Grief and Gratitude

Grief and gratitude
Are the lodestones of our days.
Each pulls relentlessly at the other.
We grieve that we cannot see our loved ones,
With gratitude that they are still alive.
We pour out our laments,
Foreheads to the floor,
All the while grateful that we have a floor beneath us.
We grieve our children’s lost school days
While a dark and bitter gratitude approaches on the horizon:
There will be no school shootings.
We shoulder two stones:
One of grief-stricken gratitude,
The other of grateful grief.
We stagger under the weight of them.
To whom can we offer these muddled,
tear-soaked prayers?
To the One who holds both the sorrowful
and the joyful mysteries in His hands.
Lord Most Merciful,
Lord, Most Compassionate,
Let us rest, at last, in Your arms.
Amen.

By Cameron Bellm