

[In this written piece, Jan Richardson speaks deeply to our common humanity, especially to the pain that many of us are feeling in the midst of incomprehensible violence]

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For every shattered place. For every person in pain and grief. For you, from me, in sorrow and stubborn hope. Again and still and always.

## PEACE BLESSING IN A TIME OF VIOLENCE

Which is to say  
this blessing  
is always.

Which is to say  
there is no place  
this blessing  
does not long  
to cry out  
in lament,  
to weep its words  
in sorrow,  
to scream its lines  
in sacred rage.

Which is to say  
there is no day  
this blessing ceases  
to whisper  
into the ear  
of the dying,  
the despairing,  
the terrified.

Which is to say

there is no moment  
this blessing refuses  
to sing itself  
into the heart  
of the hated  
and the hateful,  
the victim  
and the victimizer,  
with every last  
ounce of hope  
it has.

Which is to say  
there is none  
that can stop it,  
none that can  
halt its course,  
none that will  
still its cadence,  
none that will  
delay its rising,  
none that can keep it  
from springing forth  
from the mouths of us  
who hope,

from the hands of us  
who act,  
from the hearts of us  
who love,  
from the feet of us  
who will not cease  
our stubborn, aching  
marching, marching  
until this blessing  
has spoken  
its final word,  
until this blessing  
has breathed  
its benediction  
in every place,  
in every tongue:

Peace.  
Peace.  
Peace.

(Jan Richardson from *The Cure of Sorrow:  
A Book of Blessings for Times of Grief*)