

Hanto Yo

(Hanto Yo means “clear the way” in the Lakota language of the North American Plains)

God of surprises,
You call us
From the narrowness of our traditions
To new ways of being church
From the captivities of our culture to
Creative witness for justice
From the smallness of our horizons
To the bigness of your vision

Clear the way in us, your people,
That we might call others to freedom
and renewed faith.

Jesus, wounded healer,
You call us

From preoccupation with our own
histories and hurts
To daily tasks of peacemaking
From privilege and protocol
To partnership and pilgrimage
From isolation and insularity
To inclusive community.

Clear the way in us, your people,
That we might call others to
wholeness and integrity.

Holy, transforming Spirit,
You call us

From fear to faithfulness
From clutter to clarity
From a desire to control to deeper trust
From the refusal to love
To a readiness to risk

Clear the way in us, your people,
That we might all know the beauty and power
And danger of the gospel.

*By Gwyn Cashmore and Joan Puls,
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