

One hundred years have passed on the events in the Contested War. A century later and the participants still struggle with their problems of conscience about what they did at the time.

The pages were written with the blood of innocents who died by having loved their land too much. The death of back woods men who fought with boldness meant that fill the field sand forests of unburied bodies.

Soldiers and back woods men were brothers living in the same country, the same flag in one corner inglorious pursuits over whelmed by the horrors of war.

Life and death filled the hearts of those people who lived on earth and above all wanted a piece of land to live and grow.

The tracks cut the forests and bloods tained the land, stripping the corpse son heaps, covering the earth with the wail of millions.

The pains of the fields scattered by the cities under the thunder of cannons and the wrath of the persecuted fell on opponents like death rays.

Never the region was the same because in the place of bucolism occured a transformation by a degradable and insane war.

The backwoods' reason of living was overwhelmed by the strength of the siege guns and the strongholds which led to degrading death by hunger and cruel murder of those who indulged, stripped of weapons, morale destroyed, sick and starving.

Finished the war, but remained the wounds that, in many cases, were never healed

## Reflection

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because the dead continue their lives after they leave their material bodies and the persecution of cruel executioners continued unabated.

I have seen in my spirituality travels many spirits who were part of that scenario. Those who had the good heart could walk their path with out any hindrance, though carrying the hurts they have participated in a conflict and have a massed many enemies.

The vast majority was lost going through the labyrinths of the threshold of joining the ranks inferior spirits who wander in search of prey to form their towns and villages in the dark regions are dominated by the suffering and disillusionment.

Many reincarnated and are living new journeys on Earth, within the parameters determined by the laws of action and reaction, reaping the benefits of planting what they did.

Other shave freed them selves from the bonds that held them to the ground and lifted bonds high flights through out the regions of light, which were worth y of sow peace and receive there ward of the ignominious death of history turers.

In comes and goes spirits that embody and we disincarnate finding friends and those who were disaffected because we're still here tore build the bonds of love as Jesus' teaching that tells us to love and forgive those who cause dush arm.

These wanderings for spirituality leads us to ask friends who might read this reflection will seize the time that Jesus allowed that are on Earth to sow love in all its tasks.

Enjoy life inside precepts healthy, live intensely in the the moment inspired divine Master for happiness to come knocking on their doors and have the satisfaction of saying the end of each day:

- Thank you Lord, for showing that I have a mission to fulfill, to view life as a great

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opportunity for growth and release by able to sleep with a clear conscience for not having any problem with my neighbor.

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Translated to English by Bruna Bringhenti Dalmagro