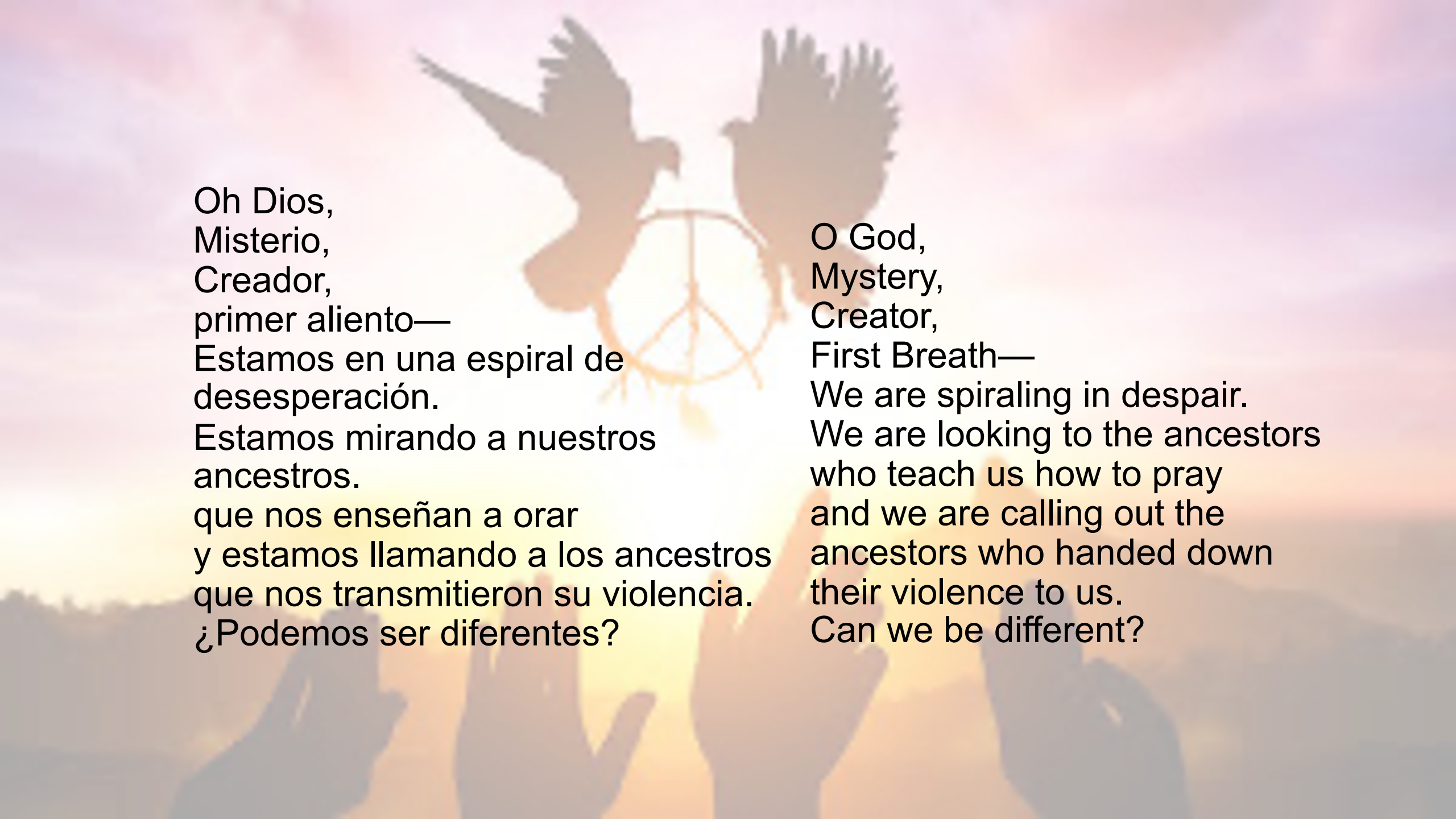


A Prayer for a Non-violent Nation

O God,
Mystery,
Creator,
First Breath—
We are so troubled.
We are the ones in denial of our
violence
and we are the ones who are crying
out for justice.
Can you feel us shaking?

