



PENTECOST

poems and prayers

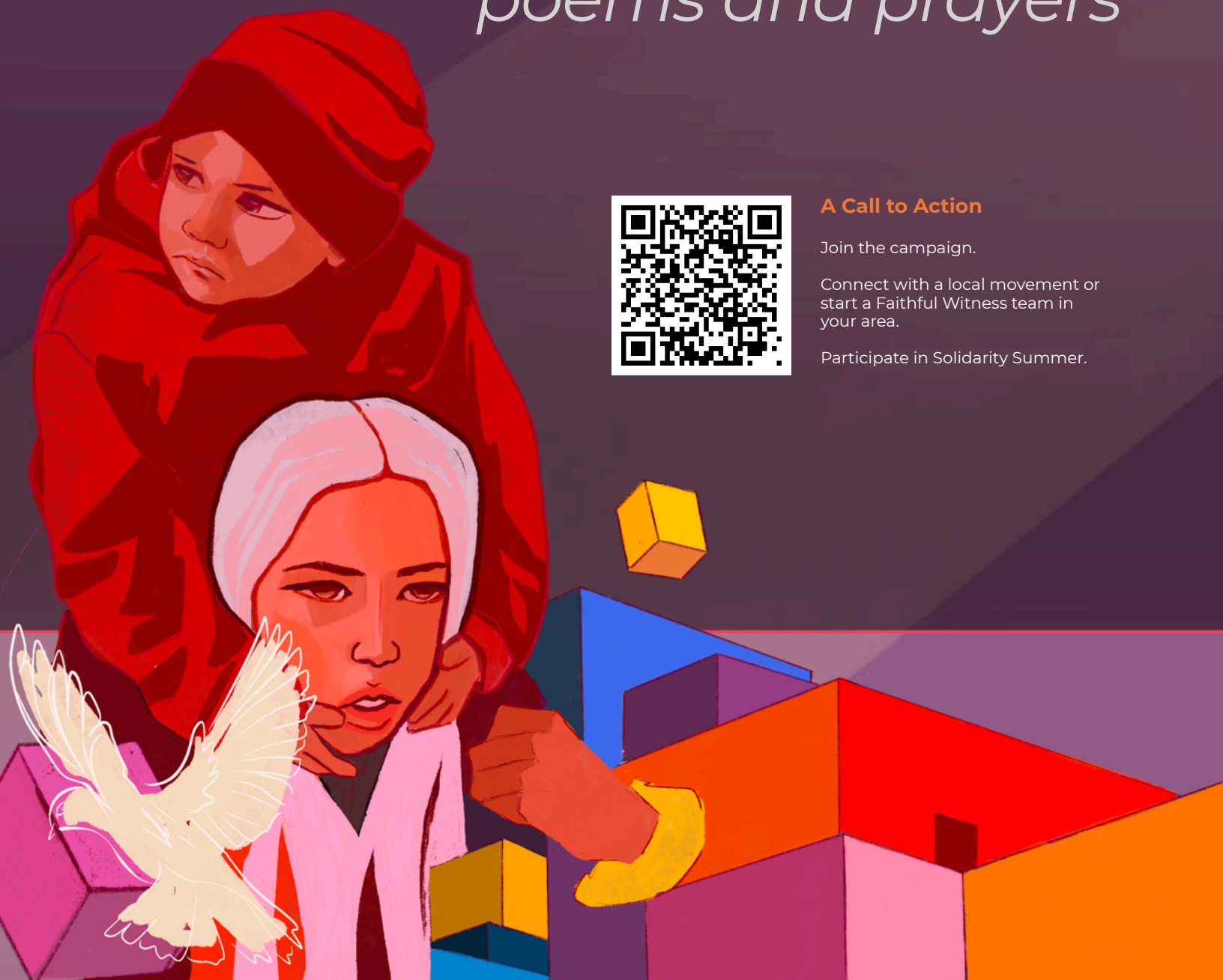


A Call to Action

Join the campaign.

Connect with a local movement or start a Faithful Witness team in your area.

Participate in Solidarity Summer.



ON THE MOVE

The background is a solid orange color. In the upper right, there is a dark orange silhouette of a mountain. A thin orange cross is positioned on the peak of the mountain.

The Spirit of God and the people of God are on the move.

From the beginning of creation, God's Spirit was present and at work (Genesis 1:2). When God created humankind in his image, he commanded them to be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth (Genesis 1:27–28). From the very start, God set his people in motion.

At Babel, people resisted this calling. They built a tower to make a name for themselves rather than to trust God's purposes (Genesis 11:1–4). So God confused their language and scattered them across the earth (Genesis 11:7–9), ultimately fulfilling the command he had given from the beginning.

