workers, it would be impossible to support the multi-
billion dollar fruit and vegetable industry in the U.S. 
Most are from Latin America. During the growing and 
harvesting season, they work long 
days, often 10-12 
hours, six and 
seven days a week. 
The work is liter-
ally back-breaking. 
Farm workers 
harvest lettuce in 
Arizona, prune grape vines in California, climb ladders 
for apples in Washington, stoop for cucumbers in North 
Carolina, and pick tomatoes in Florida. 

And what do farm workers receive in return for 
their labor? 

Their average annual income is below $10,000. Farm 
workers are routinely exposed to toxic pesticides and 
dangerous working conditions. Yet, the great majority 
are not covered by unemployment insurance, work-
men’s compensation, sick leave, or health coverage. 
Most are separated from their families; and because 
of draconian border measures, many are not able to 
return to their homes each year. Farm workers are 
some of the most vulnerable and exploited workers in 
this country. 

In Psalm 82 we are told that ‘All the foundations of 
the earth are shaken by injustice.’ Of all the blessings 
we receive from farm workers, perhaps none is more 
cherished than the holiest of gifts...to seek justice with 
farm workers and still the shaking of the foundations of 
the earth. 

That’s what we do at the National Farm Worker 
Ministry. 

Join us.
The Harvest of Justice

We are blessed by farm workers, those whose hands pick, lift, pack and carry the vegetables and fruits we enjoy. We are blessed by farm workers, those whose hands pick, lift, pack and carry the vegetables and fruits we enjoy. We are blessed by farm workers, those whose hands pick, lift, pack and carry the vegetables and fruits we enjoy. We are blessed by farm workers, those whose hands pick, lift, pack and carry the vegetables and fruits we enjoy.

Gracious God,
I most often come to my table blissfully ignoring the efforts that brought this bounty.
I give thanks for the food and the hands that prepared it.
But I do not as often give thanks for the hands that harvested it.
I am blessed by hands that work so hard. Those hands call me to gratitude . . . to a mindfulness that the food I enjoy comes to me cheaply but comes from someone else at a greater price.
Forgive me for overlooking this reality.
Help me rise from my table, grateful and determined to work for justice for farm workers.
Amen

We give thanks for farm workers, who teach us to pray in the midst of struggles, where God’s blessings abound, so that we raise our eyes and hearts to the heavens from where love and justice rain down.

We give thanks for farm workers, who teach us to hope for a new day when all of God’s children can live together in peace, equality and solidarity, so that we work for the day when farm workers, growers, and corporations sit at the table together and bargain in good faith.

We give thanks for farm workers, who teach us to share the earth’s goodness with all those around us at the table of plenty, so that we open our arms, hearts and homes to the most vulnerable in our society. Amen