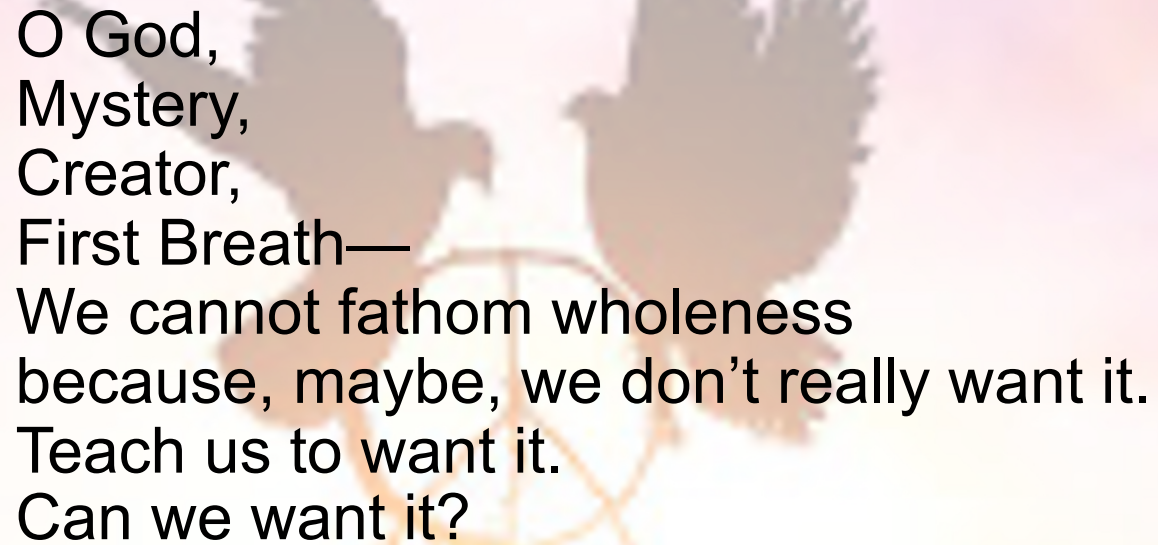
Una Oración por una Nación no violenta

Oh Dios,
Misterio,
Creador,
primer aliento—
Estamos tan preocupados.
Nosotros somos los que
negamos nuestra violencia
y somos nosotros los que
clamamos justicia.
¿Puedes sentirnos temblar?

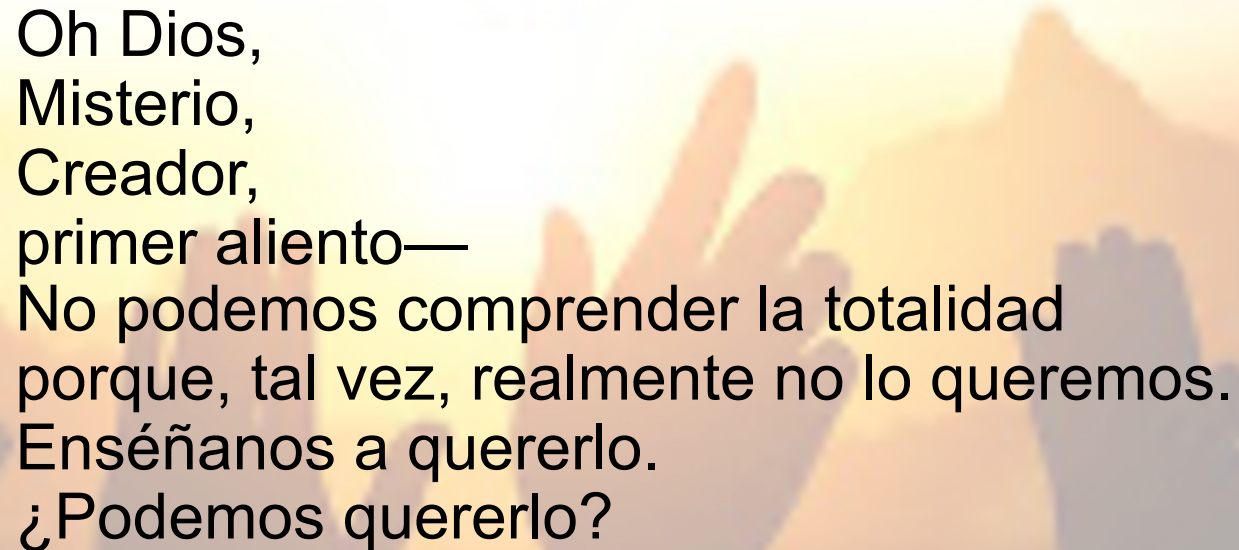


Oh Dios,
Misterio,
Creador,
primer aliento—
Estamos en una espiral de
desesperación.
Estamos mirando a nuestros
ancestros.
que nos enseñan a orar
y estamos llamando a los ancestros
que nos transmitieron su violencia.
¿Podemos ser diferentes?

