



GLC Weekly

(24 July 2024)

Donald Trump Tells Story of Attempted Assassination

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Photos by Doug Mills of the New York Times & Evan Vucci of AP,

Last week, on 18 July 2024, the final evening of the National Republican Convention in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Donald J. Trump, told the story of the assassination attempt on his life, which occurred the Saturday before, on July 13. He seemed contemplative and more concerned about our nation, the crowd that was at the July 13 rally, and

especially those who were murdered or injured, than himself. He gave God the glory for protecting his life: "I felt very safe because I had God on my side. I felt that. . . . I stand before you in this arena only by the grace of almighty God." Here is the story in his own words.

"Together, we will launch a new era of safety, prosperity and freedom for citizens of every race, religion, color and creed. The discord and division in our society must be healed. We must heal it quickly. As Americans, we are bound together by a single fate and a shared destiny. We rise together. Or we fall apart. I am running to be president for all of America, not half of America, because there is no victory in winning for half of America. So tonight, with faith and devotion, I proudly accept your nomination for president of the United States. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you very much. And we will do it right. We're going to do it right.

"Let me begin this evening by expressing my gratitude to the American people for your outpouring of love and support following the assassination attempt at my rally on Saturday. As you already know, the assassin's bullet came within a quarter of an inch of taking my life. So many people have asked me what happened. . . . (T)herefore, I will tell you exactly what happened, and you'll never hear it from me a second time, because it's actually too painful to tell.

"It was a warm, beautiful day in the early evening in Butler Township in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Music was loudly playing, and the campaign was doing really well. I went to the stage and the crowd was cheering wildly. Everybody was happy. I began

speaking very strongly, powerfully and happily. Because I was discussing the great job my administration did on immigration at the southern border. We were very proud of it.

“Behind me, and to the right, was a large screen that was displaying a chart of border crossings under my leadership. The numbers were absolutely amazing. In order to see the chart, I started to, like this, turn to my right, and was ready to begin a little bit further turn, which I’m very lucky I didn’t do, when I heard a loud whizzing sound and felt something hit me really, really hard. On my right ear. I said to myself, ‘Wow, what was that? It can only be a bullet.’

“And moved my right hand to my ear, brought it down. My hand was covered with blood. Just absolutely blood all over the place. I immediately knew it was very serious. That we were under attack. And in one movement proceeded to drop to the ground. Bullets were continuing to fly as very brave Secret Service agents rushed to the stage. . . .

“These are great people at great risk, I will tell you, and pounced on top of me so that I would be protected. There was blood pouring everywhere, and yet in a certain way I felt very safe because I had God on my side. I felt that.

“The amazing thing is that prior to the shot, if I had not moved my head at that very last instant, the assassin’s bullet would have perfectly hit its mark and I would not be here tonight. We would not be together. The most incredible aspect of what took place on that terrible evening, in the fading sun, was actually seen later. In almost all cases . . . when even a single bullet is fired . . . and we had many bullets that were being fired, crowds run for the exits or stampede. But not in this case. It was very unusual.

“This massive crowd of tens of thousands of people stood by and didn’t move an inch. In fact, many of them bravely but automatically stood up, looking for where the sniper would be. They knew immediately that it was a sniper. And then began pointing at him. You can see that if you look at the group behind me. That was just a small group compared to what was in front.

“Nobody ran and, by not stampeding, many lives were saved. But that isn’t the reason that they didn’t move. The reason is that they knew I was in very serious trouble. They saw it. They saw me go down. They saw the blood, and thought, actually most did, that I was dead.

“They knew it was a shot to the head. They saw the blood. And there’s an interesting statistic. The ears are the bloodiest part. If something happens with the ears they bleed more than any other part of the body. For whatever reason the doctors told me that. . . .

“(T)his beautiful crowd, they didn’t want to leave me. They knew I was in trouble. They didn’t want to leave me. And you can see that love written all over their faces. True.

“Incredible people. They’re incredible people. Bullets were flying over us, yet I felt serene. But now the Secret Service agents were putting themselves in peril. They were in very dangerous territory. Bullets were flying right over them, missing them by a very small amount of inches. And then it all stopped. Our Secret Service sniper, from a much greater distance and with only one bullet used, took the assassin’s life. Took him out.

“I’m not supposed to be here tonight. Not supposed to be here. [Crowd chants ‘Yes, you are.’]. Thank you. But I’m not. And I’ll tell you. I stand before you in this arena only by the grace of almighty God.

“And watching the reports over the last few days, many people say it was a providential moment. Probably was. When I rose, surrounded by Secret Service, the crowd was confused because they thought I was dead. And there was great, great sorrow. I could see that on their faces as I looked out. They didn’t know I was looking out; they thought it was over.

“But I could see it and I wanted to do something to let them know I was OK. I raised my right arm, looked at the thousands and thousands of people that were breathlessly waiting and started shouting, ‘Fight, fight, fight.’

“Thank you. Once my clenched fist went up, and it was high into the air, you’ve all seen that, the crowd realized I was OK and roared with pride for our country like no crowd I have ever heard before. Never heard anything like it.

“For the rest of my life, I will be grateful for the love shown by that giant audience of patriots that stood bravely on that fateful evening in Pennsylvania. Tragically, the shooter claimed the life of one of our fellow Americans: Corey Comperatore. Unbelievable person, everybody tells me. Unbelievable. And seriously wounded two other great warriors. Spoke to them today: David Dutch and James Copenhaver. Two great people. I also spoke to all three families of these tremendous people.

“Our love and prayers are with them and always will be. We’re never going to forget them. They came for a great rally. They were serious Trumpsters, I want to tell you. They were serious Trumpsters and still are. But Corey, unfortunately, we have to use the past tense.

“He was incredible. He was a highly respected former fire chief. Respected by everybody. Was accompanied by his wife, Helen. Incredible woman. I spoke to her today. Devastated. And two precious daughters. He lost his life selflessly acting as a human shield to protect them from flying bullets. He went right over the top of them and was hit. What a fine man he was.”

PRAY for the LORD’s angels and hedge of protection around Donald Trump, JD Vance, and their families, staff, and all of us who are standing for truth, righteousness, and justice in our nation.

For the LORD, the sacred gift of life, and remembrance of the babies,

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*The purpose of the Global Life Campaign is to **call and equip trustworthy disciples inspired by the Holy Spirit**, to be a catalyst movement to establish principles and practices in nations that align with the Word of God and respect human life.*