

# *Curtana* † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

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## † Fore Words †

### **An Introduction to the Fourth Issue**

Welcome to the fourth issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*. We are pleased by the fact that we have “subscribers” from a growing number of nations. *Curtana* is written primarily for military chaplains. However, the journal is of value to all those interested in the exercise of ministry within a military context. Your submissions are welcome, although we do ask that you would query before sending a manuscript.

We apologize for the late release of this issue. (However, if you’re keeping track you’ll note that we have closed the “gap” a bit with the release of this issue.)

Take a minute to visit the *Curtana* website <[www.justwar101.com/journal](http://www.justwar101.com/journal)>. We have added several new features, including an **index** of the articles and poetry featured in the journal.

#### **Unpacking the Contents**

Although the fourth issue of *Curtana* arrived at the press late, we trust the contents make the wait worthwhile.

Our first article addresses in depth the Church and State relationships in Germany which allowed Hitler to usurp power and lead the nation to disaster. It offers a very and thoughtful consideration. And, it is good to be reminded that *some* remain faithful, even when an “entire” people are deluded. Coincidentally, this issue also includes a review of *In the Shadow of His Wings*. This amazing autobiography by a Christian drafted into the infamous SS reveals how even in the darkest of places, God can preserve a faithful remnant.

The second article is written by a retired military chaplain about chaplains who waste their skills after they lay aside their uniforms for the final time. He proposes that chaplains continue to actively serve . . . and he suggests that the field of Emergency Response Services is a vital arena for continuing to share our talents with society.

The third article is a biography of an American Civil War chaplain who touched many lives during the war. His postwar impact on the United States was even more significant. The editor hopes to publish more such biographies in the future.

The next piece comes from the pen of another military chaplain. He offers himself as a prime example of God's redemptive work. Unlike most of us, he served a portion of his military service in the brig. (Before he was a chaplain.) His autobiographical contribution is inspiring.

The final article explores ministry within the military from a missiological perspective. Many religious bodies consider their chaplains to be some version of a "missionary" to those in the armed forces. In the United States the chaplain exists to ensure all service members can practice their First Amendment (Constitutional) right to the "freedom of religion." This is hardly, of course, a license to proselytize. The article is written from a Christian perspective, but many elements will be of interest to members of other faith groups.

We turn now to our editorials. Due to a dearth of submissions (even Diogenes let your editor down) we have reproduced several historically significant editorials. You may find some aspects of them surprising, but their arguments remain timely in our own era.

Regular readers will be pleased to read new verse from Chaplain Jim Cosgrove, the anointed Australian chaplain poet. Humor, sorrow and comfort flow from his hand. His contributions are followed by a rather unique "experiment in military haiku."

Next we have two media reviews. The first, the review of a World War II film based on the story of a military chaplain. The second is the aforementioned autobiography of the German soldier-priest.

Our regular features round out the issue: brief biographies of military chaplains and a compilation of additional eclectic references to military ministry.

Enjoy!



## Articles

# Church and State Relations in Nazi Germany

**Mark Hayden**

As with any historical work, the author and reader view the subject from out of their respective experiences and naturally from a position of distance from the events being discussed. When looking at Church-State relations in the Third Reich we must suspend our own opinions in order to be able to place ourselves in the mind of the average German Christian who lived through the years of Third Reich. Only by doing this can we attempt to understand the moral dilemma faced by the “person in the pew.”

One needs to appreciate the mood in Germany after World War I. A poem of the time, long before Adolf Hitler appeared, captures the need for a leader; “O God, send us a Fuhrer who will change our misfortune by God’s word.” This shows how ripe Germany was for a leader to appear and take control in a Germany that was still in shock from defeat, economic depression and revolution. Nationalism and religion were comfortable bedfellows for many Germans of the day and if a leader came and promised the German people regained self-respect, prosperity and religious freedom, then that leader was sure to gain a very favourable hearing from the masses.

Adolf Hitler was a dynamic speaker; few can doubt that. He evoked strong feelings in many people, either positive or negative. However, it is amazing to read the accounts of the time in which people confer an almost God-like quality to the Fuhrer. Indeed many turned their backs on God and replaced Him with the new Messiah-Hitler. Adolf Hitler always believed that he had a divine mission to Germanize the world and create a “New World Order” with himself as the figurehead. The churches faced difficulties with the Nazis from the outset in that many of the faithful were turning their backs on the “Jewish” Christ and embracing the new Aryan creed. The Bible was used in anti Jewish classes and the false tale of Gentiles being used in blood sacrifice by Jews in Europe in the

past was resurrected again. Jews were also referred to as the killers of Christ in an attempt to rouse up anti Jewish feeling amongst devout Christians.

Some of those who held onto their faith wondered if God had sent Hitler to deliver them from hardships of recession and to stem the tide of Bolshevism. A Sudeten German asked “Maybe Jesus sent that man Hitler into our land to bring an end to the depression. Things couldn’t get any worse than they are now.” A strange question in light of the war and the Holocaust but this question was asked in 1938 when many Sudeten Germans found life hard in Czechoslovakia and were treated like long lost family when the Germans annexed the Sudetenland in October 1938.

Shortly after becoming Chancellor in 1933, Adolf Hitler made a speech in the Reichstag during which he made the following statement: “The national government sees in the two Christian confessions most vital factors in the survival of our nationality. Their rights shall not be touched. The national government will accord and secure to the Christian confessions the influence that is due them in schools and education. The battle against a nationalistic world concept and the struggle for a real national unity serves the interests of the nation just as much as those of our Christian faith.” This speech took place in the Reichstag on March 23, 1933. It is easy to see how church figures committed themselves in support of the new regime after such a pro-church statement. The church leaders held the hope (false as it turned out) that National Socialism would defend the fights of Christianity and act as a bulwark against the encroaching evil of Bolshevism.