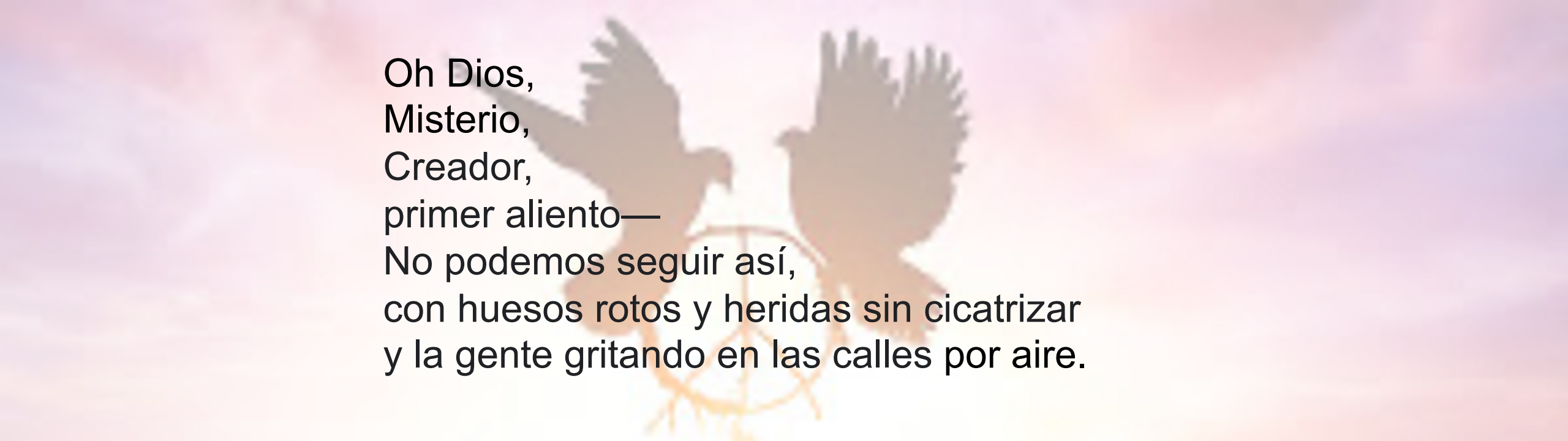
O God,
Mystery,
Creator,
First Breath—
We are spiraling in despair.
We are looking to the ancestors
who teach us how to pray
and we are calling out the
ancestors who handed down
their violence to us.
Can we be different?

Two doves are shown in flight, one on the left and one on the right, with their wings spread. They are positioned above a stylized globe. The background is a soft, hazy sky with a warm, golden light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset.

