

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 2 Issue 1 (Fall & Winter 2010)

Curtana: Sword of Mercy is published semiannually
by Scriptorium Novum Press, LLC
The New Scriptorium
Seabeck, Washington



Table of Contents



Fore Words

An Introduction to the Third Issue	3
---	----------

Articles

They Also Serve by Mark J. Hayden	5
My Trophy Corner by Rits Tademan	10
One Defence Force's Deep Need for Chaplains by Pierre Jonatant Jean Jacques	16
Renouncing War by Jonathan E. Newell	19

Editorials

Understanding Other Faiths by Sharior Rahman	31
Avoiding the Minefields by Robert C. Stroud	41
On Religious Pluralism by Diogenes the Cynic	47

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy* is published semiannually by Scriptorium Novum Press, LLC. ISSN 2150-5853. The purpose of the journal is to provide an independent forum for the preservation of military chaplaincy history and the discussion of issues of interest to those who care about military chaplaincy. Submissions and letters to the editor are welcome. Submissions are best preceded by an electronic query. The editorial office can be reached at Post Office Box 95, Seabeck, Washington, United States of America, 98380 or curtana.journal@gmail.com. All articles, editorials and other content of *Curtana* are copyrighted. Written permission is required for reproduction of any the contents except in the journal's entirety (including this copyright notice). *Curtana* is not connected, in any way, to the United States Department of Defense, or any other governmental agency. The opinions expressed or implied in the journal are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or publisher. Additional information about the journal is available at justwar101.com/journal.

Martial Poetry

Poetry Gathered from Various Authors

47

Jim Cosgrove † Robert Graves † Siegfried Sassoon
 Tyrtaeus of Sparta † Ivor Gurney † Rudyard Kipling
 Charles Sorley † Joel Barlow † Harold Begbie
 William Wordsworth † Gerald Manley Hopkins
 G.A. Studdert Kennedy † Abram Joseph Ryan

Resurrected Biographies

77

Jasper Adams † Charles H. Alden † Moses Allen † Burgess Allison † John A. Anderson
 Samuel June Barrows † Richard Baxter † Amos Stevens Billingsley † James W.W. Bolton
 Emmons Paley Bond † Henry L. Boltwood † Charles James Bowen † James Petigru Boyce
 Obil Winsor Briggs † Sven Dideriksen Brinck † Joseph Brooks † James Allen Brown
 Charles W. Buckley † George Bullen † W.H. Carter † Edward L. Clark † Tobias Clausnitzer
 George W. Collier † Walter Colton † Michael John Cramer † Erastus Milo Cravath
 Timothy Robinson Cressey † Warren H. Cudworth † Ephraim Cummings † Ebenezer David
 Werter Renick Davis † Gilbert De La Matyr † Charles Wheeler Denison † Frederic Denison
 Lee [Levi] Dowling † William Nichols Dunnell † Timothy Dwight † John Eaton
 Arthur Edwards † Wilbur Fisk † Edward Octavus Flagg † Perez Fobes † Charles Folsom
 Eli Forbes † Emil Frommel † John Aegidius Louis Funk † Lampertus Gedicke
 Otis A. Glazebrook † Edward Manning Gushee † George Donald Henderson
 Enos Hitchcock † Henry Norman Hudson † Samuel Huffman † Andrew Hunter
 John Ireland † G.M. Irwin † Andrew J. Jenkins † Joseph William Jenks † David Jones
 Samuel Jones † Frederick Knighton † Henry Fayette Lane † Dexter Leland † John K. Lewis
 Andrew Jackson Lyda † Joachim Magdeburg † Francis Mansfield † Daniel McCalla
 Charles Pettit McIlvaine † James J. McIntire † Arthur L. McKinney † William Witter Meech
 Frederick Valentine Melsheimer † Henry Moller † Enos Munger † Ludwig Julius Nagel
 Karl Wilh. Theodor Ninck † Walter Bernard Noyes † John R. Paxton † Ebenezer S. Peake
 William A. Pile † Samuel Thane Poinier † Benjamin Pomeroy † Charles Todd Quintard
 John Reed † Ezra Ripley † Barton Rogers † William Rogers † Charles Henry Rowe
 Patrick John Ryan † Frederick H. Sanderson † David Sanford † Jeremiah Schindel
 George Williamson Smith † Henry B. Smith † Hezekiah Smith † Moses Smith
 Amos Fletcher Spalding † John F. Spence † Earl Johann Phlipp Spitta † Samuel Spring
 Charles Samuel Stewart † Christian Streit † Daniel Gates Strong † Fitch Waterman Taylor
 Charles Thompson † Charles Gregory Trusdell † Henry Allen Tupper † Henry Martyn Tupper
 Thomas B. Van Horne † William Van Horn † Francis Warriner † Alfred Augustin Watson
 Heman Lincoln Wayland † Richard Wheatley † Alfred Wheeler † Joseph Colver Wightman
 William George Williams † Edwin Theodore Winkler † Johann Joseph Winkler
 Gordon Winslow † Alonzo Edward Winter

Curious Citations

History & Humor, Parables & Pathos

137

Gleaned from an Eclectic Library of Publications

† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the Third Issue

Welcome to the third issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*. It is an independent professional journal providing an international forum for the discussion of interfaith ministry within a military setting. While the target audience is military chaplains, all readers are invited to join in the conversation. Submissions are always welcome, although it is beneficial to query first.

We are sorry for the late release of this issue. As with many publications compiled by volunteer staffs, we fell behind our publication schedule. The good news is that we are already at work on our next issue, hoping to publish it during the next three months. And, *your* contribution in the form of an article, editorial or book review could help ensure that comes to pass.

Unpacking the Contents

Although the third issue of *Curtana* arrived at the press unapologetically late, we believe the contents make the wait worthwhile. This issue, in particular, visibly reinforces the journal's commitment to its international scope. Contributors come from Australia, Haiti, the United Kingdom, and the Netherlands (in addition to the United States). Truth be told, our Dutch author immigrated to America where he was ordained and served as a USAF chaplain . . . but his article recounts his *prior* paramilitary experience as a member of the Underground during the Nazi occupation.

We begin with the fascinating story of an Irish priest who longed to serve as a chaplain in the armed forces of either Ireland or the United Kingdom. In the end, his circuitous journey allowed him to become the first chaplain ever assigned to Ireland's Civil Defense force. Readers will find his path interesting, and perhaps note ways in which his desires paralleled their own as they pondered chaplaincy ministry.

The second article is the aforementioned discussion of life in occupied Europe. The account of this "future" chaplain about his childhood during the war is liberating.

We shift hemispheres with our next contributor. The author is a member of Haiti's young National Defense Force. His keen insights will be of interest far beyond the borders of his own nation. The argument he makes for the establishment of a formal chaplaincy in his homeland are echoed by military members serving in many other nations that do not currently recognize a chaplaincy.

Our fourth article addresses the unique account of a prominent American clergyman who volunteered to serve as a YMCA "chaplain" during World War I and later became one of the country's most vocal pacifists. Others have followed similar paths, but few have had the impact of Harry Emerson Fosdick.

An American chaplain of Muslim faith offers our first editorial. He addresses the necessity of properly using words, especially when the subject is sensitive or controversial. The subsequent editorial addresses one of those very topics, the repeal of the "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy in the United States military. The focus of the editorial is not about the merits of the initial policy or its elimination. Rather, it offers explicit advice to chaplains troubled by the new policy.

Our regular contributor, Diogenes, chimes in with his own contribution that is certain to "ruffle some feathers" as they saying goes. This issue he addresses the sensitive topic of religious pluralism, a vital concern for all nations with a cosmopolitan population. (In fact, it could reasonably be argued that there is no country in the entire world that does not harbor a religious minority of some variety—no matter how religiously monolithic they claim to be.)

For those curious as to the contributions of our Australian writer, they come in our Poetry pages. Chaplain Jim Cosgrove gives eloquent voice to the heart of many of his sister and brother chaplains.

Our regular features follow: more brief biographies of military chaplains and another eclectic collection of passing references to military ministry.

Please Enjoy the Issue

We welcome your suggestions and contributions towards improving *Curtana*. Please share the issue with others (in whole) or contact the editor if you wish to reproduce only one element of its copyrighted contents.

† Articles †

They Also Serve

Mark J. Hayden

I have always had a deep interest in all matters military. I have often been asked where this interest stems from and I don't know that I have ever been able to answer this question fully. I was born in Dublin, Ireland in 1968, the year of the Tet offensive and the year before the "Troubles" as the sectarian warfare in Northern Ireland was known, exploded into 30 years of bloodshed and terror. My generation of boys grew up on a diet of war movies, GI Joe action figures, military comic books and endless games of "soldiers" in the fields behind my home. A good clue to my interest perhaps? Then again I think the direct influence of a neighbour moulded my young mind. He served as an Infantry officer with the British Army in World War One, winning the Military Cross in 1916, and was invalided out after being gassed. I used to sit and read to this old soldier as his eyesight failed. The books he wanted to have read were usually of a military nature and I learned about great battles and brave soldiers, whilst being paid in candy. As time grew on, I passed on the candy, as I was enjoying the books as much as he was. Occasional visits from my uncle who was serving in the United States Army Air Forces were exciting events as he told me all about being stationed in the United States, Germany and many other places. All of this sounded like a wonderful life to me and as I grew older my aim was to serve my country as a soldier.

Ireland in the 1980's was much like Ireland today. High unemployment and crippling debt led to many people seeking "safe" jobs they ordinarily would not have contemplated. As a result of this, a recruiting embargo was placed on the Irish Defence Forces and so places and opportunities were limited. As a stepping stone into the Irish Forces, many young people joined either the reserve military forces or the reserve emergency services, the *An Fórsa Cosanta Áitiúil* (FCA) and the *Cosaint Shibhialta na hÉireann* (Civil Defence) respectively. I joined the Civil Defence in 1984 and trained as a radio operator and radiation monitoring volunteer. This gave me the required "uniformed" service that would put me ahead of many applying for the services. Even with this back-up, the prospects of getting into the Irish Army were slim so another alternative had to be on hand in the event of failure.

The Plans of a Young Man

In the summer of 1985, the year before my final High School exams, I travelled to England to visit my uncle. He had met and married an English woman whilst based at USAF Burtonwood and upon retirement from the service, moved back to the area around Burtonwood in England. He accompanied me to various Royal Army and Royal Air Force (RAF) recruiting offices and as a result of this trip I was told to go home, finish my education and to return the following year for officer selection in the RAF. My dreams were coming true—a life in the service! However, someone had another path in mind for me but this remained unbeknownst to me at this time.

I went to a Roman Catholic High School and each fall we had a retreat. The school chaplain spoke that year about vocation to the ministry and this seemed to spark an interest in me that I hadn't experienced before. This interest, or yearning, just wouldn't go away so during that year I did a little research on ministry and the rest, as they say, is history! I decided to put my military career on hold for a year to see what the whole priesthood "thing" was about, but eventually seven years later I was ordained as a priest in the Roman Catholic Church. I began to minister in a parish and was very happy . . . for a while. One thing that had never left me was my interest in all things military. I had maintained my service with the Civil Defence over the years, being promoted to First Lieutenant and also training in mountain rescue. As my ordination grew closer, I approached the authorities about the possibility of me becoming a chaplain to the Civil Defence. This was approved and upon ordination I was promoted to the rank of Captain and appointed chaplain, the first volunteer to do so. I thoroughly enjoyed my service as the first chaplain to the Civil Defence. If anything, it made me realise just how much I could enjoy the life of a service chaplain. I ran training workshops on counselling, provided bereavement counselling, conducted marriages, baptisms and funerals and also initiated a PTSD programme for those affected by their experiences on active duty. I did this as an unpaid volunteer and preferred this to my parish duties.

Advancing Toward the Military Chaplaincy

This was 1994/95. I decided to approach my Bishop to enquire about chaplaincy in the Irish Army. Due to the fact that I was a junior priest, it was unlikely that I would be considered for a chaplaincy post so soon after ordination. Sadly I have never been blessed with a great reserve of patience and I wasn't happy with this state of affairs. I pressed ahead and was informed that there were no vacancies in the Irish Army chaplaincy service for the foreseeable future. Undeterred I asked my Bishop if I could seek chaplaincy in the British Army as there has always been a strong tradition of Irishmen in the British armed forces. He allowed me to go ahead with the proviso that ultimate permission would have to come from the Archbishop.

Thus began a round of letters to the various heads of departments in the United Kingdom and about a month later I received a very warm letter from the senior army chaplain at the Royal Army Chaplains Department headquarters at Bagshot in Surrey inviting me to attend an interview in the U.K. I also had to provide letters of reference and to consent to a security check into my background. I also needed to travel via Aldergrove Airport in Belfast as I was travelling on a military warrant. My first experience of business class travel (and also regrettably the last)! The welcome I received and the whole interview process was very positive and I returned to Ireland full of hope that my wish to be a military chaplain would finally be realised. All that was needed was the consent of my Archbishop. I thought that this would be just a matter of course. Little did I realise that a series of events beyond my control would conspire against me!

At around the same time that I was in the U.K., a storm was brewing in the Archdiocese of Dublin, of which I was a priest. A number of allegations of sexual abuse had been made against a priest in a Dublin parish and these were proven to be true. Now the hierarchy was in turmoil over how to deal with this situation. The Archbishop was challenged over his conduct and handling of the case and had to publicly retract some of his statements. At the same time, a priest of the Archdiocese who was serving as a chaplain in the British Army contacted the Archbishop to inform him that he was staying on as a chaplain and was leaving the Dublin Archdiocese. Then I arrived at his residence requesting permission to leave the Archdiocese for a period of five years to serve as a chaplain. Timing has never been my strongpoint! The meeting was so brief that I will recount it in full:

“Hello, your Grace.”

“Sit down, Father. Now, I believe you want to be a British Army chaplain?”

“Yes please, your Grace, as I feel God is calling me to this ministry within the church.”

“Well I don’t, so stop wanting to play soldiers and go back to your parish and do what you were ordained to do.”

And that was that! No discussion, no compassion, just a flat refusal. I did indeed return to my parish and continued on with my ministry. But little did I realise what God had in store for me!

A Surprising Change in the Path

My journey took many twists and turns that are beyond the scope of this article but God’s plan for me led me from the Roman Catholic priesthood to the Episcopal Church—the Church of Ireland—where I continue to serve. What about military chaplaincy I hope you are asking? My “military chaplaincy” these

days is twofold—I actively minister to the veteran population in my area as there are many veterans both of the Irish and other national armies, and I find working with these individuals hugely rewarding. I am an honorary member of the Irish United Nations Veterans Association, and a full member of both the Royal British Legion and the Organisation of National Ex-Servicemen.

I also serve as “Padre” to the 56th London Irish Rifles Living History Association. As a member of the 56th I strive to keep alive the memory of the many Irishmen who fought and died in the world wars. Each Remembrance Sunday I host a large church parade and act of worship for all the uniformed organisations in the area when all those who have served, in any way, are remembered. This service has taken on a life of its own and each year the attendance grows. As a result of this service I have also become the unofficial chaplain of the local reserve army unit based in my town. The reserve units generally don’t have a chaplain attached and each unit usually develops a local arrangement with parish clergy.

Did I ever get another chance at military chaplaincy? Yes I did. I was approached by the Royal Air Force about five years ago to become a chaplain but family commitments and injuries sustained in a car crash (which led to my early retirement from the Civil Defence) made it impossible for me to go. The one grace is that I finally had the opportunity to decide for myself, along with the support of my wife and sons, whether or not to go and become a chaplain. I got to decide, no one else. That made the disappointment easier to bear. Writing about military history also keeps my interest alive and I have had two books published on the German Army in World War II, including one about the German military chaplaincy service.

The View from this Point in Life

It may well be this article seems like a ramble through what might have been, but I hope it shows that many are called to serve as military chaplains but only a few get to do so. Be that as it may, even though I never served as a full time military chaplain, I would hope that my service as an honorary “Padre” to the veterans and their families has allowed me in some way to serve as God called me to do. Each time I don the uniform of the 56th London Irish, I recall and pray for all those men who did so before me and faced the greatest challenge. I also look back and smile at what the Archbishop said that day and I guess I never really did what he told me as I still “play soldiers” according to my wife!

I look back on my ministry and do not regret any of the twists and turns as I firmly believe that the Lord has me right where He wants me, ministering to those who need me. Maybe I would have been unhappy or even useless as a military chaplain? I won’t know now, but I have moved on as you cannot spend your life wondering what might have been.

The United States Marine Corps motto is one theme that kept running through my mind as I wrote this article: *Semper Fidelis*, always faithful. What a fitting motto for the military chaplain and to all of you who have served, I salute you as one who has served in my own way even though I was never privileged to serve as a full time military chaplain.

© 2011 Mark J. Hayden.

Mark J. Hayden is a serving priest of the Church of Ireland. He has served as a Roman Catholic priest and as a chaplain to the Civil Defence, the reserve emergency services in Ireland. A life-long student of history, he has published three books to date and is working on several more. Mark is married to Lorraine and the proud father of Luke and Daniel.

My Trophy Corner

Rits Tadema

From a Nazi-occupied childhood through the struggles of post-war poverty and on to adulthood as a minister who served as a military chaplain, I reflect on the precious nature of what is truly important.

We struggled in Europe during the depression years of deep poverty when I was in third grade and about nine years old. I vividly recall one scene as if it happened today: my precious Mom, sobbing as she looked on the floor. An accident had shattered her beautiful round fish bowl and scattered a hundred shards of glass around the room. Nearly a gallon of water had spilled over the floor, while Mom's pet gold fish kept on wiggling, writhing in sheer desperation.

We rescued the fish, but my mother knew we would have to save nickels and dimes for months to come to buy a new glass fish bowl. Even then it would be placed on the same table where it would never be completely safe! This awful experience was deeply engraved upon my mind and for that reason I resolved that very day to avoid collecting valuable articles that could easily be broken, lost or stolen.

As a result, during my eighty years of life and six decades of blessed marriage, I have gathered only a very few treasured items. They are easily visible to me as I sit at my desk, look out of the windows and then glance sideways toward what has become a bit of hallowed space and is known to family as "my trophy corner."

A Tour of the Trophies

I am excited to share several items from my trophy corner with you because I notice they follow a chronological order and are like several protruding sections of a telescope. Looking back reveals a Divine design that makes sense as it progressively unfolds. God's right hand keeps me, protects me, leads me, blesses me and bestows on me His peace!

My earliest trophy is a simple arm-band, now stretched out on a humble piece of wood. It used to have a black ink stamp on it, but that faded away long ago. From top to bottom there is a narrow blue band, followed by a much wider orange colored band with the word ORANJE in capital letters. The word refers to the Royal Dynasty of the House of Orange. This is followed by a larger, then two smaller, and another larger band, all in blue. This modest piece of cloth represented the bearer's membership in the Dutch Underground. In essence, this simple armband was our *uniform*. Usually we hid it from the Nazis in our pocket—but at a moment's notice we could wrap it around our arm as a symbol of

our allegiance to our homeland! You may see an example of this trophy in the War Museum at Leeuwarden, the Netherlands.

My sixteenth year remains the most peculiar year of my life. An unending gnawing pain constantly reminds me of living on the edge of starvation. Meanwhile, utter boredom is intensified by Hitler's enforcement of nightly hours of "house-arrest" forbidding us the use of electricity or gas-light. Harsh winter weather suspends all regular school hours as well. Misdirected Allied bombs shower merciless destruction right where I live in our city of Haarlem. One soul-torturing problem vexes me due to the utter uncertainty about how tomorrow or next month will turn out. Will there be no future for me? Are my brother and my parents also destined to perish? War, hatred, and hell must have a lot in common. They leave an ugly taste in your soul.

My first trophy speaks of an instant and radical change that lifts me out of this morbid swampland. Now barely seventeen, I begin to keep study the coming and going of visitors and my observations gradually confirm my secret hope that our neighbor must be quietly involved in "the Underground." Finally I can restrain myself no longer, come what may. I obviously shock him when I tell him details about the people I have seen enter and leave his house during months of observation. He asks me to repeat myself and I add: "Yes, it is true: what I've told you today I have not shared with any one else!"

Fortunately, the Resistance leaders agree not to lock me up. Instead they plan to use me for limited activity such as distributing stenciled pages of Underground News. I am also directed to regularly attend our cell activities. Delivered from fatalism, in my new dreams I begin to "fantasize" about the possibility of outlasting this cruel war. Within the Underground organization I am one of the youngest members to join in the fight to regain our freedom. We are determined to win a peace that is going to free us from daily suspicions and distrust. Ours will be true Patriotism. The kind that is worth the risking of our lives. Secretly we discuss this bold vision.

Returning to the reality of the moment, we are still engaged with an enemy who has the advantage of being "above ground." An enemy who rules by terror, who uses information they get from Nazi-sympathizing Dutch traitors who spy on us.

Hatred fills my inner core when reliable sources tell my parents that one of my cousins is among twenty young people who are lined up and mercilessly shot. Please pause and visualize this horror: those "bastards" who pulled the trigger would have been shot in their necks *themselves*, by their own officers, had they refused to execute the civilians! That, my friends, is pre-hellish war of the WWII type, as experienced by one of the youngest soldiers serving in the Underground Resistance Movement in Holland. My trophy corner exhibits the evidence that I have been part of struggle—and it has become part of me!

Two more little known but unforgettable impressions of this era: towards the end of this war Hitler allowed Allied bombers to fly low along a route specific and open their bomb-bays to drop food for our starving people. We also received real white bread baked in and donated by Sweden: Praise be to God!

Yes, many of us “made-it!” To understand me, read this declaration of our survival as a sacred “Hallelujah-Chorus.” Yet not all made it through the storm, and those we mourn those who fell.

“My tears have been my food, day and night, while they continually say to me: ‘Where is your God?’ Vindicate me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation; Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man!”

Note the concluding refrain from Psalm 42 and 43 (NKJV): “Why are you cast down, O my soul? And why are you disquieted within me?” And the answer is: “Hope in God; For I shall yet praise Him, (who is) the help of my countenance and my God.”

The above exclamation pertains directly to *me*. By God’s grace “I made it!”

The Aftermath of Survival

The shocking recognition that one has survived a lengthy and grave threat is followed by a numbing emotional state. When others have died, and you have been spared, there is a single question which must be answered. The future is devoid of significance if that question remains unanswered. The pivotal inquiry which is like the key that opens the door to one’s entire future consists of one penetrating word: “Why?” Some senior survivors suggested that my survival would open the door for me to go into business and become a very prominent man!

Is that why “I made it?” To become a accumulate personal wealth and become a public target for the next enemy?

Fortunately, the Holy Spirit urges me to examine the conduct of my own parents. Under extremely harsh and life-threatening circumstances they still continue to do good to others. My Dad’s reason is so simple: “We share together and either we live together or we die together!” Here is practical Christianity, radiating God’s love in sacrificial sharing. I love this compassionate life-style. It’s worth living for, all the days of my life.

My quest for “Life” turns into an adventure of simple obedience. Actually, my developing adventure is God’s plan for blessing me! His detailed pieces include a scholarship to study in America and complete all college pre-seminary requirements followed by three years of seminary studies with a Th.B. degree in theology. Along with these extraordinary privileges, as icing on the cake, God provides me with the girl of His choice to become my choice and life’s partner!

And as an additional blessing from God, my marriage to “Her Majesty” allows me to change my student-visa into immigrant status, leading to legal United States citizenship! Hallelujah, I am an (adopted) American!

This awesome journey is rooted in my tortured WWII conscience. Soldiers, who face war, experience mind-twisting hatred that stimulates the energy to kill. After all, for combat veterans it is either kill or be killed. We direct this violence towards our enemy in the hope that we may someday return home. And, once returned to home’s safely we proclaim with joy “I made it.” And, if we are fortunate, we know the answer to the “why?” question—for God’s sake! What’s more, because God *is* Love, He equips us to ultimately triumph over hatred.

Another Treasured Reminder

This brings me to my trophy corner’s primary exhibit. My initial choice is that of accepting and propagating my parents’ convictions to love and care for others. This is made in contrast to a growing Socialist post-war influence in Holland which offers the godless allure of “promised prosperity for all.” It saddens me that people pursue the mirage of universal prosperity so blindly. Hitler excelled with his strident propaganda machine in proclaiming the legitimate need for “lebens Raum” (living space) and promising a Volkswagen for all ordinary folk “at the end of the rainbow.” His people would prosper after the Jews are exterminated and all inferior nations are served them . . . when the “Uebermensch” (Superman) was in charge!

While that dream is still smoldering in its ashes, a new vision captures the imaginations of opinion makers. They eagerly develop the notion that the human is the most advanced product ever, evolved over millions of years and now in charge of creation’s survival. To achieve this control, opposition must be silenced, the government must be expanded and empowered to spread a fabricated and equalized euphoria to all the people on earth!

While starting a new congregation in Tacoma, Washington I join the Civil Air Patrol as a chaplain, eventually attaining the rank of major. Courses about the chaplaincy arouse my appetite for a clearer understanding of the military chaplain’s function. At the same time my gratitude for the Air Force of the United States made me long to wear their uniform and “repay a war-time debt of gratitude.” With God’s help I learn about and succeed in being accepted to fill a vacant slot at McChord AFB in Washington State. That makes me Chaplain, Captain, Rits Tadema. With the North Korean capture of the Pueblo intelligence gathering vessel our Reserve unit is activated and I am instantly catapulted into full time active duty.

Before continuing, allow me one more flashback to the end of WWII. As the war was in the process of ending our local Underground Resistance cell was aggressively arresting known Dutch traitors. Classrooms of a local grade school

served as their holding pen for the collaborators. I clearly recall my first night on duty guarding these “prisoners.” An unexpected opportunity had come my way to stomp around on the wooden floor with my recently “acquired” German boots. I was determined that at least during my watch none of these dirty enemies would get a chance to find restful sleep! Sweet hatred energized my determination. By way of contrast, just a few days earlier we had seen our very first Allied troops who became our liberators. In the process of securing an out-post of German soldiers we needed their help to complete that mission. During and after the battle, we are shocked (and perhaps even disgusted) when these young Canadian soldiers operate without any obvious hatred for our enemies! Only later could I appreciate this exhibition of amazing grace, blending war with peace.

From this scene fast forward two decades to Lt. Col. William G. Hathaway administering the Oath of Office which qualifies me to function as an officer in the United States Air Force! My patriotic impulse and theological orientation blend into an inspiring ministry! Due to my unique pilgrimage, I have wanted to first relate some brutal facts associated with the effect of war upon human life. Yet, even in the horror of conflict, God is not absent. The chaplaincy visibly reminds us of this truth. And serving as a chaplain is a privilege beyond any I had dreamed as a youth in the Netherlands.

A Useful Framework for a Chaplain

The Pledge of Allegiance is an American oath of loyalty to the flag and more importantly, the nation “for which it stands.” It is particularly well-suited to United States military service. In June 1954 an amendment was made to the 1894 statement, adding the words “under God.” President Eisenhower said, “In this way we are reaffirming the transcendence of religious faith in America’s heritage and future; in this way we shall constantly strengthen those spiritual weapons which forever will be our country’s most powerful resource in peace and war.” The 1776 Declaration of Independence affirms similar historical values when it states:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. For the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of the Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Based upon this framework that describes our national origin we understand our Founding Fathers recognized that along with physical training our soldiers need soul-support. Consider this small sample of the truth the Christian chaplain contributes to soldiers’ orientation:

1. This world is not a hostile environment designed “to do us in,” but is instead “My Father’s World” subject to God’s directives.

2. The French Emperor is sadly mistaken when he boasts “Après moi le déluge,” meaning: After me comes the deluge. The notion that all that counts in life is limited to the here and now is a deception.
3. We are to benefit even our enemies by considering how we might love them and their families. Healing and reconciliation can remain in our minds and hearts even in the heat of war.
4. This life is preparatory to our eternal continuation as part of God’s plan as we may know it from the Bible and through the Holy Spirit.

A chaplain in uniform, in our privileged nation, is presented the awesome task of being a personal and professional blessing to our fellow soldiers and their families. We are tasked to serve our country wisely and cheerfully and to praise God’s holy Name. “Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord” (Psalm 33:12, NKJV).

© 2011 Rits Tadema.

Rits Tadema continues his work of writing, speaking, compassion and prayer through Christian Perspectives, a ministry he founded in 1973. He and his wife Pearl reside in Spokane, Washington, United States and have been blessed with many children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

One Defence Force's Deep Need for Chaplains

Pierre Jonatant Jean Jacques

My homeland often finds itself in the world's news, but too seldom for the best of reasons. Last year a 7.0 magnitude earthquake struck my nation and devastated our capital, Port-au-Prince. Beyond the horrific loss of life, the country has barely begun its recovery. This is due in no small part to another sad fact: Haiti is the poorest country in the entire western hemisphere. The truth is that we have much to be proud of, and yet the difficulties we face often overshadow our accomplishments. Haiti has been blessed by God with abundant beauty and natural resources. And we are rightly proud that we led the rest of the world in the abolition of slavery. Among our people we count many noble and courageous individuals.

The Haitian National Police (HNP) constitute our law enforcement and national defense force. Since the *Police Nationale d'Haïti* was established in 1995, instructors from France, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, and the United States have ensured that we meet extremely high standards. Within the HNP we have various divisions addressing independent concerns such as our Coast Guard and our paramilitary units. We are encouraged by the rapid professionalization of our defense force in recent years. And yet, there remains a major gap in the makeup of the HNP—we have no official chaplains. Certainly, there are individuals such as myself who are recognized as sources for moral or religious advice or counsel. But this is accomplished in an informal manner and the men and women of our National Police (and their family members) would be much better served by personnel devoted expressly to these concerns.

Just like ice that quickly melts under a bright and relentless sun, people's moral and religious values can easily vanish away with time if they are not cared for, encouraged and valued. The subtleness with which this dissipation happens makes it even more surprising for observers and victims. Continuous deep sighs, cries, mourning and weeping are some of the expressions which follow in the wake of the loss of faith. And the loss of one's moral compass is far worse than mere spilled milk. And yet, this tragedy is preventable. As a common proverb says, "One stitch in time saves nine." Lives will be healthier—and it is not an exaggeration to say that some will actually be *saved*—if we encourage the members of our respective defense forces to be sober. If they remain vigilant, they can see the leaking away of their morals and stop it at all cost!

It is tragic when a person's morality erodes. Remorse, grief and mourning commonly follow when people look back and see what has become their moral and spiritual values after persistent exposure to a challenging environment. Some

resilient people are strong minded enough to climb back up but others just don't feel capable of going against the stream.

After a fairly lengthy period of formation at the Haitian National Police Academy, the trainees feel like they are physically, emotionally, morally, and even spiritually ready to face the tests of all sorts that await them in the field. All of the good concepts and doctrines taught during this formation period by the wonderful national and foreign instructors are fresh in their minds; they feel more than ready to win the fight. However, the reality is that it is as important and necessary to continue to run the race as it is to begin it. Just as with a child, it is vital to raise them, and not merely to give birth to the baby.

All kinds of foul weather awaits them night and day. Temptation of every kind, corruption, immorality, and drugs are a few of the storms and reefs on their journey. Isn't it possible for them to make it safely on the other side? Absolutely yes! But they need to be encouraged and supported as they face these threats. They need trusted aides to come alongside them. Who is ready to accompany them in the fight so they can overcome these alluring dangers? Will they be able to look back with satisfaction, fifteen years after their deployment because they served with honor? Will they become so spiritually, and morally mature, that they will consider themselves up to facing the challenges that are inseparable from serving in the defense force? Many are those who have devoted themselves (some with premeditation), to the process of destroying their own foundation. Some of these wear the same uniform and they encourage vulnerable men and women to compromise their convictions—one small choice at a time. The victims often do not realize what they have sacrificed until it is too late.

I once heard a policeman say with great satisfaction that his friendship with another policeman with a different background and lower moral values spoiled him so much that he saw no way for him to recover. Having despaired of returning to a moral course, it was evident that this was something he was justifying that he knew to be wrong. The person who corrupted him was like a thief hired and paid by the devil to spiritually destroy the vulnerable. Too often, these pretenders masquerade as older brothers in the police corps. And, along their selfish path they leave wounded younger brothers who talk remorsefully about what they used to be.

The fact is that we all have spiritual needs. When these are not met in the life of a policeman, he is, of course, the first person to pay the consequences—but then the country and even the whole world are forced to live with the consequences as well. This affects the performance and the decision-making abilities of the person. Many poor decisions are made because people are suffering a spiritual drought. Too many once dedicated policemen and women end up in jail, taking their own lives, or being involved in things that cost them their career just because of the lack of spiritual mentors to assist them a critical moments.

One of the particular challenges in Haiti is our unique religious heritage and the beliefs of our people. While the vast majority of the population publicly subscribes to Roman Catholicism or a Protestant Christian confession, a sizeable number of our people remain captive to superstitions and occult practices. These dark beliefs exert a detrimental effect on our country. Haiti, after all, is the only nation in the world to declare as one of its two official religions the eclectic spiritualist practice of Vodou (Voodoo). However, it may come as a surprise to foreigners that even though Vodou is officially recognized, it is generally looked down upon and its practice is often secretive or restricted to isolated areas. The polytheism inherent in Vodou makes hypocrites of those who profess to be Christian in public and yet practice contrary rituals in private. And, everyone knows that nothing good can grow from a seed planted in the barren soil of hypocrisy.

As with much of the rest of the world, it is not alternative “religions” that pose the greatest threat to truth and serving with honor. Materialism and greed provide ample ground for tripping those who have no one to lean on when they are feeling morally weak. A strong chaplaincy, held to high standards, can provide that critical assistance. And countless individuals and families would be spared great pain.

I can hardly imagine what the Haitian National Police—and our entire country—would be like, if only there were a chaplaincy to provide spiritual care to our wonderful, well trained, courageous and resilient policemen and women. Without wise counsel, too many try to fill the emptiness created by their spiritual hunger with substitutes that cannot fill it. The result is stress, emptiness, despair, and even death. The need for a vibrant chaplaincy is more than a must in Haiti!

© 2011 Pierre Jonatant Jean Jacques.

Police Inspector Pierre Jonatant Jean Jacques joined the Haitian National Police in 1995. He serves in the Haitian Coast Guard, which is a component of the HNP. Police Inspector Jacques is in charge of training within the Coast Guard. He is a graduate of Seminaire de Theologie Evangelique de Port-au-Prince and his compassionate heart is evident in this article. He also serves as the President of Haiti's Military Christian Fellowship, which was born in March 2010, in the wake of the earthquake. He and his wife have three sons.

Renouncing War

Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Unknown Soldier

Jonathan E. Newell

On November 12, 1921, all eyes focused on the figure standing with uncovered head next to a plain flag-draped coffin in the Arlington amphitheatre. Amidst the pomp and pageantry of military ceremony, President Harding delivered brief remarks extolling the virtues of America's newest hero—the Unknown Soldier. At Arlington and at radio sets across the country, thousands strained their ears to catch the presidential words of comfort and devotion that spoke of the loyalty, dedication, and noble ambitions of the one now “resting in honored glory.”¹

Twelve years later on November 12, churchgoers at New York's Riverside Church fixed their eyes on the dignified figure entering the pulpit. He too addressed the Unknown Soldier. These remarks, however, were not of praise and adulation; these were remarks of contrition and repentance. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the leading spokesman of liberal Christian theology, begged the Unknown Soldier for forgiveness. Opening with the statement, “I have an account to settle in this pulpit today between my soul and the Unknown Soldier,” he called the Church to separate itself completely from the business of war and renounce any further support of conflict.² For Fosdick, the Christian could only serve one master; he could either answer the call to War or the call of Christ.

Fosdick's journey from theological war hawk to pacifist cannot be understood apart from the revolutionary scientific and religious ideas of the late nineteenth century that molded his social and religious views. As he notes in his autobiography, *The Living of These Days*, the era surrounding his birth in 1878 was one full of theories and philosophies that overturned traditional views of life and religion. In many ways, these new views were a culmination of the rationalistic and scientific mindset of the 1700s.

The scientific method drove the search for truth; any unverifiable sources of information and truth, no matter how traditionally authoritative, were discarded. Science applied to industry changed the whole concept of labor through the Industrial Revolution's factory system, increased productivity, and spurred an

¹ “10,000 Gathered on Arlington Hills” and “President Harding's Address at the Burial of an Unknown American Soldier.” *New York Times*, November 12, 1921. For a complete description of that day see Robert Poole. *On Hallowed Ground: The Story of Arlington National Cemetery* (NEW YORK: Walker, 2009), 156-59.

