

There is so much lost in this world, O Lord,  
so much that aches and groans and shivers  
for want of redemption, so much that  
seems dislocated, upended, desecrated,  
unhinged—even in our own hearts.

Even in our own hearts  
we bear the mark of all that is broken.  
What is best in this world has been bashed  
and battered and trodden down.  
What was meant to be the substance has  
become the brittle shell, haunted by the  
ghosts of a glory so long crumbled that only  
its rubble is remembered now.

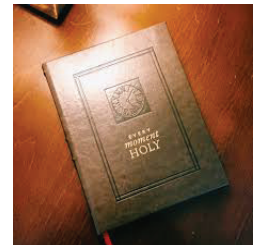
Is it any wonder we should weep sometimes,  
without knowing why? It might be anything.  
And then again, it might be everything.

For we feel this.  
We who are your children feel  
this empty space where some lost thing  
should have rested in its perfection,  
and we pine for those nameless glories,  
and we pine for all the wasted stories in our world,  
and we pine for these present wounds.  
We pine for our children and for their children too,  
knowing each will have to prove how this universal pain is also  
personal. We pine for all children born into these days of desolation—  
whose regal robes were torn to tatters before they were  
even swaddled in them.

O Lord, how can we not weep,  
when waking each day in this vale of tears?  
How can we not feel those pangs,  
when we, wounded by others,  
so soon learn to wound as well,  
and in the end wound even ourselves?  
We grieve what we cannot heal and  
we grieve our half-belief,

A LITURGY FOR  
THOSE WHO  
**Weep  
Without  
Knowing  
Why**

FROM THE BOOK  
*EVERY MOMENT HOLY*  
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having made uneasy peace with disillusion,  
aligning ourselves with a self-protective lie  
that would have us kill our best hopes  
just to keep our disappointments half-confined.

We feel ourselves wounded by what is wretched,  
foul, and fell,  
but we are sometimes wounded by the beauty as well,  
for when it whispers,  
it whispers of the world  
that might have been our birthright,  
now banished,  
now withdrawn,  
as unreachable to our wounded hearts  
as ancient seas receding down  
some endless dark.

We weep, O Lord,  
for those things that,  
though nameless, are still lost.  
We weep for the cost of our rebellions,  
for the mocking and hollowing of holy things,  
for the inward curve of our souls,  
for the evidences of death outworked in  
every field and tree and blade of grass,  
crept up in every creature, alert in every  
longing, infecting all fabrics of life.

We weep for the leers our daughters will endure,  
as if to be made in reflection of your beauty  
were a fault for which they must pay.  
We weep for our sons,  
sabotaged by profiteers who seek to warp their dreams  
before they even come of age.

We weep for all the twisted alchemies of our times  
that would turn what might have been gold  
into crowns of cheap tin  
and then toss them into refuse bins  
as if love could ever be

FOR THE CREATION WAITS  
WITH EAGER LONGING  
FOR THE REVEALING  
OF THE SONS OF GOD.  
FOR THE CREATION WAS  
SUBJECTED TO FUTILITY,  
NOT WILLINGLY, BUT  
BECAUSE OF HIM WHO  
SUBJECTED IT, IN HOPE  
THAT THE CREATION  
ITSELF WILL BE SET FREE  
FROM ITS BONDAGE  
TO CORRUPTION AND  
OBTAIN THE FREEDOM  
OF THE GLORY OF THE  
CHILDREN OF GOD.  
FOR WE KNOW THAT  
THE WHOLE CREATION  
HAS BEEN GROANING  
TOGETHER IN THE PAINS  
OF CHILDBIRTH UNTIL  
NOW. AND NOT ONLY  
THE CREATION, BUT WE  
OURSELVES, WHO HAVE  
THE FIRSTFRUITS OF THE  
SPIRIT, GROAN INWARDLY  
AS WE WAIT EAGERLY FOR  
ADOPTION AS SONS, THE  
REDEMPTION OF OUR  
BODIES.  
ROMANS 8:19-23

a castoff thing one might simply be done with.  
We weep for the wretched expressions of all things  
that were first built of goodness and glory  
but are now their own shadow twins.  
We have wept so often.  
And we will weep again.

And yet, there is somewhere in our tears  
a hope still kept.

We feel it in this darkness,  
like a tiny flame,  
when we are told

Jesus also wept.

You wept.

So moved by the pain of this crushed creation,  
you, O Lord, heaved with the grief of it,  
drinking the anguish like water  
and sweating it out of your skin like blood.

Is it possible that you—in your sadness  
over Lazarus, in your grieving for  
Jerusalem, in your sorrow in the garden—  
is it possible that you have sanctified  
our weeping too?

For the grief of God is no small thing,  
and the weeping of God is not without effect.  
The tears of Jesus preceded  
a resurrection of the dead.

O Spirit of God,  
is it then possible  
that our tears might also be  
a kind of intercession?

That we, your children, in our groaning

with the sadness of creation, could  
be joining in some burdened work  
of coming restoration? Is it possible  
that when we weep and don't know why,  
it is because the curse has ranged  
so far, so wide? That we weep at that  
which breaks your heart, because it  
has also broken ours—sometimes so deeply  
that we cannot explain our weeping,  
even to ourselves?

If that is true,  
then let such weeping be received, O Lord,  
as an intercession newly forged of holy sorrow.

Then let our tears anoint these broken things,  
and let our grief be as their consecration—  
a preparation for their promised  
redemption, our sorrow sealing them  
for that day when you will take  
the ache of all creation,  
and turn it inside-out,  
like the shedding of  
an old gardener's glove.

O Lord, if it please you,  
when your children weep  
and don't know why,  
yet use our tears  
to baptize what you love.

Amen.