Throughout the Old Testament, God's Spirit continues to move God's people. The Spirit empowers leaders (Judges 6:34; 1 Samuel 16:13), guides people through exile and return (Ezekiel 37:1–14; Ezra 1:1–5), and emboldens prophets to speak truth (Micah 3:8; Zechariah 4:6). Again and again, the Spirit intervenes to move God's people toward God's purposes.

When Jesus is baptized, the Spirit descends upon him (Luke 3:21–22) and leads him both into the wilderness for a time of testing (Luke 4:1–2) and into his public ministry. In the synagogue, Jesus proclaims that the Spirit of the Lord has anointed him to bring good news to the poor, freedom for captives, recovery of sight to the blind, to set the oppressed free, and to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor (Luke 4:18–19; Isaiah 61:1–2). Throughout the Gospels, Jesus does exactly what he says he came to do (Matthew 9:35–36; Luke 7:22).

As Jesus prepares for his final days, he promises his followers that the Spirit will come in his absence and send them out as witnesses (John 14:16–17; Acts 1:8). They wait, and at Pentecost, the Holy Spirit comes (Acts 2:1–4). In a redemption of Babel, the Spirit enables Jesus’s followers to speak in languages they do not know so that people gathered in Jerusalem from many nations hear the wonders of God in their own heart languages (Acts 2:5–11). The Spirit then sends these followers across ethnic, cultural, and religious divides (Acts 8:26–40; Acts 10:34–35; Acts 13:2–3), forming something entirely new: the Church.

At Pentecost, we celebrate the gift of the Holy Spirit given to God’s people (Acts 2:38–39). We remember that from the beginning, God’s Spirit has always been moving and God’s people have always been on the move. We are recipients of that same Spirit, who empowers us to be faithful witnesses today (Acts 1:8; 2 Timothy 1:7).

Much of our immigrant family in Christ understand deeply what it means to journey in faith, relying on the Spirit’s guidance and provision (Leviticus 19:33–34; Hebrews 11:13–16). During this Pentecost season, we invite you to join us in listening to the stories and wisdom of impacted immigrant communities and local advocates.

As we listen, may the Spirit move us toward faithful action so that all our neighbors may flourish (Jeremiah 29:7; Galatians 5:13–14). May the Holy Spirit move the multiethnic, multicultural, and multinational Church to be faithful witnesses together (Revelation 7:9; Ephesians 2:14–19).





SHAVUOT, PEREGRINAJE Y MIGRACIÓN

SHAVUOT, PILGRIMAGE, AND MIGRATION

Jorge Pereira



I

Dejó el Verbo su morada,
trono eterno, luz celestial,
y en carne frágil, abrazada,
nació en pobre pedregal.

Desterrado por Herodes,
niño Dios en tierra ajena,
su familia entre los modos
del exilio y la condena.

II

Como Israel en el desierto,
cuarenta años de jornada,
el pueblo camina hacia
la Tierra prometida.

Cincuenta días de silencio,
del Mar Rojo hasta el Sinaí,
fuego y viento, don inmenso:
¡el Ruah vino aquí!

III

Así el Verbo que emigrara
del cielo al vientre virginal,
su exilio en gracia transformara,
en Pentecostés eternal.

Dios que entre nosotros habitó,
forastero entre su pueblo,
de los pecados nos redimió,
desde el cielo al establo.

I

*The Word left His dwelling—
eternal throne, celestial light—
and clothed in fragile flesh, embraced,
was born upon poor, stony ground.*

*Driven out by Herod's decree,
the child God in a foreign land,
His family walked the paths
of exile and of condemnation.*

II

*Like Israel in the desert,
forty years along the way,
the people journey toward
the long-awaited Promised Land.*

*Fifty days of waiting silence,
from the Red Sea to Sinai's height—
fire and wind, a boundless gift:
the Ruah came to dwell among us.*

III

*So the Word who once had journeyed
from heaven to a virgin's womb,
transformed His exile into grace
in an eternal Pentecost.*

*God who chose to dwell among us,
a stranger to His very own,
redeemed us from our sin—
from heaven down to a humble stable.*



ORA Y DESCANSA

PRAY AND REST

Janoi López



Una de las historias del Antiguo Testamento que toca profundamente mi corazón es la historia de Ana.

Una mujer que sufría el hecho de que Dios no le había permitido tener hijos. Se sentía triste, afligida. Penina no le hacía tampoco la vida fácil la insultaba e irritaba y cada año Ana tenía que pasar por el sufrimiento de ir a ofrecer sacrificios a Dios y le recordaba aún más, si es que acaso en su día a día lo podría olvidar, que no tenía descendencia.

