

Our Sacred Heart Story with the Potawatomi People in Kansas, 1841-79

The Original by Dr. Yolanda Pierce is found here: [Xavier University Prayer resources](#)

Dr. Yolanda Pierce offered a powerful prayer in the wake of the killing of George Floyd. Her sentiments spoke to me. I offer a modified version of her prayer in *in honor of the conversations had as part of "Our Sacred Heart Story with the Potawatomi"*

Let us not rush to the language of healing, before understanding the fullness of the injury and the depth of the wound.

Let us not speak of reconciliation without speaking of reparations and restoration, or how we can repair the breach and how we can restore the loss.

Let us not rush past the massacres and forced marches of mothers, fathers, children, aunties, and elders.

Let us take in how many children were stolen by government agents and the generations of families destroyed.

Let us not be afraid to sit with the ugliness, the messiness, and the pain...

Let us not offer clichés to the grieving, those whose hearts [have been] torn asunder.

Instead...

Let us mourn the indigenous men and women, who were hunted down, deemed to be "hostiles" because they did not want to leave their home, their land.

Let us lament the loss of children who died in boarding schools, far from their homes, buried in unmarked graves.

Let us weep at a religious educational system that demonized indigenous language and culture, confusing the gospel with European culture.

Let us call for the mourning men and the wailing women, those willing to rend their garments of privilege and ignorance, and sit in the ashes of this nation's original sin.

Let us listen to the suffering of those who have not been heard.

Let us be humble and honor the pain, rage, and grief of our indigenous neighbors and friends.

Let us pray with our eyes open and our feet firmly planted on the ground

God, in your mercy...

Show me my own complicity in injustice.

Convict me for my indifference.

Forgive me when I have remained silent.

Equip me with a zeal for repentance and right relationship.

Never let me grow accustomed or acclimated to unrighteousness.

(modified version by Kristi Laughlin, in honor of the conversations had as part of "Our Sacred Heart Story with the Potawatomi")