

wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.

(\*After a pause.\*) “Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits!” *End of The War Prayer.*

So you desired it...Afghanistan, Palestine & Iraq lie in ruins...When the despised Bush announced his declaration of war how the people of the USA cheered & clapped...Economic collapse, hurricanes, wildfires, earth tremors that bring FEAR...

Wait...we too will wait...on God...and His Judgment. How sweet His Judgment is!!!

**Other sick war prayers as Imperial Christianity set out to steal the world's resources murdering millions of innocents.** “God of our fathers, who by land & sea have ever lead us to victory, please continue your inspiring guidance in this the greatest of all conflicts. Strengthen my soul so that the weakening instinct of self-preservation, which besets all of us in battle, shall not blind me to my duty to my own manhood, to the glory of my calling, and to my responsibility to my fellow soldiers. Grant to our armed forces that disciplined valour & mutual confidence which insures success in war. Let me not mourn for the men who have died fighting, but rather let me be glad that such heroes have lived. If it be my lot to die, let me do so with courage & honour in a manner which will bring the greatest harm to the enemy, and please, oh Lord, protect and guide those I shall leave behind. Give us the victory, Lord.” General George S. Patton

Sir Jacob Astley's prayer at the Battle of Edghill 1642: “Oh Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me. March on boys!”

Such “religious western people” condemn the “war in defense” verses of the Quran. “To those against whom war is made, permission is given to fight **because they are wronged**. Verily, God is most powerful for their aid.” This verse speaks of combat or war to be waged against one’s oppressors—a **struggle sanctioned by God**.

The Quran advocates self-defense. ALWAYS. But its most prevalent message is one of peace & love. “Fight in the cause of Allah those who fight you, **but do not transgress limits**; for Allah **loves not transgressors**.” If people are intent on using religion to motivate terror or violence, they’ll find an excuse there no matter what the actual text says. Like the Quran, most holy scriptures are filled with stories of war & warriors, and these images have been used throughout history by some members of every faith to justify bloodshed. Christians have killed in the name of God, as have Hindus, Buddhists, Jews, and others. But it is Muslims who have most recently been accused of turning “divine commandments” into a divine license to kill.

What has the USA used to justify its continuous slaughter of innocent people...except GREED for what they have...like OIL. Let’s talk about the **millions slaughtered** in the MidEast by the US.

3000??? How does that compare?????????  
EVERY SINGLE LIFE is PRECIOUS. God made it so. Read Quranic verse 5:32 CAREFULLY!

**Can you think of a more savage & destructive terrorist attack than the US dropping nuclear bombs on Hiroshima & Nagasaki in 1945.**

**Why anniversaries of such terrible events come & go, and no public crocodile tears are shed in commemoration!**

**The point is that the overblown commemoration of 9/11 smacks of hypocritical false righteousness that speaks volumes about the evil crooked nature of those who are running the USA.**



by Mark Twain

**It did not just happen.**

There is an old Roman expression: “He who **benefits by treachery had perpetrated it.**”

Clearly the US war machine has had a bumper decade. What about America’s heinous & murderous acts **before** this event that they so lovingly call “911”. What about the “long night” (90 years) of humiliation & suffering inflicted by Israel, with the HELP of the Americans, on the Palestinians, **the**

**imposition of military bases** in the Middle East & the **brutal Arab dictatorships (Libya, Egypt) that were funded & supported by the U.S.A.** You are monsters, grotesque ghouls, sadists & killers who drop bombs on village children... pregnant women...intelligent men. You are not intelligent...you’re freaks of nature. Let me tell you about the

“Democracy” that you brought to Iraq: **The Iraqis love their completely destroyed infrastructure, destroyed water & sewage treatment plants & destroyed electric generation & distribution grid resulting in a few hours of electricity each day after the invasion.** The Iraqis love their currently crippled hospitals & schools & businesses & homes **after the invasion.** The Iraqis don’t miss the one million **LOVED ONES** who died & the four million who are displaced & living as refugees **after the invasion.** The Iraqis love the roaming religious & political death squads that terrorises the population & kills many intellectuals & college professors **after the invasion.** All that happened to Iraq, **thanks to America.** Iraq was one of the most advanced countries in the Middle East **before the American invasion!**

**Welcome to The War Prayer!**

**"I DON'T THINK THE WAR PRAYER  
will be published in my time.  
NONE BUT THE DEAD  
ARE PERMITTED TO TELL THE TRUTH."  
(1905) MARK TWAIN**

