

Prayer for the Next Time I Meet Christ

I see them, Lord, every morning,
standing on the same street corner.
They hold their tattered signs—
“will work for food”—
with every bit of dignity they have.
As I drive by, they raise their hand
in blessing.

I walk by them on my lunch break,
leaning up against a wall,
their few possessions tucked close by.
A dirty hand reaches out
in a sign of peace.
“Spare some change?” they ask,
as I avoid eye contact.
“God bless you” is their answer
to my silence.

*Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty,
a stranger and alone?
When did we see you at all?*

Forgive me, God, for what I have done
and for what I have failed to do.
And I ask blessed Mary, ever virgin,
all the angels and saints,
and you, my brothers and sisters
whom I have passed by,
to pray for me,
that next time,
I will stop to meet Christ.

—Diana Macalintal

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