

The Warriors Among Us

The first **true** warrior I was aware of, was my dad. He began his warrior career reluctantly in 1941, not knowing what he was getting into, in one of the ugliest chapters of war, in history of the world, in the defense of Bataan.

Yet, he did his best.

And his best proved the test of time. And by knowing him, I was able to discern the presence of other warriors.

There are so many of us ... warriors. Most of us don't hold guns and many of us are unaware of the impact of our efforts (Which is by far the best way to go!). We certainly don't look at ourselves as warriors. Just working with the three legged stool of faith, hope and most of all love, we nibble away at what ill the world.

Some of us do this solely by example. There are those of us that are beset with physical limitations, I refuse to call them disabilities, that prevent us from doing the things we wish we could do. Yet our mere effort to do what we are told and therefore lessen the burden on those around us defies explanation.

I don't think just of those who experience violent conflict, those of us created in His Image and Likeness put in positions by governments where we kill each other. I think a lot about the ones that do the little things over and over and over.

Like those praying relentlessly which, quite frankly, we should all get in the habit of doing. After all, it is a conversation with our Creator, His Son, His Spirit. There is no wrong way to pray, to converse with the Omnipotent and Present Triune-ness that gives us life.

It is those dedicating their lives to care for those in greater need who really 'freak me out', in a magnificent way. I marvel at their care, yes. But it is that aura about them and its consistency that makes me admire them the most. They are holy!

It is those who constantly strive, as they wander their way through their daily tasks, that whenever they get the chance, they crack a joke trying to make people smile or laugh. Trying to tune into the other person's needs of the moment whether they are a cashier or a waitress or gate agent at the airport.

Instead of their own problems.

I know I am in a sea of warriors of all types. Collectively we have the power to move the world, in preparation for the final end of this age. Those of us that are vigilant, who put others needs before ours, that pray and watch and laugh whenever possible ...

We are all warriors, each with her or his own task.

And when we recognize another, who is one of the 'warriors among us', we smile at them, we laugh together, and we praise Him Who is All.

For giving us the chance. To be His warrior.

What else would we do?