

## *A Soldier's Prayer*

Father, through my eyes, I have seen so much despair. So much hate and bitterness; yet, Dear Lord, I know You're there. How it must disturb You, to look down and see such pain.... How one man wants such power, he'll sacrifice lives for his gain.

There's too much pride, Dear Father... someone has to stop the strife. I'm glad You're here beside me... I'm glad You chose to spare my life. My heart goes out to those who now have died to defend life. My heart goes to their loved ones, back at home, who watched us fight. I'm saddened, my Dear Father, I feel a loss deep down inside. Please take away the memories of all the killing in my mind.

At first, I was so scared, Lord... then when war began, I froze. I thought about my family, and all those I'd left at home. I wondered if I'd see them... if I'd make it back alive. As I sat inside my foxhole... I held my weapon tight. Then, piled into the desert sand, I heard You whisper in my ear. I layed frozen out of fear... and then You said:

MY CHILD... I'M HERE. PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID, I WILL BE WITH  
THEE EVERYDAY. YOU WILL NOT FIGHT ALONE... MY  
MESSENGER HAS PAVED YOUR WAY.

DO NOT FEAR OF ANY TORMENT, ANY SHAME THAT COMES TO  
MIND. THERE IS, THEREFORE NOW, NO CONDEMNATION FOR  
THOSE WHO ARE IN CHRIST.

YOU ARE OBEYING MY COMMAND... YOUR LEADER'S PLACED  
HIS TRUST IN ME. YOU ARE WITHIN MY PERFECT WILL... I WANT  
THIS COUNTRY TO BE SIEZED!

YOU WILL NOT WITNESS YOUR DEFEAT, FOR THE BATTLE HAS  
BEEN WON. MY WRATH IS ON THIS NATION... MANY LIVES WILL  
SOON BE LOST.

I'VE APPOINTED YOU, MY SERVANT, AS ONE TO CARRY OUT MY  
PLAN. YOU ARE TO GO FORTH, BEARING ARMS... YOU ARE TO  
PLUNDER POISONED LAND.

YOU HAVE ANOTHER WEAPON, CHILD ... MORE POWERFUL THAN GUNS. REACH INTO YOUR POCKET... TAKE OUT MY BIBLE, MY DEAR SON.

I AM ANGERED, I AM GRIEVED, THAT MY WORDS HAVE BEEN DISGRACED! THOUGH THEY'VE TAMPERED WITH MY THOUGHTS... I WILL FILL IN EACH EMPTY SPACE.

I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER, CHILD... THERE IS POWER IN YOUR PRAYERS. IT LOOSES ANGELS IN THE HEAVENS... THEY ARE RELEASED THROUGH HEARTS THAT CARE.

PUT ON MY HEAVENLY ARMOUR.... GO FORTH IN JESUS' NAME. FOR THE HEDGE I PLACE AROUND YOU... WILL SECURE YOUR WALK IS SAFE.

KNOW THAT I AM WITH YOU... WHEN YOU SLEEP INTO THE NIGHT. MY ANGELS BEARING PEACE WILL KEEP THEIR WATCH ON YOU TONIGHT.

VERY SOON, I WILL REWARD YOU... SO BE COURAGEOUS AND SHOW STRENGTH. FOR THE DAYS OF THIS GREAT BATTLE, WILL NOT BE VERY LONG IN LENGTH.

My mind was at great peace, His Words had put my fears to ease. And somehow, I had known ... that tomorrow ... war would cease. I prayed for peace that night... dreamt we won, and I went home. Into open arms I fled... I knew we had not fought alone.

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*(Footnote: This was written on Friday, March 1, 1991 just after midnight... during the Presidency of George Bush, Sr. It was written for those who fought in Operation Desert Storm, the Persian Gulf Conflict. March 3, 1991... war ended. Casualties were great to the adversary, and it was an amazingly short war. Bibles were given to each soldier during that war, and our country was strong in a unifying support of their efforts. Original figures of casualties listed 100,000 Iraqi military dead, but according to more recent estimates place Iraqi dead at 20,000 military and 2,300 civilian. United States Casualites: 148 killed in action; 458 wounded, and 121 Americans died through non-combat related incidents.)*

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