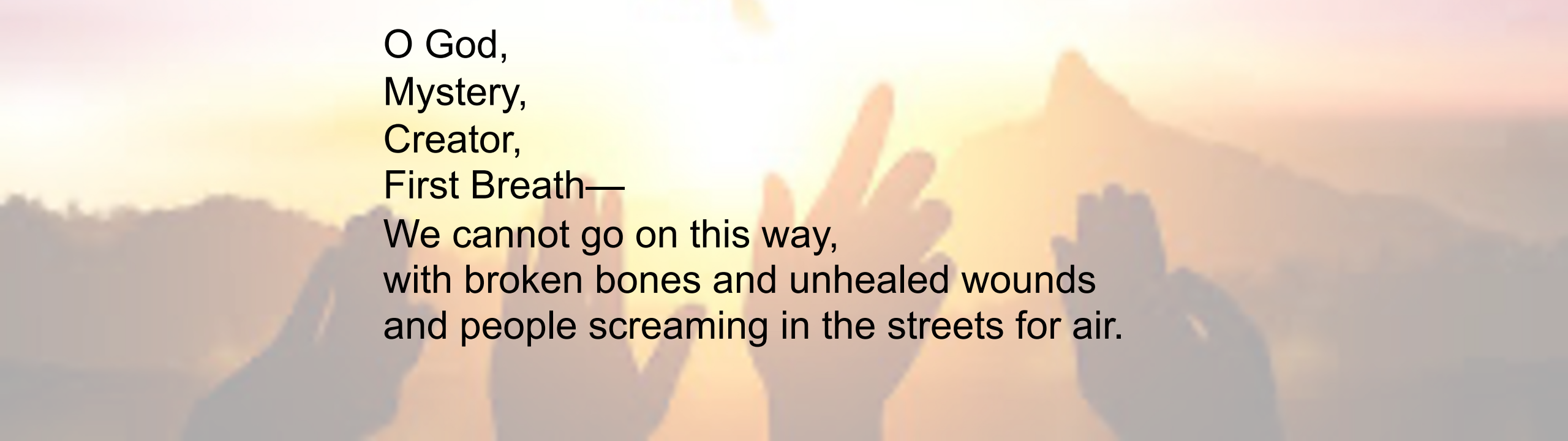
O God,
Mystery,
Creator,
First Breath—
We cannot fathom wholeness
because, maybe, we don't really want it.
Teach us to want it.
Can we want it?

The background features a sunset over a mountain range. In the foreground, several hands are raised in a gesture of prayer or praise, silhouetted against the bright light of the setting sun.

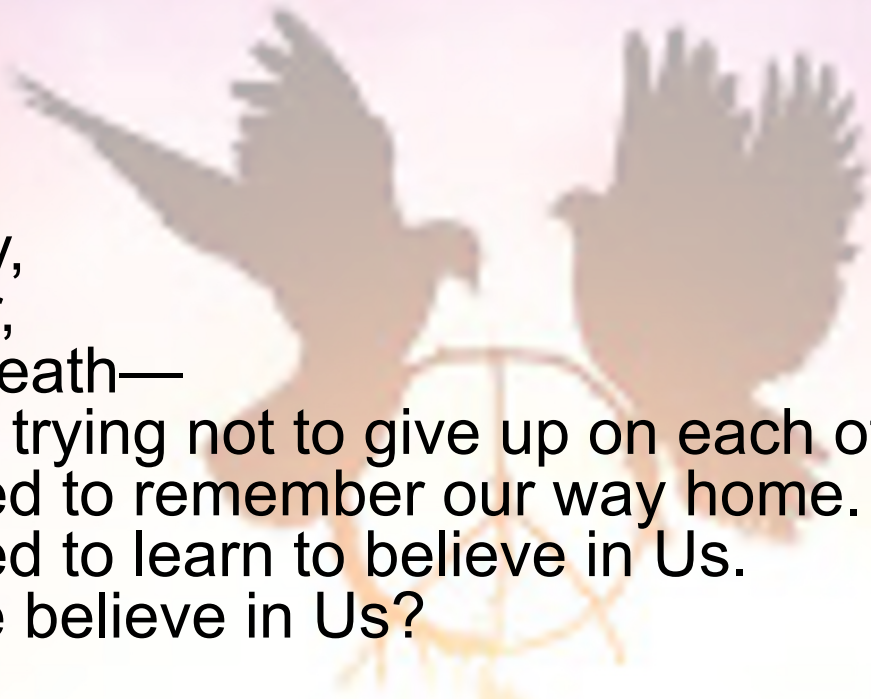
Oh Dios,
Misterio,
Creador,
primer aliento—
No podemos comprender la totalidad
porque, tal vez, realmente no lo queremos.
Enséñanos a quererlo.
¿Podemos quererlo?

The background of the first section features a soft, hazy sunset sky. In the center, two birds are shown in flight, their wings spread wide. Below them is a dreamcatcher with a circular web and several feathers hanging from the bottom. The overall tone is warm and contemplative.

Oh Dios,
Misterio,
Creador,
primer aliento—
No podemos seguir así,
con huesos rotos y heridas sin cicatrizar
y la gente gritando en las calles por aire.

