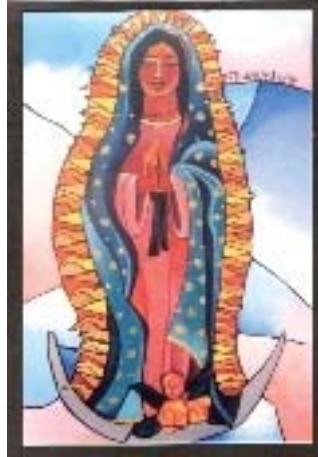


To Our Lady of Guadalupe



O Mother of the Americas,
You came
On a dark hill in a dark time
To one who had no documentation.
To the challenge of the authorities,
You offered roses and grace.

You wanted a space,
Simple and extraordinary,
A space where all could worship
Together, equally your children.

You call us again
In this dark time
To create a space
Where all your children
Are welcomed,
Cherished,
Offered bread, roses,
and what grace we can gather.

O Lady, still shining,
Madre, Mother,
You wait on the hillside,
Until we believe,
Until we can welcome
The ones whom you send.

