

In the midst of whatever follows, O Lord,
let me meet your mercies anew,
and anew, and anew.
In the midst of my dismay, fix my eyes again
and again upon your eternal promises.

How this ends—that is up to you.
If the next news is favorable, I will
praise you for the ongoing gift of life.
If tomorrow's tidings are worse, still
will I proclaim your goodness, my
heart anchored ever more firmly in the
eternal joys you have set before me.

And when, whether days or decades from
now, you finally bid me rise and follow you
across the last valley, I will rejoice
in your faithfulness even there.
Especially there—

praying *Thy will be done*,
and trusting by faith that it *will* be done.
That it *is* being done. Even now.
Even in this disquiet.

I am utterly yours, O Christ.
In the midst of this uncertainty,
I abandon myself again to you, the author
and the object of all my truest hopes.

Amen.

A LITURGY FOR

Seasons of Uncertainty

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