Hasta que un día Ana derramó su corazón en oración a Dios e hizo una promesa delante de El: si Dios le concedía un hijo ella lo Dedicaría a Jehová todos los días de su vida y viviría en la casa de Dios. En el versículo 18 de 1 de Samuel 1 nos cuenta algo que llama grandemente mi atención. Y se fue la mujer por su camino, y comió, y no estuvo más triste.

Después de esa oración desesperada, esa oración que salió de lo más profundo de su corazón, dice que Ana dejó de estar triste. Ana descansó en el Señor. Ana confió y se rindió a la voluntad de Dios. Muchas veces en nuestras vidas oramos y oramos pero no nos rendimos a su voluntad, no descansamos en El. Debe llegar un momento en que derramemos nuestro corazón como lo hizo Ana, me imagino que ella había oramos en otras ocasiones por un hijo, pero esta vez ella derramó su corazón delante de Dios, oró con tanta intensidad que Eli pensó que estaba ebria, pero luego..... descanso y no estuvo más TRISTE.

Mi exhortación es que oremos a Dios, nos derramemos delante de él pero después descansemos en su voluntad, no le entreguemos la carga que nos agobia y después de orar la volvamos a levantar y ponerla en nuestros hombros, no, esa carga, ese problema, esa angustia la dejamos a los pies de Cristo y cuando salimos de su presencia no estamos más tristes.

One of the stories from the Old Testament that deeply touches my heart is the story of Hannah.

She was a woman who suffered because God had not allowed her to have children. She felt sad and afflicted. Peninnah did not make life easy for her either—she would insult and provoke her. And every year, Hannah had to go and offer sacrifices to God, reliving the pain, being reminded once again—if she could ever forget it in her daily life—that she had no children.

Until one day, Hannah poured out her heart in prayer to God and made a promise before Him: if God granted her a son, she would dedicate him to the Lord all the days of his life, and he would live in the house of God. In 1 Samuel 1:18, we read something that deeply captures my attention: “And the woman went her way and ate, and her face was no longer sad.”

After that desperate prayer, that prayer that came from the deepest part of her heart, it says that Hannah was no longer sad. Hannah rested in the Lord. Hannah trusted and surrendered to the will of God. Many times in our lives, we pray and pray, but we do not surrender to His will—we do not rest in Him. There must come a moment when we pour out our hearts as Hannah did. I imagine she had prayed on other occasions for a child, but this time she poured out her heart before God. She prayed with such intensity that Eli thought she was drunk. But then... she rested, and she was no longer sad.

My exhortation is this: let us pray to God, let us pour ourselves out before Him—but afterward, let us rest in His will. Let us not hand over the burden that weighs us down, only to pick it up again after praying and place it back on our shoulders. No—leave that burden, that problem, that anguish at the feet of Christ. And when we leave His presence, we are no longer sad.

POEMA PENTECOSTES

PENTECOST POEM

Maria Elena Encerrado



Verdad es esta
Tal y como lo anunció,
Que al marchase,
Nos enviaría al Consolador.

Cuando llego el día de Pentecostés
Del cielo un estruendo bajo,
Y como viento recio
La casa se llenó.

Lenguas de fuego bajaron
Y sobre cada uno de ellos se posaron
Y al instante todos los discípulos
En distintas lenguas hablaron.

Y en medio de esta confusión
La salvación a cada pueblo llegó
Ahora alabo a mi Señor
Pues su gracia me alcanzó.

*This is the truth,
Just as He announced,
That when He departed,
He would send us the Comforter.*

*When the day of Pentecost arrived,
A roar came down from heaven,
And like a mighty wind,
The house was filled.*

*Tongues of fire descended
And rested upon each one of them,
And instantly all the disciples
Spoke in different languages.*

*And in the midst of this confusion,
Salvation reached every people.
Now I praise my Lord,
For His grace has reached me.*

"WE ARE ONLY IMMIGRANTS"

Pastor Luis Alba Rodríguez

LEV. 19:33-34;
DEUT. 27:19

EL PASO, TEXAS
MAY 1, 2006



Don't call me wetback, criminal, or thief,
For I reflect your past in vivid grief.
You, too, once crossed a sea to foreign land,
Led not by hate, but by a hopeful hand.

I came not here to steal or bring you harm,
But chase the dream that once gave you your charm.
My sweat and blood have shaped the things you praise,
Yet you dismiss the work of all my days.