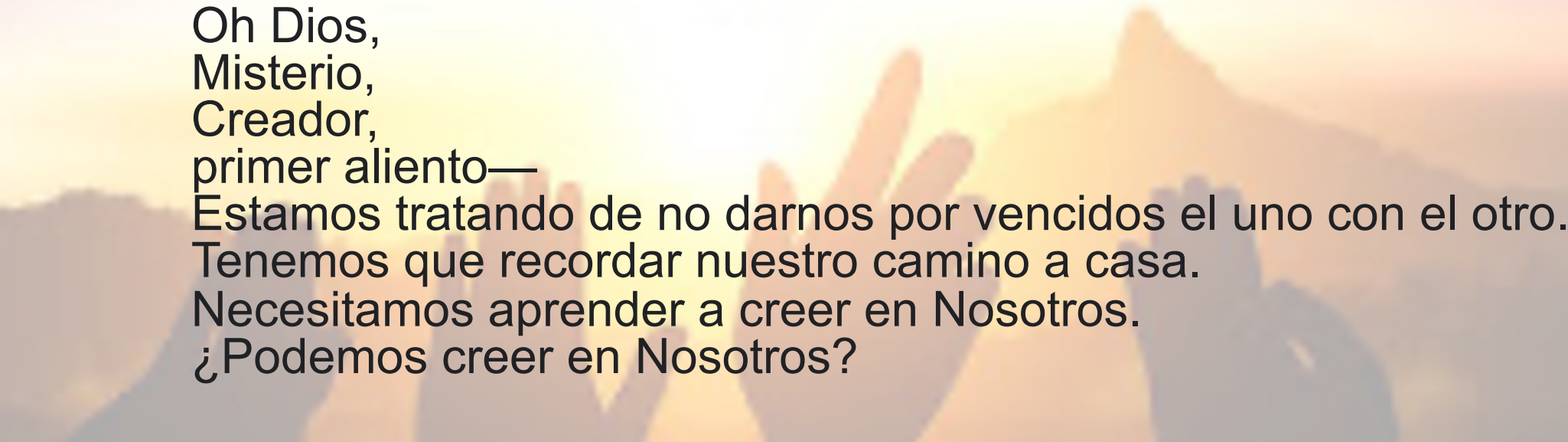
The background of the second section shows a sunset sky with silhouettes of mountains in the distance. In the foreground, several hands are raised in a gesture of prayer or supplication, their fingers pointing upwards. The lighting is warm and golden, creating a sense of hope and devotion.

O God,
Mystery,
Creator,
First Breath—
We cannot go on this way,
with broken bones and unhealed wounds
and people screaming in the streets for air.

Two doves are shown in flight, one on the left and one on the right, with their wings spread. They are positioned above a stylized globe. The background is a soft, hazy sky with a warm, golden light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset.

