

*A  
Letter  
From  
God*

*Holiness Unto The Lord*

September 11, 2001

Dear America:

I 've heard the people's voices,  
drifting up to Me;  
Asking how a loving God,  
could allow such tragedy.  
I 've heard it rumored, many feel,  
I 've turned My back on you;  
And it breaks My heart to know,  
that even one could think that's true.  
For while I fully understand,  
that your agony is great;  
I 'm not to blame, so I felt compelled,  
to set the record straight.  
For the pain and devastation,  
that was wrought upon this land;  
Was plotted by a twisted mind,  
and a coward's evil hand.  
And though My heart was broken,  
as those planes swooped down upon;  
The Twin Towers of New York,  
and the nation's Pentagon.  
My hands were tied,  
for I was not allowed to interfere;  
Your Congressional amendments,  
long ago made that quite clear.  
So I simply stood by patiently,  
knowing after this great fall;  
You'd turn to Me once more,  
and on My precious name you'd call.  
For your shock would turn to grief,  
and then to anger in the end;  
As the full impact of this attack,  
you began to understand.  
And as I watched you yield,  
to the blow you had been dealt;  
Finally with a heavy heart,  
and tear-dimmed eyes you knelt.  
To question how a God of love,  
could allow such tragedy;  
But as I said before,  
you cannot place the guilt on Me.

For if you search your heart you'll find,  
this nation is to blame;  
A wicked and a sinful,  
generation with no shame.  
The most important book of all,  
was barred from all the schools;  
And prayer to Me forbidden,  
by these same self-righteous fools.  
Though seldom called in prayer,  
My name is freely used in vain;  
With conscience seared, men lie and cheat,  
more power and wealth to gain.  
You uphold pagan worship,  
in the name of equal rights;  
And call your 'life-style' what you will,  
but it's perversion in My sight.  
Drugs are bought and sold with ease,  
abortion justified;  
Divorce is commonplace,  
and very few oppose gay pride.  
Foul language, sex and violence,  
seems an ever-growing need;  
Thanks to Hollywood, the table,  
from which most children feed.  
And while a place of worship,  
on a weekend night stands bare;  
Sports arenas, bars and theaters,  
are overflowing everywhere.  
So the blame is yours, America,  
for as you can clearly see;  
I 've not turned My back on you,  
you've turned your back on Me.  
And though it's often used in vain,  
the only time I hear;  
My name cried out with reverence,  
is when you feel pain or fear.  
And while I did not strike this blow,  
that brought you to your knees;  
Perhaps now that you're there,  
if you repent, I 'll hear your pleas.  
I 'll forgive your sins and one more time,  
stretch forth My loving hand;  
I 'll dry your tears and ease your fears,  
and give you strength to stand.

For liberty and justice,  
with no room for compromise;  
So once more one nation under God,  
a mighty eagle you will rise.  
And on the wings of righteousness,  
to victory you will soar;  
Your enemies will be My own,  
and you will reign once more.  
For this leader I have given you,  
will be a godly one;  
Praying daily, "Father, not my will,  
but Thine be done."  
But America, heed my warning,  
for mocked I will not be;  
So if in pain and fear alone,  
you're calling now on Me.  
Thinking once your wounds I 've healed,  
we'll go our separate ways;  
Remember well the sorrow,  
that brought you to your knees this day.  
For My Word cannot lie,  
and states that every knee shall bow;  
The answer has been given,  
the question now is how.  
Free will or force, it's up to you,  
you can choose to kneel and pray;  
Or let pain and fear bring you to your knees,  
just as it did today.  
I 've given you another chance,  
don't let Me down this time;  
Keep your eyes steadfast on me,  
for with your hand holding mine.  
You need not fear for I will always,  
be within your reach;  
Your motto is, "I n God We Trust,"  
it's time to practice what you preach.  
So rise up now America,  
we've got a job to do;  
I t's time we let the whole world know,  
they cannot walk on you.  
For thine enemies are now My own,  
and they've angered Me this day;  
And for their great atrocity,  
it's time for them to pay.

So take courage and your strength renew,  
your dignity restore;  
Dry your tears, tuck away your fears,  
and let's go win this war.  
But once this battle's over,  
lest complacent you should grow;  
Be ever mindful of the pain,  
from this devastating blow.  
For though you've suffered greatly,  
America, you can bet;  
If you turn your back on Me this time,  
you ain't seen nothing yet!

I love you,  
**God**

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