I honor pilgrims kneeling in the rain,
Whose Mayflower was steered by God's domain.
I crossed the Rio, desert's burning span—
The same great God still guiding every plan.

"One nation under God, with justice sure,"
Was once your vow, both noble and pure.
Yet now you guard your borders with a wall,
Forgetting Lincoln's dream was meant for all.

Dr. King dreamed a land both fair and free,
Don't stain his hope with laws of tyranny.
A soldier cried, "Give liberty or death!"
I only ask to live with honest breath.

When kind, you grant the title "resident,"
Yet blame me for the sins of Malcom X.
Like Nero casting blame to hide his shame,
You mark my people, burden us with blame
We fought beside you against the Nazi hand,
But pride and hate now plague this noble land.
You boast a dream where all could find their place,
Yet cast me out, and call my hope disgrace.

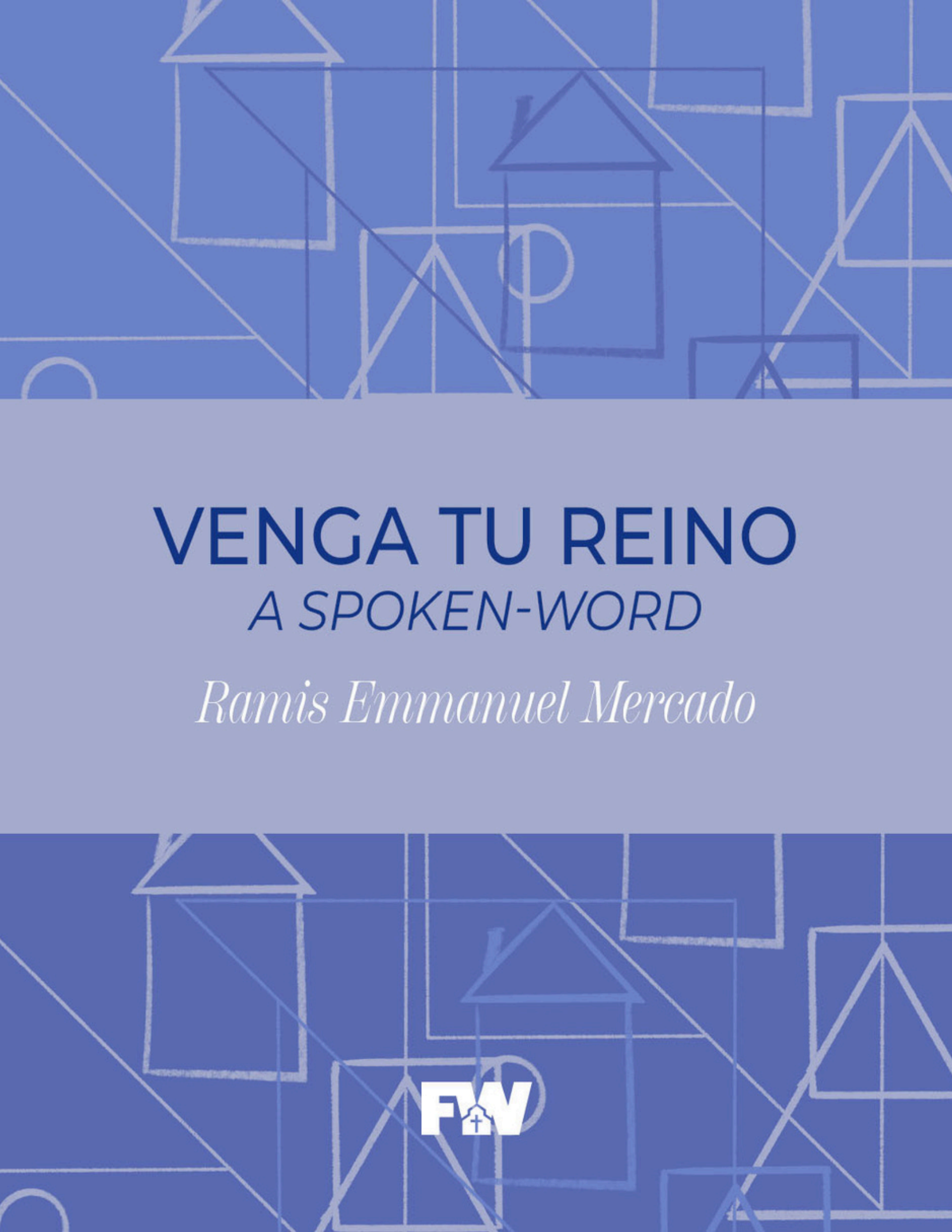
Lady Liberty cried, Bring me your poor!
Yet you gave welcome more to those of yore.
You cursed the Berlin Wall, its cruel divide,
Yet build your own along the southern side.

