

Prayer of the Migrant

My Lord,

Here I am on the path heading north.

I bring with me everything and nothing.

I have my roots, which have already been taken out of the land you lent to me.

I leave my homeland, my friends, my family.

I leave my people and my culture.

I don't have much left:

I only bring my backpack,

but I carry it full of faith, of dreams, of hope.

I also bring a heart full of sadness.

One day I wish to return, back to my loved ones.

I don't know if I will arrive to the land of my dreams.

Lord, I only ask that you do not leave me alone on this path heading north.

I believe that at least you understand me.

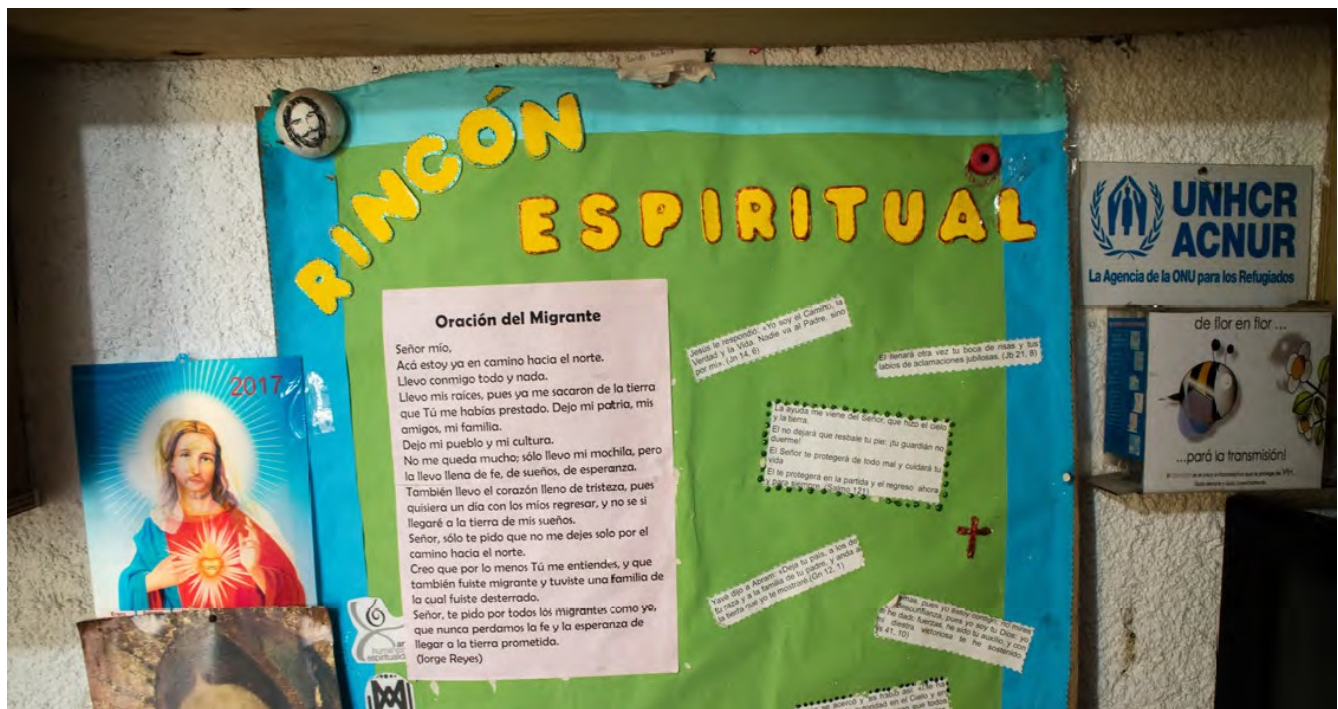
You were also a migrant

and had a family from which you were exiled.

Lord, I ask for all the migrants like myself

that we will never lose the faith

and the hope of arriving to the promised land.



Signed Jorge Reyes, this prayer was posted on the “spiritual corner” of a bulletin board at Casa Tochan, a migrant shelter for young men in Mexico City. It was photographed by Anna Vogt (<http://www.mcclaca.org/moving-together/>) and included in the Mennonite World Conference World Fellowship Sunday Worship Resources in 2019 (https://mwc-cmm.org/sites/default/files/website_files/wfs_2019_en_final3.pdf).