

A Prayer and Reflection for those who perish in the Desert

Prepare: Find a comfortable, quiet place to sit, and take a few deep breaths to settle yourself. Hold the individuals whose belongings the KBI immersion group encountered in your prayer.

Consider: You will be reflecting on a poem written by a woman exiled from Guatemala. What does the word “exile” mean to you? Consider what you would lose if you were suddenly forced away from your home, from your family and friends and all that is familiar to you.

Pray With Julia Esquivel’s poem below. Read through it twice slowly, allowing yourself to stay with certain words or phrases that catch your attention.

Imagine with God what the New Nation would be like, how people like those deported from the US would be treated there.

Ask God for the courage to overcome the “thousand excuses” that keep you from acting boldly in solidarity with migrants and others facing injustice.

“When the Hour Comes,” by Julia Esquivel

When the Hour Comes,
You shall change my desert into a waterfall,
You shall anoint my head with fresh oil
And your strength shall overcome my
weakness.

You shall guide my feet into your footsteps
And I will walk the narrow path
That leads to your House.

You shall tell me when
And where
I will walk your path
Totally bathed in joy.
In the meantime,
I ask you, Lord, you who awaken
In the most intimate place in my soul
The Feast of Life!!
That of the Empty Tomb!
That of the Victorious Cross!

Let your voice mistaken as the Gardener’s
awaken my hearing every morning
With news that’s always fresh:
“Go and tell my siblings

There, where all my little children
Sit as princes and princesses
At THE TABLE OF MY FATHER.”
Keep reminding me loudly every night,
That you have overcome
Him who confuses this world.

Tell me it does not matter
How bitter the cup of affliction is
So that the heart can cease trembling;
And this desert of indifferent development
Does not impede our hope,
Nor prevent us from holding Your Hands
Round the Fire
Which burns brighter in the Mountain,
Your People are the Mountain!

Be strong
Within me,
So that the thousand excuses
With which the heart
Seeks to escape
From the essential thing
Don’t let me forget
That in Your House
There is always WINE and BREAD

That I have overcome death,
That there is a place for everyone
There where the New Nation is built.

There,
Where neither earth, love or joy
Can be bought or sold,
Where wine and milk
Are shared without money and without price.

And that Your House, Lord,
Is where
The humble search for the Justice
That will shine in the New Society
That already provides us
With glimpses
Of your Kingdom!