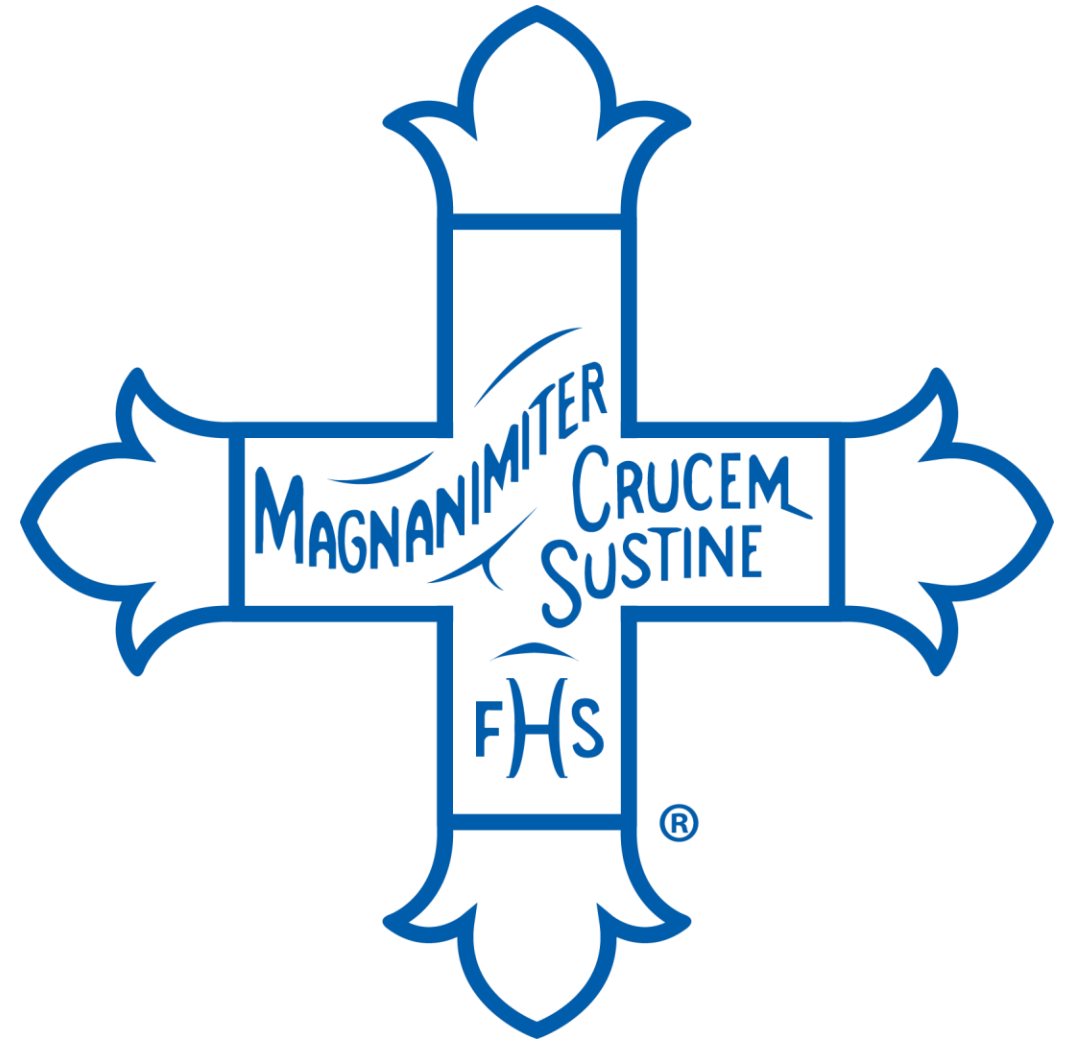


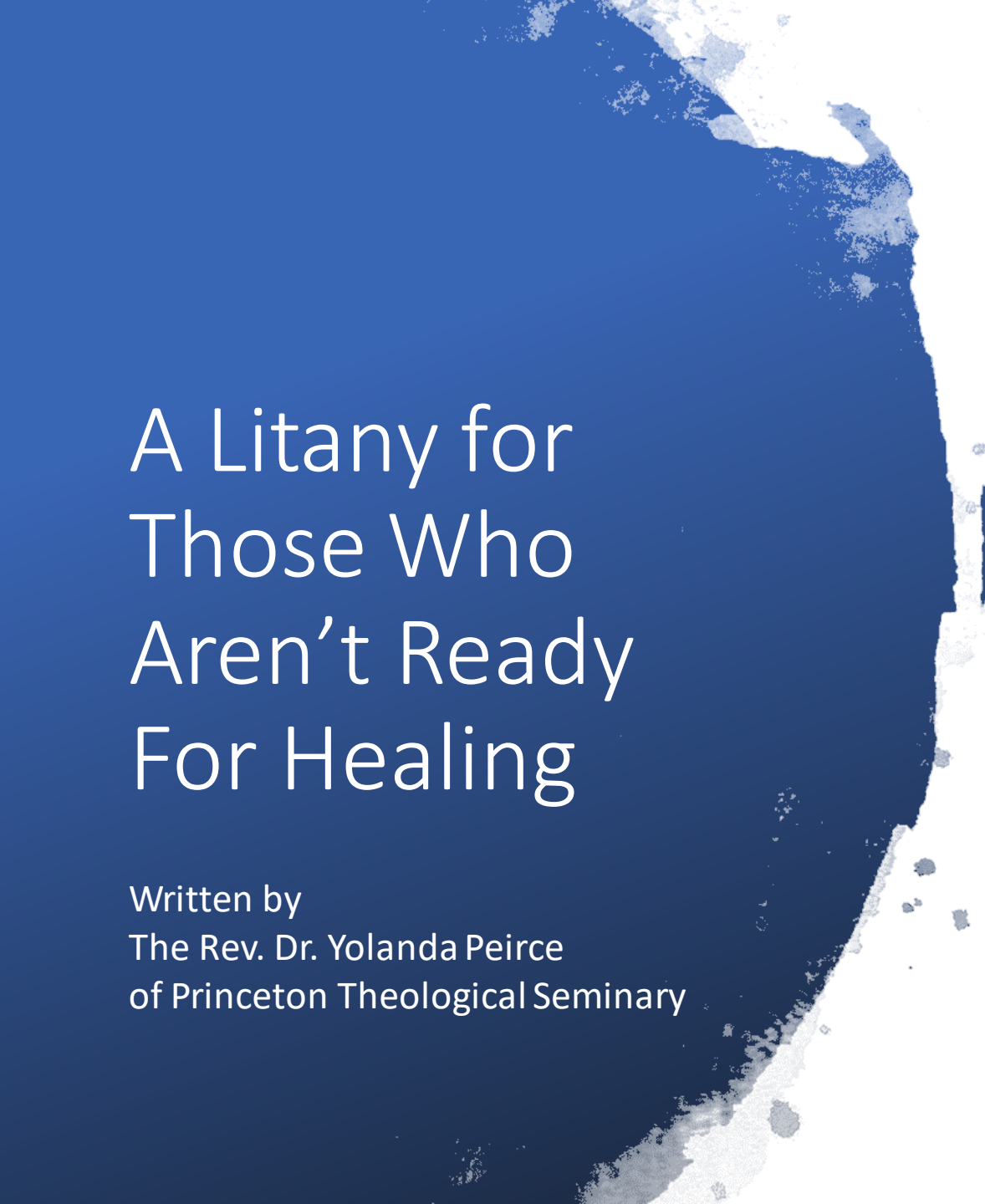
Conversations with Daughters



The Prayer of the Order

O Eternal Father, You have sent us Your Son to teach us things pertaining to Your heavenly Kingdom. Give Your blessing to our Order wherever it may be throughout the world. Grant that we, Your Daughters, ever may discern Your truth and bear the cross through the battles of our earthly life. Give us strength to overcome temptation and the grace to work to spread Your Kingdom and to gather Your scattered sheep within Your fold. Pour out upon us the seven-fold gift of the Holy Spirit that we may always remember it is Your work we are called to do, that all we think, do or say may be pleasing in Your sight. We ask it all For His Sake, our King and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.





A Litany for Those Who Aren't Ready For Healing

Written by
The Rev. Dr. Yolanda Peirce
of Princeton Theological Seminary

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 rush to offer a band-aid, when the gaping wound requires surgery and complete reconstruction.

Let us not offer false equivalencies, thereby diminishing the particular pain being felt in a particular circumstance in a particular historical moment.

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 loss of this mother's child, this father's child... someone's beloved son.

Let us not value property over people; let us not protect material objects while human lives hang in the balance.

Let us not value a false peace over a righteous justice.

Let us not be afraid to sit with the ugliness, the messiness, and the pain that is life in community together.

Let us not offer clichés to the grieving, those whose hearts are being torn asunder.

Instead....

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Let us mourn black and brown men and women, those killed extrajudicially every 28 hours.

Let us lament the loss of a teenager, dead at the hands of a police officer who described him as a demon.

Let us weep at a criminal justice system, which is neither blind nor just.

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

Let us be silent when we don't know what to say.

Let us be humble and listen to the pain, rage, and grief pouring from the lips of our neighbors and friends.

Let us decrease, so that our brothers and sisters who live on the underside of history may increase.

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

Let us listen to the shattering glass and let us smell the purifying fires, for it is the language of the unheard.

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God in your mercy...

Show my my own complicity in injustice.

Convict me for my indifference.

Forgive me when I have remained silent.

Equip me with a zeal for righteousness.

**Never let me grow accustomed or acclimated to
unrighteousness.**

Amen.

The Motto of the Order

For His Sake...

I am but one, but I am one.

I cannot do everything,
but I can do something.

What I can do, I ought to do.

What I ought to do,
by the grace of God I will do.

Lord, what will you have me do?

