

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

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† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the Second Issue

Welcome to the second issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*, an independent professional journal. *Curtana* exists to provide an international forum for discussion of the complex aspects of ministry within an interfaith military context. While the target audience is military chaplains, civilians and laity (especially those with military service) are warmly invited to join in the conversation.

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Unpacking the Contents

First up, we offer six articles on a variety of subjects. The first represents the conclusion of Reverend Nigel W.D. Mumford’s article in our inaugural issue. A former British Marine Commando, he is now engaged in a ministry of healing. We are particularly fortunate to include this article since Mumford nearly died during the intervening months.

Chaplain Brown shares with us a behind-the-curtain view of the introduction of military chaplaincy in the former Soviet Union. His important work in Ukraine continues today.

Next, an insightful Canadian chaplain examines the question of how violent video games influence individuals and society. Even readers who have never engaged in such media need to be aware of the ethical dimensions of the matter. After all, many of our Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Airmen are enmeshed in this virtual world. More than a few may be clinically addicted.

The practical concerns of being a solid staff officer are addressed by Chaplain Scott. In the past, such considerations were sometimes viewed with disdain by “heavenly-minded” clergy who joined military ranks. Those days are becoming a dim memory as today’s militaries rightfully expect the highest caliber of officership from their chaplains.

One of countless chaplain assistants who later entered the ranks of ordained clergy contributes the next piece. Reverend Torgerson served in Japan immediately after the collapse of the Axis. His recollections about this historic era are deserving of our consideration today.

The final article relates a more recent chaplaincy experience. It raises the question of how our time is best spent, and whether there may be duties which are unbefitting the office of chaplain. It is written by *Curtana's* editor.

The second section of *Curtana* features two editorials certain to cause discomfort to some of our readers. (By the same token, some of our readers may also agree with one or both of the essays.) The second of the editorials comes from the pen of a retired senior admiral of the United States Navy. He challenges the doctrine of “political correctness” which has become the unquestioned dogma of most western nations. His offering is preceded by a discussion of the benefits (and drawbacks) of military chaplains wearing rank like their peers in the line. Although this is the case in most contemporary armies and navies, it was not always so. The author, a currently serving chaplain, writes under the penname Diogenes. We hope that you enjoy his musings, as he has promised to be a regular contributor in our future issues.

We received many favorable comments about the inclusion of poetry in *Curtana*. This issue offers in addition to some excellent historical poetry, three very special poems. The first is a meditation written by Reverend Mumford, author of the issue's leading article. The two which follow come from the pens of veterans of the Vietnam war who have courageously looked within themselves to better understand their wounded humanity. Michael Mullins writes extensively today about his military years. Following the war, Richard Andrus entered the ministry. His poem of confession reveals the transformation of a peaceful civilian by the forge of violence. Chaplains who are serving combat veterans today are well advised to ponder how many voices would echo its terrible melody in the current generation.

Once again we are delighted to offer a sizeable collection of “Resurrected Biographies.” Gathering these from public domain sources is one of the self-enjoined missions of the journal.

“Curious Citations” complete the issue. Some are old and others are new. Some are shocking and others comforting. We hope you find them interesting.

A Sincere Invitation

We hope you enjoy this second issue of *Curtana*, and we welcome your suggestions and contributions towards improving the journal. Please share the issue with others, and considering submitting an article, editorial or poem of your own.

† Articles †

After the Trauma the Battle Continues

An Individual's Journey from Drill Instructor to Priest

Nigel W. D. Mumford

When I wrote the first article in this pair, I related that I had survived nine near death experiences including several while a member of Her Majesty's Royal Marine Commandos. Since I penned those words death has once again brushed past me. It appears I am not a cat, since I've now exceeded their "lives" expectancy! I have just been released from the hospital where I was sick with H1N1 for three months. Three weeks of that spent in a coma. There was one night where my wife was told not to go home because they expected me to die before morning. I am home now on a walker, breathing oxygen from a tube and recovering day by day. Being so close to death once again has resurrected so many memories. The best thing is knowing so many people were praying for me. When I could not pray myself, others were interceding with God on my behalf.

My personal walk with the Lord is even closer and more deeply reverent.

What do we do with the memories we experience in combat? Many suck it up and "get on with their lives." I have found that many World War Two vets do not talk at all about their combat experience. For more than half a century, they have kept the stories and emotions suppressed within. And too many other combat veterans follow their example.

At the Spiritual Life Center I direct, we run a program called "The Welcome Home Initiative" (WHI). It consists of a three day retreat. It is free for all combat vets, funded by the generosity of the public. The veteran just has to get here. And it's not just for Americans; all combat veterans are warmly welcomed.

I have been astonished at how God has been working through this program. We have conducted it eight times with veterans from World War Two, Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm, Iraq and Afghanistan . . . plus several other hot spots that were kept quiet! I have heard countless "war stories," the most profound of which from a 92 year old who was at Pearl Harbor when he was 24. He had never told anyone else his story but he totally unloaded with us. It was so very moving. Witnessing history packaged up and put aside in his mind.

The main goal of the WHI is two-fold: one, to unpack unhealed memories, and two, to say thank you for serving your country and fellow citizens. There is a psychological modality that argues one should not go back to the memory, but I have found that by

bringing the Lord Jesus Christ into that memory the very “frame” is changed. This is called “inner healing” or “the healing of memories.”

How does this transformation occur? God has given us free will. Free will to follow him or not. Free will to be kind or not, and so on. The human is perhaps the cruelest creature on the earth. Some witness the horrors of war, and sometimes the carnage caused by their own hand, with the knowledge that the Ten Commandments proclaim “Thou shall not kill.” (The correct translation is “You shall not commit murder.” This is something vastly different.) I remember one Roman Catholic Vietnam vet who had been profoundly troubled by this commandment. He told me he had shot more than thirty people. The weight of guilt was crushing him. He had no idea that the bible also writes in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes that there is a time for everything. A time to kill and a time to heal. I read directly from the Bible. It was a life changing moment as he was delivered from more than three decades of spiritual torture. His damning memories were reframed. He learned that even there, in the darkest moments of his life, and the final moments of the lives of those whose lives he ended, Christ was present.

The basic premise is that the Lord is with us always. “I will never leave you nor forsake you” (Hebrew 13:5, ESV). Therefore he is with you even during the moment of the most overwhelming combat operational stress.

In talking about certain memories I have the vet tell the story, if they want. No pressure. It could be that a weaker stressor (a less traumatic experience) might be chosen. The story is shared and I stop the story at a certain point. I then ask the vet if he or she can see the Lord in the memory. I am always totally surprised at what happens. For example, a United States Air Force colonel came to see me. His posture was distressing, hunched as if the weight of the world weighed upon his shoulders. He was a broken man, with a formal diagnosis of PTSD. He told me he was at the pentagon on September 11th 2001. His job was to save people. There was no one to save. After three years without noticeable problems he suddenly exhibited symptoms of stress and was given an extended sick leave. After talking through the memory I stopped him and asked him if he could see the Lord. He looked to his left and then moved his head. He pulled back and squared off, as if pulling back from the heat of the aircraft flames. I expected him to stop there, perhaps seeing the Lord pulling souls from the melee of flames. He kept turning his head. Then when his head was fully turned to the right he smiled. He then told me that he saw the Lord Jesus Christ standing on a knoll. The look on his face one of extreme sadness at man’s inhumanity to man. Now when the colonel recalls that terrible memory, he sees the Lord. A huge healing. (He has, of course, granted his permission for me to share his experience.)

This healing process has helped me personally. I was in Boston leading a three day retreat for therapists, physiotherapists, psychologists and psychiatrists. I was leading the conference on how to pray with and help combat veterans. On the third day I was having lunch with ten of these doctors. I had a flash back, an abreaction. I had not had one since 1982. I was shocked. I was suddenly back in a “contact” situation where I had patrolled the streets of Belfast in 1972. I glanced at the patrol leader as we prepared to cross a street intersection. There was a loud report of gunfire and the section corporal fell to the ground. He reported the contact. We loaded our weapons and took cover expecting a full on fire fight. What can I shoot at, where is a target? Lying there waiting to be shot, without a target to fire at. What would it feel like? Where will the round land? So much

went through my mind. An armored Saracen ambulance arrived and carried the section corporal away.

What happened next sickened me to the core. Four teenagers danced *in his blood* shouting, “Another F\$%^&* solider has been killed.” My blood was boiling. I so wanted to open fire on those teens. One arm pulled my rifle one way and my other arm pulled it in the direction of those kicking his blood all over the street. I had never shared this memory, even though I had been praying with so many others with bound memories. As I sat at the table I experienced all the sweat and anxiety of a flashback. Then all changed. I was, in my mind, looking at those kids, while lying next to a building across the street. This time I saw the Lord standing in the blood with the kids. He was looking at me. He spoke, “Nigel, it is time to forgive these lads.” I was so shocked. He then looked down at the teens. “This man was made in my image, this is my blood you are kicking around; stop it.”

For over thirty years I have not told anyone this story as I was totally ashamed that I wanted to kill those kids. Now with the Lord present, the memory is healed. I felt that a huge burden rose off my shoulders, a disabling memory healed by the Lord.

Why am I telling you this story? Perhaps you have memories that need to be healed. Perhaps your mind reels with the horrors of man’s inhumanity to man. I want you to know that all things are indeed possible in and through Jesus Christ, who is still in the business of healing. Of this I have no doubt. Something always happen when we pray. I know that the prayers of so many brought me through my very recent illness. I am alive today because of our Lord Jesus Christ. I pray you will not carry around a burden of an unhealed memory for years to come.

The bottom line. If you are plagued with any memory that haunts or causes you emotional pain seek counsel and aid. It never occurred to me as a young Marine that I could find that help from a chaplain. The only debrief we got back then was twenty minutes off the streets, with a cup of tea. “You alright lads?” we were asked, and then back on the streets again. So much for a therapeutic debriefing! I was captive to that grim memory for over thirty years. The Bible says in *Second Corinthians*, “We demolish arguments and every pretension that sets itself up against the knowledge of God, and we take captive every thought to make it obedient to Christ.” I was captive to that nightmare memory. The Lord has set me free.

My prayers are with you and I pray that you will not be like the Pearl Harbor veteran who took sixty eight years to tell his story. After the trauma, the battle begins for restoring our sanity. Be well, do good works and for the sake of God, love one another.

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The Rev. Nigel W.D. Mumford is the Director, The Oratory of Christ the Healer, Christ the King Spiritual Life Center in Greenwich, New York <www.ctkcenter.org>. He is a combat veteran and PTSD survivor who began his adult life as a Royal Marine Commando and today is an Anglican priest. This article completes the story which began in “After the Trauma the Battle Begins” in the Fall 2009 issue of Curtana.

God's Unseen Guidance

R. Glenn Brown

God's hand behind the scenes is often only recognized in retrospect. For example, consider the following series of seemingly unrelated events. At the end of November, 1991 I retired as senior pastor of Faith Chapel in Pleasanton, California, after serving there nearly 14 years. A month later Gorbachev resigned as president of the USSR. A few days later, the Soviet empire officially collapsed. On December 31 the Soviet flag was lowered at the Kremlin for the last time. A week later I celebrated my 64th birthday and initiated a request for social security payments.

I was in good health with a modest but steady income from my military retirement and social security. My major problem was deciding what to do at this stage of life. My wife Donna and I agreed we wanted to continue in ministry but what and where? We began praying earnestly for Divine guidance as 1992 marched on into mid-year. Besides praying we were also reading various Christian magazines. We were seeing more and more articles on ministry opportunities in liberated Soviet bloc nations. Independently, we each sensed the Holy Spirit was directing us to a ministry in Eastern Europe. When I told Donna I believed God had something for us to do in one of the former Soviet countries she confessed the same thought had been in her heart for some time. Neither of us had any idea *which* country we should consider or precisely *what* ministry we might be engaged in. Neither of us spoke Russian nor any other foreign language.

As the Soviet Union was disintegrating, veteran missionaries, David and Mary Clark, sensed God was calling them to enter open doors in Eastern Europe after thirty years in Africa. In 1991 Dave was granted authorization to enter Ukraine. He crossed the border from Hungary into Ukraine near the city of Uzhhorod (formerly Uzhgorod), the capital of the Transcarpathian Region. The nearby city of Mukachevo was a top secret, heavily militarized area strictly off-limits to Westerners under the Soviet regime.

In early 1992 the emerging independent nation of Ukraine was very hospitable to David and permitted him to preach in the city square of Mukachevo. English speaking visitors from the West were such a novelty that David usually attracted a large number of citizens to watch and listen as he preached. Fortunately, he had an excellent translator to help him communicate his message of hope and faith to the people. One day after he had completed his talk he was approached by Ukrainian army officers who had been listening from the fringe of the crowd. They conversed briefly with Ivan Krypta, David's translator. Ivan turned to David and relayed an unexpected request. The officers said General Zoblotny, the Commanding General for the huge military complex, would like David to visit his nearby Command Headquarters and demonstrate how American military chaplains operate within the American armed forces.

Surprised, David quickly confessed he had never served in the military and had no idea how chaplains operated. But he saw this as an unexpected opportunity to spread the gospel in the Ukrainian military. He promised the officers that while he couldn't help General Zoblotny, he would try to locate a retired chaplain who could. He knew about a charismatic United States Army colonel named Jim Ammerman who had a remarkable career as a Green Beret chaplain. After Chaplain Ammerman retired from the Army he

founded an organization called Chaplaincy of Full Gospel Churches which serves as an ecclesiastical endorsing agency for independent Pentecostal and Charismatic churches. Missionary Clark knew about Chaplain Ammerman, and appealed to him for help in finding a retired United States military chaplain willing to travel to Ukraine.

Meanwhile, unaware of events in Ukraine, Donna and I continued waiting in California for God's specific guidance. I was conversing one day with a long time friend, Chaplain Chuck Adams, senior chaplain for the United States Sixth Army stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco. I mentioned in passing that my wife and I sensed God was directing us to consider ministering in Eastern Europe. Chaplain Adams responded, "I know a retired army chaplain named Jim Ammerman who is looking for a retired military chaplain who would consider going to Ukraine. Why don't you contact him and see what he has in mind? I can get you his address and phone number."

I had never heard of Ammerman but decided to call him. He became quite excited when I told him Donna and I were open to ministry in countries formerly in the Soviet Union. He indicated there apparently was a unique opportunity for ministry in Ukraine that he would like to talk to me about. He offered to fly from Dallas to San Francisco to meet and discuss the opportunity that had been described to him by a missionary in Ukraine. I agreed it was worth considering but wanted to discuss it with my wife. Although we knew neither the Clarks nor the Ammermans, Donna and I recognized they could well be God's means of giving us direction. We accepted Jim's offer to meet us in California.

Early in 1993, March or April, chaplains Jim Ammerman and Chuck Adams along with their respective wives, Charlene and Peggy, met with Donna and I at our home in Pleasanton. Jim laid out all the information he had received from missionary David Clark. We all agreed it sounded like a God-given opportunity that should be explored. I suggested Jim contact David Clark and arrange a date for Jim and me to meet with him and Ukrainian Army officials. This was done and we awaited a response from the missionary.

David Clark arranged for us to meet with General Zoblotny the first week of June. We agreed and got to work procuring necessary visas, vaccinations, and airline reservations for our round trip to Kiev, Ukraine. We departed June 1, Jim from Dallas and I from San Francisco. We teamed up in Amsterdam for the remainder of the trip. Jim had a contact in Kiev who met us at the airport and took us to his apartment where we spent the night. The next day we obtained tickets for a sixteen hour overnight train ride to Mukachevo.

We arrived mid-morning in Mukachevo on a warm, humid day in early June. David Clark and a delegation of leaders from the Pentecostal Union, met us at the train station. We introduced ourselves and David shared the schedule he had arranged. The next day the General was celebrating his birthday with his staff at a nearby military Retreat Center and we were invited to attend. It was suggested that we follow a Ukrainian custom and buy an attractive bouquet to present to the General. He informed us that General Zoblotny had made arrangements with his staff and subordinate commanders for us to visit numerous bases in our remaining days. It was obvious we were in for a busy week.

The next day we bought the flowers, met the general and his staff, and joined in the outdoor birthday celebration dinner. The tables were laden with food and strained under the weight of numerous bottles of vodka and other alcoholic beverages. We were getting an early indoctrination into Ukrainian military culture. Jim and I were both ducks out of

water but we tried to adapt as best we could. Jim, David and I kept our one translator very busy as we tried to be sociable, answering and asking questions. It was a setting I had never dreamed possible.

The next day we met privately in General Zoblotny's headquarters. It was quite informal with three Americans, a translator, the general and an administrative assistant who may well have been KGB or its Ukrainian successor. We were served chai and coffee. No vodka offered this time. Jim and I shared a little of our military chaplaincy history. I described my background in more detail because I was a candidate to return. The general's reply flabbergasted me. He stated that if I would agree to return and demonstrate how American chaplains operate with the troops he would provide administrative space and support. He also said he would help find housing for me and my wife. I was stunned but knew this was a divine moment. I replied, "General, I thank you for the invitation and I accept. There are some urgent business matters I must attend to that may take a few months but as soon as these are taken care of I will return." Shortly after, we left the general's office rejoicing and wondering what other surprises awaited us.

Missionary Clark had made arrangements with the military authorities for musicians from the Pentecostal Union to accompany us to some of the major installations. He also arranged for hundreds of Bibles and New Testaments to be available for distribution. Our first major installation was the infantry base. The Commanding Officer filled the base theater with his soldiers and officers. It was quite a sight from the raised platform, looking out over the theater filled with the fresh young faces of Ukrainian conscripts flanked by their officers standing in the side aisles. The Commander introduced us and each of us had an opportunity to share briefly and tell why we were in Ukraine. The musicians played and sang some traditional national songs which were greatly enjoyed by the military audience. In conclusion, the meeting was opened for questions to be addressed to the American visitors. This was a fascinating time. Most of the questions had to do with economic issues rather than religion. The officers were particularly curious about salaries of American officers, costs of cars, housing, and the like. Just before the meeting ended our translator announced that free Bibles and New Testaments were available to all who wanted one. Many accepted this offer as they filed out of the auditorium.

The following days were filled with a kaleidoscopic panorama of military bases, lunches with Ukrainian officers, question and answer sessions with individuals, glimpses of pervasive poverty and warm Christian fellowship with missionary Clark and the Ukrainian Christians who hosted us. Several images particularly remain burnt into my memory. There was the visit to the formerly top-secret MIG-29 underground hanger. At that time the MIG-29 was the fastest fighter in the world. As I admired the plane's sleek lines I was asked if I would like to sit in the cockpit. It was an offer I couldn't refuse. I was helped into the seat where the pilot normally sat and scrutinized the instrument panel. I had absolutely no idea what I was looking at as the Ukrainians probably realized. Another image is the general's invitation to shoot targets on the range. I enjoyed target shooting as a teen and during my stint in the army so thought I would give it a try. I never imagined I would target shoot with a communist made rifle in a former communist nation. However, despite my enthusiasm, acute astigmatism in my aiming eye kept me reasonably humble.

The most memorable visit to a major military installation, occurred at the western Ukraine Military Supply Center, located at the foot of the ancient castle that dominates the Mukachevo skyline. The colonel who commanded the Center was extremely gracious and cooperative. His troops and officers were assembled in the theater and we offered a presentation similar to that shared on the infantry base. We felt more at ease by now and experienced greater rapport with the men and officers. Again, many Bibles were taken by the soldiers as they departed the theater. After our meeting, the Colonel invited us to his spacious office. We shared some informal time with coffee, tea (chai) and pastries. As a parting souvenir the Colonel presented Jim Ammerman and me with Ukrainian military uniform blouses complete with the rank insignia of colonel. Mine is hanging in an upstairs closet. Maybe I'll remove the insignia some day and wear it incognito.

Space doesn't permit describing these vignettes: a long night session with two colonels dispatched from Corps Headquarters in L'viv; our week in a primitive village which necessitated taking long night walks to the outdoor privy; and Sunday worship in a village church comprised of combined Pentecostal and Baptist members.

Once our visit had achieved its purpose I was ready to go home. I needed to sell our house and get Donna relocated before I could keep my promise to the general. God had clearly demonstrated that he was involved in this and I was eager to see His future agenda. It was almost four months before I returned to Ukraine. Unexpected surprises awaited me, both good and bad. Through it all I had continuing confirmation that God was indeed involved. Suffice it to say there was an open door to minister aboard major military bases for about two years. I later became involved with Ukraine religious leaders as well as the International Military Christian Fellowship in promoting a Ukrainian Chaplaincy for their armed forces. God enabled me to help establish churches and finance church buildings.

Although I was blessed to be part of the first wave of western chaplains reaching out to the members of Ukraine's army, I don't want to give the impression that the Lord was working only through our hands. On my second visit to the newly liberated land, I interacted with members of the United States European Command. A good friend, Chaplain Glen Kelso, connected me with the chaplaincy liaison team being activated there at Stuttgart.

In 1993, I spoke with a senior officer of the Religious Affairs Department of the Psychological Services Division at the Ministry of Defense in Kiev (a holdover from the Communist era which regarded religious faith as a psychological disorder). He stated his pessimistic prognosis of an interdenominational or interfaith chaplaincy in his nation. "In America," he said, "your various religious bodies will cooperate in providing service to your military forces. *Our* different religious bodies won't even talk to one another much less work together for any purpose." He was certainly correct about one of the strengths of western chaplaincies: our willingness to lay aside our differences to care for soldiers, sailors, airmen, Marines, coastguardsmen, and civilians associated with our military communities.

As for his "prophecy" about Ukraine's faith communities, he was definitely attuned to the climate of the religious community at that time. The Orthodox Church, for one, believed itself the proper heir to the spiritual mantle as the "national church." However, I am very pleased to report, even though Ukraine awaits its first commissioned chaplain, there has

been much interfaith progress in the activities focused on caring for Ukraine's military members.

I mentioned above that I was privileged to assist with the establishment of several churches in Ukraine. There was another ministry God birthed there that in some ways is even closer to my heart. My siblings and I underwrote the establishment of an orphanage named the Eunice Brown Home for Children in honor of our mother, who had a deep compassion for little ones. I have returned multiple times since 1993 and am scheduled to return in April, 2010. This will be my 31st trip to western Ukraine which has become a second home. A lot has changed in the past seventeen years, most of it for the better. I am grateful that God drafted an old Navy chaplain to be a bit player in this exciting drama.

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Robert Glenn Brown served more than fifty years as an ordained minister of the Assemblies of God. He served as a career Navy Chaplain, retiring with 26 years combined military service, including prior service with the United States Army and Air Force. He served as a senior pastor for 18 years and has ministered regularly in Eastern Europe since 1993. He is a graduate of Denver Seminary and Princeton Seminary. He recently wrote Pentecost Revisited <www.pentecostrevisited.com> and the monograph "The Purpose of Tongues that Accompany Spirit Baptism." He is married to Donna Wirth Brown and they live in Sequim, Washington.

Behind the (Virtual) Gun

Ethical Reflections on Violent Video Games

Michael T. Peterson

“Wait till you start doing room clearing drills, dude, it’s just like in Call of Duty.” I overheard that remark several years back while I was visiting with some young infanters at the Ortona Range, a FIBUA (Fighting in Built Up Areas) training site at Canadian Forces Training Centre Meaford in Ontario. I knew about Call of Duty by reputation as a hugely successful video game, obviously popular with these young soldiers, though I had never played it. I logged this conversation as an area where I needed to raise my situational awareness of popular culture, but it wasn’t until my fourteen year old son introduced me to them, that violent video games became real for me.

First-person shooters have been a longstanding and successful genre in video gaming, of which Call of Duty is perhaps the most well-known brand. In a first-person shooter the player sees the world from behind a weapon, and can engage targets as he or she navigates through various environments. The first Call of Duty games were set in World War Two, and allowed players to fight Axis forces as infantry, tankers, or even as pilots and air gunners. Compelling features of these games, besides their adrenaline-stoked motor-reflex challenges, are their increasingly sophisticated graphics and narrative arcs that carry the player through the games’ various episodes.

My son David (not his real name) is a devotee of the Call of Duty games, and has amassed an impressive knowledge of World War Two history from playing them on his Xbox gaming system. While my son’s love of these games is a more a sedentary activity than I wished, at first I saw the Call of Duty games as interactive versions of the war movies, like *Kelly’s Heroes* and *Band of Brothers*, that we enjoy watching together. However, as a parent, I learned that video games, like movies, come with age-appropriate ratings,¹ which I tried to enforce. Other gaming franchises, like the Grand Theft Auto series with its emphasis on urban crime, were not allowed in our house. Call of Duty was okay because it was historical and you got to play the good guys, especially in the one edition we often played as a team, battling to survive waves of Nazi zombies.

An Evolution in the Technology and Context

Fighting video Nazis (and especially Nazi zombies) is morally uncomplicated escapism, but when the Call of Duty franchise released Modern Warfare (CDMW), the moral landscape shifted from simple black and white to shades of grey. One segment of the game requires you as a NATO sniper to assassinate a terrorist leader using a telescopic sight and high-powered rifle. My son spent hours lining up his shots, learning to calculate for distance and wind, and was rewarded by graphic gouts of blood when he hit the target. Even if the shot was not a kill, the game assured him it would be fatal due to the massive shock of a high-powered round. CDMW had thus moved us from the simplistic world of 1960s World War Two movies where Nazis die bloodlessly to the contemporary world of undeclared wars, covert ops, and assassinations. Furthermore,

rather than cartoon Nazi targets, realistic targets with disturbingly real human physiology were in play.

Since CDMW, the franchise has raised realism and moral ambiguity to a higher level with its new game released in November 2009, entitled, not surprisingly, *Call of Duty Modern Warfare 2* (CDMW2). In the narrative of this game, war overflows from Afghanistan to the streets of present-day America. In one much-discussed sequence, the player must infiltrate a terrorist gang and participate with them in a massacre of civilians and police at an airport. Writing on *slate.com*, journalist Chris Suellentrop says CDMW2's genius is that it entices the player to do awful things, and then sickens and sours the experience: "It's the most anti-war war game I've ever played, a murder simulator that won't let you forget the nature of your actions."² The airport massacre sequence has what one might describe as some built-in ethical safeguards, in that no children are represented and the player can skip the mission and still continue playing the narrative arc. However, the always interesting David Aaronovitch, writing in the United Kingdom's *The Times*, is hardly sanguine about these safeguards or about Suellentrop's claim that the game subverts the genre by provoking ethical unease:

With the new *Call of Duty*, the airport scenario has led to an on-screen warning that precedes the bloodshed. "Some players," it says, "may find one of the missions disturbing or offensive. Would you like to have the option to skip this mission?" How many of the 1.23 million people who bought the game in Britain this week in the first 24 hours of its availability—collectively paying £47 million in the process—do we imagine, opted to skip? My guess is round about none. How many of them were actually under 18? Or buying for people under 18? Though the supposed retail price is £55, my local HMV was offering it for £9.99 if you traded in an old game, so money wasn't necessarily a problem.³

Barring the Gates Against the Barbarians

I freely admit that I've never played CDMW2 and I wouldn't allow it in my house if my son David asked for it. However, I have no illusions that I can insulate David from it long-term. He'll play it at a friend's house, or perhaps online. I also realize that the game is merely a symptom of our society's fascination with death and violence, and a reflection of how our 24/7 media bombards us with images of violence that inevitably bleed into entertainment. As a parent, I am afraid of how games like CDMW1 and 2 can foster anti-social and even deadly impulses in young people. While there are many myths about the Columbine High School killings,⁴ the shooters Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold *did* possess a fascination for firearms and first-person shooter games. However, as others have noted, the Columbine killers also had a history of mental illness and easy access to firearms, and there is no clear evidence that video games drove these boys to be killers.

Perhaps my unease with David's fascination for these games is a reflection of our age difference. In his book *FOB Doc: A Doctor On the Front Lines in Afghanistan*, Canadian military physician Ray Wiss describes his bemusement at encountering young medics half his age playing shooter games in a combat zone. However, on further reflection, he realizes that this is a healthy and normal release for his young colleagues: "This is what they have always done to relax, probably since they were eight or nine years old. There is no reason for them to change just because they have gone to war. One only has to listen

to them describe the way they felt when their comrades were killed to know that it is perfectly clear to them that the war is real.”⁵ Likewise, the young soldiers I was hanging out with at Meaford were relating their drills to an experience that is culturally normal to them, and I had no qualms about seeing real and deadly firearms put into their hands. The young infanteers I served with were, by and large, healthy, decent and disciplined young men and women who happened to enjoy video shooting games.

First Person Shooters as a Military Prep Course

Western militaries have not been slow to notice that video shooter games are part of the culture of their potential recruits. The most well-known example of a military using these games is the United States Army Game Project or American Army, an extremely realistic simulation of small-unit tactics that has been downloaded millions of times.⁶ Games of this type are also used in training establishments. The Canadian army uses first-person shooters to train infanteers in tactics and leadership, and this particular exploitation of this technology is no different in kind than the use of simulators for air and naval crews to do their respective jobs. As processing power and video quality continues to advance exponentially, we can expect to see video game training become ubiquitous in militaries.

There is however a profound difference between military and civilian use and development of video shooter games. Military culture has gained hard and painful lessons from ethical catastrophes such as Abu Ghraib and Somalia. Ethics, honour and discipline are core elements of our ethos and indoctrination. Our soldiers, many of whom are now combat veterans, know what modern weapons can do to the human body. Civilian gaming publishers on the other hand are, like film studios, driven solely by profit and will continue to push the envelope of what society judges to be acceptable.

As parents, we need to maintain our vigilance and engage our children and teens in discussion about what games they play and why they find them engaging. Real and lasting ethical teaching, after all, can only be achieved through dialogue.

Likewise, those of us who are chaplains need to be aware of what games our young soldiers play for fun and for training, so we might engage them in the same dialogue about the representation of violence and the ethical choices they make in the digital



A page from the graphic novel *America's Army* which was created to accompany the online video game. Both are free at <http://www.americasarmy.com/>.

battlefield. After all, these virtual ethical decisions are rehearsing and reinforcing the life and death choices they may be making in the very near future.

¹ These ratings are enforced by the Entertainment Software Review Board, a non-profit self-regulatory body established in 1994.

² See slate.com/id/2235774/.

³ See timesonline.co.uk/tol/comment/columnists/david_aaronovitch/article6914817.ece

⁴ For a review of some popular myths about the Columbine shootings, refer to: en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eric_Harris_and_Dylan_Klebold and cnn.com/2009/CRIME/04/20/columbine.myths/index.html.

⁵ Ray Wiss, *FOB Doc: A Doctor on the Front Lines in Afghanistan* (Vancouver: Douglas McIntyre, 2009): 52-53. See my review of the book at madpadre.blogspot.com/2010/01/two-doctors-at-war.html.

⁶ See en.wikipedia.org/wiki/America's_Army. This free game also has its own graphic novel available at www.americasarmy.com/.

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Chaplains as Successful Staff Officers

Lonnie V. Scott

While I served on active duty, and since retiring, I often questioned how much of what I learned in seminary I actually used as a Navy chaplain. I never doubted the benefit of my theological and biblical training as a civilian pastor. As a pastor I used Greek, systematic Bible study methods, and other training unique to the seminary or Bible college.

As a chaplain, a military *staff* officer, I often wished I had received training in areas not covered by the advanced education required of a chaplain. Some of these skills were acquired through experience. Others I had to obtain on my own, in order to function effectively for my various commanding officers, and for other staff corps officers. The following are subjects I found critical during my career; I strongly encourage current and future chaplains to pursue their study of such matters to increase their credibility and value as staff officers.

When I was stationed with First Marine Air Wing on Okinawa I encountered a fellow Navy chaplain at the hospital while I was visiting one of my Marines. As we chatted over cups of coffee he asked my opinion on a professional issue he was facing.

“My Executive Officer called me into his office. He was upset that I wasn’t at unit PT this morning. I’m thirty-seven years old, I’m a chaplain—not a Marine. What do you think I should tell him?”

“I’d tell him, ‘See you at the next unit PT, Sir.’” I replied.

Chaplains are military officers. We wear the uniforms of the services we serve in, including rank insignia. We are subject to the Uniform Code of Military Justice. We were trained in how to march, salute, and follow orders. To think that as a chaplain we should not participate in unit activities such as PT, marches, sea time, field exercises, or other arduous activities is not thinking like a dedicated military officer. A commanding officer has every right to expect his/her chaplain to be present and participate in all unit activities. [What about things like drinking binges?] Chaplains, I believe, should be looking for every opportunity to be present with and for the members of their units—not seeking ways to exempt themselves from events they do not particularly enjoy.

Chaplains as Health Professionals

Chaplains often interact with mental health professionals and should strive to develop credibility with the mental health professionals at their installations or commands. This doesn’t mean chaplains should perform complex assessments or attempt to prescribe medications. However, chaplains who have not had the benefit of a basic or advanced psychology classes can directly benefit from studying some of the common personality disorders (Borderline, Narcissistic, Antisocial, Histrionic, and Avoidant). Likewise, familiarity can be gained by researching and understanding the signs and characteristics of personality disorders, as well as mood, compulsive, and eating disorders, and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD).

Having a working knowledge of psychological disorders makes a chaplain more effective and time efficient in two ways:

1. The chaplain's ability to recognize a psychological disorder keeps the chaplain from attempting to provide *pastoral counseling* to help the military member or family member, when *therapy* and possibly medication are called for in treatment.
2. When making contact with mental health professionals, the chaplain will be able to provide concrete information the mental health professionals will be able to use for intake and referral.

Chaplains can increase their knowledge easily through researching on the internet, taking classes at a local college, or purchasing and learning to use a DSM IV (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, Fourth Edition). Chaplains need to remember they are not mental health professionals, and should not attempt to provide psychological treatment.

Even while chaplains avoid infringing on the domain of mental health professionals, they should not apologize for being members of the balanced health and wellness team. Others focus on the physical and mental health of military members and their families; chaplains are entrusted with ensuring they serve in an environment which promotes their *spiritual* health. Of course, this essential duty is not performed by proselytizing, but by facilitating the felt needs of the men and women we serve.

Responding to Crises

Chaplains often provide emergency response, which is something few civilian pastors are called upon to do. Chaplains frequently receive first class training in Critical Incident Stress Management (CISM)—but, to be perfectly honest, the training is often allowed to go stale. The same can be said for chaplains who have been trained in Applied Suicide Interventionist Skills Training (ASIST). These are skills which need to be refreshed in order to keep the training from atrophying. Additionally, when it comes to the ASIST training, chaplains should strive to attend the Training for Trainers (T4T) at the earliest opportunity, and supervisory chaplains should ensure their junior chaplains have opportunities to refresh these valuable skills. ASIST saves lives, and CISM helps prevent PTSD and other mental disorders.

Secondly, in regards to emergency response, chaplains are often called out in the middle of the night. Very few other people capable of providing family, emotional, or stress/anxiety counseling will respond at night, or on weekends. Pulling “duty chaplain” sometimes becomes a source of contention for chaplains, yet—is providing the services chaplains perform something chaplains should turn over to others? Are chaplains willing to be known as “0730-1630” service providers? Commanding officers have expectations that their chaplains are ready, willing, and able to respond to the homes, police agencies, jails, emergency rooms, and anywhere else their personnel are, and need their spiritual services. And these expectations are justified.

Concerning the Basics

Commanding Officers have the rightful expectation their chaplains possess competency in administrative skills. This is not only because their chaplains are staff officers, but also because they know the chaplain made it through four years of college, three years of seminary, and for most, at least two years civilian ministry. Why is it then some commanding officers complain about their chaplains turning in poor quality paperwork (in this age of computers), missing deadlines, inability to put together a basic Powerpoint briefing, and their failure to maintain a simple calendar?

Often chaplains make the excuse that the administrative details are the responsibility of their enlisted personnel. However, when enlisted personnel are on leave, ill, in training, or absent for other reasons, the chaplain is forced to assume these responsibilities. And even when chaplains' enlisted partners are present, it is inexcusable that the officers do not possess at least a fundamental understanding of these requirements. At no time should a chaplain, or any staff officer, display low quality administrative skills. This sort of performance reflects not only on themselves, but on every member of the profession.

