

## Forgotten Stones: A Prayer

Wake up Hoshea, son of Nun, from the  
sacred tomb that hides your bones  
Favor my rifle, heart and armor to once  
more defend my post!  
Plead for the crimson of my flag, old soul,  
to The Great,  
For it is sanctified by the blood of heroes  
past.  
Accept my offering to thee,  
This bullet that has spared today a father's  
life.  
Oh, blessed be!  
Rise from your grave, servant of God, and  
let your courage shelter me  
As mortars fall to crush and maim.  
And let my Soldiers rise above their guilt,  
their fears, and their shame.  
This blessed day I pray to thee My sacred  
nation here to see; our sweat and tears fed  
your grave,  
Our blood, our toil, our selfless acts to  
shield the Land of Free and innocents of  
war that  
warmness has befallen.

Oh, blessed be!

The hallowed precepts of our creed, as  
consecrated infantry, Let them be heard by  
friend and foe,  
on land and stormy sea; And let our wis-  
dom guide our cannon's light for all to see  
That we are strong, but also filled with love  
for widow, child,  
And hope for People's Liberty.  
Wake up Hoshea, son of Nun, and see the  
candle that I light  
For thee and for all heroes past who died in  
fight for God And for my country's might.

Oh, blessed be!



As bodies of my fallen brothers fill the  
lead-lined caskets; As worms infest their  
flesh, and putrid  
smell our nostrils; As they are laid in com-  
mon ground – Let it be known  
That they have given all for freedom and  
for peace.  
Let rifleman and priest alike invoke their  
spirit's candor  
For our States.  
Let widowed spouses, sons and daughters  
Venerate the reminiscence of the names  
forgotten  
On pieces of stone, at the graves in the sand.

Oh, blessed be!

I pray that you have a blessed 4th!

—Lt. Alexander Thymmons

Written after a patrol 4 July 2007 near the reputed  
tomb of the Biblical prophet Joshua in Iraq in the midst of  
the Iraqi tribal "Awakening."