

A Blessing for Those with Eating Disorders and All Who Love Them

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May the energy of the resurrection
surround you,
envelope you with wilderness,
aliveness,
and stone-turned-into-flesh-ness.

May the chorus of birds,
breath,
and beetle wings in the wind
gift you with a sense of belonging,
a sense of knowing that the sound
of your foot on the ground
is the exact sound
this moment requires.
Nothing more,
nothing less
than the unique fractal of God's light
showing up in creation.
Being here.
Being enough.

But when you've had enough of being,
when even feeling your toes
or the way your skin touches your clothes
are just too much,
may the very presence of your soul
offer you restoration of another kind.

An invitation to appear
without the provision of
easy answers or half-truths.

Uncovering the presence of our God
who plants gardens in ruins,
births creation out of darkness,
and leans fearlessly into destruction,
recognizing its story as part of Her own.

Beloved, amazement
is on the horizon for you,
with the warmth of satisfaction
ready to recharge every cell and thought,
with rain to replenish your desert places.

And compassion will be like
freshly cut grass,
ordinary
and awakening to your senses.

This is my prayer for you,
our prayer for you,
said aloud and easily
this day.
Amen.