² Harry Emerson Fosdick, “The Unknown Soldier” preached on November 12, 1933 and reprinted in Halford R. Ryan, *Harry Emerson Fosdick: Persuasive Preacher* (New York: Greenwood, 1989), 102-08.

unparalleled creation of wealth. Charles Darwin's theory of biological evolution transformed the way humanity viewed itself, shifting society's view of the world from theocentrism to anthropocentrism. Herbert Spencer's application of Darwin's ideas to human civilization and progress buoyed society with an intoxicating mixture of optimism and confidence in every aspect of human life.¹

These changes in science, technology, and philosophy challenged the long held positions of the Christian Church. The theory of evolution combined with new studies in the field of geological research forced many Christians to reformulate their traditional creationist beliefs, making them compatible with current research. In the historical field, new theories about the ancient world upset belief in the accuracy and integrity of the Old and New Testaments as reliable historical records. The higher critics discarded miracles, disputed the traditional beliefs regarding Scripture's authorship and composition, and sought to draw out the universal principles that lay beneath the layers of ancient myth and superstition. The adoption of such critical methods led many theologians to reinterpret historic orthodox theology. The new message and theology retained all the external form of orthodox Christianity, but the doctrinal rigidity of the Christian message was exchanged for a socially orientated gospel. The horrid slum conditions of the urban immigrant workers demanded a new Social Gospel that improved lives and eradicated societal plagues. Instead of the supernatural, preachers emphasized the potential of man's progress over nature. Doctrine gave way to ethical action, and Christ's divinity was replaced with a view of every man as a divine reflection of God.²

This was the theological environment in which Fosdick thrived. Born into a respectable family of English extraction, he grew up in western New York in a schoolteacher's household. He took great pride in being a continuation of the "strong tradition of nonconformity," reaching back to their arrival in America in the 1630s.³ During these early years, Fosdick struggled to maintain faith in traditional beliefs. In his autobiography, he speaks of the conservative Protestant evangelist and educator D.L. Moody (1837-1899) fondly, but feels disdain for the typical conservative evangelists of the period because of their "idiotic legalism." Ultimately, it was the doctrine of hell that turned Fosdick against the orthodox

¹ Sydney Ahlstrom, *A Religious History of the American People* (New Haven: Yale, 1972), 763-74; on the social gospel, see 786 & 804. Harry Emerson Fosdick, *The Living of These Days* (New York: Harper, 1956), 19-22.

² Ahlstrom, 779-84. "The essence of the faith is thus retained, argues Fosdick, while the thought form in which it was once clothed has been abandoned." William Hordern. *A Layman's Guide to Protestant Theology* (New York: MacMillan, 1972), 74, 85.

³ Fosdick, *Living*, 3-16, 23, 31, 49; for detail on the family's religious atmosphere, see Robert Moats Miller, *Harry Emerson Fosdick: Preacher, Pastor, Prophet* (New York: Oxford, 1985), 6-7, 9-10.

Christianity of the day. At the age of seven, the ideas of hell and eternal suffering seized his mind, and he never felt secure in traditional Christianity again.¹

When he entered Colgate University in 1895, his doubts about the literal and historic truth of Christianity persisted. He recounts that his growing skepticism of the biblical story of Samson was a watershed experience in his unbelief. After all, if the story of Hercules was only a myth, why keep the story of Samson from being lumped into that same category? His doubts grew and soon he shed his attachments to Christianity, turning to a flamboyant lifestyle.²

Yet even in the midst of living the high life, Fosdick felt the calling to ministry. Following his family's encouragement in this direction, he buckled down and began serious study.³ During this period, Fosdick came under the influence of William Newton Clarke. Author of *Outlines of Christian Doctrine*, Clarke had become an influential figure as a well-known proponent of the new Protestant religious liberalism. Fosdick gladly embraced the new liberal views of Christianity that Clarke introduced to him.⁴ In 1901, after a year at the Colgate seminary, Fosdick headed off to Union Theological Seminary in New York City for further training in the new liberal teachings. There he learned from some of the key figures in theological liberalism, and gained his first important exposure to the great poverty and needs of the urban areas. Following this time, Fosdick became pastor of a Baptist church in Montclair, New Jersey, remaining there until 1915.⁵

During his time at Montclair, the thunderclouds of war looming over Europe broke loose. Many Europeans seemed to welcome the conflict. War represented all that was ideal and glorious in manhood and in love for one's country. However, the dreams of heroic exploits and charging light brigades ended abruptly in the miry, disease-ridden, death-filled trenches of the Western Front. Poison gas, machine guns, and barbed wire had transformed war into an awful, inhuman, and tortured existence. From 1914 to 1917, millions of civilians and

¹ Fosdick, *Living*, 35-36; he writes, "the scene was set for rebellion against the puerility and debasement of a legalistic and terrifying religion;" Miller notes that "Fosdick's liberal theology . . . is rooted in a reaction to the 'devastating horror of hell' he had suffered as a youngster" 7-8.

² Fosdick, *Living*, 49, 51-54.

³ He tells this story in his autobiography. "Fosdick," he said, "I hear that you are thinking of entering the ministry." "Yes," I answered, "that is true." "Well," he said "I have just one question to ask you. Has it ever occurred to you that a minister is supposed to be an exponent of the spiritual life?" *Ibid.*, 57; Miller, 38-39.

⁴ Fosdick, *Living*, 55-57, 63-67.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 70-72, 76-78; Miller, 43-54, 72; for a survey of Fosdick's theology see Miller, 389-417.

soldiers died violent deaths while millions more fought and suffered on in filthy battlefield trenches.¹

As the war dragged on, opinion in the United States favoring intervention gained strength. Among the leaders of this movement were an ever-increasing number of clergymen. Eventually the majority of American churches and their ministers abandoned any reticence and threw their full support behind armed intervention. The movement crossed denominational and theological lines, uniting religious Americans in what many saw as mankind's chance to destroy evil—in short, to participate in a “Great Crusade.”²

Fosdick jumped into the fray enthusiastically, delivering warhawk speeches and sermons and also writing a book, *The Challenge of the Present Crisis*.³ The purpose of the book was to “harmonize [a person's] ideals with his necessities of action in a time of war.”⁴ Christ did not take up arms, but Fosdick believed that “one does not see how a soul who spoke as Jesus spoke could forbid as intrinsically wrong the use of force for moral ends.”⁵ He disavowed the idea that war benefits mankind and recognized the horrors and suffering that war brought. Yet this “war to end war” would establish a time of international peace and cooperation when Christianity could reach out to all nations and meet their spiritual needs, precluding future wars. Based on these ideas, Fosdick saw this war as a Just War, one removing the threats to international peace and thus “making the world safe” not only for democracy but also for his global Christian social agenda. Neither bloodthirstiness nor pacifism could meet this “challenge of the present crisis”—but a Just War could. He closed his book with this stirring charge: “Your country needs *you*. The Kingdom of God on earth needs *you*. The Cause of Christ is hard bested and righteousness is having a heavy battle in the earth—they need *you*.”⁶

¹ For eyewitness descriptions of this warfare see Martin Gilbert, *The First World War* (New York: Holt, 1994), 262-64; John Keegan, *The First World War* (New York: Knopf, 1999), 71-72; Roland N. Stromberg, *Europe in the Twentieth Century*. (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1992), 71, 86-88.

² Ahlstrom, 883-87; An illustration of this spirit: “The just God who withheld not His son from the cross, would not look with favor upon a people who put their fear of pain and death . . . above the holy claims of righteousness and justice . . . Sad is our lot if we have forgotten how to die for a holy cause.” This pro-war document was signed by 65 men, including Harry Emerson Fosdick and William A. Sunday (41). Ray Abrams, *Preachers Present Arms* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald, 1969), 54. Ahlstrom, 779-80, 877, 881-82; “The churches discovered that in passing through the war they left one century behind and entered another” (882).

³ Abrams, 62-63; Fosdick, *Living*, 120-2.

⁴ Fosdick, *The Challenge of the Present Crisis* (New York: Doran, 1917), v.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 31.

⁶ Abrams, 234; Fosdick, *Challenge*, 48-50, 60-63; 76-77; 80-99; Miller, 80.

Fosdick responded to his own challenge and traveled to the battlefields in Europe. In France, he worked with the YMCA and functioned as an unofficial chaplain, speaking, preaching and encouraging the troops whenever possible. He did not shy away from visiting the gruesome frontlines and ministering to the troops within the sound of battle. He speaks of visiting combat arms troops minutes before they headed into no-man's land. Whether in the trenches or behind the lines, Fosdick sought to stir up the martial vigor of the soldiers and confirm them in the righteousness of their cause. Yet it was in these horrific trenches where Fosdick faced the full reality of the war he had advocated.¹

When the guns fell silent on the eleventh hour of November 11, 1918, Europe faced the horror and carnage wrought by the “Great War.” Across the shell-shocked landscapes of France and Belgium, thousands of the best and brightest of Europe’s young had met their death in the trenches. Now they lay silently—some in unknown graves, others in cemeteries where only crosses and poppies witnessed to their painfully short lives. Some in the Western world believed that part of the optimism and hope of the new century had perished with them, cut down in the mud and barbed wire of Verdun, Ypres, and the Somme. Gone forever was the old expression, “Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”² Man’s image as the self-redeeming, creative, and ever-progressing master of his destiny became a war casualty as well. So too were Fosdick’s idealistic views of the Church and war.³

Twelve years later, with Armistice Day ceremonies fresh on the congregants’ minds, Fosdick presented his Riverside audience with a candid confession of his own guilt and a thorough explanation of his changed views on conflict. Standing before his congregation, he renounced not only the war he had supported, but all war. Just as his horror of hell led him from traditional orthodoxy to liberalism, so his horror of war led him from war hawk to absolute pacifist.

In his message, Fosdick first renounced war because it destroyed men’s efforts to bring in God’s kingdom. He realized that cultural trends emphasizing societal improvements had compromised the Church’s ethical teaching. The two had

¹Ryan, 102-08; Miller, 80-81, 85-86, 497-98.

² Translated as “Sweet and fitting it is to die for one’s country”; from the poem “Dulce et decorum est” by Wilfred Owen—himself a casualty of the war. Keegan, 3-8, 421-23 on the costs of this “tragic and unnecessary conflict.” Barbara W. Tuchman, in her book, *The Proud Tower: A Portrait of the World Before the War 1890-1914* (New York: Ballantine, 1994), writes that “Illusions and enthusiasm possible up to 1914 slowly sank beneath a sea of massive disillusionment. For the price it had paid, humanity’s major gain was a painful view of its own limitations”, 463.

³ See Stromberg, 158-163 for an overview of intellectual reactions at this time. Stromberg provides a concise example of the disillusionment, saying that “the scientist’s dream of perfecting knowledge and leading humanity to a glorious conquest of nature had turned sour; scientists had spent the war making poison gas, and in a New York case their formulae offer nothing for the real human needs, those of the spirit”, 162.

become so closely intertwined that they became indistinguishable.¹ This led to the Church to support unrealistic views of human progress—views that initially saw WWI as a sign of that progress.² Fosdick later noted his disillusionment:

Any one, however, who has lived with discerning thought through the opening years of the twentieth century, must be aware that something has happened to chasten and subdue these wildly enthusiastic hopes of the mid-Victorian age. Others beside the ‘gloomy dean’ of St. Paul’s,³ whether through well-considered thought or through the psychological shock of the Great War, have come to look upon this rash, unmitigated enthusiasm about the earth’s future as a fool’s paradise. At any rate, no treatment of the idea of progress would be complete which did not dwell upon the limitations to that idea, now definitely obvious to thoughtful men.⁴

In his sermon, Fosdick bemoans the fact that warfare took the noblest aspirations of men and turned them into a destructive force. Instead of constructing “heaven on earth” and the “City of God,” mankind’s efforts had only given the world a “hell on earth.” Thus war with its enticements of glory and honor entraps men and prevents them from reaching their full potential for themselves and the community at large. Since both sides of the conflict tapped these human energies

¹ “Jesus meant that society [the Kingdom of God] in which men are brothers, living in cooperation, love, and justice together. This ideal society is one that man himself, with the help of God, can build. In fact, man has already made many New York steps in this direction, such as the building of political democracy. At this point the Social Gospel joined hands with the secular faith in progress which was so strong in the first thirty years of this century.” Hordern, 86. He goes on to remark that these beliefs did not result in a “naïve optimism” about human progress.

² Fosdick, *Living*, 237-43. He says, “To suppose that Christian liberals as a whole so far surrendered to it [excessive optimism and theories of social progress] that they believed then or believe now in automatic, inevitable progress is fantastic,” 238. Yet he is forced to admit its influence on his thinking. He wrote, “We do not believe in automatic, inevitable social progress, supposing that by some inherent necessity the world is growing better and better. That we took the optimistic color of our generation is undoubtedly true. Such optimism—not the creation of religious liberals—was the secular spirit of age, the conditioning mood of scientists, philosophers [i.e. Herbert Spencer] and poets, which colored Christian thinking, as prevalent moods always color the religion of the time” (237). Also he stated, “A preacher who has lived through the tremendous experience of two world wars without learning a New York thing that has added increased depth and realism to his theology should be ashamed of himself. All of us liberals, whose ideas of God and man were inevitably influenced by the slants and biases of the optimistic era before the wars, have been compelled . . . to welcome new insights, revise old judgments, and acknowledge deplorable omissions in our understanding of the gospel.” Miller, 392 quoting from Fosdick, *Living*, 265; see also Fosdick’s work, *Christianity and Progress* (New York: Revell, 1922), esp. 32-48 for one stage of Fosdick’s view of progress.

³ William Ralph Inge, dean of St. Paul’s from 1911-1934 and widely read author.

⁴ Fosdick, *Christianity and Progress*, 11.

and debased them to service in mass slaughter, both sides bear a heavy load of guilt and are rendered indistinguishable in the final moral reckoning.¹

Second, Fosdick renounced war because it emptied Christian virtues of their true meaning. Both President Harding’s dedicatory remarks and Fosdick’s sermon speak of *glory*, *honor*, and *freedom*. Harding extols the Unknown Soldier as possessing the “everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.” Harding even couches the terms in a Christian framework. He remarked, “He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this,” alluding to Jesus’ teaching on love for fellow men.² He also spoke several times of the virtue of sacrifice in a noble cause. Thus Harding furthered the trend of framing the national war narrative within a Christian context.³

Fosdick replied that war was not the fullest expression of the virtues of *sacrifice*, *freedom*, and *glory*. War took those virtues, stripped them of their true meaning, and gave back only the hollow shells. Fosdick questioned the nobility of a nation sending its strongest and brightest young men off in sacrifice to inevitable destruction. He compared the act to what he considered a barbaric practice—the sacrificial system of the Old Testament.⁴ Just as the Jews brought their best to Jehovah for bloody destruction, so the nations of the world offered their best to the “god of war.” Fosdick questioned why science and psychiatry were used to find the finest physical specimens and brightest minds and then send them on missions of war instead of peace.⁵

War did not give men freedom. Fosdick challenged his congregation to consider how a war that demanded conscription could be fought in the name of freedom. The country ripped the soldier away from the enjoyment of all that he held dear and sent him away to die in the name of freedom. The individual did not bear the guilt of involvement in such a war; the nation did. Fosdick warned his listeners of

¹ Ryan., 102-08,

² John 15:13

³ “President Harding’s Address,” *New York Times*. Since the Civil War, this theme of the Soldier as a Christ figure who sacrifices himself for a greater cause had come to dominate the national narrative on death in battle. David Rolfs, *No Peace for the Wicked: Northern Protestant Soldiers and the American Civil War* (Knoxville: University of TN, 2009), 135-36. See also Russell Richey and Donald Jones, eds. *American Civil Religion* (New York: Harper, 1974), 102. Lisa Budreau details the story of how the Christian symbol of sacrifice—the cross—was mandated as the remembrance symbol for all of America’s war dead in *Bodies of War: World War I and the Politics of Commemoration in America, 1919-1933*. (New York: New York University Press, 2010).

⁴ Liberals would describe the Old Testament as a description of the Jewish religion evolving out of these “primitive bloodthirsty ideas.” Hordern, 80.

⁵ Ryan, 102-08

a bleak future if warfare did not end. Future wars would “end everything in this nation that remotely approaches liberty.”¹

Neither did war offer men glory. The trappings of speeches, parades, and military bands were the husks of bitter fruit. The nation offered them as incentives to the conscripts and as comforts to the bereaved. Yet in Fosdick’s view, the glory of the dead was no glory at all. He accused society’s leaders of presenting war as a grand adventure, an ennobling act. These men did so without any personal experience of war and without paying any price. The young men inspired by the rhetoric now lay shattered and mangled in cemeteries across Europe. Some, like the Unknown Soldier, lost even their identity in the conflict. So how, Fosdick asked, could that be glorious? Why would a society exult in the “unrecognizable body of a soldier blown to bits on the battlefield?”²

For Fosdick, the ultimate reason to renounce war was that the Church had allowed itself to be conscripted into a cause that debased everything it stood for. During the war effort, many Church leaders like Fosdick had set about justifying to themselves and the nation how the aims of the war were one with those of the Christian church. Then they began encouraging true Americans to wholehearted participation in it. The clergy even drafted Christ into their service. Some made outrageous claims, saying that Christ could be pictured as “on foot arrayed in a garb of olive drab which was stained with blood and mire, and in His hands a bayonet sword attached to a rifle.” There was not a doubt that this Jesus “would take bayonet and grenade and bomb and rifle and do the work of deadlines against that which is the most deadly enemy of his Father’s kingdom in a thousand years.”³

He cautioned his congregation that any cause when combined with religious fervor becomes almost irresistible. Just as the crusaders sought the Church’s blessing, so the War Department had sought the Church’s blessing. Fosdick realized that he had helped to deliver that blessing to the nation’s soldiers—the same soldiers who died in the trenches convinced of the rightness of their cause. Fosdick asked how the Christian ethic could sanction the true nature of war. Christianity approved the grand ideals of freedom, honor, sacrifice, and glory. But did Christians realize what really happened when those ideals motivated men to war? Fosdick asked how the brutality of hand-to-hand combat could be combined with the teachings of Christ. What did Jesus have in common with a soldier splitting his opponent’s head open with a shovel? Fosdick now believed that there was nothing in common.⁴

¹ Ibid., 103.

² Ibid., 102-08.

³ Abrams, 55-70, quotes from 68, 70.

⁴ Ryan, 102-08.

Fosdick discarded the classic Just War theology justifications, replacing them with a total rejection of all war at all times. He admitted to the audience, “I too was persuaded that it was a war to end war. I too was a gullible fool and thought that modern war could somehow make the world safe for democracy.” He seemed haunted by the suffering and violence that he had encouraged. He was also haunted by a question from his Unknown Soldier sermon: “Where is this great, new era that the war was to create?” Fosdick pointed to the futility of the killing: “Can you imagine anything madder than this, that all the nations should pick out their best, use their scientific skill to make certain that they are the best, and then in one mighty holocaust offer ten million of them on the battlefields of one war?” Such a war was not an “exciting episode;” it was the “prostitution of the noblest powers of the human soul to the most dastardly deeds, the most abysmal cruelties of which our human nature is capable.”¹

Throughout the sermon, Fosdick remarks that he is troubled by the thought that he may have personally encountered the Unknown Soldier. Perhaps he had spoken to him of the glory, the freedom and the honor of a righteous war. Perhaps he had sent the Unknown Soldier to his death with a Christian blessing echoing in his mind. Therefore, Fosdick felt compelled to thunder out his conclusion: “We can have this monstrous thing or we can have Christ, but we cannot have both. O my country, stay out of war! . . . I renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, will I sanction or support another!”²

But even as Fosdick’s words echoed through the nave of the Riverside Church, one could also hear the faint, muffled drums of war from across the Atlantic. On that same day, November 12, 1933, the German people under the leadership of Adolf Hitler voted to remove their country from the League of Nations.³ Hitler’s actions came at a time when many United States churches were retreating from the pacifist enthusiasms of the 1920s. Many church leaders had earlier adopted Fosdick’s absolute pacifistic stance on war. They hoped that efforts in the League of Nations and treaties, such as the Kellogg-Briand Pact, could bring in and preserve the long-awaited peace. But as the inevitability of the Second World War grew, some liberal and pacifist ministers began to support the war, adopting the “realist” views of the neo-orthodox theologian Reinhold Niebuhr.⁴

¹ Ibid., 102-104, 106.

² Ibid., 102, 106-08; Miller, 490-91.

³ Fosdick used his sermon to beg for US involvement in the League: “O my country, stay out of war! Cooperate with the nations in every movement that has a New York hope for peace; enter the World Court, support the League of Nations, contend undiscourageably for disarmament, but set your face steadfastly and forever against being drawn into another war.” Ryan, 107; Keegan, 3; Stromberg, 214-15.

⁴ Abrams, 234-37; 263-64; Ahlstrom, 930-31; Roland Bainton, *Christian Attitudes Toward War and Peace* (Nashville: Abingdon, 1983), 212-121; Fosdick, *Christianity and Progress*, 32-33; *Living*, 293; Miller, 88-89, 493-95; on neo-orthodoxy see Stromberg, 161;

Fosdick refused to be among their number. He believed the Second World War was in many ways forced upon the United States. But even if the country could not be kept out of war, the church certainly could. That became the essence of Fosdick's pacifist stance. Fosdick maintained that the church was to remain neutral, operating by Christ's standards not human patriotic ideals.¹ Fosdick believed that war was a great evil. "I hate war. I hate it because I have seen it. I hate it for what it does to our own men . . . I hate war for what it forces us to do to our enemies."² Therefore, he believed that the church should not approve any war. Fosdick summarized his view in these words:

I can never use my Christian ministry for the support and sanction of war. . . . When I picture Christ in this warring world I can see him in one place only, not arrayed in the panoply of battle on either side, but on his judgment seat, sitting in condemnation on all of us—aggressor, defender, neutral—who by our joint guilt have involved ourselves in a way of life that denies everything he stood for. The function of the church is to keep him there, above the strife, representing a manner of living, the utter antithesis of war, to which mankind must return if we are to have any hope.³

Fosdick adamantly held to his views and even said that he would leave the Riverside Church if his position became too divisive. However, he was able to remain in his ministry throughout the war and until his retirement in 1946.⁴ As the world transitioned from the Second World War into the Cold War, Fosdick continued in his pacifist views. Whether the conflict was with Russia, Cuba, or Vietnam, he believed firmly that . . .

From the nature and function of the Church it follows also that the members of the Church cannot participate in war without violating the essential meaning of the Gospel. . . . If ever a church member is convinced that as between possible alternatives of national action, war is the least evil choice available, he should still recognize that

Bainton, 216; Hordern, 168-69. See also David King, "Harry Emerson Fosdick's Role in the War and Pacifist Movements," *Baptist History and Heritage* (Summer-Fall, 2006) available online at http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m0NXG/is_3_41/ai_n27074794/. Accessed on 19 July 2010. For a response to the views of Niebuhr see Cole, Darrell and Alexander Webster, *The Virtue of War: Reclaiming the Classic Christian Traditions East and West* (Salisbury, MA: Regina Orthodox Press, 2004), 169-79.

¹ Fosdick, *Living*, 293-95, 303-04; Miller, 509, 516, 534-35.

² Fosdick, *Living*, 303-04; Miller, 497.

³ *Ibid.*, 304.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 295-305; Miller, 517, 533, 549.

even so war is the denial of all Christian values, and that all who engage in it are under the judgment of God.¹

Harry Emerson Fosdick never wavered from his belief that the church should prevent war. For Fosdick, this was the answer to the challenge given by Sir Douglas Haig, British Field Marshal during World War I: “It is the business of the churches to make my business impossible.”² During his earlier ministry during World War I, Fosdick believed that a Just War was possible and lent spiritual support to the United States involvement in Europe. By World War II his position was the opposite. Fosdick came to believe that the Church must maintain a pacifist stance and the individual participants in the war risk God's judgment. The Church must not instigate war-fervor but stand prayerfully to the side of conflict and condemn the act of war. The Church like Christ must stand in judgment on the warring parties, pointing them to a nobler ideal.

Thus, for Fosdick, the Unknown Soldier served as a monument not to what is noblest in mankind but what is basest. His grave was not a monument to a righteous cause but to the failure of the Church to effectively speak out against war. Fosdick's stand against war remains a challenge to each generation. As the additional three marble slabs³ at the Tomb of the Unknowns show, establishing peace is a challenge that no generation has fully answered.

© 2011 Jonathan E. Newell.

Jonathan E. Newell is a Baptist pastor, and received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Bob Jones University. He served as a Chaplain Candidate in the United States Army Reserve 2004 to 2010. He is currently pursuing advanced studies in economics.

¹ Ibid., 544-45.

² Fosdick, *Living*, 293, 303-04; Ryan, 107-08.

³ The additional crypts are designated for unknown casualties of World War II, Korea and Vietnam. The remains initially interred in the Vietnam grave have since been identified, and it remains empty.

† Editorials †

Understanding Other Faiths Hermeneutical Considerations

Sharior Rahman

As military chaplains, it is crucial that we appreciate the religiously pluralistic environment in which we serve. While the extent of this diversity varies depending on the nation in which we live, all chaplains should devote themselves to truly comprehending the principles of faith traditions other than their own.

This requires that we reject caricatures and seek an accurate understanding. For faiths based upon holy writings, the key to doing this is properly interpreting those texts. Hermeneutics, referred to in Islam as *tafseer*, allows us to look beyond the mere words to their actual meaning. Nowhere is conscientious tafseer more vital than when we consider potentially controversial passages in books deemed divinely inspired by members of respective religions.

Religion commands love, mercy and peace. Terror, on the other hand, is the opposite of religion; it is cruel, merciless and demands bloodshed and misery. This being the case, the origins of a terrorist act should be sought in disbelief rather than in religion. The individual name or the particular identity of the triggerman is not important (e.g. they can be KKK, IRA, suicide bombers or the Unabomber). If the person can kill innocent people without blinking an eye, then they are nonbelievers, not believers. They are murderers with no fear of God; their main ambition is to shed blood and to cause malevolent harm.

When taking this into consideration, the concept of “Islamic terror” is an erroneous notion which contradicts the very message of Islam. The religion of Islam can by no means countenance terrorism. Contrary to misleading opinions of Islam, terror (i.e. murder or the harming of innocent people) is regarded by Islam as a great sin. On the contrary, true Muslims are responsible for *preventing* these acts and bringing peace and justice to the world.

To articulate this fact further, here are a few pertinent ayahs (verses) from the Qur’an:

“Those who make mischief in the earth, theirs is the curse” (13:25).

“Whosoever killeth a human being for other than manslaughter or corruption in the earth, it shall be as if he had killed all mankind, and whoso saveth the life of one, it shall be as if he had saved the life of all mankind” (5:32).

“O you who believe! Stand firm for justice, as witness to God, even against yourselves, or your parents, or your kin, and whether it be against rich or poor, for God can best protect both. Follow not the cravings of your hearts, lest you swerve, and if you distort justice or decline to do justice, verily God is well acquainted with all that you do” (4:135).

Ayahs such as this affirm the essence of Islam. However ignorance befalls us all and unfortunately many will be overcome by hype or propaganda in distorting religious texts for their own misguided agenda. The holy books of all religions are susceptible to those who would take verses out of their context to alter their meaning.

One such verse from the Qur’an that we often see cited by those who accuse Islam of advocating violence against those of other faiths is: “And slay them wherever ye catch them . . .” (2:191).

This verse, as with all religious texts, needs to be viewed with a thorough understanding of its historical context and what was intentionally implied. This is the task of hermeneutics, with which all military chaplains should be familiar due to their theological educations. This specific verse concerns a unique situation where the Pagan Quraish tribe of Mecca broke the treaty of Hudaibiyya by killing innocent Muslims, including a nursing mother and her infant child. Allah revealed to The Prophet (peace be upon him) that he was to slay those people who had committed this atrocity—but Allah’s compassion was shown in the immediately following verses (which I might add is conveniently omitted by those who proliferate the first portion of this seamless message), “But if they desist, then lo! Allah is Forgiving, Merciful (2:192). And fight them until persecution is no more, and religion is for Allah. But if they desist, then let there be no hostility except against wrong-doers” (2:193).

It is essential that we study all literary texts in their proper context. The importance of doing so is dramatically magnified when we are addressing religious writings. When these texts are not read in their proper textual and historical contexts they invite manipulation and distortion by those with personal agendas. It is true that some “Muslims” manipulate these verses for their own goals. But this phenomena is not only true with Islamic texts; it is also true with twisting of comparable texts within other religious traditions. I can quote dozens of verses from the Bible which seems extremely violent, if taken out from their

historical context. These Biblical texts have been used by many violent Jewish and Christian groups. Historically, crusaders used them against Muslims and Jews. Nazis employed them against Jews. More recently, Serbian Christians arrayed them against Bosnian Muslims.

Here are a few to illustrate my point:

“When the LORD your God brings you into the land where you are entering to possess it, and clears away many nations before you, the Hittites and the Girgashites and the Amorites and the Canaanites and the Perizzites and the Hivites and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and stronger than you, and when the LORD your God delivers them before you and you defeat them, then you shall utterly destroy them. You shall make no covenant with them and show no favor to them” (Deuteronomy 7:1-2, NASB).

“When you approach a city to fight against it, you shall offer it terms of peace. If it agrees to make peace with you and opens to you, then all the people who are found in it shall become your forced labor and shall serve you. However, if it does not make peace with you, but makes war against you, then you shall besiege it. When the LORD your God gives it into your hand, you shall strike all the men in it with the edge of the sword. Only the women and the children and the animals and all that is in the city, all its spoil, you shall take as booty for yourself; and you shall use the spoil of your enemies which the LORD your God has given you. . . . Only in the cities of these peoples that the LORD your God is giving you as an inheritance, you shall not leave alive anything that breathes” (Deuteronomy 20:10-16, NASB).

“Now therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman who has known man intimately. But all the girls who have not known man intimately, spare for yourselves.” (Numbers 31:17-18, NASB).

Even in the New Testament we read the following statement attributed to Jesus and addressed to his disciples:

“I tell you that to everyone who has, more shall be given, but from the one who does not have, even what he does have shall be taken away. But these enemies of mine, who did not want me to reign over them, bring them here and slay them in my presence” (Luke 19:26-27).

The bottom line is that drawing out a single verse without fully understanding it is more harmful than good. As for the Qur’an, it remains a strident advocate for respect and the preservation of life. The Qur’an says about the prohibition of

murder: “Take not life, which Allah hath made sacred, except by way of justice and law: thus does He command you, that ye may learn wisdom” (6:151). And Allah says in the Qur’an: “Nor take life—which Allah has made sacred—except for just cause. And if anyone is slain wrongfully, We have given his heir authority (to demand Qisas or to forgive): but let him not exceed bounds in the matter of taking life; for he is helped (by the law)” (17:33).

As aforementioned in the Qur’an, killing any person without a just cause is recognized as great a sin as murdering all of humanity, and saving the life of one person is as excellent a deed as saving the whole of humanity, “whosoever killeth a human being for other than manslaughter or corruption in the earth, it shall be as if he had killed all mankind, and whoso saveth the life of one, it shall be as if he had saved the life of all mankind”(5:32).

Returning to the principle that chaplains have a duty to accurately understand the precepts of other faiths, we see just how necessary it is to approach them with valid hermeneutics. This is true for our respectful treatment of all other beliefs held by the members of our armed forces. By exercising respectful tafseer, we promote a healthier atmosphere and strengthen the bonds between the men and women we serve.

© 2011 Sharior Rahman.

Sharior Rahman serves as Chaplain to the Defense Language Institute’s English Language Center, Inter American Air Force Academy, United States Army Delta and Echo Companies, Naval Technical Training Center, Non Commissioned Officer Academy and 341st Training Squadron—all located at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. He served on active duty in the United States Navy prior to becoming a Chaplain Candidate in the United States Air Force Reserve. He is the Imam to the largest Islamic community within the Department of Defense.

Avoiding the Minefields: When Religious Beliefs & Cultural Philosophies Collide

Robert C. Stroud

While this editorial is written from a Christian perspective, it is not the author's desire to exclude chaplains of other traditions from the conversation. The question of when and how a military chaplain addresses controversial issues of morality and ethics should be one with which chaplains constantly wrestle.

Chaplains are relatively free to preach whatever they like about eschatology, and even soteriology. Practical people occupying the pews don't concern themselves overly much about "-ologies." However, when the chaplain addresses a less abstract concept—such as how a person should live—he or she is entering treacherous terrain. Most people are quite content to chart their own course through life, and resent intrusions which make them feel uncomfortable. For example, exhortations about stewardship, which challenge the treasured notion that we are free to spend *our* money as *we* see fit, make individuals uncomfortable. The earnest defense of those without a voice—the unborn—has elicited complaints against more than one chaplain. And, heaven protect any military ministers who suggest some ethical matters are so vital they should actually influence how a person of faith votes!

This sort of preaching and teaching sometimes results in a perceived offense to people's personal conscience (the enthroned Arbiter of right and wrong "for them"). Rather than acknowledging *objective* moral declarations (such as the Ten Commandments) as authoritative . . . increasing numbers of people turn to the *subjective* world of whatever "seems right" to them. And if contesting the idols of materialism and egocentrism is not enough, some chaplains are actually courageous, or foolish, enough to discuss scriptural teaching on sexual morality.

It is safer, perhaps, to follow the advice of a senior chaplain I served under at the outset of my career, to simply "skip over" such verses. "The last thing you want," my self-appointed mentor advised, "would be for someone to think you were 'meddling' in their life." Yes, this was the safer, but perhaps less faithful, approach to dealing with God's exhortations to holiness.

Now, it would be a mistake to consider all chaplains who avoid addressing God's desire that his children would "Flee from immorality" (from the perspective of the Christian tradition, I Corinthians 6:18) do so because they are cynical careerists. Some chaplains have no problem excising such admonitions because they genuinely believe there *are* no absolute truths which are universally

applicable. The views of all people, they feel, are equally valid, no matter how they arrive at their positions. However, my experience suggests far more chaplains do recognize some choices are intrinsically right, while other choices are simply, and unapologetically, wrong.

The western world used to believe in absolutes, like right and wrong, truth and lie. However, in an increasingly subjective era, “People of the Book” find the ground eroding beneath their feet. Modern humanity longs for the shifting sands of subjectivity. No one in this liberated age wants to be encumbered by external rules of conduct. And in this changing landscape, this minefield, the faithful chaplain needs to exercise great caution, maturity and integrity.

As this editorial is being written, “don’t ask, don’t tell” (DADT) technically remains the official guideline for the United States Department of Defense. But its days are numbered. And the radical transformation its abolition ushers in cannot be overestimated. This transition provides an unambiguous context for pondering the precarious course of the military chaplain negotiating the minefield formed by competing long held religious doctrines and contemporary worldviews. The safe path through the treacherous terrain is narrow and the consequences of a misstep may be disastrous to one’s career, soul or both.

Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell A Controversial Case Study

It was inevitable. The United States Department of Defense policy of “don’t ask, don’t tell,” is passing into history. President Barack Obama promised the day would come, and by advancing the homosexual agenda, he appeases one of his most unwavering political constituencies. Yet, the change itself was inevitable. When the current, peculiar policy was forced on the military by President William Clinton (with the approval of Congress) in 1993, everyone recognized it as a single step forward in the relentless march to legitimize public expressions of homosexual behavior in the armed forces. Incrementally, one step at a time, in an institution that seldom reverses its direction. Absolutely inevitable.

In a short time, homosexuals may well become a favored group. It should surprise no one when allegations of prejudice are levied against promotion boards by disappointed individuals. The military will be forced (probably repeatedly) to undergo a judicial inquisition validating that people are chosen on the basis of their record and not their personal lifestyle. It will be easier for the officers sitting on these boards to avoid the potential for grief and simply lean towards favoring for promotion individuals who have publicly identified with this protected minority.

Before proceeding it is necessary to make several declarations. First, homosexual *orientation* is not condemned in the Scriptures. Second, homosexual behavior is not the only sexual sin censured in God’s written word. Adultery holds unique

status as a violation of the Decalogue itself. Intimate heterosexual relationships, outside of the covenant of marriage, are likewise forbidden. And, as Jesus sharpened our awareness of the Law as well as the Gospel, even lusting secretly in the shadow of our hearts is sin (Matthew 5:28). So much for justifying the existence of pornography.

I used to think social liberals simply didn't understand just how conservative a culture binds the military together. But now I recognize that it is precisely because they *do* recognize its conservative traditionalist core that they have made it one of their primary targets in their war against America's traditional values.

It no accident that a disproportionate number of America's military recruits hail from our nation's heartland and the ever-patriotic South. Similarly, families with a history of military service are traditionally much more likely to commend a military career for their children's consideration. How will this cataclysmic change in military life affect enlistments? I have no doubt many families will now discourage their children from entering the service. Surely there will be a few (very few) who join because of the new policy. Likewise, there will be those who are oblivious to the ramifications of the new policy and do not care one way or the other anyway. And, there will be some who object to it, but do not see themselves as having very many other options. Finally, there will be a few (probably, very few) who will still enlist because their patriotic yearnings outweigh their distaste for the new military culture.