*And so it was...  
the "truth" was published after his death*

It was a time of great & exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the **holy fire of patriotism**; the drums were beating, the bands playing, the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing & spluttering; on every hand & far down the receding and fading spread of roofs & balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide avenue gay & fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers & mothers & sisters & sweethearts cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion as they swung by; nightly the packed mass meetings listened, panting, to patriot oratory which stirred the deepest deeps of their hearts, and which they interrupted at briefest intervals with **cyclones of applause**, the tears running down their cheeks the while; in the churches the pastors **preached devotion to flag & country, and invoked the God of Battles beseeching His aid in our good cause** in outpourings of fervid eloquence which moved every listener. It was indeed a glad & gracious time, and the half dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war & cast a doubt upon its righteousness straightway got such a stern & angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight & offended no more in that way.

Sunday morning came—next day the battalions would leave for the front; the church was filled; the volunteers were there, their young faces alight with martial dreams—visions of the stern advance, the gathering momentum, the rushing charge, the flashing sabers, the flight of the foe, the tumult, the enveloping smoke, the fierce pursuit, the surrender! Then home from the war, bronzed heroes, welcomed, adored, submerged in golden seas of

glory! With the volunteers sat their dear ones, proud, happy, and envied by the neighbors & friends who had no sons and brothers to send forth to the field of honour, there to win for the flag, or, failing, die the noblest of noble deaths. The service proceeded; **a war chapter from the Old Testament was read**; the first prayer was said; it was followed by an organ burst that shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes & beating hearts, and poured out that tremendous invocation "God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest! Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!"

Then came the "long" prayer. None could remember the like of it for passionate pleading and moving and beautiful language. The burden of its supplication was, that an ever-merciful and benignant Father of us all would watch over our noble young soldiers, and aid, comfort, and encourage them in their patriotic work; bless them, shield them in the day of battle and the hour of peril, bear them in His mighty hand, make them strong and confident, invincible in the bloody onset; help them to crush the foe, grant to them and to their flag and country imperishable honor and glory—

**An aged stranger entered and moved with slow and noiseless step up the main aisle, his eyes fixed upon the minister, his long body clothed in a robe that reached to his feet, his head bare, his white hair descending in a frothy cataract to his shoulders, his seamy face unnaturally pale, pale even to ghastliness. With all eyes following him and wondering, he made his silent way; without pausing, he ascended to the preacher's side and stood there waiting.** With shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued with his moving prayer, and at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, **"Bless our arms, grant us the victory, O Lord our God, Father and Protector of our land and flag!"**

The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside—which the startled minister did—and took his place.

During some moments he surveyed the spellbound audience with solemn eyes, in which burned an uncanny light; then in a deep voice he said:

"I come from the Throne—bearing a message from Almighty God!" The words smote the house with a shock; if the stranger perceived it he gave no attention.

"He has heard the prayer of His servant your shepherd, and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, shall have explained to you its import—that is to say, its full import. For it is like unto many of the prayers of men, in that it asks for more than he who utters it is aware of—except he pause and think.

"God's servant & yours has prayed his prayer. Has he paused & taken thought? Is it one prayer? No, it is two—one uttered, **the other not**. Both have reached the ear of Him Who heareth all supplications, the spoken & the unspoken. Ponder this—keep it in mind. If you would beseech a blessing upon yourself, **beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbor at the same time**. If you pray for the blessing of rain upon your crop which needs it, by that act you are possibly praying for a curse upon some neighbor's crop which may not need rain and can be injured by it.

"You have heard your servant's prayer—the uttered part of it. I am commissioned of God to put into words the other part of it—that part which the pastor—and also you in your hearts—**fervently prayed silently**. And **ignorantly & unthinkingly**? God grant that it was so! You heard these words: 'Grant us the victory, O Lord our God!' That is sufficient. The \*whole\* of the uttered prayer is compact into those pregnant words. Elaborations were not necessary. When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory—\*must\* follow it, cannot help but follow it. Upon the listening spirit of God fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle—be Thou near them! With them—in spirit—we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, **help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to**

**Whoever kills a soul unless for a murder or for corruption done in the land - it is as if he had slain mankind entirely.**

**Whoever saves one - it is as if he had saved mankind entirely.**

Quran 5:32

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