

AN EPIC UNCIVIL WAR

A WAR RAGES **AN EPIC UN-CIVIL WAR**

Many of us are blind to it, deaf to it, refuse to speak of it. Its battlements and ramparts are our homes and community centers, our parks and churches. Its casualties are our friends, neighbors, and associates. We are dying—literally, emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually.



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Bloodied battered bodies litter our streets. We step over cold corpses on our way to school and on our way to church, but still we remain unseeing and unfeeling.



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We don't want it to be our sons, our daughters, our babies, yet we know not what to do. So we walk through the blood of those that lay dying in the streets. We anoint our doorsteps with the blood of a different kind of lamb.

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We cross and christen ourselves, shut our eyes, hoping for another Passover miracle. We keep our heads down praying fervently for a heavenly hedge of protection. "Be a fence around me and mine; keep us from the snares and toils that threaten us daily," we pray.

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We are all to blame and the architects of our own decimation. We abuse, brutalize, traumatize, and murder each other in cold blood, or we close our doors and shutter our windows and our hearts to the cries of the dying. We are guilty.