However, in spite of this promise, it was not long before the apparatus of the Third Reich began to work its way into German society at every level and undermine the authority and position of the churches. The erosion of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches was one the ultimate goals of the Nazi party. The minister appointed by the Fuhrer as Minister for Church Affairs—Hans Kerrl—made a statement shortly after his appointment that held an ominous premonition for the future of Church-State relations.

There is a new authority arisen in Germany which will say what Christ and Christianity means for Germans. That authority is Adolf Hitler.

Thus began a huge interference in church affairs by the state far in excess of that by the ultramontaine Chancellor Bismarck in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. Church youth groups were closed down; clergy were imprisoned, censured and assaulted. False charges were made against leading Christians. Church property was seized and religious education in schools had to follow the new state curriculum with its emphasis on race, nation German supremacy. The opinion of the National Socialists was that the churches were to place themselves without reserve, at the service of the state and become subject to its new political and spiritual leader. The fact that many Christian leaders and faithful did so is a matter of record.



## Formation of a Nationalistic Church

The Christian group that was most pro-establishment was the group known as the German Christians. They were drawn from the *Evangelische Kirche* (Lutheran Church), and were organised under the counsel and advice of the Fuhrer. This group, quite unlike any other Christian group was “supported by the National Socialist party, by the State, its officials and the police.” Ludwig Mueller was elected as Bishop and head of the German Christian movement.

Bishop Mueller was a former Kaiserliche Marine Chaplain and was highly decorated in World War I, receiving both the Iron Cross First Class and the Friedrich August Cross First Class. Shortly after his election as Bishop, the Prussian General Synod, which was dominated by the German Christians, ratified a proposal that any future holder of a clerical office should be of Aryan ancestry. This ratification led to virulent protests from the majority of the Evangelical churches and eventually led to the founding of the Confessional Church. This group took a firm stance against the German Christians and their barely disguised masters. At one point in the mid 1930s nearly 10,000 of the 18,000 Evangelical priests had enrolled in the Confessional Church. This brave witness was not without costs as many of the priests of the Confessional Church languished in prison and concentration camps for the duration of Nazi rule and many paid the ultimate price for their witness against Nazism.

The leading spokesman for the Confessional Church was also a navy veteran of World War I. Martin Niemoller who had been a distinguished U-boat commander during the war and entered religious life afterwards. He had initially supported the new regime but like others once he realised what the true Nazi agenda was he became an outspoken critic of the Nazis. Niemoller served as Pastor in Dahlem, a village outside Berlin. From 1937 onwards, Pastor Niemoller was “arrested, imprisoned, set free, rearrested, and sent to concentration camps.” He joined many of his fellow priests in the concentration camps and Pastor Niemoller was the one who declared that the German Christians were heretical and contrary to the teachings of Christ. He is best known for an often repeated quotation; “When they came for the Jews I said nothing because I wasn’t a Jew, when they came for the gypsies I said nothing because I wasn’t a gypsy, when they came for the Catholics I said nothing because I wasn’t a Catholic. When they came for me, nobody said anything because nobody was left.” Martin Niemoller was fortunate to be liberated by Allied troops from Dachau Concentration camp in 1945. His fellow pastor and critic of the Third Reich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer was executed at Flossenbug in the last days of the war.

After their rejection of the Nazi worldview, the Confessional Church underwent severe repression. Indeed the members of the Confessional Church only knew each other by face, not by name, in an attempt to limit the risk from authorities. This repression eventually led to the Confessional Church going underground and it seems as if official resistance to the regime had ceased. There is an aspect

to all of this that is hard to understand in light of what we know today. Many of the priests languishing in prison remained loyal to the state and were quite prepared to do their duty if required by them. Many held the belief that the Fuhrer was unaware of the conduct of some of his functionaries and if the clergy remained faithful, surely better times would follow.

In November 1937, the Evangelical Army chaplains wrote a letter to the Fuhrer protesting at the treatment of the church and its members. This is part of the text: “Protestant Christians, in spite of all that they have experienced, will do their duty in time of war. Of that there can be no doubt.” The letter was ignored by the Fuhrer yet when war came, many pastors volunteered as military chaplains in spite of the fact that many of the pastors in prison were themselves highly decorated World War I chaplains. Their crime? Not complying with the will of the Fuhrer and the party to impose their warped ideals on the people.

In all, the German Christian movement gained little support amongst the people and were viewed by the majority of Christians as Nazi lackeys. Indeed Mueller was nicknamed the “Brown Bishop,” presumably comparing him to the brown shirted storm troopers. On the other hand the sacrifice of the Confessional Church both at home and at the front was huge. Postwar the Protestant churches struggled with the ghosts of their Nazi past and failure to organise effective resistance to Nazi oppression. A sad fact is that those who are quick to condemn the churches for moral impotence during the Third Reich have largely forgotten the bravery of the Confessional Church against the Nazis.

### **Third Reich Relationships with Roman Catholicism**

The Roman Catholic Church in Germany faced a somewhat different situation than that faced by the Lutheran and Reformed Churches. The persecution of the Roman Catholic Church was very severe because of its international nature and the fact that the Roman Catholic faithful gave their loyalty to a foreign head of state—the Pope. This view is borne out by the experiences of an American airman who was shot down over Germany in November 1944. Lieutenant Radnosky sustained injuries from anti-aircraft fire and also whilst bailing out of his crippled B-17. He was captured and taken to a Roman Catholic civilian hospital in Dechta. He was well looked after by all the staff who ignored the fact that he was Jewish, a fact easily discovered by reading his dog tags. Lt Radnosky made friends with many of the staff and his opinion was, “thinking back, the most important thing was that these people were Catholic first and then Germans.”

This is exactly what the National Socialists feared and why they moved to weaken the hold the Roman Catholic Church had over the faithful. However strong the faith of the people was, many Roman Catholics were willing supporters of the National Socialists and some of the most senior party members were or had been Roman Catholic themselves. The birthplace of National Socialism, Bavaria, is located in the predominantly Catholic south of Germany.