Many ministers spend a considerable period of their ministry in small churches. They may have a youth pastor, and in some cases they have an associate pastor. As they get close to retirement, pastors of large churches with large staffs sometimes choose to downsize to a smaller congregation and staff. Not so with chaplains. The longer a chaplain stays in the military, the more frequently he or she will be thrust into supervisory roles. Additionally, they will oversee larger budgets, and more sprawling facilities. Thus, chaplains need to develop keen leadership and management skills. These skills include personnel management, writing evaluations, budgeting, conducting of training, scheduling, and in cases where civilian personnel are employed, human resources talents.

Certainly most chaplains have enlisted personnel working under their supervision, and senior chaplains have senior enlisted personnel, yet a chaplain still maintains the responsibility for all of the people working under their oversight, and the chaplain's seniors will hold the chaplain responsible for anything occurring in their area of responsibility.

A More Recent Expectation

In recent years, the global war on terrorism has dispatched numerous military members to distant lands. Military commanders have turned to their chaplains with an expectation that they would become subject matter experts related to the culture—and especially the religious beliefs—of the regions to which they are deploying.

A final concern regarding chaplains not meeting commanding officers' expectations occurs when unit chaplains lack the foresight to prepare for deployments to foreign countries and expect others to provide briefings on religious cultures and customs of these diverse regions. Marines, soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Coast Guardsmen need to know what they can and can not do in Islamic, Buddhist, and multi-ethnic countries with regards to touching, eating, speaking, and the public wearing of clothes commonly permissible at home. Without meaning to, they can create an incident if they improperly behave in a local religious facility (mosque, temple, shrine, synagogue, etc.). Chaplains

are often the unit's only member who has studied world religions, and their commanding officers know it. Therefore, the commanders appropriate expect the chaplain to be able to brief the unit prior to deployment, and to be an expert resource while deployed. Chaplains need to anticipate this expectation well in advance of their deployment. Materials are readily available from many sources online, and it is not that demanding for chaplains to tailor briefings and booklets to the unique needs of their command.

Throughout the years, the vast majority of chaplains have been earnest and hardworking, and indispensable to their units. Displaying skills and abilities no one else in the unit has, a chaplain can increase his credibility and value, and thoroughly enjoy their tour of duty. But on the other hand, neglecting to master the basic skills expected of even the most junior staff member can be terribly embarrassing. I recall when I reported to my first unit, a Naval Reserve center in Bangor, Maine. The Commanding Officer looked at me and asked, "What the *\$#% am I going to do with a chaplain?" Within three months I had him tell me he didn't know how he had gotten along without me. Winning the trust of our commanders through a combination of chaplaincy expertise and basic military professionalism will ensure that we are free to contribute dramatically to the success of our unit's mission.

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Growing in Faith in Occupied Japan

Lowell I. Torgerson

World War Two was a grim affair. While there is glory to be won on the battlefield, I confess that I did not regret having missed the bloody Pacific island-hopping. By the time I reached the heart of the once mighty Japanese empire in 1946, it was as a member of the Occupation Army. Although Brits, Australians, Indians and New Zealanders were part of the Occupation, which lasted until 1952, just as throughout the war in the Pacific, it was Americans who made up the majority of the force.

I was assigned to the 38th Bombardment Group, 5th Air Force, which was part of the United States Army Air Forces. The 38th Bomb Group had served heroically during the war, and naturally we still had many combat veterans in our ranks. I was already a devout Christian, and I found it encouraging to hear how many of the men found their faith to be a key reason they survived the war with their minds and spirits intact.

We were stationed in Fukuoka, which was one of the earliest Japanese cities to experience saturation bombing. Most of the airmen lived in a massive tent city, with the officers housed in wooden barracks. However, three of us airmen who were assigned to guard supplies actually lived inside the ruins of a bombed out aircraft factory (where the supplies were stored). One of my most vivid memories, shared with virtually every veteran who has garrisoned a desolate place, was of the stench rising from the open trench latrine with its twenty rustic seats.

Transfer to a Chaplaincy Team

I had already completed a year of college by my eighteenth birthday, before I enlisted. That fact, combined with my lifelong dream of becoming a Lutheran pastor, brought me to the attention of our chaplain. Since Chaplain Martin was well respected for his demanding schedule, he had no problem requisitioning me as a second Chaplain Assistant. I drove his jeep and typed his correspondence. No one could have been a better boss! Before long I was a PFC, and as soon as it was “legal,” I was a corporal.

I took part in all of the chapel services. That was a great experience, which significantly influenced my ministry throughout the years that followed. Chaplain Martin possessed a number of wonderful qualities, but the one that amazes me still is that *he was never negative!* He brought encouragement and healing wherever he went. Like no one I ever knew before or since, that man of God had his feet shod with “the gospel of peace.”

When we traveled off base, we often witnessed the residue of Japanese propaganda. The civilians had been told that the Americans were violent and merciless. Whenever our jeep entered a village, the streets would immediately empty. I would stop in the middle of the village and we would hold out candy bars for the children. Soon the kids would stop hiding and warily approach these strange GIs. After a few moments all of the children would be surging forward for their own share and not long afterward the narrow street would be filled with villagers. Everything returned to normal, and courteous nods

and smiles were exchanged between the former enemies. It was exciting to see how respect, mercy and compassionate aid could so swiftly change the hearts of people who had been indoctrinated to distrust and even hate one another.

It is a miracle that the first small signs of healing I saw such a short time after the end of the conflict grew into the warm relationship between the Allies and the former members of the Axis we take for granted today.

A Transforming Trip



Statue of Saint Agnes.

After six months in Japan, we were granted rest leave. The preferred location was the Kanko Hotel, which stood high on a hillside overlooking the charred and twisted remains of what had been Nagasaki. Like countless other members of the Occupation forces, we ventured down to the rubble and stood at the point identified as ground zero. “Fat Man,” the bomb which leveled the city, actually exploded far above the ground, to maximize its effect. The simple memorial which marks this solemn site invites reflection and prayer.

Despite the measurable radiation which suffused the area, I would later marry and father five children. (Thank you, Lord.)

Nagasaki was founded by the Portuguese in the 16th century. It was a center of Portuguese and European influence in Japan from the 16th through 19th centuries. It had been the earliest center of Christianity in Japan, and at the time of the bombing its population ironically still included many Christians. A portion of the Urakami Cathedral which survived the blast rises as part of the Nagasaki Atomic Bomb Museum. A statue of Saint Agnes which was found in the wreckage now stands in the headquarters of the United Nations. The likeness of the martyred youth, gently cradling a lamb, is a testimony itself to the innocence of the thousands of other children who perished on 9 August 1945.

Less Visible Wounds

The scars of the war were not just evident on the Japanese landscape. I felt great compassion for the numerous crippled and dead Japanese, who had suffered because of the pitiless ambitions of their military leaders.

Nor were the scars inflicted on the Allies invisible. During those early post-war months, many Americans and other soldiers who had ultimately crushed Japan’s militaristic dreams of empire were still recuperating from their wounds. I recall a weak soldier stationed with me, who often participated in our ballgames. Even the competitive airmen on the teams cut him some extra slack due to his frailty. After all, we had some small idea of what he had gone through as a survivor of the Bataan Death March. (The extent of the horror he had endured would become clearer to us, as we learned more about that tragic event in the years which followed.) His bitterness at the atrocities he had endured was tempered by a trust that even during the horror, God had been his strength.

Of course, much of what we experienced during the occupation involved the commonplace occurrences of deployed life for military members. There was the acute homesickness, alleviated by the fact that the war was over, and our confidence that we would, eventually, return to our loved ones. There were relationships strained by geographical separation to the breaking point. I clearly recall how deeply crushed a friend of mine nicknamed “Slim” was when he received a “Dear John” letter from his fiancé. Such are the hardships of soldiers of every era who are sent to protect their homeland on foreign shores or seas.

Thoughts on the Nuclear Question

I know that there have been many debates about the morality of the use of atomic weapons to end the Second World War. I saw the pain and utter desolation caused by their use while it was still fresh, and ugly. Yet, there is no doubt in my mind that had we not convinced the Japanese rulers of the futility of continuing to fight, many, many more American troops would have died. And, I say this without any guilt, we who were there in the immediate aftermath of the surrender were quite conscious of the fact that we may well have been among the scores of thousands of casualties if the bombs had not been employed and the planned invasion had been necessary. There is no doubt that there would also have been far more Japanese casualties—both military and civilian.

The use of nuclear weapons was a horrible thing, but in the end, it was the wisest course to follow. And I do pray that it was the end. May God grant that Nagasaki is the last city ever to know the destructive force of an atomic explosion.

The Aftermath of My Military Career

As my enlistment ended, Chaplain Martin attempted to “bribe” me to reenlist. A sergeant’s chevrons were mine if I signed on the dotted line. But as enjoyable as serving with him was, I had other things on my young mind. Upon my separation from the Air Force, I returned home and went to college, thanks to the G.I. Bill. Then it was off to seminary to fulfill my lifetime dream. I served for many years in parish ministry, and made several successful evangelistic tours of Africa.

I eventually earned my own civilian pilot’s license. I loved flying. One of the highlights of my flying adventures occurred back in Japan when I was allowed to fly in a bomber, cramped in the glass ball of the tail gunner, with a zipper for an exit. What an exhilarating experience it was to life off the ground with that view. Of course, I didn’t anticipate having a squad of zeros emptying their magazines into my aircraft.

As I look back on my ministry, I’m grateful for God’s faithfulness. After my ordination, I never sought to return to the military as a chaplain. I wonder now what such a path would have been like. I imagine that it would have been very rewarding, caring for young airmen or soldiers like I had once been myself. I have no doubt that chaplains who originally served “in the ranks” bring a unique and valuable perspective to their ministries.

Lowell Torgerson has traveled the world, hitchhiking from Cape Town to Cairo and motorcycling throughout South America and Europe. He spent time assisting at a leprosarium in the Congo. During his ministry, he preached to thousands in many venues, ranging from cathedrals in Finland to mud brick churches in Africa. Since his retirement, he has operated a bed and breakfast near Puget Sound and received awards for his convincing impersonation of James Bond and Sean Connery.

Uncommon Acts of Wartime Service

Robert C. Stroud

The first anniversary of September 11th 2001 found me deployed to southwest Asia doing my modest part to make Operation Enduring Freedom a success. I was proud to be there. From our air base in Pakistan, we directly supported the combat effort in Afghanistan on a daily basis.

Our small chapel team included the gifted Roman Catholic priest and rock hard NCOIC from my home base at Fairchild AFB, Washington. The three of us were joined by an exuberant young airman whose razor wit made him a perfect fit for our ministry squad. At Shabaz Air Base we ministered to a joint Air Force and Army community. Elements of the 82nd Airborne and later the 101st Airborne provided perimeter defense. Since their own Unit Ministry Teams passed through irregularly, as *all* Chaplain Corps personnel, we gladly provided day-to-day care for the soldiers in our midst.

In addition to encouraging and counseling the men and women in Jacobabad, as “forward-deployed Air Force assets,” we traveled within the theater. Like the Army chaplains who visited Shabaz AB, we too visited regional sites to ensure that Air Force personnel scattered throughout the Area of Responsibility (AOR) were receiving the spiritual care they needed. These duties took us to sites in Uzbekistan and Tajikistan as well as Afghanistan.

Exhilarating Duties & Experiences

*“Who is this King of glory?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle!”
Psalm 24:8*

Although nearly eight years have passed, those months are vividly etched in my memory. In reflecting on the earliest days of this historic international military operation which continues today, my memory is flooded with inspiring images.

*Remodeling our tent chapel to accommodate those eager to worship their Creator. We rededicated the facility, naming it the Enduring Peace & Freedom Chapel. It was a wonderful privilege to proclaim in that harsh environment the *good news* that God offers true “shalom.”*

Watching the Predator drones gracefully lift off as they embarked on their farsighted missions. The far-sighted in our ranks recognized the growing role that unmanned aerial vehicles were destined to play in the years which followed.

Diving down onto dusty AOR runways during “combat landings.” Old but reliable C-130s, guided by younger hands of trustworthy pilots and crews. They consistently found just the perfect spot to land, despite day and night time aerobatics intended to thwart the enemy’s effort to bring them to the ground more abruptly.

Celebrating our nation's Independence Day in a land struggling to learn the blessings of democracy. The Fourth of July parade was quite entertaining. Our chapel "Friar Truck" was gaudily ornamented with pictures and drawings sent to the AOR by children back home.

Accompanying regular Combat Search and Rescue flights. The aircrews and Pararescue personnel are elite and focused. Fortunately, during my tour none of them were called upon to fulfill the mission for which they tirelessly trained.

Conducting redeployment briefings for troops due to return home after a year away from their families. These conversations were no mere formality, as readjustments after lengthy separations can be extremely challenging. They were especially critical for the soldiers from Fort Bragg. These soldiers were rotating home to a post still in shock. During the first year of the war, three redeploying husbands had murdered their wives. (Two ended their own lives as well.)

Forming the Shabaz Air Base Christian writers group. Gathering on Saturday mornings with a diverse group of aspiring writers proved to become one of the highlights of each week. The group's members possessed genuine talent, and the creative diversion of transferring some of our thoughts to paper proved a healthy outlet for all of us.

Delivering a much-appreciated assortment of Meals Ready-to-Eat (MREs) to an isolated military post. The elation in their eyes was genuine; for many weeks they had subsisted on a daily rotation of *only three different menus* of the notorious meals.

Commemorating the first anniversary of the September 11th attacks on the United States. It was a holy time, as we dedicated memorials, remembered the fallen, and prayed that God might grant us peace. An outdoor candlelight service brought the ceremonies to a close, with the somber notes of "Taps" echoing over the silent warriors so far from home.

Rather Less Invigorating Duties

"The taskmasters were urgent, saying,
'Complete your work, your daily task each day, as when there was straw.'
Exodus 5:13

People who have lived in an austere environment know God created humanity with the capability of adjusting to incredibly inhospitable surroundings. For example, even I managed to (barely) survive the relentless heat despite my Nordic genes. One thing thoroughly puzzled me though. Small puddles of water dotted the barren landscape near our shower tents. I couldn't understand how it was possible for the pools to remain there day after day, without evaporating in the oven-like heat. One day a friend pointed out that the shallow puddles simply could not evaporate . . . due to the elevated humidity in the air surrounding us. What I had considered an oven was actually a sauna, and its safety thermostat was clearly broken.

Like most "jobs," ours included a number of mundane routines. Meetings to attend, and the paperwork to file. Not all of our sojourn in Asia was interesting or meaningful.

However, there was one duty which stood apart from all of the others—due to its sheer unpleasantness.

One of the essential activities wherever armies gather, involves maintaining a healthy environment. During the American Civil War the Union government recognized that serious illness cut down more soldiers than did Confederate volleys. They created the United States Sanitary Commission (USSC) in response. The USSC worked closely with the surgeon-general in supporting the war effort. A primary function was “to inquire into the subjects of diet, clothing, cooks, camping grounds, in fact everything connected with the prevention of disease among volunteer soldiers not accustomed to the rigid regulations of the regular troops.”

Of major concern to all armies in garrison is the disposal of waste. Dealing with garbage is disagreeable to most Americans; but disposing of “human waste” is exceedingly objectionable to nearly everyone. It comes as no surprise that those dedicated souls who pursue these necessary tasks in western nations are amply rewarded in financial terms for their labors. In developing nations it is common to find people with nothing who are eager to perform any job in exchange for payment so they can feed their families. However, at that relatively early point in the war security concerns still prevented us from utilizing indigenous contractors to provide this vital service.

Our outstanding civil engineer had done much to give dignity to our waste processing personnel. They had named their massive sewage truck “The Dominator,” and everyone who thought about the subject sincerely appreciated their dedicated work in maintaining a clean location. Still, the job was so large that they could not accomplish it without assistance. A schedule had been devised for rotating this responsibility between each of the residences in our vast tent city. Just as every resident of the “municipality” added to the problem, so too all were expected to contribute periodically to its solution.

Aside from the wing commander, no individual was exempt from taking their turn cleaning the showers and toilets. Eventually that opportunity to excel fell upon my tent. So, with nary a grumble my tent-mates in the “field grade tent,” (the senior leadership of the base) donned our rubber gloves, seized our scrub brushes, and attacked the enemy.

This is precisely the type of story that could easily devolve into a humorous anecdote. I even have a couple of photographs that might reinforce just that sort of interpretation. But to merely view that unique event as an amusing episode would be to miss its far greater significance.

And What Precisely Are Our Duties?

“He laid aside his outer garments, and taking a towel, tied it around his waist. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples’ feet and to wipe them with the towel that was wrapped around him.”

John 13:4-5

I imagine officers from most nations around the globe would be unsettled by this story. They would find it inconceivable that an installation’s senior leaders would be expected to perform a job as dreadful as cleaning latrines. And, I would concur with them in one sense. It may be taking the concept of democracy to a bit of an extreme to expect senior

non-commissioned officers and senior officers to perform such duties. After all, it is logical their prior service and sacrifices should reward them with a degree of dignity and exemption from unpleasant duties. This distinction is not inherently unfair, since every junior member of the force can ultimately attain the same position and enjoy similar exemptions.

But that was, of course, not *my* call to make. The commander and the officers involved did not argue with the fact that since we all contributed to the need, we could be expected to do our share to resolve the matter. And, even if our tent-mates had been exempted from the assignment, I hope my chaplain colleague and I would have volunteered to do *our* part anyway.

This is because we chaplains are *unique* members of the military community.

Some clergy find themselves called to preach from elevated pulpits in magnificent edifices. Others take their place behind ivy-laden walls where they share their wisdom with students hungry to explore the mysteries of their faith. Many ministers answer calls to average congregations where they aid parishioners in navigating the generational cycles of life. There are also consecrated ministers who take the gospel to the slums. Gentle, consecrated fingers that clean the sores of the diseased and bind the wounds of the maimed.

Among these are women and men who waste not a single moment thinking about the implications of cleaning the residue of a dying man's bowels. They see the need, and they respond. There is no false humility, no posturing or hypocrisy in their actions. There is no disgust in their eyes or hearts. God's compassion constantly washes such things away as he cleanses their souls.

While we are not all called to labor in such extreme venues, I believe that we should all aspire to that same charity and meekness. I confess that such a heart remains far out of my own reach, but I also confess that I worship a Lord who can daily transform my very nature.

In light of these truths, I look back to that sweaty and stinking business. That morning I did something good. Even noble. I yielded myself to God, in service to my neighbor, and something truly wondrous occurred. By the grace of God, a small measure of my pride was put to death. And reflecting even today on the lessons of that day, I thank the Lord for allowing me to lay aside my rank, my degrees and my vanity to simply do what needed to be done.

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Robert C. Stroud is a Lutheran pastor who retired following eleven active duty assignments—and a number of deployments—as a United States Air Force chaplain. He does not think he is alone in battling pride on a daily basis. He considers it an insidious sin (masquerading as it often does as “self-confidence”) . . . to which military chaplains are particularly vulnerable.



Editorials



On the Temptations of Rank

Diogenes† the Cynic

“I have nothing to ask but that you would remove to the other side,
that you may not, by intercepting the sunshine,
take from me what you cannot give”

Diogenes to Alexander the Great who asked the philosopher,
“What might I do for you?”

Members of the “priesthood,” clergy of all deities or secular philosophical worldviews, should be among the most unassuming of people. Alas, I have not found that to be true. And I carry my lantern in search not only of an honest man, but also of the humble priest.

Regardless of the gender, learning or personal psyche of the priest, most would profess humility to be a virtue they admire. Yet all too frequently, they succumb to the lures of position, influence and power. “Ah,” they insist, “I only use the power I gain on the behalf of others.” To this I respond, “Surrender the power and become a servant. That proves your genuine concern for those you claim to care for.”

We see the lure of power in the pomp and circumstance that accompanies elevation. Few are these who lay aside those gold, silver and bejeweled trappings. Indeed, in some beguiled lands, religious voices are carried by radio waves in an invisible electromagnetic spectrum that proclaim riches and worldly success are the guaranteed inheritance of the faithful. In such religions, the extravagant riches of the clergy become a visible sign of the truth of the doctrine. Thus it becomes the religious *duty* of the priests to adorn themselves with the costliest of garments and to ride in the costliest of chariots.

So it follows, that if one is poor in possessions (the proper state of the humble) they are *not* favored by God. This is contrary to the teachings of most religions, which consider a life of poverty to be one free of distractions. As Gautama Buddha said, “To live a pure unselfish life, one must count nothing as one’s own in the midst of abundance.” In my own case, I threw my cup away when I saw a child drinking from his hands at an animal trough. Claiming that the possession of wealth is confirmation that the favor of the Gods rests upon you is absurd. It is not simply a *twisting* of the religious texts such as the

Beatitudes of Jesus of Nazareth, it is an absolute *reversal*. “Blessed,” these deceitful Sirens sing, “are those before whom others bow and those they salute in recognition of their power and position.”

An Example

Many religions have their own hierarchy. The mere existence of such is neither good nor bad. That determination rests upon what the existence of that hierarchy fosters within the clergy. Does it promote traits universally recognized as good . . . or does it encourage competition, self-promotion and vanity?

There was a time in States United in the new world when their priests who accompanied their armies did not wear rank on their uniforms. They were all regarded as “chaplains,” rather than lieutenants or generals. And they were content. They were less concerned with who outranked whom, than they were with caring for the sailors and soldiers to whom they were sent. And those warriors in the ranks smiled at the approach of their priests, because they recognized a religious person rather than a military overseer.

Things, I would argue, were better when military chaplains were considered just that, chaplains. Before they began to exchange the honor of those precious religious insignia for rank. Oh, how it appeals to the vanity to exchange one bar for two . . . or a bronze oak leaf, for one composed of silver. And to become a “full bird,” why that is the desire of nearly every priest who dons a uniform. Yes, a crescent, tablets, wheel or cross may appear slightly above the stripes of rank on the uniform sleeve, but everyone recognizes which of the two emblems is the more important.

Wearing rank, of course, is no indication of what is truly in a person’s heart. There have been chaplains bearing stars whose genuine humility remained unimpugned. (Though, truth be told, they are few in number.) In the same manner, there are those who present a public show of asceticism reminiscent of my own, while their hearts revel in the empty ecstasy of pride.

The Conversation

You ask, “Why should I prefer to *not* wear rank, if given the opportunity?”

I respond, “What impulse in you would prefer adornment that distracts from the focus on your religious devotion?”

You ask, “What is lost by my wearing rank *in addition* to my religious insignia?”

I respond, “If dividing attention between rank and religion is insufficient concern, what is the great prize *to be gained* by highlighting one’s position in the military hierarchy?”

You ask, “Is it not honorable to be proud of one’s recognized success in providing religious and humanitarian care to the members of the armed forces?”

I respond, “Do you honestly believe there is a correlation between true holiness and the attainment of military promotion?”

You ask, “Cannot my rank show my devotion to the military, just as the insignia symbolizes my commitment to my faith.”

I respond, “Why is such affectation necessary when you already wear a *uniform* which shouts out your allegiance to your city state?”

You ask, “Isn’t it a normal part of human nature to desire recognition for our contributions to the greater good?”

I respond, “Does being ‘normal’ consecrate an impulse which should be sated by medals, certificates and ‘thank-yous’ but covets in addition elevation over others sharing the same calling?”

You ask, “Wouldn’t I be a hypocrite if I pretended to be the same as others when I know that I am more intelligent, talented and anointed than they are . . . and subscribed to a ‘rankless’ chaplaincy?”

I respond, “Honesty is a noble thing. But is it not better still to ask the Gods to instill within you genuine humility rather than to kneel in adoration before the throne of Nietzsche?”

You ask, “Is it not possible to seek promotion with complete purity of heart, desiring only a larger podium from which to proclaim that which is holy?”

I respond, “If you possess such purity of intent and immunity to the temptation to hubris, I can lay aside my lamp—for I have finally found that single selfless and honest person I have ever sought.”

The Prescription

Priests and priestesses who serve in the armed forces are wise to see themselves as “in the military, but not of it.” They submit to its rules and regulations, but should not find their identity therein.

While availing yourself of the benefits of rank, such as increased opportunity to intercede for the weak, remain vigilant regarding its pitfalls.

Let your claims to exercise your authority for the benefit of others be attested by actions, not merely hollow words.

Beware serving beneath those whose rank has consumed them. As I wrote, “A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire; not too near, lest he burn; not too far off, lest he freeze.”

Make not military promotion your goal or you are destined to be disappointed. Only the very few rise to the pinnacle, and what they find there is seldom what they dreamed.

Never allow yourself to find your identity in your title, rank or uniform . . . for, one day, all of these will be set aside, and what will be left?

Whenever afforded the opportunity to choose between what is transitory and what is eternal, weigh matters prudently.

There is wisdom in this: To be called with affection “chaplain” or “padre” carries more genuine prestige than to be addressed with deference as “sir” or “ma’am.”

© 2010 Curtana: *Sword of Mercy*.

† *Diogenes is a pseudonym for a currently serving chaplain. He selected this nom de plume because of the forthrightness with which Diogenes addressed the public. Curiously, he also cited the fact that Diogenes was polytheistic. Readers should not be offended by his use of the words “priest” or “priestess,” since he is not referring to a particular religious tradition; Diogenes is, after all, a disciple of the Greek pantheon. Finally, we suspect the philosopher’s legendary grumpiness was also a factor in making the choice of this pseudonym.*

P.C. Undermines America's Military

James A. Lyons

Political correctness has undermined the military for years. Recently things have turned for the worse in the United States. Under the Obama administration's pursuit of a "new era of engagement" with America's enemies, P.C. has gained more prominence.

That is reflected in the December tragedy at Fort Hood, Texas, by the failure to cashier Major Nidal Malik Hasan out of the United States Army. His military associates and commanding officers had to have known for years of his openly acknowledged sympathy for fanatical jihadism yet evidently did nothing out of fear of being labeled anti-Muslim and/or accused of racial profiling. Such charges in today's military can have a career-ending impact.

As institutional voices of ethics and justice, chaplains are placed in a unique position when it comes to the complexities and arbitrary pressures of political correctness. They are trusted to faithfully advocate that our nation maintains its high ethical standards. At the same time, they must be willing to join the chorus of common sense American women and men who recognize how PC run amuck is destabilizing the world's primary defender of freedom and democracy.

There is no question Major Hasan should have been court-martialed based on the previously known fact that he was communicating with the enemy, the Yemen-based radical cleric Anwar al-Awlaki on jihadism. This failure resulted in 14 Americans (including an unborn child) losing their lives in the worst terrorist attack on United States soil since September 11, 2001. Military commanders who had oversight responsibilities for Major Hasan must be held accountable.

Then there's the case of the three elite United States Navy SEALs from SEAL Team 10 who face criminal charges after capturing one of the most wanted terrorists in Iraq, Ahmed Hashim Abed. This man was credited with the murder and mutilations of four American security guards in Fallujah. Their bodies were burned and dragged through the city, then two of the bodies were hung from a bridge. The charges against the SEALs are based on an accusation that the terrorist was punched in the stomach and also had a "bloody lip."

When you consider that the Defense Department is well aware of the al Qaeda training manual that provides guidance to its terrorists that if "they are captured, they should claim they were tortured and/or mal-treated," the absurdity is obvious.

The best-selling book *Lone Survivor* by Marcus Luttrell (Little, Brown & Company, 2007) describes the dilemma facing four other SEALs (also from SEAL Team 10) deployed on an Afghan mountaintop to kill or capture Ahmad Shah, a Taliban leader who was close to Osama bin Laden.

Unfortunately, "Murphy's Law" came into play as three Afghan goat-herders stumbled on their hiding spot. The politically correct rules of engagement (ROEs) caused the SEALs to let them go, instead of killing them. Within an hour the goat-herders betrayed

their position to the Taliban and the SEALs suffered their greatest loss. Three of the SEALs were killed and one barely survived after being blown off a cliff by a rocket-propelled grenade.

An MH-47 Chinook helicopter was dispatched with eight SEALs and eight 160th Special Operations “Nightstalkers” to rescue the team, but on reaching the site, the helicopter was shot down with the loss of all 16 men. Private First Class Marcus Luttrell was the only survivor from the original four-man SEAL team.

Political correctness has often surfaced over the years in our rules of engagement. The restrictions imposed on our forces in Vietnam are legend. The United States Marines providing perimeter security for the Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon on October 23, 1983, were prohibited from even chambering a round, leaving 241 dead. Similar instances occurred with the bombing of Khobar Towers in 1996 and the suicide bombing of the USS Cole in 2000.

In November, *The Washington Times* compiled an informal list of current ROEs in Afghanistan. The ROEs are said to reflect a change in our operating culture and put the Afghan people first. A partial list includes:

- † No night or surprise searches.
- † Villagers have to be warned prior to searches.
- † U.S. soldiers may not fire at the enemy unless the enemy is preparing to fire first.
- † U.S. forces cannot engage the enemy if civilians are present.
- † U.S. forces can fire at an “insurgent” if they catch him placing an improvised explosive device but not if “insurgents” are walking away from an area where explosives have been laid.

Clearly, political correctness has had its impact. There have been too many instances where our forces have been put in unnecessary jeopardy because we did not employ available capabilities for excessive fear of collateral damage.

The safety of our military forces should come first. If our military forces are going to put their lives on the line for our country—not to mention to assist other peoples with the formation of their own free, democratic governments—then they must have the confidence that their commanders will do everything in their power to protect them. As of today, that’s not happening.

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Admiral James A. Lyons retired after a distinguished career in the United States Navy, which included serving as Commander in Chief of the United States Pacific Fleet and senior United States military representative to the United Nations. As the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations from 1983-85, he was principal advisor on all Joint Chiefs of Staff matters and was the father of the Navy Red Cell, an anti-terrorism group comprised of Navy SEALs he established in response to increasing international threats. He is President/CEO of LION Associates LLC, a global consultancy providing technical expertise in the areas of international marketing and trade, enterprise risk including anti-terrorism site and port security, foreign policy and security affairs along with defense and commercial procurement.

† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Asleep, I Listen | Nigel W.D. Mumford |
| Gunship | Richard Andrus |
| Scars | Michael D. Mullins |
| Vigil | Giuseppe Ungaretti |
| Italia | Giuseppe Ungaretti |
| On Alexander | Francis Quarles |
| Of Common Devotion | Francis Quarles |
| For All We Have and Are | Rudyard Kipling |
| Ode in Memory of American Volunteers Fallen for France | Alan Seeger |
| Erin's Flag | Abram J. Ryan |
| Five Ways To Kill A Man | André Breton |
| Summer in England, 1914 | Alice Maynell |
| An Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries | Alfred E. Housman |
| Another Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries | Christopher M. Grieve |
| His Mate | G.A. Studdert Kennedy |
| Waste | G.A. Studdert Kennedy |
| As I Ponder'd in Silence | Walter Whitman |
| The Wound-Dresser | Walter Whitman |
| Lamentations of the Chaplain of the 12 th Rhode Island Volunteers | Erastus Richardson |

Contributors:

Richard Andrus is a combat veteran of Vietnam who returned home to enter seminary and become a Lutheran pastor. He served 1969-71 with the 1st Air Cav (First Cavalry Division Airmobile).

André Breton (1896-1966) was a French writer and a founder of Surrealism. He served in the medical corps of the French army during both the First and the Second World Wars.

Erastus Richardson (1837-1911) enlisted in the Twelfth Rhode Island Infantry and offered his “Lamentations of the Chaplain” at a regimental reunion a decade after their chaplain had died. He also wrote the *History of Woonsocket*.

Christopher M. Grieve (1892-1978) wrote under the pen name **Hugh MacDiarmid**. Although a veteran of the First World War, being a Scottish Communist, he wrote quite negatively about his nation’s role in the world.

Alfred E. Housman (1859-1936) was a classicist and poet. He was a professor of Latin at University College London.

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929) was an Anglican priest and poet. During the First World War he was affectionately nicknamed ‘Woodbine Willie’ due to the Woodbine cigarettes he distributed along with spiritual comfort to injured and dying soldiers.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was an “Anglo-Indian” who created some of his most lasting work while residing in the United States. He accepted the Nobel Prize for Literature, but several times declined the honor of knighthood, and becoming the British Poet Laureate.

Alice Meynell (1847-1922) was an English poet who son served during the First World War. She also lost a son-in-law, whose died from his wounds.

Nigel W.D. Mumford is an Anglican priest who formerly served in combat as a Royal Marine Commando. He composed this meditation for care-givers prior to a recent illness which nearly took his own life.

Michael D. Mullins is a Vietnam combat veteran and the Vice President of the Military Writers Society of America. His book, entitled *Vietnam in Verse: Poetry for Beer Drinkers*, is available in print and audio.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644) composed Royalist tracts during the Civil War. His works were enjoyed by the common people, but harshly criticized by poets in successive centuries.

Abram Joseph Ryan (1838-1886) was a Confederate chaplain and poet. The poem included here was written following the death of his brother, Captain David J. Ryan, CSA.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion prior to the United States’ entrance into World War One. He died in battle on Independence Day.

Giuseppe Ungaretti (1888-1970) was one of the greatest Italian poets of the twentieth century. He served on both Italian fronts during the First World War.

Walter Whitman (1819-1892) was an American poet whose brother served in a Union regiment during the War Between the States. Whitman served diligently as a volunteer nurse in the wartime hospitals which crowded Washington, D.C.

Asleep, I listen

A meditation for Care Givers

Nigel W.D. Mumford

Asleep I listen,
To the breathing, to every precious breath,
To any change, to a groan, to the pain, to the fear,
I listen to the fear, in me, and in my beloved.

Asleep I listen,
To any need and want, my body asleep but my ears open,
The constant vigil, ready at a moment's notice
To leap out of bed to address the need.

Asleep I listen,
To the phone, to the TV, to the radio, to God.
I pray and wonder what will happen?
Am I doing my best, what else can I do?

Asleep I listen,
Even when awake guilt pervades my mind.
How can I even go to the store, how can I leave the house?
I listen to the cell phone, did it beep, is it vibrating?

Asleep I listen,
To My faults, to My responsibility, to My blame.
What if? If only! But Why God, *Why?*
I can't even pray anymore I am so tired.

Asleep I listen,
My mind wonders what will it be like afterwards?
What will I do? Where will I go? How will I live?
Oh *no* it's not about me, guilt pervades again.

Asleep I listen,
A friend calls and asks me out for a coffee.
"I will call you back, if there is a change."
I wonder, can I really step out of the house?

Asleep I listen,
To God,
Who says "Well done good and faithful servant."
Do not be afraid, I am with you always.
Asleep I listen to my conscience and all is well with my soul.

Gunship

Richard Andrus

The sky cries out with thunder at the light of day,
As the hideous green apparition swoops down upon its prey.

You are one, absorbed with it as it roars,
The flaming red flow of liquid death from it pours.

Inside the pulsating mouth of this raging steel demon,
Its evil existence defies all moral reason.

The omniscient path to your soul, peers on through this haze of insanity,
As the being before you explodes into a mere fragment of humanity.

This never ending flight though man's incessant quest,
Will leave your conscience with endless unrest.

But there is no fear of death, only the adrenalin blast,
As your addiction for more obliterates your past.

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Scars

Michael D. Mullins

Not all of a vet's scars are on the surface.

Many veterans have scars, both inside and out.
I have signs of wounds which are still around.
There are many that do not earn a Purple Heart.
Some are visible on the surface, others are felt.
Damage done heals in as many different ways
As it is given to a body or spirit; pain betrays.

The scars of the mind are often never mended.
As bad as they are, body scars are easier tended.

Each action has a reaction and every war lingers.
A walk down memory lane can be the harbinger
Of experiences forgotten, but quietly life-changing.
With the recollection pain can resurface once again.
The mirror is not always as revealing as the eyes.
There are many things dusted off which elicit sighs.

I remember a penicillin line longer than a chow line.
Do the men who stood in the sun, waiting so patiently,
Carry a memory or a fear that they try to laugh away?
Are there residual effects that they pay for yet today?
Those are inside, but what of scars that can be seen?
Each time questioned, does the answer generate pain?