My purpose here is not to debate the morality of homosexual behavior. Rather, it is to focus on the precipice upon which this new policy places the chaplain who believes the historic interpretations of biblical sources. And, while the New Testament is far more explicit in its condemnation of homosexual practice, the fact is that the Jewish scriptures also consider it wrong. As Rabbi Michael Gold explains in *Does God Belong in the Bedroom?*

An important point to make from the outset is that Jewish law does *not* teach that it is forbidden to be a homosexual. On the contrary, Jewish law is concerned not with the source of a person's erotic urges nor with inner feelings, but with acts. The Torah forbids the homosexual *act*, known as *mishkav zakhar*, but has nothing to say about homosexuality as a state of being or a personal inclination.

I suspect that upon the publication of this editorial I will become the latest recipient of the much-misused label "homophobe." This weapon in the revisionist arsenal has been so overused as to become nearly meaningless. Like many others who have been thus mislabeled, I am not "afraid" of homosexuality or homosexuals. On the contrary, tolerance and compassion for the latter have been the norm in my life and ministry. As do many of those who advocate a traditional biblical approach to the matter, I count among my friends a number of homosexuals who understand my own views on the matter, and still deign to consider me a friend.

Homophobia is simply the name of a pseudo-disorder applied to those who object to the promotion of the homosexual lifestyle. From the perspective of those who trust the Holy Scriptures to be the revelation of God's will for humanity, it is clear that such a lifestyle is contrary to our Creator's desire. This is why we oppose its formal endorsement, not for some arbitrary reason. For the identical reason, we also oppose other tragic life choices such as adultery and fornication, despite how endemic the latter has become to western culture. God has clearly addressed these subjects and declared with no equivocation that all are contrary to his will, and destructive to their practitioners. Thus, it is out of genuine compassion for individual human beings that many chaplains find themselves compelled to remain steadfast on this issue.

Thus, many chaplains find themselves on the border of a no man's land. If they speak on this particular subject, they risk much. If they hold their tongues, they may experience the "burning fire" which plagued Jeremiah when he sought to stifle God's message (Jeremiah 20:7-12).

Practical Considerations

Suggestions for Chaplains Preaching on Sensitive Issues

Describing a problem is not difficult. Proposing a solution is the challenging task. It is hoped that the following suggestions will aid chaplains as they face tensions between their religious beliefs and competing cultural philosophies.

Live a holy life – You shall give no one cause to mock God.

As clergy and military officers, chaplains are appropriately expected to manifest exemplary integrity. Of course, we all acknowledge there are exceptions to that standard, but those who truly *deserve* the honored title will strive to live in accordance with the laws of God. Likewise, insofar as they are not contrary to divine dictates, chaplains by definition should obey the laws of man. Sexual immorality stains our witness and devastates lives in a dramatic and lasting way. On the other hand, if we are faithful to our vows and resist temptation, it brings glory to God. Our faithfulness encourages young and vulnerable soldiers, sailors, airmen, Marines and coastguardsmen who wonder if it is really possible to live in obedience to God.

Have Courage – You shall not be timid.

It is a cliché to say one should possess the courage of their convictions, but it is true. Compromising with our convictions is a certain path to disillusionment. And a disillusioned chaplain is of no good to anyone. If we believe we are faithfully representing our God in terms of the positions we take, how much stronger should be our confidence. If people come to view us as compromisers, we will deserve the disdain with which they treat us. Do not go out of your way to

create problems. But neither flee from proper opportunities for proclaiming the truth, even about “controversial” matters.

Preach faithfully – You shall not compromise God’s inspired word.

Do not avoid major themes of the Scriptures simply because they enrage the spirit of this age. The uncompromising call to live a chaste life (which includes a monogamous faithfulness to husband or wife) may be unpopular, but it is a fundamental element of Christian discipleship. Declaring this truth is not an effort to deny people some morally neutral “pleasure;” affirming God’s desire for spiritual purity is life-giving. Similarly, the Scriptures speak a great deal about wealth and the concern God’s people need to exercise for the poor and defenseless. Assailing the altar of Materialism can cause a surprising amount of discomfort to the “comfortable” . . . and, consequently, to the forthright chaplain.

Balance your ministry – You shall not focus exclusively on a single matter.

The military has not commissioned chaplains to focus all of their energies on a single theme. The full gamut of our duties demands that we not trap ourselves in a rut. In cases where chaplains become advocates of a single cause (no matter how noble) it invariably erodes the effectiveness of their overall ministry. It is inappropriate for a chaplain to narrow the focus of their preaching to a single issue. In Christian parlance, the minister desiring to be faithful in representing a comprehensive faith preaches the “whole counsel of God” (Acts 20:26).

Remember your role – You shall not abuse your office.

Do not make the changing of governmental or military policy your number one agenda. That’s not why the military commissioned you and it is probably not the reason your faith group “ordained” you. Leave such matters to our elected officials and ultimately the American people. With the privilege of wearing the uniform comes the responsibility to avoid sullying it through inappropriate associations. If you have a doubt about whether something is appropriate to say in uniform, it probably isn’t. The military does not need chaplains with their own agenda, especially one which alienates or divides service members. Commanders do not want chaplains who cause more problems than they solve.

Proclaim a message of healing – You shall not preach a message of condemnation.

Chaplains are entrusted with immense power. Power that radiates far beyond our rank. This makes everything that we say subject to evaluation. People listen to their chaplains even when we think they are not. Our words should never ignore the dignity of every human being, who is created in the image of God. Our exhortations should always be grounded in the truth that God loves every single

person into whom he has breathed life, and that he desires their healing and happiness rather than condemnation.

Respect your professional colleagues – You shall not intentionally injure relationships.

There will be differences of opinion among chaplains on how certain cultural issues should be approached. Avoid judging peers on the theology and practice of their faith traditions. Encourage them to serve according to their own conscience and openly discuss how the various approaches can be complementary in a given setting. Treating fellow chaplains as respected professionals and colleagues has never required theological consensus. Nothing has changed in this regard. More difficult situations are on the horizon, and social relationships may become awkward, but strive to maintain professional bonds. This is not for our own sake as chaplains, but to ensure that we can meet the needs of the personnel we serve as effectively as possible.

Maintain your integrity – You shall not be conformed to the world.

Resist the military's inherent pressure to conform in all things. All chaplains desire to be promoted. Yet, never sell your holy birthright for a bowl of stew or a shiny new medal (Genesis 25:29-34). Remain true to God's call and do not substitute your agenda for the Lord's. Live with the same standards you teach (the holy life referred to above). The last thing the world needs is another religious hypocrite. Provide sincere and compassionate service to all. Never forget: we are not here to promote our personal agendas—but neither are we here to “baptize” the secular agenda of those who would misuse the moral authority of the faith.

Following the advice above will not guarantee one's immunity to the landmines which dot the field in which we minister. However, it can help ensure that when all is done and we have served our final day in the ranks, we will retire with our integrity, conscience and reputation intact.

© 2011 Robert C. Stroud.

Robert C. Stroud is a graduate of the University of Washington, Luther Seminary and the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley. Despite his many sins, God has blessed him with a marriage of thirty-fives years and several children and grand-children. Despite the way that some may choose to misread this editorial, he is a passionate believer in the lesson Jesus taught in John 8:3-11.

On Religious Pluralism

Diogenes†
the Cynic

“When I look upon men of the sea, men of science and philosophers,
man is the wisest of all beings;
when I look upon priests and prophets, nothing is as contemptible as man.”

Diogenes of Sinope, Known as the Cynic

Humanity often experiences shortages. Sometimes these are dire and result in starvation. It is common for certain rare commodities to be in short supply; there never seems to be enough food to sate all appetites, sufficient coin to fill all purses, or common sense to ensure the just governing of the *polis*. But there is *one* item which is never in short thing, a single thing that is never scarce. Wherever a woman or a man is to be found you can be certain that there too you will find “religion.” In truth, where a score of individuals are found in a single place it is not unknown to encounter a dozen differing belief systems. Indeed, in the current era, with its near idolatrous glorification of the individual, it might be argued that nearly every person has their own, personal, religion.

And what results from this diversity, this religious tumult? For citizens to live in peace, some overriding harmony must be imposed upon the discordant melodies. And for members of any social group, especially one where seamless coordination is as critical as it is in an army, a harmonized or synchronized focus is vital. In order to attain this, diverse nations secure members of the “priesthood” of numerous deities and philosophical worldviews. These uniformed clergy are challenged to actively support the beliefs (or *dis*beliefs) of all warriors without compromising the unique claims or doctrines of their particular faith. This is no simple task, and some stumble. Yet others do emerge from their service with integrity intact. And I carry my lantern in search not only of an honest man, but also of the humble priest who can compassionately care for all without compromising the universal claims of their own religion.

I spoke but two seasons ago with a man who was an enthusiasm follower of Jesus Christ. He found himself to be a particularly effective missionary to his native land, since many there continue to practice a version of ancestor worship. As his life’s tale goes, he was raised as the oldest son in his own family to be their shaman. Chief among his duties was the disinterment of his relatives on the anniversary of their death so that he might add their skull to those venerated in the familial shrine. He has traded one faith for another, and who is to say which is the better for him? Only he, himself. And he answers that very question with the conviction that he has turned from a religion of death, to one of life.

People who have discarded as superstition any belief in an afterlife long for their own version of immortality. And, longing for their name to outlast their brief mortality, they make enormous bequests to see their names imprinted upon prominent buildings and foundations. As was done in ancient times, fleeting man desires that carved stone will keep their memory alive.

The notion that all roads lead to the same end is illogical and contrary to the pronouncements of the majority of faiths themselves. Every religion which claims ultimate truth becomes mutually exclusive from its alternatives. To say that Buddhism, Islam, Judaism and Christianity all worship the same God is an affront to Buddhists, Muslims, Jews and Christians alike. After all, has not each universal faith proclaimed in its own words the exclusive statement that *you shall have no other gods than the true One which we worship?*

An Example

One of the most amazing capacities of humanity is the talent of creating one's own religion. When none of the religions hawked in the marketplace appeals, you can divine your own Divinity. No need for a vendor. Market your own brand and vend the faith to all you can persuade to follow you. Many of successfully pursued this path, and it continues to be profitable. You have a choice between two avenues when you invent a novel religion. Either you can begin from the very ground up so you might shape each and every detail as your whim dictates or you may mount on the back of a *bona fide* faith and proclaim yourself the latest prophet or incarnation or,

The former course—creating a religion *ex nihilo*—has also been attempted with some measurable success. I'm told there was a writer of science fiction during the past century who followed this path. Although he favored writing about invasions of our world by aliens from the cosmos, he also penned an interesting collection of tales about "Ole Doc Methuselah" who attends to patients with the assistance of his trusted alien assistant named Hippocrates. Following his career as a writer of fiction, in 1953 this innovative man incorporated not one, but *three* churches. Despite the founder's passing, this religion continues to prosper, due in part to some of its most prominent evangelists who are prominent in cinematic circles.

The second option has been followed by a so-called "Messiah" from the Peninsula of Korea who name invokes the luminaries of day and night.†† This Sun Moon has gathered scores of thousands of disciples around his banner of finishing the uncompleted work of Jesus of Nazareth. He has even been known to add a drop of his own blood the "communion" wine consumed by his devotees. He is not the first to have alleged he is the successor of the Jewish carpenter, but he presents a particularly fanciful portrait.

There is one significant drawback to creating a religion which posits oneself as the prime deity. You may be successful in persuading masses of the *polloi* that you are indeed god, but there is one person who will always comprehend the truth. After all, it was not without his tongue in cheek that on his deathbed Vespasian mocked the Roman imperial cult with the declaration: “Woe is me. I think I am becoming a god.”

The Conversation

You ask, “Is not the highest good being able to live with your neighbor in peace?”

I respond, “This is indeed a noble goal, but is it worth the price if it must be purchased at the cost of denying, or ignoring, what one earnestly believes to be Truth?”

You ask, “Why not simply say that each person follows their own path to the same Creator?”

I respond, “Some do, indeed, believe this, but do not the majority of people those who profess to follow Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, or others have to deny some of their very pronouncements to nurture such a vision?”

You ask, “Is it not presumptuous to profess that your faith is the true one?”

I respond, “How can anyone resist proclaiming to all with ears to hear what they *believe* to be True and of eternal significance?”

You ask, “Does not such a claim make it impossible for people of different faiths to work together?”

I respond, “Since when has holding different convictions precluded men and women from regarding their colleagues or comrades with respect?”

You ask, “Isn’t it simpler just to consider subjects such as politics and religion off limits?”

I respond, “Will not making complex issues taboo guarantee that a people and a society languish in ignorance?”

You ask, “Doesn’t the very fact that pluralism celebrates the vast diversity found in people’s faiths make us all the stronger?”

I respond, “In the event that Truth truly exists, is it not incumbent upon the enlightened to lead others out of their darkness?”

You ask, “How can I support the religious needs of all warriors entrusted to my care without affirming the validity of their personal convictions?”

I respond, “Is there not a vast difference between being dedicated to conscientious provision for the religious practice of every faith group and providing your express approval of their doctrines contrary to your own?”

You ask, “Is it not possible to affirm the beliefs of every believer in every faith—from Asatru to Zoroastrianism, including agnosticism and atheism—without compromising one’s own integrity?”

I respond, “If you possess such purity of heart and immunity to the corrupting influence of compromise, I can lay aside my lamp—for I have finally found that single virtuous and steadfast person I have always sought.”

The Prescription

Priests and priestesses who serve in the armed forces must be profoundly familiar with their own faith, and remain true to it in order to guard their integrity.

Only then will they be able to devotedly provide for the religious needs of all of those entrusted to their care, including those whose religion is non-theistic (*exempli gratia* secularism or scientism).

If a military chaplains find themselves unable to diligently serve all of their charges it is evident they are in the wrong vocation and they should seek another.

If a person believe the idealistic notion that religious pluralism—especially one composed of diametrically exclusive beliefs—enhances the unity of a *polis* . . . should serious contemplate seeking psychiatric evaluation.

Since it is evident the gods, whichever you honor, have imparted to humanity free will in matters of faith, be content to live with the resultant diversity and promote an atmosphere of mutual tolerance and respect.

Do not feel compelled to respect that which is inherently unrespectable, such as religions that debase or corrupt humanity.

There is wisdom in this: Being an admirable military chaplain requires skillfully balancing personal convictions and the calling to serve *all* with enthusiasm and dedication is a objective few can successfully achieve.

© 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. 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 nominal disciple of the Greek pantheon.

†† Diogenes is well aware of the fact that Mr. Myung’s other names do not really allude to the light-giving orbs. According to the self-anointed prophet, “Sun” and “Moon” mean “fresh” and “word” or “literature.” He has translated his full name to mean “the word made clear,” which is an ideal title for someone promising to clarify a previously clouded or misunderstood Word.

† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

Valé Brave Soldier	Jim Cosgrove
Padre	Jim Cosgrove
Days of Sadness	Jim Cosgrove
The Bough of Nonsense	Robert Graves
Attack	Siegfried Sassoon
Glory of Women	Siegfried Sassoon
Suicide in the Trenches	Siegfried Sassoon
Ancient Greek War Poetry	Tyrtaeus of Sparta
Pain	Ivor Gurney
To England—A Note	Ivor Gurney
A Death Bed	Rudyard Kipling
The Decline of the West	Rudyard Kipling
Untitled	Charles Sorley
The Columbiad	Joel Barlow
Fall-In	Harold Begbie
I Griev'd for Buonaparte	William Wordsworth
To the Men of Kent	William Wordsworth
In the Pass of Killicranky	William Wordsworth
The Soldier	Gerald Manley Hopkins
Non Angli Sed Angeli	G.A. Studdert Kennedy
A Sermon	G.A. Studdert Kennedy
March of the Deathless Dead	Abram Joseph Ryan
St. Mary's	Abram Joseph Ryan

Contributors:

Joel Barlow (1754-1812) served as a Massachusetts chaplain in the American Revolution. However, he is better known as a diplomat, and following the war he spent much time abroad, where he lost his faith and adopted an atheistic worldview.

Edward Harold Begbie (1871-1929) was an English author who did not serve in the military himself, but wrote a number of recruiting poems. A devout Christian, in 1917 he also wrote in defense of pacifists and conscientious objectors.

Jim Cosgrove is an Australian Anglican Army Chaplain. He has served for ten years in the reserve and thirteen years full time. Poetry is a hobby and he also composes children's hymns for Christmas and Easter pageants. He is married to Jeanette.

Robert Graves (1895-1985) was a prolific English author whose first collection of poetry related to his service in WWI, during which he suffered from shell shock.

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937) was an English composer who began writing poetry seriously after enlisting to serve in WWI. He was wounded and gassed during the war and spent the final fifteen years of his life in mental hospitals.

Gerald Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) was a Victorian poet who never served in the armed forces, but became a Jesuit priest.

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.

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.

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967) served heroically during the First World War as a British officer (his Germanic name was due to his mother's love of Wagner).

Charles Sorley (1895-1915) was considered one of the most gifted of the many poets who perished in WWI. He was killed by a sniper during the Battle of Loos.

Tyrtaeus of Sparta wrote poetry that marked the transition of Sparta from its culture as a typical Grecian city-state to the militaristic icon we consider it today.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a prolific author who served as Britain's Poet Laureate the final decade of his life.

Valé Brave Soldier

Jim Cosgrove

A Piper sounds a mournful air while soldiers on their shoulders bear
The body of their mate who fell in war
The drummer marks the fall of feet and cuts the air with measured beat
With mates slow marching forward strong and sure

Leaders standing side by side are joined by those whose tears and pride
Unite them as a family joined in sorrow
Photographs and special words, memories and stories heard
About the man who gave us his tomorrows

Silence shared, the ode is told—For unlike us they grow not old
We will remember them, their sacrifice
As Last Post plays, its haunting strains retell the cost of war again
Lest we forget the cost of freedom's price

Flag draped coffin borne outside, honour guard and volleys fired
Gun carriage bears our soldier to his rest
A crisp salute with tear filled eyes joins loved ones silent sad goodbyes
Valé brave soldier, Valé!—Our Nation's best.

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove.

Padre

Jim Cosgrove

Walking slowly up the stairs
Knowing in the house that there's
A person who will soon be struck with tears
The doorbell rings, approaching feet
"May we come in please take a seat"
Our presence there confirms their darkest fears.

The padre comforts as they grieve
"It can't be true, I don't believe"
And sadness mounts within the padre's soul.
With no quaint words to soothe their loss
The padre prays that Jesus' cross
Will one day help this person feel more whole.

"Hey padre can you do this thing
I think its called a 'christenin'
We want to do what's right for little Jean"
"I'd love to—come let's have a chat
You both know its important that
We talk a bit about what 'Christenin' means".

"Padre, quick, they're coming in!"
The wounded soldier tries to grin
And grits his teeth to cope with all the pain.
"Padre say a prayer for me"
As doctors ply their surgery
He hopes that he can join his mates again.

The padre says the Eulogy.
"And greater love there can not be"
The choir sings "Fast falls the Eventide"
The service ends, the volleys fired
The padre's soul is sad and tired
He prays the Lord will be his strength and guide.

"Hey Pard' you've been around enough
So tell me this religion stuff
So many things confuse me—don't know why.
I try to live an honest life
I love the kids, the car and wife
So will your God accept me when I die?"

“Hey padre are you free in May?
 My girl and I have chose the day
 a nice reception place has got us booked
 The in-laws sent the invites out
 We’re well prepared without a doubt
 There’s just one thing we may have overlooked!”

“Padre Sir I must confess
 I’m really stuffed—my life’s a mess
 I’m really sorry for the things I’ve done.
 I’ll change my life—true as I live
 But surely God cannot forgive?”
 “I’ve got Good News, God does forgive you son!”

“Padre what’s that little book
 You’re always reading—Can I look
 I see it’s all about this Jesus bloke.
 Hey Padre just last night I read
 That Jesus rose up from the dead
 Is that for real or is it just a joke?”

Lunchtime meetings, bible studies
 Watch as strangers grow as buddies
 “So will you take the plunge or play it safe?”
 “Father Son & Holy Spirit
 Once, twice, thrice we dunk you in it
 Welcome Christian—celebrate your faith!”

Walking on her daily rounds
 Sometimes passing sweets around
 Listening to joy and to lament.
 You don’t know when life takes its toll
 When someone needs to bare their soul
 And so the padre loiters with intent!

Myriad the chaplain call
 Striving to be all to all
 Feast and famine, prize and sacrifice.
 Privilege and sometimes pain
 Falling, getting up again
 Friend to those defending freedom’s price.

March to Band and drummers beat
 Wipe their brows and wash their feet
 Hold firmly to the plough and do not swerve.
 Take your pack and go ye hence
 The Cross of Christ within Defence
 Following the One who came to serve.

Days of Sadness

Jim Cosgrove

Days of Sadness, Heartfelt pain
Our nation's Soldiers killed again
And many people in this war
Will question "What's this fighting for?"
"We know the lads are good and tough
But surely this must be enough!"
They say "Get rid of all this pain
and bring our Soldiers home again"

Days of Sadness, tortured grief
Life for these lads was cruelly brief
And family's unspoken fears
Are realised in a Vale of tears
But hear the words these families say
"If our troops must come home today
Then that would be the cruellest pain
For then our boys have died in vain."

Days of Sadness, Pain and Pride
Our husbands, brothers, Sons have died
But we believe their sacrifice
Will help to pay our freedom's price
Our Nation's history tells the tale
Of those whose courage didn't fail
Who gave their lives for you and me
To free our world from tyranny.

Days of Sadness, deepest sorrows
Our boys have given their tomorrows
Our Anzac Story tells the cost
Of many other young lives lost
Who fell with faces to the foe
To buy the peace their children know
They fought until the job was done
The only way that peace is won.

Days of Sadness, pained goodbyes
While loved ones mourn a Nation cries
The Eulogies will tell the tales
Of those whose courage didn't fail
Our courage too we now must show
Our fighting lads deserve to know
That even though the cost is great
We'll let them fight on for their mates.

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove.

The Bough of Nonsense

Robert Graves

Back from the Somme two Fusiliers
Limped painfully home; the elder said,
S: "Robert, I've lived three thousand years
This Summer, and I'm nine parts dead."
R: "But if that's truly so," I cried, "quick, now,
Through these great oaks and see the famous bough

"Where once a nonsense built her nest
With skulls and flowers and all things queer,
In an old boot, with patient breast
Hatching three eggs; and the next year..."
S: "Foaled thirteen squamous young beneath, and rid
Wales of drink, melancholy, and psalms, she did."

Said he, "Before this quaint mood fails,
We'll sit and weave a nonsense hymn,"
R: "Hanging it up with monkey tails
In a deep grove all hushed and dim..."
S: "To glorious yellow-bunched banana-trees,"
R: "Planted in dreams by pious Portuguese,"

S: "Which men are wise beyond their time,
And worship nonsense, no one more."
R: "Hard by, among old quince and lime,
They've built a temple with no floor,"
S: "And whosoever worships in that place,
He disappears from sight and leaves no trace."

R: "Once the Galatians built a fane
To Sense: what duller God than that?"
S: "But the first day of autumn rain
The roof fell in and crushed them flat."
R: "Ay, for a roof of subtlest logic falls
When nonsense is foundation for the walls."

I tell him old Galatian tales;
He caps them in quick Portuguese,
While phantom creatures with green scales
Scramble and roll among the trees.
The hymn swells; on a bough above us sings
A row of bright pink birds, flapping their wings.

Fairies and Fusiliers by Robert Graves © 1918.

Attack

Siegfried Sassoon

At dawn the ridge emerges massed and dun
In the wild purple of the glow'ring sun,
Smouldering through spouts of drifting smoke that shroud
The menacing scarred slope; and, one by one,
Tanks creep and topple forward to the wire.
The barrage roars and lifts. Then, clumsily bowed
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle-gear,
Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.
Lines of grey, muttering faces, masked with fear,
They leave their trenches, going over the top,
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
Flounders in mud. O Jesus, make it stop!

Counter-Attack and Other Poems by Siegfried Sassoon © 1918.

Glory of Women

Siegfried Sassoon

You love us when we're heroes, home on leave,
Or wounded in a mentionable place.
You worship decorations; you believe
That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.
You make us shells. You listen with delight,
By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled.
You crown our distant ardours while we fight,
And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.
You can't believe that British troops 'retire'
When hell's last horror breaks them, and they run,
Trampling the terrible corpses—blind with blood.
O German mother dreaming by the fire,
While you are knitting socks to send your son
His face is trodden deeper in the mud.

Counter-Attack and Other Poems by Siegfried Sassoon © 1918.

Suicide in the Trenches

Siegfried Sassoon

I knew a simple soldier boy
Who grinned at life in empty joy,
Slept soundly through the lonesome dark,
And whistled early with the lark.

In winter trenches, cowed and glum,
With crumps and lice and lack of rum,
He put a bullet through his brain.
No one spoke of him again.

...

You smug-faced crowds with kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll never know
The hell where youth and laughter go.

Counter-Attack and Other Poems by Siegfried Sassoon © 1918.

Ancient Greek War Poetry

Tyrtaeus of Sparta

Tyrtaeus was a Greek warrior and leader whose words played a role in Sparta's transition from being a "traditional" city-state to embracing the militaristic ideals that have made her unique in human history.

For it is fine to die in the front line,
a brave man fighting for his fatherland,
and the most painful fate's to leave one's town
and fertile farmlands for a beggar's life,
roaming with mother dear and aged father,
with little children and with wedded wife.
He'll not be welcome anywhere he goes,
bowing to need and horrid poverty,
his line disgraced, his handsome face belied;
every humiliation dogs his steps.
This is the truth: the vagrant is ignored
and slighted, and his children after him.
So let us fight with spirit for our land,
die for our sons, and spare our lives no more.
You young men, keep together, hold the line,
do not start panic or disgraceful rout.
Keep grand and valiant spirits in your hearts,
be not in love with life—the fight's with men!
Do not desert your elders, men with legs
no longer nimble, by recourse to flight:
it is disgraceful when an older man
falls in the front line while the young hold back,
with head already white, and grizzled beard,
gasping his valiant breath out in the dust
and clutching at his bloodied genitals,
his nakedness exposed: a shameful sight
and scandalous. But for the young man, still
in glorious prime, it is all beautiful:
alive, he draws men's eyes and women's hearts;
felled in the front line, he is lovely yet.
Let every man then, feet set firm apart,
bite on his lip and stand against the foe.

Penned during the seventh century before the common era.

Pain

Ivor Gurney

Pain, pain continual, pain unending;
 Hard even to the roughest, but to those
 Hungry for beauty . . . Not the wisest knows,
 Nor the most pitiful-hearted, what the wending
 Of one hour's way meant. Grey monotony lending
 Weight to the grey skies, grey mud where goes
 An army of grey bedrenched scarecrows in rows
 Careless at last of cruellest Fate-sending.
 Seeing the pitiful eyes of men foredone,
 Or horses shot, too tired merely to stir,
 Dying in shell-holes both, slain by the mud.
 Men broken, shrieking even to hear a gun.
 Till pain grinds down, or lethargy numbs her,
 The amazed heart cries angrily out on God.

Severn and Somme by Ivor Gurney © 1919.

To England—A Note

Ivor Gurney

I watched the boys of England where they went
 Through mud and water to do appointed things.
 See one a stake, and one wire-netting brings,
 And one comes slowly under a burden bent
 Of ammunition. Though the strength be spent
 They “carry on” under the shadowing wings
 Of Death the ever-present. And hark, one sings
 Although no joy from the grey skies be lent.

Are these the heroes—these? have kept from you
 The power of primal savagery so long?
 Shall break the devil's legions? These they are
 Who do in silence what they might boast to do;
 In the height of battle tell the world in song
 How they do hate and fear the face of War.

Severn and Somme by Ivor Gurney © 1919.

A Death Bed

Rudyard Kipling

“This is the State above the Law.
The State exists for the State alone.”
*[This is a gland at the back of the jaw,
And an answering lump by the collar-bone.]*

Some die shouting in gas or fire;
Some die silent, by shell and shot.
Some die desperate, caught on the wire—
Some die suddenly. This will not.

“Regis suprema voluntas Lex”
[It will follow the regular course of—throats.]
Some die pinned by the broken decks,
Some die sobbing between the boats.

Some die eloquent, pressed to death
By the sliding trench as their friends can hear
Some die wholly in half a breath.
Some—give trouble for half a year.

“There is neither Evil nor Good in life
Except as the needs of the State ordain.”
*[Since it is rather too late for the knife,
All we can do is to mask the pain.]*

Some die saintly in faith and hope—
One died thus in a prison-yard—
Some die broken by rape or the rope;
Some die easily. This dies hard.

“I will dash to pieces who bar my way.
Woe to the traitor! Woe to the weak!”
*[Let him write what he wishes to say.
It tires him out if he tries to speak.]*

Some die quietly. Some abound
In loud self-pity. Others spread
Bad morale through the cots around .
This is a type that is better dead.

“The war was forced on me by my foes.
All that I sought was the right to live.”
*[Don't be afraid of a triple dose;
The pain will neutralize all we give.*

*Here are the needles. See that he dies
While the effects of the drug endure. . . .
What is the question he asks with his eyes?
Yes, All-Highest, to God, be sure.]*

By Rudyard Kipling, © 1918.

The Decline of the West

Rudyard Kipling

Now it is not good for the Christian's health
to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles,
and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white
with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: “A Fool lies here
who tried to hustle the East.”

“Solo from the Libretto of Naulahka”
The Naulahka by Rudyard Kipling © 1899.

Untitled

Charles Sorley

The following poem, bereft of hope, was found in the belongings of Captain Charles Sorley after he was killed by a sniper during the Battle of Loos.

When you see millions of the mouthless dead
Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
Say not soft things as other men have said,
That you'll remember. For you need not so.
Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
It is not curses heaped on each gashed head?
Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.
Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.
Say only this, 'They are dead.' Then add thereto,
'Yet many a better one has died before.'
Then, scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you
Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,
It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.
Great death has made all his for evermore.

Written and copyrighted in 1915.

The Columbiad

Joel Barlow

Taken from an epic poem composed by a Revolutionary War chaplain who later became a prominent atheist. His low regard for Christianity is evident in this selection which describes the destruction of Peru and Columbus' grief.

In one dark age, beneath a single hand,
 Thus rose an empire in the savage land.
 Its wealth and power with following years increase,
 Its growing nations spread the walks of peace;
 Religion here, that universal name,
 Man's proudest passion, most ungovern'd flame,
 Erects her altars on the same bright base,
 That dazzled erst, and still deludes the race;
 Sun, moon, all powers that forceful strike his eyes,
 Earth-shaking storms and constellated skies.

Yet all the pomp his labors here unfold,
 The vales of verdure and the towers of gold,
 Those infant arts and sovereign seats of state,
 In short-lived glory hasten to their fate.
 Thy followers, rushing like an angry flood,
 Too soon shall drench them in the nation's blood;
 Nor thou, Las Casas, best of men, shalt stay
 The ravening legions from their guardless prey.
 O hapless prelate! hero, saint and sage,
 Foredoom'd with crimes a fruitless war to wage,
 To see at last (thy life of virtue run)
 A realm unpeopled and a world undone!
 While pious Valverde mock of priesthood stands,
 Guilt in his heart, the gospel in his hands,
 Bids, in one field, their unarm'd thousands bleed,
 Smiles o'er the scene and sanctifies the deed.
 And thou, brave Gasca, with persuasive strain,
 Shalt lift thy voice and urge thy power in vain;
 Vain are thy hopes the sinking land to save,
 Or call her slaughter'd millions from the grave.

Here Hesper paused. Columbus with a sigh
 Cast o'er the continent his moisten'd eye,
 And thus replied: Ah, hide me in the tomb;
 Why should I live to see the impending doom?

If such foul deeds the scheme of heaven compose,
And virtue's toils induce redoubled woes,
Unfold no more; but grant a kind release;
Give me, tis all I ask, to rest in peace.

Beginning of Book IV of the *Columbiad* by Joel Barlow © 1787.

Fall-In

Harold Begbie

“What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack,
 When the girls line up the street
 Shouting their love to the lads to come back
 From the foe they rushed to beat?
 Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky
 And grin till your cheeks are red?
 But what will you lack when your mate goes by
 With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look,
 When your children yet to be
 Clamour to learn of the part you took
 In the War that kept men free?
 Will you say it was naught to you if France
 Stood up to her foe or bunked?
 But where will you look when they give the glance
 That tells you they know you funked?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare
 In the far-off winter night,
 When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair
 And your neighbours talk of the fight?
 Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,
 Your old head shamed and bent?
 Or say—I was not with the first to go,
 But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
 For men who are brave and strong?
 Is it naught to you if your country fall,
 And Right is smashed by Wrong?
 Is it football still and the picture show,
 The pub and the betting odds,
 When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow,
 And England's call is God's!"

This “recruiting poem” was written in 1914 by Harold Begbie.

I Griev'd for Buonaparte

William Wordsworth

I griev'd for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! the vital blood
Of that Man's mind what can it be? What food
Fed his first hopes? What knowledge could He gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth © 1888.

To the Men of Kent

William Wordsworth

Vanguard of Liberty, ye Men of Kent,
Ye Children of a Soil that doth advance
It's haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment!
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their Fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance.
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, Ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath;
Confirm'd the charters that were yours before;
No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from Shore to Shore:
Ye Men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death!

The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth © 1888.

In the Pass of Killicranky

William Wordsworth

Six thousand Veterans practis'd in War's game,
Tried Men, at Killicranky were array'd
Against an equal Host that wore the Plaid,
Shepherds and Herdsmen. Like a whirlwind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame;
And Garry thundering down his mountain-road
Was stopp'd, and could not breathe beneath the load
Of the dead bodies. 'Twas a day of shame
For them whom precept and the pedantry
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Like conquest would the Men of England see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious Grave.

The Complete Poetical Works of William Wordsworth © 1888.

The Soldier

Gerald Manley Hopkins

Yes. Why do we áll, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless
Our redcoats, our tars? Both these being, the greater part,
But frail clay, nay but foul clay. Here it is: the heart,
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess
That, hopes that, makesbelieve, the men must be no less;
It fancies, feigns, deems, dears the artist after his art;
And fain will find as sterling all as all is smart,
And scarlet wear the spirit of wár thére express.

Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering through;
He of all can handle a rope best. There he bides in bliss
Now, and séeing somewhére some mán do all that man can do,
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
And cry 'O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too:
Were I come o'er again' cries Christ 'it should be this.'

Hopkins was acclaimed for his experimental use of "sprung rhythm." It is a poetic rhythm designed to imitate natural speech. Hopkins used disacritical marks to indicate which syllables should be drawn out (acute e.g. á) and uttered quickly (grave e.g. è).

Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins © 1918.

Non Angli Sed Angeli

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

“Not Angles merely but of angel stock,
 These boys blue-eyed and shining from the sea,
 Which like a silver girdle belts their home.
 Not slaves, but souls, not tools to use for gain,
 But men to love and lead and save for God 5
 Who made them and for that great King who died
 The death of shame and glory on the Cross.”
 So spake the master Christian of the world
 Long years ago when, in the streets of Rome
 Imperial, he met the ancestors 10
 Of that yet greater Rome which was to be.
 So spake he, taught by Him to whose great soul
 There were no slaves, nor chattels in the world
 But only men and brothers, Sons of God,
 The last and greatest works of wondrous Love, 15
 From whose eternal, energy pain
 The greatest and the least of things is sprung.
 So spoke he, taught by Him who mirrored forth
 To men’s blind eyes that Love divine of God,
 Who, like a father, mourns, the one lost son, 20
 And, like a faithful shepherd, wanders wide
 Across the hills and calls through dawnless dark
 The one lost sheep that strays forth from the fold,
 Christ lived in him, and he had learned full well
 The first and chiefest lesson of His life, 25
 The value of a man to God, the price
 God puts, on human, souls, the price of blood
 And pain paid out in coin of Calvary.
 And in that blazing light of Love he saw
 The sin of slavery, the sin supreme, 30
 That slays, the world because it values life
 As death, and dares to use as mere machines,
 For pleasure, or for profit, living men.
 This blasphemy against the Holy Ghost,
 Which, neither in this world nor in the next, 35
 Can find forgiveness in the heart of God,
 Who only knows the value of a man,
 He saw it with the eyes of Christ, and spoke
 In all unconscious prophecy, the doom
 Of slavery, which these same blue-eyed boys 40
 Would one day die to banish from the world.