Those members of the Roman Catholic faith who resisted the Nazis from the beginning were left with little or no grounds for argument after Nazi Germany signed a Concordat with the Vatican in 1933. This signing was the result of many years of work both on Germany's and the Vatican's behalf. Initialed on July 9<sup>th</sup> and signed on July 20<sup>th</sup>, the Concordat was ratified and came into law on September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933. The German military had for a long time wanted to appoint an army bishop with responsibility for all military chaplains. The situation as it stood saw the chaplains obliged to seek permission, or dispensation, to conduct various sacramental duties from the local priest or bishop. If the Vatican ratified the appointment of a military bishop, he could grant the faculties (powers) required to allow the military chaplains full autonomy in their duties. The Vatican sought guarantees from the new government with regard to state payments to the church, protection of the rights of church schools, cessation of the persecution of clergy and guarantees for church property.

In order for the National Socialists to agree to the Concordat, which allowed Canon Law (the internal law of the Roman Catholic Church) to be imposed fully on German Roman Catholics, Hitler, as well as pushing for the military bishop demanded "the voluntary withdrawal of German Catholics from social and political action as Catholics." This robbed the average German Roman Catholic of an effective basis for protest because to continue to protest as a Catholic, one was disobeying the ruling of the Roman Catholic Church! Roman Catholics were now permitted to be members of the Nazi party without fear of censure from the church. Sadly, the man who acted on behalf on behalf of the Vatican, Cardinal Pacelli, did so without open consultation of the German faithful. He negotiated with the then Vice Chancellor Franz von Papen, himself a Roman Catholic and former leader of the Catholic Centre Party. This role did not mitigate against Pacelli in later life as he went on to become Pope Pius the Twelfth and his secretary went on to become Pope Paul the Sixth. Much has been written about the prewar and wartime actions or inactions of Pope Pius XII but suffice it to say that he saw the true threat to Europe and his church as coming from the influence of Soviet Russia. He truly believed that European nationalism was the bulwark that would save Christendom from a new dark age. To comment further about Pope Pius the XII's wartime conduct is beyond the subject of this work.

Article 27 of the Concordat is relevant to our study. In it "the government achieved its wish for an exempt pastoral ministry for the German army, headed by an army bishop to be selected by mutual agreement of the Reich government and the Holy See. The German episcopate was given some control over the military clergy by the provision that only priests who had the approval of their local bishop for such pastoral work could be appointed as military chaplains. (This stipulation is the norm for all clergy applying to be military chaplains today). An Apostolic Brief, to be formulated in co-operation with the Reich, was to regulate these matters in detail. To delve further into this period is again beyond the scope of this work but it is important to note that the Holy See willingly allowed the various Catholic parties to be emasculated by the National

Socialists in return for guarantees that turned out to be empty promises. The historian of the Centre party, Karl Bachem, no doubt expressed the views of many when he wrote in his diary, “After the bishops unanimously have professed their recognition of the new government, such resistance for us would have been morally unjustifiable and impossible. We have no choice but to follow the example of the bishops.” Perhaps this begins to cast light on the recurring question of postwar writers as to why the churches did so little in the face of the evil that was National Socialism.

## **Anti-Communist Concerns in German Churches**

The charge of complete collusion with the Nazi regime has been levelled at the Christian churches in Germany and especially at the Roman Catholic Church after the events described above. To accept this charge as fact is a dangerous and naive undertaking. We must recognise that the position taken by the German churches to the Third Reich was one of “mixed support and opposition.” Such a statement requires the reader to stop for a moment and take a look at the Germany and on a wider scale the Europe that spawned nationalism in its various forms from the 1920s onwards. Europe after World War I was a much changed place in terms of political structures. Many of the royal houses that had ruled prewar Europe had fallen victim to the upheaval of the war and a new political system was beginning to emerge in Russia. Bolshevism was beginning to take hold after the 1917 revolution. Despite valiant efforts by the White Russians, aided by some Western countries, the Russian Civil War ended with the Bolsheviks triumphant.

As unemployment and disillusionment took hold in postwar Europe, the socialist promises of all men as equals and the setting up of a workers’ paradise held great attraction for many of the returning soldiers and the people who had been affected most by the war. Bolshevism also found a warm welcome in many parts of Germany and Freikorps units were raised in an attempt to prevent a complete Bolshevik take over in the Reich. (The Freikorps were right wing groups, mostly made up of former soldiers, who took up arms and organised resistance to the increasing Bolshevik movement in Germany and also protected the country from border incursions in the East, mainly on the frontier with Poland.) The key point for this study is that Bolshevism, at its most basic level, relegates religion to nothing more than a means by which capitalists and monarchs control the masses. As the German philosopher Karl Marx once wrote, “religion is the opium of the people.” The Bolsheviks called for dissolution of the churches and an end to religious practice. This soon became the norm in the new Soviet Russia and many church leaders looked on in horror as churches were turned into storehouses and priests and people sent to gulags (Soviet concentration camps) for continuing to practice their faith.

It was a simple movement of opinion that allowed the Christian churches to fall in with the right wing nationalism that was growing in Europe. The nationalists

were virulently anti Bolshevik and many were devout members of their churches as well. An unsavoury fact for the Christian churches today is the fact that many clergy preached strong sermons against Bolshevik Russia and the dangers of the “red tide” threatening to engulf Europe. For example, when the Spanish Civil War broke out many Europeans flocked to join the Republican side to fight against Fascism but a large number also went to fight on the Nationalist side against Bolshevism. Some went as committed Fascists but others went to defend Mother Church in Spain from the “evil Reds” backed by Moscow. Many priests in my own country preached that it was the Christian duty of young men to go and fight in Spain against the “Godless Communists” and those who fought for the Republicans were often excommunicated for their “act of betrayal” to the faith. An elderly colleague told me of sitting in Mass in the late 1930s and the priest leading the people in prayer for Adolf Hitler who was holding back the tide of Communism from the Christian world!