Once a soldier carried too much in proving his worth
And the chafing left him bleeding, with constant hurt.
He would not lay the load down and risk the ragging.
Did he wipe the blood off and straighten the rigging?

When nobody was looking, or in earshot, did he groan?

Concertina wire exploded and coiled around snakelike.
The scar appears to be a snake no longer able to strike.

Another time he relieved himself in big, brown pots.
Boards across kept him out of the teeming maggots.
Memory of that wriggling, squirming mass of white
Prevents him even today, of enjoying a bowl of rice.
Malaria struck first while in the field, two days on ice
Were an introduction of symptoms of a lifelong crisis.

When a grunt sees the little scars on his aging hands
Does it remind him of the burning sting at the time?
They were such tiny things, removed then in the field.
Compared to a friend's wounds almost ending his life
Friend was blown out of an APC, lungs pierced, dead
For all practical purposes, but homeward it sadly led.

Mine were nothing, not worthy of formal recognition.

Things linger, even malingering, riding a soldier's soul.
They never disappear even as they fade, still cause
Painful, aching recollections of things not pleasant.
We age but that point of youth is never too distant.
Dysentery struck the grunt and he slowly dissolved.
Humiliated, he carries the weakness yet unresolved.

Twenty seven times he walked into the paddies to bathe
Trying to rinse away the stench and stain on his heart.
It will never be better.
It too, is a scar.
All soldiers have them somewhere.
They can be the loss of a friend or their own.

Who was this kid, this young grunt?
It was I.

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Vigil

Giuseppe Ungaretti

Peak Four, December 23, 1915

A whole night
thrown near
the body
of a slain comrade
his mouth snarling
at the full moon
his clawed fingers
ripping
into my silence
I wrote
letters
full of love

Never did I
so
cling to life

© 1915 by Giuseppe Ungaretti.

Italia

Giuseppe Ungaretti

Locvizza, October 1, 1916

I am a poet
I am a unanimous cry
I am a clot of dreams

I am the fruit
of countless counter grafts
ripened in a greenhouse

But your people are borne
by the same soil
that bears me
Italia

And in this your soldier's
uniform
I lie down
as if it were my father's
cradle

© 1916 by Giuseppe Ungaretti.

On Alexander

Francis Quarles

No marvell, thou great *Monarch*, did'st complaine
And weep, ther were no other worlds to gaine;
Thy griefes and thy complaints were not amisse;
H'as Griefe enough, that findes no world but this.

Divine Fancies Booke 1 Number 56.

Of Common Devotion

Francis Quarles

Our *God* and *Souldier* we alike adore.
Ev'n at the brink of danger; not before;
After deliverance, both alike requited;
Our *God's* forgotten, and our *Souldiers* slighted.

Divine Fancies Booke 1 Number 39.

Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France

Alan Seeger

Intended to have been read before the statue of Lafayette and Washington in Paris, on Decoration Day (now known as Memorial Day), 30 May 30 1916. The author died in defense of France on the Fourth of July that same year.

I

Ay, it is fitting on this holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When—with sweet flowers of our New England May
Hiding the lichened stones by fifty years made gray,
Their graves in every town are garlanded,
That pious tribute should be given too
To our intrepid few
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.
Those to preserve their country's greatness died;
But by the death of these
Something that we can look upon with pride
Has been achieved, nor wholly unreplied
Can sneerers triumph in the charge they make
That from a war where Freedom was at stake
America withheld and, daunted, stood aside.

II

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
Parted impetuous to their first assault;
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose
The cenotaph of those
Who in the cause that history most endears
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.

III

Yet sought they neither recompense nor praise,
Nor to be mentioned in another breath

Than their blue coated comrades whose great days
 It was their pride to share—ay, share even to the death!
 Nay, rather, France, to you they rendered thanks
 (Seeing they came for honor, not for gain),
 Who, opening to them your glorious ranks,
 Gave them that grand occasion to excel,
 That chance to live the life most free from stain
 And that rare privilege of dying well.

IV

O friends! I know not since that war began
 From which no people nobly stands aloof
 If in all moments we have given proof
 Of virtues that were thought American.
 I know not if in all things done and said
 All has been well and good,
 Or if each one of us can hold his head
 As proudly as he should,
 Or, from the pattern of those mighty dead
 Whose shades our country venerates to-day,

If we've not somewhat fallen and somewhat gone astray.
 But you to whom our land's good name is dear,
 If there be any here
 Who wonder if her manhood be decreased,
 Relaxed its sinews and its blood less red
 Than that at Shiloh and Antietam shed,
 Be proud of these, have joy in this at least,
 And cry: "Now heaven be praised
 That in that hour that most imperilled her,
 Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
 Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
 Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
 Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
 And when of a most formidable foe
 She checked each onset, arduous to stem,
 Foiled and frustrated them,
 On those red fields where blow with furious blow
 Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
 Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
 Accents of ours were in the fierce melee;
 And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
 Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
 When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
 And on the tangled wires
 The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
 Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers: --
 Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
 Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours."

V

There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers,
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon;
And earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.
But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer clouds and sunset crimson-hued,
And showers and night winds and the northern star.
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar,
From our ignobler plane
And undistinction of our lesser parts:
Hail, brothers, and farewell; you are twice blest, brave hearts.
Double your glory is who perished thus,
For you have died for France and vindicated us.

Poems by Alan Seeger © 1916.

ERIN'S FLAG

Abram J. Ryan

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never! no! never! while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never! no! never! that banner should yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of oil!
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Tho' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long
years Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up! from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches, wild-howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
'Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said,
That we'll lift up the green, and we'll tear down the red!

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
'Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar!
That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous by Abram Joseph Ryan © 1884.

Five Ways To Kill A Man

André Breton

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man.
You can make him carry a plank of wood to the top of a hill and nail him to it.
To do this properly you require a crowd of people wearing sandals,
a cock that crows, a cloak to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar
and one man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel, shaped and chased in a traditional way,
and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears.
But for this you need white horses, English trees, men with bows and arrows,
at least two flags, a prince, and a castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind allows, blow gas at him.
But then you need a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,
not to mention black boots, bomb craters, more mud, a plague of rats,
a dozen songs and some round hats made of steel.

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly miles above your victim
and dispose of him by pressing one small switch.
All you then require is an ocean to separate you, two systems of government,
a nation's scientists, several factories, a psychopath
and land that no-one needs for several years.

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways to kill a man.
Simpler, direct, and much more neat is to see that he is living
somewhere in the middle of the twentieth century,
and leave him there.

Summer in England, 1914

Alice Meynell (1847-1922)

On London fell a clearer light;
 Caressing pencils of the sun
Defined the distances, the white
 Houses transfigured one by one,
The “long, unlovely street” impearled.
O what a sky has walked the world!

Most happy year! And out of town
 The hay was prosperous, and the wheat;
The silken harvest climbed the down:
 Moon after moon was heavenly-sweet,
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Looking ’twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,
 The armies died convulsed. And when
This chaste young silver sun went up
 Softly, a thousand shattered men,
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower; and birds,
 And berries; and benignant skies
Made thrive the serried flocks and herds.—
 Yonder are men shot through the eyes.
 Love, hide thy face
From man’s unpardonable race.

A Reply:

Who said “No man hath greater love than this,
 To die to serve his friend?”
So these have loved us all unto the end.
 Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed!
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,
 The very kiss of Christ.

***The Poems of Alice Meynell* collection was published in 1923.**

Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries

Alfred E. Housman

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

Published in The Times of London on 31 October 1917, the third anniversary of the First Battle of Ypres. In this ode, Housman praises "professional soldiers," rather than mercenaries per se.

Another Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries

Hugh MacDiarmid
In Reply to A.E. Housman

It is a God-damned lie to say that these
Saved, or knew, anything worth any man's pride,
They were professional murderers and took
Their blood money and impious risks and died.
In spite of all their kind some elements of worth
With difficulty persist here and there on earth.

MacDiarmid is the pen name of Christopher M. Grieve, a Scottish Communist who obviously despised Housman's patriotic sentiments. He had, however, served in the Royal Army Medical Corps during the First World War. This response was published in 1935. Although he regarded the members of the Royal Army to be "professional murderers," he wrote three "hymns" in praise of Lenin.

For All We Have and Are

Rudyard Kipling

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain—
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

This poem was written in 1914, at the outset of the War to End All Wars.

His Mate

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

There's a broken, battered village
Somewhere up behind the line,
There's a dug-out and a bunk there
That I used to say were mine.

I remember how I reached them,
Dripping wet and all forlorn,
In the dim and dreary twilight
Of a weeping summer morn.

All that week I'd buried brothers,
In one bitter battle slain,
In one grave I laid two hundred.
God! What sorrow and what rain!

And that night I'd been in trenches,
Seeking out the sodden dead,
And just dropping them in shell-holes,
With a service swiftly said.

For the bullets rattled round me,
But I couldn't leave them there,
Water-soaked in flooded shell-holes,
Reft of common Christian prayer.

So I crawled round on my belly,
And I listened to the roar
Of the guns that hammered Thiepval,
Like big breakers on the shore.

Then there spoke a dripping sergeant,
When the time was growing late,
"Would you please to bury this one,
'Cause e' used to be my mate?"

So we groped our way in darkness
To a body lying there,
Just a blacker lump of blackness,
With a red blotch on his hair.

Though we turned him gently over,
Yet I still can hear the thud,
As the body fell face forward,
And then settled in the mud.

We went down upon our faces,
And I said the service through,
From “I am the Resurrection”
To the last, the great “adieu.”

We stood up to give the Blessing,
And commend him to the Lord,
When a sudden light shot soaring
Silver swift and like a sword.

At a stroke it slew the darkness,
Flashed its glory on the mud,
And I saw the sergeant staring
At a crimson clot of blood.

There are many kinds of sorrow
In this world of Love and Hate,
But there is no sterner sorrow
Than a soldier’s for his mate.

***The Unutterable Beauty* by G.A. Studdert Kennedy © 1927.**

Waste

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

Waste of Muscle, waste of Brain,
Waste of Patience, waste of Pain,
Waste of Manhood, waste of Health,
Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth,

Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,
Waste of Youth’s most precious years,
Waste of ways the Saints have trod,
Waste of Glory, waste of God,—
War!

***The Unutterable Beauty* by G.A. Studdert Kennedy © 1927.**

As I ponder'd in silence

Walter Whitman

As I ponder'd in silence,
 Returning upon my poems, considering, lingering long,
 A Phantom arose before me with distrustful aspect,
 Terrible in beauty, age, and power,
 The genius of poets of old lands,
 As to me directing like flame its eyes,
 With finger pointing to many immortal songs,
 And menacing voice, *What singest thou?* it said,
Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?
And that is the theme of War, the fortune of battles,
The making of perfect soldiers.

Be it so, then I answer'd,
I too haughty Shade also sing war, and a longer and greater one than any.
Waged in my book with varying fortune, with flight advance and retreat,
victory deferr'd and wavering,
(Yet methinks certain, or as good as certain, at the last) the field the world.
For life and death, for the Body and for the eternal Soul,
Lo, I too am come, chanting the chant of battles,
I above all promote brave soldiers.

***Leaves of Grass* was Whitman's life work and continuously updated, © 1867.**

The Wound-Dresser

Walter Whitman

1

An old man bending I come among new faces,
 Years looking backward resuming in answer to children,
 Come tell us, old man, as from young men and maidens that love me,
 (Arous'd and angry, I'd thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war,
 But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I resign'd myself,
 To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead;)
 Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,
 Of unsurpass'd heroes (was one side so brave? the other was equally brave;)
 Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of earth,
 Of those armies so rapid, so wondrous, what saw you to tell us?
 What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
 Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what deepest remains?

2

o maidens and young men I love and that love me,
 What you ask of my days those the strangest and sudden your talking recalls,
 Soldier alert I arrive after a long march cover'd with sweat and dust,
 In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly shout in the rush of successful
 charge,
 Enter the captur'd works—yet lo, like a swift-running river they fade,
 Pass and are gone they fade—I dwell not on soldiers' perils or soldiers' joys,
 (Both I remember well—many the hardships, few the joys, yet I was content).
 But in silence, in dreams' projections,
 While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,
 So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the imprints off the sand,
 With hinged knees returning I enter the doors (while for you up there,
 Whoever you are, follow without noise and be of strong heart).

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
 Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
 Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought in,
 Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground,
 Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd hospital,
 To the long rows of cots up and down each side I return,
 To each and all one after another I draw near, not one do I miss,
 An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse pail,
 Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
 With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
 I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
 One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never knew you,
 Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you.

3

On, on I go (open doors of time! open hospital doors!)
 The crush'd head I dress (poor crazed hand tear not the bandage away),
 The neck of the cavalry-man with the bullet through and through I examine,
 Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life struggles hard,
 (Come sweet death! be persuaded O beautiful death! In mercy come quickly).

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
 I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and blood,
 Back on his pillow the soldier bends with curv'd neck and sidefalling head,
 His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on the bloody stump,
 And has not yet looked on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep,
 But a day or two more, for see the frame all wasted and sinking,
 And the yellow-blue countenance see.

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the bullet-wound.
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, so sickening, so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me holding the tray and pail.

I am faithful, I do not give out,
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive hand (yet deep in my breast a fire, a burning
flame).

4

Thus in silence in dreams' projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the hospitals,
The hurt and wounded I pacify with soothing hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night, some are so young,
Some suffer so much, I recall the experience sweet and sad,
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

***Leaves of Grass* was Whitman's life work and continuously updated, © 1867.**

The Lamentations Of The Chaplain of the Twelfth Rhode Island Volunteers

Erastus Richardson

Recited at Their Annual Reunion At Rocky Point, Aug. 3, 1897.

I

We have reached the time in life
When the trouble and the strife
That to newly married folks are incidental
Have completely passed away,
And we find ourselves to-day
In a sadder plight, both physical and mental!
All the wickedness and fun
And the dangers we have run
Are absorbed, sixteen to one, in tribulations.
This is then a fitting hour
(For the grapes are high and sour)
To enjoy ourselves with mournful lamentations,
To get out of sorts and fret
Of the tariff and the debt
And tell what we know about “an honest dollar!”
Like the Irishman’s advice:
“Av the dog is plagued wid lice
Yez should clip the craythur’s tail furnist his collar!
Thus the basthe would be consoled
And be worth his weight in gold
And be able to defend us from our neighbors!”
And as I am free from sin
It is proper to begin
The beginning of my melancholy labors.

II

When you fell in love with Kate
Your anxiety was great
Lest you might not have the luck or pluck to get her.
Well, you got her, I am told,
And your woes increased fourfold.
But the least to speak of this would be the better!
Ere your honeymoon was spent
You had joined the regiment
For your sweetheart was belligerent and plucky,
And you needed change of scene,

So you loaded your canteen
 And proceeded from Rhode Island to Kentucky!
 But the more you marched down South
 You grew more down in the mouth.
 For you found the South to be a dreadful dry land,
 And your weary soul took wings
 To the schooners and the things
 And the girl you left behind you in Rhode Island!
 To enumerate the woes
 That you suffered, I suppose,
 Would require a day or two of constant talking,
 But you won enduring fame
 And while doing so became
 Most proficient in the manly art of walking!
 O, how oft in that campaign
 Did you warble the refrain:
 "We'll be happy when the cruel war is over!"
 But amidst your dreams of Kate
 You could not anticipate
 What came later in the days of honest Grover!
 But I must abstain from that!
 Not for worlds would I combat
 Whatsoever you have ever set your eye on!
 And it will be wise to skip
 Matters of the cup and lip
 Appertaining to the recent scrap of Bryan!
 Tribulation, care and strife
 Have disturbed you all your life,
 Your bent forms, gray hairs and wrinkles plainly show it,
 But now, worst of all, alas!
 It has grimly come to pass,
 You must undergo the regimental poet!
 Ah, your struggles have been great
 With the Johnnies and with Kate,
 You have undergone much outwardly and inly,
 But your conflict with the bard
 Will be fruitless and as hard
 As some office seekers suffer from McKinley!

III

My habit, which some have called "rhyming,"
 Began in my earliest youth,
 And much has it helped me in climbing
 The rugged approaches of Truth.
 For Truth, though the sternest of Graces,
 Oft yields on her summit sublime
 Her tenderest smiles and embraces
 To those who salute her in rhyme.
 But the notes of the challenge must mingle

And blend with the strains at her shrine,
 For rhyme is not simply the jingle
 Of words at the end of a line.
 'Tis a chord in a chorus unbroken,
 A volume of wisdom profound,
 A something which doth not when spoken
 Expire in a volume of sound.
 Sometimes my poetical labors
 Have been by my friends misconstrued
 And caused me to be by my neighbors
 Unjustly condemned and reviewed.
 My poems—now don't go to frowning
 And turn funny thoughts in your head!
 My poems are like those of Browning:
 They seldom, if ever, are read!
 And like the late laureate Tennyson,
 And other great masters of song,
 Will I and my friend, Mr. Denison,
 Reach, finally, where we belong!
 And now, having shown my credentials,
 Still dripping with Parnassian dews,
 I venture to give some essentials
 To those who would flirt with the Muse:

IV

Whenever you perpetrate verses
 Beware of the newspaper chaps,
 Or your ears may be tingled with curses
 And your back with a rawhide, perhaps!
 But when by the Muse you are smitten,
 Brush up some forgotten old saw
 And let none see what you have written
 Save those who have been to the war!
 Nor single the cook or the colonel,
 But summon the boys to the feast
 And, tipping the lads of the *Journal*,
 Let the child of your brain be released,
 Else into the dreadful waste basket
 Your offspring be ruthlessly tossed,
 And then, O, it pains me to ask it!
 What will your relations have lost?
 I used to make rhymes for the papers,
 What sillier thing could one do?
 But now my poetical capers
 I hold to inflict upon you!
 Thus, comrades, I stand up before you
 And open my rhythmical mouth,
 Believing that nothing could bore you,
 Who outramped the tramps of the South!

V

O Muse—thus I prudently query,
 For even “the lions” look weary!
 Eight here shall I stop and sit down?
 Or, like a late Rhode Island resident,
 Who ought to have been the vice-president,
 Continue and do it up Brown?
 And if I accomplish what he did,
 Or they did, I shall have succeeded
 In dreaming a beautiful dream!
 For all that I need at this minute,
 To get myself very much “in it,”
 Is simply a sensible theme.
 Shall I sing of our trip through Virginny?
 Of the captain’s demure pickaninny?
 Our Lexington circus—and such?
 But the colonel would doubtless show feeling
 And charge the poor minstrel with stealing
 The thunder he prizes so much!
 Or shall I slop over with knowledge
 As one did last June at the college?
 Ah, then you would all stand aghast,
 Or say, like the sensible Quaker:
 “My friend, if thou art a shoemaker,
 Keep silent, and stick to thy last!”
 And as I am not a deep student
 I think it would hardly be prudent
 To deal with statistical “facts.”
 For they, like a midsummer dickey,
 Sometimes are provokingly sticky
 When stiffened with shoemaker’s wax!
 Perhaps I might sing with sincerity
 “The grand advance guard of prosperity!”
 And close with a short epitaph:
 “Here lie—alas! don’t you remember?
 The promises made last November!
 O pause, weary pilgrim, and laugh!”
 But save for a gravestone to show it,
 The old-fashioned work of the poet
 Is not in demand nowadays.
 For men have grown wise and more critical
 In matters profound and political
 And sneer at their grandfather’s ways!
 And being so very much wiser,
 You do not require an adviser
 To save you from getting a fall;
 And having no need for repentance
 You see not the odd-looking sentence
 That gleams overhead on the wall!
 You see not the sentence? Don’t tell of it!

For that, my dear friends, is the “hell of it!”
 Make haste to restore your lost sight!
 Let the minstrel at once be invited,
 For the poet and soldier united
 Have often brought darkness to light!
 The one on the ramparts undaunted,
 The other with lips that have chanted
 What fate on the ceiling hath penned.
 And both, standing shoulder to shoulder.
 May quicken faint hearts to be bolder
 And ward off a terrible end!

VI

But Truth will not her bounty yield
 Unto a cold and barren field,
 And it would ill become the Muse
 To offer what you might refuse.
 If you can patiently behold
 A people’s franchise bought and sold,
 Or see, with an unruffled brow,
 The honest yeoman, cringe and bow,
 And meekly bear the foulest wrong.
 In vain would be the minstrel’s song!
 Ah, if you would your birthright sell,
 Then you are on the brink of hell!
 The fires that swept imperial Rome
 Are lighted at your very home!
 The tinkling rhyme and shallow jest
 Can only reach your darkened breast.
 A bit of bluster, fuss and brag
 About the fathers and the flag,
 Mixed up with Sunday school advice,
 Will in your state of mind suffice!

VII

But O, this must not, cannot be!
 For even yet we may be free!
 The pothouse boss and lispin’ dude
 May now control the multitude,
 But by and by, if God is just,
 In Him we may in safety trust!
 Then shall resound from spire to spire
 The music of the poet’s lyre,
 And once again from sea to sea
 A stricken nation will be free!

VIII

But my medley is too long.
 And my language is too strong.
 I must therefore say a few words in apology!
 For you must not sail away
 Up the Narragansett Bay
 Till your chaplain has repeated the doxology!
 You are wicked! So was Job.
 And he swore and tore his robe
 And declared himself to be the worst of sinners.
 And in folly you are sunk!
 But the sire of Ham got drunk,
 And Bathsheba gladdened David's glorious dinners!
 You are vain, and love to brag
 Of your frogging with the flag!
 But not more so than your comrades of the First,
 For they boast of marching through
 Pennsylvania Avenue
 Without halting but four times to quench their thirst!
 You are mean and full of spite,
 And you are not over bright,
 But you are far more angelic than the *Journal*.
 For this strikes folks who are down
 With the broom of granny Brown
 And imagines that its crown is co-eternal!
 So you see that, after all,
 If our liberties must fall
 Unless Debs shall desolate these lovely quarters,
 And with all the other shams
 Shall appropriate the clams.
 Nothing can disturb the Twelfth Rhode Island Trotters!

Good-By

Till now my going is deferred,
 Although my song is sung,
 Because I dread to speak the word
 That trembles on my tongue.
 It is the word which long ago,
 When darkness filled the sky,
 You murmured tenderly and low,
 "Good-by, sweetheart! good-by!"
 But oft have you refrained to speak
 That word, when bending o'er
 The closing eye, and pallid cheek
 That love would light no more,
 And waited till the muffled roll
 Sent forth its mournful sigh,
 And then the cry burst from your soul:

“Good-by! comrade, good-by!”
I shrink to speak that which entwines
So closely round the heart
Because to use it in these lines
Implies that we must part.
But part we must! and so the word,
Whate'er it may imply,
Must from my trembling lips be heard:
Good-by, my friends, good-by!

History of the Twelfth Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers
(Providence, Rhode Island: Snow & Farnham, 1904): 283-90.

† Book Reviews †

Cross-Cultural: Serving the World in Christlike Humility

Duane Elmer

(Downers Grove, Illinois: Inter-Varsity Press, 2006): 212 pages.

One particular anecdote recalled by Duane Elmer in his book *Cross-Cultural Servanthood* is unusually impressive. Dr. Elmer recalls the days of association in ministry under the guidance of two wise mentors. The author, Professor of International Studies at Trinity Evangelical Divinity School, was attempting to get back in touch with “the needs and realities of the world.” So he joined with two graduate students and walked the streets of Chicago one night a week for about a year. Life was hard on the streets and Elmer learned from the graduate students how to gain “street smarts.” In the course of his education he learned where to walk, how to avoid trouble, what gang signs were and what they indicated. One evening he was strolling along with Mark, one of the two grad students. He recalls the experience:

I noticed a lady at the corner ahead. She was scantily clad. I turned to him and said in a voice the lady would not hear, “Is she a prostitute?” He paused; I remember thinking, *Why the pause? It’s obvious.* Then he said firmly, “No! That’s not a prostitute. That’s a *person . . .* in prostitution.” When Mark saw her, he saw a human being (64).

What do you think Jesus would have seen?

This book is about what it means to ask again and again not only what would Jesus see, but how Jesus would serve those around him in need. In order to promote this transformed perspective, Elmer offers this book.

Cross-Cultural Servanthood is divided into three sections. The first deals with the basic **perspectives on servanthood**. Human beings flawed by sin are not naturally inclined to follow the lead of Jesus by becoming servants. Servanthood must be intentional. Even then humans are not very good at it. People tend to think from their own cultural perspectives. In discussing ethnocentrism, Elmer points out how this has affected the communication of Americans in cross-cultural conversations:

Ethnocentrism is an unconscious hindrance in communicating acceptance. It refers to the tendency of every person to believe that their own cultural values and traditions are superior to those of other cultures. The more the other

culture is unlike my cultural background, the more I am inclined to make unfavorable judgments.

While ethnocentrism is a human trait, it seems Americans reveal their ethnocentrism more quickly and more assertively because they are more forthright with their thoughts. This may be why many people from other cultures think of Americans as arrogant, controlling and even neocolonialistic (68).

It is important for American Christians intent on communicating the gospel to other cultures to understand this principle and work to overcome the perception (or reality) of cultural superiority.

The middle section of the book describes the **process of servanthood**. The heart of the book is composed of seven principles, listed initially in reverse order, that constitute the steps of servanthood. While Dr. Elmer is aiming his message at the Christian missionary to another culture these principles equally apply to communication within culture as well. As he lists them:

- † *Serving*. You can't serve someone you do not understand...
- † *Understanding*. You can't serve others until you have learned about, from and with them.
- † *Learning*. You can't learn important information from someone until there is trust in the relationship.
- † *Trust*. To build trust others must know that you accept and value them as people.
- † *Acceptance*. Before you can communicate acceptance, people must experience your ability to welcome them into your presence.
- † *Openness*. Openness with people different than yourself requires that you are willing to step out of your comfort zone to initiate and sustain relationships in a world of cultural differences.

By going through each of these steps Elmer shows how these principles must be understood and applied in order to communicate true servanthood as modeled by Christ.

The third section of the book deals with the **implications of being a servant**. This section is subdivided into the servant and leadership, the servant and power, and the servant and mystery. Servant-leaders are called forth. They don't puff up and demand to lead; rather, these are the ones whose gift of service qualifies them to lead. It derives from the recognition of others who present the title of "leader" upon the gifted servant.

Jesus is the role model for those who serve and have power. As the author points out, the abuse of power is too often the failed test of a person's character. He quotes President Abraham Lincoln who said, "Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power." Power, it seems, is deserving of such attention in a book such as this because it is so often the vehicle that short-circuits genuine servanthood. Yet the Bible speaks a strong word to power leadership. The message is not about the acquisition of personal power, but the empowerment of others through servant leadership.

In the section regarding the servant and mystery, Elmer shares a story about a young missionary named Chuck. Chuck became a friend of the local nationals with whom he was ministering. This broke the norms of that society. He lost the respect he possessed within the missionary community. What he had done was to invite his friends into his home through the front door. This seemingly innocent act had a profound and mysterious impact. Years later Chuck returned to the mission field. What he learned there amazed him. His simple action, which had been criticized by the missionary community then, now was seen as heroic. Hundreds of people had been impacted by his simple act of hospitality. Now the norm was reset. God had worked mysteriously in the hearts of the people and the missionaries. In an experience Elmer describes as the fog lifting, Chuck understood that his servant like actions had not been in vain.

Elmer concludes by examining the biblical role model Joseph. By tracing the primary principles presented in this book he shows how Joseph modeled the kind of servanthood that works. His conclusion regarding Joseph and his word of hope for all his readers is the biblical reminder, “‘The Lord was with him.’ And he is with us.”

Insights, Impact, and Application

Evangelism is the primary task of the disciples of Christ. It is necessary to learn from Christ how to reach out to others in such a way as best represents the message and *spirit* of the Master. Too often the evangelical community excessively stresses getting the message (words/doctrine) right, but fails to appreciate conveying the gracious spirit of Christ in the process. More often than is easy to admit, it is not *what* is being said, but *how* it is being said that hinders the acceptance of the gospel. Elmer seeks to open the eyes of all messengers of the good news by demonstrating that all that is *done* as well as *said*, is communication. If the message is to be heard across cultural divides, it will require that Christians adopt the same attitude that was present in Christ Jesus. Only then will the gospel find the fertile ground necessary for abundant growth.

The church must understand that cross-cultural servanthood is not restricted to overseas missions. The mission field is everywhere and one does not need to cross an international boundary to encounter cultural diversity. Frankly, the principles described in this book, if followed, would benefit any evangelistic effort even within the confines of a similar culture. To that end, this is a book for missionaries and for missional Christians to read and incorporate into their understanding of and obedience to the Great Commission.

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Between Pacifism and Jihad

J. Daryl Charles

(Downers Grove, Illinois: Inter-Varsity Press, 2005): 197 pages.

Since they strive to promote the finest human virtues, it is not surprising that religious traditions include pacifist elements. Virtually all people of faith would agree that the familiar Good Samaritan embodied divine qualities of grace and compassion when he knelt over the “foreigner” and bandaged his wounds (Luke 10:25-37). In this volume, Professor Charles poses the question: “Would Christian love have impelled the Samaritan to stop the mugging, were he to have encountered it in process?” (179). And it is precisely here that peace-loving believers part ways, some advocating violent intervention on behalf of the victim, and others rejecting violence and interceding only in a peaceful manner.

Although the subtitle of Charles’ book to Christians, *Just War and the Christian Tradition*, revealed its theological parameters, it will be of interest to all military chaplains, regardless of their personal faith. After all, the complex Christian tradition of Just War has exerted a great influence on the chaplaincies of all Western nations.

Charles grew distressed following numerous religious responses to the terrorist attacks on 11 September. He concluded, “few religious leaders and commentators seem capable of linking theological belief to responsible citizenship and to the culture of which we are a part” (14). This book is his thorough and challenging response to that ignorance.

The historical analysis begins with Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism, who lived in sixth-century B.C.E. China. Lao Tzu laments the casualties of war, arguing that conflict should remain a last resort, “a regrettable necessity.” He says, “The slaying of multitudes should be mourned with sorrow. A victory should be celebrated with the Funeral Rite” (31). During the fourth-century B.C.E., the Hindu *Book of Manu* describes rules of restraint by which “honorable warriors” are to wage war (32).

Only after citing these noteworthy examples of Asian wisdom does Charles turn to the Greek and Roman influences which permeated the Mediterranean world. His discussion of early Christian writers will likely sound more familiar to most chaplains’ ears than the names of their predecessors. The two prominent “pacifist” church fathers, Tertullian and Origen, argue that Christians should not bear arms. Tertullian’s argument, however, is based on the idolatry associated with military and civic worship. In fact, even though he lived during Rome’s pagan era and witnessed the suffering of martyrs, he recognized the importance of a just and strong government. In his *Apology*, he goes so far as to pray for “security to the empire, for protection to the imperial house, [and] for brave armies” (35).

Origen sounds more like the traditional pacifist. While he acknowledges that some Christians are indeed in the military, he argues that separation from “public affairs” is the preferred state of Jesus’ disciples. He says that they are loyal subjects of the emperor, declaring “we fight on his behalf, forming a special army—an army of piety—by offering our prayer to God” (36).

The volume next treats the contributions of Ambrose and Augustine, who is regarded as the author of the most systematic treatment of Just War in the early church.

Thomas Aquinas is the voice of the medieval period. Like Augustine, he responds to the challenge that the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5) forbids retaliation. He flips the common argument and says it is precisely because of charity that the Christian “avenges the wrong done to God and neighbor” (45).

Most readers will find his discussion of more contemporary theologians to be of greater value. After all, they lived and wrote during this era of global conflicts and the unimaginable possibility of the extermination of all human life by our own hands. Indeed, it was this destructive power which motivated many religious leaders to become “nuclear pacifist.”

Charles summarizes the major premises of recent Just War proponents. For example, in his discussion of Roman Catholic theologian John Courtney Murray, he says, “Murray believes that the church has suffered from a vague knowledge of just-war principles . . . the just-war tradition lies in abandon and neglect” (71). Sadly, this assessment would accurately describe most military chaplains, who only possess a “vague knowledge” of one of the principle elements, which undergirds their professional and ministerial role.

The author follows his historical analysis with a discussion of Christian ethics and the use of force. He shuns simplistic approaches to this complex issue, often based on unquestioned acceptance of “our own experience or religious tradition” (89). He continues, “As one who grew up in a Mennonite home and whose father was a conscientious objector during World War II, I understand the tensions between Christians who strongly disagree.”

Charles responds to the reasoned arguments of theologians who espouse the traditional, Anabaptist position on pacifism. One major shortcoming, he argues, is that “the Anabaptist reading of Scripture wrongly presumes *ethical discontinuity* between the Old and New Testaments” (91).

Exegetically, Charles concludes, “Even when Jesus forbids the sword as a means to advance the kingdom of God, the New Testament does not teach absolute pacifism. Not does it forbid the Christian from ‘bearing the sword’ in service of society and the greater social good” (97).

The author does not avoid the sensitive question of “preemptive force.” He says that nothing short of embracing “isolationism as a personal and national policy” can guarantee that we will not need to act at some time to prevent a violence we know is going to occur (117). He also distinguishes clearly between retribution and revenge, which is clearly “not rooted in love of one’s neighbor” (142).

The penultimate chapter directly addresses the problem posed to Just War theology by terrorism. He discusses not only terrorism directed externally toward perceived enemies, but also terrorism imposed internally, on a regime’s own citizens. The primary example of the twenty-first century manifests itself in “The growing ‘Talibinization’ of nations in Africa, the Middle East and Asia [which have] served notice to many Christians in these regions: *neither their faith nor their basic rights as human beings will be tolerated*” (157). Charles, of course, does not consider all Islamic nations to be breeding grounds for terrorists; he praises those which espouse democratic principles and protect the rights of all of their citizens.

This book belongs in the library of every Christian military chaplain. Chaplain of other faiths eager to understand the historic Christian view of this vital doctrine should also read it—after all, Just War theology has directly influenced the development of “military doctrine” in most nations of the world.

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No Greater Glory

Dan Kurzman

(New York: Random House, 2004): 250 pages.

The ship was sinking into the frigid waters and Navy Lieutenant John Mahoney rushed to the deck without bring his gloves. He recalls, “Chaplain Goode overheard me swearing at myself for my stupidity. When he saw me heading back to my cabin he called after me, ‘Don’t bother, Mahoney, I have another pair. You can have these.’ He pulled off his gloves and gave them to me.”

The lieutenant refused to take them. It would be hard for anyone to survive in the icy water without gloves, and it would be unconscionable to condemn the rabbi to some terrible end. But Alex said he had another pair and that the lieutenant needn’t worry. Mahoney then took the gloves and lowered himself into the water. Later he would realize that a man preparing to abandon ship wouldn’t burden himself with a second pair of gloves.

“I owe my life to those gloves,” Mahoney said. “I landed in a lifeboat that was awash, and for eight hours had to hold on in [freezing] waters. My fingers would have been frozen stiff had it not been for the gloves. I would never have made it without them. As it was, only two of us survived out of the forty who were on the boat” (140-41).

Virtually all American chaplains are familiar with the valorous story of the “Four Chaplains” who gave away their life jackets to soldiers and sailors as the United States Army Transport *Dorchester* sank off the coast of Greenland in 1943. Nearly three-quarters of 904 men aboard perished after the troopship was struck by a torpedo launched from *Unterseeboot 223*. Although the chaplains were American, their brave story transcended national boundaries and proves inspirational to military chaplains serving under any flag. Their constant camaraderie and calm courage in the face of virtually certain death touched the lives of the men aboard the doomed ship, and their example continues to inspire others today. The fact that the four clergymen represented Jewish, Roman Catholic and Protestant traditions makes the story all the more poignant.

The story of the Four Chaplains has been told before, but never so well as Kurzman presents it here. In fact, he has researched the subject so thoroughly that it is difficult to imagine a more comprehensive treatment ever being published. The author begins with brief biographies of the men’s lives long before their heroic service that cold February evening. Into their stories he weaves details about some of the witnesses of their selfless act. Many of these personal testimonies are included in the volume. This approach, skillfully done, transforms the common focus on the terrible event into a sort of blended biography about ordinary clergymen who were capable of making an extraordinary sacrifice.

