings written by artist, writer and ordained minister Jan Richardson. Many were written in times of grief and loss. I pray you'll find solace and strength within them. May they speak to your soul as they do to mine.

### [Monday]

#### Blessing in the Chaos



To all that is chaotic  
in you,  
let there come silence.

Let there be  
a calming  
of the clamoring,  
a stilling  
of the voices that  
have laid their claim  
on you,  
that have made their  
home in you,

that go with you  
even to the  
holy places  
but will not  
let you rest,  
will not let you  
hear your life  
with wholeness  
or feel the grace  
that fashioned you.

Let what distracts you  
cease.

Let what divides you  
cease.

Let there come an end  
to what diminishes  
and demeans,  
and let depart  
all that keeps you  
in its cage.

Let there be  
an opening  
into the quiet  
that lies beneath  
the chaos,  
where you find  
the peace  
you did not think  
possible  
and see what shimmers  
within the storm.

- Jan Richardson

**[Tuesday]**

**The healing that comes**



I know how long  
you have been waiting  
for your story to take  
a different turn,  
how far  
you have gone in search  
of what will mend you  
and make you whole.

I bear no remedy,  
no cure,  
no miracle  
for the easing  
of your pain.

But I know  
the medicine  
that lives in a story  
that has been  
broken open.

I know  
the healing that comes  
in ceasing  
to hide ourselves away  
with fingers clutched

around the fragments  
we think are  
none but ours.

See how they fit together,  
these shards  
we have been carrying—  
how in their meeting  
they make a way  
we could not  
find alone.

- Jan Richardson

## **[Wednesday]**



Who wait  
for the night  
to end  
bless them.

Who wait  
for the night  
to begin  
bless them.

Who wait  
in the hospital room  
who wait  
in the cell

who wait  
in prayer  
bless them.

Who wait  
for news  
who wait  
for the phone call  
who wait  
for a word  
who wait  
for a job  
a house  
a child  
bless them.

Who wait  
for one who  
will come home  
who wait  
for one who  
will not come home  
bless them.

Who wait with fear  
who wait with joy  
who wait with peace  
who wait with rage  
who wait for the end  
who wait for the  
beginning  
who wait alone  
who wait together  
bless them.

Who wait  
without knowing  
what they wait for  
or why  
bless them.

Who wait  
when they  
should not wait  
who wait  
when they should be  
in motion  
who wait  
when they need  
to rise  
who wait  
when they need  
to set out  
bless them.

Who wait  
for the end  
of waiting  
who wait  
for the fullness  
of time  
who wait  
emptied and  
open and  
ready  
who wait  
for you,  
o bless.

- Jan Richardson

## [Thursday]



Go slow  
if you can.  
Slower.  
More slowly still.  
Friendly dark  
or fearsome,  
this is no place  
to break your neck  
by rushing,  
by running,  
by crashing into  
what you cannot see.

Then again,  
it is true:  
different darks  
have different tasks,  
and if you  
have arrived here unawares,  
if you have come  
in peril  
or in pain,  
this might be no place  
you should dawdle.

I do not know  
what these shadows

ask of you,  
what they might hold  
that means you good  
or ill.

It is not for me  
to reckon  
whether you should linger  
or you should leave.

But this is what  
I can ask for you:

That in the darkness  
there be a blessing.  
That in the shadows  
there be a welcome.  
That in the night  
you be encompassed  
by the Love that knows  
your name

- Jan Richardson



**[Friday]**



***Blessed are you***

who bear the light  
in unbearable times,  
who testify  
to its endurance  
amid the unendurable,  
who bear witness  
to its persistence  
when everything seems  
in shadow  
and grief.

***Blessed are you***

in whom  
the light lives,  
in whom  
the brightness blazes—  
your heart  
a chapel,

an altar where  
in the deepest night  
can be seen  
the fire that  
shines forth in you  
in unaccountable faith,  
in stubborn hope,  
in love that illumines every broken thing  
it finds.

- Jan Richardson

## **[Saturday]**



This day  
may you know  
joy  
in full measure.

This day  
may you know  
this blessing  
that gathers you in  
and sends you forth  
but will not  
forget you.

O hear us  
as this day

we say  
grace;  
this day  
we say  
grateful;  
this day  
we say  
blessing;  
this day  
we release you  
in God's keeping  
and hold you  
in gladness  
and love.

- Jan Richardson

## **[Sunday]**



So may we know  
the hope  
that is not just  
for someday  
but for this day—  
here, now,  
in this moment  
that opens to us:

hope not made  
of wishes  
but of substance,

hope made of sinew  
and muscle  
and bone,

hope that has breath  
and a beating heart,

hope that will not  
keep quiet  
and be polite,

hope that knows  
how to holler  
when it is called for,

hope that knows  
how to sing  
when there seems  
little cause,

hope that raises us  
from the dead—

not someday  
but this day,  
every day,  
again and  
again and  
again.

- Jan Richardson