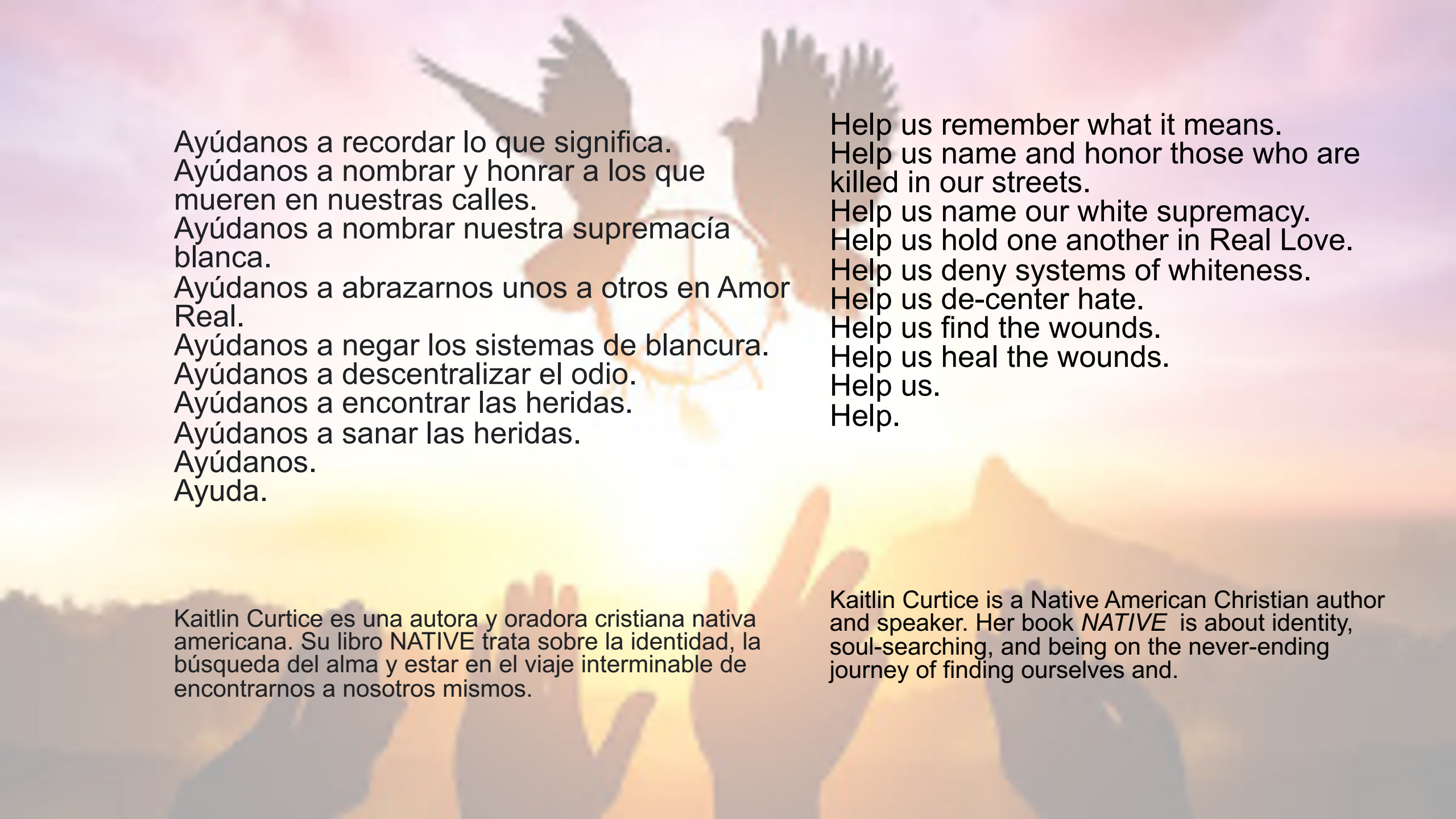
O God,
Mystery,
Creator,
First Breath—

We are trying not to give up on each other.
We need to remember our way home.
We need to learn to believe in Us.
Can we believe in Us?

Several hands are raised in the air, reaching towards the top of the frame. The background is a sunset or sunrise over a mountain range, with a warm, golden light. The hands are silhouetted against the bright light.

Oh Dios,
Misterio,
Creador,
primer aliento—

Estamos tratando de no darnos por vencidos el uno con el otro.
Tenemos que recordar nuestro camino a casa.
Necesitamos aprender a creer en Nosotros.
¿Podemos creer en Nosotros?



Ayúdanos a recordar lo que significa.
Ayúdanos a nombrar y honrar a los que
mueren en nuestras calles.
Ayúdanos a nombrar nuestra supremacía
blanca.
Ayúdanos a abrazarnos unos a otros en Amor
Real.
Ayúdanos a negar los sistemas de blancura.
Ayúdanos a descentralizar el odio.
Ayúdanos a encontrar las heridas.
Ayúdanos a sanar las heridas.
Ayúdanos.
Ayuda.

Kaitlin Curtice es una autora y oradora cristiana nativa americana. Su libro *NATIVE* trata sobre la identidad, la búsqueda del alma y estar en el viaje interminable de encontrarnos a nosotros mismos.

Help us remember what it means.
Help us name and honor those who are
killed in our streets.
Help us name our white supremacy.
Help us hold one another in Real Love.
Help us deny systems of whiteness.
Help us de-center hate.
Help us find the wounds.
Help us heal the wounds.
Help us.
Help.

Kaitlin Curtice is a Native American Christian author and speaker. Her book *NATIVE* is about identity, soul-searching, and being on the never-ending journey of finding ourselves and.