The moving account of survivor Michael Warish is representative of the impact made on the men who witnessed the final moments of the chaplains’ ministries. Warish struggled on a broken foot and approached the chaplains.

Two [men] were emerging from a doorway that led to the hold and were carrying a wounded man, whom they placed on the deck against a bulkhead.

Three of the chaplains had already given their life jackets to others . . . Rabbi Goode, the fourth chaplain, now removed *his* life jacket and knelt beside the injured man. . . . Mesmerized by the scene, Michael watched from about five yards away as the rabbi then unlaced his boots and, after putting the man's unaffected arm through the armhole in the jacket, tied the other side of the jacket around the wounded shoulder with the bootlaces. When the ship went down, perhaps this improvised life preserver would permit the soldier to float in the water. Alex [Goode] then joined his three companions, who were standing against a bulkhead facing eight or nine people, some wearing life jackets, some not.

All then started praying together in what sounded like a babble of English, Hebrew, and Latin. In the darkness, Michael did not note whether they linked arms, but other witnesses say they did. As water splashed ever more heavily on the tilting deck, he saw that “the chaplains were not going overboard. They were not gonna abandon ship” (173-74).

The tremendous bravery of the chaplains was recognized when the United States Congress created a unique award for them, the Chaplain's Medal for Heroism. Only awarded to these four heroes, it stands in rank immediately beneath the Congressional Medal of Honor. “Many military officials argued that they should have received the Medal of Honor, but their superiors claimed that it could be awarded only for extraordinary courage in combat, somehow feeling that a submarine attack on a ship was not combat” (184).

A fine collection of photographs, a comprehensive bibliography and a useful index complete this volume.

Not only chaplains—but chaplains *especially*—will find much encouragement and inspiration in *No Greater Glory*. One closing episode suffices to illustrate the many elements which will provide the reader with much to reflect on, and emulate. Chaplain Clark Poling was the son of Daniel Poling, who had served himself as a chaplain during the First World War. Shortly before Clark departed for his own war, he had a private conversation with his father.

“Dad, I don't want you to pray for my return—that wouldn't be fair. Many will not return, and to ask God for special family favors just wouldn't be fair.” Then, standing up, Clark placed his hand on his father's shoulder and went on with a smile: “Don't misunderstand me, I'm back in spite of [the] high casualty rate for the chaplaincy.” He added with a more serious demeanor, “Pray, Dad, that I shall never be a coward. Prayer that I shall have strength and courage and understanding of men, and especially that I shall be patient. Oh, Dad, just pray that I shall be adequate” (26).

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Resurrected Biographies



Francis Alison

American Colonial Militia
(Seven Years War)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 16.

Alison, Francis, D.D., Presbyterian divine and scholar, b. Lac, Donegal Co., Ireland, 1705; d. Phila. Nov. 28, 1779. University of Glasgow. He came to America in 1735; was pastor of a church at New London, Pa., until 1752, when he took charge of an academy in Philadelphia. He had previously taught school at New London, and was the tutor of many of the eminent men of the Revolution. From 1755 until his death, he was vice-provost, and professor of moral philosophy of the College of Philadelphia, and pastor of the First Church. In Aug. 1758, he was chaplain to Col. Byrd's expedition to Fort Cumberland. He received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow in 1758. By his will he freed all his slaves. May 24, 1758, he preached before the synods of N.Y. and Pa. a sermon, entitled "Peace and Unity recommended."



Thomas Allen

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 20.

Allen, Thomas, minister of Pittsfield, Ms., from Apr. 18, 1764, to his death, Feb. 11, 1810. Harvard University 1762. Brother of Moses and Solomon, b. Northampton, Jan. 17, 1743. A chaplain in the Revolutionary army at White Plains and at Ticonderoga. He was conspicuous at the battle of Bennington, and was one of the first to enter the German breastwork. He visited Eng. in 1799. He took an active part in the political discussions of his time. He published some sermons.



John Monroe Anderson

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(12th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*
(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 18.

The Rev. John Monroe Anderson, A.M. (Faculty 1866-1874). English, Logic, and Evidences of Christianity, 1866-73; English and Political Philosophy, 1873-74.

Born 1821, York county, S.C. Graduated 1841 South Carolina College (now University of South Carolina). Licensed to preach 1846, and remained in active work of ministry till 1854. President Yorkville Female College (S.C.) 1854-61. Chaplain C.S.A. Professor in Davidson College 1866-74. Pastor Mebaneville and Bethlehem Churches 1876 till death 1879.

† Curtana †

James Francis Armstrong

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 6-7.

Rev. James Francis Armstrong was born in Maryland, April 3^d, 1750, and was educated at Fagg's Manor, Pa., and at Princeton. He was licensed to preach and ordained by the Presbytery of New-Castle, January, 1777, in order that he might become a chaplain in the army. His licensure could not take place in New Jersey because of its occupation by the British troops.

He had been a volunteer in Captain Peter Gordon's company, First Regiment, Hunterdon county, but believing that he could do more for the cause of independence by becoming a chaplain, he presented himself for licensure and ordination to the Presbytery of New Brunswick. His trials in the various branches of knowledge required of those desiring to enter the church were begun before this Presbytery, but the presence of the enemy in Trenton and vicinity prevented his finishing his examinations, and so he was permitted to go to the Presbytery of New-Castle, in Delaware, to pass his final examinations, where he was ordained.

His appointment as chaplain was made July 17, 1778, and he was assigned to the Second Maryland Brigade. Before his commission was received he accompanied the troops on the Southern campaign. He performed his duties as chaplain until the close of the war. He returned to New Jersey in 1782, and became a supply of the Presbyterian church of Elizabeth. That year he married Susannah Livingston, a daughter of Robert James Livingston. In 1784 he came to Trenton and commenced his work in the First Presbyterian church, and served that church until his death, January 19, 1816.

Mr. Armstrong was a man of great influence in the Presbyterian church, and had much to do in the preparation of the constitution of the church. He was also deeply interested in the education of the young, and was one of the zealous workers for the establishment of the Trenton academy in which the boys of Trenton were prepared for college for about one hundred years. He was also engaged to take the general superintendence of the academy. He was a supporter and director of the Trenton Library Company. In 1799 he was elected a Trustee of the College of New Jersey, and filled that important position until his death.

And, Chaplain Armstrong again, from another source:

James Francis Armstrong

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 34.

Armstrong, James Francis, 30 years pastor of the church at Trenton, N.J., b. West Nottingham, Md., 3 Apr. 1750; d. Trenton, Jan. 19, 1816. N.J. College 1773. He studied under Rev. John Blair; was licensed to preach in 1777, and served as chaplain through the War of Independence.

† Curtana †

Abraham Baldwin

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 55.

Baldwin, Abraham, statesman, b. Guilford, Ct., Nov. 1754; d. Washington, D.C., Mar. 4, 1807. Yale College 1772. Being a good classical and mathematical scholar, he was tutor there 5 years, and from 1777, till the close of the war, was a chaplain in the army.

Removing to Savannah at the request of Gen. Greene, early in 1784 he abandoned the clerical profession for that of the law, was a member of the legislature in 1784, a delegate to Congress in 1785-8, an active and distinguished member of the convention which framed the Federal Constitution in 1787, under which he was Member of Congress 1789-99, and a U.S. senator from 1799 till his death. During the 22 years of his legislative career, he was never absent an hour, until the week preceding his death. In the Georgia legislature he originated the plan of the State University, drew up the charter by which it was endowed with 40,000 acres of land, and, with the aid of Gov. John Milledge, carried it through successfully. It was located at Athens, and he was several years its president.

He was the brother-in-law of Joel Barlow; was a man of great talents, ardent patriotism, and extensive benevolence. Having never been married, he was enabled by economy to assist many young men in obtaining an education; and, on the death of his father in 1787, protected and educated 6 orphan-children, his half brothers and sisters, among them Judge Henry Baldwin.

† Curtana †

Henry Howard Banks

Confederate States of America Chaplain

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina*
(Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 224-26.

Rev. Henry Howard Banks. The eldest son of the Rev. Alexander R. and Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt Banks, was born at Spring Hill, Hempstead Co., Ark., on the 16th of May, 1839, and died at Asheville, N. C, on the 6th of August, 1878, in the fortieth year of his age. His early education was given by his father and his accomplished mother, who was a fine Latin, French, and mathematical scholar. It was the death of that faithful and beloved mother, in his fourteenth year, that occasioned Henry's first serious impressions. After this sad

event he was placed at the academy in Mount Holly, Ark., taught by the Rev. John M. Hoge, where he stayed for about eight months.

In his fifteenth year, while at the home of his uncle, the Rev. Wm. Banks, in Chester District, S.C, he became seriously impressed with the importance of personal religion, and united with Catholic church, of which his uncle was pastor. Soon after this he entered the Sophomore Class of Davidson College, and was graduated with honor in 1857. During a revival in College, he resolved, by God's grace, to give his life to the work of the ministry. Too close application to study while in College had so enfeebled him that he spent a year in recruiting his health. In September, 1858, however, he entered Columbia Seminary, where he remained two years, when failing health compelled another halt.

Returning to Arkansas, he was licensed by Ouachita Presbytery, at Mount Holly church, in April, 1861. During the summer he supplied Carolina and Pine Bluff churches. Returning to Columbia in November, 1861, he completed his theological studies, and for a while supplied Fair Forest and Zion churches, in Bethel Presbytery, In 1863 he entered the Confederate army as chaplain of an artillery brigade which was stationed at Asheville, N.C., when the war closed. He was called to the pastorate of the Asheville church soon after this, and in 1866 he was ordained and installed. He remained here until November, 1871, when, to the great regret of this people, he removed to Murfreesboro, Tenn., and became the pastor of the Presbyterian church there. After laboring in that church for two years his health failed, and he was compelled to cease preaching.

He then became the Financial Agent of Davidson College. Considering his feeble health, he met with marked success in the service of his Alma Mater. But his labors ceased in August, 1878, when he died of consumption, calmly and peacefully breathing out his life in the presence of his family and several of his brethren in Christ. So quiet was the departure of his spirit, and so sweet the smile left upon his face, that we can almost say of his death, as is said concerning that of Moses: "God kissed him and he slept."

Thus passed away the first fruits in the ministry of our Church from Arkansas, for he was the first person ever born in that State who became a Presbyterian minister. Though small in stature and with a feeble body, Bro. Banks was great in mind and strong in soul. To hear him preach was to sit down to a feast of fat things. Yet the hearer could scarcely tell which impressed him most, the grandeur of the thought, or the clear presentation of each point, or the beauty of the style, or the unction with which the preacher delivered God's message. Though his articulation was distinct, his voice was weak; but if the flame was not large, it was kept at a white heat. All felt that the speaker realised his sin, trusted his Saviour, adored his God, and was ready to deny himself for his Master. And truly did he deny himself; for he never failed to tithe his income, even when scarcely able to obtain a subsistence; and when worn clown by work and disease, he continued to toil on, anxious to die with the Master's harness on. In October, 1865, he married, in Asheville, Miss Annette Hawley, who, with three children, survive him. In the memory of such a husband and father, they have a rich heritage. (J.B. Mack)

And, Chaplain Banks again, from another source:

Henry Howard Banks

Confederate States of America Chaplain

Source: Henry Howard Banks (S.), 1839-1878, Eu., spring Hill, Ark., '54. Rep. Columbia Theol. Sem. '58. Graduated in '61. Licensed Apr., '61. Minister Fair Forest and Zion Churches, Bethel Presb. Chaplain C.S.A. 1863. Pastor Asheville, N.C, 1866-71; Murfreesboro Church, Tenn., two years. Financial Agt. Davidson College. Died at Asheville, N.C.

† Curtana †

William Banks

Confederate States of American
(4th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina*

(Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 226-28.

Rev. William Banks was born April 26th, 1814, and died March 17th, 1875, aged sixty years, ten months, and twenty-one days. In descent, Scotch-Irish; by birth, a South Carolinian, and a "child of the covenant;" by nature, a guileless, tender-hearted, and true man; through grace, a devoted Christian and useful minister; in the grave, a body sleeping in hope; in glory, a spirit expecting the resurrection and the coronation day of "the Lamb for sinners slain."

He was born in Fairfield District, S.C, and was the fifth son and ninth child of Samuel and Elizabeth Robinson Banks. The father was a ruling elder, and both parents were noted for intelligence, prayerfulness, and piety. In 1829 he entered an Academy near Concord church; in 1830-1 went to Hopewell Academy under the Rev. Aaron Williams; taught school in 1832 near Salem (B.R.) church; in 1833 became the Principal of Mt. Zion Academy in Winnsboro; in August, 1834, entered the Sophomore class in Franklin College, Athens, Ga., and graduated in 1837 with the second honor of his class. In 1832 he was converted by means of a sermon preached by the Rev. James B. Stafford, and made a public profession of faith; in his Senior year he decided to study for the ministry; in 1837 he entered Columbia Seminary and was graduated in 1840.

He was licensed to preach by Bethel Presbytery at Cane Creek church on April 4th, 1840; supplied Salem and Unionville churches for a few months; accepted a call from Catholic church (Chester District, S.C.) in October, 1840; was ordained and installed pastor February 25th, 1841. Soon after, the upper part of the congregation built a house of worship, where he preached part of his time, and in July, 1847, the Pleasant Grove church was organised with 135 members, who were dismissed from Catholic church.

He was pastor of these two churches until 1870, during which period, however, he served two years as chaplain in the Confederate States army. In 1870 his health caused him to go to Williamsburg County, and supply the Indiantown, White Oak, and Williamsburg churches. That climate being unsuited to him, he went in 1871 to Lancaster County, and supplied Waxhaw, Unity, and Six Mile Creek churches. In 1872 he became pastor of Unity (Fort Mill) church and stated supply of Providence church, which relations he sustained until his death. He held many important positions in the Church, e.g., was Stated Clerk and Treasurer of Bethel Presbytery for twenty-eight years; was Stated Clerk and Treasurer of the Synod of South Carolina for eight years, and its Moderator in 1857; for many years a Director of Columbia Seminary; and for about twenty-five years a Trustee of Davidson College, being President of the Board when he died. On December 29th, 1841, he married Miss Mary E. Harrington, daughter of the Rev. John Harrington, by whom he had two children, a daughter and a son, both of whom are now living.

Physically, he was large and well formed, with fine health and a vigorous constitution until within a few years before his death. *Mentally*, he was clear in thought, chaste in style, and pathetic in manner. A fine scholar, but especially devoted to mathematics. His great defect was a distrust of his own powers. *Morally*, he was dutiful when a boy, diligent as a student, strictly conscientious throughout life. Tender-hearted and ever shrinking from strife, he was noted as a peace-maker. *Spiritually*, he was a happy Christian, gifted in prayer, and exceedingly partial to Rouse's Version of the Psalms, which was used in his Catholic and Pleasant Grove churches. *As a presbyter*, he was almost a model, e.g., "During his ministry of thirty-five years he was absent from only one regular meeting of Presbytery, and was always present at Synod." *As a minister*, he was greatly blessed. "During the twenty-nine years in his first pastorate he received over 700 persons into the Church, baptized over 1,100 infants, was instrumental in bringing into the ministry eleven young men, and dismissed five colonies that settled in the West and formed churches." The last five years of his ministry were comparatively even more successful. He died suddenly of heart disease at Fort Mill, S.C, where is found this epitaph: "An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." (J.B. Mack)

† Curtana †

Joel Barlow

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 62-63.

Barlow, Joel, poet, b. Reading, Ct., 24 Mar. 1755; d. Zarnowicke, near Cracow, Poland, 22 Dec. 1812. Yale College 1778. He served as a volunteer in the Revolutionary army, studied theology, was licensed as a Congregational minister, and in 1778-83 was a chaplain in the army, varying his clerical duties with the composition of patriotic songs and addresses to keep up the spirit of the soldiers.

About 1781, he married a sister of Honorable Abraham Baldwin, and delivered at New Haven a poem, entitled "The Prospect of Peace." Settling at Hartford, he tried book-selling, established the *American Mercury*, a weekly paper, and in 1785 was admitted to the bar. In 1786, he published a revision of Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms, containing some pieces of his own. He was also one of the authors of the "Anarchiad," and in 1787 published his "Vision of Columbus."

Visiting Europe in 1788, as agent of the Ohio Land Co., he published, in aid of the French revolution, "Advice to the Privileged Orders," "Letter to the National Convention," 1791, and the "Conspiracy of Kings," a poem. Towards the end of 1792, as a deputy of the London Constitutional Society, he presented an address to the French Convention, by whom he was invested with the rights of a French citizen, and given employment in Savoy, where he wrote his mock-heroic poem, "Hasty Pudding."

U.S. consul at Algiers in 1795-7, and negotiated treaties with Algiers and Tripoli. In 1799, he published his "Letter to the People of the U.S.," and endeavored to bring about an adjustment of our difficulties with France, and, in a memoir to the French Government, denounced privateering as mere sea-robbery. Having enriched himself by commercial

speculations in France, he returned to the U.S. in 1805, and built himself an elegant residence on the Potomac, near Washington.

In 1807, he published “The Columbiad,” an epic poem, the most magnificent work which had yet been issued in America, and superbly illustrated; but it proved a failure. Appointed ambassador to France in 1811, in Oct. 1812, he was invited by the French minister to a conference with Napoleon at Wilna [Vilna], but died before his arrival there. A eulogy was delivered in Paris by Dupont de Nemours, before the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry; and an account of his life and writings, in quarto, was published, with extracts from “The Columbiad.” He was one of the foremost American authors of his time, and for his patriotism, public services, and purity of life, deserves a high place in our history. An edition of his political writings was published 1796.

† Curtana †

Charles Beatty

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 74.

Beatty, Rev. Charles, Presbyterian minister, b. County Antrim, Ireland, about 1715; d. Aug. 13, 1772, at Bridgeton, Barbadoes [sic]. He came while young to America, engaged in trade, studied theology under William Tennent, was licensed Oct. 13, 1742, ordained Dec. 14, 1743, and succeeded Mr. Tennent at Neshaminy, 26 May, 1743. In 1760, he visited England to obtain aid for the Presbyterian clergy, their widows and orphans.

Sent to Va. and N.C. in 1754, he accompanied Franklin in an expedition against the frontier Indians, as chaplain, in 1755. He was often engaged in missionary labors among the Indians in Western Pa., and was esteemed for his piety and charity. His journal of a two-months' tour to promote religion among the frontier inhabitants of Pennsylvania was published in London, 1768.

† Curtana †

Robert Blackwell

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 10-11.

Robert Blackwell, son of Jacob Francis Blackwell, of Long Island, New York, was born May 6, 1748. He entered Princeton college, and graduated September 28, 1768, on which occasion he delivered a “judicious Harangue on Genius, as we are told in the New York Journal or General Advertiser, of October 6, 1768, quoted in the New Jersey Archives, 27: 287, a sketch of Mr. Blackwell being given in that volume, to which we are indebted for the account here given. After his graduation he studied for the ministry, and on June 11, 1772, he was ordained a Deacon in the chapel of Fulham Palace, near London, by Bishop Richard Terrick, and subsequently to the order of the Priesthood.

Returning to America, he was stationed in the southern part of New Jersey as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, officiating at Gloucester and Waterford and at Greenwich. In the War of the Revolution he served as chaplain to the First Pennsylvania Brigade, and surgeon to one of the regiments in the year 1778. Although not acting with the New Jersey troops, he may nevertheless be classed as a New Jersey Chaplain. In 1781 he was called to be one of the assistant ministers of Christ church and St. Peter's, Philadelphia, where he served until 1811. He died Feb. 12, 1831.

† Curtana †

Hugh Henry Brackenridge

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 113.

Brackenridge, Hugh Henry, author and judge, b. near Campbelton, Scotland, 1748; d. Carlisle, Pa., June 25, 1816. New Jersey College, 1771. At the age of 5, he came with his father to Pa., and supported himself, while acquiring his education, by farming and teaching, he became a tutor at Princeton; was master of an academy in Md., when the Revolutionary war broke out ; removed to Phila., where he was a conspicuous writer and speaker, and, having studied divinity, became a chaplain in the army.

Relinquishing the pulpit for the bar, he edited for a time the *U.S. Magazine* at Philadelphia. In 1781, he settled at Pittsburg, soon rose to the head of the bar of that section; was sent in 1786 to the legislature to obtain the establishment of the county of Alleghany; was made a judge in 1789; and, from 1799 till his death, was judge of the State Supreme Court.

The part he took in the "Whiskey Insurrection" made him prominent. He appeared to side with the insurgents in order to keep them within the limits of reason and law, and eventually to reconcile them, without bloodshed, to the government. He vindicated his course in his "Incidents of the Insurrection in Western Pa. in 1794," Philadelphia, 1795. Brackenridge deserves to be better known through his writings. He had wit, humor, and sound judgment. His judicial decisions were celebrated for their integrity and independence. In politics, he was a supporter of Jefferson. He published a poem on the "Rising Glory of America," 1774; "Eulogium of the Brave who fell in the Contest with Great Britain, delivered at Philadelphia, 4 July, 1779;" "Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago," 1796, an admirable satire; "Oration, July 4, 1793;" "Gazette Publications Collected," 1806.

† Curtana †

James Caldwell

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1

(January-April 1909): 7-8.

Rev. James Caldwell was pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Elizabeth, when he was appointed chaplain. He was born in Charlotte county, Va., in April, 1734. His

education for the ministry was obtained in Princeton college. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, July 29, 1760, and was ordained pastor of the church at Elizabeth, March, 1762. His devotion to the cause of liberty, and his speeches, sermons and influence, gave so much strength and enthusiasm to the patriots, that he was an object of the greatest hatred by the Tory element.

He was chosen in May, 1776, chaplain of the Third Battalion, First Establishment, under the command of Colonel Dayton. Afterward he was made Deputy Quarter Master and Assistant Commissary General. In these several capacities he served until he was shot, Nov. 24, 1781, by a soldier believed to be in the pay of the British. (The soldier was a sentry on duty and pretended to have made a mistake. He was tried and convicted of murder, and hanged January 29, 1782, at Westfield.)

His wife had been barbarously murdered before (June 8, 1780), in a house in Connecticut Farms, whither she had fled for refuge. His church was burned down by the enemy, January 25, 1780. He was the chaplain, who, when he learned that the soldiers had no wad to compress the powder in their guns, rushed into the Presbyterian church at Springfield and brought out in his arms the hymn books (Watts') that were used in that church, and tearing out the leaves, gave them to the soldiers, crying out to them, "Give them Watts, boys, give them Watts."

And, Chaplain Caldwell again, from another source:

James Caldwell

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography*

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 154.

Caldwell, James, Presbyterian minister and Revolutionary patriot, b. of Scotch parents, Charlotte Co., Va., Apr. 1734; d. Elizabethtown Point, N.J., 24 Nov. 1781. New Jersey College 1759. Ordained over the First Church at Elizabethtown, Mar. 1762. Eloquent and energetic in arousing a Revolutionary spirit in the people, he served in the war as chaplain, and afterward as commissary to the N.J. troops; was the special object of the hatred of the loyalists, and was obliged to remove his family to Connecticut Farms for safety.

During the frequent incursions of the enemy, the bell of his church always sounded the alarm, and raised the country. His church was burned; his wife, Hannah Ogden, whom he had married in 1763, was deliberately shot at and killed, 6 June, 1780, then her house fired and burnt down; and he himself was shot by a sentinel who had been bribed to do the deed. A marble monument at Burlington was dedicated to their memory on the 64th anniversary of his death. His son, John E. of N.Y., was taken to France, and educated by Lafayette. He was a distinguished philanthropist, edited the *Christian Herald*, and founded the Bible Society.

† Curtana †

John Cleaveland

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 195.

Cleaveland, John, minister of Ipswich, Ms., from 1747 to his d., Apr. 22, 1799, b. Canterbury, Ct., Apr. 22, 1722. Yale College 1745. Descended from Moses of Woburn, Ms. He first ministered to a Separatist society in School Street, Boston, but declined settlement there. Chaplain in Col. Bagley's regt. at Ticonderoga in 1758, and at Louisburg in 1759, and was in the army at Cambridge in 1775, and in Ct. and N.Y. in 1776 in the same capacity. He had a controversy with Dr. Mayhew, which brought out several ponderous pamphlets. He was an energetic and successful preacher. He published a "Narrative of the Work of God at Chebacco in 1763-4," an essay in defence of the atonement, and a treatise on infant baptism, 1784.

† Curtana †

Walter Colton

United States Navy

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 209.

Colton, Walter, author, brother of Calvin, b. Rutland, Vt., May 9, 1797; d. Philadelphia, Jan. 22, 1851. Y.C. 1822. After teaching school, and studying theology at Andover, he became, in 1825, professor, of moral philosophy and belles-lettres at Middletown Academy, Ct. In 1828, he was editing a Whig paper in Washington, but, becoming a favorite with Pres. Jackson, was appointed chaplain in the navy.

In 1831, he sailed to the West Indies in "The Vincennes;" in 1832-5 in "The Constellation," to the Mediterranean, and in 1838 was assigned to Philadelphia, where, in 1841-2, he was principal editor of the *North American*, and published a pamphlet, entitled "The Bible in the Public Schools." July 28, 1846, he was made by Commodore Stockton *alcalde* of Monterey, Cal., also officiating there as judge of admiralty during the Mexican war, and established the first newspaper in California. He returned to Philadelphia in 1849. Among his works are "Ship and Shore," 1835; "Constantinople and Athens," 1836; "Deck and Port," 1850; "Three Years in California," 1850; "Land and Sea," 1851; "The Sea and the Sailor," "Notes on France and Italy," and other literary remains, with a memoir by Rev. H.T. Cheever, 1851.

† Curtana †

Robert English Cooper

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Cobb's Georgia Legion)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*

(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 108.

Robert English Cooper, 1833-1887, Eu., Sumter county, S.C, '57. A.B. '60 Univ. of N.C. Student Columbia Theol. Sem. 1861-64. Chaplain C.S.A. Supplied churches near Rock Hill, S.C. Pastor Ebenezer and Rock Hill Churches 1870-81; Hillsboro, Texas, 1881-85. Evangelist Dallas Presbytery 1885-87. Died at Fort Worth, Texas.

† Curtana †

James A. Cousar

Confederate States of America
(8th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina*

(Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 246-47.

James Archibald Cousar, youngest son of the Rev. John Cousar, was born in Sumter District, S.C, March 23, 1829, and died at Mayesville, May 7th, 1882, in the fifty-third year of his age. The father labored about forty years in the bounds of Harmony, leaving behind him a fragrant memory. In early life James was deeply impressed with religious truth, and uniting with the Bishopville church, began at once his preparation for the ministry. He was graduated from Oglethorpe University in 1853, and from the Columbia Seminary in 1855. After spending six months as a Domestic Missionary of his Presbytery, he was, in 1856, installed pastor of Carolina and Reedy Creek churches.

With Reedy Creek he labored continuously until 1873, during which time he also served Little Pee Dee and Red Bluff, besides spending one year as Chaplain in the army. In October, 1881, he was installed pastor at Mayesville, where it might almost be said that his mission was to teach men how a good man can die. "It was my privilege," says one, "to be with him on Thursday previous to his death. It was a solemn yet delightful interview. Among many precious sayings which fell from his lips were the following: 'During my active ministerial life, I was troubled very much at times with doubts; but they have all vanished since God has laid me on this bed of sickness. I am willing to go; I am willing to stay. This has been the happiest period of all my life.' It was all sunshine. What a blessed outlook beyond the grave. It does one good to witness such a triumph of faith. All his conversation was about Zion and her interests.

"As a preacher, he was a good rather than a great man. Other preachers have been more gifted with golden speech, but few have been more beloved for their goodness and earnest piety. He exalted Christ, not himself. He did not shun to declare the whole truth, but it was done in tenderness and love. His sermons came from a heart full of rich Christian experience. As a presbyter, he was punctual in attendance, active in business, and wise in counsel. His motives were transparent. The glory of the Master was ever uppermost with him. The colored people within the bounds of the Presbytery have lost in him a true friend. His heart yearned to give them a preached gospel."

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

† Curtana †

Nicholas Cox

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 8-9.

Rev. Nicholas Cox was born in New Castle county, now Delaware, March 24, 1742. He was licensed to preach in Philadelphia, 1771, and ordained by a council of Baptist ministers in Wantage, Sussex county, N.J., shortly thereafter. He was appointed chaplain of the First Battalion, Second Establishment, November 28th, 1776, and was retired September 26, 1780. He continued pastor of the Baptist church at Wantage, until 1783, when he removed to Kingwood, Hunterdon county, and was pastor of the Baptist church in that place until 1790. He joined Trenton lodge No. 5, of Masons, in 1793. His children were, John, Martha, William, Elizabeth, Lydia, Susanna, Thomas, David and Benjamin. The time of his death is not recorded.

† Curtana †

Manasseh Cutler

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 239-40.

Cutler, Manasseh, LL.D. (Yale College 1791), clergyman and botanist, b. Killingly, Ct., May 3, 1742; d. Hamilton, Ms., July 28, 1823. Yale College 1765. He engaged in the whaling-business; then opened a store in Edgartown ; was admitted to the bar in 1767, but removed to Dedham; studied theology; was licensed in 1770, and Sept. 11, 1771, was ordained minister of Hamilton.

In Sept. 1776, he became chaplain of Col. Francis's regiment, taking part in the action in Rhode Island, Aug. 28, 1778, receiving for his bravery the gift of a fine horse from his colonel. He also studied and practised medicine, and became noted for his scientific attainments. Made a member of the American Academy in 1781: the volume of its memoirs for 1785 contains several of his scientific papers. His botanical paper was the first attempt at a scientific description of the plants of New England. With Dr. Peck's assistance, he prepared the chapter on trees and plants in "Belknap's History of New Hampshire." In 1784, he became a member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

In 1787, as agent for the Ohio company, he purchased from Congress 1,500,000 acres of land N.W. of the Ohio River. Dr. Cutler started the first company of emigrants to that region, who began the settlement of Marietta, Apr. 7, 1788. He himself travelled thither in a sully, accomplishing the 750 miles in 29 days. He returned with his family to New England in 1790. Washington, in 1795, appointed him a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio Territory; but he declined. He was afterward a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and Member of Congress from 1800 to 1804. Author of a Century Discourse at Hamilton, 27 Oct. 1814.

† Curtana †

Henry Robertson Dickson

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(12th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 257-58.

Henry Robertson Dickson, son of Rev. John Dickson, M.D., and Mary Augusta, daughter of Rev. Andrew Flynn, D.D., was born in Charleston, S.C, April 22^d, 1836, and was

educated at Charleston College, graduating in 1852 with distinction at the age of sixteen years, and receiving with other honors the highest prize in elocution in his class. After several years spent in teaching, he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S.C, in 1856, and was graduated with the class of 1859, after three years of laborious and successful prosecution of the studies of the course. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Charleston in Central church, Charleston, April 9th, 1859. He was ordained and installed as pastor of Wilton church in Colleton District, on Sabbath, Nov. 27th, 1859. The climate proving unfavorable, he resigned in 1860 and took charge of Ebenezer and Rock Hill churches in York District.

Soon afterwards he entered the Confederate army as chaplain, doing efficient service both in hospital and in camp. At the close of the war he returned to his charge and remained until June, 1867, when he was transferred to the pastorate of the Yorkville church, one of the largest and most important in the State. Here he served eight years, greatly endeared to his people, and refusing many calls to prominent pulpits in Southern cities. In October, 1875, a call to the Reformed church of South Brooklyn, N.Y., opened so wide and influential a field that he could not decline to enter. Thither he went, accompanied by his beloved wife, to whom he had recently been married, Mary Frances, daughter of Hon. I.D. Witherspoon, of York, who, with his surviving children, still remains amongst the people to whom his last years of service were devoted.

Here, a stranger among strangers, an ex-Confederate in the metropolis of the North, he so endeared himself to all classes by his fidelity, urbanity, and gentleness, that when, on the 8th of March, 1877, it pleased God to call him away by death, it might be said that the whole city mourned his loss. No more beautiful or appropriate tribute to his memory could be given than the following from the memorial resolutions adopted by the South Classis of Long Island in reference to his death:

The foundations of our brother's character were laid in simple-hearted faith and earnest holiness. His calm and manly dignity was blended with exceeding gentleness. A rare scholar, a tireless worker, a faithful, wise, fervent preacher of Christ; a diligent, sympathetic, tender-hearted pastor; a Christian gentle- man of fine aesthetic culture and ripe experience in his holy calling, he was singularly unobtrusive, affectionate, and lovable . . . and in the courage of holy dying, as well as in the fidelity of holy living, exemplified fully the truth and grace of which he had been the minister.

Thus, loved and loving, in but the forty-first year of his age, in the prime of his ministry, and when broad fields were just opening before him, our brother passed away. Had his life been spared, he would have walked upon the high places of Zion. He has gone where higher honors and nobler service await him evermore. (T.D. Witherspoon)

† Curtana †

George Downing

Cromwell's Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 279-80.

Downing, Sir George, son of Emanuel Downing, a lawyer, who emigrated in 1638 to Salem, Ms., b. Dublin J624; d. East Hatley, Cambridgeshire, 1684. Harvard University 1642, the first class. His father represented Salem in the General Court in 1638-43. His

mother was Lucy, sister of Governor John Winthrop. Returning to England in 1645, he was a preacher among the Independents; chaplain to Col. Okey's regt. in Cromwell's army, and, in 1653, commissary-general, and scoutmaster-general, to the army in Scotland; Minister of Parliament for a Scottish borough in 1654 and 1656, and agent in Holland in 1658-60.

Turning royalist, he was knighted by Charles II, May 21, 1660; became, at the restoration, Minister of Parliament for Morpeth in 1661, and was again made envoy-extraordinary to Holland. Here he caused the arrest of Cols. Okey and Barksted, and Miles Corbet, 3 of the judges of Charles I., who were sent to England, and executed: for this act, he was reprobated by all honorable men. Through his principal agency, the New Netherlands were wrested from the Dutch, and annexed to the English possessions as New York. He was afterward secretary of the treasury and a commissioner of the customs. He was created a baronet, July 1, 1663.

Sent in 1671 on a mission to Holland, he returned before completing his errand to the satisfaction of the king, and was imprisoned in the Tower, but was again received into favor. Gov. Bradstreet was his brother-in-law. Downing St., London, perpetuates his name. He was a man of ability, and natural fitness for politics. Author of *Political Tracts*, 1664-72. His grandson, Sir George, founded Downing College, Cambridge, Eng., in 1717; d. 1747.

† Curtana †

Timothy Dwight

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 292.

Dwight, Timothy, D.D. (New Jersey College 1787), LL.D. (Harvard University, 1810), divine and scholar, b. Northampton, Ms., 14 May, 1752; d. New Haven, 11 Jan. 1817. Yale College 1769. Col. Timothy, his father, was a merchant, and died Natchez, 10 June, 1772. Mary, his mother, daughter of Jonathan Edwards, was a woman of talents and rare excellence.

Tutor at Yale, 1771-7; licensed to preach, and a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, Sept. 1777-Oct. 1778. He did much to heighten the enthusiasm of the soldiers by his popular patriotic songs. He then worked on a farm 4 years, aiding in the support of his mother and family, and occasionally preaching; member of the legislature in 1781 and 1786; ordained minister of Greenfield, Ct., 12 Nov. 1783, and at the same time taught an academy with success; president of Yale College from Sept. 1795 to his death; at the same time professor of theology, and preacher in the college chapel.

In 1796, he began travelling through the New England States and New York during his college vacations; publishing in 1821, in 4 vols., "Travels in New England and New York," a work of permanent value and interest in regard to the natural history and social condition of the country. He was eminently qualified as an instructor, and largely increased the usefulness of Yale College.

Dr. Dwight had a commanding presence, great industry and research, and a wonderful memory; was a strong, sound, and impressive preacher, and a poet of no mean ability.