When Generalissimo Franco’s forces finally prevailed in Spain, many churches rang their bells throughout Europe and many Masses were said in thanksgiving for what was seen as God’s victory over the Godless. One question though: what about all the poor souls killed in places like Guernica and Barcelona? Who said Mass for all the innocent victims of the war?

Many of the charges levelled at the Communists by the churches were in turn to come true in Nazi Germany. There was no place in Hitler’s worldview for religion and priests yet he courted the clergy until such time as he had gained absolute power. Even when the Nazis were hard pressing the churches, the hierarchy only ever spoke out when issues such as education or euthanasia were being raised. The churches objected to the interference by the state in their schools and also objected to the T4 programme, which was “cleansing” Germany society of genetic defects by killing those deemed to be genetically inferior. However, why didn’t the churches speak out at the now commonplace deportations of Jews and other non-desirables to the concentration camps? Foreign church leaders knew about the camps and did nothing even though they were safe from the Gestapo (*Geheime Staats Polizei*). The hardest fact that a Christian has to accept is that the churches were weak in the face of adversity, in spite of the brave witness by many individuals.

## **The Lack of a Christian Rebellion**

This section ends with look at one of the recurring questions from the Third Reich—how could Christians serve as instruments of the Nazis and do unspeakable acts and not rebel against their leaders? A partial answer lies in the oath taken by every German serviceman during the Third Reich. The oath to serve one country was as sacred to the German military as professing one’s faith in church and Hitler was well aware of this when he introduced the new oath for the Wehrmacht in 1934. The text of this new oath, which was printed in the German soldier’s prayer book, is as follows:

“I swear before God this sacred oath that I will render unconditional obedience to the Fuhrer of the German nation and Volk, Adolf Hitler, the supreme commander of the armed forces and that, as a brave soldier, I will be ready at all times to stake my life in fulfilment of this oath.”

The churches accepted the Nazis as the legitimate authority in Germany and exhorted their faithful to remain true to the State, even as evidence of state sanctioned religious persecution grew. The oath was used to tie the German soldier in holy obedience to the Fuhrer and a number of clergy referred to this oath in postwar interviews as an explanation for their service as chaplains during the war. Many officers found themselves unable to act against Hitler because of this oath. Indeed many of the conspirators who planned the July 20 1944 bomb attack on Hitler were condemned as traitors for breaking their oath as officers, even though they were acting for the good of Germany!

Archbishop Conrad Grober of Freiburg even went so far as to round on the Allies who condemned the German Roman Catholics for apparent moral cowardice during the Third Reich when in October 1945 he questioned if mutiny could be reconciled with the sacred oath taken by all in the military: “One should not forget the horrible fate of all, including the highest ranking generals, who dared to speak of peace and an end to the war or who tried to eliminate the driving force behind the war by means of assassination. In this connection, we German Catholics know the judgment of our church regarding tyrannicide which she forbids just as she forbids murder in general.” The senior Roman Catholic army chaplain, Bishop Josef Rarkowski summed up the essence of the oath as follows: “The soldierly calling is distinguished from all other professions and tasks in this: that once the oath of allegiance has been sworn, it demands the heroic dedication of body and soul and elevates this dedication to a conscious and inflexible principle. Thus the military training program to which you have been called at the will of the Supreme Commander represents the highest service to Volk and Vaterland.”

How hard it must have been for any effective resistance to the regime to be exercised by the average Christian when the church leaders at the highest levels were seen to be pro-Hitler, to greater and lesser extents. Indeed it was also impossible for a person to avoid military service by claiming to be a conscientious objector. Conscientious objection was viewed in the First World War as cowardice and indeed many were imprisoned because of their stance. However, with the passage of time, conscientious objectors were recognized as deeply committed people. Many served bravely on the Allied side as medics and stretcher-bearers.

Sadly the case was far different in Nazi Germany. Conscientious objection was unfairly classed as treason against the State and the sentence was death by beheading. The true reasons why a man refused to serve would never be revealed and the party would be sure to fabricate some terrible charge which would

destroy the reputation of the man's family. The widow of Herr Franz Jaegerstatter, an Austrian peasant executed for conscientious objection to military service, stated that many of the people living in the rural village from which he came still resented the fact that her husband had not been a soldier. The average German Roman Catholic who decided to refuse military service would have received no support whatsoever from his spiritual leaders. Indeed Herr Jaegerstatter was challenged by his Bishop over his refusal to serve and said that an individual had no right to "reach such a judgment nor take such a stand." This attitude is frightening to us today and yet the people in this brave man's village still persisted in their attitudes towards him 20 years after the war was over!

Interestingly there are now moves afoot to beatify Herr Jaegerstatter, the first step to sainthood. One of this man's final statements is brutal in its honesty and must be reflected upon by all Christians today: "If the church stays silent in the face of evil, what difference would it make if no church were ever opened again?"

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# Transition to the Land of No Where?

**Alvie Robbins**

As the military chaplaincy grew ever more distant in my rear view mirror and as I headed back into the civilian world, it was not without some feelings of trepidation and emotions. Alongside the feelings of the loss of a life style, there was anticipation for what was just around the corner. Amidst all of that there was another question. What was to become of all of the training, all of the skills, all of understandings gained while serving in the complex environment of military chaplaincy? Was this the end of all of those things?

During Friday night happy hour when I would be at the Club with members of my squadrons, you could see “them.” My resolve was strong that I not become one of them—one of those people who “live” in the memories of a career now gone in a military that now no longer exists. To be sure while they swapped old soldiers’ stories and as they talked about former accomplishments the military they knew vanished and the world around them marched on often unnoticed.

Nor was there attraction to become like the two chaplains I had known, who intended to retire to a life of leisure without any meaningful responsibility. Certainly, their plan was not unique, as you will read in a moment.

As it turned out, within a year I found an answer. It was when I joined the Pierce County (Washington) Sheriff’s Department chaplain program. It was there I found an ideal place to apply many lessons learned through my military experiences. There I could employ skills learned, and share training experiences that had become a part of my military life.

