

Righteous Gray Eagle 193 for The Glory of 316

**By Chaplain America 193 Sharpened and Edited by ChatGPT
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There was a time when I soared with the Ravens, wild and reckless, raising Cain wherever we flew. The Ravens were a fierce and loyal flock—bound by a pact never to leave a fallen brother behind. We scavenged, we fought, and we took what we pleased, leaving a trail of broken feathers in our wake. The night was our domain, the storm our cover, and we reveled in the chaos.

But then came the day that changed everything.

It was in the heat of summer, June or July, when I took flight alone, seeking something—anything—to claim as my own. I was soaring high, the wind beneath my wings, when from the corner of my eye, a gray ring-necked dove came streaking toward me like lightning from heaven.

I banked hard, diving to escape, but the Dove was faster. Before I could react, it struck—not with talons or beak, but with something far greater. The Dove's light pierced my Raven eyes, blinding me. I was hit—not by a weapon of flesh, but by the Spirit of the Living God.

In an instant, my wings failed me, and I plummeted from the sky like a stone.

When I awoke, I was broken. Weak. Defeated. But the battle was not over.

The Righteous Dove of God stood before me, wielding a sword unlike any other—the Sword of the Spirit. Blow after blow, the weapon cut deep, not into flesh, but into the very essence of who I was. The darkness within me shrieked and recoiled as the Word of God carved away the Raven that had once ruled my soul.

And then—at last—the Raven in me died.

In its place, something new arose. I was reborn, not by my own strength, but by the Spirit, the Water, and the Blood of Christ Yeshua. My wings, once black as night, were now the pure, soft gray of a Dove. I no longer scavenged in darkness; I soared in the light, a messenger of peace, a warrior of righteousness.

Years passed, and my scars bore witness to the battles I had fought. We Doves, once lost, now flew together, waging war against the forces of darkness. We reached out to the Ravens still trapped in the shadows, leading them toward the truth, helping them shed their old ways.

But the battle was far from over.

Through the trials and tribulations of spiritual warfare, I was forged like steel in the fire. My strength grew—not of my own power, but from the Lord who lifted me higher. And one day, I realized my wings had changed again.

I was no longer just a Dove.

I had become a Gray Eagle.

It is both an honor and a burden, for the path of the Righteous Eagle is not an easy one. Unlike the Doves, we do not fly in flocks, nor do we find shelter in the company of many. The Lord calls us to soar alone, to face the fiercest of enemies—great Turkey Vultures of Satan himself. These dark-winged creatures prey upon the weak, feasting on the lost and the broken. Many mighty Eagles of Christ have fallen in battle against them, yet we fight on, knowing that victory belongs to the Lord.

For though we fly alone, we are never truly alone.

We mount up on wings of faith, lifted by the breath of the Almighty. We soar beyond the reach of earthly trials, above the storms of doubt and despair. We do not grow weary, for our strength is not our own—it is His.

And in the end, when the final battle is won, we shall not fall.

We shall reign victorious, for the glory of God.

Amen. John 14:27

Isaiah 40:28-31

*Have you not known?
Have you not heard?
The everlasting God, the Lord,
The Creator of the ends of the earth,
Neither faints nor is weary.
His understanding is unsearchable.*

*He gives power to the weak,
And to those who have no might He increases strength.*

*Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall,*

*But those who wait on the Lord
Shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings like eagles,
They shall run and not be weary,
They shall walk and not faint.*