Author of “The Conquest of Canaan,” an epic poem, finished in 1774, published 1785; “Greenfield Hill,” a poem, 1794; a revision of “Watts’s Version of the Psalms,” 1800; “Theology Explained and Defended,” 5 vols., 1818, which has passed through many editions; “Sermons,” 2 vols., 1828; “Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin’s Letters,” published in the *Quarterly Review*, 1815; and many occasional sermons. In 1772, he delivered at Yale College a dissertation on the “History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible,” published both in the United States and Europe. His son Henry Edwin (Yale College 1815), author of “Travels in the North of Germany,” 1825-6, died New Haven, 11 Aug. 1832, aged 35.

† Curtana †

Samuel Eakin

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 4.

Rev. Samuel Eakin was graduated from Princeton College, September 26, 1763, and received the degree of Master of Arts, September 24, 1776. The Second Presbytery of Philadelphia licensed him to preach and ordained him in 1770. He was installed pastor of the Third (old Pine St.) Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and continued as pastor for two years, when, in 1773, he moved to Penn’s Neck, Salem County, and took charge of the Presbyterian Church there. When the time came for men to declare their sentiments about the right to throw off the yoke of the British government, he was outspoken, and helped greatly to arouse the patriotic spirit of the men in Salem county.

He was at all their military trainings, and whenever an order was issued for a detachment of soldiers to march, he was sure to be there to encourage the men and inspire them with his eloquent, impassioned words. It is related of him that he never failed in his public prayer to implore the Lord “to teach our people to fight and give them courage and perseverance [*sic*] to overcome their enemies.”

He was appointed a Chaplain of Militia in Salem county, but because of his ardent advocacy of the war for independence he so aroused the hatred of the Tory element, that he had to leave Penn’s Neck in 1777. He removed to Delaware, where he lived and preached until his death in 1784.

† Curtana †

Samuel Wheeler Field

United States Army Chaplain
(12th Rhode Island Infantry)

Source: *History of the Twelfth Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, in the Civil War*
(Providence: Snow & Farnham, 1904): 308.

Chaplain Samuel Wheeler Field, the son of David and Phebe Field, was born in North Yarmouth, Maine, April 28, 1813. He was graduated from Colby University and Newton Theological Institution. He married August 26, 1840, Elizabeth Earl Horton, of Boston. He served as pastor of the Baptist Church in Hallowell, Maine; Methuen, Mass., and Providence, R.I.

He volunteered as chaplain of the Twelfth Rhode Island Volunteers Oct. 15, 1862, and served in Virginia and Kentucky and was mustered out with the regiment July 29, 1863. He died Oct. 28, 1887.

† Curtana †

William Henry Foote

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Petersburg)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 305.

Foote, William Henry, D.D. (Hamden-Sydney College 1847), clergyman and historian, b. Colchester, Ct., Dec. 20, 1794; d. Romney, Va., Nov. 28, 1869. Yale College 1816. He was tutor in a family in Falmouth, Va., until July, 1818; afterward taught one year in Winchester, Va., and studied a year in Princeton Seminary. Licensed by the presbytery of Winchester in Oct. 1819, he preached in various places in Va., and was pastor at Woodstock from June, 1822, to Nov. 1824; and of Mount Bethel, Springfield, and Romney, from 1824 to 1838, and from 1845 to 1861. In the interval, he was agent of the "Central Board of Missions," and prepared "Sketches, Historical and Biographical, of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia" (2 vols., 1850-5), and in "North Carolina," 1846. He also conducted an academy while at Woodstock and at Romney.

During the war, he was agent for Hamden-Sydney College in Lower Va., supplied vacant pulpits, and was chaplain at Petersburg during the siege.

† Curtana †

Arthur Buckminster Fuller

United States Army Chaplain
(16th Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 345.

Fuller, Arthur Buckminster, Unitarian clergyman, b. Cambridgeport, Ms., Aug. 10, 1822; killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 11, 1862. Harvard University 1843. Son of Honorable Timothy, and brother of Margaret, who fitted him for college. In his boyhood he lost an eye. After studying theology at Cambridge, he was for some years a teacher and missionary in Illinois. From 1848 to 1853 was pastor of a Unitarian church in Manchester, New Hampshire; from 1853 to 1859 was settled over the New North Church, Boston, and then settled as pastor at Watertown.

Chaplain 16th Massachusetts volunteers, Aug. 1, 1861. He volunteered to join a forlorn hope in crossing the Rappahannock, and fell while driving the rebel sharpshooters out of Fredericksburg. He edited his sister's works, and published "Historical Discourse delivered in the New North Church, Boston, Oct. 1, 1854." See *Memoir of Chaplain Fuller*, by his brother R.F. Fuller, 1864.

Savage Smith Gaillard

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Hampton's South Carolina Legion)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 274-75.

Savage Smith Gaillard was born in Anderson County, S.C, July 19th, 1818. He was a child of the covenant, and at an early age made a profession of his faith in Christ. He was received under the care of the Presbytery of South Carolina in October, 1841. His literary course was taken in the Lowndesville Academy, under Rev. W.H. Harris and James Giles, Esq. He entered the Columbia Seminary in October, 1842, and was graduated in 1845. He was licensed in the same year, and employed by the Presbytery as a domestic missionary to supply the destitute portions of Newberry County. He married Miss Sarah Crosson in April, 1846. He visited and preached at Greenville C.H., in 1847. The Presbytery, in October of the same year, appointed a committee to visit Greenville, and if the way was clear, to organise a church there, which was accordingly done. Mr. Gaillard at once removed to Greenville C.H., and became the stated supply of the newly organised church, but virtually discharging the duties of pastor. By his untiring efforts a neat house of worship was erected and reported to the Presbytery, the name being Washington Street church. He was called and installed pastor in September, 1851, and sustained this relation for seven years. It was dissolved in October, 1858. He still served as a stated supply till November, 1860.

The war was upon us; he was an officer in one of the companies in the famous Hampton Legion. He next served as chaplain, till induced by feeble health to resign his position and return home. In November, 1866, he removed to Florida, hoping that a milder climate would restore his impaired health. He was soon called to serve as evangelist in Macon Presbytery, Ga. In 1867 he removed to Cuthbert, and the next year to Griffin, still laboring as evangelist. He became a member of the Atlanta Presbytery, and acted as a supply to some of the vacant churches as his strength would admit. The poor and the ignorant were edified by his plain and earnest instructions, and all classes were won by his courtesy, and impressed by his Christian life. His feeble health prevented much active work, but he did what he could. A wasting consumption eventually wore out his frail body, and at last nature gave way. He died January 2^d, 1879. He was calm and resigned, and when the last struggle came he yielded up his spirit with the words which had been the inspiration of his life and labors: "o my Saviour!" (Jonathan McLees)

† Curtana †

John Gano

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 350-51.

Gano, John, Baptist minister, b. Hopewell, N.J.; d. Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 10, 1804, aged 77. His ancestors, who were French, settled at New Rochelle, New York. He began to preach in Virginia, and labored also in New Jersey and the Carolinas. In Dec. 1760 he was settled over the Baptist church in Philadelphia; and in 1761 collected the first Baptist church in New York City, over which he was ordained.

The Revolution broke up his church; and he became a chaplain in the army, officiating in the brigade of Gen. Clinton throughout the war. He afterward collected his scattered flock, but in 1788 removed to Kentucky. In 1790 he wrote a sketch of his life, published New York, 1806, by his son, Rev. Stephen.

† Curtana †

George Robert Gleig

British Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 364.

Gleig, George Robert, author and clergyman, b. Stirling, Scotland, 20 Apr. 1796. Son of Bishop G., and educated at Oxford. He entered the British army in 1812; served under Wellington in the Peninsular war, and in America at Baltimore, Washington, and New Orleans, and was wounded in the battle of Bladensburg. He published "Life of the Duke of Wellington," "The Subaltern in America" and "Campaigns of Washington and New Orleans." He afterward took orders; was chaplain of Chelsea Hospital for some time, and was made chaplain-general, to the forces in 1846. One of the most voluminous authors of the day.

† Curtana †

Zachariah Greene

American Army Chaplain

(War of 1812)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 382.

Greene, Zachariah, Revolutionary soldier and clergyman, b. Stafford, Ct., 11 Jan. 1760; d. Hempstead, Long Island, June 20, 1858. Dartmouth College 1781. He served in the army, and was engaged on several occasions, until by a bullet-wound in his shoulder, at the battle of White Marsh, in Dec. 1777, he was compelled to retire from the service.

He then studied for the ministry; was pastor of the Presbyterian church at Cutchogue, Southold, Long Island, from June 28, 1787, to 1797, and at Setauket, Hempstead, Long Island, from Sept. 27, 1797, until his death. He was a chaplain in the army in the war of 1812.

† Curtana †

John Hale

American Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 395.

Hale, John, first minister of Beverly, Massachusetts, from Sept. 20, 1667, to his d., May 15, 1700, b. Charlestown, Ms., June 3, 1636. Harvard University 1657. Chaplain in the Canada expedition in 1690; one of the approvers of the judicial murders during the witchcraft troubles in 1692; but in 1702 published "A Modest Inquiry into the Nature of

Witchcraft,” indicating a change of opinion. A memoir of him is in Massachusetts Hist. Coll. iii. 7.

† Curtana †

Gideon Hawley

American Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 419.

Hawley, Gideon, missionary to the Indians, b. Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 5, 1727; d. Marshpee, Oct. 3, 1807. Yale College 1749. Ordained July 31, 1754. He began his mission at Stockbridge in Feb. 1752, and opened a school for Indian children. His next field of usefulness was Oughquauga on the Susquehanna, whither he went in June, 1753, remaining until the French war began in May, 1756; when he went to Boston, and was chaplain in Gridley’s regiment in the expedition against Crown Point.

From Apr. 10, 1758, to his death, he labored in the Marshpee Mission. He was well qualified for his work; the dignity of his manner, and a voice of authority, giving him great influence with the Indians. He published in Hist. Colls, of Massachusetts Biog. and Topog. Anecdotes respecting Sandwich and Marshpee, and an interesting letter narrating his journey to Oughquauga.

† Curtana †

Louis Hennepin

French Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 427-28.

Hennepin, Louis, missionary, b. Ath, Belgium, ab. 1640; d. Holland, after 1699. He travelled and preached in various places; was a regimental chaplain in the battle of Senef between the Prince of Condé and William of Orange in 1674; landed at Quebec in 1675; in 1676 visited the Indian mission at Fort Frontenac; and in 1678 accompanied La Salle’s expedition, constructing at Niagara a vessel for navigating the Lakes above the falls. Aug. 7, 1679, they began their voyage, and, reaching the Illinois River, built Fort Creve-Coeur, near the present site of Peoria. 29 Feb. 1680, he proceeded in a canoe to the Upper Mississippi as far as the falls, which he named Saint Anthony’s, and which no European had yet seen. Arriving at the mouth of the St. Francis River, in what is now Minnesota, he named it for the founder of his order; travelled about 180 miles along its banks; visited the Sioux Indians; and meeting a party of Frenchmen, who had come by way of Lake Superior, returned with them to Canada.

Returning to Europe, he published at Paris, in 1683-4, an account of his travels, entitled “A Description of Louisiana,” a work of great value, notwithstanding the vanity, and proneness to exaggeration, of its author. In 1697 he published his “New Discovery of a Vast Country situated in America,” containing the matter in his History, with the addition of an account of his voyage down the Lower Mississippi, which, according to Jared Sparks, is a fabrication copied from LeClerq’s “Narrative.” Hennepin’s descriptions of Indian life are generally accurate; and he was a courageous and daring explorer.

Though he adopted the secular habit among the Dutch, he does not appear to have relinquished his profession, as he continued to sign himself missionary recollet and apostolic notary.

† Curtana †

Enos Hitchcock

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 440.

Hitchcock, Enos, D. D. (Boston University 1788), minister and author, b. Springfield, Ms., Mar. 7, 1744; d. Providence, Feb. 27, 1803. Harvard University 1767. Ordained May 1, 1771, colleague of Mr. Chipman of the Second Church, Beverly; dismissed Apr. 6, 1780; chaplain in the Revolutionary army. Installed at Providence, Oct. 1, 1783. He was a distinguished preacher, and a friend and promoter of education. At his death he bequeathed \$2,500 for the support of the ministry in his society. He published “Catechetical Instructions and Forms of Devotion for Children and Youth;” “Memoirs of the Blooms Grove Family;” a work on Education, 2 vols., 1790; discourses and sermons; and Essay on the Lord’s Supper.

† Curtana †

Francis Robert Goulding

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Hospital: Macon, Georgia)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 280-81.

Francis R. Goulding was born in Liberty County, Ga., September 28th, 1810. His father, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Goulding, was the first Professor of the Columbia Theological Seminary. While a youth, Francis became the subject of divine grace, and made profession of his faith at Lexington, Ga., in November, 1828. He was graduated from Franklin College, and, entering the first class in the Seminary at Columbia in 1831, was licensed by the Charleston Union Presbytery, at Walterboro, in 1883. His first charge was the Concord and Harmony churches, Sumter District, S.C. For nine or ten years he labored at Greensboro, Washington, Waynesboro, and Bath churches, in Georgia; during a part of which time he was Agent of the American Bible Society. He promoted religious work among the seamen in Charleston, S.C, as Agent of the Seamen’s Friend Society, and then establishing a successful school for boys at Kingston, Ga., where he also gathered a church of twenty-six members, he became pastor at Darien, where he labored for six years with great acceptance and blessing until the community was scattered by the Federal forces, who burned every dwelling in the place, and all the churches except the Methodist, which was saved by accident.

Driven thus from Darien, he was made post chaplain to the Confederate forces at Macon, and labored faithfully among the soldiers, especially those in the hospitals. Here he remained till the war closed. His health was broken down, and his voice so disabled as to be unfit for preaching or teaching. But his gifted pen was not idle. Besides many articles contributed to newspapers, he was the author of four volumes—one of which, *The Young*

Marooners, translated into several European languages, and widely read in this and in other lands, will perpetuate the name of Francis R. Goulding for generations to come.

His last earthly home was at Roswell, in the beautiful hill country of upper Georgia. Here he suffered with wonderful patience from repeated and severe attacks of asthma, which at times made his respiration to be a series of painful gasps, until his merciful Lord relieved him for ever on Monday night, August 22^d, 1881. His love for Christ, for his gospel, for souls, was apparent to all who knew him. And his end was “peace—the peace of God which passeth all understanding.”

“It was my privilege,” writes his friend, Rev. Dr. John Jones, “during the last twenty-six months of his life, to have many interviews with Brother Goulding. He was eminently a man of prayer, and communing with death and heaven. . . . In his death we have lost a man of genius, of rare attainments, of varied information, of world-wide reputation. His active mind ranged over a vast field with intelligence and marked originality. As a writer for the young, he stood in the fore-front of the best authors of the age. But his labors are ended, and his bodily sufferings, endured so patiently, have been exchanged for that rest which remains for the people of God.” (Extract from Memoir by Rev, Br, Buttolph.)

[Goulding’s obituary from the 25 August 1881 Columbus Enquirer-Sun, reprinted in the New York Times, reports:

He was an old and highly esteemed minister and author of “Young Marooners,” and “Marooner’s Island,” and other works. There are but few boys who have not spent many a pleasant hour in the perusal of his works. For some time past he has been in bad health and unable to preach or follow literary pursuits. On one occasion, near Marietta, a gentleman hear the Doctor was in straitened circumstances owing to the failure of publishers to pay the royalty on his books, and remarked: “I would like to help a man who has by his works so interested my boys.” He accordingly wrote a check for \$50, which he requested be given to the Doctor with his compliments. The gentleman only knew of the Doctor by his works.

Goulding’s skills were not only literary. In 1842, several years before Elias Howe patented his own, Goulding patented a sewing machine.]

† Curtana †

William Allen Gray

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(2nd Mississippi Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 282-83.

Rev. William Allen Gray was born in Abbeville District, S.C, June 8th, 1807, and died at Ripley, Miss., in October, 1881. He had a pious parentage, who early taught him the Catechism and his obligations to God’s service. They were members of Dr. Barr’s congregation, and William in early manhood united with the Church of his fathers, and soon had his mind turned to the subject of the ministry. His pious praying mother encouraged him in this, and very soon he was received under the care of South Carolina Presbytery as a candidate. He entered at once upon preparation work. That Presbytery having several young men under their care at that time, and Bethel Presbytery none, or

but few, at the suggestion of Rev. D.L. Gray and Rev. J.H. Gray, D.D., his cousins, he was transferred to Bethel, and he was placed at Hopewell Academy, under the charge of that successful educator, Rev. A. Williams, York District, S.C. He was boarding with an elder of Salem church. Union District, Robert Lusk, Esq., who bequeathed so much of his fine estate to benevolent purposes. After completing a thorough academical course with Mr. Williams, he entered the Seminary in Columbia in the beginning of 1833, and took the full course of three years, finishing in the summer of 1835. Having our attention directed to the destitutions of the West, Bro. Gray and the writer, in the following year, 1836, came to the West. After surveying the field thoroughly, laboring as a domestic missionary in Arkansas and Mississippi, Mr. Gray located finally at Ripley, Mississippi, where he remained the rest of his life—about forty years.

Brother Gray was but a medium speaker; never eloquent, but persuasive. He was commanding in person, large and active in movement, but remarkably diffident. This trait perhaps diminished his usefulness. His congregation paid him but a meagre salary; but he had by inheritance a handsome estate, and so was in great part supported by his farm. He was greatly endeared to his people, and so the relation continued as long as his life lasted. Brother Gray was married first to Mrs. McNeill, the widow of Henry D. McNeill, of South Carolina, with whom he lived in happiest companionship for many years. She died in 1867, and in 1868 he was again married to Miss Catharine C. Rogan, the daughter of one of the elders of Ripley church, by whom he had a daughter. His second wife died in 1877, and in 1880 he married the third time, a Miss Mary S. Johnston, who survives, by whom he had no children. Wm. A. Gray was mostly an ex tempore preacher. He was scrupulously exact in all relative, social, and pastoral duties. For nearly forty years he was the faithful Stated Clerk of his Presbytery (Chickasaw). During the war he went out to Virginia with a Mississippi regiment as chaplain, and contracted sciatica from exposure, which made him lame for life. (A.R. Banks)

† Curtana †

William Thomas Hall

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(30th Mississippi Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*

(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 41.

William Thomas Hall (S.), (Graduate 1835). Phi., Gaston county, N.C., '51. A.M. '58 Davidson, D.D. '76 (?) S. Presb. Univ. Rep. '53. Alum. Or. '59. Taught one year Lincoln county, N.C. Student Columbia Theol. Sem. three years. Preached first Lancaster C.H., S.C. Pastor Ebenezer and Rock Hill Churches three years; Canton, Miss., ten years. Chaplain Army Tenn. eighteen months. Pastor First Presb. Church, Lynchburg, Va.

† Curtana †

George Hughes Hepworth

American Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 434-35.

Higginson, John, minister of Salem, Ms., b. Claybrook, Eng., Aug. 6, 1616; d. Salem, Dec. 9, 1708. He came over with his father, Rev. Francis; after whose death he became a

teacher at Hartford, by which means he was able to assist his mother in the maintenance of her six children. He was employed by the magistrates and ministers of the Massachusetts Colony to take down in short-hand the proceedings of the synod of 1637. In this he was assisted by Giles Firmin. The record of these proceedings has never been printed; but the manuscript is known to have been in existence in 1743.

He was afterwards chaplain of the fort at Saybrook; in 1641 went to Guilford as assist, to Rev. Henry Whitfield, whose daughter he married; and in 1643 was one of the “seven pillars” of the church there. In 1659 he sailed with his family for England, but, having put into Salem harbor on account of the weather, became pastor of the church which his father had planted; was ordained in Aug. 1660, and continued there till his death. He was a zealous opponent of the Quakers, although he subsequently regretted the warmth of his zeal; but he took no part in the witchcraft delusion in 1692, and was a very popular preacher. He preached the Election Sermon 1663. He published other occasional discourses, also the attestation to the “Magnalia Americana,” with a narrative of the Mathers, and “Testimony to the Order of the Gospel in the Churches of New England,” &c.

† Curtana †

George Hughes Hepworth

United States Army Chaplain
(47th Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 431.

Hepworth, George Hughes, Unitarian divine, b. Boston, Feb. 4, 1833. Cambridge Theological School, 1855. Pastor of the church in Nantucket from Sept. 1855 to 1857; of the Church of the Unity, Boston, Oct. 1858-70; now pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City. Chaplain of the 47th Massachusetts regiment Dec. 1862; and on the staff of Gen. Banks in Louisiana in 1863. Besides sermons, he has published “Whip, Hoe, and Sword,” a sketch of his army experiences.

† Curtana †

Andrew Hunter

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 1-3.

Rev. Andrew Hunter was a son of David Hunter, a British officer, and was born in Virginia in 1752. He was the nephew of Rev. Andrew Hunter, Sr., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Greenwich, Cumberland County, New Jersey, one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the independence of the Colonies, and one of the celebrated tea-burning party at Greenwich, Nov. 22, 1774. He was graduated in 1772, from Princeton college, that nursery of so many sturdy opponents of the oppressive acts of the mother country. His theological studies were pursued under his uncle at Greenwich, and in June, 1774, he was licensed to preach, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia. After his licensure he was appointed a missionary to some vacant and newly-constituted churches in Virginia.

The young man imbibed the patriotic spirit of his uncle and soon connected himself with the army. He was appointed by the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, June 28, 1776, chaplain of three battalions that were being raised under the commands of Colonels Van Cortland, Martin and Hunt, constituting Heard's Brigade, intended to reinforce the army at New York. It is said that before this he was with the brave fellows who marched to Canada, and who met with the fearful disaster at Quebec, when General Montgomery was killed.

He was commissioned chaplain of the Third Battalion, Second Establishment, Continental Army, Jersey line, June 1, 1777, chaplain to General Maxwell's Brigade, June 15, 1777. This Brigade formed part of General Sullivan's force that marched from Elizabeth, May 19, 1779, up through North Jersey to Easton, and thence through the mountainous country of Northeastern Pennsylvania to the Wyoming valley to put a stop to the awful cruelties perpetrated by the Indians. On July 4th he preached a sermon to the soldiers to encourage and stimulate them in their hard work.

After his return from this expedition he was commissioned Chaplain of the Third Brigade, September 26, 1780. This Brigade landed September 21, 1781, on the James river, Va., about five miles from Williamsburg, and was afterwards part of the army engaged in the siege of Yorktown. Before the march to the Wyoming valley, and while the Brigade was near Elizabeth, Mr. Hunter was taken prisoner in the night, on returning from the Governor's house, whither he had gone to give an alarm respecting the approach of a body of the enemy. He, however, made his escape. He was discharged at the close of the war. At the battle of Monmouth he received the personal thanks of General Washington for his conduct.

After resting for a few years after the close of the war, he became, in 1786, the supply of the Presbyterian churches of Woodbury and Blackwood, in which relation he continued until 1797. Besides preaching he opened an Academy at Woodbury, and taught the higher branches of learning to a large number of young people. This Academy was built in 1791, on land conveyed by Joseph Bloomfield, afterwards Governor of this State, to Rev. Andrew Hunter and others, in trust, for the sole purpose of building an Academy upon it. He resigned his work in Woodbury and Blackwood, and moved near Trenton, where he cultivated a farm on the Delaware. He was chosen Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Princeton in 1804, and held that position until 1808. He was trustee of Princeton college from 1788 to 1804, and again from 1808 to 1811. From 1808 to 1810 he had charge of an Academy at Bordentown.

In 1811 he was appointed Chaplain of the Navy, and was stationed at the Washington Navy Yard. He died at Burlington, N.J., Feb, 24, 1823. Mr. Hunter was a prominent minister in the Presbyterian Church, and was a Commissioner to its highest Church Court at least twice, and was a member of the committee to revise and print a report that related to the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church.

† Curtana †

Albert Allison James

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(18th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*

(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 34.

Albert Allison James (S.), (Graduate 1824).

Eu., Yorkville, S.C. '46. Rep. '47. Soc. Val. '48. An. Orator '54, '58, '72. Student Theol. Sem., Columbia, 1848-51. Chaplain 18th Regt. S.C.V. 1862-65. For thirty-five years pastor Fair Forest Church, Pacolet, S.C.



Robert Jenney

British Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 486.

Jenney, Rev. Robert, LL.D., b. Waringstown, Ireland, 1687; d. Phila. Jan. 5, 1762. Trinity College Dublin. Son of Arch-deacon Jenney. Chaplain in the navy 1710-14; assist. to Rev. Mr. Evans at Philadelphia until 1717; chaplain to the fort in New York; rector at Rye, Westchester Co., New York, from June, 1722, to 1725; of the church at Hempstead, Long Island, from 1725 to 1742; and of Christ Church, Philadelphia, 1742-62.



Samuel Kirkland

Colonial Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 515.

Kirkland, Samuel, missionary to the Indians, b. Norwich, Ct., Dec. 1, 1744; d. Clinton, Oneida Co., New York, Feb. 28, 1808; New Jersey College 1765. Son of Rev. Daniel Kirkland of Norwich, and was educated at the school of Rev. E. Wheelock, where he learned the Mohawk language; and he also acquired that of the Senecas by a sojourn among them from Nov. 1764 to May, 1766. Ordained at Lebanon, June 19, 1766. He removed to Ct. about 1772, and afterwards lived a while at Stockbridge.

After the battle of Lexington, the Prov. Congress of Massachusetts requested him to use his influence to secure either the friendship or neutrality of the Six Nations. He succeeded in attaching to the patriot cause the Oneidas, with whom he continued his religious labors throughout the war, when the other tribes, through the influence of Brant and the Johnsons, had taken the opposite side.

He officiated as chaplain to the American forces in his vicinity, and accompanied Sullivan's expedition in 1779. He was the founder of Hamilton College, its parent, the Hamilton Oneida Academy, having been incorporated through his influence in 1793, at Whitestown, New York. In 1789 government granted him a tract of land 2 miles square, in the present town of Kirkland, whither he removed. Rev. S.K. Lothrop of Boston, a grandson, has published a Memoir of Kirkland in Sparks's "American Biography."



Drury Lacy

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Hospital: Raleigh, North Carolina)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*

(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 16.

The Rev. Drury Lacy, A.M., D.D. (Faculty 1855-1861).

Moral Philosophy, Sacred Literature and Evidences of Christianity.

Born 1802, Ararat, Prince Edward county, Va. Prepared for college at the Classical School of his father, the Rev. Drury Lacy. Student one year Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). Graduated 1822, Hampden Sidney College, Va. Teacher 1822-23 in family of Rev. Matthew Lyle, of Va., 1825-28 Ararat, Va. Graduated Union Theological Seminary 1832. Served as Domestic Missionary in Amelia and adjacent counties for two years. Pastor Presbyterian Church, New Berne, N.C., 1833; Raleigh, 1837. President Davidson College 1855-61. Chaplain C.S.A. 1862. Teacher 1865-80, Raleigh. Died 1884, Jonesboro, N.C. A.M. 1839 and D.D. 1852 University of North Carolina.

† Curtana †

William Sterling Lacy

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(47th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*

(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 44.

William Sterling Lacy, (Graduate 1842). Phi., Davidson College, N.C, '55. D.D. '89 Davidson. Alumni Orator '80. Alumni Orator '90. Rep. '58. Student Union Theol. Sem. 1859-52. Served as private C.S.A. 1862-63; as Chaplain 47th N.C.T. 1863-65. Licensed 1862. Taught in Raleigh, N.C, 1865-68. Ordained 1869. Pastor Anchor of Hope and Cove Churches, Wythe county, Va. 1869-73. Pastor Buffalo and Euphonia Churches, Moore county, N.C, 1873-88, and of Jonesboro Church 1886-88. Assistant Editor Davidson College Semi-centennial Catalogue, Classes 1859-68. Since 1888 pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Norfolk, Va.

† Curtana †

Samuel Langdon

American Colonial Militia

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 527.

Langdon, Samuel, D.D. (University of Aberdeen), A.A.S., b. Boston, Jan. 12, 1723; d. Nov. 29, 1797. Harvard University 1740. Though poor, his talents procured him friends, who exerted themselves to give him a liberal education. He went to Portsmouth and took charge of the grammar school; was a chaplain at the capture of Louisburg in 1745; became assist, to Mr. Fitch of the First Church, whom he succeeded as pastor Feb. 4, 1747; pres. of Harvard University Oct. 14, 1774 to 30 Aug. 1780. Installed at Hampton Falls Jan. 18, 1781, and was one of the most useful ministers in the State. A distinguished member of the New Hampshire convention which adopted the Federal Constitution; often led its debates, and exerted his influence in its favor. He published "Observations on the Revelations," 1791; "Remarks on the Leading Sentiments of Dr. Hopkins's System of Doctrines," 1794; "Summary of Christian Faith and Practice," 1768; and many

occasional discourses. In 1761 he assisted Col. Blanchard in delineating a map of New Hampshire.

† Curtana †

William Linn

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 551.

Linn, William, D.D., an eloquent Presbyterian divine, b. Shippensburg, Pa., 1752; d. Albany, Jan. 1808. New Jersey College 1772. After serving some time as chaplain in the Revolutionary army, he was pastor of a church near Shippensburg; in 1784 he took charge of an academy in Somerset County, Maryland; in 1787 became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey; and shortly after settled as a collegiate pastor in the D.R. church in New York City, where he resided 20 years. He pub. 2 vols. of sermons 1791-4.

† Curtana †

Samuel MacClintock

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 575.

MacClintock, Samuel, D.D. (Yale College 1791), divine, b. Medford, Ms, May 1, 1732; d. Greenland, N.H., Apr. 27, 1804. New Jersey College 1751. Ordained at Greenland, Nov. 3, 1756. A chaplain in the Old French War, and also chaplain of the New Hampshire troops in 1775; and was at the battle of Bunker's Hill, Trumbull's picture of which makes him a prominent figure. Three of his sons fell in the struggle for liberty. He published occasional sermons, and an oration commemorative of Washington, 1800.

† Curtana †

Charles Pettit Macilvaine

United States Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 581-82.

Macilvaine, Charles Pettit, D.D., LL.D. (Cambridge University 1858), D.C.L. (Oxford University 1853), Protestant Episcopal bishop of Ohio, b. Burlington, N.J., Jan. 18, 1798. New Jersey College 1816. Son of Joseph, U.S. senator from New Jersey. Ordained a deacon July 4, 1820, and after officiating in Christ Church, Georgetown, Maryland, was ordained priest in 1822; professor of ethics, and chaplain at West Point in 1825-7; rector of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn, New York; and was consecrated bishop Oct. 31, 1832.

President Kenyon College 1832-40; now president of the theological seminary of the diocese of Ohio. He has published "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," delivered in the University of New York in 1831; "Justification by Faith," 1840; "Oxford Divinity

compared with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches,” 1841; “The Truth and the Life,” a volume of sermons, 1854; and has compiled 2 vols. of “Select Family and Parish Sermons;” contributed to many religious periodicals.

† Curtana †

Alexander Macwhorter

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 8.

Rev. Alexander Macwhorter was born in New Castle, Del., July 26, 1734. His academic education was obtained in Princeton, where he was graduated in 1757. Rev. William Tennent was his theological instructor. In 1759 he was ordained by the Presbytery of New Brunswick and became pastor of the First Church, Newark, the mother of so many active, successful churches in the city of Newark and in the county of Essex. Like all the Presbyterian ministers, he was an active patriot, and stirred and stimulated the members of his church to heroic efforts in behalf of the struggle for independence.

He was appointed a chaplain of a Division of the Continental Army, and was with General Henry Knox at White Plains. He was in the camp of Washington at Penn Shore, opposite Trenton, prior to the battle of Trenton, December, 1776, to concert with Washington measures for the protection of the State. He had followed the retreat of the American army through New Jersey. In 1778 he was chaplain of the artillery Brigade, Continental Army. In 1775, he went with the Rev. Elihu Spencer, of the First Church, Trenton, to enlist his old friends in North Carolina in the movement for independence. In 1779 he went to Mecklenburg, North Carolina, but returned to Newark in 1781, where he again took up his work in the First Church, continuing there until 1807, when he fell asleep in Jesus.

† Curtana †

Daniel McCalla

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 574.

McCalla, DANIEL, D.D. (South Carolina College), b. Neshaminy, Pa., 1748; d. Wappetaw, S.C., Apr. 6, 1809. New York College 1766. Licensed to preach 20 July, 1772. He taught an academy in Philadelphia; was ordained pastor of North Providence and Charleston, Pennsylvania, in 1774; was chaplain with Gen. Thomson, and captured at Trois-Rivières, in 1776. After his exchange, at the close of the year, he taught an academy in Hanover County. He was 21 years minister of the Congregational church at Wappetaw, South Carolina, and was a learned and eloquent, as well as a useful man. His sermons and essays, with a Life by Hollingshead, were published in 2 vols., 1810.

Luther McKinnon (McKennon)

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(36th North Carolina Infantry, 2nd North Carolina Artillery)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*
(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 21.

The Rev. Luther McKinnon, D.D (Faculty 1885-1888).

Ethics, Christian Evidences, and Bible Studies.

Born 1840 in Richmond county, N.C. Graduated at Davidson College 1861 and the Columbia Theological Seminary 1864. Chaplain N.C.T. 1864-65. Principal Floral College 1865. Pastor 1866-71 Goldsboro, N.C; 1871-83 Concord, N.C; 1883-85 First Presbyterian Church, Columbia, S.C. At present in ill health. Clinton, N.C. D.D. 1886 University of North Carolina.

**John Mason**

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 9-10.

Rev. John Mason was born in Scotland, in 1734. He was the son of a farmer, but determined to be a minister of the gospel. His collegiate education was obtained at Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1753, and his theological education was at Abernethy, an institution belonging to the Reformed Presbyterian church. In this seminary he was professor of Divinity, also of Logic and Moral Philosophy, from 1758 to 1761, when he was ordained. Having received a call from the Associate Reformed Presbyterian church in Cedar street, New York, he came to this country and became pastor of that church in 1761.

His pronounced sentiments in opposition to the burdensome acts of the British Government made him obnoxious to the Tory element, and he had to flee from New York during its occupation by the British. He took his family to Pluckemin, N.J., where he was at first a chaplain in the militia, and afterwards in the Continental army. He was a wise counsellor and a great inspirer of the men under his care. He was a trustee of Princeton college from 1779 to 1785. He continued his pastorate in the Cedar street church until the time of his death, April 19, 1792.

**John Miller**

British Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 621.

Miller, Rev. John, M.A., chaplain to the troops in New York 1692-5. Author of "Description of the Province and City of New York, &c., in 1695," published London, 1843, and, with Introduction and Notes by J.G. Shea, New York 1862.

Samuel Moody

Colonial Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 630.

Moody, Samuel, minister of York, Me., b. Newbury, Ms., Jan. 4, 1676; d. Nov. 13, 1747. Harvard University 1697. Ordained Dec. 29, 1700. He was an eccentric but very useful man. Though deriving his support from voluntary contributions, he was very charitable and benevolent. Chaplain to Pepperrell's Cape Breton expedition 1745. He published "The Doleful State of the Damned," 1710; "Account of the Life and Death of Joseph Quasson, an Indian," &c.

[This last volume details the imprisonment and execution of a Native American "soldier" who shot and killed another soldier, who happened to be his kinsman. Quasson provides the readers with a powerful testimony of sinful life. Despairing of God's willingness to forgive such significant transgressions, he resigns himself to damnation. However, during his trial and imprisonment, many Christians prayed for him, that he might recognize the enormity of the Lord's mercy.]

The 1726 tale, in which the author's name is spelled "Moodey," ends with praise. "If thou, good Reader, art one of the many that remembered the Afflictions of our Joseph, and poured out their Souls for the Conversion of his. A Soul! (though of a poor Indian and Malefactor) more worth than a World; and in his Book, who for our sakes was hanged on a Tree, rates as high as the Soul of a King or Prophet."]



Aeneas Munson

British Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 648-49.

