

# A Liturgy for the Holiday Blues

Adapted from *Every Moment Holy, Vol. 1* by Douglas Kaine McKelvey

You created our hearts for unbroken fellowship.  
Yet the constraints of time and place, and the  
stuttering rhythms of life in a fallen world  
dictate that all fellowship in these days  
will at times be broken or incomplete.

And so we find ourselves in this season,  
bearing the sorrow of so much loss.

We acknowledge, O Lord, that it is  
a right and good thing to miss deeply  
those whom we love but with whom  
we cannot be physically present.  
Grant us, therefore, courage to love well  
even in this time of absence.

Grant us the courage to shrink neither from  
the aches nor from the joys that love brings,  
for each, willingly received, will accomplish  
the good works you have appointed them to do.  
Therefore we praise you even for our sadness,  
knowing that the sorrows we steward in this  
life will in time be redeemed.

We praise you also knowing that these glad  
aches are a true measure of the bonds  
you have wrought between our hearts.  
Now use our sorrows as tools in your hand,  
O Lord, shaping our hearts into a truer  
imitation of the affections of Christ.

Use even this sadness to carve out spaces  
in our souls where still greater repositories of  
holy affection might be held, unto the end that  
we might better love, in times of absence and in  
times of presence alike.

We now entrust all to your keeping.

May our reunion be joyous, whether in this life or in the life to come.

How we look forward, O Lord, to the day when all our fellowships will be restored,  
eternal and unbroken.

Amen.