**African Heritage Sunday Litany**

Oh, God, you have heard the anguished cries of our ancestors. Their sounds echo and penetrate time to remind us of our fore parents who were brutally captured and forcibly enslaved, as they left the peaceful womb of their African homeland.

All: “Stoney the road we trod.”

Oh, god, you have seen the millions of dark bodies buried beneath the tumultuous waves of the deep. Bodies of African men and women who held the seeds of greatness. You have seen women’s dreams for a united family vanish as they were sold at auction blocks. You have seen the legacy of the African American family decimated and demeaned by those who have attempted to control our destiny.

All: “Bitter the chastening rod, felt in the days when hope unborn had died.”

Oh, God, you have ignited the sparks within us into a blazing demand for freedom, equality and justice. This quest cost Harriet Tubman sleepless nights, as she led her people to freedom; it was an equality that Rosa Parks and civil rights activists fought for and gave their lives for; it was a justice that Martin Luther King, Jr. stood for, as thousands stood with him at the Lincoln Memoria.

All: “Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet, come to the place for which our fathers sighed?”

Oh God, you have seen our tears. You have been pained by the evil of human hearts. Yet, you loved humanity enough that you sent your only Son to identify with the outcast, marginalized and rejected. As the cries of Jesus pierced your heart, so have the cries of your people-cries from different cultures and in different languages.

All: “God of our weary years, God of our silent tears.”

O God, you answered us during our exodus from Africa. You wiped every teardrop during our exile in captivity. Our fore parents dared to dream that one day, on these shores, we would become politicians, preachers, educators, doctors, writers, scientist, artists, and so much more.

All: “Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee.”

Our ancestors’ hard work, their courage, their convictions, and their belief in you paved the way for our emancipation and education. But it is clear, you have liberated us. You have set us free. “Free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty, I’m free at last!”

All: Lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee. Shadowed beneath Thy Hand, may we forever stand. True to our God and true to our native land.”