

July 14
Summer Sermon Series: Women of the Bible
“Lost to History -- the Nameless Refugees”

First Reading ~ *Genesis 1:27-29*

Then God said, “Let us make humankind in our image, to be like us, in our likeness. Let them be stewards of the fish in the sea, the birds of the air, the cattle, the wild animals, and everything that crawls, creeps, and moves on the ground. Humankind was created in God’s image as God’s reflection, in the Divine image, God created them; male and female, God made them. God blessed them and said, “Bear fruit, increase your numbers, and fill the earth- be responsible for it! Watch over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and all the living things on the earth! God then told them, “Look! I give you every seed-bearing plant on the face of the earth, and every tree whose fruit carries its seed inside itself: they will be your food.

Second Reading ~ *adapted from “Home” by Warsan Shire*

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well
your neighbors running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin
factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won’t let you stay.
no one leaves home unless home chases
you
fire under feet
hot blood in your belly
it’s not something you ever thought of doing
until the blade burnt threats into
your neck
and even then you carried the anthem under
your breath
only tearing up your passport in an airport
toilet
sobbing as each mouthful of paper
made it clear that you wouldn’t be going
back.
you have to understand,
that no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages
no one spends days and nights in the

stomach of a truck
feeding on newspaper unless the miles
travelled
means something more than journey.
no one crawls under fences
no one wants to be beaten
pitied
no one chooses refugee camps
or strip searches where your
body is left aching
or prison,
because prison is safer
than a city of fire
and one prison guard
in the night
is better than a truckload
of men who look like your father
no one could take it
no one could stomach it
no one skin would be tough enough
the
go home blacks
refugees
dirty immigrants
asylum seekers
sucking our country dry
with their hands out
they smell strange
savage
messed up their country and now they want
to mess ours up
how do the words
the dirty looks
roll off your backs

maybe because the blow is softer
than a limb torn off
or the words are more tender
than fourteen men between
your legs
or the insults are easier
to swallow
than rubble
than bone
than your child's body
in pieces.
i want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home told you
to quicken your legs
leave your clothes behind
crawl through the desert
wade through the oceans
drown
save
be hunger
beg
forget pride
your survival is more important
no one leaves home until home is a sweaty
voice in your ear
saying—
leave,
run away from me now
i dont know what i've become
but i know that anywhere
is safer than here