## **Echoes of the Armed Forces**

Who among us would argue that Emergency Services, and Law Enforcement in particular are not demanding careers? They are much like flying, hours of boredom punctuated by moments of sheer terror. It is so because in a moment an officer can find himself in a violent environment. Sound familiar? It should because the men and women who swear to uphold the law and place themselves at risk to protect the innocent have much in common with the personnel we come to know so intimately in the military community.

Then too consider not just those doing the mission but their families as well. They too share in the sacrifices and stresses involved. The needs of both populations are similar. It is no accident that the various law enforcement agencies are regarded as *paramilitary* organizations. It also is no accident that for those willing to put forth the effort (new lingo, different customs, but similar



expectations) much of what was left on the other side of “the gate” can be applied in a very similar environment!

While my own post-military experience has primarily been with police officers and their families, the entire Emergency Response community shares many similar challenges and demands. Many observations from chaplains who work with fire fighters and similar crisis-focused communities would parallel my own.

This civilian “post-retirement” ministry is as powerful as my military service. It is a setting in which a military chaplain can continue to live out their “call” and in the course of doing so, serve both their local community and their nation. I feel as though it allows me to in some small way repay those who allowed us the privilege of serving in the armed forces.

## **An Eye-Opening Experience**

Now for the aforementioned story. I vividly remember walking down the incline from the meeting room to my parked car. The slope of the pathway paralleled the decline in my spirit and the discouragement I felt as I left the gathering. Even today, I am bewildered by the group’s reception of a suggestion I had proffered.

It was a meeting of our local military chaplain organization. Some attendees were active duty, others reserve, but most were retired. The meeting was held at a local fire station. The purpose was to answer the question, “*What can we as chaplains do to help in the case of a major disaster?*” The fire chaplain who led the meeting gave an overview and then proposed some sort of specific response I have long since forgotten. What is not forgotten is the response that followed the suggestion I made.

As the meeting was nearing its end I raised my hand and commented that there was a place in the first responder community for chaplains with precisely the experience amply represented in the room. The idea was that with all of the training, experience, and background each military chaplain possesses—there remained great opportunities for those who would offer those skills to serve in the first responder community.

To my great surprise, my suggestion was not just politely ignored or dismissed . . . it was summarily rejected. I found the response utterly confusing. To be fair, some of those present that day did serve in large parishes and had little time free to set out on a new ministry adventure. However, there were a number present who *could* have afforded to invest the time required in serving others outside of their circle. And yet, the consensus of many in the gathering was that we had already paid our dues and it was time to rest on our laurels.

After all, the vast majority (perhaps as high as 99%) of emergency response chaplains serve in unfunded positions. I would like to think that it would not have

made a difference, but only God knows whether the incentive of a paycheck would have been a deciding factor. I certainly hope not. It did seem that some clergy present that day were apparently content to spend their well-deserved retirement pursuing their own recreational interests and pleasures. However, I knew that within that group there were those for whom the ministry flame still burned bright. Why was my idea dismissed? To this day I do not know.

## **There is a Cost Involved in Continuing to Serve**

Yes, yes, as one Emergency Service chaplain put it, “this is a costly hobby.” The material costs are small compared to the emotional costs involved. Certainly it is not at all convenient to be called out of bed in the middle of the night but that inconvenience pales in comparison to the compassionate investment we make as we walk with people through the most difficult experiences life bestows upon the unsuspecting.

Yes, it is emotionally draining to deal with the young wife of a husband who took his own life, to cradle a SIDS baby, to deal with a family in crisis, to witness children being raised in poor conditions, to ride with a struggling officer for an entire shift, to spend time “purposefully loitering” in the fire house, and the list goes on and on. But, we who lived the ministry of presence in the multifaceted military know how to provide this kind of care, this ministry of presence with great sensitivity and finesse.

Indeed it is we who while doing ministry understand that results are often unseen. It is we who are equipped to speak words of kind counsel with no expectation of response. Remember it is we who visited in an office, flew with an aircrew, rode with a maintenance super, went to the field, wandered purposefully on the hanger deck, casually visited in the command section, wandered through finance, attended those annually required classes, and so much more that understand our mere presence brings about change as people are reminded of the Holy. I still am somewhat confused by that group of chaplains who knew these things to be so and yet while they were willing and even wanted to come out to the “big” events, had no interest in serving in the day to day of Department life.

It was during our last few days before retirement that as I cleared the main base gate I saw the tire tracks running off into a thicket. A driver had suffered a seizure; her car had run off the road, there to rest unobserved by most. Stopping I hailed the Security Police and went to render aid. These were Air Force cops who I knew and had served during my twilight assignment. When they arrived to secure the scene my relationship with them allowed me to stay and assist. Interestingly enough an O-6 with a significant position in that command also stopped. His orders were politely acknowledged, but largely ignored. Now back to the original story.

While it was admirable that those chaplains wanted to serve in a crisis, the truth is that if one does not have an *existing* relationship with those who serve, they may be acknowledged in a crisis, but those who serve in the day to day will be allowed to play a much more significant role. It was just so in another event the loss of the four Lakewood (Washington) Police Department officers—more in a moment.

Maybe the lack of enthusiasm is because those brothers and others did not take the time to look at this as a stewardship issue. With such training and skills as are common among us, do we not have some responsibility to employ them in our local communities? The alternative is to allow them to atrophy and wither. As one pastor said, “Because I am a member of this community, I am responsible to give back to that community.” A portion of his give back was not restricted to his parish but out and in his community.

Said another way, at its heart first responder ministry is all about developing *relationships* with varied personalities in the day to day so that in crisis one can effectively be there. People are, after all, people, no matter where they work. However, people who answer the call to military service and emergency services are a very special breed. These unique people who protect us deserve to be valued and cared for. And, fellow chaplains, we who possess the skills and “horse sense” acquired in a military environment can with sensitivity and skill apply those things in the care of those who care for and protect us.

