

When I became an Oracle

By: Aida Ramirez

Date: 2016

I think it might have been a Tuesday. Or a Wednesday. Maybe it was Monday? No, no, no, I'm sure it was a Sunday. I remember because I was sitting in the chapel for Adoration. Well, I guess I do go to the chapel kind of randomly. And I guess I do know that the Adoration Chapel is open every day of the week. So I guess it could have been a Tuesday. It was probably on a Tuesday.

It's strange to me that I can't even remember what day of the week it was, when I became an oracle. It was such a milestone day of my life, I feel like it's something that I should remember. Just one of those huge moments that has made up everything about me. I was born on a Monday. I had my first period on a Saturday. I chose my career path on a Thursday. I almost died on a Wednesday. I became an oracle on a Tuesday. Most likely. Yes, this event is definitely one of those things that I should remember the day of because I seem to remember everything else about when I became an oracle.

I remember that my knees had ached a bit from kneeling as I prayed the Chaplet of Divine Mercy. I could trace the memory of burlap weaving up and down my knees and shins as I readjusted my legs position to compensate for my numbing knees. I remember that I had told a friend I would be "busy" for another 30 minutes, so that I wouldn't be tempted to leave the chapel so early, after just getting there. But I was the only one sitting there, and it was a beautiful day, and no one would know if I did slip out earlier than I had promised my friend. Well, no one except God. I remember getting up from kneeling, to sit on the bench and pray, only to hear the ghost of my mother's voice in my head, chastising me for praying lazily. *Kneel when you pray. Jesus deserves every ounce of respect you have to offer him.* So I would kneel back down again and try not to be too bitter about respecting Jesus. I remember the dust in the air smelling so warm, and how the sun through the windows made the chapel feel like a greenhouse. I remember listening for any signs of life and only hearing me own solitude. I remember that my fingers were slightly sweaty from my clasped hands, and how I felt like I was breaking my covenant with Christ each time I had to pause praying to wipe them on my shirt.

I remember all of this, but I do not remember the exact moment when I became an oracle. I do not remember the train of thought which led to my epiphany, nor how the moment ended and continued as "regular" life. But I suppose that's why I call myself an oracle of prophecy. It was not my own thoughts which led me to my epiphanies. It seemed that despite my restless state and half-present mindset, my prayers received a response.

A response- not an answering. God did not answer my prayers. He did not resolve my trials, nor did he accept my thanks. Instead he gave me clarity to understand X Commandments to live my. Not those of Moses. Those of my blood and my bones. I did not hike the peak of Sinai, and stare into the flames. I lost myself in the Texas heat, staring at the tabernacle. I did not carry stone tablets back down to the world of common men. No, I only carry the weight of knowing what I must do as I walk through a world that erects walls through my homeland borders, rejects a language I speak only in my heart of hearts, threatens to kill me in every way possible. These Commandments were not meant for the masses- not meant for my oppressors. God has given me X Commandments to live by- reasons to exist in this world and traced a path on a map, so that I may find my way to myself.

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When I became an oracle, it was not for me to break newfound truths to the world, but a message from God of what my truth needed to be so that I may live honestly, fruitfully, lovingly in this cold world of hate and oppression. I no longer worry about not remembering the time I became an oracle. I take comfort in knowing I have been given my place and my path.