Munson, Aeneas, M.D., physician, b. New Haven, June 24, 1734; d. there June 16, 1826. Yale College 1753. He studied divinity under Dr. Stiles; was chaplain to Lord Gardner, stationed at Long Island in the French war of 1755; studied medicine under Dr. John Darly; entered upon practice at Bedford, New York, in 1756; and in 1760 removed to New Haven, where, for more than 50 years, he enjoyed a high reputation. President of the Medical Society of Connecticut and was a professor in the Medical School of Yale College from its organization until his death. During the Revolutionary war, he was often in the legislature. His son Aeneas (Yale College 1780), assist, surgeon Revolutionary army 1780-3, afterward a merchant of New Hampshire, d. there 22 Aug. 1852, aged 89.



John Murray

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 10.

Murray, John, the founder of Universalism in America, and an eloquent preacher, b. Alton, Hampshire, England, Dec. 10, 1741; d. Boston, Ms., Sept. 3, 1815. His pious parents, who brought him up strictly, removed with him to Cork, Ireland, in 1752. He early became a convert to Methodism, and an occasional preacher in Wesley's connection.

Returning to England ab. 1760, he adopted Universalism; emigrated to the U. S. in 1770; and preached in New York, New Jersey, and subsequently in Newport, Boston, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and other places in New England, where his doctrines occasionally subjected him to violence. He resided in Gloucester, Ms., in 1774, and was ordered to depart on suspicion of being a British emissary; but, through the exertions of his friends, he was enabled to remain and preach.

In the spring of 1775 he was chaplain of the Rhode Island brigade before Boston; but a severe illness terminated this connection, and he returned to Gloucester, where he was established over a society of Universalists. He took part in the first Universalist convention at Oxford, Ms., 1785, and for a number of years was a delegate to the general convention of that body. In 1788 he visited England; and in 1793 was installed over a society in Boston, where he passed the rest of his life. He published 3 volumes of Letters, and Sketches of Sermons, 1812-13; and wrote an Autobiography, of which the 8th edition was published in 1860, Boston. His widow, Judith Sargent, sister of Winthrop Sargent, a native of Cape Ann, d. Natchez, Mississippi, June 6, 1829, aged 69. She wrote "The Repository and Gleaner," 3 vols. 1798, over the *nom de plume* "Constantia;" also poetical essays, signed "Honorina Martesia," in the *Boston Weekly Magazine*.

† Curtana †

John Wesley Gilbert Nevelling

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 10.

Rev. John Wesley Gilbert Nevelling was born in Westphalia, Germany, 1750. He came to this country while he was yet young. His studies were pursued in this country. He was licensed to preach by the Coetus [denominational organization] of Pennsylvania, German Reformed church in 1781, and was ordained pastor of a German Reformed church, in Amwell, N.J., in 1772, which position he held until 1783, when he removed to Reading, Pa.

He was appointed chaplain of the militia, and was so devoted to the cause of the patriots that it is said he loaned all his money, \$12,000, to the American government, for which he received a certificate. This certificate was lost and he was never reimbursed. Because of his loyalty to the patriotic cause, the British offered a reward for his capture. Washington ordered out a troop of horse to protect him.

After removing to Reading he became an invalid, although he lived to the age of ninety-four years. The last years of his life were spent in Philadelphia, where he died, January 18, 1844. He was buried in a vault by the side of the Race street church.

It is said that while riding on horseback with a long pipe in his mouth, his horse fell and his pipe inflicted a severe wound in his throat, which permanently affected his speech ; but he continued to preach for many years.

† Curtana †

John Norton

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 663-64.

Norton, Rev. John, b. Berlin, Ct., 1716; d. East Hampton, Ct., March 24, 1778. Yale College 1737. Ordained at Deerfield 1741, and settled in Bernardstown, Ms. He was chaplain at Fort Massachusetts at the time of its capture; was taken to Canada, where he remained one year, arriving in Boston Aug. 1747. Installed pastor of the Congregational church at East Hampton, Connecticut Nov. 30, 1748, where he labored nearly 30 years. He published a narrative of his captivity, Boston, 1748, a new edition of which, with notes by S.G. Drake, app. in 1870.

† Curtana †

Samuel Nowell

Colonial Militia Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 665.

Nowell, Increase, secretary of Ms. 1636- 49 ; d. Nov. 1, 1655. Chosen an assistant in 1629, he came to New England with Winthrop in 1630, and was ruling elder from Aug. 27, 1630, to 1632 ; a founder of the church in Charlestown, 1632; and in 1634 commissary for military affairs. Samuel his son (preacher, chaplain at Gen. Winslow's Indian battle, Dec. 19, 1674; an assistant 1680-6; treasurer of Harvard University), b. Charlestown, Ms., Nov. 12, 1634, d. London Sept. 1688. Harvard University 1653. He was a supporter of the old charter, and went to England on its behalf in 1688.

† Curtana †

Thomas Lewis O'Beirne

British Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 667.

O'Beirne, Thomas Lewis, D.D., clergyman, b. Longford County, Ireland, 1748; d. 15 Feb. 1823. Though educated at St. Diner's, he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was chaplain of Lord Howe's fleet in the American war. After the great fire at New York in 1776, he preached in St. Paul's, the only Episcopal church saved from the flames. Private secretary of the Duke of Portland, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, 1782, from whom he received in 1783 two valuable livings in Northumberland and Cumberland; chaplain to Earl Fitzwilliam, and made bishop of Ossory; he was in 1798 translated to the see of Meath. Author of a "Vindication" of the conduct of his patrons, the brothers Howe, and other political tracts, and a poem entitled "The Crucifixion," 1776.

Samuel Orr

Confederate States of America Chaplain

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 342-43.

Rev. Samuel Orr, son of John and Elizabeth Orr, was born in Jackson County, Ga. (but reared in Cobb County, near Marietta). August 12th, 1823. He united with Mar's Hill church, of which his father was an elder, August 16th, 1845; graduated at Oglethorpe University, Georgia, 1851; at Columbia Seminary, S.C. in 1854; received by Cherokee Presbytery, at Cartersville, April 14th, 1855; and ordained by Ouachita Presbytery, Washington, Ark., October 22^d, 1864, as an army chaplain.

He preached in Pickens County, Ala., at Sardis and Mount Olivet churches, for two years. On the 13th October, 1857, he was united in marriage with Ann E. Baird, at Tuskalooza, [sic] Ala., and soon after removed to Arkansas, reaching Tulip, Dallas County, on Christmas day, 1857. Here he spent about a month in the families of Rev. A.R. Banks, James A. Patillo, and others, and then he and his accomplished bride removed to the County of Pike, Ark., where Col. Henry Merrill had established his cotton factory—a pious elder, where Bro. Orr was invited to preach. He remained here two or three months, and then located at Centre Point, Hempstead County, engaged in teaching, still keeping up his preaching appointments at the factory, and at other points in reach, as he had opportunity. Here he remained until 1863, when he removed to Dallas County, and took charge of the Pleasant Grove Academy and church, where he left a happy impress upon pupils and people. From here he removed to Clark County, where he took charge of Carolina church, near Dobyville, in 1869, until his death, on November 24th, 1882. At this time, however, he was supplying the churches of Prescott, Marlbrook, and Shady Grove. Brother Orr was devotedly pious, manifested great zeal for Zion's prosperity, and was always punctual in attendance on the courts of the Church. While he was not a brilliant orator or a fluent speaker, he was ever most exemplary in conduct as a minister, husband, and parent. His pious and godly walk was worth much to the Church and the world. In the new and sparsely settled condition of the country, with but few churches able to support a pastor, he was compelled to resort to teaching, aided greatly by his intelligent wife. He leaves her and four children to mourn his departure. (A.R.B.)

**Robert Treat Paine**

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 682.

Paine, Robert Treat, LL.D., signer of the Declaration of Independence, b. Boston, March 11, 1731; d. there May 11, 1814. Harvard University 1749. His father Thomas had been pastor of a church in Weymouth, but was afterward a merchant of Boston. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Treat, and grand-daughter of Samuel Willard. After graduating, he kept school to help support his parents, for whose maintenance he also made a voyage to Europe. He then studied theology, and in 1755 acted as chaplain to the Northern provincial troops, but afterward studied the law.

On his admission to the bar in 1759, he established himself at Taunton, where he resided many years. In 1770 he conducted with great ability and ingenuity, in the absence of the

attorney-general, the prosecution of Capt. Preston and his men for the Boston Massacre. In 1773 he was a representative; was a delegate to the Provisional Congress in 1774-5; a member of the Continental Congress in 1774-8, rendering important services upon various committees. In 1776 he, with 2 others, was deputed by Congress to visit the army of Schuyler in the North; speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, in 1777; attorney-general of Massachusetts on the organization of the State, and also a member of the executive council; in 1779 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and one of the committee which prepared the draught of it; and was appointed judge of the Supreme Court in 1776, but declined. He removed to Boston about 1780, and was judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in 1790-1804. Paine's legal attainments were great: he ranked high as a lawyer ; was an able and impartial judge; an excellent scholar; and was noted for the brilliancy of his wit. A founder of the American Academy of Massachusetts in 1780.

† Curtana †

Ebenezer Pemberton

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 703.

Pemberton, Ebenezer, D.D. (New Jersey College 1770), clergyman, b. Boston, 1704; d. there Sept. 9, 1779. Harvard University 1721. He was chaplain at Castle William, Aug. 9, 1727; was called by the First Presbyterian Church, New York; dismissed in 1753; and installed in the new brick church (Old North), Boston, Mar. 6, 1754, where he remained until it was closed by the Revolution in 1775. Though one of the most popular preachers of his time, his friendship for Gov. Hutchinson, one of his flock, caused an imputation of loyalty, and created difficulties in the church. He published "Sermons on Several Subjects," 1738; "Practical Discourses," 1741; "Salvation by Grace through Faith," 8 sermons, 1774; and 9 occasional sermons, 1731-71.

† Curtana †

John Pierpont

United States Army Chaplain

(22nd Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 718.

Pierpont, John, clergyman and poet, b. Litchfield, Ct., Apr. 6, 1785; d. Medford, Aug. 27, 1866. Yale College 1804. A lineal descendant of Rev. James Pierpont, the second minister of New Haven (1685-1714), and supposed to be allied to the noble English family of the name which held the earldom of Kingston. He was an assistant in Dr. Backus's academy at Bethlem; went to South Carolina in the autumn of 1805, and passed nearly 4 years as a private tutor in the family of Col. William Alston. After his return in 1809 he studied law at the school in Litchfield; was admitted to the Essex County bar in 1812, and practised for a time in Newburyport. His health demanding more active employment, he relinquished his profession, and engaged in mercantile life, first in Boston, and afterwards at Baltimore, but quitted it in 1816, and published his "Airs of Palestine," which soon reached a third edition.

He next studied theology, and Apr. 14, 1819, was ordained pastor of the Hollis street Church, Boston. In 1835 he visited Europe. On his return he resumed his pastoral charge in Boston, where he continued until May 10, 1845. The freedom with which he expressed his opinions, especially in regard to the temperance cause, had given rise to some feeling before his departure for Europe; and in 1838 there sprung up between himself and a portion of his parish a controversy which lasted 7 years, when, after triumphantly sustaining himself against the charges of his adversaries, he requested a dismissal.

He then became for 4 years pastor of a Unitarian Church in Troy, New York; Aug. 1, 1849, was settled over a church in Medford; resigned Apr. 6, 1856. A zealous reformer, he powerfully advocated the temperance and anti-slavery movements; was the candidate of the Liberty party for governor, and, in 1850, of the Free-soil party for Congress.

After the Rebellion broke out, though 76 years of age, he went into the field as chaplain in a Massachusetts regiment, but was soon employed in the treasury department at Washington. In addition to his poetical works, published at Boston, 1840, he published several popular school-readers, and some 20 occasional sermons and discourses.



Philip Vickers Pithian

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
(January-April 1909): 3-4.

Rev. Philip Vickers Pithian was born in or near Greenwich, Cumberland County. The Presbytery of Philadelphia licensed him to preach, Nov. 6, 1774. He married the daughter of Rev. Charles Beatty. He was a Presbyterian Evangelist and travelled through South Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, conducting religious services. Enthusiastic in his devotion to the cause of American liberty, he was one of the leading spirits in the celebrated tea-burning at Greenwich, Nov. 22, 1774.

On June 20th, 1776, he was appointed Chaplain of the Battalion under the command of Colonel Newcomb, and to the Battalion to be raised in the Counties of Middlesex and Monmouth, which was destined for New York. He accompanied the Battalion in its march to the assistance of the army near New York, was at the battle of White Plains, and was killed at Fort Washington, Nov. 16, 1776.



George John Porter

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(6th North Carolina Cavalry, 65th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*
(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 107.

George J. Porter, (Matriculate 1834). Eu., Charleston, S.C. '56. A.B. '60 and A.M. '66 La Fayette Col., Pa. Chaplain C.S.A., 6th N.C. Cav., 1864-65. Pastor in Penn. 1866-67. Evangelist Charleston Presbytery 1869-71. Pastor Newark, Del., 1871-82. Has written pamphlets, sermons, etc. Newark, Del.

Joseph D. Porter

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(5th Alabama Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 348-49.

Rev. Joseph D. Porter, the son of the Rev. Francis H. Porter, was born about the year 1821, and entered Columbia Seminary in the fall of 1845, completing his theological course in 1848. He was licensed probably by one of the Presbyteries in the Synod of Alabama, and in April, 1850, was ordained by the Presbytery of Tombeckbee. In the fall of 1852 he was received by the Presbytery of South Alabama. While a member of that body, he served Laurel church at one time, and for a period of three years the Baldwin church.

From 1862 to 1864 he was a chaplain in the Confederate army, being stationed at Mobile. In 1868 he was received by the Presbytery of Central Texas, where he labored six years, supplying frontier settlements and destitute churches. In the fall of 1874 he became a member of Eastern Texas Presbytery, and took charge of the Augusta church and several missionary points in Houston County. He labored here two years, building up the Augusta church and organising Cochim church. In 1876 he became the evangelist for the southeastern counties of the Presbytery. In this work he continued two years, building up decaying churches, searching out isolated saints, and preaching at many points never before visited by a Presbyterian minister. His extended missionary explorations on horseback into the distant and almost inaccessible interior, were of great value in guiding the work of the Presbytery.

A few months before his death, he took charge of the San Augustine church, and was much cheered in the prospects of the work; but while on the way to Presbytery, alone by the wayside, with no friend to close his eyes, he was taken ill (probably of heart disease), and died in 1879. He was characterised by a meek and quiet spirit, and a patient endurance of labors and privations in the midst of constant bodily infirmity and weakness. He was a regular attendant upon the church courts, and manifested an accurate acquaintance with the principles of our Church Government. He was a faithful, instructive, earnest, and edifying herald of salvation, and was specially useful and blest in his ministrations in the sick room and with the dying. He was the last of four brothers, who were all valiant for the truth, and noble preachers of the gospel in our Church.



Rufus Kilpatrick Porter

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(Cobb's Legion, 2nd Georgia Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 349-50.

Rev. Rufus Kilpatrick Porter was born at Cedar Springs, Spartanburg District, S.C, January 1st, 1827. At the age of sixteen years he made a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and united with the Church in Green County, Alabama. In the fall of 1849 he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, having the same year been graduated from the South Carolina College. He was licensed to preach in 1852, and became pastor

of the churches of Waynesboro and Bath, Ga. In the following year he married Miss Jane S. Johnston, of Winnsboro, S.C.

When the war between the States broke out he very soon exchanged the quiet duties of a pastorate for the more stirring scenes of the camp, and as chaplain of a regiment in the brigade of the lamented Gen. T.R.R. Cobb, he found a field of usefulness for which his genial manners and warm sympathetic heart eminently qualified him. It was his melancholy privilege to pillow in his arms the head of his beloved commander, as he breathed out his life on the battle-field of Fredericksburg, Va.

In 1867 he was called to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian church of Atlanta, in which important field he continued for the brief remainder of his appointed time on earth. On the 13th of July, 1869, in the forty-third year of his age, he was called to rest from his labors. His end was neither sudden nor unexpected. For many months his wasting strength gave painful admonition that his days were numbered. With unwavering faith in the precious promises of his Saviour, he marched with unfaltering step to the end of his journey to receive his crown.

Brother Porter was singularly attractive in his intercourse with men; genial and sympathetic in his nature, he could readily enter into their feelings, so that he did literally “rejoice with those that rejoiced, and weep with those that wept.” With a highly cultivated mind, enriched by extensive reading, by travel in foreign lands, he was a welcome guest in every circle of intelligent Christians. As a preacher, he was discreet in the selection of his subjects, sound in his exposition of Scripture, attractive, earnest, and impressive in his delivery. As a pastor, he was preeminently successful. He was, in fact, a polished Christian gentleman, and a faithful laborious pastor, responding cheerfully to the very last day of his life to the calls made upon him, to visit the sick and comfort the dying. His memory is embalmed in the hearts of his people in Atlanta, and they love to recount in affectionate words their tender remembrance of his many virtues. (J.L. Rogers)

† Curtana †

Thomas Prentiss

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 739.

Prentiss, Thomas, D.D., minister of Medfield, Ms., from 1770 to his d. Feb. 28, 1814, b. Holliston, Oct. 27, 1747. Harvard University 1766. He was a leader in temperance reform, and established a large public library. He published a number of sermons. Some time a chaplain in the Revolutionary army.

† Curtana †

Charles Todd Quintard

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(1st Tennessee Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 749.

Quintard, Charles Todd, D.D. (Col. College 1853), LL.D., graduated M.D. (University of New York) 1846, b. Stamford, Ct., 22 Dec. 1824. Became a physician of the New York Dispensatory, 1847; professor of physiology and anatomy Memphis Medical College 1851; ordained in Protestant Episcopal Church 1855; and became in 1858 rector of the Church of the Advent, Nashville; consecrated bishop of Tennessee Oct. 11, 1865. Author of “A Plain Tract on Confirmation,” “A Preparation for Confirmation;” and in early life contributed largely to medical periodicals. He was an earnest secessionist, and a volunteer chaplain in the Confederate army.



John Reed

United States Navy Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 760.

Reed, John, D.D. (Boston University 1803), Unitarian clergyman, and Member of Congress 1795-1801, b. Framingham, Ms., Nov. 11, 1751; d. Feb. 17, 1831, in West Bridgewater. Yale College 1772. Son of Solomon, minister of Middleborough. After spending one year as chaplain in the U.S. naval service, he was settled at West Boston, Massachusetts, June 7, 1780, preaching there for 51 years. His two predecessors, D. Perkins and J. Keith, occupied 116 years. His opinions on ecclesiastical affairs were so just and accurate as to have received the approbation of courts and judges. A result of an ecclesiastical council drawn up by him has been in substance adopted as the foundation of an important decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He published beside occasional sermons a treatise on Baptism. He excelled as a metaphysician and controversialist.



James Cook Richmond

United States Army Chaplain

(2nd Wisconsin Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 768.

Richmond, James Cook, an Episcopal clergyman, b. Providence, Rhode Island, 1808; murdered at Poughkeepsie, New York, 20 July, 1866. Harvard University 1828. Author of a “Visit to Iona,” 1846; “A Midsummer Day Dream;” and “Meta-comet,” canto 1 of an epic poem. He studied at Gottingen and Halle. Ordained deacon at St. John’s Church, Providence, Rhode Island, 12 Oct. 1832; priest 13 Nov. 1833; was a missionary in Maine and Illinois, 1834-5; was rector of churches in different cities, and, while settled at Milwaukee, became in 1861 chaplain 2^d Wisconsin Volunteers. He had at various times travelled over a great part of Europe. He published a pamphlet at Boston under the anagram of “Admonish Crime.”



Ezra Ripley

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 770.

Ripley, Ezra, D.D. (Harvard University 1816), a Unitarian minister, b. Woodstock, Ct., May 1, 1751; d. Concord, Ms., Sept. 21, 1841. Harvard University 1776. He spent some time in teaching; officiated a short time as a chaplain in the army; and Nov. 11, 1778, was ordained pastor of one of the largest congregations of Massachusetts, located in Concord, preaching for the last time, May 1, 1841, his ninetieth birth-day. He published several occas. sermons, and “A History of the Fight at Concord,” 1827.

† Curtana †

Ammi Ruhamah Robbins

Canadian Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 772.

Robbins, Ammi Ruhamah, minister of Norfolk, Ct., from 1761 to his d. Oct. 30, 1813; b. Branford, Sept. 1740. Yale College 1760. Son of Rev. Philemon. Chaplain in the army in Canada in 1776. He published a half-century sermon 1811.

† Curtana †

Claude C. Abbe Robin

French Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 774.

Robin, Claude C. Abbe, a chaplain in Rochambeau’s army in America during the Revolutionary war. Author of “New Travels through North America in 1781,” &c., 1782, Philadelphia; “*Voyages dans l’Interieur de la Louisiane*,” &c., Paris, 3 vols., 1807.

† Curtana †

John Rodgers

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 777.

Rodgers, John, D.D. (University of Edinburgh 1768), Presbyterian divine, b. Boston, Ms., Aug. 5, 1727; d. N.Y. City, May 7, 1811. In 1728 his parents removed to Philadelphia, where he received a classical education. He was impressed with religious truth by the preaching of Whitefield; in Oct. 1747 was licensed to preach, and, after having been a missionary in Virginia and Maryland, was settled in St. George’s, Delaware, Mar. 19, 1749, where he continued his popular and useful labors until July, 1765 he then removed to New York, and was pastor of the Wall street (Presbyterian) Church until the close of his life. Leaving New York in Feb. 1776, he became chaplain of Heath’s brigade in April; then chaplain of the State convention, then of the council of safety, and of the first legislature until Oct. 1777; and till the end of the war he preached at Amenia, New York, Danbury, Connecticut, and Lamington, New Jersey. His Memoirs were written by Dr. Samuel Miller. He published sermons and some fugitive pieces.

† Curtana †

William Rogers

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 780.

Rogers, William, D.D., Baptist clergyman, b. Newport, R.I., 22 July, 1751; d. Philadelphia 31 Mar. 1824. Rhode Island College 1769. Ordained in May, 1771, over the First Church, Philadelphia; chaplain in the Pennsylvania line of the Revolutionary army in 1776-81; professor of *belles-lettres* in Philadelphia College in 1789-92, and in the University of Pennsylvania in 1792-1812; was “stated supply” of the 1st Baptist Church, Philadelphia, in 1803-5, and member of the general assembly in 1816-17; an officer and an active manager of the Gradual-abolition Societies of Pennsylvania and Maryland, of the Prison Society of Philadelphia, &c. He published sermons, addresses, prayers on special occasions, a circular letter on Justification (1785), and one on Christian Missions.

**Ezra Sampson**

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 794.

Sampson, Rev. Ezra, clergyman and author, b. Middleborough, Ms., 12 Feb. 1749; d. New York City, 12 Dec. 1823. Yale College 1773. Settled at Plympton, Ms., 15 Feb. 1775, and officiated as chaplain in the army at Cambridge in the first Revolutionary campaign; dismissed 4 Apr. 1796.

He settled at Hudson 1797, and associated himself in 1801-4 with Rev. Harry Crosswell in the editorship of the *Balance*, one of the first literary journals of the country. Published “Beauties of the Bible,” 1802; “Historical Dictionary,” “The Sham Patriot Unmasked,” 1803; and “The Brief Remarker,” a series of essays collected from the *Hartford Courant*, and published 1820, republished in 1835; also a “Sermon to Soldiers,” 1775. Besides his clerical offices, he has sustained with ability several judicial and scientific appointments; appointed judge of the Columbia County Court in Apr. 1814.

**Michael Schlatter**

Colonial Militia Chaplain
(Royal American Regiment)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 803.

Schlatter, Michael, missionary of the German Reformed Church, b. St. Gall, Switzerland, July 14, 1716 ; d. near Philadelphia Oct. 1790. He became a clergyman, and in 1746-51 labored as pastor of the Reformed churches of Philadelphia and Germantown. He organized the synod of the German Reformed Church in America in Sept. 1747; went to Europe in 1751, and secured the services of 6 other ministers for the American churches; in 1755 he became superintendent of the German charity-schools in Pennsylvania; in

1757 he accompanied an expedition to Nova Scotia against the French as chaplain to the Royal American Regiment. He was imprisoned by the British in 1777 for his patriotism.

† Curtana †

Samuel Seabury

British Army Chaplain

(King's American Regiment)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 809.

Seabury, Samuel, D.D. (Oxford University 1777), first Protestant Episcopal bishop of the United States, b. Groton, Ct., Nov. 30, 1729; d. Feb. 25, 1796. Yale College 1748. Son of a Congregational minister of Groton. In 1751 he went to Scotland to study medicine, but turned his attention to theology, and in 1753 was ordained in London. He returned to America; was settled at New Brunswick, New Jersey; at Jamaica, Long Island, 1756-66; and at Westchester until the commencement of hostilities, when he went to New York; and at one time was chaplain of the king's American regiment, also practising medicine.

Being the supposed author of some Tory pamphlets, he was in 1775 seized by a party of soldiers, carried to New Haven, and imprisoned. As the fact of authorship could not be proved, he was suffered to return to Westchester, where he continued to exert himself in behalf of the same opinions. He made a voyage to England in March, 1784, to obtain consecration as bishop of Connecticut. Meeting with obstacles to his wishes from the English prelates, he was consecrated by three bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, Nov. 14, 1784, and subsequently fulfilled the duties of his pastoral office at New London till his death. He took part in revising the Prayer-Book, and framing the constitution of the church, which was adopted in 1789. He published in 1791 two vols. of sermons, to which a supplement was added in 1798; also two religious tracts.

† Curtana †

Cotton Mather Smith

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 836.

Smith, Cotton Mather, minister of Sharon, Ct., from Aug. 28, 1755, to his d. Nov. 27, 1806; b. Suffield, Ct., 1731. Yale College 1751. Grandson of Rev. Henry of Wethersfield (1539-1648). A zealous patriot, and a chaplain in the Revolutionary army in 1775. He published 3 single sermons, 1770, '71, '93.

† Curtana †

Thomas Smith

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake

(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 847.

Smith, Thomas, first minister of Portland, from Mar. 8, 1727, to 1784, b. Boston, Mar. 10, 1702; d. Portland, May 23, 1795. Harvard University 1720. In 1725 he went to Falmouth, now Portland, as chaplain to the troops there, and preached to the inhabitants; in 1767 he received a colleague, Samuel Deane. He published some sermons. Extracts from his Journals, 1720-88, with Appendix, were published by S. Freeman, 1821; "Journals of Thomas Smith and Samuel Deane," with Notes, &c., by William Willis, were published 1849.

† Curtana †

Robert L. Smythe

Confederate States of America

(1st Georgia Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 363.

Robert L. Smythe was born in Charleston, S.C., of Irish parents, about 1841. He was prepared for College in Sumter District, and becoming a candidate for the ministry under the care of Harmony Presbytery, he went to Oglethorpe University. In 1863 he entered the Seminary at Columbia, but soon after went into the Confederate army. He married Miss Mary Scudder, of Savannah, Ga., and died in Elizabeth City, N.J., leaving her and two small children to mourn his loss.

[Although this biography does not expressly note it, Smythe was commissioned as chaplain of the 1st Georgia Infantry.]

† Curtana †

Elihu Spencer

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1 (January-April 1909): 4-6.

Rev. Elihu Spencer was born in Haddam, Conn., Feb. 12, 1721, and was a graduate of Yale College in 1746. He was ordained in Boston, September 14, 1748. His first work was as a missionary to the Indians. Then, February 7, 1749, he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, preaching part of the time at Shrewsbury. His ministrations there closed 1756. His next charge was in Jamaica, Long Island, where he remained two years.

In 1758 he received an offer from Governor Delancey, of New York, of a chaplaincy to the troops of the Province then detailing for the French War. In May, 1761, he was received by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, and supplied churches at Amboy, Middletown Point and along the seashore to Egg Harbor. He was also sent on important errands to the Southern colonies, and ministered to many churches. In 1766, January 17th, he became a member of New Castle Presbytery in Delaware, and on April 17th, was installed pastor of the churches of St. George and Apoquiminy, now Middletown. As the place did not agree with his own and his family's constitution, and their health was greatly impaired, he requested the Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation. This was done Oct. 19, 1769. He moved to Trenton and commenced his work with the congregations of

the First Presbyterian Church and Maidenhead, Oct. 17, 1769, although he was not received by the Presbytery of New Brunswick until the spring of 1771.

He was never installed pastor, that is, there is no record of it. Dr. Hall says, "There is no record to show when, if at all. Mr. Spencer was installed in Trenton. At his reception in Trenton by the Presbytery in 1771, it was without the mention of any particular place. His patriotic spirit may have forethought that he should be called, if not like his co-presbyter, Witherspoon, to the public councils, yet to a return of his chaplaincy in the army."

In 1775, he and Rev, Alexander Macwhorter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Newark, were appointed by Congress, in accordance with an invitation from the delegates from North Carolina, to take a journey to that colony and preach and converse for some time among those people, as their case was extremely critical. In the Journal of the Continental Congress of Dec. 15, 1775, is this minute: "Resolved, That orders be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of the Rev. Elihu Spencer and the Rev. Mr. Alexander McWhorter [*sic*], who have undertaken to go to North Carolina, for the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars each, being three months' advance, they to be accountable."

The Colonies were divided into three military departments. The middle one comprised New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the lower counties on the Delaware, now the State of Delaware, and Maryland. In October, 1776, it was ordered that a hospital be provided for this department, in New Jersey, which was done, and on October 20, 1777, Mr. Spencer was elected by ballot, chaplain of that hospital. He was so ardent and active in behalf of the patriots that a reward of a hundred dollars was offered for his head by the British government, and during the occupation of Trenton, in 1776, by the British forces, his furniture, books and papers were all destroyed.

He continued pastor of the Presbyterian Church until Dec. 27th, 1784, when he passed to his rest and reward. Mr. Spencer was very active in church work, and served on many important committees. He was also a trustee of Princeton college from 1752 until the day of his death.

† Curtana †

Samuel Spring

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 857.

Spring, Samuel, D.D. (Williams College 1806), clergyman, b. Northbridge, Ms., Feb. 27, 1746; d. Newburyport, Mar. 4, 1819. New Jersey College 1771. Having been licensed to preach, he in 1775 became a chaplain in the army, and accompanied Arnold's expedition to Canada. At the close of 1776 he left the army, and (Aug. 6, 1777) was ordained pastor of a church in Newburyport, where he continued till his death. He was a man of great influence, and weight of character; was active as a leader of the Hopkinsian party, and also in the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; he also aided in founding the Massachusetts Missionary Society in 1799, of which he was president. Besides some controversial works, he published some 25 miscellaneous discourses. By his wife, daughter of Dr. Hopkins of Hadley, he had two sons, ministers in New York and Hartford.

Charles Samuel Stewart

United States Navy Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 869.

Stewart, Charles Samuel, D.D. (University of New York 1863), clergyman, b. Flemington, N.J., 1795; d. Cooperstown, N.Y., 14 Dec. 1870. New Jersey College 1815. Grandson of Col. Charles, and son of Samuel Robert, counsellor-at-law. He studied law at Litchfield; then studied at Princeton Theological Seminary; and was ordained an evangelist and missionary to the Sandwich Islands in 1822. An account of his residence in the Sandwich Islands in 1823-5 was published by him in 1828. Returning home in 1826, he travelled and preached extensively in the Northern States, advocating the cause of missions.

Appointed a chaplain United States Navy in November 1828, the result of his first cruise was his "Visit to the South Seas in 1829-30," 2 vols. 1831. He also published "Brazil and La Plata," 1856; and 2 vols. of "A Tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, in 1832." He held the chaplaincy of the naval station at New York, where he edited the *Naval Magazine*, in 1836-7. His wife, Harriet Bradford (Tiffany) (b. Stamford, Ct., June 24, 1798; m. June 3, 1822), embarked for the Sandwich Islands with her husband and other missionaries, Nov. 19, 1822, d. Sept. 1830. His son Charles S. graduated at West Point (first in class) 1846, and is now a lieutenant colonel in the corps of engineers.

**William R. Stoddard**Confederate States of America Chaplain
(Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi)Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 363-64.

Rev. William R. Stoddard was the son of Mr. Francis Stoddard, a highly respectable citizen of Laurens County, S.C, and a consistent member of the Presbyterian church of New Harmony. He set a godly example to his children, and did all he could to impart to them religious instruction. His son William professed faith in Christ when about fifteen years of age. Soon after he began to think of consecrating himself to the work of the ministry. From the academy of Rev. J.L. Kennedy, he went to Erskine College, where he was a faithful and diligent student for some time, but did not complete his College course. In 1857 he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S.C, and completing the prescribed course of study, he was licensed April, 1860, by the South Carolina Presbytery.

At the commencement of the Confederate war he volunteered as a private soldier in one of the companies of James's Battalion. Besides his duties of soldier, he officiated as minister of the gospel, preaching and holding prayer-meetings in camp whenever opportunity presented. Though not highly gifted as a speaker, such was his faithfulness as a Christian, and so untiring were his efforts, that he soon won the confidence of the whole command.

The officer in command was so impressed with his piety and his zeal for the cause of Christ, that he kindly relieved him from the common duties of the soldier, and made him

chaplain. His character was lovely, because it was Christlike. His very life preached to others, and told upon the hearts of those who knew him, because it was a godly life. Selfish thoughts and feelings were unknown to him. He was ever ready and willing to make sacrifices for the good of others. He was at the close of the war chaplain at Lauderdale Springs in Mississippi, where he was married to Miss Yates, in the spring of 1865. While on a visit to his parents in South Carolina, he was stricken with disease, and died at his father's residence only a few weeks after his marriage. His age was about thirty-five years. He was truly a good man.

† Curtana †

William P. Strickland

United States Army Chaplain
(48th New York Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 878.

Strickland, William P., D.D., clergyman and author, b. Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 17, 1809. Educated at the Ohio University. Entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Ohio, in 1832; was for some years agent and secretary of the American Bible Society. Removing to New York in 1856, he has since been connected with the Methodist Book Concern, and associate editor *Christian Advocate and Journal*.

In 1862 he was chaplain of the 48th New York Regiment at Port Royal, South Carolina. He has published "History of the American Bible Society," 1849; "History of Methodist Missions," 1850; "Genius and Mission of Methodism," 1851; "Christianity Demonstrated," 1852; "Memoir of Rev. James B. Finley," 1853; "A Treatise on Biblical Literature," 1853; "The Light of the Temple," a Masonic work, 1854; "The Astrologer of Chaldea," 1856; "Pioneers of the West," 1856; "Life and Times of Francis Asbury," 1858; "Life of Jacob Gruber," 1859; and "Old Mackinaw," 1860. He has edited the *Literary Casket*, the *Western American Review*, and has contributed to several magazines, and to Appleton's "New Cyclopaedia."

† Curtana †

Nathan Strong

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 779-780.

Strong, Nathan, D.D. (New Jersey College 1801), scholar and theologian, b. Coventry, Ct., 5 Oct. 1748; d. Hartford, Dec. 25, 1816. Yale College 1769; tutor 1772-3. Son of Rev. Nathan. Ordained pastor of the First Church in Hartford, Jan. 5, 1774. In the Revolutionary war he was a patriot, and a chaplain in the army; in talents, learning, and usefulness he held the first rank among his associates in the ministry. He published 2 vols. of sermons, 1798-1800; and "The Doctrine of Eternal Misery Consistent with the Infinite Benevolence of God" a vol. in vindication of the doctrine of future punishment, 1796. He was also editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*; principal founder of the missionary society of Connecticut in 1798. He possessed great shrewdness and wit as well as strong common sense.

John Stuart

Canadian Army Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 881.

Stuart, John, D.D., founder of the English Church in Upper Canada, b. Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1740; d. Kingston, Upper Canada, Aug. 15, 1811. His father Andrew was a rigid Presbyterian. Young Stuart having made a voyage to England, where he was ordained priest, returned to Philadelphia about 1770, and for 7 years officiated as a missionary among the Indians of the Mohawk Valley. For them he made a translation of the New Testament into the Mohawk language.

