

Give grace therefore that I might now perform the task before me, not in grudging irritation, but in gentleness and generosity of spirit, as a caretaker of your blessings, and as an act of loving service to all family, friends, or strangers who will shelter here or enjoy fellowship beneath this roof. In the midst of these labors, grant me practical wisdom to perceive problems, imagination to consider their solutions, and skill to remedy them. Give me also humility and discernment, that I might know when a task is beyond my ability and ask for help.

Guide my hands in these endeavors, O Lord, and yet even more, I pray that you would shape my heart in the doing of them, that as I labor to repair this dwelling, you would be ever at work within me, your Spirit revealing and repairing my own places of brokenness, ungratefulness, shame, and pride, and so making me an ever more fit habitation for the indwelling Christ, and a truer citizen of the coming kingdom.

*A Liturgy for Home Repairs, Ever Moment Holy Douglas Kaine McKelvey*

We thank you for this new home, O Lord, for the shelter it will provide, for the moments of life that will be shared with in. Dwell with us in this place, O Lord, Dwell among us in these spaces, in these rooms. Be present at this table as we eat together. Be present as we rise in the morning and lie down at night. Be present in our work here. Be present in our play. May your Spirit inhabit this home, making of it a sanctuary where hearts and lives are knit together, where bonds of love are strengthened, where mercy is learned and practiced. May this home be a harbor of anchorage and refuge, and a haven from which we journey forth to do your work in the world.

*A Liturgy for Moving into a New Home*

O Christ in whom our treasures are secure, fix now our hope in you. in light of all that was so suddenly lost, O Lord, in light of all we had gathered but could not keep, comfort us. Our nerves are frayed, O God. Our sense of place and permanence is shaken, so be to us a foundation. We were shaped by this place, and by the living of our lives in it, by conversations and labors and studies, by meals prepared and shared, by love incarnated in a thousand small actions that became as permanent a part of this structure as any nail or wire or plank of wood. Our home was to us like a handprint of heaven. It was our haven, and now we are displaced and faced with the task of great labors—not to move forward in this life, but merely to rebuild and restore what has been lost. Have mercy, Lord Christ. What we have lost here, are the artifacts of our journey in this world, the very things that reminded us of your grace expressed in love and friendship, and in shared experience. O Father, we have suffered a hard loss, and one that we cannot endure alone. May we merge in the months to come—even in our frailty—stronger than before, more deeply rooted in you, and more wrapped in the necessary arms of community. Give us humility to receive that which we need and cannot repay, when it is offered by others. We thank you for the presence of friends who would share this burden of grief simply by showing up in the midst of it, and grieving with us. We thank you for small mercies and kindnesses extended. For the grace of thoughtfulness translated into the tiny details of life. For beauty. O Lord, let us not lose sight in our grief, of all that is yet bursting with beauty in this world. Let us not lose sight of the truth that we live in the midst of an unfolding story of redemption, and that even this loss of ours will have its counterpoint at

the great restoration. Indeed, for anything spared and salvaged, we give you thanks. Let us see that even in disaster, there is grace still at work, for you know the limits of our hearts. Be with us now as we sift and clean, as we slog merely to reclaim some fraction of that which we once took for granted. Be with us as we navigate the countless details that must be tended and decisions that must be made between now and the time that we begin to feel normal again. Be with us as we slowly recover from the shock of sudden loss, enough to begin to imagine what the restoration of our home might mean, for to build again a thing that we know might easily be lost, must be an act of faith. Let our rebuilding be a declaration that a day will come when all good things are permanent, when disaster and decay will have no place, when dwellings will stand forever, and when no more lives will be disrupted by death, tragedy, reversal, or loss. So by that eternal vision, shape our vision for what this temporary home might become in its repair, O Lord, that in that process of planning and rebuilding we might also streamline our lives for stewardship, for service, and for hospitality in the years ahead. (John 14:34) but those are all tasks for tomorrow. We do not even know yet today the full measure of what we have lost. Today is for mourning. So let us grieve together as those who know the world is broken, but who yet hold hope of its restoration. Comfort us, O Lord, in the wake of what has overtaken us. Shield us, O Lord, from the hurts we cannot bear. Shelter us, O Lord, in the fortress of your love. Shepherd us, O Lord, as we wake each new morning, faced with the burdens of a hard pilgrimage we would not have chosen. But as this is now our path, let us walk in it faith, and let us walk it bravely, knowing that you go always before us. Amen.

*A Liturgy for those who suffer from fire, flood, or storm*

*A Liturgy*