My children breathe the air beneath your skies,
Proud Mexican-Americans, they rise.
They dream of peace, of brotherhood made whole,
Where every hand and heart can share one soul.

I see my daughters, eyes with holy light,
A future president who stands for right.
Today I lift a voice both bold and true,
For migrant souls, with mercy as their due.
The hand that reaps, the one that builds the wall,
It is not a crime, but noble work for all.

May this dark hour of grief now pass away,
Yet carved in stone, its memory must stay;
So when the chased become the ones who reign,
They will not bind the world with chains again.

The weak who cry cannot be cast aside,
Their plea is justice—let it not be denied;
It is the shout of millions, firm and clear:
We are not criminals—we just live here!
We are not criminals, we are just immigrants!



VENGA TU REINO

A SPOKEN-WORD

Ramis Emmanuel Mercado



Ven a nosotros tu Reino
Our Father who art in heaven
Tu voluntad sea
Your Kingdom come

No solo son tus palabras pero también tus acciones
You came from heaven to earth to show us the way
What way?
THE WAY, The only Way.

Not the way that seems right to man
Not the lines we draw or the borders we defend
But the way that turns everything upside down
And is hard to understand

From the margins to the center
From the overlooked to the outsider
From the detained to the displaced
The last shall be first and the first shall be last

Greater it is to give than to receive
To welcome the stranger, to open the gate
To see every image bearer, not a label or a case
Your kingdom is at hand

Ven a nosotros tu reino
Your will be done
Danos hoy nuestro pan de cada día
Your Kingdom come

Healing the sick, raising the dead
Gathering the misfits, the wanderers, the worn
Those searching for home in a land not their own
You came

Into this fallen broken world you came
A light in the darkness, a beacon of hope
For the ones crossing deserts, for the ones crossing seas
For the ones praying, “God, don’t forget me”

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna you are worthy
You stepped down from glory
Not to be served but to serve
Like manna from heaven that we didn’t deserve

You gave us a glimpse of what was and will be again
A kingdom with no walls, no fear, no division within
Where every tribe and tongue finds belonging and rest
Your kingdom is at hand

Vino a nosotros tu Reino
Forgiving us our trespasses
Librándonos del mal
Your kingdom came

Fulfilling every single prophecy
Not a word, a period, or a comma—nothing changed
Except everything changed

Your glory dwelt among us
Fully God and Fully Man
From the first Adam to the second Adam
This was all part of your plan

From the Garden to the cross and forevermore
You became the One who was rejected at the door
A refugee child, carried to safety in the night
A Savior who knows what it means to run for life

Your grace and your mercy abounds
No greater love than this has the world seen before
That a man, Emmanuel
Would cross every distance to bring us home

Sinless, blameless and without blemish
A multitude of sins to cover
Blessed are we whose transgressions are forgiven
Blessed are we against whom the Lord counts no iniquity

And blessed are those who make room at the table
Who see Christ in the least and the labeled
Who remember we too were strangers once
And were brought near by His blood

The veil is torn
His Kingdom has come

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven

Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who trespass against us

And lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil

For thine is the Kingdom
The Power and the Glory
Forever and ever

AMEN

*WHEN
THE
SPIRIT
MOVED*



When the day of Pentecost came, they were all together in one place. Suddenly a sound like the blowing of a violent wind came from heaven and filled the whole house where they were sitting. They saw what seemed to be tongues of fire that separated and came to rest on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit enabled them.

Now there were staying in Jerusalem God-fearing Jews from every nation under heaven. When they heard this sound, a crowd came together in bewilderment, because each one heard their own language being spoken. Utterly amazed, they asked: "Aren't all these who are speaking Galileans? Then how is it that each of us hears them in our native language? Parthians, Medes and Elamites; residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya near Cyrene; visitors from Rome (both Jews and converts to Judaism); Cretans and Arabs—we hear them declaring the wonders of God in our own tongues!"

Amazed and perplexed, they asked one another, "What does this mean?" Some, however, made fun of them and said, "They have had too much wine."

Then Peter stood up with the Eleven, raised his voice and addressed the crowd: "Fellow Jews and all of you who live in Jerusalem, let me explain this to you; listen carefully to what I say. These people are not drunk, as you suppose. It's only nine in the morning! No, this is what was spoken by the prophet Joel:

"In the last days, God says,
I will pour out my Spirit on all people.
Your sons and daughters will prophesy,
your young men will see visions,
your old men will dream dreams.

Acts 2:1-17



FWV