Refusing allegiance to the revolted Colonies, he fled to Canada in 1781; was soon after chaplain in a provincial regiment; and as a missionary travelled through the upper province, where he labored with energy and success; in 1786 he settled at Kingston, and for some time previous to his death was chaplain to the legislative council. His son Sir James, LL.D., an eminent Canadian jurist, chief justice of Lower Canada, b. Fort Hunter, New York, Mar. 2, 1780, d. Quebec, July 14, 1853. Created a baronet in 1840, called to the bar in 1801, solicitor-general 1805-9, attorney general 1822-32, chief justice of Lower Canada, 1838-53. Andrew, his second son, also a distinguished jurist, and solicitor-general, of Lower Canada, b. Kingston, 1786, d. Quebec, Feb. 21, 1840. Un. Coll. To the Quebec Historical Society's "Trans." he contributed "Notes on the Saguenay Country," a paper on the "Ancient Etruscans," and "Detached Thoughts upon the History of Civilization."

**Edward T. Taylor**

United States Navy Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 894.

Taylor, Edward T. ("Father Taylor"), many years preacher at the Seaman's Bethel, Boston, b. Richmond, Va., 25 Dec. 1794; d. Boston, 5 Apr. 1871. A sailor in his youth, and ordained a Methodist preacher in 1819. His discourses, filled with quaint nautical phrases, made him famous, and attracted many strangers. Chaplain to the U.S. frigate sent to Ireland during the famine there, and delivered public addresses at Cork and Glasgow. A daughter married Honorable Thomas Russell, collector of the port of Boston.

**Fitch Waterman Taylor**

United States Navy Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 894.

Taylor, Fitch Waterman, Episcopal clergyman and author, b. Middle Haddam, Ct., Aug. 4, 1803; d. Brooklyn, N.Y., July 24, 1865. Yale College 1828. He went to New York in 1820 with a mercantile life in view, but studied for the ministry, and obtained a parish in Maryland. From 1841 to his death he was a chaplain in the navy. He published "The Flag-

Ship,” giving an account of his voyage round the world in “The Columbia,” 2 vols. 1840, and “The Broad Pennant, or History of the Naval War with Mexico,” 1848.



Benjamin Trumbull

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 921.

Trumbull, Benjamin, D.D. (Yale College 1796), divine and historian, b. Hebron, Ct., 19 Dec. 1735; d. North Haven, Ct., 2 Feb. 1820. Yale College 1759. Pastor of North Haven from 1760 to his death. He was assisted in his education by Dr. Wheelock, founder of Dartmouth College, who preached the sermon at his ordination. He served in the Revolutionary war both as a chaplain and a volunteer soldier. After the war, he published a pamphlet sustaining the claim of Connecticut to the Susquehanna Purchase, which influenced the decision of Congress in her favor. Author of a History of Connecticut 1630-1764, and to the close of the Indian Wars, 2 vols., 1797 and 1818; “History of the U.S. to 1765,” volume one 1819; “Twelve Discourses,” 1790.



Stephen H. Tyng

United States Army Chaplain
(12th New York Infantry)

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 931.

Tyng, Rev. Stephen H., Junior, son of the preceding, b. Phila. 28 June, 1839. Williams College 1858. Ordained deacon 8 May, 1861, and assistant to his father at St. George’s Church, New York, one year; priest 11 Sept. 1863; rector of the Church of the Mediator, Lexington Avenue, New York City, and subsequently organized the Church of the Holy Trinity, 42^d Street; consecrated in 1865; chaplain New York 12th Regiment in 1864; tried in 1867 by an ecclesiastical tribunal for preaching to a Methodist church in New Jersey.



John Franklin Watson

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(16th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 367-68.

Rev. John Franklin Watson, son of Rev. S.L. and N.H. (Neel) Watson, was born in Steele Creek, Mecklenburg County, N.C, March 21st, 1839. John received his preparatory training at Bethel Academy, and entered the Sophomore Class of Davidson College, N.C, in 1856, and here made a profession of faith. He was graduated in July, 1859, and in the fall of the same year entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S.C. Having completed the course there, he was licensed as a probationer by Bethel Presbytery in 1862.

Having served as a missionary to the soldiers in 1862 for a while, he was ordained October 3^d, 1863, by Bethel Presbytery, at Waxhaw church, and returned as a missionary to the army in Virginia. During the following winter he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, which forced him to return to South Carolina in the spring of 1864. During the fall of that year he returned to the array of Northern Virginia and served as chaplain of the 16th North Carolina Regiment of Infantry, until the close of the war. It was his delight to labor for the spiritual good of the soldiers, in the camp and on the march, ever zealous in the work. It was often difficult to keep him from taking active part in battle. It was hard to make him see that the proper place for a chaplain was at the field hospital. Like every true patriot, he longed to be at the front.

After the close of the war he united school-teaching with preaching until November, 1866, when he went to Arkansas, and engaged in teaching while supplying the Camden church. In the spring of 1867 he returned to South Carolina, and on April 2^d, 1867, he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Alston, of Ebenezer. Removing in 1867 to Princeton, Ark., he had charge of a female school, also preaching at Princeton and Tulip, where he labored till 1870, and after a protracted sickness died, June 8th, 1870. He left no children. He was highly esteemed as a teacher and preacher. Fearless and determined in the performance of duty, desiring to have always “a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men.” On his tombstone are inscribed these words: “A sincere, practical man, An humble Christian, In death triumphant.” (S.L.W.)

A briefer biographical sketch follows:

John Franklin Watson

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(16th North Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Semi-Centennial Catalogue of Davidson College (N.C.) 1837-1887*
(Raleigh: E.M. Uzzell, 1891): 45.

John Franklin Watson, 1839-1870, Eu., Bethel, S.C., '56. Columbia Theol. Sem. 1859-52 (graduated). Served as Chaplain C.S.A. Taught and preached in York county 1865-66; in Arkansas, Camden, Tulip and Princeton 1865-70. Died at Princeton, Ark.



Stephen West

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 971.

West, Stephen, D.D. (Dartmouth 1792), clergyman, b. Tolland, Ct., Nov. 13, 1735; d. Stockbridge, Ms., May 15, 1819. Yale College 1755. In 1756 he taught a school in Hatfield, Massachusetts. He was chaplain at Hoosick Fort in 1757; succeeded Jonathan Edwards in the Indian mission at Stockbridge in 1768; and was pastor of the Congregational church there from June 15, 1759, to 1770. From an Arminian he then became an Hopkinsian. Besides sermons and other pamphlets, he published “An Essay on Moral Agency,” 1772, enlarged edition 1794; “Duty and Obligation of Christians to Marry only in the Lord,” 1779; “An Essay on the Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement,” 1785; “An

Inquiry into the Ground and Import of Infant Baptism,” 1794; “Life of Rev. Samuel Hopkins, D.D.,” 1805; and “Evidences of the Divinity of Christ,” 1816.



Elisha Williams

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 986.

Williams, Elisha, president of Yale College 1726-39, b. Hatfield, Ms., Aug. 26, 1694; d. Wethersfield, July 25, 1755. Harvard University 1711. Son of Rev. William of Hatfield. Ordained minister of Newington, Oct. 22, 1722. He passed from his parish duties at Wethersfield to the presidency of Yale. Obligated by ill-health to resign his rectorship of Yale College, he returned to Wethersfield, and was elected to the legislature, and appointed judge of the Superior Court. He was in 1745 chaplain of the Connecticut regiment sent to Cape Breton; was subsequently appointed to command a regiment in an intended expedition against Canada; went to England in Dec. 1749 to receive the pay due to himself and his regiment, returning in 1752. He published some occasional sermons.



Charlton Henry Wilson

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(7th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 375-76.

Rev. Charlton H. Wilson, the son of Wm. T. and Eunice Wilson, was born in Marion District, S.C, March 6th, 1828, and died in Richmond, Va., June 4th, 1864. As a boy, he was remarkable for his orderly deportment and affectionate disposition. His early education was received in an academy near home, and the last year of his preparation for College was spent in Greensboro, N.C, under Dr. Alexander Wilson. In January, 1848, he entered Oglethorpe University, and was graduated with the first honor in 1850. While there, during one of the many revivals with which that institution of our Church was blessed, he professed faith in Christ and consecrated himself to the work of the ministry.

After teaching one year in Alabama, he entered the Columbia Seminary in 1852, and completed the course in 1855. In the spring of that year he was licensed in Williamsburg church by Harmony Presbytery. On May 9th, he married Miss Julia A. Wilson, of Mt. Zion church, and on June 1st he went to labor as a missionary among the Chickasaw Indians.

His work here was exceedingly difficult, but as successful as it was difficult. He took charge of the large and important school at Wapanucka. Misunderstandings had existed among the teachers; jealousies had sprung up among the poorer classes of the Indians against the richer; and differences were growing between the trustees of the school and the Board of Foreign Missions in New York. But in a short time he corrected all these things by his prudence, sagacity, Christian frankness, and conciliatory manners; so that the school flourished greatly. In the spring of 1859 he was compelled to leave the Indian country on account of the health of his family. That summer he spent in missionary labors, mainly at Conwayboro, S.C.

In 1860 he accepted a call to the churches of Great Pee Dee and Bennettsville. In the spring of 1862 he entered the Confederate army as a chaplain, but remained only a few months, sickness and loss of voice compelling him to return home. In April, 1864, he went again to the army, but in one short month he was stricken down by severe sickness, and on June 4th died at the officers' hospital in Richmond. "A man of decided and eminent piety; of sound and cultivated intellect; of a remarkably clear and discriminating judgment; open, frank, and judicious in all his intercourse with his fellow men; acceptable and impressive as a preacher; and especially conscientious and faithful in the discharge of every duty that devolved upon him as a Christian, a minister, and a citizen."

And, from the same volume:

Charlton Henry Wilson

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(7th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Memorial Volume of the Semi-Centennial of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina* (Columbia: Presbyterian Publishing House, 1884): 174.

Rev. Charlton Henry Wilson was a graduate of the same class with Mr. Silliman. He was a native of Marion County, S.C, and the son of William T. Wilson, Esq., an elder for many years in Hopewell church, in the same County. He received his academic training in the neighborhood of his birth-place, but spent one year under the instruction of Dr. Alexander Wilson, at Greensboro, N.C. He was graduated at Oglethorpe in 1850, and took the first honor. After leaving college, he spent one year teaching in Alabama, and was associated with Rev. James Woodrow, D.D., during that time, between whom there was an intimate friendship until the close of Mr. Wilson's life. He entered the Seminary in 1852, and completed his studies in 1855, and was soon after ordained by Harmony Presbytery.

The same year he was appointed by the Board in New York to take charge of the large school for girls at Wapanucka, in the Chickasaw country. That institution, at that time, was involved in very serious difficulties—such as were threatening its continued existence—and Mr. Wilson was designated to that particular charge, because of his acknowledged executive abilities. He remained there four years, and was entirely successful in not only extricating the school from all the difficulties with which it was surrounded, but placed it on a prosperous and solid foundation. He was greatly beloved, not only by the teachers who were under his care, but by all the Indians in the surrounding country. Few missionaries have ever commanded the confidence of the Indians in a higher degree. On account of the failure of the health of his family, he returned to South Carolina in the spring of 1859.

Soon after, he was installed pastor of the churches of Pee Dee and Bennettsville, South Carolina, and labored there with acceptance and success until he felt called upon, in 1862, to accept the post of chaplain in the army in Virginia, where he continued until his death, which took place a few months afterwards. The Presbyterian Church in South Carolina experienced a heavy loss in the death of this most excellent brother.

[Chaplain Wilson was serving in a Confederate hospital when he died there of pneumonia on 4 June 1864. The school Wilson rescued served the Native American community. He had previously worked with the Choctaw nation. The following notes

come from *Memoirs of Rev. John Leighton Wilson, D.D., by Hampden C. DuBose (Richmond: Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 1895): 255-56.*

One of his favor nephews was the Rev. Charlton H. Wilson, for four years a missionary to the Indians, where “by his prudence, sagacity, frankness, and conciliatory manners, he brought the special work to which he was assigned out of great difficulties.” “Few modern missionaries have been better adapted to the work or have accomplished great results in so short a time.” In 1859, on account of the failure of the health of his family, he returned to South Carolina, and became pastor of two churches in the Pee Dee Valley. The first missionary address to which the writer listened was from his lips. Rev. C.H. Wilson received his appointment as a missionary from his uncle, and was his constant correspondent, so there were strong ties to bind their hearts together. One of the saddest duties of Dr. Wilson’s life was when he was called upon to preach a memorial sermon to the flock mourning for their departed under-shepherd. His discourse, full of tender thoughts, and preached during the last throes of that mighty contest which convulsed the South, was printed on brown Confederate paper, (as this was the only kind printers could obtain,) and is a precious souvenir of the lovely preacher who held the three-fold office of missionary, pastor and chaplain to the army. He delivered his last message to the cavalry of Holcomb’s Legion from the words, “So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”]

† Curtana †

John Wise

Colonial Militia Chaplain

Source: *Dictionary of American Biography* by Francis S. Drake
(Boston: James R. Osgood, 1872): 999.

Wise, John, minister of Ipswich, Ms., from Aug. 12, 1683, till his d. April 8, 1725. Baptised Aug. 15, 1652. Harvard University 1673. Son of Joseph of Roxbury. In 1688, for remonstrating against the grievance of taxes imposed without authority from the Assembly, he was imprisoned by Andros. After the revolution of April 1689 he brought an action against Dudley, chief justice, for denying him the benefit of the habeas-corpus act.

As a chaplain in the unfortunate expedition against Canada in 1690, he was distinguished not only for piety, but for martial skill and an heroic spirit. He was one of the very few ministers who favored the introduction of inoculation for small-pox in 1721. In 1705 he opposed the scheme of establishing associations to be intrusted with spiritual power; and in his “Church Quarrel Espoused,” published in 1710, a book abounding in wit and satire, contended that each church contained in itself all ecclesiastical authority. He was zealous and ardent in his attachment to civil and religious liberty, and was a deputy to the Assembly in Andros’s administration. He published beside the above, about 1717, “A Vindication of the Government of the New England Churches,” reprinted in 1772.

† Curtana †

Thomas Dwight Witherspoon

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(2nd and 48th Mississippi Infantry and 10th Arkansas Infantry)
Source: *The Confederate Veteran*, Volume 7 (1899): 178.

Rev. T.D. Witherspoon, D.D. Chaplain General J. William Jones writes of the private soldier and chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia:

The death of this gallant soldier, devoted chaplain, useful minister of the gospel, and noble Christian gentleman, which occurred at his home, in Louisville, Kentucky, on Thursday night, November 3, 1898, carried widespread grief to old comrades and friends, and deserves a place on the record of our lamented dead. Born at Greensboro, Alabama, January 17, 1836, educated at the famous academy of Professor Henry Tutwiler, in Green County, Alabama, the University of Alabama, and the University of Mississippi, where he was graduated in 1856, he had decided to enter the gospel ministry, and took his theological course at the Presbyterian Seminary in Columbia, South Carolina, of which Dr. Thornwell was the able and distinguished President.

He was ordained May 23, 1860, and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Miss., where he was exerting a very fine influence on the students of the university located there, and might well have considered it his duty to remain with his Church.

But when the great “war between the States” was inaugurated by the determination of the Federal Government to violate the constitution and force into measures sovereign States who had simply exercised their God-given constitutional right of governing themselves, the young preacher promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the Lamar Rifles, and was one of those heroes of the rank and file of the Confederate army who “wrote their names among the immortals.”

He afterwards became chaplain of the Second Mississippi Infantry, and then of the Forty-Second Mississippi Infantry, Davis’ Brigade, Heth’s Division, A.P. Hill’s Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. It was at this time I came to know him intimately, and I do not hesitate to say that he was one of the most devoted, untiring, self-sacrificing, and efficient chaplains that we had in the army.

An able and attractive preacher of the soul-saving truths of the gospel, and an untiring worker in the camp, on the march, on the battlefield, and in the hospital, he was ever found at the post of duty, even when that was the outpost of the army or the advance line of battle.

He bore no insignificant part in the labors of those great revivals which reached well-nigh every brigade, made nearly every camp vocal with God’s praises, and went graciously on until over fifteen thousand of Lee’s veterans had professed faith in Christ and enlisted under the banner of the great “Captain of our salvation.”

After the war Dr. Witherspoon was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, at Memphis, chaplain of the University of Virginia, pastor of the Tabb Street Presbyterian Church, Petersburg, Virginia, and of the First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, and lastly professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in the new Presbyterian Seminary, at Louisville. In all of these positions he fulfilled the prophecy of his earlier years, won the confidence of his brethren, and wide popularity especially among the young men, exerted a large influence, and was greatly useful. He had promised to make one of the addresses at our chaplain’s reunion in Atlanta last year, but wrote me a short time before the meeting that he feared he would be unable to do so because of ill health.

Alas! I never saw him again. We missed his genial presence and graceful, effective speech at our reunion, and but three months later we learned that he had closed his labors on earth and gone to receive his reward and wear his “crown of rejoicing.” Old comrade, colaborer, brother beloved, farewell! We shall sadly miss thee at our gatherings, but we shall “meet beyond the river,” and meantime we sing with glad acclaim:

Servant of God, well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the vic'try won,
 Enter thy Master's joy!

† Curtana †

William Worth

United States Army Chaplain
 (Continental Army)

Source: *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* 6.1
 (January-April 1909): 9.

Rev. William Worth received his academic education in the Hopewell Baptist school, founded in 1756 by Rev. Isaac Eaton, A.M. Mr. Worth was there between 1756 and 1767, when it closed. He was ordained pastor of the Pittsgrove Baptist church, in Salem county, May 16, 1771, and continued to serve as pastor until the day of his death. He was appointed chaplain of the Second Battalion of the troops in Salem county.



Curious Citations



On the “Political” Role of the Chaplain

The following comes from a volume reviewed in the first issue of Curtana. The author is a professor who is a retired United States diplomat and naval officer. He began his military career as a chaplain assistant.

American chaplains have not traditionally seen themselves involved in the process of political socialization. Indeed, many would argue that was not their “job.” Furthermore, from a bureaucratic standpoint, they have often shied away from such a task for the simple reason that many believed that it would give ammunition to those who wanted to do away with chaplains because they supposedly violated the Establishment Clause of the First Amendment. In spite of that hesitation, however, chaplains have played an important role in this area. At pivotal points in American history they were in charge of patriotic education of the troops. And for anyone to suggest that chaplains have not made a close connection between the American system and religion during periods of combat, the argument would seem far-fetched at best. How else would a chaplain answer the question “Why are we fighting, Padre?” Most probably, by stating that “We are fighting for freedom, democracy, our families, and the right to worship God as we see fit. If we fail, the Germans or the Russians or whoever will be running our country and all of our freedoms—including our right to practice our religion—will be taken away.”

Dale R. Herspring

Soldiers, Commissars, and Chaplains: Civil-Military Relations since Cromwell
(Lanham, Maryland: Rowman & Littlefield, 2001): 226.



Penance of a Chaplain Turned Pacifist

George Zabelka served as a Roman Catholic chaplain in World War Two. Prior to his death in 1992 he became a strident pacifist.

In August of 1945, I, as a Christian and as a priest, served not as an agent of reconciliation but as an instrument of retaliation, revenge and homicide. My explicit and tacit approval of what was being done on Tinian Island that summer was clearly visible for anyone to see. Beyond this, I was the last possible official spokesman for the Church before the fire of hell was let loose on Hiroshima on the Feast of the Transfiguration 1945—and I said nothing. I was the officially designated Catholic priest who by silence did his priestly patriotic duty and chose nationalism over Catholicism, Caesar over Christ, as the “Bockscar,” manned by Christians in my care, took off to evaporate the oldest and largest Christian community in Japan—Nagasaki.

George B. Zabelka
“Fr. George Zabelka: A Military Chaplain Repents”
Center for Christian Nonviolence (Wilmington, Delaware)



Only Unarmed Clergy are Protected

In the Peace of God, the Church’s peacemaking efforts were directed toward protecting certain classes at all times, in the later Truce of God, toward protecting all classes at certain times. Both movements sought only to limit and contain the knights’ violent proclivities.

The Peace of God was first pronounced in 989 at a council of bishops at the abbey of Charroux, in Aquitaine. Spiritual sanctions were threatened against anyone who plundered or violated a church, struck an unarmed member of the clergy, or robbed ‘a peasant or other poor man.’ The prohibition was later extended to attacking other unarmed laymen—specifically merchants—and to destroying mills or vineyards and attacking a man on his way to or from church.

Frances Gies
The Knight in History
(London: Robert Hale, 1984): 33.



Ministry to Local Civilians

There were many tricks played on the officers, just for the fun of the thing, during the war, especially if the troops remained long at any one camping-place. In one of the many camps of the Union soldiers, an odd trick was played off on the surgeon and chaplain of a regiment noted for its merry-making.

The troops were camped by a small stream, over which was a narrow, rickety bridge. Just across from the camp was a log cabin, in which lived an old woman alone. The woman paid no attention to the soldiers, but went about her daily duties as though unconscious of their presence. One day some of the boys passed the cabin, and hurrying over the rickety bridge, came running into the camp with the message, “The old woman in the cabin is dying!”

The chaplain and surgeon were notified. “Chaplain, hurry over quick! The old woman is dying!” The chaplain hurried over the rickety bridge as rapidly as possible; the surgeon soon followed. As the chaplain came round to the open door he saw at a glance that it was a trick, and he passed on around the house, so as to allow the surgeon to come on and bear a full share of the joke.

The woman was dyeing. *She was over a kettle of butternut juice dyeing a lot of yarn.* When the two came back over the bridge the whole camp was in a roar of laughter over the joke. But what could be done? The men had reported a truth—the woman *was* dyeing; so there was no redress.

Annie Wittenmyer
Under the Gun: A Woman's Reminiscences of the Civil War
 (Boston: E.B. Stillings, 1895): 41-42.

† Curtana †

Deities Believed to Oversee Human Fate (from Various Pantheons)

Provided in the interests of expanding the chaplaincy's understanding of interfaith deities.

Ananke: Goddess of destiny. Greek. Considered to be a universal presence. Depicted holding a spindle. (page 16)

Atropos: Goddess of fate. Pre-Homeric Greek. According to Hesiod, one of the daughters of Zeus and Themis. One of an ancient trio of Moirai with Lachesis and Klotho. She is responsible for the final part of a mortal life, the unturning inevitability of death, and she is depicted holding a pair of scales. The name of the plant *Atropa belladonna* (deadly nightshade) derives from her. (32)

Gul-Ses: Collective name for goddesses of fate. Hittite. They dispense good or evil, life or death. Also Hutena (Hurrian). (91)

Karta: Goddess of destiny. Pre-Christian Latvian. Known only from folk traditions. (131)

Klotho: Goddess of spinning. Pre-Homeric Greek. According to Hesiod, one of the daughters of Zeus and Themis. An ancient deity linked with Lachesis and Atropos as one of a trio of *Moirai* or Fates. She is depicted with a spindle. (135)

Lachesis: Goddess of lot casting. Pre-Homeric Greek. According to Hesiod one of the daughters of Zeus and Themis. One of an ancient trio of *Moirai* with Klotho and Atropos, she sustains the thread of life and is depicted carrying a scroll. (142)

Laima: Goddess of fate. Pre-Christian Latvian. Particularly concerned with guarding women at childbirth, and with the newborn. Regarded as a household goddess of prosperity and good fortune. (142)

Legba: God of fate. Fon (Benin, West Africa). The youngest son of the supreme god Lisa and his consort, the moon goddess Mawu. He is also regarded as a messenger god, moving between Lisa and mankind on earth. (144)

Manawat: Goddess of destiny. Western Semitic (Nabataean). Mentioned in a large number of inscriptions. (156)

Nortia: Goddess of fate. Etruscan. She enjoyed an important sanctuary at Volsini, where her presence was symbolized by a large nail. In a New Year rite, the nail was hammered into a block of wood, probably derived from an old fertility ritual symbolizing the impregnation of life into the new year. She has been identified with the Greek goddess Tyche. (188)

Orunmila: God of destiny. Yoruba (Nigeria, West Africa). He accompanied the creator God Olodumare at the creation of the world and when the destinies of mankind were decided. He is consulted in an oracular capacity at Ifa and makes decisions on such matters as choice of sacrificial animals. He is also a god of healing and in many households enjoys personal shrines that include palm nuts, fragments of ivory and sea shells. (195)

Parcae: Goddesses of fate. Greco-Roman. Originally a pair of birth goddesses, Decima and Nona, later joined by a goddess of death, Morta. (201)

Say: Minor god of destiny. Egyptian. Depicted wholly in human form. Say is mentioned in the *Ani* papyrus as being present at the ritual of the weighing of the heart, in company with funerary goddesses including Meskhenet, Sepset and Renenutet. In Greco-Roman times he was syncretized with the snake god Agathos Daimon. (231)

Zurvan: God of temporal time and fate. Persian (Iran). Once the focus of a cult of Zervanism in which he appeared as the father of Ahura Mazda, the god of light, and Ahriman, god of darkness, in Zoroastrianism. He is perceived as a god of destiny and the controller of all roads that mankind may take, leading ultimately to the otherworld. He was adopted into the Manichaean religion. Also Zervan. (297)

Michael Jordan
Encyclopedia of Gods
(New York: Facts on File, 1993): passim.

† Curtana †

The Beginning of a Very Curious Tale

In October, 1780, the Bishop of Cartagena de Indias initiated proceedings against one Juan Rodriguez Mejia for attempted suicide. Rodriguez was chaplain on the royal xebec the *Santo Cristo*, a coast-guard vessel which plied the waters off the Spanish Main. Aware of the priestly status of Rodriguez, the Bishop, with a logic that from a theological perspective was irrefutable, also charged him with an attempt on the life of a holy man—himself.

At the inquiry, which began on 19 October, Don Juan Maria Villavicencio, captain of the *Santo Cristo*, stepped forward and declared Rodriguez was a Jew. Since Judaizing by a Christian clearly was a “matter of faith,” the Bishop informed the Holy Office. The Inquisition arrested the chaplain on the night of 13 October.

The Holy Office immediately undertook to question witnesses and to examine the accused. It quickly discovered that Rodriguez apparently was a baptized and confirmed Christian, of pure Old Christian stock and, indeed, of noble blood. Both parents of the suspected Jew possessed the proper pedigree—white, Spanish, Old Christian, and aristocratic.

Manuel Prutschi
“The Strange and Wonderful Case of Juan Rodriguez Mejia”
Revista de Historia de América 88 (July-December 1979): 11.

A Chaplain Tours the United States to Solidify Alliance

A French Army Chaplain who was called to the colors as a soldier for clerical duty at the outbreak of the war but who asked to be sent to the front as a Chaplain because, as he says, “I wanted to get into the real war and give some personal help to my compatriots,” has just finished a six months’ tour of the United States and is preparing to rejoin his division “somewhere in France” next month. . . .

“I am still in war service,” explained the Abbé, who speaks English without a trace of foreign accent. “I am here on orders from the War Department of my nation to tell the Americans something of what the Frenchmen are doing in this war and what they intend to do until the struggle is settled so that the nations of the world may live in peace. . . .

“Here is the spirit of France in a nutshell, as expressed to me in the trenches by a peasant of France fighting for his country. ‘We must fight to the end,’ he said, ‘for I do not want my young sons to go through the things that have been forced on us. Peace now would mean another war with Germany in a few years, and that is too horrible to think of. We must fight it out to the end.’”

“French Chaplain Finds America Awake”
New York Times 6 January 1918

† Curtana †

An Example of Collegiality among the Regimental Officers

We were now in immediate vicinity of the army of the Shenandoah, and the Quartermaster and the Chaplain went on in advance to select a suitable place for the camp. After riding two or three miles, and examining several vacant fields, the Quartermaster found one exactly adapted to his wants, on the side of a gently sloping hill, bordered along the ridge by a thick wood, and having a stream of running water at its base. The regiment was supposed to be coming steadily on, and, meanwhile, the Quartermaster began to lay out the camp. But after waiting a long time, as the regiment did not appear, the Quartermaster concluded to go on foot and look it up, leaving his horse with the Chaplain, who was to await his return.

So off he went, and found the regiment just going into camp in a field some mile and a half back, having been headed off and directed thither by an orderly from General Banks. This field was adjacent to that occupied by the thirteenth Massachusetts regiment, whose officers politely invited ours to dinner so soon as our tents were pitched.

This dinner appears to have been an elegant affair, embracing many dishes not usually seen in camp, and doubly welcome to our officers after their three days march and two nights in the open air. The Quartermaster enjoyed it with especial zest, as his ride and walk had given him an excellent appetite, and for several days he had eaten nothing but hard bread and Bologna sausage.

At last one of the Massachusetts officers came over from our camp saying that he had been hunting everywhere for the Chaplain, but could not find him.

“The Chaplain!” exclaimed the Quartermaster, checking himself as he was about putting to his mouth a delicious morsel of fried chicken; “sure enough! He’s off here in the woods a mile or so holding my horse.” This was followed by a general laugh; and, as the dinner progressed, all manner of jokes were cracked at the Chaplain’s expense.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Chaplain waited. First he got up on the fence and waited to see the head of the regiment appear over the hill. Then he got down and led the horses into the woods. Then he unsaddled his own horse, spread the blanket on the ground and, with the saddle for a pillow, took a nap. When he awoke, he was very hungry; the sun was in a strange part of the sky; but still no signs of the regiment. So he rummaged in the valise on the Quartermaster’s saddle after something to eat, and found a little end of a Bologna sausage. This he cut in two, and ate half, saving half for the Quartermaster. Then he climbed up on the fence and watched a long while. Then he went to work and made a wigwam in the woods, and cut sticks for a bed. Then, to save himself from starving, he ate the rest of the Bologna.

At last there was a rustling in the branches and the Quartermaster appeared walking leisurely along and picking his teeth, as a man does after a good dinner. “Hullo, Chaplain.”

“Well, I think it’s about time. Where is the regiment?”

“Gone into camp back here a mile and a half.”

“Why didn’t you send me word?”

“Couldn’t. Had too much to do.”

“Well, Quartermaster, I’m sorry—but—the fact is—to keep myself from starving—I ate—that little piece of sausage.”

“Oh, pshaw! That’s nothing. I’ve been to dinner. . . . The Massachusetts fellows invited us over and gave us a capital treat. They were inquiring after you.”

“I wish I’d been along. What did you have?”

“Lager beer.” Here the two gentlemen mounted their horses.

“Bean soup.” The Chaplain touched his horse into a trot.

“’nd fried chicken.” The trot became a canter.

“’nd fricandeau de bœuf.” The canter lengthened into a gallop.

“’nd pickled oysters and all sorts of vegetables.” The Chaplain spurred his horse into a run.

“’nd plum duff ’nd Charlotte Russe, ’nd—Sa-a-ay, Chaplain!”

But the Chaplain did not wait to hear more, nor did he slacken speed until he reached the dinner table, where he beheld the remnants of the Quartermaster’s sumptuous repast.

There was no more soup. The fricandeau de bœuf had given place to fried beef, tough and cold; the vegetables to cold potatoes and hard bread, which, with a cup of tea to wash them down, were all that the Chaplain got after his hard ride.

“How did you enjoy your dinner?” asked the Quartermaster of the Chaplain, as he met the latter going back to camp. A mild look of reproach was the Chaplain’s only reply; but I suspect that in his heart he was at that moment guilty of murder.

Edward A. Walker

Our First Year of Army Life: An Anniversary Address Connecticut Heavy Artillery
(New Haven: Thomas H. Pease, 1862): 45-47.



Not Quite a Ringing Endorsement

The [Royal Army] Chaplains’ Department was an inevitable casualty of massive post-war retrenchment. In the thirty years after Waterloo, the title of Chaplain-General was suppressed, its cadre of commissioned chaplains dwindled to the point of extinction and a heavy emphasis came to be placed on the services of non-commissioned garrison chaplains and officiating clergymen. . . .

However, in its reduced state the Department found a saviour of sorts in 1844 in the person of the clergyman and former soldier, George Gleig. A shameless self-publicist and endowed with all the ambition of a determined outsider, the Chaplains’ Department was definitely not Gleig’s first choice as a vehicle for advancement in the Church. Nevertheless, exploiting his fame and talents as a writer, his native mendacity and his own taste for conservative reform, as Principal Chaplain and later as Chaplain-General Gleig was able to ride and direct the reformist tide which was then flowing in the army. . . .

Much to Gleig’s chagrin, Anglican chaplaincy in the Crimea in the winter of 1854-5 was effectively rescued by a civilian body in the form of the S.P.G. [Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts] and the Crimean War was largely over before the Department’s early reliance on the society abated. Nevertheless, and as we shall now see, the moral and political capital accrued by the deaths of a dozen Crimean chaplains would stand the Chaplains’ Department (and the Chaplain-General) in good stead with the coming of peace in 1856.

Although the last Secretary at War, Sir Sidney Herbert, was a notable casualty of the Crimean debacle, Gleig was fortunate that another old ally, namely Lord Panmure, was appointed Secretary of State for War in 1855. Undoubtedly, Gleig’s handling of the war had left much to be desired and, on the strength of the ill preparedness of the Chaplains’ Department, there would have been good grounds for dismissing him. However, even if Gleig had not been one of Panmure’s protégés, he at least had an established reputation as an army reformer. Furthermore, given the limited pool of commissioned chaplains available to fill the post of Chaplain-General, there was probably no alternative to Gleig.

Michael Francis Snape

The Royal Army Chaplains’ Department, 1796-1953: Clergy Under Fire
(Ipswich: Boydell Press, 2008): 98-100.

Patton's Recollection of the Famous "Weather Prayer"

In order to make our date with the Air Force for the Third Army break-through to the Rhine, which was initially set at December 19, we had to get to the Siegfried Line prior to that date, so from then on the operations on the front of the XII Corps became a horse-race against time. . . . The weather was so bad that I directed all Army chaplains to pray for dry weather. I also published a prayer with a Christmas greeting on the back and sent it to all members of the Command. The prayer was for dry weather for battle.

George S. Patton
War as I Knew It
 (Boston: Mariner Books, 1995): 14.



The Rest of the "Weather Prayer" Story

Paul D. Harkins served as Patton's Deputy Chief of Staff during World War II. He retired with four stars of his own after serving as the first commander of the Military Assistance Command, Vietnam from 1962 to 1964. His annotations to Patton's biography flesh out some of the briefly noted events such as that mentioned above.

On or about the fourteenth of December, 1944, General Patton called Chaplain O'Neill, Third Army Chaplain, and myself into his office in Third Headquarters at Nancy. The conversation went something like this:

General Patton: "Chaplain, I want you to publish a prayer for good weather. I'm tired of these soldiers having to fight mud and floods as well as Germans. See if we can't get God to work on our side."

Chaplain O'Neill: "Sir, it's going to take a pretty thick rug for that kind of praying."

General Patton: "I don't care if it takes a flying carpet. I want the praying done."

Chaplain O'Neill: "Yes, sir. May I say, General, that it usually isn't a customary thing among men of my profession to pray for clear weather to kill fellow men."

General Patton: "Chaplain, are you trying to teach me theology or are you the Chaplain of the Third Army? I want a prayer."

Chaplain O'Neill: "Yes, sir."

Outside, the Chaplain said, "Whew, that's a tough one! What do you think he wants?" It was perfectly clear to me. The General wanted a prayer—he wanted one right now—and he wanted it published to the Command.

The Army Engineer was called in, and we finally decided that our field topographical company could print the prayer on a small-sized card, making enough copies for distribution to the army. It being near Christmas, we also asked General Patton to include a Christmas greeting to the troops on the same card with the prayer. The General agreed, wrote a short greeting, and the card was made up, published, and distributed to the troops on the twenty-second of December. . . .

Whether it was the help of Divine guidance asked for in prayer or just the normal course of human events, we never knew; at any rate, on the twenty-third, the day after the prayer was issued, the weather cleared and remained perfect for about six days. Enough to allow the Allies to break the backbone of the Von Rundstedt offensive and turn a temporary setback into a crushing defeat for the enemy.

