

Attentive One,
we come to you as weary people,
laid low by the grinding weight of
federal occupation.

Even before a word is on our lips, O Lord,
you know it completely.
The disappearances, you know.
The cries of those left behind, you know.
The school grounds turned battlefields, you know.
The truth-tellers dragged from their cars, you know.
The grief met with teargas and flashbangs, you know.

If we're honest,
some days it feels as though
all we are doing
is holding our breath,
and wondering what we are to make of this moment.

Could it be, Holy One,
that even in the face of utter cruelty
something is waiting to be born—
like the moment when the seed,
planted in fertile ground,
is summoned forth—
by sun and water and grit—
to become something no regime can stop?

Could it be that this is the moment,
in the shadow of helicopters that circle day and night,
when compassion and courage,
empathy and wisdom,
understanding and LOOOOVVVVEEEE,
are finally given hospitable conditions
to change, to grow, to live?

Could it be that this is the moment
when that tender green,
that brilliant green,
pushes up through fear and ICE—
as if to signal
that nothing—
no mask, no order, no convoy—
will stand in the way of
abundant life
emerging?

Renewing Spirit,

we want to believe this is the moment.
But we need you to fill the spaces
of our disbelief and doubt.
We need you to bridge the chasm
between peacekeeping and peacemaking.
We need you to uproot the cynicism
that quietly feeds brutality.

And from detention cell to Signal chat,
we need you to bind your people together again.

Living Spirit,
the truth is that you can already see
a new world,
one we have not yet known.

May this be the moment, God of All,
when we catch a glimpse
of that world arising.
AMEN.