

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT  
AGAIN & AGAIN, WE ARE CALLED TO LISTEN

## TRUTH THAT RICOCHETS

I went to a lecture once—  
An interfaith conversation with  
interfaith leaders.  
Whispers bounced off the church's  
tile floors  
As people shuffled into place,  
Carrying hope alongside assumptions—  
Mixed into pockets like loose change.

About halfway through the evening,  
A young woman in a blue hijab  
began speaking.  
She was the youngest person on the panel,  
Seated far to the left. You might almost  
miss her  
If you weren't paying attention;  
But not here, not when she spoke.

In quiet determination she told us of fear  
and persecution.  
She told us of hatred and racial slurs,  
Thrown at her people from car windows  
like bombs.  
It was a truth I did not know,  
And that truth ricocheted like sunlight  
through the cathedral windows,  
Touching almost everyone that day.

Then a man in the back, who could  
have been me—  
*Who has been me—*  
Approached the microphone and said,  
“Your people are persecuted. You live in  
fear. You are battered by hate.  
If that is true, then why am I just now  
hearing about it?  
Why is your story not on the news?  
Why have you not spoken up about it?”

And the air was still, partly because we held  
our breath in anticipation,  
And partly because the Spirit slows her  
dance when we stand at the edge  
of truth.

The woman in the blue hijab leaned into  
the microphone  
And whispered with a quiet strength that  
can only come from years of practice:  
“We are screaming.”

If there is one truth in my life  
That unfolds again and again,  
It is the need to listen.

For again and again, I will try,  
with good intentions,  
To act and walk with love.  
But again and again, I will make mistakes.  
Again and again, I will say the wrong thing.  
Again and again, they will call me Peter,  
And again and again, they will be right.

So again and again,  
I will pray for a truth that ricochets,  
For ears that will listen,  
And for space to hold truth.

If people are screaming,  
And to be clear—people *are* screaming—  
I do not want to miss it.