## **Living a Life Under the Clouds of Stress and Danger**

There is another profound advantage we who have worn the uniform bring to the new places we serve. We understand stress, danger, trauma, and yes, loss. Like the military, emergency services occur in a setting where these things are a constant given. Certainly an emergency services department be it police or fire, is smaller in scale than some of the military units we may have served, but the needs are exactly the same, even identical.

Law enforcement, is a dangerous profession. Each and every action an officer takes has the potential to turn deadly. There really is no such thing as “routine.” Hardly a week goes by that I do not read in my department email of another officer someplace in our country who is now lost in the line of duty. Then there are the officers who reach the breaking point. The tragic fact is that each year more than 200 current or retired officers take their own lives. (These statistics come from the United States, but it’s likely that the demands of this unique profession take a similar toll in other lands.)

Military chaplains are well acquainted with the need for compassionate vigilance in preventing suicides. Skills for intervention are not unknown to us. Sadly, we can never completely eliminate the scourge, but even in the case of a completed suicide, we have something to offer as we employ the training we have received to

assist those left behind. It seems a shame to allow our suicide prevention and intervention training to waste away . . . while lives are being lost.

Recently the law enforcement agency where I serve as a chaplain experienced a terrible loss. On a calm Sunday morning we lost four police officers who were beginning their work day in a neighborhood coffee shop. As you may have read, they were savagely gunned down by a convicted felon whose stated purpose was to execute cops. He had been paroled early by a governor in another state, made his way to Washington, spent time in the county jail, and was back on the street. His ruthless ambush ended the lives of these four officers who took as their sworn duty the protection of people such as you and me.

The Police Department, the city, the entire state, and many across the country were stunned. Shortly after I responded to the call and the gravity of the situation set in, it struck me that I had walked this pathway before. It was during my first active duty assignment in the Air Force chaplaincy. We lost five young security policemen in an aircraft mishap. All of them were members of a squadron for which I was chaplain. Though there may not have been direct similarities in the circumstances or the aftermath, the previous crisis in many ways prepared me for the second. As I ponder the chaplain response to the loss, I recognize I was not privy to all of the offers of assistance that were tendered to the department. I suspect if not in action, in thought many of those chaplains who had discounted my earlier offer would have jumped at the chance to serve. However, like the military, one does not gain entrance during a crisis, one has to “pay the rent” ahead of time in order to be welcomed in the worst of times.

Chaplains, may I say that our extensive exposure to casualties, loss, trauma, stress and burnout, suicide, crisis, not to mention technology and chaplain leadership courses are invaluable assets that we can employ in serving others. Leading military chaplain programs, dealing with families at the loss of loved ones, diverse disaster responses, formal functions during major events, and so much more—all have their counterparts in first responder ministry.

## **A Further Consideration**

Another element to consider is that many members of the emergency services community are former and retired military themselves. Recently I shared a casual conversation with a police officer who, although I knew him fairly well, still held me at arm’s length. He was not unfriendly, just distant. His walls were well intact. When I asked him if he was an 11Bravo (infantry), he responded no, adding that he had been an 11Alpha (infantry officer). When he learned I too was retired military, the walls immediately came down. He shared his military background, some of his frustrations as he commanded a platoon, and other military experiences. I suppose that given the right personality he would connect with any chaplain. Still, there was with him and with others I’ve known, a definite advantage to having worn the uniform. The *esprit de corps* we share with other

military members continues right on into the ranks of the emergency services.

Finally, let me close with this one last observation. As much as I failed to understand the reaction of that group of chaplains that day, I do understand one thing. If you are not called and equipped to sign on to this ministry—do not do so. While there is much camaraderie with other chaplains, appropriate training and resources available, professional groups to join (such as the Federation of Fire Chaplains and the International Conference of Police Chaplains), and opportunities to be close in to events others will only read about—in the end it is all about call!

It is all about hearing the Lord's call to go. It is all about answering as the prophet, "Here am I, send me . . ." Send me to walk with that distant police officer, send me to sit with that emotionally traumatized fire fighter, send me to be present in that unpleasant situation, send me to go even when it stresses one's comfort level. Send me to do that mid-night notification. Send me to mourn with police officers at the loss of one of their own. Send me to sit at the radio with a stressed dispatcher. Send me to that situation that is so very dynamic it defies description. Send me to . . .

It is true most military chaplains who served honorably (not just retirees) can make outstanding emergency response chaplains. But ultimately, it is not about your skills, training, or experiences. It is all about answering God's call to serve those who serve!

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# **Chaplain Edward McKendree Bounds**

## **Civil War Chaplain & Man of Prayer**

**Darrel D. King**

American clergy serving at the outbreak of the Civil War faced a quandary. Should they support the war effort, or remain neutral? If their sympathies did not coincide with the geographic allegiance of the place they were serving, should they relocate to a state aligned with his beliefs? If serving a congregation, should he remain with the civilians or cast his lot with those who were enlisting to defend their respective “Causes?”

Dr. Edward M. Bounds was like most of his peers. He approached the dilemma by seeking God’s leading through prayer. And, when he prayed, he was led to remain a civilian pastor in his Missouri congregation. Although he did not personally support slavery, he offered his prayers for the men who went off to join the Confederate forces, while he remained with their families. Bounds, however, felt called to focus on spiritual concerns rather than political matters.

Six months after the beginning of the war, a Union contingent rode up to the Methodist congregation pastored by Bounds. The only time he had publicly challenged the Union occupation of the state was when they had commandeered churches for military use. He had remained a neutral, and refused to sign the “Oath of Allegiance” initiated by the Lincoln government. Bounds had practiced law before his religious “awakening” and considered the requirement for United States citizens to sign this Oath and post a \$500 bond to be illegal. For that he was beaten and thrown into a federal military prison in Saint Louis. While there he found great joy ministering to Confederate prisoners, despite their abysmal conditions. Even his request to conduct a Christmas service was denied. As 1862 ended, Banishment Order 23 resulted in his expulsion from Missouri for the duration of the war.