And I have seen them die in these last days:
 Yes, I have seen their bright blue eyes grow dim
 With agony, yet never lose their smile,
 The dauntless smile of Angles that reveals 45
 Their angel souls, and crowns them Kings by right,
 The destined saviours of the world from sin,
 And from the curse of tyranny which kills
 The souls of men, and turns them into slaves.
 Yes, I have seen them smile at death, and known, 50
 By instinct of sure prophecy, the Truth
 That seas of dead tyrannic force would break
 In vain against the rock of British hearts,
 Whereon the love of freedom sits enthroned.
 This have I known, and have with tears rejoiced, 55
 Until there shivered through me like the chill
 Of death, the fear lest gold be strong where steel
 Is weak; lest men whose pride no sword can slay
 May yet be bought and sold to slavery.
 The day of tyrant kings is dead, and thrones 60
 Shall nevermore dethrone men's souls.
 But now A dull inhuman monster takes their place.
 The minotaur of Mammon tears the wings
 From new-fledged souls and flings them bleeding down
 To dogs of greed and lust. To him they are 65
 Dead hands, machines that make machines, and grind
 Out gold to swell the coffers of the rich.
 They have no right to fly, their wings are best
 Cut short, that so their hands may be more strong
 To work, make wealth, build up the State, and set 70
 The Commonwealth on sure foundations, made
 Of gold and silver and of precious stones.
 To him a man is of less value than
 A beast of burden, for the beast must needs
 Be bought for gold, and if he dies be bought 75
 Again, but men need not be bought; they are
 Machines for hire that can be scrapped at will,
 And new ones hired with no fresh cost at all,
 Because they die or weaken in their work.
 Supply is plentiful, and men are drugs 80
 Upon the crowded markets of the world.
 So Satan takes new forms, and when he finds
 The sword is weak, too weak to win brave hearts
 As slaves, creeps snakelike in, in time of Peace,
 To fetter free-born men with golden chains 85
 And lead them helpless captives down to hell.
 O England, when this wave of war is spent,
 And rolls back baffled from thy rocky breast,

Wilt thou be strong to slay the Minotaur,
 And strangle that great golden snake that crept 90
 In time of Peace about thy home to kill,
 With venom of low greed and lust of wealth,
 The soul of Freedom and the heart of Love?
 Shall wealth still grow, and woe increase to breed
 In filthy slums the slaves of poverty? 95
 Shall senseless pride and vulgar luxury
 By gilding over evil make it good?
 Shall souls be only hands again, dead hands,
 That toil for wealth that makes none rich save those
 Who need it not? Shall men still seek in drink 100
 A refuge from the burden of their strife,
 And from that dull monotony of grey
 That shadows half our cities from the sun?
 Shall women still be bought and sold, like dogs
 Upon the streets, because the wage they earn 105
 By work will not keep bodies for their souls?
 Shall children come to birth, too weak to live,
 Not even hands of strength, but feeble hands,
 That clutch at life and die--just born to die
 And cry—cry shame upon the grimy world 110
 That murdered them? If this be what must come,
 Then blessed are the dead who die in war,
 Their bodies shattered, but their souls untouched
 By slime of sin, unpoisoned by the snake,
 For war is kinder than a Godless peace. 115
 O England, let this message from the past
 Ring down the ages like a trumpet call,
 Not Angles these but Angels, souls not slaves,
 Let not thy wealth be counted in base coin
 But in chaste mothers, comely maids, strong men 120
 With kindly eyes, in sound of children's play,
 And in those happy aged ones who stand
 Between the seas of life, and, looking back
 And forwards, vow that human life is good.
 So must our land be reckoned rich or poor. 125

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

A Sermon

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

My brethren, the ways of God
No man can understand,
We can but wait in awe and watch
The wonders of His hand.
He dwells in Majesty sublime
Beyond the starry height,
His Wisdom is ineffable,
His Love is infinite.
Before Him all created things
Do bow them and obey,
The million stars that night by night
Wheel down the Milky Way.
The shrieking storm obeys His Will,
The wild waves hear His call,
The mountain and the midge's wing,
God made and governs all.
'Tis not for us to question Him,
To ask or reason why,
'Tis ours to love and worship Him
And serve Him till we die.
O weeping Mother torn with grief,
Poor stricken heart that cries,
And rocks a cradle empty now,
'Tis by God's will he dies.
His strong young body blown to bits,
His raw flesh quiv'ring still,
His comrades' groans of agony,
These are God's Holy Will.
He measures out our Peace and War
As seemeth to Him best,
His judgments are unknowable,
Remember that—and rest.
For what are we poor worms of earth,
Whose life is for a day,
Our finite minds that Satan blinds,
My brethren, what are they?
We are but little children weak
Who cling to God's right hand;
Just think how wonderful He is,
And bow to His command.

He has some hidden purpose sure
For all this blood and tears,
It is His Will—be still—be still,
He is the Lord of years.
He bids us love our enemies,
And live in Christian Peace,
'Tis only He can order Wars
And woes that never cease.
Vengeance is Mine, I will repay;
Beware! Thou shalt not kill:
Behold the bloody fields of France,
They are God's Holy Will.
That is what makes Him wonderful
To our poor human sight;
He only can work miracles
And turn Wrong into Right.
So bow you down and worship Him,
Kneel humbly and adore
This Infinitely Loving God
Who is the Lord of War.
Lift up your hands in ceaseless prayer
That He will spare your lives,
And let His loving judgments fall
On other people's wives.
He is a God who answers prayer,
And alters His decrees,
If only we persistently
Beseech Him on our knees.
If only we would pray enough,
My brethren, for our sons,
Then He would save their lives for us,
And spike the German guns.
Our shrieks of pain go up in vain,
The wide world's miseries
Must still persist until we learn
To pray upon our knees.
Upon our knees, my friends, I said,
And mark well what I say,
God wants to see us on our knees,
The proper place to pray.
Nought is impossible to God
In answer to such prayers;
If only we are meek enough,
He is a God who spares.

Whenever people seek to know
 And ask the reason why
 Their sons are swallowed up by wars,
 And called to fight and die,
 There is one thing I ask, dear friends,
 One thing I always say,
 I ask them straight, I'm not afraid,
 I ask them, "Did you pray?
 Did you pray humbly on your knees
 That it might be God's Will
 To spare his life and bring him back,
 To spare, and not to kill?"
 Then if they still can answer
 Yes, And think to baffle me,
 I simply answer, "Bow your head,
 His death was God's decree."
 And who are we to question it,
 Who crawl upon the earth
 As insects in His holy sight,
 Vile things of little worth?
 Remember, rather, all your sins,
 And bow to God's decrees.
 Seek not to know the plans of God,
 But pray upon your knees
 That you may love with all your heart,
 With all your soul and mind,
 This perfect God you cannot know,
 Whose face you cannot find.
 You have no notion what He's like,
 You cannot know His Will,
 He's wrapped in darkest mystery,
 But you must love Him still,
 And love Him all the more because
 He is the unknown God
 Who leads you blindfold down the path
 That martyred Saints have trod.
 That is the Gospel of the Christ,
 Submit whate'er betides;
 You cannot make the wrong world right,
 'Tis God alone decides.
*O, by Thy Cross and Passion, Lord,
 By broken hearts that pant
 For comfort and for love of Thee,
 Deliver us from cant.*

March of the Deathless Dead

Abram Joseph Ryan

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our People's trust
And fell in a cause, though lost still just
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the Private to the Chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart.

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle day;
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead;
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
They all are powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

Father Ryan's Poems by Abram J. Ryan © 1879.

St. Mary's

Abram Joseph Ryan

Back to where the roses rest
Round a shrine of holy name—
(Yes—they knew me when I came)—
More of peace and less of fame
Suit my restless heart the best.

Back to where long quiet brood,
Where the calm is never stirred
By the harshness of a word—
But instead the singing bird
Sweetens all my solitude.

With the birds and with the flowers
Songs and silences unite,—
From the morning unto night,
And somehow a clearer light
Shines along the quiet hours.

God comes closer to me here,—
Back of ev'ry rose leaf there
He is hiding,—and the air
Thrills with calls to holy prayer;
Earth grows far,—and heaven near.

Every single flower is fraught
With the very sweetest dreams,
Under clouds or under gleams
Changeful ever,—yet meseems
On each leaf I read God's thought.

Still, at times, as place of death,—
Not a sound to vex the ear,
Yet withal it is not drear,—
Better for the heart to hear
Far from men—God's gentle breath.

Where men clash, God always clings,—
When the human passes by,
Like a cloud from summer sky
God so gently draweth nigh,
And the brightest blessings brings.

List! e'en now a wild bird sings
And the roses seem to hear,
Every note that thrills my ear
Rising to the heavens clear
And my soul soars on its wings.

Up into the silent skies
Where the sunbeams veil the star,
Up—beyond the clouds afar,
Where no discords ever mar,
Where rests peace that never dies.

So I live within the calm,
And the birds and roses know
That the days that come and go
Are as peaceful as the flow
Of a prayer beneath a psalm.

Father Ryan's Poems by Abram J. Ryan © 1879.



Resurrected Biographies



Jasper Adams

United States Army Chaplain

(1830s)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 67.

Jasper Adams, A.M.; Yale college 1819; D.D. Columbia college 1827. Student, Andover theological seminary two years with class of 1819; tutor, Brown university 1818-19; professor Mathematics and natural philosophy 1819-24; ordained Episcopal deacon 1819; priest 1820; president College of Charleston, S.C. 1824-26, '28-36; Geneva, N.Y., now Hobart, college 1826-28; chaplain, and professor Geography, history, and ethics, U.S. military academy, West Point, N.Y. 1838-40; principal seminary, Pendleton, S.C. Author *Address before Euphradian society, College of Charleston, 1833; Relation of Christianity to civil government in U.S., sermon before convention of P.E. church, Charleston, Feb. 13, 1833; Characteristics of the present century, baccalaureate address. College of Charleston, 31 Oct. 1834, 1836; Moral causes of welfare of nations, oration, Nov. 1, 1834, College of Charleston; Eulogium, Jan. 23, 1835, College of Charleston, on Elias Horry; Baccalaureate address, Charleston, 1835; Sermon on total eclipse of the sun, 1835; Sermon, Advent Sunday, 1836; Elements of moral philosophy, 1837. Born Medway, Mass., Aug. 27, 1793; died Charleston, S.C., Oct. 25, 1841.*

† Curtana †

John R. Adams

United States Army Chaplain

(5th Maine Infantry and 121st New York Infantry)

The People's Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(Chicago: People's Publishing, 1883): 29.

Adams, (John R. D.D.) Pres. and Cong. clergyman, teacher in Phillips Academy, and chaplain [*editor: 5th Maine Infantry and 121st New York Infantry*] during the civil war. B. 1821. d. 1866.

† Curtana †

Charles Henry Alden

United States Navy Chaplain

(1840s)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 357.

Charles Henry Alden, A.M. Ordained Episcopal 1823; pastor Greenwich, R.I.; teacher, Providence, R.I.; Philadelphia, Penn.; chaplain U.S. navy 1841. Died Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 1846.

† Curtana †

Moses Allen

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army, Georgia Brigade)
Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 36.

Allen, Moses, clergyman, patriot, was born Sept. 14, 1748, in Northampton, Mass. In 1777 he took charge of the church at Midway, Ga. The British force under Gen. Prevost burned his church and devastated the district in 1778. He officiated as chaplain to the Georgia brigade, and was captured when Savannah was reduced by the British in December. His eloquent, patriotic appeals and energetic exertions in the field had rendered him obnoxious to the British, and they refused to release him on parole with the officers. He was confined in a loathsome prison-ship, and was drowned in attempting to escape. He died Feb. 8, 1779.

† Curtana †

Burgess Allison

United States Navy Chaplain
(1820s)
Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 38.

Allison, Burgess, educator, clergyman, inventor, was born Aug. 17, 1753, in Bordentown, N.J. He studied at Rhode Island college (now Brown university) in 1777, and subsequently had charge of a small congregation at Bordentown, N.J., where he established a classical boarding school, which attained great reputation. In 1796 he withdrew from his teaching and devoted his time for several years to inventing. Some improvements in the steam engine and its application to navigation are due to his efforts. He was elected chaplain of the house of representatives in 1816, and later became chaplain at the navy-yard, Washington, where he remained until his death. He died Feb. 20, 1827, in Washington, D.C.

† Curtana †

John A. Anderson

United States Army Chaplain
(3rd California Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 42.

Anderson, John A., congressman, was born June 6, 1834, in Washington county, Pa. He graduated at Miami university, Ohio, in 1853; removed to California: in 1857 was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian church; was elected trustee of the State Insane asylum in 1860; was a chaplain of volunteers in 1862 [*editor*: 3rd California Infantry]; was in the service of the United States sanitary commission from 1863 to 1867, and was president of the Kansas State Agricultural college from 1875 to 1879. He was elected a representative from Kansas to the forty-sixth, forty-seventh, forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, and fifty-first congresses.

† Curtana †

Samuel June Barrows

United States Army Chaplain
(5th Massachusetts Militia)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 84.

Barrows, Samuel June, clergyman, congressman, author, was born May 26, 1845, in New York city. He was fifteen years chaplain of the fifth regiment Massachusetts militia, and was elected to the fifty-fifth congress as a republican. He is the author of *The Shaybacks In Camp*; *The Baptist Meeting House*; *Science and Immortality*; *Isles and Shrines of Greece*; and various other works.

† Curtana †

Richard Baxter

British Chaplain
(Cromwell's Army)

The People's Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(Chicago: People's Publishing, 1883): 225.

Baxter, (Richard) one of the most eminent of the Non-conformiat divines, b. 1615, at Rowton, in Shropshire, England. At the age of 23 he was ordained, and entered on the Mastership of Dudley Grammar School, from which he removed to act as assistant to a clergyman at Bridgenorth, where he resided nearly 2 years. In 1640 he was invited to become parish clergyman of Kidderminster, an offer which he accepted. He afterward became chaplain to Colonel Whalley's regiment, and was present at tho sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. His influence was at all times exerted to modify the intolerance of partisanship, and to promote "the spirit of love and of a sound mind."

On the urgent invitation of his parishioners he returned to Kidderminster, when ill health forced him to leave tho army; and continued to labor there for some time. During this period he greatly extended his fame by the publication of his *Saint's Rest* and *Call to the, Unconverted*. The Act of Uniformity at length drove

him out of the English Church, and in July, 1663, he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he spent the greater part of 9 years, chiefly occupied in the composition of numerous religious works. The Act of Indulgence in 1672 permitted him to return to London, but in 1685 he fell into the brutal clutches of Judge Jeffries, who condemned him, for alleged “sedition” in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament*, to pay a fine of 500 marks, and in default to lie in the King’s Bench Prison till it was paid. The circumstances of the trial are graphically described by Macaulay in the 2^d volume of his history. After a confinement of nearly 18 months B. was released and pardoned, on the mediation of Lord Powis. He lived after this to see better times, and d. 1691.

† Curtana †

Amos Stevens Billingsley

United States Army Chaplain

(101st Pennsylvania Infantry & Hospital)

Herringshaw’s Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 112.

Billingsley, Amos Stevens, clergyman, author, was born Nov. 14, 1818, near East Palestine, Ohio. In 1847 he graduated from the Jefferson college, Pennsylvania; and in 1850 from the Allegheny Theological seminary. He filled many important pastorates; was home missionary in Nebraska and Colorado; was chaplain in the army, and promoted to United States chaplain. He was president of the board of trustees of Biddle university. He was the author of *Christianity in the War; Life of Reverend George Whitfield; Sources of Pulpit Power*. He died Oct. 12, 1897, in Statesville, N.C.

† Curtana †

James W.W. Bolton

United States Army Chaplain

(5th West Virginia Cavalry)

Frank S. Reader

History of the Fifth West Virginia Cavalry Formerly the Second West Virginia Infantry

(New Brighton: Daily News, 1890): 124-31.

The Chaplain and His Work:

Religion and war, though at variance in principle, were closely associated in the War of the Rebellion, perhaps more so than in any war of modern times. While it was the function of the latter to kill and destroy, it was the duty and work of the former to minister to the wounded and care for the dead, though the fallen ones may have been foes in the conflict. How it may have been in other regiments the writer cannot say, but in our favored command there was no officer who did his duty more faithfully than the Chaplain, and no department of the military life that was more vigorous and useful. Rev. J.W.W. Bolton was the chaplain of our regiment in the whole of its service, so that he and his work were one, and so

inseparably connected that a description of the work is a sketch of the noble officer who had charge of it.

Rev. James W.W. Bolton, D.D., M.D., was born November 7, 1834, in Harrison county, Va., (now West Va.) He is a son of John and Sarah I. Bolton—the father a native of Rockingham county, Va., and the mother of Franklin county, Pa. His paternal grandfather, Abraham Bolton, served in the war of 1812, and his maternal grandfather, James O’Hanlon, served throughout the Revolutionary war, under Gen. George Washington. The subject of this sketch was brought up on a farm, in Tyler county, Va., now Pleasants county, W. Va., near the town of Hebron, and received such schooling as the times afforded, being a close student from his early boyhood. His parents taught him from childhood, by precept and example, the importance and obligations of the Christian religion. He was industrious, and obedient to his parents. The books that most deeply interested his young mind were the Bible and the life of George Washington. He had a great desire to acquire knowledge, and made rapid progress in his studies, having an excellent memory. While a boy he often committed to memory, during the week, a chapter, and sometimes more, of the New Testament, and recited the same at Sunday-school. As he grew up he often engaged in debates, in societies for that purpose, in his neighborhood and the surrounding country. He delivered his first Fourth of July oration in 1848.

He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Hebron, in 1854, under the ministry of Rev. John B. Hill, now of the Iowa Conference, and was by him licensed to exhort in 1855. He was licensed to preach, in 1856, by Rev. A.J. Lyda, D.D., then Presiding Elder of the Parkersburg District, by order and in behalf of a Quarterly Conference of the Harrisville Circuit. He was engaged in teaching in Virginia and Ohio from 1854 to 1857, and was admitted to the Western Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church (now the West Virginia Conference) in the spring of 1857. His first appointment was the Williamstown Circuit, his colleague being Rev. James W. Latham, brother of Col. George R. Latham. This circuit embraced fifteen appointments which were met by each preacher once every four weeks. In 1858 and 1859 he had charge of the Murrayville Circuit. In December, 1858, he engaged in a four days’ theological debate, at Belleville, Va., which gave him a great reputation as a polemic; and the debate was a very useful one to the Church. He was ordained Deacon in April, 1859, by Bishop Thomas A. Morris, at Parkersburg, Va. In 1860 he was stationed at Weston. He was ordained Elder in March, 1861, by Bishop Osmon C. Baker, at Wheeling, Va.

From the firing on Fort Sumpter to July, 1861, Dr. Bolton was active in preaching, making union speeches, in flag raisings, and in the organization of the Home Guard at Hebron. This was an important work, resulting in great and lasting good to that section, and to the state. The union men were in constant peril, and sacrificed and endured much for their country, a service that cannot be fully appreciated except by those intimately acquainted with it. On July 4, 1861, he delivered an oration at a celebration at Hebron, and the next day went to

Clarksburg, Va., where he preached to that part of the Second Virginia Volunteer Infantry Regiment remaining there after July 5th.

He was appointed chaplain, and ordered by Colonel John W. Moss to join the regiment being concentrated at Beverly, Va., which he did on August 2, 1861, and was commissioned chaplain of the Second Regiment Virginia Volunteer Infantry, and at once entered on his duties. During the encampment at Beverly, the regiment had no stated place of worship, but frequent services were held in the open air. The first service was held there on Sunday evening, August 4, 1861, when the regiment was gathered in front of the colonel's tent. The chaplain introduced the services by reading the hymn, the first stanza of which is as follows:

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

After the singing of the hymn, he offered a fervent prayer. He then announced as the text, the following: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Corinthians, 5th chapter, 17th verse. It was a beautiful evening, and there was a hush and quiet not usual in a military camp. The men not long from home, with its priceless blessings yet fresh in their minds, felt the solemnity and sacredness of the hour; and there were but few that were not touched by this new phase of service as soldiers. The sermon was clear, forcible and eloquent. The greatest interest was manifested by all, and the service, so sacred and beautiful, was of great benefit to the men, who evidently greatly appreciated it.

During the stay of the regiment at Beverly, the chaplain was busy visiting the sick, burying the dead, and administering to the men; and the services were very laborious. At Elkwater frequent services were held, and of necessity all were out of doors. The regiment had no buildings until near the close of our stay there, when some small ones were erected for winter quarters, and during the stormy months there the open air was the only tabernacle. One of these services will be remembered, held near the breastworks, when the chaplain used one of the cannons for his desk, on which he laid his books. He preached with his usual spirit and fervor, and while the sermon was in progress a heavy snow storm swept down the valley. The chaplain was not in the least discomfited, but continued the services, the men remaining with him to the last. As they had not been in the habit of fleeing from the enemy, they refused to be driven back by the elements. When the exhausting and dangerous raid, beginning December 31, was made to Huntersville, the chaplain went along, and was in the front, exposed to the dangers of the trip, and departed himself with true soldierly bearing, setting a worthy example of bravery and cheerful endurance.

The next three months, January to April, 1862, were passed on Cheat Mountain Summit. Here the chaplain rendered a service that was of great value to the men. Very little preaching could be done, except in the company quarters, where occasionally the men were treated to a discourse of great power. The most of the religious work was done in a quiet way in the organization of Bible classes in most of the companies, which were attended by many bright minds, and the discussions that followed the truths brought out, were of incalculable value to all who took part. Preaching out of doors was impossible. Snow storms, heavy drifts, furious winds, and a general warfare of the elements prevented service of that kind. To attempt it was for the preacher to invite a tornado to catch his breath and fill his mouth with snow. But the debates, the sharp criticisms and the close study of the Bible laid the foundation for good and successful work afterward. On the 22^d of February, when the anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated, the elements harmonized with the occasion, and much and good oratory from Col. Moss and Surgeon Hazlett followed. The exercises of the day were appropriately opened by the chaplain, who devoutly invoked the Divine blessing.

Then followed the active and perilous campaign of the Mountain Department. The troops were almost constantly in motion, but religious services were not omitted on that account. At Monterey, McDowell and Franklin meetings were frequently held, generally out of doors, though the weather at times was very rough. At the battle of McDowell, May 8, 1862, the chaplain asked and obtained permission to join our forces on the mountain, that were fighting so furiously, and kept to the front, rendering what service he could. The campaign up the valley followed, the battle of Cross Keys was fought, and in the latter part of June the brigade was in camp at Strasburg, getting ready for another and more severe campaign. On the 4th of July, Gen. Milroy had a brigade meeting to celebrate the day, on which occasion he made a speech to his admiring and delighted men, who came about as near idolizing him as ever men did a brigade commander. The general made a special request that Chaplain Bolton should open the services with prayer, which he accordingly did. The general had great confidence in the chaplain, and lost no opportunity of showing it. Preaching services were held whenever practicable, and with our chaplain that meant when it was not impossible. In the Pope campaign, and until the order to return to Western Virginia, religious services were held as frequently as possible. After crossing the Blue Ridge, and while in camp at Woodville, the chaplain preached to the regiment, and omitted nothing that could be done for the spiritual benefit of the men. At Cedar Mountain, the day after the big fight, and while our forces were yet contending, services were held, the bullets coming uncomfortably near the improvised pulpit, but not interrupting the services. In the exciting campaign that followed, services were held as often as circumstances permitted, but there was very little time, for some days, for anything but fighting. After the retreat to Washington, while lying in the defences at that city, regular services were held for the remnant left of the regiment, and continued until the order came for our return to Western Virginia.

Upon our return to Beverly, we were again in position to hold regular religious services. The Presbyterian Church had been used by the quartermaster department, and the seats were all gone and the building in very bad condition. The chaplain asked permission of the trustees to use the building for religious services, which was cheerfully granted. He then called for volunteers to put the church in proper condition, when men of all the trades needed offered their services, and seats were made, flues built, and the house was thoroughly cleaned and everything put in good shape for occupancy. The church was opened with Thanksgiving services in November, and used until we were compelled to leave in April, 1863. A protracted meeting was held lasting about two months, during which Chaplain Bolton did all the preaching, except two or three sermons by a Presbyterian preacher. The revival was one of great power, deep and lasting in its work, resulting in about fifty conversions, and the strengthening of many believers. Many who gave their hearts to God in this meeting, afterward fell in battle, and they died as true soldiers of the cross, as well as of their country. The meetings were characterized by great power, with the choicest singing, the very best of order and the highest respect for the place; and were attended by a fine, noble appearing class of men, who reverently took part in the services and helped materially in them. The church was packed, audience room and gallery, and there was preaching every night, and sometimes during the day. When the revival services were not in progress, regular services were held on Sunday and prayer meetings during the week, which were attended by the soldiers and many citizens; among the latter Mrs. Arnold, the Bakers, Harts and others.

After the retreat from Beverly, Thanksgiving and other services were held at Buckhannon. There were services in camp at New Creek, the latter part of November, 1863. During the series of raids by Gen. Averell, to January, 1864, the chaplain was along doing whatever he could, and always at the front, but there were but few public services. He helped the surgeons, prayed and talked with and cheered the men, and proved himself to be what he always was, a true, noble, brave man, ready for whatever duty fell to his hands. Our command lay in camp at Martinsburg, West Va., over two months from January 1, 1864, one of the most trying places in its history. Here services were held regularly, and during the time a revival of great power was enjoyed. The meetings were held in the Lutheran Church, and were conducted by Chaplains Bolton, Osborn, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Pomeroy, 18th Connecticut, and lasted about six weeks. Chaplain Bolton preached each alternate night. At first the singing did not go smoothly, and there was some concern about it. Chaplain Bolton took hold of it, and with his strong, musical voice started a familiar old Methodist hymn. That night a large number of his regiment was present, and the boys understood at once that they were to help, and scores of voices joined the chaplain's. The regiment had in it an unusual number of good singers, and when these grand voices joined in, there was no longer any doubt as to the singing. The charming old hymn was sung with a will, the church fairly ringing with the melody, to the great delight of Chaplain Pomeroy and the gallant Connecticut boys, who were evidently not used to such singing. It was a glorious series of meetings, and many were converted. Other services were also held. Chaplain Bolton went to Hedgesville, where a

portion of our regiment was in camp, among the number, Maj. Barclay, Lieut. Colmer and others, and preached one Sunday to them. The last services he held in the regiment, were at Charleston, in the Kanawha valley, before entering on the expedition that led to Cloyd Mountain.

The duties of the chaplain were varied and many, and the office was not one of leisure, but of continual and severe work. In time of battle he was called to minister to the wounded and dying, and in the hospitals to comfort the unfortunate inmates of both armies. He had particularly heavy duties at Second Bull Run and Rocky Gap. While at Washington many days were spent in visiting the hospitals and ministering to the sick and wounded. Chaplain Bolton was severely wounded at the battle of Cloyd Mountain, Va., May 9, 1864, being shot in the right ankle by a musket ball. He was taken to Charleston, West Va., on May 23, and remained there till June 15, when he was removed to the General Hospital at Parkersburg, West Va., where he entered June 17, 1864. The trip from Cloyd Mountain to Charleston, in all 14 days, was very painful and exhausting. He was taken in ambulance, by way of Dublin Union, Meadow Bluffs, Sewell Mountains and Gauley bridge, to a point on the Great Kanawha river, about 20 miles above Charleston; and from that point by boat, to the last named place. The roads were very rough and mountainous. He was very much prostrated when he reached Charleston. From there he was taken by boat to Parkersburg. When he reached there he was very much reduced in health and strength, by reason of his wound.

The Rev. Thomas H. Monroe, of the West Virginia Conference of the M.E. Church, was the chaplain of the hospital. While there Chaplain Bolton sometimes preached to the boys, but he had to sit down while preaching. Soon after he was able to sit up, he was invited by Chaplain Monroe and others to preach. All were anxious to hear the wounded chaplain. It was arranged for him to preach on Sunday evening, about the first of September. When the hour came, some of the boys placed him in an armchair and carried him into the chapel, which was filled to overflowing with brave soldiers who had experienced hard service in the army and had stood in the front of battle, but who, on account of wounds or diseases were then inmates of the hospital. In the congregation were some who had heard him preach when he was strong and could stand. Although he was weak and in pain, he preached to the great delight and edification of the audience. The Lord helped him, and Chaplain Monroe and the brave soldiers encouraged him with their sympathies and prayers. The audience was very much affected. Brave men wept while he preached. The ball was extracted from the wound on February 3, 1865, by Surgeon W.A. Banks, U.S.A., assisted by Drs. C.D. Safford and J.C. Clemmer. The operation was difficult and painful, but the brave chaplain endured it like a hero. He was discharged from the hospital at Parkersburg on March 21, 1865, and was mustered out of the service March 24, 1865, at Wheeling, West Va. He suffered intense pain, and the wound has greatly hurt him ever since, making him very much of a cripple for life.

He was appointed by Bishop E.S. Janes, in March, 1865, to Ellenboro and Harrisville, an appointment made by the kind Bishop for the special benefit of the heroic chaplain, as he had attended to his ministerial duties on crutches. He entered on the duties of the charge on the first of April, though weak and suffering. He had to be helped on his horse to ride to his appointments. He used his crutches for months after being mustered out of the service, and has had to use a stout cane from that time on. Until the spring of 1885, the wound continued to break out, at intervals, and discharge pieces of bone; and since that time there have been, at times, indications of re-opening of the wound. He is never free from pain, and at times suffers greatly from the wound. He may yet have to undergo amputation of the wounded limb. In 1866, he was appointed to Fairmont Station, where he did good service for the church, although suffering daily in consequence of his wound. Having studied medicine, he entered on the practice of the same in the spring of 1867, and continued the practice until the summer of 1870. He had charge of the Sistersville circuit in 1869-70. In 1871 he was stationed at Parkersburg, remaining there until 1874. While he was there a fine church and parsonage were built. In the spring of 1874 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Clarksburg district, and remained until the fall of 1877, the time of the Conference having been changed from spring to fall. He was then appointed Presiding Elder of the Morgantown district, and served till the fall of 1881. He was elected delegate to the General Conference in 1876, and served on the Committees on Episcopacy and Revisals, and participated in the debates of the Conference. He was appointed on the Publishing Committee of the Pittsburgh *Christian Advocate*, to serve from 1870 to 1880. On account of the severity of his wound, Dr. Bolton was compelled to take a supernumerary relation from 1867 to 1869, also from 1881 to 1885, and from 1888 to 1889, though often preaching while in this relation.

In 1881 his wound opened, causing great pain and discharging pieces of bone. He then concluded to attend medical lectures, which he did at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md., in the fall and winter of 1881, the spring of 1882, and the fall and winter of 1882, and he was graduated in March, 1883, with the degree of, M.D., and was authorized to practice in West Virginia by the State Board of Health, and then resumed the practice of medicine, continuing in the same till the fall of 1885, when he again entered the active work of the ministry, and was appointed to Short Creek and Liberty, 1885 to 1887. In the fall of 1887 he was appointed to Oakland, Md., and to Fairmont Station in 1889. In the year 1879, he was honored with the degree of D.D., by Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

Dr. Bolton was married on September 26, 1865, to Miss Eunice C. Buckley, daughter of Harrison W. and Eliza J. Buckley, near Worthington, Marion county, W. Va., by Rev. A.J. Lyda, D.D., then presiding elder of the Clarksburg district. The parents of both Dr. Bolton and wife were strong union people, together with their families, and endured much for their country. It was at times at the peril of their lives that they maintained and expressed their loyalty to the old flag and the union, but they never wavered, for a moment, in their duty. They were active in

every possible way to help maintain the union, and did their full share in stemming the tide of disunion that threatened at one time to overwhelm Western Virginia. It was owing to loyal people like these, that this noble young state threw off the shackles of the pro-slavery power, and emphatically and early declared for the union. Too much honor cannot be awarded them for their patriotic and brave services. Dr. Bolton is a man of strong intellect, highly educated, of a high order of ability, and an accomplished gentleman. He has been a very useful man in his conference. He showed signal ability as a presiding elder. He has succeeded well in all departments of ministerial work. Since the war he has often been called on to dedicate churches, and in that work he has always succeeded grandly. He commands large congregations; and those who hear him once, desire to hear him again. He is most loved and respected by those who know him best and have been longest acquainted with him. He is often requested to preach funeral sermons in memory of old friends in the country where he was brought up, and elsewhere. On these occasions vast crowds of people, old and young, come to hear him. He is also often called on to deliver lectures and addresses on special occasions and select subjects. He has been frequently called on to preach the annual sermon in memory of our deceased soldiers, and to deliver the address on Decoration day. He at one time read quite an extensive course in law, though not with the intention of practicing the profession of law. He is well informed in medicine, theology, the sciences, and general literature. He is a skillful physician and an able minister. He has a good knowledge of the dead languages, and reads, with facility, the Bible in the original tongues. He has a kind heart and is very benevolent to the needy. He is a man of strong convictions, and has the courage to avow and follow them.

He was chosen chaplain of the Society of the Army of West Virginia in 1886, 1887 and 1889. The late General George Crook was President of the Society of the Army of West Virginia at the time of his death. He and the Chaplain were very warm friends. When General Crook was buried at Oakland, Md., Chaplain Bolton attended and participated in the services. The present year (1890) is one of the most successful in his ministry. During the past winter he conducted revival services in Fairmont, with great success. The church there is in a very prosperous condition, and is increasing in numbers and spirituality. He is much loved and admired by the people of his charge, and he reciprocates their affection. The relations of pastor and people are mutually pleasant. Dr. Bolton is a true friend of the old soldiers, and is warmly attached to the members of his regiment.

† Curtana †

Emmons Paley Bond

United States Army Chaplain
(14th Connecticut Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 166.

Emmons Paley Bond. Student, Hamilton literary and theological institution 1851-52; ordained Baptist 1852; pastor New Britain, Conn. 1852-65; U.S. military service 1864-65, chaplain [*editor*: 14th Connecticut Infantry]; principal Conn. literary institution, Suffield, Conn. 1865-70; pastor Agawam, Mass. 1870-73; professor Latin, Greek, and philosophy, Peddie institute, Hightstown, N.J. 1873-78; editor *Christian secretary*, 1879-93; retired. Author Sunday school expositions in *Christian era*, 1873-75. Address, Mount Pleasant, Penn.

† Curtana †

Henry L. Boltwood

United States Army Chaplain

(67th U.S. Colored Troops)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 127.

Boltwood, Henry L., educator, author, was born Jan. 17, 1831, in Amherst, Mass. In 1853 he graduated from the Amherst college; and taught in the academies of Pembroke and Drury, N.H. During the war he was in the sanitary commission; was ordained an army chaplain, but never served [*editor*: 67th U.S. Colored Troops]. In 1865 he moved to Illinois, and two years later organized the first township high school in Illinois at Princeton. He is the author of several school books, and is still engaged in educational work at Evanston, Ill.

† Curtana †

Charles James Bowen

United States Army Chaplain

(Union Hospital: Baltimore)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 154.

Charles James Bowen, A.M. Graduated Harvard divinity school 1850; ordained Unitarian 1850; pastor, Newburyport, Mass. 1850-56; Kingston, Mass., 1856-58; Second Unitarian society, Baltimore, Md. 1858-61; chaplain military hospital, near Baltimore 1861-65; pastor Mount Pleasant Congregational society, Roxbury, Mass. 1865-70. Born Providence, R.I., May 20, 1827; died Roxbury, Mass., April 10, 1870.

† Curtana †

James Petigru Boyce

Confederate States of America Chaplain

(16th South Carolina Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 154.

James Petigru Boyce, A.M.; LL. D. 1887; Union university, Tenn. 1872; D.D. Columbian college 1859. Student, Princeton theological seminarv 1849-51; ordained Baptist 1851; pastor, Columbia, S.C. 1851-55; professor Theology, Furman university 1855-50; founder Southern Baptist theological seminary 1858; professor Theology, and chairman of the faculty 1859-73; president 1873-88; member S. C. legislature 1862-63, '64-65; Confederate military service 1861-62. chaplain [*editor*: 16th South Carolina Infantry]; aide-de-camp, acting as provost marshal of Columbia 1864-65; trustee Columbian college; Furman university; Greenville Baptist female college: moderator Charleston Baptist association; president S. C. Baptist convention; Southern Baptist convention eight years; director Greenville national bank; S. C. railroad company; Graniteville iron company, Augusta, Ga.; East Tennessee iron manufacturing company. Author *Inaugural address*, 1856; *Doctrine and uses of the sanctuary*, 1859; *Brief catechism of Bible doctrine*, 1864; *Life and death the Christian's portion*, 1869; *Abstract of systematic theology*, 1887; besides various articles in periodicals; editor *Southern Baptist*. Born Charleston, S.C., Jan. 11, 1827; died Pau, France, Dec. 28, 1888.

† Curtana †

Obil Winsor Briggs

United States Army Chaplain

(9th Illinois Cavalry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 131.

