

*“Blessing That Becomes Empty as It Goes”*

by Jan Richardson

This blessing  
keeps nothing  
for itself.  
You can find it  
by following the path  
of what it has let go,  
of what it has learned  
it can live without.  
Say this blessing out loud  
a few times  
and you will hear  
the hollow places  
within it,  
how it echoes  
in a way  
that gives your voice  
back to you  
as if you had never  
heard it before.  
Yet this blessing  
would not be mistaken  
for any other,  
as if,  
in its emptying,  
it had lost  
what makes it  
most itself.  
It simply desires  
to have room enough  
to welcome  
what comes.  
Today,  
it's you.

So come and sit  
in this place  
made holy  
by its hollows.  
You think you have  
too much to do,  
too little time,  
too great a weight  
of responsibility  
that none but you  
can carry.  
I tell you,  
lay it down.  
Just for a moment,  
if that's what you  
can manage at first.  
Five minutes.  
Lift up your voice—  
in laughter,  
in weeping,  
it does not matter—  
and let it ring against  
these spacious walls.  
Do this  
until you can hear  
the spaces within  
your own breathing.  
Do this  
until you can feel  
the hollow in your heart  
where something  
is letting go,  
where something  
is making way.