We had moved our advanced Headquarters to Luxembourg at this time to be closer to the battle area. The bulk of the Army Staff, including the Chaplain, was still in Nancy. General Patton again called me to his office. He wore a smile from ear to ear. He said, “God damn! Look at the weather. That O’Neill sure did some potent praying. Get him up here. I want to pin a medal on him.”

The Chaplain came up the next day. The weather was still clear when we walked into General Patton’s office. The General rose, came from behind his desk with hand outstretched and said, “Chaplain, you’re the most popular man in this Headquarters. You sure stand in good with the Lord and the soldiers.” The General then pinned a Bronze Star Medal on Chaplain O’Neill. Everyone offered congratulations and thanks and we got back to the business of killing Germans—with clear weather for battle.

George S. Patton
War as I Knew It
 (Boston: Mariner Books, 1995): 184-86.

† Curtana †

Dial a Denomination (or Religion)

In the far distant future, a young recruit aboard a starship from earth reports to the crowded office of the vessel’s chaplain. Bill, who is destined to inadvertently become a “galactic hero,” provides the chaplain with a welcome distraction from one of his other duties as the ship’s laundry officer.

“...But I see you are troubled. May I ask if you are of the faith?”

“Which faith is that?”

“That’s what I’m asking *you!*” the chaplain snapped. “How can I help you if I do not know what your religion is?”

“Fundamentalist Zoroastrian.”

The chaplain took a plastic-covered sheet from a drawer and ran his finger down it. “Z . . . Z . . . Zen . . . Zodomite . . . Zoroastrian, Reformed Fundamentalist, is that the one?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, should be no trouble with this, my son . . . 21-52-05 . . .” He quickly dialed the number on a control plate set into the desk; then, with a grand gesture and an evangelistic gleam in his eye, he swept all the laundry papers to the floor. Hidden machinery hummed briefly, a portion of the desk top dropped away and reappeared a

moment later bearing a black plastic box decorated with golden bulls, rampant. “Be with you in a second,” the chaplain said, opening the box.

First he unrolled a length of white cloth sewn with more golden bulls, and draped this around his neck. He placed a thick, leather-bound book next to the box, then on the closed lid set two metal bulls with hollowed-out backs. Into one of them he poured distilled water from a plastic flask and into the other sweet oil, which he ignited. Bill watched these familiar arrangements with growing happiness.

“It’s very lucky,” Bill said, “that you are a Zoroastrian. It makes it easier to talk to you.”

“No luck involved, my son, just intelligent planning.” The chaplain dropped some powdered Haoma into the flame, and Bill’s nose twitched as the drugged incense filled the room. “By the grace of Ahura Mazda I am an anointed priest of Zoroaster. By Allah’s will a faithful muezzin of Islam, through Yahweh’s intercession a circumcised rabbi, and so forth... But now, you must tell me your problem . . .”

Harry Harrison
Bill, the Galactic Hero
(New York: Avon, 1975): 36.

† Curtana †

A Battle of Competing Prayers

One of the captured at Cape Hatteras, a Lieutenant-Colonel, was a Baptist minister by profession. A chaplain who accompanied the fleet was also a Baptist clergyman. When they met the fact became mutually known.

“Ah!” said the Yankee chaplain, “how I have prayed day and night for the success of this expedition! When the clouds threatened us once or twice with some of those terrible tempests that do so much damage on this coast I prayed with a fervor such as I never felt before.”

“And I,” said the prisoner, “prayed with all my soul that the storm might come up and spread over the entire coast with such fury that it might sweep the fleet out and drive you howling upon the shore.”

“But my dear friend,” said the Yankee parson, with a knowing smile, “God didn’t answer your prayer, did he?”

The prisoner turned away with a crest-fallen look, and said no more.

Harper’s Magazine 25 (1862): 714.

† Curtana †

Serving as an “Honorary Chaplain” Involves Risks of Its Own

Born in Dublin, in 1830, into a family with Scottish origins (through his mother’s family—the Taylors—he claimed to be related to the twelfth American President, Zachary Taylor), John Duncan Craig . . . spent the early years of his ministry as a prison chaplain

in Ireland, and his experiences “gave him an inclination for clerical work under less congenial conditions than those prevailing in peaceful country districts.”

...

His obituary in *The Church of Ireland Gazette* notes that: “He volunteered to go as honorary chaplain with the Prussian Army. In this capacity he witnessed many of the terrible conflicts of the war, and his ministrations to the wounded and dying were carried out with a fidelity to duty which often led him into the most dangerous spots. In one engagement he was shot through the lung, an injury which impaired his health during the remainder of his life.”

Dónall Ó Luanaigh

“The Rev. J. Duncan Craig: An Irish Chaplain in the Franco-Prussian War”
Dublin Historical Record (1997): 76.

† Curtana †

Civil Religion’s Precarious Synthesis of Faith & Nationalism

What did these military chaplains have to do with National Socialism? One way to address this question with regard to Protestants is to examine the influence of the pro-Nazi “German Christian” movement within the chaplaincy. The German Christians (*Deutsche Christen*), as adherents were called, sought an active synthesis of Christianity and Nazism. Throughout the Third Reich the six hundred thousand, mostly Protestant, lay people and clergy in the movement agitated for a “people’s church” based on blood and race. They urged expulsion of so-called non-Aryans from Christian pulpits and congregations and launched an offensive against the Jewish roots of Christianity. They sought to eradicate the Old Testament, transform Jesus into an Aryan warrior, and purge church music of Hebraisms.

Most German Christians, like their rivals in the Confessing Church (*Bekennende Kirche*), remained within the official Protestant church. The majority of Germany’s forty-two million Protestants considered themselves neutral, allied with neither camp.

Memoirs and histories of German military chaplains generally depict them as untainted by Nazi influence and above internal church conflicts. Eberhard Müller, in an essay on Franz Dohrmann, the Protestant military bishop during World War II, dismisses the German Christians in the chaplaincy as an “insignificant minority” that “struggled without success for influence.” But the archival record reveals a different story.

Far from irrelevant, the German Christians infiltrated the chaplaincy in significant ways. Many won appointments as chaplains, and the movement propagated its pro-Nazi Christianity through religious literature distributed to the troops. Moreover, just as significant as the movement’s direct influence were the ways in which all Wehrmacht chaplains echoed and propagated German Christian views. In seeking a workable compromise between Christianity and Nazism, even those chaplains indifferent or antagonistic to the German Christians promoted the movement’s claim that Germany’s religious traditions reinforced National Socialism.

Here the issue is one of confluence rather than influence. Viewed in this way, evidence of German Christian influence in the chaplaincy is less a cause than a symptom of the widespread conviction that Christianity and Judaism were naturally opposed, and that Christianity and National Socialism could and would be reconciled.

Doris L. Bergen

“Germany is Our Mission—Christ is Our Strength! The Wehrmacht Chaplaincy and the German Christian Movement”

Church History 66 (1997): 521-22.



Petition for the “Restoration” of a Wiccan Chaplain

We, the Undersigned, endorse the following petition:

Save Our Wiccan Chaplain

Target: US Congress

The Sacred Well Congregation is currently pending as an endorsing body for military chaplains. We need only to be able to present a viable candidate for appointment without waiver.

On July 6, 2006, we received a formal request from US Army Chaplain (CPT) Donald M. Larsen stating that he wished to be considered as our candidate for the AFCB [Armed Forces Chaplains Board] certification process and immediately thereafter to change his endorser [from the Chaplaincy of Full Gospel Churches] to the Sacred Well Congregation.

Before this request was made, CH Larsen was a dedicated and distinguished battalion chaplain serving in Iraq. This request led to unethical, unprofessional and discriminatory conduct on the part of at least two US Army senior officers, resulting in the immediate withdrawal of endorsement of CH Larsen.

There is a clear and present need for a chaplain of the Wiccan faith in the US Armed Services. The Sacred Well Congregation has met every requirement put before us in our quest to become an endorsing body for military chaplains and CH Larsen followed procedure in his attempt to change his endorsing body to the Sacred Well Congregation. This latest roadblock is the result of unethical behavior on the part of biased parties.

This petition is in support of the Sacred Well Congregation’s attempt to become an endorsing body for US military chaplains and CH Larsen’s ability to serve in that capacity.

This petition appears online and, as of the publication of the Winter 2010 issue of Curtana, is still accepting signatures. The following statistics are reported for the petition: Current Signature—2,786, Goal—10,000, Deadline—8-13-2007.



Even Good Intentions are Often Misunderstood

“In our camp,” writes a brave volunteer while our Army of the West was before Corinth [Mississippi, which was captured by the Union in May 1862], “are two Indians, comical

geniuses both of them, but not very well versed in the white man's language. Our worthy chaplain became interested in them, and in one of his prayers asked a blessing for the poor untaught Indians among us. After service they were observed to be in a towering passion, and when they met the chaplain they broke out upon him for calling them bad names.

“Why, no,’ said he; ‘what have I said?’

“You tell the Lord poor Indian great rascal.’

“The good man explained as well as he could: but they were not satisfied; they didn't want to be called names.”

Harper's Magazine 25 (1862): 570.

† Curtana †

Convictions of a Confederate Chaplain

“I trembled at the thought of entering the ministry without being called of God” (Edward P. Wilson).

John Lafferty

Sketches of the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South
(Richmond: Christian Advocate, 1880): 33.

† Curtana †

Despite the War and the Uniform, Some Things Remain the Same

Italian Priest in Robes Accompany Each Battle Charge
Diary of Chaplain Don Gilardi Gives Pathetic Incident Vividly
by Henry Wood (United Press Staff Correspondent)

Rome, Feb. 1. (by mail)—Italian priests who have gone to the front as army chaplains have imposed on themselves a duty that makes their calling one of the most dangerous in the present great war.

The Italian chaplains insist on participating in every charge so they may be present to administer absolution to those killed in the advance. The moment the order is given to charge, the priests, unarmed and encumbered by their clerical robes, leap from the trenches with the men.

As they dash forward they administer absolution to those about them, and stop only when the men begin to fall and it is necessary to bend over the dying and take their final confessions. In the diary of Don Gilardi, chaplain of one of the most famous Italian bersagliere regiments, which has just been sent home from the front, is given the following description of this new duty of Italian priests:

It is the enemy who is talking. From the very moment of daybreak their artillery has thundered, vomiting forth steel flames against the rocky crest of Mount M—. Suddenly the order is given for the support.

I leap from the trenches with my soldiers, whom absolutely no obstacle can hold back. At short intervals I stop and give absolution to those of my poor men who have fallen fatally wounded.

The others see me as they dash past. They turn merely long enough to make the sign of the cross, and then away they go under the hail of fire.

When we are half way to the enemy's trenches I see fall, mortally wounded, one of my dearest bersagliere, a native of the Trentino, I run to him and he tells me he wants me to confess him and immediately commences his sins, asking God to forgive him.

Then, taken suddenly with a tender homesickness he repeated the name of his mother and of his native city. "Oh, how beautiful, father, is my native Trente," he cries as he presses my hand.

Then he takes the crucifix and presses it against the gaping wound in his breast. Just then passes the flag of the —th Infantry. The native of Trente, who already has the mists before his eyes, asks me what it is.

"It's the flag of Italy," an ambulance bearer tells him. The dying bersagliere carries his hand slowly to his forehead, and salutes the flag of his country.

Then, collecting all of his forces for a final effort, he half rises and cries out, "Soldiers, liberate my beloved Trente." These were his last words. A little later he died, murmuring a prayer.

And then I had to hurry away to others like him, but even in the moment he died there could be heard above the roar of the cannon the shrieks of our trumpets which told of victory, and I think he heard them before he breathed his last.

Ludington Daily News 11 February 1916

† Curtana †

The Healing Balm of Literature & News

Editor's Drawer:

A chaplain in the army of the Union writes to us from beyond the Mississippi River and says: "In a return to civilization the first outlay of 'green-back' is for 'Harper;' and the first leaves cut are those that open the Drawer."

And another chaplain writing to his friends in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers, asks for *Harper's Magazine*, for the Drawer is full of medicine that does them a heap of good.

Harper's Magazine 25 (1862): 424.

An Auspicious Beginning for a Chaplain's Preaching

October 23, Monday

Mrs. Cutler and I set out for Cambridge, where I am to supply Mr. Balch as Chaplain to Colonel Doolittle's Regiment; Mrs. Cutler to visit her friends at Dedham and Dorchester. Did not get to Mystic till sunset. I went up to Winter Hill, but did not attend prayers.

October 29, Lord's Day

Preached in the Citadel. A very raw, cold day. The soldiers behaved with decency and seriousness, and gave good attention.

William P. Cutler

Life, Journals and Correspondence of Rev. Manasseh Cutler
(Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Company, 1888): 53.

† Curtana †

A Glimpse into the Hardships of the Boer War

The Rev. E. St. C. Hill, MC, is best known for his ministrations to the South African troops at Delville Wood, during which action he lost an arm. He later returned to South Africa as a national hero, but his undoubted talents as a war chaplain were first realized during the Second Anglo-Boer War. . . .

The advance continued and Graspan was taken on the 25th. At 4:30 am on 28 November, and with no rations since the previous evening, the army was anticipating breakfast at Modder River Station. The men advanced across the open veld until they were suddenly faced with the most ferocious rifle-fire, and there they were pinned for the rest of the day: "The sun was terrific, and our men had to lie on their empty stomachs with their backs exposed to an awful grilling. Thirst overpowered some and when a water cart was seen, many preferred risking bullets to enduring thirst (something a newcomer has had no practice in) and paid in many cases for their drink with their lives."

However, the British left flank troops managed to cross the river where they held on grimly awaiting reinforcements which did not arrive that day. The Boers pulled out that night and the next day Methuen established camp at Modder River Station. The day was spent burying the dead and tending the wounded. Hill mentions that there was much criticism of the kilt, and those of the Highlanders who had been pinned down the whole day under the gruelling sun came to the Medical Officers with blisters on the back of their legs the size of hens' eggs; the treatment was simple, a sharp slap of the hand by an orderly and a lump of grease slapped into the open blister!

. . .

It must be remembered however that Hill's was a very traditional Victorian approach to war, characterized by disciplined and courageous infantry charges supported by accurate

artillery. On many occasions in his diary he mentions that he has been preaching to the troops about the evils of cowardice, and he spends much time expounding to his servant the Christian duty of the soldier under fire. Hill never lacked for courage himself, and he suffered cowards not at all.

D.F. Gibbs
“A Chaplain in the Boer War”
The South African Military History Journal 3.2



Sounds Like the Perception of Some Genuine Military Chaplains

“The meek may inherit the earth but it’s the grumpy who get promoted!”

Father John Patrick Mulcahy
Chaplain of the fictitious Mobile Army Surgical Hospital 4077
M*A*S*H (1972-1983).



Not Invited to the Common Table

On the island of Malta, members of the Knights Hospitaller ate their meals together at inns assigned that responsibility. Chaplains, however, were not allowed to share “rations” with the regular brothers, as they received a separate allowance.

The treasury issued an allowance of sixty gold crowns a month to every bailiff for the expenses of his office, and it also granted daily a fixed allowance in kind to support the tables which he was obliged to maintain in his inn for the use of the members of his language. Every member resident in Malta, whether a Knight, chaplain, or serving brother, was entitled to a cover at one of the tables of his inn, saving only when he was a commander holding a benefice of the annual value of £200 a year if a Knight, or of £100 a year if either a chaplain or serving brother, in which case he was excluded from joining the table of his inn, being considered as sufficiently provided for otherwise.

The allowance issued by the treasury was by no means sufficient to cover the expense of these tables; a great proportion fell, consequently, upon the private resources of the bailiffs. Burdensome as this charge undoubtedly was, the post of conventual bailiff was nevertheless eagerly sought after. Independent of the very high position which it conferred upon its holder, second only in rank and influence to the Grand-Master himself . . .

Whitworth Porter
A History of the Knights of Malta or the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem
(London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts, 1858): Volume 2:227-28.



Shifting Allegiances Challenge a “Chaplain’s” Loyalties

In January 1945 [Anglican] Bishop Tsu accepted an invitation from the United States Army Headquarters in China to become a civilian chaplain for army personnel in the

Burma Road area. He was the only Chinese chaplain in the United States Army in China, and, at the end of the War in the Pacific, he was awarded a Citation for Meritorious Civilian Service by the Chaplain-General. In March 1945 Tsu had been asked by bishops in Nationalist areas of China to set up a provisional central office . . .

He returned to Nanking in late November [1948], only to find the city in a chaotic state as a result of the Kuomintang-Communist civil war. It was necessary to relocate the national office of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui in Shanghai. . . . However, Shanghai was taken by Communist forces in May.

At first some Episcopal leaders in China were favorably inclined toward the Communists and the People's Republic of China. However, when the "Christian Manifesto" was issued, dissatisfaction began to grow. In this delicate situation, the bishops of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui sent members of their church a letter which affirmed the Christian faith, but which also stressed duty to one's nation.

In 1950 Tsu retired and moved to the United States. The Three-Self Movement sanctioned by the government denounced him as one of a dozen "imperialist agents under the cloak of religion." The chairman of their House of Bishops, Robin Ch'en, denounced Tsu as "a heartless renegade of our people, a wholehearted follower of American imperialism."

Biographical Dictionary of Republican China
(New York: Columbia University, 1979): Volume 3:324-25.

† Curtana †

Korean Chaplain Casualty

During the stalemate in March 1952, elements of the 40th Infantry Division were occupying positions on the central front. Among the men assigned was Episcopal Chaplain Robert M. Crane. The 40th Division was a National Guard unit that had relieved the 24th Infantry Division little more than a month before. Although Crane, like many of the men he served, had had previous Army experience, his second tour had begun only 12 months earlier. He spent most of that time in Japan where the two National Guard divisions, the 40th and the 45th, trained and provided security while high-level commanders debated over sending them into combat. When the units were finally shipped to Korea, however, they quickly demonstrated their effectiveness.

On 11 March Chaplain Crane had just concluded a worship service for a unit of the 160th Infantry Regiment near Kumsong, North Korea. As he was leaving the area, an incoming artillery round nearly scored a direct hit on his jeep. The blast beside the road mortally wounded him. Robert Crane was the last U.S. Army chaplain to be killed in action in Korea. . . . There was tragic similarity between Crane's loss and the sacrifices of the Minutemen-chaplains of the American Revolution—dying among citizen-soldiers who struggled to protect the independence of a tiny and, to many people, unimportant nation.

The men of the 40th Division collected over \$5,000 during worship services to help build a Robert Crane Memorial Chapel in northern Honshu, Japan, where the chaplain had expressed an interest in serving as a missionary after the War. The same division contributed more than \$29,000 toward relief work in Korea during their service there.

Their contributions were typical of thousands of dollars donated by American servicemen around the world for Korean relief, particularly among war orphans, in drives often sponsored by Army chaplains.

Rodger R. Venzke

The United States Army Chaplaincy (1945-1975)

(Washington: Department of the Army, 1977): 93.

† Curtana †

An even great success [than the song “Remember Pearl Harbor”], and the first war song to register as a best-seller on the popularity charts, was Frank Loesser’s “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.” It was recorded with a trumpet fanfare introduction and sung by a male chorus to a folksong-type tune. The expressionistic sheet music cover vividly portrays battle action: Ten men engage in loading and firing an enormous gun. While the leader shouts orders, an enemy plane looms in the distance, and shells explode around the group. The story of the song, published with the sheet music says, “The pungent words of the battlefield have found their way into the lyrics of a truly great war song . . . it captures the spirit of a people aroused and an army determined.” According to the legend (program note):

As sailors boiled from below decks of a U.S. Navy warship to fight off low flying Japanese planes, Chaplain William McGuire left his altar where it stood and ran to a gun station where one of the gunners had been killed and another wounded. In the unholy uproar of that torrent of bombs, Chaplain McGuire shouted his now famous words: “I just got one of them!! Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!!”

Frank Loesser borrowed the story and hastily concocted the song which also was his first attempt at writing both the lyric and the tune. Before the war, he had been employed as a successful lyricist for various composers and counted among his successes “Jingle, Jangle, Jingle” and “I Don’t Want to Walk without You.” But “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition” was Loesser’s entrée into the world of full-fledged songwriters. He took the story of the chaplain and, using military slang, put together the first really big hit song to deal directly with the war . . .

The real-life chaplain, Capt. William McGuire, a Roman Catholic priest, later was unable to recall saying the words and wrote to *LIFE*, “If I said it, nobody could have heard me in the din of battle. But I certainly felt what the statement expresses.”

Furthermore, Captain McGuire did not fire a gun at all; rather, he helped by carrying ammunition. The account was one of the early myths of the war and no one wanted to deny it because everyone vaguely believed that Americans needed incidents of heroism for inspiration. According to an editorial in the *Milwaukee Journal*, reprinted in *Variety*, the song was the contemporary American interpretation of Oliver Cromwell’s phrase “Trust in God, but keep your powder dry.”

Kathleen E.R. Smith

God Bless America: Tin Pan Alley Goes to War

(Lexington: University of Kentucky, 2003): 15-16.

The Mess Melds International Allies

The leadership of the fleet [Thomas] Cochrane took into action against the Portuguese had a truly multinational character. The commanders of the nine [Brazilian] warships that left Rio de Janeiro in April 1823 included four Brazilians, three Britons, the American Jewitt and the Frenchman Beaurepaire; aboard Cochrane's flagship *Pedro I*, the officers and staff included eight Brazilians, six Britons, two Frenchmen, and one German.

The Brazilian chaplain aboard the *Pedro I* noted in his diary that the "care and courtesy" shown by the foreign officers led to their immediate acceptance by their Brazilian peers, resulting in good camaraderie "in the company of the mess."

Lawrence Sondhaus
 Navies in Modern World History
 (London: Reaktion Books, 2004): 86-87.

† Curtana †

The Battle Lines are Drawn

Military chaplains are on the front lines in the moral and culture wars of your respective nations and services.

Joseph E. Schmitz
 "Military Chaplains as Moral Leaders"
 Address to the XVI International Military Chaplains Conference (9 February 2005).

† Curtana †

A Time When the Chaplain's Presence is Very Welcome

I doubt if I have ever felt more useful in my capacity of minister than I did during those ten or fifteen minutes which ensued with those wounded men on that enemy beach. The manner in which they turned to the Chaplain was moving beyond words. The military aspect of life, so all embracing up to that moment was forgotten. Suddenly we were just plain human beings again.

"Can I say the Lord's Prayer with you, Chaplain?" one of the asked. His shoulder was badly smashed.

Never much for jamming religion down people's throats, I nevertheless realized that I needed no longer to fear making such a mistake. The question got me started. It also got the others started. As I went from stretcher to stretcher, each man would grasp my hand and hold tight.

George W. Wickersham II
Marine Chaplain 1943-46
 (Lulu Press, 2008): 157.

Of Chaplains and Albatrosses

The [Seabees'] chaplain disapproved of what he called foxhole religion, he said, "It is not Christianity to turn to religion merely because you're scared." He also disapproved of fatalism, he said. But the prevailing philosophy of his audience was: "If you're gonna get it you're gonna get it." Said the chaplain: "Men must have faith in God's plan." The audience began to fidget and gaze blankly at the swooping albatross.

Duncan Norton Taylor
With My Heart in My Mouth
 (New York: Coward-McCann, 1944): 19.

† Curtana †

An Interesting Episode in Colonial History

The Hausas are quite amenable to discipline, but in actual fighting their fearless impetuosity, combined with their love of looting, makes them at times very difficult to restrain.

The British Empire includes so many districts, we might almost say countries, inhabited by turbulent and half-civilized peoples, that seldom a week passes without soldiers being called into requisition in order to put down some disturbance or repel some raid. In India we are fortunate enough to include amongst our subjects some of the best fighting material to be found anywhere. In view of the enormous expansion of our empire in the continent of Africa, it may well afford ground for congratulation that our latest Protectorate can supply us with as many soldiers as we can ever have occasion to employ—soldiers, too, whose fellow-countrymen have stood side by side with our English troops in many a hard-fought fight.

It might, perhaps, be suggested that the Hausa could not be safely relied upon in fighting against those of his own race and his own religion. Patriotism, however, in our English sense of the word, is a virtue unknown in West Africa. Slave raiding, and the existence of innumerable petty kings, combine to prevent the average Hausa from possessing any great affection for his country considered as a whole. The latter difficulty—namely, that of leading Mohammedans to fight against Mohammedans—is a much more real one, but, as the recent campaign against Bida has shown, it is by no means insuperable.

A short notice of the campaign, which resulted in the capture of Bida in January, 1897, will illustrate the fighting qualities possessed by the Hausas. Bida is a town containing a population of about sixty thousand, most of whom are Nupés, though the ruling caste are Fulahs, as is the case throughout the Hausa States. . . . At this time a treaty existed between the king and the Royal Niger Company, by which he bound himself not to interfere with traders passing through his territory, and not to make slave raids on the southern bank of the river Niger. As illustrating the depopulating character of these raids, it may be mentioned that in the course of a very few years one of the tribes on the southern bank of the river was reduced from sixty thousand to five thousand.

Owing to his persistent disregard of this treaty, and the wholesale raids which he continued to make, the Company decided to send an expedition to attack him. The king of Bida, towards the end of 1896, had sent his chief general, called the Markum, across

the Niger, partly in order to raid for slaves and partly in order to threaten the Company's station at Lokoja, a town at the junction of the rivers Niger and Binué. Sir George Goldie, the Governor of the Royal Niger Company, accompanied by twenty-five English officers and five hundred Hausa troops, left Lokoja on the 6th of January, and advanced to meet the Fulah and Nupé troops under the command of the Markum.

Seldom, if ever, was an expedition organized in which forethought and courage were so combined, and in which so little margin was allowed for the possibility of a mistake. Five hundred Hausas were being led for the first time to attack their co-religionists, who outnumbered them, as it eventually proved, by fifty to one. Their opponents were for the most part expert horsemen, armed with guns and spears. . . .

Every care was taken to soothe the religious susceptibilities of the Hausas, who were all Mohammedans. Two "mallams" were engaged to act as chaplains to the force, and prayers were said by them in camp three times a day.

With the troops marched 900 carriers. No fighting took place on the southern bank of the river, as the Markum's army dispersed on the approach of the Hausa force. The force which crossed the Niger to march on Bida consisted of 32 Europeans, 507 native soldiers, and 565 carriers. On the 26th of January, three days after the crossing of the river, the little force drew near to Bida without having encountered any serious opposition. A reconnaissance as far as the ridge overlooking Bida, and distant from the walls a little more than a mile, was now made by rather less than half the force, the rest being left in charge of the baggage and the guns. On the arrival of the former division on the ridge, a countless multitude both of horsemen and infantry were observed moving to and fro beneath the walls of the city.

A few shots having been fired, the reconnoitering party was ordered to retire in order to rejoin their comrades in charge of the camp, which was nearly two miles to the rear. The really critical moment of the campaign now arrived. The withdrawal of the reconnoitering party was interpreted by the Nupés as a confession of failure. A great shout arose from those in front of the walls, followed by a rapid concentration of a large body of horsemen, who charged up the hill, and soon succeeded in surrounding the retreating square.

The number of the enemy was perhaps twenty thousand, the number of Hausas and English rather more than two hundred. The Maxim guns placed at the corners of the square were served by the English officers. As the amount of ammunition was limited, the Hausas were ordered to wait until the enemy came within about two or three hundred yards and then fire volleys. Again and again the horsemen charged, some using guns, others with spear or sword brandished aloft. It was obvious that if they could but once touch the firing line, and a hand-to-hand fight were to ensue, they would be instantly victorious. But, though on one occasion they got within about twenty yards of the square, the steady volleys of the Hausas drove them back with their ranks decimated many times over.

The Hausas, so far from showing the least sign of fear, laughed and jeered at them and called to them to come on. Had they wavered for a moment, or the slightest panic occurred, no one would have survived to tell the tale. As it was, they moved steadily back in unbroken formation till, to the immense relief of the officers in command, they came

in sight of the camp, and received the support of the fire from the troops which had been left to guard it.

Though to some extent disheartened by the terrible loss which they had suffered on the previous day, the Nupés were still confident that their overwhelming numbers would in the long run secure to them the victory. As the Hausas began to move forward in square formation, with the carriers in the centre, the experience of the previous day was repeated. The enemy surrounded them in countless numbers, and attempted again and again to charge. The square, however, moved steadily forward till it reached the slope of a hill about a quarter of a mile from the wall. The big gun was now brought into requisition, and shells were dropped at different places all over the town, destroying and setting fire to many of the houses. Incendiary rockets were also used with great effect.

About noon it became apparent that the enemy were convinced of the impossibility of offering further resistance, and that they had begun to leave the town. The same afternoon the Hausa troops entered through a breach which had been made in the walls, and on the 29th Sir George Goldie and the whole of the little force entered and occupied the king's palace. The casualties were almost incredibly small, considering the desperate character of the fighting which had taken place. They were one English officer and seven men killed and nine men wounded.

Thus ended the most important battle ever fought in West Africa. Its importance is derived not only from the fact that it was the first real blow struck at the slave raiding of the interior, but, perhaps still more, from the proof which it afforded of the fighting powers possessed by our Hausa levies in West Africa.

Charles H. Robinson
Nigeria: Our Latest Protectorate
(London: H. Marshall & Son, 1900): 29-38.

† Curtana †

No Longer in Need of a Chaplain

Robert Burdette enlisted in the 47th Illinois Infantry when he turned eighteen. After a long career in journalism and public speaking, he became a Baptist minister.

The night after the battle isn't so still as the night before. The soldiers are so wearied, mind and body and soul so tired, they moan a little in their sleep. A man babbles—in a strange tongue. He was the first man in the embrasure, and he is hurt in the head. He will die before morning. He is talking to his mother, who died in a little Italian mountain village when the soldier was a tiny boy—talking to her in the soft, musical tongue she taught him. He hasn't spoken a word of it for many years. But he is going out of this world of misunderstandings and strife and wars, into the unmeasured years of peace. Going to God—by the way of the old home—up the winding mountain path, past the cool spring in the shadow of the great rock, through the door of the little home under the trees—such a sweet way to heaven.

He is soothing the deadly pain in his head, just as he soothed all his headaches and heartaches twenty years ago, by nestling in her caressing arms and leaning his tired head

against her tender breast. No; he doesn't need the chaplain. His mother is comforting him. When a man gets to his mother, it isn't very far, then, to God.

Clara B. Burdette, Editor
Robert J. Burdette: His Message
 (Philadelphia: John C. Winston, 1922): 70-71.

† Curtana †

Aboard a Space Station Far in the Future . . .

And then, once more, just when the dust had settled, along had come—predictable as a planet, unpredicted like a comet—another orb in God's great orrery of education, or shell in the Adversary's arsenal of error-mongery, the greatest challenge of all—alien intelligent life. It was not one that had been altogether unexpected. Scholastics had debated the plurality of worlds. The Anglican C.S. Lewis had considered it in science fiction . . .

The [space] station was an EU military outpost, and little more than its existence, out beyond the orbit of Neptune, had been revealed. Donald MacIntyre, in his second year of service as a conscript chaplain, had been as surprised to find himself here as his new parishioners were to discover his affiliation. His number had come up in the random allocation of clergy from the list of religions recognized by the EU Act of Toleration—the one that had banned Scientology, the Unification Church, the Wahabi sect and, by some drafting or translation error, Unitarian Universalism—but to a minister of the Church of Scotland, there could in all conscience be no such thing as chance.

He had been sent here for a purpose.

Ken MacLeod
 "A Case of Consilience"
The Year's Best Science Fiction: Twenty-Third Annual Collection
 (New York: Macmillan, 2006): 173-74.

† Curtana †

Meanwhile, in an Alternate Science Fiction Universe . . .

"I got to thinking that if I were C.O. and I wanted to keep the troops whipped into line, the easiest way to do it would be to have a visible symbol of Imperial Headquarters appear in person once in a while."

"That makes sense," admitted Harris, "especially since the chaplain has started preaching that Imperial Headquarters is where good marines go when they die—if they follow regulations while they're alive. But how would you manage it?"

"Just the way you did. I'd take one of the old battle suits, wait until it was good and dark, and then slip out the back way and climb up six or seven thousand feet. Then I'd switch on my landing lights and drift slowly down to the parade field to review the troops."

Theodore Cogswell
The Spectre General
 The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Volume Two, Part Two
 (New York: Macmillan 2008): 189.

Which is Mightier—the Pen or the Sword?

We went to general quarters this afternoon; all fire and lights having been first extinguished. The crew went through with the evolutions of an engagement with an enthusiasm that would not dishonor the reality. On these exercises depends in a great measure the efficiency of a ship when the crisis comes.

But there is one feature of the arrangement not quite to my liking. I am stationed at the capstan to take notes of the action; very cool business when balls are flying around you like hail! If there is any fighting to be done I wish to do my part of it, but not with a goose-quill. That weapon does very well when there are no cutlasses, powder, and shot about, but it is not quite the thing with which to protect your own deck or board the enemy.

It is said the chaplain of the Chesapeake, who wielded a cutlass instead of a goose-quill, gave the commander of the Shannon, as he attempted to board, the wound of which he ultimately died: so much,

For one whose courage cut him loose
From weapons furnished by a goose.

Walter Colton

Deck and Port: Or Incidents of a Cruise on the United States Frigate Congress
(New York: A.S. Barnes, 1856): 136.

† Curtana †

In Praise of Civil Religion

Speaking of the chaplain and our memorial service, I have always been interested to observe the strictness of protocol of liturgy in the army. The military tradition has its own piety and ethos which was less that of Church or sect and more that of a greater lodge or fraternal order. Dogmatic tenets were vague, but the moral and patriotic consensus was animated by inherited images and models. The army had its own kind of what we call “civil religion.” Related as this was to the issues of war and death it could be taken very seriously, as could its rites.

Amos N. Wilder

Armageddon Revisited: a World War I Journal
(New Haven: Yale University, 1994): 124-25.

† Curtana †

Earning the Respect of the Troops

The chaplain’s duties had to be worked out on an individual basis, with his authority derived almost completely from whatever respect his actions earned from the men he served. Such respect was not easily achieved. Officers and men often had scant regard for their chaplains and little sense that they were performing valuable services.

The chaplain was typically considered a useless “fifth wheel” in a regiment, and soldiers’ comments on chaplains were far more often derogatory than favorable. Relatively few chaplains played important and honored roles in their regiments. William Corby, however, was certainly one of these rare men.

For nearly three years Father Corby ministered to the needs of Catholic soldiers within the Army of the Potomac. Though officially chaplain of the 88th New York, his influence spread far beyond his regiment. Many units spent much of the war without a chaplain of their own, since disease and hardship often wore down the fragile health of the men who had been assigned to them, especially those who were advanced in age. Despite the fact that all five of the regiments of the Irish Brigade enjoyed the services of a chaplain at some time during the war, the brigade rarely had more than two actually present for duty.

William Corby and Lawrence F. Kohl
Memoirs of Chaplain Life
 (New York: Fordham University, 1992): xv.

† Curtana †

A Variation on Censorship

The chaplain’s routine between offensives was dominated by visiting billets, counselling soldiers, censoring or writing letters (to next of kin or wounded unit members), organizing games, and planning services. Perhaps one of the most mind-numbing duties that brother officers passed off to chaplains was the censoring of the unit’s letters, a process of reading through every personal piece of mail the unit generated, crossing or cutting out any references to military topics. None the less, many chaplains found the task a useful way of getting to know their men.

One rather high-handed Anglican chaplain recalled, “A fellow wrote four appallingly mushy letters to four girls in the same town, all identical, protesting to each that he loved her alone. The censor put every one in the wrong envelope. The next mail to this Lothario must have been interesting.”

Duff Crerar
Padres in No Man’s Land: Canadian Chaplains and the Great War
 (McGill-Queens Studies in the History of Religion, 1995): Volume 16:138.



“Clouds” surround Star V838 (Monocerotis). Photograph taken by NASA’s Hubble Space Telescope. *Photo courtesy of NASA.*

**“Is not God high in the heavens?
See the highest stars, how lofty they are!”**
Job 22:12 (ESV)

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

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