Obil Winsor Briggs. Graduated Newton theological institution 1844; ordained Baptist 1844; pastor, Baltimore, Md.; Alexandria, Va.; Philadelphia, Penn.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; U.S. military service Civil war chaplain [*editor*: 9th Illinois Cavalry]. Address, 1600 Taylor St., San Francisco, Cal.

† Curtana †

Sven Dideriksen Brinck

Danish Chaplain

(1600s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas

(Scribner, 1899): 63.

Brinck, Sven Dideriksen. b. in Norway November 14, 1665. He pursued his studies in the schools in Christiania, and in the Universities in Upsala and Copenhagen. After his ordination he served as chaplain of a Danish regiment for about two years; in 1692 went to London and was installed as pastor of a Danish-Norwegian Lutheran Church just organized, the first in that city. The next year a lot was leased for 999 years, and April 19, 1694, the cornerstone of a church was laid, and the consecration of the edifice occurred November 1, 1696. In 1702 he returned to Denmark and was appointed Pastor and Dean of Holmen's Church in Copenhagen, and held that position until 1708, when he went to Italy as Court

Preacher and Royal Confessionarius under King Frederick IV. In 1711 he became pastor of St. Nicolai's Church in Copenhagen. D. in 1728. E.B.

† Curtana †

Joseph Brooks

United States Army Chaplain

(33rd Missouri Infantry & 56th United States Colored Troops)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 153.

Brooks, Joseph, clergyman, state senator, governor, was born Nov. 1, 1821, in Butler county, Ohio. When the civil war began, he became chaplain of the first Missouri artillery. He afterwards aided in raising the eleventh and thirty-third Missouri regiments, and was transferred to the latter as chaplain. [*editor*: Brooks was also assigned as chaplain of the 56th U.S. Colored Troops.] He removed to Little Rock in the autumn of 1868, and was elected state senator in 1870. In 1872 he became governor. He was appointed postmaster at Little Rock in March, 1875, and held the office till his death. He died April 30, 1877, in Little Rock, Ark.

† Curtana †

James Allen Brown

United States Army Chaplain

(87th Pennsylvania Infantry & York, Pennsylvania Hospital)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas

(Scribner, 1899): 64.

Brown, James Allen, D.D., (Pennsylvania College, 1859), LL.D. (Wooster, Ohio, University, 1879), b. 1821, in Lancaster County, Pa., of Quaker lineage. Bent on an education, by study and teaching attained such proficiency in knowledge as to be admitted to senior class in Pa. College at Gettysburg in '41. Baptized here in Presbyterian Church. After graduation in '42, engaged in teaching, studied theology privately, licensed in '45 by Maryland Synod of Ev. Luth. Ch. to preach the gospel. Pastor in Balto., Md. (Monument St. Ch.), three years; in Zion's, York, Pa., a little over a year; in St. Matthew's Reading, Pa., ten years. Prof. of Theology and Ancient Languages in Newberry College, S. C, in '59, and also President in '60. His Union sentiments compelled him to leave this post at the breaking out of the civil war. Chaplain of 87th Pa. regiment and later of the U. S. Army Hospital at York, Pa. In '64 Professor of Systematic Theology in Seminary at Gettysburg. Disabled in Dec, '79, by paralysis; resignation accepted in '81. Removed with his family to Lancaster, Pa.; d. in Spring of '82. A forcible preacher, an inspiring teacher, a racy writer, a ready and strong debater, a vigorous controversialist. His writings are found in pamphlets, newspaper and review articles. Editor of *Lutheran Quarterly* from 1871.

Charles W. Buckley

United States Army Chaplain

(47th U.S. Colored Troops)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 167.

Buckley, Charles W., soldier, congressman, was born Feb. 8, 1835, in Otsego, N.Y. He served as a chaplain in the union army during a part of the rebellion [*editor*: 47th U.S. Colored Troops]; and was subsequently an assistant superintendent of the Freedmen's bureau. He was a delegate to the state constitutional convention of 1867; and was elected a representative from Alabama to the fortieth, forty-first and forty-second congresses as a republican.

† Curtana †

George Bullen

United States Army Chaplain

(16th Maine Infantry)*Historical Catalogue of Brown University*

(Brown University, 1895): 391.

George Bullen, A.M.; A.B. Waterville college 1853; A.M. 1856; D. D. 1880. Graduated Newton theological institution 1858; ordained Baptist 1860; pastor, Skowhegan, Me. 1860-62; U.S. military service 1862-63. chaplain [*editor*: 16th Maine Infantry]; pastor, Wakefield, Mass. 1864-66; First church, Pawtucket, R.I. 1868-91; professor Christian missions, Newton theological institution 1891-; corresponding secretary Northern Baptist education society 1891-; trustee Newton theological institution. Author *Historical discourse commemorative of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the First Baptist church, Pawtucket, R.I. April 10, 1881*; *Historical sketch of the Providence Baptist association 1843-93*, 1893; *Biographical sketch of the Rev. Sylvanus Boardman*, 1893. Address, Newton Centre, Mass.

† Curtana †

W.H. Carter

United States Army Chaplain

(60th Indiana Infantry)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 198.

Carter, W.H., clergyman, missionary, was born Oct. 27, 1829, in Utica, N.Y. He was chaplain of the sixteenth regiment of Indiana volunteers in 1862-63. [*editor*: There is evidence his regiment was actually the 60th Indiana Infantry.] He has filled various pastorates; and in 1877 began missionary work in Florida, with headquarters at Tallahassee.

Edward Lord Clark

United States Army Chaplain

(12th Massachusetts Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 190.

Edward Lord Clark; D.D. Williams college 1880. Graduated Andover theological seminary 1863; ordained Congregational 1861; U.S. military service 1861-62, chaplain [editor: 12th Massachusetts Infantry]; pastor First church, North Bridgewater, now Brockton, Mass. 1863-66; North church, New Haven, Conn. 1867-72; Presbyterian church of the Puritans, New York, N.Y. 1872-93; Central church, Boston, Mass. 1893-. Author *Daleth: Egypt illustrated*, 1863; *Record of inscriptions in the burial grounds of Christ church, Philadelphia*, 1864; *Israel in Egypt*, 1873. Address, 75 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

† Curtana †

Tobias Clausnitzer

Swedish Chaplain

(Thirty Years' War)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas

(Scribner, 1899): 112.

Clausnitzer, Tobias, b. 1619, near Annaberg, d. 1684. As chaplain of a Swedish regiment on Jan. 1st, 1649, by Gen. Wrangel's command, he preached the thanksgiving sermon for the conclusion of the Peace of Westphalia. He wrote the following hymns: "Jesu, Dein betruertes Leiden,"—Lord Jesus, may thy grief and pain (tr. by A. T. Russell, 1851), "Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier,"—Blessed Jesus, at thy word (tr. by Miss Winkworth, 1858), "Wir glauben all an Einen Gott,"—We all believe in one true God (tr. by Miss Winkworth, 1863), "One true God we all confess" (tr. by E. Cronenwett).

† Curtana †

George W. Collier

United States Army Chaplain

(34th & 36th Ohio Infantry)

Annual Session of the North Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cleveland Printing & Publishing, 1902): 184-85.

In the death of Chaplain Collier there disappears a man of marked character and influence. He was a man in every proper sense of the term, a manly man, a Christian man, a true disciple of the Master, a prophet of the Lord, a servant of the Most High, a faithful friend, a citizen ever seeking civic righteousness, a patriot of unexcelled loyalty, a soldier whose services covered all the years of the Civil War. Chaplain Collier was born at LeRoy, Ohio, in 1825, and died in Delaware, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Rev. L.K. Warner, July 16, 1905.

Early in his life he became a schoolteacher. He entered the North Ohio Conference in 1850. He spent eighteen years in the pastoral relation, four years as Presiding Elder, one year as Financial Secretary of the *Ohio Wesleyan*, thirty years as an army chaplain. As a pastor he was always particularly sympathetic with the sick, the sorrowing, and attentive to the aged and to the young. As a preacher he was eminently practical, direct, evangelistic, and revivalistic. He was pre-eminently a wise administrator of all the interests of the charges over which he presided. He built many church edifices, and was of great service in church dedications.

He was unusually well adapted to army chaplaincy. He suffered himself to be captured by General John H. Morgan, rather than forsake the sick and wounded of his regiment, when, with others, he could easily have escaped. Morgan believed him to be a spy, and determined to hang him, but he was saved by the death of Morgan and the intervention of General Johnston. His wonderful influence over the soldiers brought cheer to the camp and inspiration in battle. One of the greatest achievements of his life was his part in the founding and organization of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, located at Xenia, Ohio. Within two years he traveled in Ohio ten thousand miles to awaken public sentiment, to secure co-operation of army organizations, and to raise funds for launching the enterprise. Many thousand boys and girls have found a delightful home, a good education, and a thorough training in the trades they wished to learn. The institution in all its history has been, and it will ever be, a monument to the thoughtfulness, planning, sacrifices, service, and oversight of Chaplain Collier.

Chaplain Collier was a man of no ordinary mold. His mental and moral qualities combined to constitute a stalwart and heroic character. His early ministry identified him with the pioneer preachers of Methodism in Northern and Northwestern Ohio. He had a strong and highly emotional nature, deep and warm impulses, great enthusiasm in any approved enterprise, but all these were under the control of a sound judgment and clear conviction. His environments, especially in his army life, were often trying, but no moral principle was ever compromised by any concession or conduct on his part. He lived a transparent life. He was a model patriot, his army life his full proof. He was a student of all public measures, and earnestly strove to adjust his best influence to them. Love of the Commonwealth and country, and an every-day devotion to their good were no little part of his pure and undefiled religion. He was an unusual student of current events, and their influence upon the public weal. He had an optimistic view of the present, and always believed the future would be better. A marked and prevailing characteristic was his ardent love of life; without being worldly he loved this old world, where he had seen eighty summers come and go. Life was as dear to him in his last days as it was in his youth. He longed to see the outcome of national and international events. Had he been consulted he would have added a decade more to his fourscore. But he uttered no murmurings against Providence in his sufferings and privations covering a full year. He gave testimony to his preparation for the change that must come. He felt it was hard to say, "Good-night," but in his heart rejoiced that a bright "good-morning" from his beloved

companion, from a multitude of his friends, and spiritual children awaited him on the other shore.

A photograph of Collier is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Walter Colton

United States Navy Chaplain

(1800s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 239.

Colton, Walter, journalist, author, was born May 9, 1797, in Rutland, Vt. He was a journalist and educator who established the first newspaper in California, and built the first schoolhouse there. As chaplain in the United States navy he visited many parts of the world. He is the author of *Visit to Athens and Constantinople; Land and Lee in the Bosphorus* [sic] and *Ægean*; and other works. He died Jan. 22, 1851, in Philadelphia, Pa.

† Curtana †

Michael John Cramer

United States Army Chaplain

(1860s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 259.

Cramer, Michael John, clergyman, diplomat, was born Feb. 6, 1835, in Switzerland. He was chaplain in the United States army from 1864 to 1867; and in the latter year he was appointed United States consul at Leipsic, Germany. In 1870 he was appointed United States minister to Denmark; in 1881 was transferred in a like capacity to the republic of Switzerland.

Cramer was married to Mary Francis Grant, the sister of Ulysses S. Grant.

The lengthier biography that follows comes from *The Twentieth Century Biographical Dictionary of Notable Americans* edited by Rossiter Johnson in 1904.

Cramer, Michael John, diplomatist, was born near Schaffhausen, Switzerland, Feb. 6, 1835; son of Jacob and Magdaline Cramer. The family originally went to Switzerland from Sweden. In 1845 he was brought to America by his father, who settled in Cincinnati, Ohio. He worked as a printer previous to going to college; earned his way through college by teaching German and Latin and working as a printer through vacations, and was graduated at Ohio Wesleyan university in 1860. He joined the Methodist conference, preached for four years, and in 1864 was appointed chaplain in the U.S. army. In 1867 he resigned from the army,

having been appointed by President Johnson U.S. consul to Leipzig, Germany, where he organized a chapel service and preached every Sunday until his removal to Denmark. He also attended lectures at the university. In 1870 he was appointed by President Grant U.S. minister to Denmark and he resided in Copenhagen for eleven years in this capacity. He was U.S. minister and consul general to Switzerland, with headquarters at Berne, by appointment of President Garfield, 1881-85. He then returned to America, arriving July 24, 1885, the day after the death of General Grant. He was professor of systematic theology in Boston university, 1885-86; professor of church history at Drew theological seminary, 1886-87, during the absence of Dr. George R. Crooks in Europe; and professor of philosophy in Dickinson college, Pa., 1897-98. He was married Oct. 27, 1863, to Mary Frances, daughter of Jesse Root and Hannah (Simpson) Grant. He received the degree of D.D. from Syracuse in 1873 and that of LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan in 1895. He died at Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 23, 1898.

† Curtana †

Erastus Milo Cravath

United States Army Chaplain
(101st Ohio Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 261.

Cravath, Erastus Milo, clergyman, educator, college president, was born July 1, 1833, in Homer, N.Y. He received his education at the Homer academy, Oberlin college, and the Theological seminary. He has been pastor of the congregational church of Berlin Heights, Ohio, and served as chaplain of the one hundred and first, regiment Ohio volunteer infantry during the civil war. He has been the field agent, district secretary and general field secretary of the American Missionary association of New York. He has been eminently successful in all his labors, and is now the honored president of the Fisk university of Nashville, Tenn.

A photograph of Cravath is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Timothy Robinson Cressey

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd Minnesota Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 365.

Timothy Robinson Cressey, A.M.; A.B. Amherst college 1828. Graduated Newton theological institution 1831; ordained Baptist 1830; pastor, Hingham, Mass. 1831-34; South church, Boston, Mass. 1834-35; Columbus, Ohio 1835-42; First church, Cincinnati, Ohio 1842-44; agent American and foreign Bible society 1844-46; Indianapolis, Ind. 1846-52; St. Paul, Minn. 1852-54; missionary, Minn.; pastor, Hastings, Minn.; U.S. military service 1861-63, chaplain [*editor*: 2nd

Minnesota]; pastor, Kendallville, Ind. 1864-66; Plainfield, Ill.; Olney, Ill.; Indianola, Iowa 1868-70. Born Pomfret, Conn., Sept. 18, 1800; died Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 30. 1870.

† Curtana †

Warren H. Cudworth

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Massachusetts Infantry)

Frederick M. Cutler

The Old First Massachusetts Coast Artillery in War and Peace

(Pilgrim Press, 1917): 75-79.

A number of noted clergymen have at times held the office of chaplain of the command. Applying the standards which control the selection of names for the volume, "Who's Who," amongst the distinguished chaplains would certainly have to be mentioned Otis A. Skinner, the noted journalist and preacher, 1850-55; Thomas B. Thayer, the writer, 1858-61; Jacob M. Manning, the lecturer, 1862-63; Lewis B. Bates, father of ex-Gov. Bates, 1868-72; Alonzo H. Quint, the ecclesiastical statesman, 1872-76; William H.H. ("Adirondack") Murray, devotee of horses and woodcraft, 1873-76; Minot J. Savage, author and poet, 1883-96; and Edward A. Horton, the orator, Chaplain of the Mass. State Senate, 1896-1900. Preeminent among them stands the name of the war chaplain, Warren H. Cudworth, 1861-72, 76-82. Chaplain Cudworth possesses the added distinction that he was the historian of the "Fighting First."

Warren H. Cudworth had graduated from Harvard in 1850; and represented the finest type of American culture. If size of hat indicates mental caliber, his chapeau, sacredly preserved at the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, proves him to have been an intellectual giant. For it is number seven and one-half. Since 1852 he had been pastor of the Unitarian "Church of Our Father" in East Boston. A bachelor, and of independent means financially, he was able to prove his patriotism before receiving appointment as chaplain by announcing to his church that, if he should not secure the appointment, he would give his salary as minister to maintain work among the soldiers. The church had raised a fund for the erection of a new house of worship; this the pastor urged them not to spend as intended, but to devote the money to the welfare of the Union soldiers. When appointed, he gave himself unreservedly to the duties of the office; and absented himself from his regiment only once, for a single week of Aug., '61, during the entire three years.

While not a "fighting chaplain" as some were, he was in every sense a brave soldier and true gentleman. Believing that the better American one is, the better American soldier he is, Cudworth both preached and exemplified this part of his creed. His Massachusetts pride revealed itself in his comments upon the inferior standards of living and comfort as one progressed southward.

His scholarly interest in history and science kept showing thruout all his writings. Bladensburg is noted as the field of the disastrous militia defeat in 1814; there is

no glossing over the uncomfortable facts. Bladensburg is also the duelling-ground where Commodore Barron killed Decatur in 1820. A scientific observer, he comments upon the excellence of the spring water. At Yorktown the regiment was encamped on historic ground, where Washington's tents had stood, and Cornwallis surrendered, in 1781. But he somehow fails to note there the oldest custom-house in America. One is reminded of high-school days to hear him commenting upon McClellan's bridges over the Chickahominy—that they were exact reproductions of Caesar's famous span across the Rhine. Cudworth comments appreciatively upon the notable past of the Fairfax family, so influential in moulding the career of George Washington; of the Chancellors; and even records facts about Prince Frederick, father of George III, after whom Fredericksburg was named. Fossils and other geological remains unearthed by regimental well-diggers on the Peninsula interest him.

But his chief interest was in men and their welfare. The degradation which he saw occasioned by slavery brought sorrow to his heart. The untidy appearance of Williamsburg and other Virginia towns—a consequence of slavery—impressed him, as it does the visitor today. None rejoiced more than he over the issuance of the emancipation proclamation on Jan. 1, 1863, and he felt that such a clear pronouncement for justice and righteousness was more potent than many victories. At Williamsburg he commented on the generous hospitality of the southerners; he was also amused by quaint epitaphs in the old Bruton parish cemetery. At the close of the Peninsular campaign he manifested his social interest by commenting that the army was then existing in accordance with ideal industrial conditions—eight hours daily for work, eight for rest, and eight for recreation. When a whiskey ration was instituted in 1862, he deplored the resultant moral evils.

Such a chaplain would do everything possible for the welfare of the men. During the first leisure season in the regiment's existence, that in 1861 at Budd's Ferry, he organized a chess club which conducted exciting tournaments; a literary institute or debating society named after Mayor Frank B. Fay of Chelsea; and a large temperance society bearing the name of their total-abstinence Colonel, Cowdin, which enrolled nearly two hundred soldiers on its pledge, and had fully one-third of the regiment "on the water wagon." The chaplain's tent was indeed the social center of the camp.

Most important of all was his religious organization. The Y.M.C.A. had not then been introduced; so the chaplain devised an association, which he termed "The Church of the First Regiment." Their admirable covenant, by which they existed, "You now solemnly covenant, in the presence of God and these your fellow-soldiers, that you will endeavor, by the help of grace, to walk in all the ordinances of the gospel blameless, adorning your Christian profession by a holy life and a godly conversation," has received much unsolicited praise; and has afforded an inspiring model for other military chaplains.

Chaplain Cudworth was idolized by the men. They affectionately called him “Holy Jo;” and he accepted the title as a mark of affection, stipulating however that they must never pervert it into “unholy Jo.” Fifer Bardeen of the 1st Company tells how, in a New York barber-shop, he thrilled the crowd by a narrative of his own supposed heroism in battle, all suggested by a boyhood scar on his head. After he had told enough “whoppers” to set himself up as a hero, he glanced into the mirror and was thunderstruck to see “Holy” occupying the next chair but one. The chaplain knew Bardeen well, and also knew just how true the yarn was not. But under the circumstances he showed his real self by utterly failing to recognize or embarrass the youthful hero. No wonder that Bardeen later wrote concerning the chaplain, “He was a good man, a patriot and a Christian, ready to pray with you at the proper time but never obtruding his piety, and always ready to help you in any way. There was no other officer in the regiment who approached him for genuine manhood of the highest type.”

Chaplain Cudworth’s passing was in keeping with the rest of his life. His death was that of a Christian soldier. It happened on Thanksgiving day, 1883, while the Chaplain was participating in a union observance of the day held in a neighbor church, the “Maverick Congregational” of East Boston. As he was standing beside the pulpit in the very act of offering public prayer, suddenly he was heard to exclaim in pain, “I cannot go on.” Before others could reach him, he fell to the floor, dead.

† Curtana †

Ephraim Cummings

United States Army Chaplain

(15th Vermont Infantry)

Herringshaw’s Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 269.

Cummings, Ephraim, clergyman, author, was born in 1825 in Albany, N.Y. He served as chaplain in a Vermont regiment [*editor*: 15th Vermont Infantry] more than a year during the war. In 1872 and 1873 he was provisional professor of mental and moral philosophy in the college. He has published a volume, *Birth and Baptism*.

† Curtana †

Ebenezer David

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 40.

Ebenezer David. Clergyman; chaplain 9th Continental infantry 1776; 2^d R.I. regiment 1777-78. Died 1778.

† Curtana †

Werter Renick Davis

United States Army Chaplain

(12th Kansas Infantry)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 288.

Davis, Werter Renick, clergyman, educator, college president, was born April 1, 1818, in Circleville, Ohio. He was elected president of Baker university, but afterward resigned, and for fourteen consecutive years was appointed to a presiding eldership. During the civil war he went to the front as chaplain of the twelfth Kansas infantry. He was a member of the first state legislature of Kansas.

† Curtana †

Gilbert De La Matyr

United States Army Chaplain

(8th New York Heavy Artillery)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 293.

De La Matyr, Gilbert, soldier, congressman, was born July 8, 1825, in Pharsalia, N.Y. He has been an itinerant elder of the Methodist Episcopal church; was a member of the general conference in 1868; and for one term filled the office of presiding elder. In 1862 he helped to enlist the eighth regiment of New York heavy artillery, and was its chaplain three years. He was elected to the forty-sixth congress as a national democrat.

† Curtana †

Charles Wheeler Denison

United States Army Chaplain

(Hospital: Massachusetts)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 295.

Denison, Charles Wheeler, clergyman, author, was born Nov. 11, 1809, in New London, Conn. He was a clergyman who as a young man was editor of *The Emancipator*, an anti-slavery journal of New York. During the civil war he served as [a hospital] chaplain in the federal army. He is the author of *The American Village and Other Poems*; *Paul St. Clair, a temperance tale*; *Antonio, the Italian Boy*; *The Child Hunters, an exposure of the padrone system*; *Life of General Grant*; *Out at Sea, a volume of verse*; *Sunshine Castle, a tale*. *The Tanner Boy*; *The Bobbin Boy*; and *Winfield, the Lawyer's Son*, form a series of biographies of noted men for juvenile reading. He died Nov. 14, 1881.

Frederic Denison

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Rhode Island Cavalry & 3rd Rhode Island Heavy Artillery)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 295.

Denison, Frederic, clergyman, author, was born Sept. 28, 1819, in Stoning, Conn. He is a Baptist clergyman of Rhode Island, and the author of *The Supper Institution; The Sabbath Institution; History of the First Rhode Island Cavalry; Westerly and Its Witnesses, 1627-1876*; and *Picturesque Narragansett and Picturesque Rhode Island*. [Editor: Denison also served as chaplain of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry and the 3rd Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.]

And, from another source:

Frederic Denison

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Rhode Island Cavalry & 3rd Rhode Island Heavy Artillery)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 154-55.

Frederic Denison, A.M. Ordained Baptist 1847; pastor First church, Westerly, R.I. 1847-54, '65-71; Central church, Norwich, Conn. 1854-59; Central Falls, R.I. 1859-61; U.S. military service 1861-64; chaplain [editor: 1st Rhode Island Cavalry and 3rd Rhode Island Heavy Artillery], assistant allotment commissioner, R.I.; pastor, New Haven, Conn. 1872-73; Woonsocket, R.I. 1874-76; Roger Williams church, Providence, R.I.; member R.I. historical society; Wis. historical society; R.I. soldiers' and sailors' historical society; official poet R.I. society of the sons of the American revolution; historical registrar R.I. Baptist state convention. Author *The Sabbath institution*, 1855; *Notes of the Baptists and their principles, in Norwich, Conn.*, 1857; *The supper institution*, 1860; *Sabres and spurs, or, History of the First R.I. cavalry*, 1876; *Westerly and its witnesses for two hundred and fifty years*, 1878; *Shot and shell, or, History of the Third R.I. heavy artillery*, 1879; *Picturesque Narragansett; Illustrated New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket; Picturesque R.I.*; besides numerous articles and poems in both secular and religious periodicals; editor *The evangelist, or, Life and labors of Rev. Jabez S. Swan*, 1873; correspondent *Watchman; Examiner; Religious herald; Christian secretary*. Address, 28 South Court St., Providence, R.I.

† Curtana †

Lee [Levi] Dowling

United States Army Chaplain

(152nd Indiana Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 312.

Dowling, Lee [Levi], clergyman, physician, author, poet, was born May 18. 1844, in Bellville, Ohio. During the civil war he was the youngest chaplain in the service. [editor: he served in the 152nd Indiana Infantry.] For many years he was a professor of physiology in medical colleges. He is the author of *The Crown of Sunday School Songs*; *The Psalm of Victory*; and other music books that have attained a wide circulation.

† Curtana †

William Nichols Dunnell

United States Army Chaplain
(New York National Guard)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): vi.

Dunnell, William Nichols, clergyman, was born Feb. 3, 1825, in New York City. During 1859-71 he was rector of Trinity church in Red Bank, N.J.; and since 1871 has been rector of All Saints' church of New York City. For the past twenty-five years he has been chaplain of the 22nd regiment National Guard of New York; and has filled various other offices.

A photograph of Dunnell is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Timothy Dwight

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(Chicago: People's Publishing, 1883): 601.

Dwight, (Timothy) a well-known Am. theologian, b. at Northampton in Mass. 1752; studied at Yale, and was licensed to preach in 1777. During the War of Independence he was for some time a chaplain in the American army. In 1783 he was ordained minister of Greenfield in Conn., where he also conducted an academy for twelve yrs. with distinguished success. In 1787 the College of Princeton, N.J., conferred on him the degree of D.D.; and in 1795 he was elected president of Yale Coll. and Prof, of Divinity; d. 1817.

† Curtana †

John Eaton

United States Army Chaplain
(27th Ohio Infantry)

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(Chicago: People's Publishing, 1883): 609.

Eaton, (John) chaplain in the civil war [*editor*: 27th Ohio Infantry]; supt. of contrabands, 1861, of freedmen, 1862; editor of the *Daily Post* at Memphis, 1867-70; State Supt. of Public Institutions for Tenn., 1867-9; and U.S. Com. of Education, 1870. B. 1829.

† Curtana †

Arthur Edwards

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Michigan Infantry)

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy (Chicago: People's Publishing, 1883): Volume 1:622.

Edwards, (Arthur, D.D.) b. in Ohio, Nov., 1834; a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University; entered the M.E. ministry in the Detroit Conference at the age of 22 yrs.; chaplain U.S.N. for 3 yrs [*editor*: chaplaincy records indicate he actually served with the 1st Michigan Infantry]; associate editor of the *North-western Christian Advocate* for several yrs.: elected editor in 1872, '76, '80.

† Curtana †

Wilbur Fisk

United States Army Chaplain

(1830s)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University (Brown University, 1895): 68.

Wilbur Fisk, A.M.; D.D. 1835; Augusta college, Ky, 1829. Law student 1815-17; teacher, near Baltimore, Md. 1816-17; Methodist preacher, Craftsbury circuit, Vt. 1818; Charlestown, Mass. 1819-20; presiding elder Vt. district 1823-27; delegate Methodist general conference 1824, '28, '32; chaplain Vt. legislature 1826; principal Wesleyan academy, Wilbraham, Mass. 1826-31; president Wesleyan university 1831-39; visitor U.S. military academy, West Point, N.Y. 1832; chaplain Middletown artillery 1832-39; delegate, Wesleyan conference. England, and in Europe 1835-36; member Conn. board of education 1839. Author *Future rewards and punishments*, 1823; *Sermon on spirituality and truth of divine worship*, 1824; *Introductory address, Wesleyan academy*, 1825; *Discourse before the legislature of Vt., general election*, 1826; *Report of committee on education, General conference*, 1828; *Two discourses on universal salvation*, 1829; *Sermon, Mass. general election*, 1829; *Discourse on predestination and election*, 1831; *Science of education, inaugural address, Wesleyan university*, 1831, 1832; *Substance of a discourse on death of Rev. Edward Hyde*, 1832, 1833; *Address on traffic in ardent spirits*, 1833; *Substance of an address before Middletown colonization society*, 1835; *Calvinistic controversy*, 1835; *Travels on the continent of Europe*, 1838; *Reply to Pierpont on the atonement*, 18-. See *Life by J. Holdich*, 1842. Born Brattleboro. Vt., Aug. 31, 1792; died Middletown, Conn., Feb. 22, 1839.

Edward Octavus Flagg

United States Army Chaplain

(9th Infantry New York National Guard)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 365.

Flagg, Edward Octavus, clergyman, lecturer, poet, was born Dec. 18, 1824, in Georgetown, S.C. He is a grandson of Dr. Flagg, a surgeon in the war of the revolution; and the son of Henry C. Flagg, a lawyer and formerly mayor of New Haven, Conn. Previous to taking orders he studied law. After having pursued a course of civil engineering he entered Trinity college, then studied divinity; and at the age of twenty-five was ordained deacon. On being admitted to the priesthood, he became rector of Trinity church of Norwich, Conn., and while there established a church at Yantie. Dr. Flagg has been the founder of several parishes; was rector of the New York All Saints' church; and for six years was assistant of Grace church.

For several years he was chaplain of the ninth regiment New York national guard. He has delivered a course of lectures on literature and history in New York and elsewhere. A collection of his poetical works was published in 1889; and six years later a second volume was issued, entitled *Poems and Later Poems*. He was made a doctor of law by St. John's college of Annapolis in 1898. He is the author of "Rejoice for Liberty," a patriotic hymn.

A photograph of Flagg is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Perez Fobes

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 338.

Perez Fobes, LL.D.; A.H. Harvard university 1762; A.M. 1786. Ordained Congregational 1766; pastor, Raynham, Mass. 1766-?; chaplain, Continental army; vice president Brown university 1786; professor Natural philosophy 1786-98; fellow 1795-1812; fellow American academy of arts and sciences. Author *Sermon at the execution of John Dixon, Taunton, 1784; Sermon at the ordination of Elijah Leonard, 1789; Sermon on the death of Dr. Manning, 1791; Sermon to young men, 1794; History of Raynham, 1794; Election sermon, 1795; Sermon at the ordination of George Barstow, 1803; Scripture catechism, 1804; Abridgment of the Scripture catechism, 1809*. Born Bridgewater, Mass., Sept. 21, 1742; died Raynham, Mass., Feb. 23, 1812.

Charles Folsom

United States Navy Chaplain
(1816)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 370.

Folsom, Charles, scholar, was born Dec. 24, 1794, in Exeter, N.H. He became chaplain in the United States' navy, and midshipman's teacher of mathematics on the ship Washington in 1816. He was charge d'affaires in Tunis in 1817-19. He died Nov. 8, 1872, in Cambridge, Mass.

† Curtana †

Eli Forbes

American Colonies Provincial Chaplain
(British Provincial Regiment)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 371.

Forbes, Eli, clergyman, was born in October, 1726, in Westborough, Mass. In 1758-59 he twice acted as chaplain of a provincial regiment, and in 1762 conducted a successful mission to the Oneida Indians, among whom he established a church and two schools. He died Dec. 15, 1804, in Gloucester, Mass.

† Curtana †

Emil Frommel

German Chaplain
(Franco-German War)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 188.

Frommel, Emil, b. 1828, in Karlsruhe, Baden, d. Nov. 9, 1896, in Slon. He studied theology in Halle, Erlangen, and Heidelberg; became assistant pastor in Alt-Lusheim, 1850, and, after a journey to Italy, assistant of the famous Alois Henhoefer in Spoeck, from whom, according to his own confession, he learned the A B C of theology over again. In 1855 he was called to Karlsruhe; 1862 to Barmen; and 1869 to Berlin, as military chaplain. After the Franco-German war he was appointed court preacher in Berlin. He was one of the most gifted preachers of recent times, and also a prolific writer of popular books of a healthy Christian character. In 1883 the theological faculty in Berlin conferred the title of Doctor of Theology on him.

† Curtana †

John Aegidius Louis Funk

Prussian Chaplain
(1820s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 189.

Funk, John Aegidius Louis, d. 1867, opposed the Agenda of Fredr. Wm. III. of Prussia (1822), as military chaplain at Danzig, denying the right of the prince to make liturgical laws. Then Funk had not yet come to faith in Christ, but in the ensuing discussion he was led to accept Christ, and served with great blessing the pastorate of St. Mary's, Lubeck, from 1829. For his truthful conscientiousness he was called the "conscience of Lubeck."

† Curtana †

Lampertus Gedicke

German Chaplain
(1730s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 189.

Gedicke, Lampertus, b. 1683, in the Alt-Mark, Prussia, d. 1735, as chief military chaplain, in Berlin. He studied in Halle, and also assisted there for a time as instructor. Author of the fine hymn "Wie Gott mich fuehrt, so will ich gehn."

† Curtana †

Otis A. Glazebrook

United States Army Chaplain
(5th Maryland Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 405.

Glazebrook, Otis A., clergyman, was born Oct. 13, 1845, in Richmond, Va. In 1875 he was made chaplain of the famous fifth Maryland regiment; and built the church of the Holy Trinity. In 1885 he was called to St. John's church of Elizabeth, N. J.

† Curtana †

Edward Manning Gushee

United States Army Chaplain
(9th New Hampshire Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 191.

Edward Manning Gushee; D.D. University of N.C. 1891. Episcopal clergyman; U.S. military service 1862-63, chaplain [*editor*: 9th New Hampshire Infantry]; pastor St. Thomas' church, Dover; St. Paul's church, Wallingford, Conn.; St. Peter's church, Salem, Mass.; St. Philip's church, Cambridge, Mass. Author *Lent a precious season; Plain words for non-Episcopalians*; besides various sermons. Address, 30 Lee St., Cambridge, Mass.

George Donald Henderson

United States Army *and* Navy Chaplain
(Fort Riley, Kansas during American Civil War)
Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 175.

George Donald Henderson. Graduated Newton theological institution 1856; ordained 1859; evangelist, Atchison, Kans.; Leavenworth, Kans. 1857-58; Junction City, Kans. 1858-59; chaplain U.S. army [*editor*: Fort Riley, Kansas] 1859-63; U.S. navy 1864-75. Born Portsmouth, N.H., Sept. 2, 1832; died Portsmouth, May 20, 1875.

† Curtana †

Enos Hitchcock

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)
Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 335.

Enos Hitchcock, D.D.; A.B. Harvard university 1767; A.M. 1770; Yale college 1781. Ordained Congregational 1771; pastor Second church, Beverly, Mass. 1771-?; chaplain, Continental army 1780-83; pastor Benevolent church, Providence, R.I. 1783-1803; fellow Brown university 1785-1803. Author *Treatise on education*, 1790; *Catechetical instructions and forms of devotion for children and youth*, 1798; *Sermons, with an essay on the Lord's supper*, 1793-1800. Born Springfield, Mass., March 7, 1744; died Providence, R.I., Feb. 27, 1803.

† Curtana †

Henry Norman Hudson

United States Army Chaplain
(1st New York Engineers)
Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 507.

Hudson, Henry Norman, clergyman, author, was born Jan. 28, 1814, in Cornwall, Vt. He served as chaplain in the federal army during the civil war [*editor*: 1st New York Engineers], and in his later years was professor of Shakespeare study in Boston university. He was the author of *Lectures on Shakespeare*; *Sermons*; *Studies in Wordsworth*; *A Chaplain's Campaign with General Butler*; *Shakespeare: His Life and Characters*; and *Essays on Education*. He edited the Harvard and the university editions of Shakespeare. He died Jan. 16, 1886, in Cambridge, Mass.

Samuel Huffman

United States Army Chaplain
(6th Missouri Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 508.

Huffman, Samuel, clergyman, legislator, was born April 15, 1806, in Rockbridge county, Va. He was twice elected to the lower house of the Illinois legislature in 1844 and in 1846. He served as chaplain in the sixth Missouri volunteer infantry during the civil war.

† Curtana †

Andrew Hunter

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 512.

Hunter, Andrew, clergyman, was born in 1752 in Virginia. He was appointed a brigade chaplain in 1775, and served throughout the revolution, receiving the public thanks of Gen. Washington for valuable aid at the battle of Monmouth. In 1810 he became a chaplain in the navy. He died Feb. 24, 1823, in Washington, D.C.

† Curtana †

John Ireland

United States Army Chaplain
(5th Minnesota Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 519.

