**Our Protest**

I’m having a new occurrence of an old problem. The silencing. The putting to one side. The harsh words because of my gender and origin. They should know better…the word rocks they are throwing at me keep coming. Thud. Thud. Thud. I remember my mother telling me of such things as she grew up in LA during an earlier time of much hatred between white and black. Her suffering was greater than mine.

Jesus, can you even hear me? Can anybody hear me? Why are you doing this to me? Why you dey do me like this now? Why do you disrespect me and others like me because we are female? Or because we are black? Or because of our different accent? How are you better than us? I just don’t see it. When we make good comments, we are ignored. When we ask for help, there is none. We work hard but we are not recognised. So many votes of no confidence. (Sigh) I guess it’s really not you, but the enemy working through you. Through your prejudice and weakness. But can’t you see that it hurts? It’s just not fair. God, can you see what they are saying, what they are doing? Why don’t you stop them? This is just not right.

A dismissive look, a hard stare, a door closed in our faces. No. No. No. This has got to stop, even though many are doing it and many more are suffering. I can see it in their eyes. The pain and the hurt. The grumpiness and distrust. The folding into yourself. The silencing of the voice. No, you must go to the back of the queue. You must not speak. We will not listen to you. Who are you anyway? Sometimes it’s one person, sometimes it’s a whole nation or tribe. But the impact is the same. We are so hurt and abused that we even fight amongst ourselves and find it hard to connect with each other. There is so little trust between us and relationships are strained. It brings you down down down. How long must we suffer this way? It’s not easy o! But how can we give up? We have our calling, we have our voice, we have our gifts and skills to share. And share we must!

**Our Petition**

The wounds I received drove me to my knees in tearful, anguished prayer – crying out to the Judge of Everything. Fada God, help me o! I groan holding hands with creation, longing in hope for change to come. El Shaddai, let your many breasts satisfy our hunger. We pray, we fast, we cry out to our just God! Surely the higher law can revoke this one?

Lord, remove our sorrows and troubles from us. I know you hear our prayers and cries. Please have mercy on us. Send your fire of love to consume us. Burn away every last trace of prejudice and injustice.

Convict us of our wrongdoing and help us to feel bad about our oppression. Make us repentant of our sin. Help us to say sorry to you and our sisters too, and to change or behaviour to match the sorry. Sorry o! But did you really change? Melt away the resentment and trauma that has built up in our hearts to become a tower of pain. Take away the darkness bit by bit. Help us to love again. We must stop and think before we act. We must listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit, the voice of wisdom; Sophia speaks! She is filling us; telling us to love again. We must lay down our lives for the others we see suffering among us. We have our example! Our Saviour took our sins on His own body on the tree. Our Lord asks us to take up our own cross too, just like He did. So Lord, work in us to desire and to do your will. Emancipate us from those who harm us. Amplify our protest voices. Give us the strength to stand together as one. Help us to move forward in faith. Our hope is in you Lord. Restore our joy again. Change can only arise by your grace! It’s not easy, but how can we give up? If the Lord is for us, who can be against us? Our God go fight for us o!

**Our Praise**

In this place of brokenness, what’s this I hear?

I think I hear a still, small voice that whispers comfort to my trembling heart and causes me to rise again.

The road is long and narrow, tight and with many pivots, and few people find it – the way to deliverance and redemption. It’s in a person.

Jesus is Truth and Jesus is Life. There is no one greater or humbler than this Champion of mine.

So here we are! Project Violet has emerged. Precious and painful stories have been shared. Nathan has come with his mirror. We have seen our sin. We have said all that you have said we will do. This is not our salvation, but certainly the beginning of a new season. The light of your face is shining upon us Lord, and we feel the beginnings of hope. Though it’s painful to hear and engage, it’s essential for us to dive in! So many recommendations. So much to do. But it’s worth it! So here we go, step by step, listening, feeling the pain, embracing, saying yes, committing to something new and uncomfortable. Examining our hearts and determined to do better, to stand up for right and good. To dig deep into the well of love dug by our heavenly mother and father. But we are not alone this time. Together it’s easier to move forward rather than all alone. But each one of us have a duty as our sisters’ keeper to speak out and stand with those who are so treated. It must stop. It stops with me. It stops with you. We have to keep going. It is well worth it! Make we do am now! It’s not easy, but we will never, ever give up. I’ve seen a glimpse of how it could be – Jesus will send His angels to weed out everything that causes sin and all who do evil. Maybe He has already started? There will be no more sickness, crying or pain. Every nation, tribe, language will be united in godly love. Why can’t we start now? Yes. Let us start now…