

# The Bandera PROPHECY

Call of Duty

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A young boy runs into the house wearing an NFL jersey and yells, “Hey Dad! The new Call of Duty is out for Xbox! Let’s go get it.” His grandfather rises slowly from an easy chair and says, “Wait a minute son. Let me grab my hat and come with you and your dad to the store, and tell you a story on the way to town.”

As they walk out the door, the old man grabs a baseball cap with the words “Korean War Veteran” above the brim.

As they climb into the old pick-up truck the old man begins his story. “Son, there was a time before computers, Facebook, Internet and games. It was a time before television when Call of Duty had a deeper meaning, when American’s stood for the flag and only knelt for the Lord. You see son, the call began in an age when Pilgrims left the safety of a land they knew, for a land of possibility where they determined to plant the seeds of sacrifice that would blossom into the tree of liberty.

In that day the family was the pillar of society and the community stood strong one by the other, committed to the safety of the town and the state that was their home. When a foreign land and a distant government squeezed tight to impose their will, the call was heard in Patriot hearts and led them to Lexington and Bunker Hill. When warriors rose and

formed militias, the town rose as one. They cheered them on and sang them songs as the soldiers marched in step.

Those that remained erected pillars in the center of the town. They cheered the victors who marched back home and mourned those they had lost.

The call came again in 1812, when a vanquished foe returned. Heroes rose and saved the treasures before the capitol was burned. Others traveled many miles with Colonel Jackson to the town of New Orleans. By their blood the nation rose to fight further on to fulfill our destiny. Then came a day when duty called and our family fought itself. The bugle blast came to cleanse the land of a blight we had ignored. The cancer grew until it nearly divided us, forever in two. We poured our blood upon the land from heroes both North and South. Till at Appomattox an end did come and a new beginning began.

In 1898 the mighty Maine was sunk. A blow was felt and the call was answered and legends did begin. Rough Riders rose and fought their way on the way to San Juan Hill. The North and South reunited again as a single American band.

The strength of our land was now unquestioned as the great white fleet did sail and duty led us down the way to save a World at war. The nations cheered as Yanks did march and fought till night was day and refused to return to home till it was over, over there.

Safe at home we woke one day in the winter of '41 and found our Sunday shook by bombs and paradise nearly lost. You could not hold a single man, at home when duty called. It seemed they rose both old and young to grab a gun and go. They hopped from islands, stormed the beaches, we liberated the world. A holocaust we ended and supported a homeland for the Jews.

A chill spread across the land as an iron curtain fell and a cold war began. We left our home for an Asian land along with a united nations

force. We took a blow and got pushed to Pusan. Then we dug in our heel and fought our way to the frozen Chosin land. The battle waged and then stalemated and stands that way today.

From there we did not need to go very far, as Vietnam did flare. Now son, here the story changes, not for the warrior but for the land. You see the country was weary from many wars and the Bible left the schools. We lost sight of our foundations and the purpose of our force. Brave men, and women too, still answered duty's call. Whether by draft or by their choice they came and fought and many died because their duty told them to. Yet at home the anger swelled, from youth that seemed confused, for they struck out at the ones who served, instead of the ones who told them to.

Another war was ended and so much blood was spilled. Victory was now in question and what were we to do. The Cold War still continued and America sought to find itself. The call though, it continued and patriots answered still. Then little wars that seemed easy, unless yours were the boots upon the ground, flared up close to home. The warrior rose and fought and won and gave our country pride. This growing wind became a storm and swept a desert force.

In 9/11 the air brought death just like '41. Towers fell and 3,000 died in the blink of the nation's eye. Then came the call of duty from a bull horn on a heap of steel. We brought the fight to Afghanistan, then on to fight Iraq. The nation declared war on terror and we fight it still today.

Now son I know how much you like to play your games. I know that is the time and the way things are today. In my day we played these games as well, though it was outside in the yard. However, I wanted you to know that there is more. I wanted you to be aware, as fewer seem to be. That the Call of Duty for which your game is named, used to mean much more. Real men and women heard that call and trained to wear their nations clothes. They swore allegiance to the flag and the warrior that by them stood. They fought to pay the price that freedom does demand.

Their chests flowed deep with pride as our anthem song was sung. They left their homes and families to and many did not return. They lie in fields around the world and call to me and you. Hear the bugle when it calls for in it is duty true. Stand for the anthem, salute the flag, and kneel before the cross. Remember them and never forget they answered the call for me and you.”