Ireland, John, bishop, author, was born Sept. 11, 1838, in Ireland. He served as chaplain of the fifth Minnesota regiment during the civil war. He was afterward appointed rector of the cathedral of St. Paul, which position he held until his consecration as coadjutor bishop. He has founded a colony of Roman Catholics in Minnesota; and for many years has been president of the State Historical society of Minnesota. He is an able orator and writer upon educational themes; and the author of *Church and Modern Society*.

† Curtana †

G.M. Irwin

United States Army Chaplain
(44th Illinois Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 520.

Irwin, G.M., educator, clergyman, was born Nov. 11, 1835, in Zanesville, Ohio. He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university, and received the degrees of A.M. and D.D. He has become an eminent minister of the Methodist Episcopal church; and during the civil war served as chaplain [*editor*: 44th Illinois Infantry]. He is now state superintendent of public instruction for Oregon. For many years he was president of the Blue Mountain university of Oregon; and was the superintendent of the United States Indian industrial school of Salem.

Another, more complete biography comes from *Political and Official History and Register of Oregon* by Harrison R. Kincaid (Salem, Oregon, 1899): 219-20.

Honorable G.M. Irwin

State superintendent of public Instruction from 1895 to 1899.

G.M. Irwin was born in Zanesville, Ohio, and when six years of age moved with his widowed mother to the state of Illinois. When only fourteen years of age he was thrown entirely upon his own resources, and from that time was compelled to care for himself and was the maker of his own destiny. At an early age, while struggling for his own maintenance, he had an earnest desire for an education. Common school privileges were very limited, only being carried on for three months in the year. He persisted in his determination, and by closest economy laid by a little money, and when 19 years of age he went to the Ohio Wesleyan university, at Delaware, Ohio, in which school he was educated. Upon leaving the university he entered the ministry of the M.E. church in the central part of Illinois.

The war of the rebellion breaking out shortly thereafter, he was elected chaplain of the forty-fourth Illinois regiment, in which service he was intensely active, always preferring to be in the front of all operations, and leaving it to others to remain in the hospital work in the rear. He remained in the army until compelled to retire from the field by failing health. Upon his return home he again took up the work of the ministry, in which work and the work of education he was deeply interested. Because of failing health he was advised to seek some recuperation from a change of climate, and it being presented to him that the Pacific coast would be greatly beneficial, he came west in 1880, and was for two years located at Walla Walla [Washington].

In 1882 he was elected president of the Blue Mountain university, at La Grande, Oregon, at the head of which institution he remained for three years, and again returned to the active work of the ministry. Being a careful student of political economy, he became deeply impressed with the conviction that the free trade of Grover Cleveland, in his first term as president, was ruinous to the interest of a large portion of the population, especially in Eastern Oregon, where sheep-raising was the great industry, and in spite of the sacredness of his calling, he entered the political arena against what he deemed democratic heresy and a ruinous policy. So earnestly did he throw his energies into this work that the results of his labors, and that of others, Eastern Oregon was redeemed from

democratic free trade rule and brought into the ranks of republicanism and protection. He took a very active part in the campaign in which Harrison was elected, and because of what was considered his competency for the same and the work he had done, in 1889 he was appointed superintendent of the United States Indian training school, located near Salem, which position he held for three years, when he resigned.

In 1893 he was made one of the presidential electors by the republican party, and made a very extensive campaign throughout the state, doing an immense amount of hard work for the republican nominee. In 1894 he was nominated by his party as the candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, and again took the field as a campaigner in the interest of the entire republican ticket, giving no heed to his own personal interest. During his incumbency as said officer he has traveled more extensively throughout the state than any of his predecessors, going into every county and making special addresses and appeals to the people at large in the interest of common school education.

† Curtana †

Andrew J. Jenkins

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd New York Cavalry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 528.

Jenkins, Andrew J., journalist, poet, was born Nov. 6, 1839, in Prompton, Pa. He served through the war as chaplain in the second regiment, New York cavalry. For many years he was engaged in educational work, and is now the editor and owner of The Press of Otay, Cal.

Jenkins enlisted in the 2nd New York Cavalry, and he may have functioned as a regimental chaplain, but it is possible he was never formally commissioned in that role.

† Curtana †

Joseph William Jenks

United States Navy Chaplain
(1800s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 529.

Jenks, Joseph William, educator, was born Nov. 23, 1808, in Bath, Maine. He was chaplain and professor of mathematics in the United States navy, serving on the Concord under Commodore Perry. He spent seven years aiding his father in the preparation of the *Comprehensive Commentary on the Bible*. In 1852 became professor of languages in Urbana university, Ohio. He afterward established the first agricultural paper in Illinois. He died June 7, 1884, in Newtonville, Mass.

David Jones

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army, 3rd & 4th Pennsylvania Battalions)
Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 537.

Jones, David, clergyman, was born May 12, 1736, in New Castle county, Del. In 1776 he entered the revolutionary army as chaplain of the third and fourth Pennsylvania battalions, and on Jan. 1, 1777, he became chaplain of General Anthony Wayne, with whom he continued until the end of the war. He died Feb. 5, 1820, in Chester county, Pa.

And, from another source:

David Jones

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)
Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 332.

David Jones, A.M. Student, Hopewell academy, Hopewell, N.J.; ordained Baptist 1766; pastor Freehold church, Monmouth co., N.J. 1766-75; Great Valley church, Chester co., Penn. 1775-76, 1792-1820; Southampton church, Bucks co., Penn.; chaplain Continental army 1776-?; U.S. army 1794-96, 1813-15. Born White Clay Creek Hundred, Newcastle co., Del., May 12, 1736; died East Town, Chester co., Penn., Feb. 5, 1820.

† Curtana †

Samuel Jones

United States Army Chaplain
(Pennsylvania Militia Regiment)
Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 328.

Samuel Jones, A.M.; D.D. 1786; A. B. University of Penn. 1762; A.M. 1765; D.D. 1788. Ordained Baptist 1763; pastor, Pennepek, now Lower Dublin, and Southampton, Penn. 1763-70; Pennepek 1770-1814; principal private theological seminary; one of the founders Brown university; chaplain Penn. regiment during the Revolution; president Philadelphia Baptist association 1797-1814. Author *Doctrine of the covenant*, 1783; *Treatise on church discipline*, 1797; *A century sermon*, 1807. Born Cefen-y-Gelli, Bettws Parish, Glamorganshire, South Wales, Jan. 14, 1735; died Philadelphia, Penn., Feb. 7, 1814.

Frederick Knighton

United States Army Chaplain

(11th New Jersey Infantry)*Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography*

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 562.

Knighton, Frederick, educator, clergyman, author, was born Nov. 2, 1812, in England. During the civil war he served as chaplain of the eleventh regiment of New Jersey. He was the author of several books on education, entitled *Primary Grammar* and *Outlines of History*. He died Sept. 9, 1888.

† Curtana †

Henry Fayette Lane

United States Army Chaplain

(3rd Massachusetts Cavalry)*Historical Catalogue of Brown University*

(Brown University, 1895): 164-65.

Henry Fayette Lane, A.M. Tutor, Columbian college 1850-52; student, Newton theological institution 1853-54; ordained Baptist 1854; pastor, New London, N.H. 1854-57; Dorchester, Mass. 1857-60; Lawrence, Mass. 1860-63; U.S. military service 1862-63, chaplain [*editor*: 3rd Massachusetts Cavalry]; pastor, Portsmouth, N.H. 1864-67; Malone, N.Y. 1869-78; secretary N.Y. state convention 1878-80; pastor, Kingston, Mass. 1881-83; Worcester, Mass. 1883-?; Millis, Mass. Author various articles in *Watchman*; *Examiner*; besides sermons and addresses.

† Curtana †

Dexter Leland

United States Navy Chaplain

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 85.

Dexter Leland. Private tutor, Edisto Island, S.C.; student, General theological seminary; schoolmaster and acting chaplain U.S. ship Lexington three years; private teacher, Md.; Charleston, S.C. 30 years. Born Sherburne, Mass., April 6, 1799; died Fla., March 20, 1865.

† Curtana †

John Kerfoot Lewis

United States Navy Chaplain

(1869-97)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 585.

Lewis, John Kerfoot, educator, clergyman, was born March 18, 1835, in York, Pa. In 1858 he was ordained deacon, and two years later a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was commissioned a chaplain in the United States navy in 1869, retiring from same in 1897.

† Curtana †

Andrew Jackson Lyda

United States Army Chaplain

(3rd Virginia Infantry &

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 585.

Lyda, Andrew Jackson, clergyman, was born Jan. 14, 1821, in Hancock, Md. He graduated from the Augusta college of Kentucky; was admitted into the Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1843, and was one of the charter members of the West Virginia conference. During the civil war he was chaplain of the third regiment of the [West] Virginia volunteer infantry, and of the sixth [West] Virginia cavalry. [*editor*: in actuality, these were the *same* regiment, due to a redesignation.] He has been agent of the West Virginia Conference seminary of the Methodist Episcopal church; and in 1868 was a delegate to the general conference held In Chicago, Ill. He now fills a pastorate in Maiden, W. Va.

† Curtana †

Joachim Magdeburg

German Chaplain

(1560s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas

(Scribner, 1899): 300.

Magdeburg, Joachim, b. c. 1525 at Gardelegen, Altmark, studied at Wittenberg, 1544, was pastor at Dannenberg (Lueneburg) and Salzwedel (Altmark). In 1552 he was banished because he refused to submit to the Interim. He was a friend of Flacius Illyricus, and had much to suffer in consequence of the ecclesiastical controversies of his time. In 1564 he was appointed military chaplain in Raab, Hungary, and d. after 1583. He is probably the author of the first stanza of the hymn “Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut,” tr. by Miss Winkworth, *Lyra Germanica* (1858), “Who puts his trust in God most just.”

† Curtana †

Francis Mansfield

United States Army Chaplain

(132nd New York Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University

(Brown University, 1895): 192.

Francis Mansfield; M.D. College of physicians and surgeons 1885; Long Island college hospital 1893. Graduated Newton theological institution 1860; ordained Episcopal 1861; assistant pastor Church of the Holy Communion, and pastor Calvary chapel. New York, N.Y. 1861-62; U.S. military service 1862-63, chaplain [*editor*: 132nd New York Infantry]; pastor Ascension church, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1863-73; Church of the Atonement, and St. Andrew's church, Chicago, Ill. 1873-78; Trinity church, Philadelphia, Penn. 1879-81; St. John's church, Taunton, Mass. 1882-90; physician and surgeon, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1890-95; chaplain Bellevue hospital 1892; assistant pastor Christ church, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1894; professor English literature and elocution, Marmaduke military academy, Sweet Springs, Mo. 1895-. Author *Hymns with tunes*, 1880; *Memorial address. Mayflower hill cemetery, Taunton, Mass., Decoration day, 1889*; besides various sermons, 1874-75, in *Times*, Chicago, Ill., *Tribune*, Chicago; poems in *Living church*, Chicago 1890-91. Address, Sweet Springs, Mo.

† Curtana †

Daniel McCalla

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 629.

McCalla, Daniel, clergyman, was born in 1748, in Neshaminy, Pa. He was licensed to preach as a Presbyterian in 1772, and two years later ordained pastor of the churches at New Providence and Charleston, Pa., where he preached till the revolution. He was then appointed a chaplain in the continental army. He died April 6, 1809, In Wappetaw, S.C.

† Curtana †

Charles Pettit McIlvaine

United States Army Chaplain
(1820s)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 361-62.

Charles Pettit McIlvaine, D.D.; A.B. College of N.J. 1816; A.M. 1819; D.C.L. Oxford university 1853; LL.D. 1867; LL.D. Cambridge university 1858. Ordained Episcopal deacon, 1820; priest 1821; pastor Christ church, Georgetown, D.C. 1820-25; professor Ethics and chaplain, U.S. military academy 1825-27; pastor St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, N.Y. 1827-31; professor Evidences of revealed religion, University of the city of New York 1831-32; bishop of Ohio 1832-73; president Kenyon college 1832-?; also president Theological seminary, Gambler, Ohio; member sanitary commission during the civil war. Author *Evidences of Christianity in their external division*, 1832; *Oxford divinity compared with that of the Roman and Anglican churches*, 1841; *Sinner's justification before God*, 1851; *The Holv Catholic Church*, 1844; *No priest, no altar, no sacrifice, but*

Christ, 1846; *Valedictory offering*, 1853; *Word in season to candidates for confirmation*; *Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal church as to confirmation*; *Chief danger of the church*; *Truth and the life, twenty-two discourses*, 1855; editor *Select family and parish sermons*, 1839. Born Burlington, N.J., Jan. 18, 1799; died Florence, Italy, March 13, 1873.

† Curtana †

James J. McIntire

United States Army Chaplain
(49th Wisconsin Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 640.

McIntire, James J., educator, clergyman, was born Sept. 22, 1827, in Franklin, N.Y. In 1853 he graduated from the university of Rochester; since which time he has held pastorates for forty-four years, and at the same time taught school for twenty-seven years. For several years he was principal of the Waterloo institute and the Marshall academy, Wis. During the civil war he served as chaplain of the forty-ninth regiment Wisconsin volunteer infantry. Soon after the war he located in Dakota; has been superintendent of public instruction for four years; and is still actively engaged in pioneer work at Spencer, S.D.

† Curtana †

Arthur L. McKinney

United States Army Chaplain
(71st Ohio Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 642.

McKinney, Arthur L., clergyman, jurist, was born Sept. 16, 1819, in Clarke county, Ohio. For a quarter of a century he was engaged in the ministry; has held a professorship in the Antioch college; and for three years during the civil war was chaplain of the seventy-first Ohio volunteer infantry. For four years he was treasurer of Miami county, Ohio; was probate judge of that county; and for six years was mayor of Troy, Ohio. He is the author of *The Life and Times of Rev. Isaac N. Walter*; *Positive Theology*; and numerous papers on Christian Theology, Politics and Science.

† Curtana †

William Witter Meech

United States Army Chaplain
(Hospital & 12th U.S. Colored Troops Heavy Artillery)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 649.

Meech, William Witter, clergyman, was born in 1825, in North Stonington, Conn. In 1848 he was licensed to preach by the First Baptist church of Norwich, Conn., and two years later was ordained. He has held pastorates in various cities, and since 1875 has been pastor in South Vineland, N.J. In 1862 he was appointed by Abraham Lincoln as hospital chaplain, and served at Newport News, Louisville and Bowling Green. He was afterward regimental chaplain [*editor*: 12th U.S. Colored Troops Heavy Artillery], with the rank of major. He is the author of a book entitled *Quince Culture*; is a member of the New Jersey State Horticultural society, and secretary of the Vineland Horticultural society.

† Curtana †

Frederick Valentine Melsheimer

German Chaplain

(American War of Independence)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 311.

Melsheimer, Frederick Valentine, b. Regenborn, Brunswick; studied at Helmstadt; came to America as chaplain of Brunswick troops (1776); pastor, Dauphin Co., Pa. (1779-84); Manheim (1784-6); New Holland (1786-9); professor in Franklin College, Lancaster (1787); pastor, Hanover, Pa. (1790), until his death (1814). Distinguished as a pioneer of the science of entomology in America. His son, John Frederick, was first assistant and then his successor; d. 1829.

† Curtana †

Henry Moller

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 327.

Moller, Henry, pastor, Culpepper, Va., Reading, Pa., Albany, N.Y., New Holland and Harrisburg, Pa., Albany (second time), and Schoharie Co., N.Y.; chaplain in Revolutionary Army; one of the founders of the New York Ministerium; b. Hamburg, Germany, 1749; studied theology under Muhlenberg and Kunze in Philadelphia; d. Sharon, N. Y., 1829.

† Curtana †

Enos Munger

United States Army Chaplain

(62nd United States Colored Troops)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 179.

Enos Munger. Graduated Newton theological institution 1857; ordained Baptist 1857; pastor, Red Wing, Minn. 1857-58; Lakeland, Minn. 1858-62, '64-66, '68-72; U.S. military service 1862-64, private, chaplain; pastor [editor: 62nd U.S. Colored Troops]. Belle Plaine, Jordan, Lexington, Minn. 1866-68. Born Monson, Mass., Nov. 4, 1825; died Lakeland, Minn., Oct. 14, 1873.

† Curtana †

Ludwig Julius Nagel

Prussian Chaplain

(1840s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas (Scribner, 1899): 335.

Nagel, Ludwig Julius, b. in 1809, at Stecklin in Pomerania, pastor in Holzow, and chaplain in the army at Stargard. Being opposed to the Prussian Union he resigned his chaplaincy, and, in 1842, accepted a call to Trieglaff. In 1847 he, together with the larger part of his congregation, separated from the United Church of Prussia and joined the Ev. Luth. Church of Prussia. In 1852 he became pastor of the Luth. Church at Breslau and superintendent. D. Jan. 17, 1884.

† Curtana †

Karl Wilh. Theodor Ninck

German Chaplain

(1860s & 1870s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas (Scribner, 1899): 342.

Ninck, Karl Wilh. Theodor, b. May 28, 1834, pastor in his native country Nassau, chaplain in the wars of 1866 and 1870, pastor at St. Ansgar, Hamburg, until his death, Sept. 17, 1887. Editor of the papers *Nachbar* and *Kinderfreund*, author of a widely read description of the Holy Land (*Auf bibl. Pfaden*), he founded institutions for inner missions, directed the Saxon Tract Society into Luth. channels, and was noted as a man of faith and power.

† Curtana †

Walter Bernard Noyes

United States Army Chaplain

(5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University (Brown University, 1895): 193.

Walter Bernard Noyes; A.M. Columbia college 1865. Student, General theological seminary; ordained Episcopal; U.S. military service 1861, chaplain [editor: 5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery]; assistant pastor Trinity church, New York, N.Y.; St. Alban's church, New York; consul, Venice several years. Born Matanzas, Cuba, May, 1837; died Rome, Italy, Dec. 6, 1885.

John R. Paxton

United States Army Chaplain
(7th New York Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 725.

Paxton, John R., soldier, clergyman, author, was born Sept. 18, 1843, In Canonsburg, Pa. He was pastor of the New York avenue Presbyterian church In Washington, D.C, from 1878 till 1882, when he became pastor of the Forty-second street Presbyterian church in New York city. In 1887 he became chaplain of the seventh regiment of New York. He has published several addresses and sermons.

† Curtana †

Ebenezer Steele Peake

United States Army Chaplain
(28th Wisconsin Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 727.

Peake, Ebenezer Steele, clergyman, missionary, was born Jan. 15, 1830, in Andes, N.Y. He received his education at the Academy of Kingsborough, and subsequently attended the Academy of Delhi, N.Y. In 1848 he was principal of a classical parish school at Cohoes, N. Y., and the following year entered the Theological seminary of the Episcopal church at Nashotah, Wis. In 1852 he was ordained, and immediately elected tutor at Nashotah, holding that position for the next three years. At the wish of Bishop Kemper he moved to Wisconsin, and in 1856 became an associate of the Rev. Dr. Breck in the mission to the Chippewa Indians. With his wife he spent six years among the Indians at the mission of Gull Lake and Crow Wing. Next he was chaplain of the twenty-eighth regiment, Wisconsin volunteer infantry, going with them to the field in the southwest, and remaining to the end of the war. He returned to Minnesota, but accepted the rectorship of the Trinity church of San Jose, Cal.; and four years later of St. Luke's church, of San Francisco, spending twelve years in California. In 1878 he returned to Minnesota, and engaged in missionary work along the Northern Pacific railroad, so continuing until 1889, when he accepted the chaplaincy of St. Mary's Hall, of Faribault, Minn., the famous school for girls.

† Curtana †

William A. Pile

United States Army Chaplain
(1st Missouri Light Artillery)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 745.

Pile, William A., soldier, clergyman, congressman, was born Feb. 11, 1829, near Indianapolis, Ind. He was a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a member of the Missouri conference at the commencement of the rebellion. In 1861 he joined the Missouri volunteers as chaplain [*editor*: 1st Missouri Light Artillery]; in 1862 had command of a battery of artillery as captain, and was soon afterward promoted to the rank of colonel of infantry. In 1863 he was appointed a brigadier-general of United States volunteers, and was in the Missouri campaign under General Lyon. In 1866 he was elected a representative from Missouri to the fortieth congress, and in 1869 was appointed governor of New Mexico. In 1871 he was appointed minister resident to Venezuela. He died July 7, 1889, in Monrovia, Cal.

A photograph of Pile is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Samuel Thane Poinier

United States Army Chaplain
(15th Kentucky Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 196.

Samuel Thane Poinier. U.S. military service 1863-65, chaplain [*editor*: 15th Kentucky Infantry]; U.S. commissioner 1867-; editor 1869-71; chief supervisor of elections 1872-; postmaster 1880-. Address, Spartanburg, S.C.

† Curtana †

Benjamin Pomeroy

American Colonial Chaplain
(French and Indian War)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 750.

Pomeroy, Benjamin, clergyman, was born Nov. 19, 1704, in Suffield, Conn. He was ordained pastor on Dec. 16, 1735, in Hebron. During the French and Indian war he was chaplain to the American army, and he filled a like office during the revolutionary war. He was active in the movement that led to the founding of Dartmouth college, becoming one of its first trustees. He died Dec. 22, 1784, in Hebron, Conn.

† Curtana †

Charles Todd Quintard

Confederate States of America
(1st Tennessee Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 768.

Quintard, Charles Todd, bishop of Tennessee, was born Dec. 22, 1824, in Stamford, Conn. At the beginning of the civil war he was elected chaplain of the first Tennessee regiment [Confederate Infantry], and he served throughout the war, being frequently called upon to exercise his medical knowledge as physician and surgeon. The university of the South was entirely swept away by the war, nothing being left but its landed estate of 10,000 acres, Bishop Quintard re-established the university on a sound financial basis, and was its first vice-chancellor.

† Curtana †

John Reed

United States Navy Chaplain
(Continental Navy)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 345.

John Reed, D.D.; A.B. Yale college 1722. Chaplain U.S. navy two years; ordained Congregational 1780; pastor Bridgewater, Mass. 1780-1831; member U.S. house of representatives 1795-1801. Author *Sermon at ordination of Kilborn Whitman, 1787*; *Sermon at ordination of Jonas Hartwell, 1792*; *Right hand of fellowship at ordination of James Wilson, Providence, 1793*; *Right hand of fellowship at ordination of James Flint, 1806*; *Apology for rite of infant baptism, 1806*; *Sermon before convention of Congregational ministers, Mass., 1807*; *Sermon at ordination of Daniel Johnson, 1808*; *Sermon before Plymouth association of ministers, 1810*; *Sermon before Society for promoting Christian knowledge, piety and charity, 1814*. Born Framingham, Mass., Nov. 11, 1751; died West Bridgewater, Mass., Feb. 17, 1831.

† Curtana †

Ezra Ripley

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 790.

Ripley, Ezra, clergyman, author, was born May 1, 1751, in Woodstock, Conn. He was a chaplain in the army, and a popular clergyman of Concord, Mass. He was the author of *A History of the Fight at Concord*. He died Sept. 21, 1841, in Concord, Mass.

† Curtana †

Barton Rogers

United States Army Chaplain
(15th Illinois Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 800.

Rogers, Barton, educator, clergyman, poet, was born July 23, 1831, in Piermont, N.H. For three years he was chaplain of the fifteenth Illinois infantry during the civil war. He is a Universalist clergyman and well-known in his denomination as an organizer and builder of churches.

† Curtana †

William Rogers

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 27.

William Rogers, A.M.; College of Philadelphia 1773; Yale college 1780; College of N.J. 1786; D.D. College of Philadelphia 1790. Principal academy, Newport, R.I. 1770; licensed Baptist 1771; ordained 1772; pastor First church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 1772-75; preacher 1775-76, 1803-05; chaplain Continental army 1776-78; brigade chaplain 1778-81; professor Oratory and belles-lettres, College of Philadelphia 1789-92; University of Pennsylvania 1792-1811; vice president Pennsylvania society for gradual abolition of slaverv 1790; member Maryland society for the same object, 1794; vice president Philadelphia society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons 1797; chaplain Philadelphia militia legion 1805; senior chaplain N.E. society of Philadelphia 1816; member Pennsylvania legislature 1816-17; vice president Religious Historical Society of Philadelphia 1819. Author *Circular letter on justification*, 1785; *Introductory prayer*, before society of Cincinnati, 1787; *Oration, before Cincinnati*, 1789; *Sermon on death of Rev. Oliver Hart*, 1796; *Introductory prayer, death of Washington*, 1800; *Circular letter on Christian missions*; and various articles in periodicals; correspondent and editor *Evangelical magazine*, London, 1802. Born Newport, R.I., July 22, 1751; died Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 7, 1824.

† Curtana †

Charles Henry Rowe

United States Army Chaplain
(Hospital, Maine)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 806.

Rowe, Charles Henry, clergyman, poet, was born Jan. 19, 1834, in Guilford, Maine. In 1864 he was commissioned a chaplain in the United States army [*editor*: serving a Federal hospital in Maine]. He has filled pastorates in the Baptist church ever since in the vicinity of Boston. For a time he was connected with the editorial department of *The Watchman of Boston*; and he is the author of a number of poems and sacred hymns.

Patrick John Ryan

Volunteer American Civil War Chaplain
 (Gratiot Street Military Prison and Hospital)
Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
 (Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 812.

Ryan, Patrick John, archbishop, was born Feb. 20, 1831, in Ireland. During the war he acted as chaplain to the Gratiot Street Military prison and hospital, and after the war was appointed rector of St. John's church. In 1872 he was consecrated bishop of St. Louis, and subsequently archbishop; and in 1884 was transferred to Philadelphia as its archbishop. He is the author of *What Catholics Do Not Believe*; and *Some of the Causes of Modern Religious Scepticism [sic]*.

A lengthier encyclopedia biography follows:

Patrick John Ryan

Sixth Bishop and second Archbishop of Philadelphia, b. At Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, 20 February, 1831; d. At Philadelphia; 11 February, 1911. His early education was received at the school of the Christian Brothers in his native town. In his twelfth year he entered the select school of Mr. J.L. Naughton, Richmond Street, Dublin, where he began his Classical studies. In 1844, while a pupil at Mr. Naughton's school, he headed a delegation of students, and in their name made an address to Daniel O'Connell, then a prisoner in Richmond Bridewell Prison. It is said that the great Liberator complimented the young speaker, and predicted a brilliant future for him. In 1847 he was adopted for the Diocese of St. Louis in the United States by Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick and entered St. Patrick's College, Carlow.

In 1852 he finished his course and was advanced to deacon's orders, but being too young to be ordained priest, he set out for St. Louis with Rev. Patrick Feehan, a subject of the same diocese, and afterward Archbishop of Chicago, and on his arrival was appointed to teach in the Diocesan Seminary at Carondelet. On account of his exceptional ability as a public speaker, Archbishop Kenrick permitted the young deacon to preach frequently in the cathedral. His fame went forth at once, and he drew large audiences, made up not only of the regular members of the congregation, but of the most prominent people of all denominations from various parts of the city and more distant points. On 8 September, 1853, by special dispensation, he was ordained priest and was appointed assistant rector at the cathedral. He served there as assistant and as rector until 1861, when he was appointed to build the Church of the Annunciation at St. Louis. Having completed this task promptly and successfully, he was transferred to the rectorship of St. John's parish, at St. Louis. During all these years he was noted for his zeal in the work of the ministry, for his faithfulness in attending the military prisoners in Gratiot Street Prison during the Civil War, for the frequency and effectiveness of his sermons, and for the large number of converts, many of them persons of note, who by his influence were brought into the Church. . . .

This is only an excerpt from the lengthy ecclesiastical biography in the encyclopedia.

“Patrick John Ryan”
The Catholic Encyclopedia
(New York: Robert Appleton, 1912)
Retrieved from <http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/13282c.htm>

† Curtana †

Frederick H. Sanderson

United States Army Chaplain
(6th Iowa National Guard)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 816.

Sanderson, Frederick H., clergyman, lecturer, was born Sept. 3, 1855, in Toronto, Canada. He received his education in the Collegiate institute and theological department of the Victoria university of Coburg, Ontario, Canada. In 1882 he moved to Iowa, and immediately came into prominence through his abilities as a clergyman and popular lecturer. He was chaplain of the sixth regiment Iowa national guards; president of the Iowa state Epworth league; and was chosen as one of the eminent preachers at the Iowa state fair. In 1894 he moved to Omaha, Neb., where he is pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church.

† Curtana †

David Sanford

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 816.

Sanford, David, clergyman, was born Dec. 11, 1737, in Milford, Conn. He was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Medway, Mass., where he passed the remainder of his life, with the exception of a brief period, during which he served as a chaplain in the revolutionary army. He early resisted the oppression of Great Britain, and relinquished his salary for a time. He died April 7, 1810, in Medford, Mass.

† Curtana †

Jeremiah Schindel

United States Army Chaplain
(110th Pennsylvania Infantry)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 425.

Schindel, Jeremiah, (1807-70) son of J.P. Schindel, pastor (1830-70) in Central Pennsylvania and in Lehigh and Dauphin counties; state senator and chaplain, U.S.A., during civil war. [Editor: 110th Pennsylvania Infantry]

† Curtana †

George Williamson Smith

United States Navy Chaplain

(1865-71)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 860.

Smith, George Williamson, clergyman, author, was born Nov. 21, 1836, in Catskill, N.Y. He was ordained deacon in 1860, and priest in 1864, in the Protestant Episcopal church, and was an assistant at various churches in Washington, D.C. He was acting professor of mathematics in the United States naval academy at Newport, R.I., in 1864-65, chaplain at the Annapolis academy in 1865-68, and chaplain on the United States steamship Franklin in 1868-71. He was rector of Grace church, Jamaica, Long Island, in 1872-81, of the Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1880-83, and since the latter date has been president of Trinity college. He has published occasional sermons, and is the author of a *Memoir of Rev. John H. Van Ingen*.

† Curtana †

Henry Bernard Smith

United States Army Chaplain

(New Hampshire National Guard)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 860.

Smith, Henry Bernard, clergyman, was born Feb. 16, 1848, in Marietta. Ohio. He graduated from the Marietta college, and has attained distinction as one of the foremost clergymen in the United States. For sixteen years he was pastor of a large church in Nashua. N.H., and since 1894 has filled a pastorate in Troy, N.Y. For eight years he was chaplain of the second regiment national guard of New Hampshire; and is a prominent Mason.

† Curtana †

Hezekiah Smith

United States Army Chaplain

(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 328.

Hezekiah Smith, A.M.; D.D. 1797; A. B. College of N. J. 1762; A.M. 1765; Yale university 1772. Baptist clergyman; preacher, Charleston, S.C.; pastor, Haverhill,

Mass. 1765-1805; chaplain, American army during Revolution; fellow Brown university 1765-1805. Born Long Island, N.Y., April 21, 1737; died Haverhill, Mass, Jan. 22, 1805.

† Curtana †

Moses Smith

United States Army Chaplain
(8th Connecticut Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 864.

Smith, Moses, clergyman, author, was born Aug. 16, 1830, in Hebron, Conn. He first engaged in educational work as instructor in the Westfield academy; and in 1855 entered Andover Theological seminary, from which institution he graduated in 1859. He was ordained the same year and became pastor of the congregational church of Plainville, Conn. During the war he served in company A, eighth regiment Connecticut volunteer infantry, and was unanimously elected chaplain of the regiment. He has filled pastorates in Chicago, Jackson and Detroit, Mich.; and since 1888 has been pastor of the congregational church at Glencoe, Ill. He is the author of *Questions of the Ages*, which discusses certain of the deep things of the gospel.

† Curtana †

Amos Fletcher Spalding

United States Army Chaplain
(4th New Hampshire Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 157.

Amos Fletcher Spalding, A.M. Graduated Newton theological institution 1850; ordained Baptist 1851; pastor, Montreal, Canada 1851-52; Cambridge, Mass. 1852-56; Calais, Me. 1856-60; Warren, R.I. 1860-70; U.S. military service 1862-63, chaplain [*editor*: Amos F. Spalding enlisted in the 4th New Hampshire Infantry, but there is no record of his formal commissioning as a chaplain]; pastor First church, Norwich, Conn. 1870-76; Needham, Mass. 1876-77; secretary Mass. Baptist convention 1855-56; member R.I. state board of education 1870. Author *Centennial discourse on the history of the Warren Baptist church*. Born Boston, Mass.. Jan. 12, 1821; died Chelmsford, Mass., Nov. 30, 1877.

† Curtana †

John Fletcher Spence

United States Army Chaplain
(48th Ohio Infantry & 2nd Ohio Heavy Artillery)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 876.

Spence, John Fletcher, educator, college president, was born Feb. 3, 1828, in Greenfield, Ohio. In 1853 he graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university, and the same year joined the Cincinnati conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. In 1862 he entered the union army as chaplain [*editor*: 48th Ohio Infantry and 2nd Ohio Heavy Artillery], and served till the close of the war, when he settled in Knoxville, Tenn. For three years he was president of the Knoxville Female college; and since 1875 has been chancellor of the Grant university. When Doctor Spence took charge of the university, the property was in imminent danger of being sold for debt. He has secured a liberal endowment and a largely increased patronage; in 1889 brought about the annexation of Chattanooga university; and the institution is now one of the most prosperous universities in the south.

A photograph of Spence is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Earl Johann Phlipp Spitta

German Chaplain
(1830s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 453.

Spitta, Earl Johann Phlipp, D.D., b. 1801, at Hanover, d. 1859, at Burgdorf. He studied at Gottingen (1821), was assistant pastor at Sudwalde, near Hoya (1828), military and prison chaplain at Hameln-on-the-Weser (1830), pastor at Wechold, near Hoya (1837), superintendent at Wittingen (1847), at Peine (1853), at Burgdorf (1859). A faithful pastor of high poetical gifts, who, in his student years, had been intimate with Heinrich Heine. After 1825 he devoted his gifts only to sacred poetry. He published *Psalter und Harfe* (1833), second collection (1843), of which about fifty editions have appeared. Though his hymns were intended for family and private use, and from their subjective and personal character are best fitted for that, many have been admitted into recent German hymn-books, and English translations are found in almost all recent collections of hymns in England and America. *Psalter und Harfe* was translated in full by Rich. Massey, as *Lyra Domestica* (1860-1864), and Julian mentions not less than fifty-nine different hymns of his in English versions.

† Curtana †

Samuel Spring

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 879.

Spring, Samuel, clergyman, author, was born March 10, 1746, in Northbridge, Mass. In 1775 he became a chaplain in the army. In 1799 he aided in founding the Massachusetts Missionary society, of which he was president. He published twenty-five miscellaneous discourses; and a number of controversial works. He died March 4, 1819, in Newburyport, Mass.

† Curtana †

Charles Samuel Stewart

United States Navy Chaplain
(1820s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 890.

Stewart, Charles Samuel, clergyman, author, was born Oct. 16, 1795, in Flemington, N.J. He was a Presbyterian clergyman, chaplain in the navy; and the author of *Residence at the Sandwich Islands in 1822-23*; *Visit to the South Seas in the Ship Vincennes*; *Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland in 1832*; *Brazil and La Plata in 1850-63*; and *Personal Record of a Cruise*. He died Dec. 15, 1870, in Cooperstown, N. Y.

† Curtana †

Christian Streit

United States Army Chaplain
(3rd Virginia Infantry, Continental Army)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 465.

Streit, Christian, b. near New Germantown, N. J., 1749; graduated, University of Pennsylvania (1768); studied theology under Muhlenberg and Wrangel; pastor, Easton, Pa. (1769-1778); chaplain in Revolutionary Army (3^d Va. regiment); pastor, Charleston, S.C. (1778-82), New Holland, Pa. (1782-5), Winchester, Va. (1785), until death (1812).

† Curtana †

Daniel Gates Strong

United States Army Chaplain
(4th Ohio Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 901.

Strong, Daniel Gates, educator, college president, clergyman, prohibitionist, was born Aug. 10, 1838, in Kenton, Ohio. During the civil war he was chaplain in the fourth regiment Ohio volunteer infantry; has been president of the Wilbur Collegiate college of Lewiston, Idaho; was a delegate to the general conference of 1880; and in 1892 was a candidate on the prohibition ticket for lieutenant-governor of the state of Washington.

Fitch Waterman Taylor

United States Navy Chaplain
(1800s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 916.

Taylor, Fitch Waterman, clergyman, author, was born Aug. 4, 1803, in Middle Haddam. He was an Episcopal chaplain in the United States navy; and the author of *The Flag Ship, or a Voyage Around the World*; and *The Broad Pennant*. He died July 23, 1865, in Brooklyn, N.Y.

† Curtana †

Charles Thompson

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 27.

Charles Thompson, A.M. Ordained Baptist 1771; preacher, Warren, R.I. 1770-71; pastor, 1771-75; chaplain, Continental army 1775-78; preacher, Ashford, Conn. 1778-79; pastor Swansea, Massachusetts 1779-1802; resident, Charlton, Massachusetts 1802-03; trustee Brown university 1795-1803. Born Amwell, N.J., April 14, 1748; died Charlton, Massachusetts. May 4, 1803.