### **The Reluctant Warrior Accepts the Call to Combat Service**

That winter Bounds was part of a group of Confederate sympathizers who were transported to Arkansas in a prisoner exchange. He was warned to stay out of Missouri, but walked more than 200 miles to return to his charge. His single-minded mission now was to join the Confederate army and defend his home state. He enlisted in the Third Missouri Infantry and was commissioned as their chaplain. He would serve as a chaplain for the duration of the war, from 7 February 1863 through 28 June 1865.

Bounds' life was saturated with the Word of God. His focus passage was Zechariah 4:6: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." Much of his seminary training focused on prayer—"pray ye therefore . . . (Luke 10:2).

The new chaplain joined the army at Camp Pritchard in Holly Springs, Mississippi. He was offered the rank of captain. As a company commander, he would have a horse to ride on rather than being responsible for carrying a large backpack. He turned the offer down because he was called to be a chaplain and wanted to be with his men. During combat he would be found on the front line, not in the rear echelon. He personally embraced Jesus' call: "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

During the battle at Vicksburg, Bounds found himself in Grand Gulf, Mississippi. There, in a little country church house, God began to move in a dynamic way. He brought soldiers and civilians together, day and night, as chaplains took turns sharing their faith. Food was not readily available, yet the crowds received heavenly 'food' and each person received their daily bread. We read in Matthew how, looking up to heaven, Jesus blessed, broke, and gave the loaves to his disciples who distributed them to the multitude. At Grand Gulf, Chaplain Bounds blessed the food and the revival leaders fed the soldiers and civilians—men, women and children. This was a prime example of his teaching that every Christian is a minister, serving Jesus as the Lord directs. This foundational spiritual truth shaped Bounds' ministry and personal discipline. Throughout his ministry he stressed equipping the believers to do the work of the ministry. This is a fundamental concept echoed by chaplains the world over.

Bounds focused on "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word" (Acts 6:4). He prayed and shared the Word of God, and laymen took care of the business of providing food for the hungry listeners. As a chaplain, Bounds was devoted to equipping people for the ministry, both in word and in action.

The New Testament includes many military allusions. The virtues associated with the devotion of soldiers—steadfastness, sacrifice, and more—bear a direct correlation to the life of the Christian disciple. Throughout his ministry, Bounds possessed a first-hand experience of living under military discipline. His years in combat reinforced his own commitment to prayer.

Paul was acquainted with this kind of praying [Christ's at Gethsemane]. In writing to the Roman Christians, he urges them to pray with him after this fashion: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

The words “strive together with me,” tells of Paul’s praying, and how much he put into it. It is not a docile request, not a little thing, this sort of praying, this “striving with me.” It is of the nature of a great battle, a conflict to win, a great battle to be fought. The praying Christian, as the soldier, fights a life-and-death struggle. His honour, his immortality, and eternal life are all in it.

## **A Prisoner Once Again**

When the horrific battle at Franklin, Tennessee concluded, the Confederate troops were in retreat. Bounds, wounded himself by a cavalry saber blow to the forehead, chose to remain behind with the wounded who were too seriously injured to travel. There he ministered with equal enthusiasm to Confederate and Union soldiers alike. Like the Good Samaritan, when he saw a person in need, he tried to help them. He had compassion on them. Bounds wrapped their wounds with bandages, administered medicine and provided safety and protection from the elements. It did not matter which uniform the soldier wore; every one needed the Word and the dying especially needed to be encouraged to receive Jesus Christ.

This was a period of great need and produced deep conviction for Chaplain Bounds. As he continued to work with the wounded in combat, the civilian population as well recognized in him the Word of God being lived out. Chaplain Bounds did not limit his preaching to the pulpit.

All of the church buildings were used to house the wounded, so chaplains used the pulpits to share their messages. Bounds often used the text of Matthew 5:44, “But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.” As the surrounding community observed Bounds’ actions and heard his words, they responded.

After the tragedy in Franklin, Chaplain Bounds carried a list of all of the men with whom he had served who died. He kept this list and faithfully prayed for the families of these men until his own death in 1913.

## **Returning to Peacetime Ministry**

Following the Civil War, Bounds returned to his pastorate at the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Initially he returned to Franklin, site of the major Confederate defeat. As pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South congregation in Franklin he sought to restore the spiritual health of the city. Later he served congregations in Saint Louis and Nashville, Tennessee. During the final decade of his life he focused on prayer, writing and evangelism. He also served as editor of the *Christian Advocate*. Late in his life, following the 1904-05 Spiritual Awakening, he began writing books on prayer. Amazingly, neither



Bounds nor his books were recognized for their worth until after he died. However, Bounds' books are being published to this very day. And now here in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, pastors, chaplains, seminary students and untold millions know of E.M. Bounds, the prophet of prayer.

Bounds recognized that as important as the War Between the States was, its significance paled when compared to a war waged over the destiny of all humanity. He wrote these words, which remain a challenge and encouragement to all pastors and chaplains who earnestly desire to serve their flock.

It is true that, with little or no praying, there may be popular preaching, pleasant preaching, captivating preaching, intellectual preaching with measure and form for good; but the preaching which secures God's end in preaching must be born of prayer from text to exordium, delivered with the energy and spirit of prayer, followed and made to germinate, and kept in vital force in the hearts of the hearers by the preacher's prayers, long after the occasion has passed.

We may excuse the spiritual poverty of our preaching in many ways, but the true secret will be found in the lack of urgent prayer for God's presence in the power of the Holy Spirit. There are preachers innumerable who can deliver masterful sermons after their order; but the effects are shortlived and do not enter as a factor at all into the regions of the spirit where the fearful war between God and Satan, heaven and hell, is being waged because they are not made powerfully militant and spiritually victorious by prayer.

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# **From the Stockade to a Life of Praise As a United States Army Chaplain**

**Merlin Carothers**

The military chaplaincy is a wonderful place to minister. I considered it an honor to serve the men and women who accepted the call to defend their country and to extend the blessings of freedom to other lands.

