

Ian Urriola's Testimonial

I have experienced a church of love.

Pero también he conocido un iglesia del dolor.

I am Latinx. A raza mixta. El hijo de un inmigrante. Our church has failed my people.

I have been blessed—truly and wonderfully benecido—by my membership in this denomination. But I have also been harmed by the people of la Iglesia Metodista Unida. Y sabes que, estoy cansado. I'm tired.

I'm tired of being told that the language of my people—la lingua de mi gente—is not appropriate for worship, that reading a text from our common scriptural witness in my father's first language, that would soon be expounded upon in a sermon in English mind you, would make people feel uncomfortable.

I'm tired of not knowing what it's like to have a pastoral—let alone an episcopal—leaders and role models who look like me or have a last name that sounds like mine—it's pronounced Urriola by the way.

I'm tired of seeing candidates for ministry across the connection with skin lighter than mine breeze through the process and get choice appointments in churches that have never had a pastor of color, let alone a Latinx pastor while my siblings of color struggle to make it through each round.

I'm tired of feeling like I'm doing the heavy lifting of POC and Latinx representation in this denomination and in this conference; of knowing that if I say no to something—even in so

called progressive spaces—that chances are that event won't have a face that looks like mine there.

God bless us, we're trying. I know that we are. We've come a long way. Pero aún nos queda un largo camino por recorrer antes de alcanzar nuestro meta de justicia.