

When the congregation sang "Glory glory, glory to God in the Highest"

Our hearts soared.

When they sang "How great, How great is our God!"

We joined the song.

When they taught, "Every hair on your head is counted"

We trusted.

Wonderful counselor, almighty God, Ancient of Days, Alpha and Omega,

We love you. We adore you.

You called worlds into being and created peoples in your own image.

You formed the earth and all that is in it.

You brought forth the deep and the leviathan to sport in it.

And even thru wars and rumors of wars, you said,

"Do not be afraid, for I am with you."

Our hearts fill, we lift our voices and we believe.

All for what, God?

You have rejected us, and abased us

and left us to fend for ourselves.

You have watched us die in the streets,

You have left us scattered, alone, friendless.

Day after day we hear of our siblings-

ribs cracked with a baseball bat

spine split with a knife

head crushed under a truck

stomach torn open by bullet after bullet after bullet

You have raised us like sheep for slaughter.

We are the ones who get second glances,

and eyes that linger just a little bit too long,

trying to figure us out.

We are the ones who are shut out of bathrooms,

healthcare,

employment,

homes.

Our bodies become objects for others to debate,

discuss,

destroy.

We walk the streets praying that we will escape notice,

we change how we look or dress to stay safe,

we hide who we are

hoping that our names will never be read on this day.

All this has come upon us,

yet we remember you.  
We remain in your churches,  
we call out to you in prayer,  
we long for your presence in our lives,  
though we are yours,  
We are excluded from your church,  
reviled,  
forgotten.

God, where the fuck are you? Wake up!  
Do you hate what your own hands have made?  
When will you come and help us?  
Don't you see us?!  
Do you notice when we gather with candles and cries?  
Our siblings' bodies  
lie crushed on asphalt,  
rotting in shallow graves,  
dumped in landfills.  
And our own bodies contort in pain.

Rise up. Help us.  
Redeem us for the sake of your steadfast love.