† Curtana †

Charles Gregory Trusdell

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd Iowa Cavalry)

Minutes of the Sixty-Third Session of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church
(Rock River Conference: 1902): 118-20.

Rev. Charles Gregory Trusdell, D.D., son of Stephen and Mary Gregory Trusdell, was born May 1st, 1826, in Montgomery, Orange Co., New York. He was the youngest of seven children. His father dying when he was but eight years old, it became necessary for him from the first as well as those older to contribute to the support of the home. He was permitted, however, from his earliest recollections to attend the Village Academy until he was 14 years of age, when he began his business career, which he successfully pursued until he entered the ministry.

He was united in marriage in Buffalo, N.Y., on December 22^d, 1846, with Miss Jane Raymond, who survives him and with whom he lived in the most happy and sympathetic relations during the 56 years of their beautiful wedded life. Four children were born to them, all of whom died in infancy.

When 16 years of age he experienced a change of heart and joined the Presbyterian Church, but having removed after his marriage to Chesterville, Ohio, he, in 1848, connected himself, together with his wife, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the ministry of that sturdy pioneer preacher, Rev. E.C. Gavitt. In 1855 he went to reside in Iowa City, Iowa, and soon after was licensed to preach by Rev. A. Young. Three years later he felt called to preach the Gospel as an itinerant and sold out his dry goods business to his partner and entered as a probationer in the Upper Iowa Conference. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Baker and Elder by Bishop Janes. He soon came into prominence as a man of affairs and a preacher.

He became during the Civil War Chaplain of the Second Iowa Cavalry; acted as financial agent of Cornell College; was appointed pastor at Marshalltown, Davenport and Clinton, and presiding elder of Iowa City District. From that District he was transferred by Bishop Simpson to the Rock River Conference in June, 1869, and stationed at Grant Place Church (now Wesley) and then at Langley Ave. Church (now Oakland). He served as presiding elder of the Chicago District, which then comprised the entire city and a number of the churches in the country, from 1885 to 1891; was a member of the general conference of 1888 and the Book Committee from 1888 to 1892. The Grant Memorial University in 1886 conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, against his protest.

He had a natural aptitude for business which, together with the practical knowledge he acquired, while engaged in various mercantile pursuits during his early life, aided him greatly in the management of the temporal affairs of the churches and the interests of various charitable institutions with which he became connected. His ability in these lines was generally conceded and recognized. While he was in Iowa he was elected a member of the 12th General Assembly and was at one time a prominent candidate for Governor of the State.

He was an efficient member of various local, charitable Church Boards in Chicago for many years; was a member of the State Board of Charities of Illinois from 1884 to 1892, and President of the Village Board of Trustees of Lake Bluff, of which he was one of the original founders and proprietors, and to whose interests he devoted much of his time and means. He re-organized the Chicago Relief and Aid Society soon after the Chicago fire in 1872 and from that time until his death he was its efficient and successful General Superintendent.

It seldom falls to the lot of any preacher to come in contact with so many different matters and to be called to fill so many different positions of such varied character as came to him, but he seemed to be able to adjust himself to his various situations with singular ease and to perform his many duties with facility and dispatch. His early educational advantages were not numerous, but by severe application, broad reading and close observation he became well informed on most subjects and well equipped for the special duties of the ministry. He was a man of many parts—a self-made man with an influential personality which made

itself felt wherever it touched. He was a conspicuous figure and a potential factor in this Conference for many years and the enterprises which he helped to start and organize will no doubt live to bless the world for many years to come.

As a preacher he was usually forcible and often eloquent and spoke to the understanding as well as the heart. He was original and bold and pointed in his utterances and seldom failed to catch the popular ear. He loved his friends and had many of them, and seemed always ready to allay resentment and to correct mistakes. His death occurred quite suddenly on the evening of Feb. 16th, 1903, at the Sherman-House, Chicago. He had expressed himself as feeling very comfortable, and after conversing cheerfully for a time he requested his wife to bring the Word of God and to read to him out of its precious pages. When she had finished a chapter and had knelt beside him, he rested his hand upon her head and offered a most wonderful, earnest, affecting and tender prayer. May we not with reason suppose that while his voice, went out in supplication:

Through the gates that bar the distance
Came a gleam of what is higher?

Be that as it may, when a few minutes had elapsed and his faithful, lifelong, loving companion, after passing out of his presence for a moment, had returned, she found that his clasped hands were cold; his kind voice was hushed; his loving heart was still; his life was ended; his spirit had gone to God who gave it. Brothers, should not such a peaceful ending to a long, busy life inspire and help each of us, by the margin of the wave, to feel the same calm of the sea and be able to say:

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean, or on shore?

The funeral service, which was very impressive, was held in the parlors of the Sherman House and conducted by his friend, Bishop Merrill, assisted by others. His favorite hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Jesus Lover of My Soul," were sung by the company. The sacred dust of the departed brother was then taken to the station and conveyed to Iowa for burial.

A photograph of Trusdell is included in the original publication. His surname is alternatively spelled Truesdell in some military records.

† Curtana †

Henry Allen Tupper

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(9th Georgia Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 947.

Tupper, Henry Allen, clergyman, author, was born Feb. 29, 1828, in Charleston, S.C. He received a thorough academic education; and attained eminence as a successful clergyman of the Baptist church. He was pastor of the Washington, Ga., Baptist church during; 1853-72; was secretary of the foreign mission board of the southern Baptist convention during 1872-93; has been trustee of several colleges; is now trustee of Richmond college; and president and trustee of the Woman's college of Richmond, Va. During the war he was chaplain of the ninth Georgia regiment. He is the author of *Foreign Missions of Southern Baptist Convention; A Decade of Foreign Missions; Truth in Romance; The Carpenter's Son; First Century of First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va.; First Church of South Carolina; American Baptist Missions in Africa*; and numerous pamphlets; and contributed to current literature. In 1893 he presented a paper at the World's Congress of Religions at Chicago, on African Missions.

A photograph of Tupper is included in the original publication.

† Curtana †

Henry Martyn Tupper

United States Army

(Performed Additional Duties of Chaplain)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 947.

Tupper, Henry Martyn, educator, missionary, was born April 11, 1831, in Monson, Mass. In 1859 he graduated from Amherst college, and three years later from the Newton Theological seminary. He served in the union army during the civil war chiefly in Virginia and Mississippi, fighting many battles and doing much chaplain work [*editor*: although he was never formally commissioned as a chaplain]. After the war he became a missionary of the American Baptist Home Missionary society; began work among the colored people at Raleigh, N.C, and laid the basis of the Shaw university.

† Curtana †

Thomas B. Van Horne

United States Army Chaplain

(13th Ohio Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography

(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 958.

Van Horne, Thomas B., clergyman, author, was born in 18—. He is a clergyman, chaplain in the federal army during the civil war [*editor*: 13th Ohio Infantry] and posted to Chattanooga, and the author of *History of the Army of the Cumberland*; and *Life of Major-General Thomas*.

William Van Horn

United States Army Chaplain
(Continental Army)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 332.

William Van Horn, A.M. Student, Dr. Jones' academy, Lower Dublin, Penn.; ordained Baptist 1772; pastor, Southampton, Penn. 1772-85; Scotch Plains church, N.J. 1785-1807; chaplain, Continental army. Born Bucks co., Penn., July 8, 1747; died Pittsburgh, Penn. Oct. 31, 1807.

† Curtana †

Francis Warriner

United States Navy Chaplain
(1830s)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 981.

Warriner, Francis, clergyman, author, was born Nov. 24, 1805, in Springfield, Mass. He was a congregational clergyman who was a United States naval chaplain in 1831-34, and the author of *The Cruise of the Potomac*. He died April 22, 1866, in Chester, Mass.

† Curtana †

Alfred Augustin Watson

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(2nd North Carolina Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 984.

Watson, Alfred Augustin, bishop of East Carolina, was born Aug. 21, 1818, in New York city. He served as chaplain to the second regiment of North Carolina state troops from 1861 to 1863, when he was elected assistant to Bishop Atkinson, in charge of St. James's church, Wilmington, N.C., of which he became rector in 1864, and served there until his elevation to the episcopate.

† Curtana †

Heman Lincoln Wayland

United States Army Chaplain
(7th Connecticut Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 163.

Heman Lincoln Wayland, A.M.; D.D. 1869. Assistant librarian, Brown university 1849; student, Newton theological institution 1849-50; principal Ladies' seminary, Townshend, Vt. 1850-51; tutor, University of Rochester 1852-54;

ordained Baptist 1854; pastor Third, now Main street, church, Worcester, Mass. 1854-61; U.S. military service 1861-64, chaplain [*editor*: 7th Connecticut Infantry]; missionary, Nashville, Tenn. 1864-65; professor Logic and rhetoric, Kalamazoo college, Mich. 1865-70; president Franklin college 1870-72; editor *National Baptist* 1872-94; *Examiner* 1895-; president Penn. state mission society; Philadelphia ministers' conference; N.E. society of Penn.; Contemporary club, Philadelphia; American social science association. Author *Life of C.H. Spurgeon*; *Life of Francis Wayland*, in conjunction with Francis Wayland, 2 vols., 1867; numerous addresses, papers and speeches upon sociological and kindred subjects; besides various articles in *New Englander*; *Baptist quarterly*; and other periodicals. Address, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Penn.

† Curtana †

Richard Wheatley

United States Army Chaplain
(28th Connecticut Infantry)

The People's Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(San Francisco: Eaton & Mains, 1897): 2660.

Wheatley, (Richard, D.D.) b. in York, Eng., 1831, and entered the Meth. ministry; joined New York Conference in 1854; during the civil war was Chaplain of the 28th Conn. Regiment of U.S. Volunteers; author of *Life of Mrs. Palmer*, and other literary works, and an extensive writer for the press.

† Curtana †

Alfred Wheeler

United States Army Chaplain
(55th Ohio Infantry)

The People's Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(San Francisco: Eaton & Mains, 1897): 2660.

Wheeler, (Alfred, M.D., D.D.) b. in New Haven, Ohio, Sept. 14, 1824; was graduated in medicine in Philadelphia; entered the itinerant M.E. ministry in 1853, in the North Ohio Conference; trustee for several yrs. of Baldwin University and Alleghany Coll.; during the civil war chaplain in the army [*editor*: 55th Ohio Infantry], participating in several battles; elected editor of the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* in 1876, 1880; d. 1892.

The People's Cyclopaedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(San Francisco: Eaton & Mains, 1897): 2660.

† Curtana †

Joseph Colver Wightman

United States Army Chaplain
(24th Connecticut Infantry)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 173-74.

Joseph Colver Wightman, A.M. Graduated Newton theological institution 1857; ordained Baptist 1857; pastor, South Abington, Mass. 1857-58; Middletown, Conn. 1858-62; U.S. military service 1862-63, chaplain [*editor*: 24th Connecticut Infantry]; pastor, New London, Conn. 1863-66; North Cambridge, Mass. 1866-68; district secretary American Baptist Bible union 1870-71; pastor, Taunton, Mass. 1873-82. Author *Christian union*; *Comparative religion*; *Law of worship*; *Church finance*; *The Messiah*; besides numerous articles in reviews and other periodicals. Born Groton, Conn., Jan. 3, 1828; died Tiverton, R.I., Aug. 6, 1882.

† Curtana †

William George Williams

United States Army Chaplain
(145th Ohio Infantry)

Herringshaw's Encyclopedia of American Biography
(Chicago: American Publishers, 1901): 1017.

Williams, William George, educator, was born Feb. 25, 1822, in Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1844 he was appointed to a place in the first faculty of the Ohio Wesleyan university of Delaware. His chair is that of Greek language and literature. In 1864 he was chaplain of the one hundredth and forty-fifth regiment, Ohio volunteer infantry. In 1898 he was the only survivor of the original faculty of the Ohio Wesleyan university, of which he is dean. He has served fifty-three consecutive years without extended absence or sickness.

† Curtana †

Edwin Theodore Winkler

Confederate States of America Chaplain
(25th South Carolina Infantry & Charleston Hospitals)

Historical Catalogue of Brown University
(Brown University, 1895): 144.

Edwin Theodore Winkler. D.D. Furman University 1858. Student, Newton theological institution 1843-45; ordained Baptist 1846; pastor, Albany, Ga. 1847-49; Gillisonville, S.C. 1849-52; corresponding secretary Southern Baptist publication society 1852-54; president; pastor, Charleston, S.C. 1854-72; Marion, Ala. 1872-83; chaplain Charleston hospitals 1862-65; [*editor*: he also served as chaplain of the 25th South Carolina Infantry]; president S.C. Baptist state convention; home mission board; vice president Baptist historical society; trustee Furman university; Howard college; Judson female institute; Southern Baptist theological seminary. Author *Spirit of missions, the spirit of Christ*; *Sphere of the ministry*; editor *Christian index*, 1846-47; *Southern Baptist*, 1854; *Alabama Baptist*, 1874; *Augusta transcript*; *Sacred lute*; *Catechism*. Born Savannah, Ga., Nov. 13, 1823; died Marion, Ala., Nov. 10, 1883.

Johann Joseph Winkler

German Chaplain
(1690s)

The Lutheran Cyclopedia edited by Henry E. Jacobs & John A.W. Haas
(Scribner, 1899): 544.

Winkler, Johann Joseph, b. 1670, at Lucka, Sachsen-Altenburg; d. 1722, at Magdeburg; studied theology at Leipzig, under A.H. Francke; was pastor in Magdeburg (1692); military chaplain (1695) in Holland and Italy; diaconus at the Magdeburg Cathedral (1698); chief pastor (1714); consistorial counsellor (1716); one of the best hymn-writers of earlier pietism; author of “Meine Seele senket sich,” tr. by Miss Winkworth, “In Thy heart and hands, my God,” Ohio Hymnal; “Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade,” tr. by Miss Winkworth, *Lyra Germ.* (1855), “Strive when thou art called of God.”

† Curtana †

Gordon Winslow

United States Army Chaplain
(5th New York Infantry)

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge edited by W.H. DePuy
(San Francisco: Eaton & Mains, 1897): 2680.

Winslow, (Gordon, M.D., D.D.) P.E. clergyman; chaplain of the Duryea Zouaves [*editor*: 5th New York Infantry], and army inspector for the Sanitary Commission; b. in Vt. 1804, drowned 1864.

† Curtana †

Alonzo Edward Winter

Chaplain to British Troops in India
(1880s)

Annual Session of the North Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church
(Cleveland Printing & Publishing, 1902): 395-96.

Alonzo Edward Winter was born October 27, 1855, in Holmes County, Ohio. June 11, 1885, he was married to Eva Laverna Matteson, of Burbank. September, 1885, he was admitted on trial into the North Ohio Conference and appointed to Nevada Charge, which he served with acceptability for two years. Having received a call to the mission field, he was ordained deacon and elder under the Missionary Rule, in 1887, and in November, with his wife and thirteen other missionaries, sailed from New York for his field in India.

He was stationed for the year at Bellary, Madras Presidency, and to do work also in Kapbal in the Nizam's Domnions; four weeks later he was also appointed chaplain to British troops by the government. February 5, 1889, he was appointed to Raichur to open up a new station. Before arrangements could be made to move there his devoted wife died, and he was ordered back to America, arriving in

1889. He rested till fall and then aided pastors in evangelistic services during the winter and delivered missionary addresses during the following summer. He was married April 17, 1890, to Josephine Laverna Robertson, of Mt. Liberty, Ohio, and in September of the same year went to Boston to continue his studies in theology and music, supplying the Wellington pulpit in that city.

In 1891 he returned to the North Ohio Conference and received the following appointments: Huntington, two years; Lorain Street, Cleveland, five years; Trinity, Sandusky, four years; First Church, Shelby, five years. He received the degree of Ph.D. from Taylor University in 1001, and S.T.D. from the same university in 1902. He died in the sanitarium in Cleveland, April 29, 1907, aged fifty-one years, six months, and two days. He was buried in the place of his last labors, Shelby, surrounded and mourned by fifty of his ministerial brethren and hosts of friends. Brother Winter was a man faithful to his duties, evangelistic in spirit, and had hundreds of souls saved during his ministry. He was a man of splendid business qualifications, public spirited, and active in all social reforms. He is missed wherever aggressive measures for the kingdom are in progress in this vicinity.

A photograph of Winter is included in the original publication.



Curious Citations



The Genteel Soldiery of the Spanish-American War

Chaplain Henry W. Brown of the Rough Riders, now camped at Montauk Point, preached last evening in Grace Church. On Thursday last, attired in an infantryman's blouse, a mud-stained pair of trousers, and an old gray shirt, Chaplain Brown wandered into Grace Church. It was his first visit to New York, and he wished to visit the church. His identity was soon learned with the result that he was invited to preach last evening.

After the sermon he told some of experiences with the Rough Riders. "I enlisted," he said, "on May 20, at San Antonio, coming in response to a telegram from Col. Roosevelt from Prescott, where I resided with my wife, and where I am rector of the Church of the Advent. I think there is a wrong impression of the Rough Riders abroad.

"Some seem to think we are tough riders as well as rough riders. In the early days of the recruiting of the regiment, dressed as a private, I had occasion to go among the men at their camp fires, and I never heard a vulgar story, nor have I seen actions not becoming a gentleman and a soldier.

"I think the Rough Riders are more respectful toward religion than any other regiment, and I have had as many as 600 attend religious services at one time. Their singing and active participation in the services have been remarked by many. When Sergt. Hamilton Fish was buried I said: 'Let us pray,' and without another word of direction every man uncovered and knelt, responding to the prayers.

"At the funeral of Sergt. Fish I had no vestments, and read the service in a gray shirt and overalls. Afterward I found my surplice. Altogether, I officiated at some forty funerals of men of all regiments. I did not always try to wear the surplice, as soldiers do not insist on the fringes of religion."

"Rough Riders Gentlemen"
The New York Times 22 August 1898.

An Atheist's Cynical View of Chaplains

Although his sister died in the service of God as a nun, Diderot maintained an antagonism toward Christianity throughout his life. This animosity led to his penning the slanderous passage which follows.

In his *Supplement au Voyage Bougainville* (1796), Denis Diderot purports to uncover a forgotten appendix to Bougainville's account . . . a French chaplain from Bougainville's ship is confronted by naked Tahitian women vying for the privilege of going to bed with him. Thia, the youngest and most beautiful, clasps him by the knees and implores him to make her a mother. An ensuing dialogue between the flustered chaplain and the girl's willing father develops a Rousseauian theme on the subject of sexuality, in which the Tahitians demonstrate their happy freedom from sexual taboos, in contrast to the unnatural inhibitions of their European visitors. In a comic denouement, the chaplain, having yielded to Thia on the first night, lies on succeeding nights with each of her sisters and finally with her mother:

The father and mother having implored him to sleep with their second daughter, Palli appeared in the same deshabelle as Thia, and the chaplain cried out several times in the night "But my religion!" "But my calling!" On the third night he was troubled by the same remorse with Asto, the eldest, and on the fourth he submitted respectfully to the wife of his host.

In telling this story, Diderot's larger purpose is a philosophical one, to establish his concept of natural reason in opposition to the hypocritical moralities of eighteenth-century European society.

David Spurr
The Rhetoric of Empire
(Durham: Duke University, 1993): 173-74.

† Curtana †

A Combat Chaplain Accepts a Diplomatic Mission

A prominent Saint Louis priest followed his parishioners into the Confederate army and became the chaplain of the First Missouri Confederate Brigade. He performed his duties so well that General Sterling Price declared "I have no hesitancy in saying that the greatest soldier I ever saw was Father Bannon." After courageous combat service, he is invited to perform an even greater service to his nation by reducing the flow of Irish "cannon fodder" into the Port of New York.

During the conference at the White House of the Confederacy, the President offered Bannon an important mission. The new assignment called for going to Ireland alone to convince the Irish immigrants not to migrate to the North and enlist in the Union army. On this duty, Bannon would work undercover as a special secret agent of the Confederacy. The crisis was immediate. . . . It has, therefore, been deemed prudent [read a Confederate document] to send Father Bannon to the Emerald Isle in this critical endeavor to help stop the immigrant tide, which had swelled to seventy-five thousand Irishmen, for Mr. Lincoln's armies.

Following the war Bannon remained in Ireland where he enjoyed a long and successful ministry as a Jesuit. Alas, his tales of adventure as a military chaplain so inspired young seminarians that his religious "superior demanded that the story-telling cease. From that day, lamented one Novice, the reminiscences of the 'Fighting Chaplain' were 'not to be repeated.'"

Phillip T. Tucker

The Confederacy's Fighting Chaplain: Father John B. Bannon
(Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama, 1992): 161, 181.

† Curtana †

An Episcopal Navy Chaplain Describes his WWI Ministry

With over a thousand men of all faiths and no faith the Padre has plenty to do. Life at sea is monotonous, and simple recreation and amusement much needed when it can be procured, and the chaplain can do much to make a happy ship. When at sea he goes round and talks to the men trying to get to know them individually; when in port he takes ashore "Recreation Parties" for hikes into the country which mean much to men who perhaps have not set their feet on dry land for two months. As a mail censor the Chaplain has a great opportunity to come in close contact with the men. After reading several thousand letters mostly written to the other sex the Padre has a pretty good insight into human nature, and realizes the tremendous power that Home and Womanhood exert on the lives of the boys in the Navy.

The fact that the minister of religion is an officer with the uniform and rank assigned him may be the cause of a certain reserve towards him on the part of the enlisted men. This is a situation that has been created years ago by the Navy Department that a chaplain is a commissioned officer in the Service, and may advance in promotion from the grade of Lieutenant Junior to the rank of Captain. Whether or not this is a good system it is not my business to discuss in this article. It has some great advantages and some hindrances. It is entirely up to the Padre whether or not he allows his rank to become a bar to his associations with the men; the position of Chaplain has by tradition the great advantage of being regarded as a bridge between the officers and the enlisted men, and his rank can

be made an asset to his work rather than an obstacle if he has that all important requirement of life—tact. In the British navy the Chaplain has no rank or uniform and is responsible only to the captain of his ship.

Sunday on board a battleship is an impressive day in spite of the fact that the great majority of the ship's company do not go to church, and that many are ashore on recreation. Of course each chaplain is a law to himself, for there is absolutely no central authority in the conduct of religious affairs except among the Roman Catholics who have a Bishop as ChaplainGeneral of the Military and Naval Forces. I can only describe my duty on Sunday which may be entirely different from some other chaplain's. At 6:30 a.m. I had every Sunday a Celebration of the Holy Communion in the Admiral's Cabin, which owing to the absence of an admiral was used by the Captain who kindly allowed us to use the room. There were never many at this service but the devotion of the few and the regularity of some was most encouraging. On Christmas and Easter there were about thirty present, several coming over from a neighboring ship. At ten o'clock the Church Call was sounded by the bugler, and the Church Pennant run up over the national ensign astern, the only flag ever to fly above the Stars and Stripes. Two gun compartments on the gun deck were rigged for church, and the altar, which was made for me by the "Carpenter's Gang" aboard, was placed between the two facing outboard while the benches for the men were arranged so that part of the congregation faced forward and the other part aft and I stood in the middle of them. The service was very simple and hearty, being an abbreviated form of Morning Prayer, while the hymns were taken from *The Church Mission Hymnal*.

The attendance varied but averaged lately about two hundred. Of the congregation not five per cent were Episcopalians, while every kind of religion was represented. I found a particularly strong denomination from the West known as "The Christian," and certainly many of this sect lived up to their name.

The Bible Class Friday evenings was very popular and all kinds of men including Roman Catholics came to the class and seemed deeply interested. Never during the eleven years of my ministry have I had a more interesting Bible Class, for it consisted of men from all parts of the country and all kinds of creeds. Sunday afternoon was generally given up to recreation and I would take parties ashore for "Hikes" into the country, or for baseball. In the evening nearly everyone went to the movies, which were held on the Quarter-deck, if the weather permitted, and were always exceptionally good. The Pathe Pictures of Current Events were some of the finest pictures I have ever seen in my life, and were always followed by an exciting photoplay.

The importance of such amusement for men who lead the monotonous and strict life of sea duty can hardly be overestimated; and the utter failure of Puritanism to hold its people is well proven by a Sunday on board ship. Religion must be a cheerful thing and associated with innocent play and amusement if it is to appeal to the sailor in these days. And is not the sailor right? Why should we ever again allow the awful spectre of Calvinism to cloud the sweet and joyful message of the

Gospel? The funereal aspect of Christianity has met its final defeat in the Great War. So “Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile,” and in doing so you are not far from the spirit of him who said, “Rejoice, and again I say rejoice.”

Albert C. Larned
 “The Chaplain Afloat”
American Church Monthly 3 (1918): 328-31.

† Curtana †

A Pacifist Description of the Nature of “Christian War”

One of the conditions of the treaty of Mexico with the United States, it is said, is, that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted on Christian principles. Now, we all know this is an age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters; but War on Christian principles is certainly the latest, and if it is carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it: we think we can see two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the positions are taken, the great guns are unlimbered. General Scott (the United States general) is just about to give the order to fire, when an aide de camp comes up and respectfully reminds him that the war is to be conducted on Christian principles, and that it will not do to fire. “Very true, very true,” says the commander-in-chief; “but what are they? I have read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne, and Coehorn. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and I have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers, but I never happened to come across these principles in any work on military art. Do you know anything about it, colonel?”

“No,” says the colonel.

“Nor you, major?”

“Nor I, either.”

“I really don’t know how to begin; I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the chaplain.”

The chaplain arrives—“Do you know anything about this fighting on Christian principles?”

“Oh, yes; it is the easiest thing in the world.”

“Where are the books?”

“Here;” and the chaplain takes out the Bible.

“Really,” says the general, “we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain?”

“Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

“But these are not our neighbors. They are Mexicans.”

“The same book tells us a little further on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbor.”

“Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?”

“Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite thee on the cheek turn to him the other.”

“But while we are praying for the Mexicans they will be firing into us.”

“No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways.”

“Then what is the use of our arms?”

“This is all provided for in the same book. Beat your swords into ploughshares, and your spears into pruning hooks.”

“Then I don’t see as there is anything for us to do here.”

“Nothing, unless you send over and ask Santa Anna (the Mexican General) if he needs anything in the way of medicines, provisions or clothing; I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few schoolmasters, for I understand they are a shockingly ignorant people.”

“But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?”

“That is the great beauty of it. Both sides conquer, and there are never any killed and wounded.”

“War on Christian Principles”
The Friends Review 40.4 (1886):53-54.

Portion of a Memorial Commemorating a WWII Battle

“Those of you who fought here treasure in your hearts *the memory of all your fellow soldiers*. You have come here to visit the Polish military cemetery at Monte Cassino, where General Wladyslaw Anders and Archbishop Józef Gawlina, the faithful chaplain to the Polish army on the battlefield, also repose. Many of your companions rest here: soldiers and officers with names that are not only Polish but also Ukrainian, Belarusian and Jewish. They all fought in the battle for the same great cause, as the *cemeteries* attest: those of Monte Cassino, Loreto, Bologna and Casamassima. Our thoughts and prayers are addressed to those who fell, who, departing life, were thinking of their loved ones in Poland. Their death was a witness to the readiness that marked all society at the time: *to give one’s life for the holy cause of one’s homeland*.”

Pope John Paul II

Meditation on the 50th Anniversary of the Victory of Monte Cassino

† Curtana †

A Scottish Evangelist Joins British Forces in the Crimea

The following extract comes from the biography of a nineteenth century evangelist who finessed his way onto the battlefield. It includes a description of his partnership with a likeminded Army chaplain.

Bitter was his disappointment on finding that military law strictly forbade his going to the Crimea, and it only remained for him to return home, as other missionary agents had done. That night was spent in prayer; towards dawn, as he tells, he felt in his heart as if God had heard his cry, and would open up his way. Next day accompanied by Mr. (now Dr.) Thomson, he applied to Admiral Boxer for permission to go to the scene of strife; and contrary to all expectation that officer at once granted him his request. Great was his joy and gratitude, and cordially did he praise God for “having touched the Admiral’s heart.”

Losing no time, he embarked on board a transport conveying soldiers, and quickly found himself steaming up the Bosphorus, and entering the Black Sea. By order of the Admiral, he was entitled to share cabin accommodation with two chaplains; but when night came these gentlemen, forgetting the law of love, thrust him out. A kind-hearted engineer gave him his berth in the fore-castle, but he could not sleep. The conduct of the soldiers and sailors was more than he could endure; it was like “hell let loose,” and he was glad to escape on deck, where “under the starry vault of heaven he spent the night, thinking of heaven and home, praying for needed grace, and feeling assured that the unslumbering eye of Israel’s Shepherd would watch over him, and all would be well. . . .

Mr. Matheson was not slow in seeking out men of his own spirit in the army. His first acquaintance was Hector MacPherson, drum-major, 93rd Highlanders, a soldier both of his country and of the cross, of whom our missionary used to tell the following story: One day a chaplain, newly arrived, called on the sergeant, and asked his advice as to the best method of conducting his work. "Come with me," said Hector, "to the hilltop. Now, look around you. See yonder the pickets of Liprandi's army. See yon batteries on the right, and the men at the guns. Mark yon trains of ammunition. Hear the roar of that cannon.

"Look where you may, it is all earnest here. There is not a man but feels it is a death struggle. If we don't conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest, sir; we are not playing at soldiers here. If you would do good *you* must be in earnest too. An earnest man will always win his way."

...

In Mr. Hayward, an English chaplain and devoted minister of Christ, he found a true friend. In all his troubles Mr. Hayward came to his help. When about to be evicted from his humble dwelling, the good chaplain interfered, and he was allowed to remain. When the priest at Balaklava attempted to stop the distribution of tracts, his faithful friend withstood the priest, and the work went on. They laboured much together. Laden with material and spiritual comforts, they often sallied forth in company to visit the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Sometimes they did their cooking together, the Rev. chaplain trying his culinary skill in making a pudding of biscuit, while the lay missionary washed a few potatoes which he had been fortunate enough to procure about the ships.

At every juncture in the war they retired to a lonely spot to pray; and never could Matheson forget the impression made upon his heart when as they knelt Hayward would raise his noble countenance toward heaven, and amidst the thunder of the cannon plead with a voice full of emotion, "Lord, prepare those that are appointed to die."

They organised a service in which, besides prayer, praise, and preaching, Hayward introduced the practice of reading all round. This gave additional interest to the meeting; and it was pleasing to see a General and a navy [*sic*] reading each his verse in turn. The devoted chaplain spent his private means in promoting the good of the soldiers. At length, exhausted by his great labours, he fell ill, and was obliged to leave. In his last sermon—a memorable one—he told his audience he had changed his mind in regard to the apostolical succession; he now believed that all who brought souls to Jesus were of the true apostolical succession. His friend, our Scripture-reader, assisted in conveying him on board ship, and they laid him gently down upon the quarter deck beside other sick ones, to whom the afflicted chaplain began to speak of Christ. There Matheson and Hayward parted, with such pangs of sorrow as large and true hearts only feel. The two faithful soldiers of the cross now worship and serve where the din of war is hushed for ever, and the weary are at rest.

John MacPherson
Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson
 (London: Morgan & Scott, 1871): 54-57, 68-69.

† Curtana †

A Devil’s Chaplain as Related, Perhaps, by a Devil’s Scribe

A thought-provoking critique of the shortcomings of the evolutionary process by a steadfast champion of Charles Darwin and evolutionary theory.

Darwin was less than half joking when he coined the phrase Devil’s Chaplain in a letter to his friend Hooker in 1856. “What a book the Devil’s Chaplain might write on the clumsy, wasteful, blundering, low and horridly cruel works of nature.”

A process of trial and error, completely unplanned and on the massive scale of natural selection, can be expected to be clumsy, wasteful and blundering. Of waste there is no doubt. As I have put it before, the racing elegance of cheetahs and gazelles is bought at huge cost in blood and the suffering of countless antecedents on both sides. Clumsy and blundering though the process undoubtedly is, its results are opposite. There is nothing clumsy about a swallow; nothing blundering about a shark. . . .

I hear the bleak sermon of the Devil’s Chaplain as a call to arms. As an academic scientist I am a passionate Darwinian . . . But at the same time as I support Darwinism as a scientist, I am a passionate anti-Darwinian when it comes to politics and how we should conduct our human affairs. . . .

So, the Devil’s Chaplain might conclude, Stand tall, Bipedal Ape. The shark may outswim you, the cheetah may outrun you, the swift outfly you, the capuchin outclimb you, the elephant overpower you, the redwood outlast you. But you have the biggest gifts of all: the gift of understanding the ruthlessly cruel process that gave us all existence . . .

Richard Dawkins
A Devil’s Chaplain: Reflections on Hope, Lies, Science and Love
 (New York: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2003): 8f.

† Curtana †

A Little Known Aspect of the Gettysburg Campaign

During the Confederate retreat from Pennsylvania they took with them an unknown number of people they presumed to be escaped slaves.

On June 16 a lightly guarded Confederate wagon caravan passed through Greencastle, twenty-five miles southwest of Gettysburg. The wagons contained thirty or forty black women and children taken from Chambersburg. Suddenly a group of townspeople surprised the Confederate chaplain and four soldiers guarding the train. They disarmed the Southerners and locked them up in the local jail. They set the captives free. Fearing reprisals against the town, the citizens eventually decided to release the chaplain and soldiers. The chaplain demanded compensation of fifty thousand dollars (later reduced to twenty-five thousand) for his lost property, or he would burn the town. The people refused, and the angry chaplain finally left empty-handed. Word spread of the threat to burn the town; more than a dozen of the liberated blacks came back and, amazingly, offered to surrender themselves to the Confederates in order to spare the town from the flames.

James M. Paradis
African Americans and the Gettysburg Campaign
 (Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press, 2005): 35.

† Curtana †

Rescuing POWs about to be Murdered

This stirring event comes from the true story of a German Franciscan seminarian who continued his studies even after being drafted into the SS.

We were dragged to a lamp post, and one man climbed up while another got a strong rope. We were surrounded; we could not move. All of a sudden I saw, thanks to my height, a priest in a snow-white soutane [cassock] passing by on a bicycle. In great fear, I shouted, “Father, they are trying to hang a priest!”

He stopped at once, and, to my surprise, I saw a row of medals on his chest, for he was a military chaplain. He came up to the mob, took in the situation at a glance, and commanded the men to make room. Using his pistol, he forced an opening and came up boldly to rescue us. The would-be hangmen recovered their wits and started to attack us again.

At that, the chaplain blew his whistle, and at once twelve or more black soldiers came from the railroad station, with a sergeant who had a gun; at the chaplain’s command, they pulled us along with them into the station, while the brave chaplain stood his ground before the angry crowd holding them back with his pistol. The black sergeant asked me what this was all about, and when he found out that I was a priest, he knelt down and kissed my hand, and most of his men, who were Christians also, did likewise. When they learned that I was newly ordained, they all wanted my blessing. So close were hate and reverence in so short a time!

Gereon K. Goldmann
The Shadow of His Wings
 (San Francisco: Ignatius, 2000): 178-79.

A Questionable Example of Following in Christ's Footsteps

A medieval chaplain features in the fictional glorification of an engagement between the Italian and Turkish fleets.

Alexander Farnese stepped up. "This is better than Malta and Sziget together . . . Uncle," he whispered, grinning like a little boy. "I wish I could have been with you when you took the *Sultana*."

"Somebody told me this morning that you didn't waste your time either," Juan said. "You took a Turkish galley singlehandedly which is more than anybody in the fleet can say of himself."

"It isn't true, Uncle," Alexander said. "I wasn't alone. . . . We had a Roman chaplain on board, that is, he was sent to us from Rome, an Irishman with a name that sounds like an invocation: Odonel or something like that; I've never been very good at outlandish names. Well, when we boarded another Turk we found her full of janizaries [*sic*], and they are fighters, as you know, and things didn't look good at one point. So Padre Odonel—he's all of six feet tall and has fire red hair—Padre Odonel seized a pike and yelled, 'Christ Himself would fight in this battle,' and went to work like Samson among the Philistines. He slew seven of them and made a dozen prisoners—I never laughed so much in all my life."

"Five chaplains were killed in battle," Veniero interposed. "Four Venetian priests and one of His Holiness' friars."

Louis de Wohl
The Last Crusader
(San Francisco: Ignatius, 2010): 491-92.

† Curtana †

A Response to an Atheist's Contentions about Death

Mr. C.R.W. Nevinon, the vigorous [official war] artist and critic . . . begins with a rigid denial of all belief in the supernatural, and especially life after death. I do not quite understand what he means by saying: "Having been near death more often than many mortals, I have reason to believe it is one long eternal sleep." I do not see what having been near death can possibly have to do with it, one way or the other. There is no parallel to the difference between death and life; but even touching the differences of living men, the argument would be a fallacy.

