

The Assembly of Eloah

This is eternal life: that they may know you, the only true God, and the One You have sent - Jesus Christ. John 17:3 (HCSB)

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We Band of Brothers

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This is a paraphrase of a remarkable scene in Act IV, Scene III of the play, *“The Life of King Henry the Fifth,”* by William Shakespeare.

Remember that we Covenant keeping Christians fight a spiritual fight, heading for a different Feast, in hoping for a better resurrection which will be under a greater King.



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If only we had one in the 10,000 of all those at home or are working today”.

Who is this that wishes for them? My Cousin?

No way!

If we are marked to die we may be a loss to our family but if to live, the fewer here with us, the greater share of honour.

If its God’s will, I wouldn’t wish for one person more to be here with us.

In Yahovah’s name I declare that I am not covetous of gold and I do not care who feeds at my expense. It doesn’t trouble me if people take what’s mine as these things do not concern me.

If it’s a sin to covet honour, then I must be the most guilty of all! Eloah’s Salem.

Have faith cousin. Don’t wish for one more than we are given. I wouldn’t want to lose any honour that would go to be shared for I have the best of hope for us all.

In fact, proclaim that any who have no stomach for this fight must depart. Give them a passport and funds for the journey to their home. I wouldn’t die in the company of those who are afraid to die with us.

Coming is the Feast day, and those who outlive this day and get safely to God’s home in His family, will stand proud when this time is named and will become roused when this Feast Day is named.

Those who survive this day and see old age will yearly on the vigil go to the Feast with their neighbours and say; ‘Tomorrow is the Feast of God!’ They will roll back their sleeves, bare their hearts, show their scars, and say, ‘These wounds I received on the way to the Feast.’

Old men forget but if all else is forgotten they’ll remember, with advantage, what feats he did on this way. Then will all of our names, familiar as household words, be freshly remembered. Even through a Jubilee of the Jubilees.

This story will be relayed to their families and the Feasts will not go by from now until the ending of the world that we will not be remembered.

We few.

We happy few.

We band of Brothers.

For those who shed their blood with us today shall always be our brothers. This time will gentle the harsh and strengthen the weak.

Those who were laying at home in their beds will think themselves accursed that they were not here with us.

All will fall silent before any who speak, those who were of those few who fought with us on this Way of life, and while heading to the Feast’s of God.”

The Life of King Henry the Fifth

Act IV, Scene III

Paraphrase

– James Dailley