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

Presenations:

Four Lies and a Truth: Westy Egmont 2019
A Sam's Presentation: A Healing Presence Along the Border April 2018

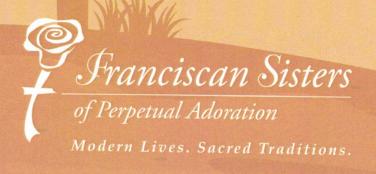
Green Valley-Sahuarita Samaritans

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 gvs.samaritans@gmail.com 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



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