

# Resources:

## Books

*The Line Becomes a River*: Francisco Cantu 2018

*Devils Highway: A True Story*: Luis Alberto Urrea 2005

*Crossing With the Virgin: Stories From the Migrant Trail*: Kathryn Ferguson,  
Dr. Norma Price, Ted Parks: 2010

*Tell Me How it Ends*: Valeria Luiselli

## Presentations:

*Four Lies and a Truth*: Westy Egmont 2019

*A Sam's Presentation*: A Healing Presence Along  
the Border April 2018

### Green Valley-Sahuarita Samaritans

The Green Valley-Sahuarita Samaritans is an organization comprising people of conscience who offer humanitarian aid to migrants in the Arizona-Sonora borderlands.

[www.gvs-samaritans.org](http://www.gvs-samaritans.org)

[gvs.samaritans@gmail.com](mailto:gvs.samaritans@gmail.com)

**“ Violence is not the cure for our broken world. Countering violence with violence leads at best to forced migrations and enormous suffering, because vast amounts of resources are diverted to military ends and away from the everyday needs of young people, families experiencing hardship, the elderly, the infirm and the great majority of people in our world. At worst, it can lead to the death, physical and spiritual, of many people, if not of all.**

**An ethics of fraternity and peaceful coexistence . . . cannot be based on the logic of fear, violence and closed-mindedness, but on responsibility, respect and sincere dialogue. ”**

*~ Pope Francis' message for the World Day of Peace in 2017*



*Franciscan Sisters*  
*of Perpetual Adoration*

*Modern Lives. Sacred Traditions.*



## **NO ANSWERS---NOW OR NEVER**

**By Marie Vogl Gery**

*On September 19, 2005, a baby boy was born and died at milepost 19 on the Arivaca Road. In late 2015 he was identified as Arizaga.*

No matter how many times I ask  
You do not answer my question  
You leave me only with this  
Ten years ago you birthed a baby  
Along an Arizona roadside  
What created this child  
Love or rape

I ask you did you leave for a better  
life  
For both of you more safety  
Less dirt floors, broken glass, hunger  
Move north no money take a chance  
Start alone promise money later  
Start with a lover no promise  
You do not answer my questions.

No matter how many times I ask  
You do not answer, instead you  
Walk, walk, walk, thirst  
Hunger, tire, walk further  
No birds, no shade, no water  
Drink your urine your body rebels  
You fall, struggle, now alone  
Now, always alone.

No matter how many times I ask  
Did the road look like a good place  
Maybe help, maybe water,  
Had the pains begun faster and faster  
Did you stop, lie down, try not to  
scream.

Try not to push when the small body  
Slid between your legs  
Blood and water no breath  
Cord around its neck  
You hold your Tongue.

I ask did you cut the cord  
Take the knife you carried  
Separate yourself from that small  
Bundle of unbreathing flesh  
Did you take diapers from  
Your backpack, wrap this babe  
Born on borrowed land  
Leave it for animals or someone  
You cannot answer this

No matter how many times I ask  
You cannot answer  
Did you hold this bundle of death  
Weep and tell about the life  
That might have happened  
Work, play, school, laughter  
Ice cream, toys, baseball  
Did you share this under stars  
That night when there were  
No angels, shepherds, or magi

Only endless dark silence  
The smell of blood and death