There may be many a millionaire who, on looking back at his most brilliant financial triumphs and expedients, may be conscious that on several occasions he was very near to Dartmoor [Her Majesty's Prison]. But I should not agree that the

millionaire, reflecting comfortably at the Carl-Ritz, was necessarily an authority on the plan and inside arrangements of Dartmoor, or qualified to advise convicts on how to escape from Dartmoor. And, as I say, there is no comparison between the secrets of Dartmoor and the secrets of death.

I think he would see the fallacy at once, if it were used on the other side; if an Army chaplain were to say that he now knew all about Purgatory and Paradise because a shell missed him by an inch or the doctors despaired of him in hospital.

G.K. Chesterton

“A Symposium on Dreams”

The Illustrated London News 4 February 1933

† Curtana †

Canadian Chaplains & Pacifism Between the World Wars

While at first most Canadian chaplains sympathized with the moral persuasion and moral indignation of churchmen who hoped to educate Canadians into making disarmament and world harmony their cause, as the increasingly turbulent decade of the 1930s wore on the main body of ex-chaplains firmly aligned themselves on the side of preparedness. Although chaplains such as Charles Gordon refused to despair, they could bring nothing new to the increasingly strident peace debates. He readily declared himself a deluded participant in the Great War and condemned his own facile crusading sermons. . . . Yet, while hating war, he could not help pointing out that some nations must police “criminal” nations. In such cases armies were acting as the “enemies of war,” preserving the world from great evils.

In these same years other chaplains began to attack the rhetoric of their war-hating colleagues. . . . Many ex-chaplains who had never renounced defensive war as being against the will of God revisited the armouries and associated themselves with the regiments. Among them was George Fallis, who mused, “There is so much more to peace than holding indignation meetings against war.”

Duff Crerar

Padres in No Man’s Land: Canadian Chaplains and the Great War

(Montreal: McGill-Queen’s Press, 1995): 217-18.

† Curtana †

A Scifi View of Chaplains in a Fictional Future

Warhammer 40,000 is a popular “tabletop battlegame” set in the 41st millennium, when humanity is confronted by a number of enemies intent on its

demise. The elite Space Marines require the ministrations of chaplains, since they are organized along the lines of medieval monastic military orders.

A Chaplain is a specialist officer and one of the spiritual leaders of a Space Marine Chapter, the warrior-priests that minister to the spiritual well-being of the Battle-Brothers, instilling in them the values and beliefs of the Chapter along with promoting the veneration or in some rarer cases the actual worship of the Emperor of Mankind. In battle, the Chaplains will be at the forefront of the Chapter, rousing their fellow Space Marines through their words and actions. Their Power Armor is black and often incorporates Imperial skull iconography, most commonly in the form of a skull-shaped helmet. Most Chaplains wield a Power Weapon that takes the form of a mace and is called a Crozius Arcanum. They are also equipped with an Imperial holy symbol known as a Rosarius.

Individual Chaplains are assigned to each company within a Space Marine Chapter. . . . A Chaplain is fanatically loyal to his Chapter and to the Emperor, and works to instill a similar devotion in his fellow soldiers.

Chaplains are a puritanical and sometimes eccentric group. Their religious zeal has a strong practical slant that often horrifies orthodox priests of the Ecclesiarchy [the official state church], as befits a warrior. They fight alongside their Battle-Brothers, reciting extracts from the Chapter's Creed and Liturgies. Indeed, their dedication adds considerably to the fearsome reputation of the Space Marines. Their inspirational sayings and constant exhortations harden the determination of every Space Marine to serve the Emperor . . . The bond between Space Marines and their Chaplains is a strong one. Chaplains preside over each Battle-Brother's indoctrination as a recruit; they teach loyalty to the Chapter, reinforce its precepts through rituals and ceremonies and perform inspiring acts of valour upon the field of battle.

“As our bodies are armoured with Adamantium, our souls are protected with our loyalty. As our bolters are charged with death for the Emperor's enemies, our thoughts are charged with his wisdom. As our ranks advance, so does our devotion, for are we not Marines? Are we not the chosen of the Emperor, his loyal servants unto death?” (Brother-Chaplain Fergas Nils' address to the defenders of Portrein.)

“Chaplains in Battle”
The Warhammer 40,000 Wiki
warhammer40k.wikia.com/wiki

† Curtana †

The Chaplain's Mournful Ministry to Deserters

Chaplain Quint [of the 2nd Massachusetts Infantry] relates the following painful episode in war:

“It was a military execution. The person thus punished belonged to the Third Maryland. His crime was *desertion*. It was his second offence. For the first he had been sentenced only to three months’ labor and loss of pay; for the second, death!

“While the army was passing through Frederick, Maryland, he had got out of camp. His regiment passed on, and he went to Baltimore. Arrested there, he was returned to the army, was convicted, and was sentenced.

“On Tuesday his sentence was formally read to him. He was to be shot to death with musketry on the next Friday, between the hours of noon and four p.m. But he had learned the decision on the Sunday before.

“There is no Chaplain to the Third Maryland regiment. But Chaplain Welsh, of the Fifth Connecticut, in the same brigade, ministered to him in spiritual matters faithfully, and like himself, day by day. At last it fell to me to see him, and to be with him during most of his remaining hours. But what could be done, in the way of instruction, had been done by Mr. Welsh, and for it the man was grateful.

“The day of his execution was wet and gloomy. I found him in the morning in the midst of the provost guard. He was sitting on a bag of grain, leaning against a tree, while a sentry, with fixed bayonet, stood behind, never turning away from him, and never to turn away, save as another took his place, until the end. Useless seemed the watch, for arms and feet had been secured, though not painfully, since the sentence was read.

“The captain of the guard had humanely done all he could, and it was partly by his request that I was there. A Chaplain could minister where others could not be allowed.

“The rain fell silently on him. The hours of his life were numbered—even the minutes. He was to meet death, not in the shock and excitement of battle, not as a martyr for his country, not in disease, but in full health, and as a criminal.

“I have seen many a man die, and have tried to perform the sacred duties of my station. I have never had so painful a task as that, because of these circumstances. Willingly, gladly, he conversed, heard, and answered. What he said is, of course, not a matter for publicity; for the interviews of a minister with the one with whom he has official relations are sacred everywhere. Yet, while painful is such a work, it has its bright side, because of the exceeding great and precious promises it is one’s privilege to tell.

“When the time came for removal to the place of execution, he entered an ambulance, a Chaplain accompanying him. Next, in another ambulance, was the coffin. Before, behind, and on either side, a guard. Half a mile of this sad journey brought him to within a short distance of the spot. Then leaving the ambulance, he walked to the place selected. The rain had stopped. The sun was shining on the

dark lines of the whole division drawn up on three sides of a hollow square. With guard in front and rear, he passed with steady step through an opening left in the head of the square, still with the Chaplain, and to the open side. There was a grave just dug, and in front of it was his coffin placed. He sat upon his coffin; his feet were re-confined, to allow of which he lifted them voluntarily, and his eyes were bandaged.

“In front of him, the firing party, of two from each regiment, were then drawn up—half held as reserve—during which there was still a little time for words with his Chaplain. The General stood by, and the Provost Marshal read the sentence, and shook hands with the condemned. Then a prayer was offered, amid uncovered heads and solemn faces. A last hand-shake with the Chaplain, which he had twice requested, a few words from him to the Chaplain, a lingering pressure by the hand of the condemned, his lips moving with a prayer-sentence which he had been taught, and on which his thoughts had dwelt before, and he was left alone.

“The word of command was immediately given. He fell over instantly, unconscious. A record of wounds was made by the Surgeons. The troops filed by his grave on the banks of the swollen stream, and then passed off, under cover of the woods, as they had come, to avoid being seen by the enemy. And so, twenty years old, and with only a mother and sister, he was left there. The sun was soon covered with clouds, and the rain poured down on his solitary grave.”

Frank Moore

“A Scene in War”

Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of War: North and South
(Cambridge: Harvard, 1866): 394-95.

† Curtana †

A Candid Assessment of the Varying Quality of Chaplains

The graphic correspondent, B.F. Taylor, in a letter from the Army of the Cumberland, gives the following:

“‘But how about the Chaplains?’ you ask; and though an ungrateful business, I will be frank to tell you. I have met three dozen men, whose symbol is the cross, and of that number, two should have been in the ranks, two in the rear, one keeping the temperance pledge, one obeying the third commandment—to be brief about it, five repenting, and eight getting common sense. The rest were efficient, faithful men. Not one Chaplain in fifty, perhaps, lacks the paving-stones of good intentions, but the complex complaint that carries off the greatest number is ignorance of human nature, and want of common sense. Four cardinal questions, I think, will exhaust the qualifications for a chaplaincy: Is he religiously fit? Is he

physically fit? Is he acquainted with the animal, ‘man?’ Does he possess honest horse sense?

“Let me give two or three illustrative pictures from life. Chaplain A has a *puttering* demon; he is forever not letting things alone. Passing a group of boys, he hears one oath, stops short in his boots, hurls a commandment at the author, hears another and reproves it, receives a whole volley, and retreats, pained and discomfited. Now, Mr. A is a good man, anxious to do his duty; but that habit of his, that darting about camp like a ‘devil’s darning needle,’ with a stereotype reproof in his eye, and a pellet of rebuke on the tip of his tongue, bolts every heart against him. Chaplain B preaches a sermon—regular army fare, too—on Sunday, buttons his coat up snugly under his chin all the other days of the week, draws a thousand dollars, and is content. Chaplain C never forgets that he is C ‘with the rank of Captain,’ perfumes like a civet cat, never saw the inside of a dog-tent, never quite considered the rank and file fellow-beings. Of the three, the boys hate the first, despise the second, and d—n the third.

“‘Demoralize’ has become about as common a thing in the army as a bayonet, though the boys do not always get the word right. One of them—one of ‘em, in a couple of senses—was talking of himself one night. ‘Maybe you wouldn’t think it, but I used to be a regular, straight-laced sort of a fellow; but since I joined the army I have got damnably *decomposed!*’ Now, a drunken General and a ‘decomposed’ Chaplain are about as useless lumber as can cumber an army.

“There is Chaplain D, well equipped with heart, but with no head ‘to speak of,’ and with the purest intentions, a perfect provocative to evil. It was next to impossible for a man to put the best side out when he was by; a curious twofooted diachylum plaster, he drew everybody’s infirmities to the surface. I think the regiment grew daily worse and worse, and where *he* was, words were sure to be the dirtiest, jokes the coarsest, deeds the most unseemly. The day before the battle of Chickamauga, the regiment had signed, almost to a man, a paper inviting him to resign; but on the days of the battle he threw off his coat, and carried water to the men all day. In the hottest places there was Chaplain D, water here, water there, assisting the wounded, aiding the Surgeons, a very minister of mercy. I need not add that the ‘invitation’ lighted the fire under somebody’s coffee-kettle on Monday night. The Chaplain had struck the right vein at last; the boys had found something to respect and to love in him, and the clergyman’s future usefulness was insured. The bond between Chaplain and men was sealed on that field with honest blood, and will hold good until doomsday.

“One noble Illinois Chaplain, who died in the harness, used to go out at night, lantern in hand, among the blended heaps of the battle-field, and as he went, you could hear his clear, kind voice, ‘Any wounded here?’ and so he made the terrible rounds. That man was idolized in life and bewailed in death. Old Jacob Trout, a Chaplain of the Revolution, and who preached, if I remember right, a five minute sermon before the battle of Brandywine, was the type of the man that soldiers love to honor. His faith was in ‘the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,’ but his work

was with the musket of Jacob Trout. I do not mean to say that the Chaplain should step out from the little group of non-combatants that belong to a regiment, but I do say, that he must establish one point of contact, quicken one throb of kindred feeling between the men and himself, or his vocation is as empty of all blessings and honor as the old wine flasks of Herculaneum. No man can honestly misunderstand what I have written. The Chaplaincy, at best, is an office difficult and thankless. It demands the best men you have to fill it well and worthily—men whose very presence and bearing put soldiers ‘upon their honor;’ and it is safe to say that he who is fit to be a Chaplain is fit to rule a people. How nobly many of them have labored in the Army of the Cumberland, I need not testify; ministers of mercy, right-hand men of the Surgeons, and the Nightingales, bearers of the cup of cold water and the word of good cheer; the strong regiment may be the Colonel’s, but the wounded brigade is the Chaplain’s.

To mingle with the men, and share in their frolics, as well as their sorrows, without losing self-respect; to be with them, and yet not of them; to get at their hearts without letting them know it—these are indeed tasks most delicate and difficult, requiring a tact a man must be born with, and a good, honest sense that can never be derived from Gill’s ‘Body of Divinity.’ How do you like Chaplain S., I asked of a group of Illinois boys, one day. ‘We’ll *freeze* to him, every time,’ was the characteristic reply; and not unanticipated, for I had seen him dressing a wound, helping out a blundering boy, whose ringers were all thumbs, with his letter to ‘the girl he left behind him,’ playing ball, running a race, as well as heard him making a prayer and preaching a sermon.”

Frank Moore
“Chaplains”

Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of War: North and South
(Cambridge: Harvard, 1866): 401-02.

† Curtana †

A Chaplain Finds his Saber Useful

F[rederic] Denison, the Chaplain of the Third Rhode Island heavy artillery, is the hero of the following incident:

Acting as aid to a commander of cavalry, who was out on a scouting or reconnoitring expedition from Port Royal, the Chaplain, with only his unarmed colored servant, became separated, in the darkness, from his companions, when coming suddenly upon a body of six armed rebels, and finding escape impossible, with wonderful presence of mind he instantly leaped from his horse directly among them, drew his sword, and ordered them to surrender, threatening them with instant death unless they fired off their guns and submitted unconditionally to his demand, which, in their moment of surprise, they concluded to do, and

were at once marched in triumph to the Union camp, a distance of two miles, by the redoubtable Chaplain and his colored servant.

Frank Moore

“A Heroic Chaplain”

Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of War: North and South
(Cambridge: Harvard, 1866): 370.

† Curtana †

What was He Attempting to Say?

Among the wounded in the battle were several Germans, from a German regiment, and when one of them died the boys proposed the German chaplain should officiate at the funeral. Accordingly a grave was dug, and the body, attended by many comrades, was borne to its last resting-place. Arriving there the German chaplain began:

“Mine frens, dis ish de *first time* dis man has died.” Observing a titter among his audience, he began again in a tone of Christian severity:

“Mine frens, I say, dis ish de *first time* dis man has died.” Human nature could bear no more, and the boys shouted. Indignant at the disrespect show him as a minister, the chaplain turned round, pointed to the open grave, and simply saying “Stick him in,” marched away.

Frank Moore

“Incidents of Gettysburg”

Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents of War: North and South
(Cambridge: Harvard, 1866): 388.

† Curtana †

A Day when Roman Catholic Priests were Plentiful

This small book was written to provide encouragement during the early days of the Second World War by the Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the United States.

The New York Archdiocese has given eighty priests to serve our brothers and our sons and our daughters with our armed forces. The other one hundred and seventeen dioceses have been equally generous, and likewise the various religious congregations of men. There is no priest of the Archdiocese of New York, for example, within acceptable age limits, and having the requisite health and opportunity, who has not offered himself for chaplain service.

Eighty priests mean the equivalent of three years of ordination classes from the diocesan seminary and this contribution means more work and more sacrifices for all. Parishes have been obliged to decrease the number of Masses and make other adjustments, but it is at the present time the noblest call of our priest and a call to which they have nobly responded. . . . And this service of the chaplains is appreciated by the men, and the chaplains appreciate the opportunities for gallant devoted service that is theirs.

Francis J. Spellman
The Road to Victory
 (New York: Scribner's, 1942): 43-44.

† Curtana †

A Nineteenth Century Description of Chivalry and Heroism

E.P. Roe, the Presbyterian chaplain of the 2nd New York Cavalry during the American Civil War, became a prolific author later in life. He seldom mentions chaplains although many of his novels focus on the war years. In this passage he describes a dedicated Union officer who exemplifies command, medical and spiritual virtues. It also includes a memorable footnote.

As was usually the case, there was in the regiment a soldier gifted with the power and taste for letter-writing, and he kept the local papers quite well posted concerning affairs in the regiment. One item concerning Beaumont will indicate the condition of his mind. After describing the “awful” nature of the roads and weather, the writer added, “The Colonel looks as if in a chronic state of disgust.”

Suddenly the regiment was ordered to the far South-west. This was more than [Colonel] Beaumont could endure, for in his view life in that region would be a burden under any circumstances. He coolly thought the matter over, and concluded that he would rather go home, marry Laura, and take a tour in Europe, and promptly executed the first part of his plan by resigning on account of ill - health. He had a bad cold, it is true, which had chiefly gone to his head and made him very uncomfortable, and so inflamed his nose that the examining physician misjudged the exemplary gentleman, recommending that his resignation be accepted, more from the fear that his habits were bad than from any other cause. But by the time he reached Hillaton his nose was itself again, and he as; elegant as ever.

The political major [a disparaging term for an officer who was appointed to his rank merely because of political influence] had long since disappeared, and so Major Haldane [who had now earned his men's respect] started for his distant field of duty as lieutenant-colonel.

The regimental letter-writer chronicled this promotion in the *Hillaton Courier* with evident satisfaction.

Lieut.-Col. Haldane is respected by all and liked by the majority. He keeps us rigidly to our duty, but is kind and considerate nevertheless. He is the most useful officer I ever heard of. Now he is chaplain and again he is surgeon. He coaxes the money away from the men and sends it home to their families, otherwise much of it would be lost in gambling. Many a mother and wife in Hillaton hears from the absent oftener because the Colonel urges the boys to write, and writes for those who are unable. To give you a sample of the man I will tell you what I saw not long ago. The roads were horrible as usual, and some of the men were getting played out on the march. The first thing I knew a sick man was on the Major's horse (he was Major then), and he was trudging along in the mud with the rest of us, and carrying the muskets of three other men who were badly used up.† We want the people of Hillaton to understand, that if any of us get back we won't hear anything more against Haldane. Nice, pretty fellows, who don't like to get their boots muddy, as our ex-Colonel for instance, may be more to their taste, but they ain't to ours.

† I cannot refrain here from paying a tribute to my old schoolmate and friend, Major James Cromwell, of the 124th New York Volunteers, whom I have seen plodding along in the mud in a November storm, a sick soldier riding his horse, while he carried the accoutrements of other men who were giving out from exhaustion. Major Cromwell was killed while leading a charge at the battle of Gettysburg.

Edward Payson Roe
A Knight of the Nineteenth Century
 (New York: Dodd & Meed, 1877): 560-61.

† Curtana †

The Dilemma of the Pastors of the “Confessing Church”

Clergy associated with the anti-Nazi Confessing Church found themselves in a dangerous predicament. In some cases it came down to either serving in the military or dying. The so-called German Church provided chaplains who could be expected to submit to the Nazi party line, but a Confessing pastor would pose less a threat to the institution carrying a rifle than speaking from a pulpit.

During the first weeks of the war, Bonhoeffer considered his situation. He had gotten a yearlong deferral from military service . . . But what would happen after his year was up? He considered a job as a military chaplain; he might even be

assigned to a hospital. His mother met with her cousin Paul von Hase, the Berlin commandant, to discuss this possibility, and an application was filed. Bonhoeffer didn't hear back until February: the response was negative. Only those already on active duty were eligible for chaplaincy posts.

Meanwhile, many men who had been part of Finkenwalde, Koslin [Confessing seminaries] . . . had already been called up. On the third day of fighting, one of them was killed. By war's end more than 80 of the 150 young men from Finkenwalde and the collective pastorates had been killed. . . .

The war put Bonhoeffer in a strange position. He had always been a man of seeming contradictions, and the war would magnify them. He knew he could not fight for Hitler's Germany, but he was extraordinarily supportive when it came to the young men who did not see things his way. He also knew he had options they did not. Albert Schonherr remembered the climate:

Through the Nazi propaganda and this whole blurring of the situation, we had the feeling, well, in the end we really must step in, the Fatherland must be defended. Not with a very good conscience, of course not. Above all not with enthusiasm. . . . After all, it was very clearly the case that whoever refused the draft in the case of war would be beheaded, would be executed. Was this the point at which we should give up our live, and thereby also our care for our family, and everything which was important to us? . . . I know that Bonhoeffer himself was sad that he had supported a man who completely refused the draft and then was executed.

Eric Metaxas

Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy
(Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 2010): 349-50.

† Curtana †

The Likely Source of a Portion of One Martyr's Heroism

Both of [Dietrich Bonhoeffer's parents]—doctor and teacher—came from fabulously illustrious backgrounds. Paul Bonhoeffer's parents and family were closely connected to the emperor's court at Potsdam. . . . [Paula's] father, Karl Alfred von Hase, had been a military chaplain, and in 1889 he became chaplain to Kaiser Wilhelm II but resigned after criticizing the kaiser's [sic] description of the proletariat as a "pack of dogs."

Eric Metaxas

Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy
(Nashville: Thomas Nelson, 2010): 6.

Sermon of a “Liberated” German Chaplain During WWII

As the rest of the Allies were ordered to stand down so that Russia could mercilessly crush Berlin, many Germans fled toward the stationary Americans to throw themselves on the mercy of an army known to possess some.

Quite a few German clergymen had been drafted arbitrarily into the military and were among these prisoners and civilians [surrendering to the Americans as they fled the Russians]. One Lutheran pastor, Rev. Schaeffer, came to me and offered to serve as chaplain to these prisoners and refugees. He had been drafted into the German army, served as a tank commander on the Russian front, achieved the rank of major, and been awarded the Iron Cross. Because of his service record, he told me, and because the majority of the troops in his outfit were from Saxony and were Lutheran, he'd been permitted to serve part-time as their chaplain. . . .

For the Protestant service we set up an altar on a raised mound of earth on the parade area. A white banner with a large black cross in front covered the altar; on the altar stood a large brass cross. The little band played familiar hymn tunes as the crowd, about six or seven thousand gathered. This congregation sang lustily. The German chaplain chose I Corinthians 13:13 for his text: “So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest is love.”

I'll always remember the gist of his message: In our homeland our true faith was taken over by a false faith; yet the true faith abides. We followed a false hope, a hope that was bound to fail. We let our hearts be fixed on a love not destined to endure. To follow Jesus Christ gives us the true hope. The love of Jesus Christ, who died for us and rose again, is eternal. His love for us is the source of all true faith and hope and love. . . .

At the service's conclusion, about 35 Protestant pastors who had been forced into the German military gathered about the altar and asked me, “What can we do?”

“Please have patience,” I answered. “Do what you can, now that you're free of any coercion. You're in the process of being sent home.”

Harry G. Coiner

“I was a Prisoner/Refugee and You Came to Me”

M.S. Ernstmeyer, Editor

They Shall Not March Alone

(St. Louis: Concordia, 1990): 101-02.

† Curtana †

Differences of Ministry on Land and Sea

Few people realize what it requires of a churchman to live day in and day out in the atmosphere of the strict discipline of a warship where everyone works, thinks,

and for the most part talks about engineering, communications and gunnery exercises. Only the few can stick it out for long. I am not surprised although I am disappointed to reflect that for the past quarter of a century the quota for Catholic chaplains for the Navy has never been filled.

Shore duty never struck me as being quite Navy duty. If chaplains were required to serve only in navy yards and stations, I would not have remained in the service. The place for the Navy chaplain is far from home, serving officers and men on board ship.

Shore duty, however, gave me opportunities for service as a priest which I seldom enjoyed in the fleet. Although our orders to a shore station made no mention of ministering to the sick in our naval hospitals, we chaplains always considered it a matter of conscience to make daily visits to the wards.

William A. Maguire
The Captain Wears a Cross
 (New York: MacMillan, 1943): 129-30.

† Curtana †

A Seminary Friendship Saves a Life

Samuel Crockett was a Scottish clergyman who left the ministry to become a novelist. In The Men of the Mountain, he explores the relationship of a Swiss clergyman and a German chaplain. Their pre-war camaraderie as classmates is described at the beginning of the tale. Particularly entertaining is the chaplain's description of the troops to whom he ministers.

The white wall of a cottage house, with the low sun of one of January's latest mornings red upon it! In the midst, where the long, lime-washed wall of the garden began, the rosy glare was suddenly cut into by the silhouette of a man. He was dressed in frayed black frock-coat and trousers. His hands were behind his back, and his stringy clerical tie—washed to a ribbon—hung dolorously down upon his open vest. But the man was not afraid, although that might well have been excused him, seeing that he was looking into the muzzles of a firing-party of the Von Hartmann's famous Pomeranians. To be exact, this was the Pastor David Alix of the Evangelical Church of Geneva, long-time domiciled in France, and now in deadly peril of his life at the hands of the German invader.

Yet he did not look like a "bushwhacker." He was unarmed. But nevertheless he had been caught along with a comrade who carried a rifle, but no uniform. The companion was that heap of tumbled rags on the rubbish-heap at the stable end. It was the early morning on a day of January of the French Year Terrible—that is, 1871. The Jura Hills were all white with snow as far as one could see, and beneath this hamlet of Mouthe the young Doubs gurgled and chafed under its ice mantle.

David Alix was to die. The General had said so. There had been too much shooting of his men from behind stone heaps gathered off the Jurassic fields, sudden spurts of fire out of the clumps of willow along the Doubs, and along the small tributary burns which ray out from it like the backbones of a fish, wimpling and chuckling to themselves till the sound is lost among the green rounded breasts of the mountains. These now are all delicate and soft as David Alix, who knows them so well, looks his last upon them. Or rather, to his eyes they are tinted with red. A kind of rosy bloom lies on their sides and slopes where the morning sun is glinting level along them. Yet the shadows they throw one upon the other are blue. The shadow of the little whitewashed house is a deeper blue, though not so deep as that of the uniform of the firing-party of Trossel's Colberg regiment of Grenadiers. Tall, angry men they are, for it is their sentries who have been "sniped" and their details cut up. Old Von Hartmann, Major-General of the Third, has come down on purpose himself to see into things. And twenty minutes ago he had fallen into such an anger at the sight of the *franc-tireur* and his companion—the slim man clad in black—that he himself had ordered the immediate shooting of the man with the rifle out of hand, and even presided at the drumhead court-martial upon David Alix. As Von Hartmann spoke no French in any intelligible fashion, and understood still less of that language when spoken, the trial of David Alix was very summary indeed.

There were indeed among the officers several who could have enlightened Von Hartmann upon many things, had not the chief been in such a grunting, bull-dog fury that it was not safe for even his own adjutant to cross him.

So David Alix was to die—at the age of thirty. All of them had been spent in doing God service, ever since his mother had taught him his texts in the Genevan version, seated down on the logs by the lakeside—logs all peeled and scratched by being hurled into the rock-spotted foam of the Drance. What had these tall Pomeranians against him? He did not understand. They had turned his pockets out—the deep tail-coat pockets of a travelling pastor. But there was nothing there except a slim, limp, morocco-bound Bible of Second's version, which he had saved up to buy when, a poor student at the New College of Edinburgh, he could ill afford the price. There was also much bread, in little, hard, round loaves, which his mother had made—a whole provision of them indeed—and, what they looked at longest and most severely, a paper with a list of names neatly written out in the pastor's own hand.

In all this to David Alix there seemed nothing worthy of death. Nor with a more proven brigade would there have been—say one of Unser Fritz's "blooded" regiments, which had fought right through from Worth to the "crowning mercy" of Paris. But these were fresh from the Baltic edges. They had marched long distances. They had participated in none of the great victories, gained no medals, been mentioned in no despatches, and yet ever since they entered the hills their flanks had been scourged with dropping fire. It was certainly trying—a long-range bullet spitting into the column, and lo! a lad whose mother was waiting for a

letter from him fell forward with a suddenly whitened face among the trampled snow.

These things had told against David Alix. Furthermore, the little hard loaves with which his pockets were stuffed had, in the opinion of the Trossel's Grenadiers, been destined to feed and sustain the "bushwhackers" who, at eve and morn, slew their comrades! "*David Alix, Pasteur*"—a likely story! Had he not the roll of a whole company of murderers, or their abettors, in his pocket?

And it is certain that neither his position as an ex-citizen of Geneva, nor the Bible bought in St. Andrew's Square, would have saved him had he not fallen on his knees, and with his hands clasped prayed for the ignorant men who, without reason, were sending him out of life; and, because they knew not what they did, breaking his old mother's heart away down yonder by Le Locle.

David Alix had no fear of death for its own sake. He commended his mother to God and his soul to the Savior. He had often preached to his people that in the Day of the Shadowed Valley, neither he nor they should be forsaken. And now, when that day was come, lo, it was so! Then he rose up to his feet, and, like his Huguenot ancestors who had fled Geneva wards from the "dragonnades," he betook himself to sing his death-psalm. It says something for the mark that the College-on-the-Mound (in the town of Edinburgh) sets upon her men, that now in his hour the foreigner, David Alix, who had sat upon her benches but three short winter sessions, sent out clear and strong the morning song with which, in that time, the day of study was opened:

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

Now a little way up the street of the village of Mouche, in a cottage with its gable to the narrow street of trampled snow and mud, a weary chaplain of King William of Prussia's army was trying to get some broken slumber among the rattling of drums and the clear singing of the clarions. Hermann Falk was huge in person, rubicund in feature, but trampling and overbearing in manner to men and officers alike. But his heart was strong, and the men loved him because it was reported in the regiment that he was the only man who dared affront the angers of the Colonel. Nay, even the tough old General Von Hartmann had been known to give the black skirts and muslin bands of his emphatic chaplain a wide berth. At the first sound of the singing Military Chaplain Hermann Falk turned wrathfully in his bed, grumbling that since it was by no means the ninth hour of the day, Trossel should have looked better after his "rascaldom of Pomeranians." But the moment afterward something familiar came through the coverlet which was drawn about the ears of the Chaplain of the Grenadiers.

It seemed suddenly as if he were in a far city. It was the winter season. The black tangled streets were slippery and crisp with snow. The pents of the houses discharged rumbles of half-melted snow on his head. Strange, too, how clearly he saw the wide, bleak court-yard of the old college, the broad steps which led to the assembly hall, the groups about the fire in the dining-hall—seniors they, mostly—and at the opening of the morning class the voices of men—of many young men—singing the Luther’s hymn of Scotland.

He too had passed that way, and the ancient melody had grown part of him—so much so that his grenadiers, smiling all across their broad Pomeranian faces, were wont to say, “There goes Old Head-and-Shoulders at his Scots again! Best look to your cartridges, lads! There will be warm work close ahead of us, I wager!”

The Military Chaplain leaped from his bed, rapidly passed his cloak of office about him, and was out in the street before David Alix had finished his psalm. Chaplain Falk made a strange figure in the clearness of an Alpine morning—his rough shock of uncombed locks, all cowlicks and rebellious tufts, his black-braided trousers only half covered by the fluttering Genevan gown in which he had, the evening before, done the service for the troops to whom it was his duty to speak of God and Fatherland.

“Be still and know that I am God!”—so came the words to his ears. He saw the French pastor now, standing a yard or so in front of the wall. His hands were wide apart, and made the shape of a cross on the whitewashed wall behind him, for his time was short. Soon, very soon, would he know who indeed was God. For Von Hartmann, who, like the stout old Gallio that he was, cared for none of these things, had just given the command to “take aim.”

Into the six yards between the *peloton* of execution and the Man-about-to-Die, Military Chaplain Hermann Falk precipitated himself with a rush and a flutter of ecclesiastical silk.

“Ground arms!” he commanded, under the very mustache of the astonished General.

“For a pin’s head,” growled fierce old Von Hartmann, “I would stick you up beside him! Men, do your duty!”

“Shoot, rascals, if you dare!” cried the Chaplain, standing close in front of David Alix, and with a dexterous cast, enveloping him in the ample folds of his Neurenberg gown.

“I dare you!” he cried. “Even in this world you dare not shoot down the King’s own chaplain—and his Majesty thanking God every day for the assistance of the God of Battles! As for your own future chances, they could not well be worse, considering the set of Wendish heathens that you are! But I excommunicate

forever any man who moves, till I have spoken with this singer of the songs of Zion! If I mistake not he is an old friend of mine.”

Perhaps it would not have succeeded with any other corps than the Second Pomeranians. But they had heard the roar of the Baltic. They had seen the white horses ride past Isle Rugen, and as to old Von Hartmann, the name of King William daunted him as nothing else on earth could.

So, smothering a hearty curse at the Chaplain’s untimely interference, but recognizing that for the moment he had better give in with what air of grace was possible to him, he growled out, “Well, Herr Regimental Chaplain, since you care so little for the lives of your parishioners as to let them be shot down by rascals such as this, let us see what your reverend wisdom will make of him!”

“Aye, and gladly, Major-General,” answered Falk, shaking his rugged head. “But first call off these good fellows, who are weary with so long holding their needle-guns at the ‘present,’ and give me your word that you will do nothing against this man without a proper trial.”

“There is no more time for that,” grumbled the commander; “speak to him—let us hear what he has to say! You and I know each other—we will judge the case together, old Saul-among-the-People!”

And by that all the command knew that the General had improved vastly in humor, and that, unless his mood changed again, the Frenchman stood reprieved.

“Where is the evidence of his guilt?” demanded Chaplain Falk. “Sergeant-Major Schram, what was found upon him?”

“That, and that!” said the automaton, indicating the pieces of conviction, spread out on the ground, with the point of his boot.

“Bread, a paper, and a Bible! You would shoot a man for that—heathens, Wends, idolaters, witchfolk! Does a man come out to kill or to give life, thus armed? See, you—you fools! Bread for the body, the Word of God for the soul! And the paper! Let us see, let us see! Written in English, is it? Well, I was not three years in Edinburgh College for nothing!”

And this is what he read out in the clear high tones which he used at the evening prayer, when all the men stood with bowed and uncovered heads: “*List of poor widows and sick folk in the commune of Mouthe to whom bread is to be taken: First, Madame Gilberte, Mas des Marais. Second, old Jean Drujon, at the Pont du Doubs.*”

And so on to the bottom. He did not spare them one single name, and at the end he took the hand of Pastor David Alix, true shepherd of his flock, and crying

aloud, “Now shoot him if you dare!” he strode off to his lodging with his new-recovered friend. He did not so much as glance at the General, who sat his horse, smiling a little, and gnawing his gray mustache. He only cried out to the sergeant-major: “Schram, bring the bread to my room. I am a little short this morning, myself! My friend David will perhaps add me to his list of the hungry and the needy in this commune of Mouthe!”

Hermann Falk of Isle Rugen, late chaplain in the Altkirch of Berlin, and sometime student at the Edinburgh College-on-the-Mound, conveyed his former friend and condisciple to his lodging . . .

The Germans had done their best. No war, on the whole, had ever been more cleanly conducted, but an army must find provision as the first necessity of its being. Moreover, Bourbaki’s army had been over the ground before, and what the locusts of France had spared, it was now the turn of the German cankerworm to eat. Even on the Swiss side the folk of the Jura were in a great trouble, and the distress would have been far worse but for David Alix and his mother. . . . And among these one of the most grateful was Madame Virginie Granier of Mouthe, at present the unwilling hostess of the heathen man who called himself a pastor [the chaplain], and yet without shame smoked a long pipe in bed!

It was no wonder then that Virginie Granier, the mother of six children and the protector of an invalid husband, sank on her knees before Pastor Alix—though, be it said, perhaps as much for the sake of his mother’s loaves of good wheaten bread, her oil, and her wine, as because of his sacred office and renown as a preacher.

But David Alix, used to such homage, simply raised one hand in the air, and in the apostolic manner called for a blessing to be upon that house. He did it so reverently that his companion turned upon him with a twinkle.

“Friend David,” he said, “you would never do for an army chaplain. I have to bully my Pomeranians to make them move one step heavenward, and even so, it is mostly with kicks that I can convince them, the raw-boned Baltic mules that they are!”

“Then,” said David, smiling, “if I understand you, they do not; like new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word?”

“Beer suits them better!” cried the Military Chaplain. “The rascals would sell their Wendish souls for beer, and now they are in the vilest of tempers because they cannot get it.”

He thought a moment, and then added, with a quick flash of the eye, “And you, my David, came near to suffering martyrdom all for that! John the Baptist because of Salome, Stephen because of the libertines, your own Calvinist folk

because they thought differently from emperor and king! But you—merely because old Von Hartmann and Trossel had been three weeks without beer!”

Samuel R. Crockett
The Men of the Mountain
(New York: Harper, 1908): 1-10.



Hubble Space Telescope image. *Photo courtesy of NASA.*

**“Praise him, sun and moon,
praise him, all you shining stars!”**
Psalm 148:3 (ESV)

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 2 Issue 1 (Fall & Winter 2010)