

A LITANY FOR LIBERATION

BY AMINA MCINTYRE

We gather to remember the stories of the ground on which we stand. Here the grass, stone, soil, trees, all hold the history of joy of celebrations with family and the pain of families being ripped apart. We are family here, working toward liberation.

For the Creator who brings us to know this world, sustains us through the journey and brings us back to meet at the end.

We, the people, are free.

For those who traveled from a distant land, their lives stolen and forced in service to another, demeaned and thought of less-than because of their darker hue.

We, the people, are free.

For those who, even in their transition from this world, were tortured, beaten, maimed, treated inhumanely, are ushered from this world and given a safe passage by those ancestors.

We, the people, are free.

For those who fought for values they believed, yet are now able to admit their role an oppressive ystem, denouncing the practices that maintain the status quo.

We, the people, are free.

For those who continue to fight for justice, push forward for human rights, denounce all isms and divisions so that the community may gather once more.

We, the people, are free

For those who facilitate resistance in resting, restoration for the exhausted, moments of catharsis for the weary, and provide space for healing.

We, the people, are free.

May we live to experience the peace of freedom, the joy of humanity and the love of complete unity for our people.

We, the people, are free.