



GLOBAL GANDHI

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To,

Date :- 24/03/2026

Global World Leaders.

We, the members of the board of Global Gandhi, believe Mahatma Gandhi (1869 -1948) still lives in thoughts, ideas, principles, values, character, clarity and courage in and around us. As a result, we asked AI to visit Gandhiji archives and brief him on the Iran -Israel war. Gandhi delivered his message "loud and clear".

Here it is. We all endorse his message and believe it deserves special attention and wider global circulation.

Regards,
Global Gandhi

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Attachment: Letter prepared by Artificial Intelligence (AI).



Date :- 24/03/2026

A Letter from Mahatma Gandhi to the Leaders of the World On the Matter of the Suffering in the Middle East:

Respected World Leaders in 2026,

You Hold the Fate of Millions in your Hands, I write to you not as a statesman, for I hold no office. I write not as a general, for I have held no sword. I write as a man who has known the dust of oppression beneath his feet, the weight of grief in his chest, and the stubborn, unreasonable flame of hope that refuses – even now, even here – to be extinguished.

I have heard the weeping from the Middle East. I wonder if you have heard it too, from behind your guarded walls and your conference tables polished to a mirror-shine. It is the weeping of mothers – and I ask you to understand that a mother's weeping sounds the same in every language God has made. It is the silence of children who have forgotten how to play. It is the prayer of the elderly who have outlived more than one generation of sorrow, and who feared, rightly, that they would outlive one more. This sound is not a political problem. It is a wound in the body of humanity. And we are all – every last one of us – diminished by it.

On the Matter of Retaliation I know the argument you will make, for I have heard it in every tongue and in every age. You will say: they struck first. You will say: we had no choice. You will say: justice demands an answer. And I will say to you, with all the love I possess and none of the anger: you are right that justice demands an answer. But the answer that comes from the barrel of a gun is not justice. It is arithmetic. And this arithmetic – a life for a life, a home for a home, a grief for a grief – does not balance the ledger. It only opens new accounts.

I once said that an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind. I did not say it as a poet reaching for a fine phrase. I said it as a man who watched it happen. I watched it happen in South Africa. I watched it happen in my own beloved India. Violence answered with violence does not spend itself – it compounds. It becomes inheritance. It becomes identity. And then, God help us, it becomes sacred. No cause is so holy that it may be built upon the bones of the innocent. No flag, no scripture, no ancient claim to land or legacy justifies the death of a child who only yesterday was learning the names of things.

On the Suffering of the Smallest Among Us The measure of our civilization – if we dare still call it that – is not found in the reach of our weapons or the eloquence of our declarations. It is found in how we treat the smallest and weakest among us. Look, then, at what is small. A boy who has lost his school. A girl who tends a wound she cannot name. A family that carries everything it owns in a single bundle and walks toward a border that may not open.

These are not statistics. They are not "collateral." They are the very people in whose name you claim to be fighting. And they are asking – not for victory, not for vengeance – they are asking only for tomorrow. If you cannot hear that ask, then I put it to you plainly: the cause for which you fight has already lost its soul, whatever else it may yet win.



On the Peace You Seek I know what kind of peace you imagine. I know because I have watched men of power imagine it across the centuries. It is the peace of exhaustion – the silence that falls when both sides have nothing left to throw.

You call that an armistice. You call it a ceasefire. Sometimes, with great ceremony, you call it a treaty. But I tell you: it is not peace. It is merely the pause between storms. Permanent peace – the peace that holds not because armies face each other across a line, but because people have genuinely ceased to wish each other harm – that peace cannot be signed. It cannot be enforced. It can only be chosen.

It is chosen in the heart, before it is ever written on paper. And it requires something far more demanding than military courage. It requires the courage to say: I see your humanity even as I remember my own wound. It requires the courage to believe that justice and mercy are not opposites, but that mercy, rightly understood, is justice carried to its fullest measure.

This is what I mean by Satyagraha – soul-force. The insistence that Truth is more powerful than any army, and that Love, applied with discipline and without hatred, can move mountains that cannons cannot. You may call this naive. History does not call it naive. History calls it rare.

My appeal - I do not ask you to be weak. I ask you to be strong in a way you have not yet tried. Declare the guns silent – not because you have been defeated, not because the world has pressured you into it, but because you have looked at a wounded child and recognized in her your own child, your own flesh, your own responsibility. Release the hostages. Open the corridors. Let food and medicine pass as freely as bullets have passed. These are not concessions. They are the minimum of what it means to be human. And then – and this is the hardest part, the part that will cost you the most, the part that will require everything – talk. Not to win. Not to dominate. Talk to understand.

For every act of violence has a history, and every history has a grievance, and every grievance, if listened to with patience and honesty, has within it the seed of resolution. You will not solve this in a season. Perhaps not in a generation. But you will not solve it at all if you do not begin.

In Closing Words I ask you only this: Let one of you – just one, in some capital city, in some chamber of power – let one of you find the courage to be the first to lay down the burden of hate. Not because the other side deserves it. Not because the world will applaud it. But because it is right, and because you are a human being, and because human beings are not made for this darkness.

That single act of courage will not go unnoticed by history. And it will not go unnoticed by God – by whatever name you call Him, in whatever tongue you pray. The light is still possible. But someone must be first to strike the match. In Truth and with Love, M. K. Gandhi "In a gentle way, you can shake the world.