Of course, as a combat veteran of World War Two, I had seen chaplains from the other side of the lens as well. As a demolitions expert with the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne I had witnessed chaplains caring for soldiers in the most difficult circumstances of life, and death. The best of them brought hope where there was despair and light where men perceived only the darkness. Not that my military career was stellar. At one point I found myself AWOL and in a stolen car, contemplating armed robbery. Unfortunately (or fortunately) the FBI also found me there. The glorious news is that it was during my subsequent time in the stockade that *God found me*.

I didn't know it at the time, as I served in the foxholes and later as a guard for General Eisenhower, but it was God's plan for me to join their ranks. As a chaplain, God blessed me with the opportunity to use my combat background to share with young soldiers that God truly was present there with them, even in the grimmest of moments. And, amazingly, because of the Lord's presence—they could *praise* God for his faithfulness and love, even when they were afraid.

After nearly twenty years as a chaplain, I “retired” to civilian ministry. A major part of my ministry has been devoted to writing, speaking, and responding to correspondence from military members, patients and prisoners who had been encouraged by God through my modest books. I'm writing this article now to share some lessons learned during my military service. Perhaps they will be of benefit to chaplains serving now and in years to come.

## **Not Every Unbeliever Fears Death**

On my first day in combat, the Commanding Officer saw my record as a Demolition Expert and put me to work making small bombs out of a pile of plastic explosives. The pile was about three feet high, and I pulled up a log and went to work. Another soldier joined me, and I learned that he had been with the unit for many months. While he was telling me about his experiences with the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne, I looked across a field at incoming artillery exploding. The explosions came closer and closer to our position. Out of the corner of my eye I kept watching the other soldier, wondering when he'd give the signal to dive for

cover. He had all the experience, and I was just a green replacement; I wasn't going to chicken out.

The explosions came nearer, and my fear mounted. If one of those rounds landed near us . . . the pile of bombs would make one giant crater.

The other fellow sat there paying no attention to the artillery. I wanted desperately to dive for cover, but I wasn't about to show myself a coward. At last the explosions were on the other side of us. They had missed!

Two days later I discovered why the other soldier had played it so cool. The two of us were walking through a forest known to be heavily mined. I carefully examined the trail for any signs of booby traps, but the other fellow was paying no attention to where he was walking. I finally said, "Why aren't you watching for mines?"

"I hope to step on one," he said. "I'm sick and tired of this rotten mess. I want to die."

From that day I kept as much distance as possible between the two of us!

## **Serving as a Chaplain is a Specific Calling from God**

I was serving a Methodist church in Indiana. I threw myself into the work with all the zeal I could muster, and slowly the three churches in the circuit began to grow. The offerings increased, the attendance grew and my salary went up.

Still I felt a growing restlessness within me. There was a void, an emptiness, almost a boredom. Increasingly, my thoughts were drawn toward the Army chaplaincy. I knew the soldier, his thoughts and temptations. Did God want me to serve the men in uniform? I prayer about it. "I'll go if you want me to go, Lord; I'll stay if you want me to stay . . ."

Gradually the pull toward the Army got stronger. In 1953 I volunteered for the chaplaincy and was accepted. It couldn't have happened if I hadn't received an unsolicited presidential pardon for my earlier crime, due to my military record. God had known that was required, and blessed me in this special way.

After three months at the chaplains' school, I was sent to join the airborne troopers at Fort Campbell, Kentucky.

At the first opportunity, I boarded an airplane and heard the familiar words: "Get ready; stand up; hook up; stand in the door . . . Go!"

I felt the thrust of the wind and the shock as the parachute opened. It still felt like a ten-ton truck hitting me. I was back where I belonged!

## **You Earn Respect by being One of the Troops**

It's exciting to be a chaplain, and it was excitement I'd been looking for. I went everywhere with the men. In the air, on the ground, climbing mountains, going on marches, undergoing physical conditioning. In the billets, offices, on the field or in the mess hall—everywhere I had opportunities to tell men what God wanted to do for them.

I enjoyed every minute of the physical hardships. On jungle-expert training in Panama we all lived in and lived off the fruits of the jungle. The steaming jungle rapidly took its toll, and some men had to be carried out on stretchers. I learned how comfortable it can be to lie in a puddle of mud!

## **Even a Chaplain can be Misled**

From outward appearance all was well. My life was full and exciting and I was doing God's work. Maybe that was part of the problem. *I* was doing God's work. I didn't like to admit it, but I often became too tense when I talked to the men about God's love for them. Converting them was *my* business and I struggled hard.

I didn't see much of that power in my own life, and I desperately longed for it. I wanted to be used of God, and everywhere I looked were people in need. I just didn't have what it took to meet their needs.

A friend gave me a book about an eastern religion claiming to know the method of opening people's minds to the power of God. I began to read everything I could about psychic phenomena, hypnotism, and spiritism, hoping to find a clue to the secret of letting God's Spirit work in and through me.

I continued studying hypnosis with renewed vigor, and got involved in the Spiritual Frontiers movement led by Arthur Ford. Ford had been an ordained Disciples of Christ minister before becoming a prominent clairvoyant. I had heard that many ministers were drawn to the movement he began.

In Arthur Ford's home I saw firsthand evidence of the workings of a spirit world completely separate from our known rational world. I was fascinated.

But was it scriptural? There were pangs of nagging doubts in the back of my mind. The spirits were unquestionably real, but the Bible speaks of spirits other than God's Holy Spirit, and talks about spiritual wickedness in high places (Ephesians 6). The Bible calls these spirits our enemies, Satan's own forces, and warns us to test all spirits to be sure we aren't being manipulated by the enemy. Satan can cleverly counterfeit the work of the Holy Spirit.

I felt reasonably sure that I wasn't getting myself into a blind alley. These spirits, and the people I met in the movement, did, after all, speak very highly of Christ. They certainly recognized him as the Son of God and a great spiritual leader who worked many miracles.

I didn't know I was on dangerous ground. It was like the approaching artillery fire I encountered in combat. Small threat at a distance, but growing greater each moment. Subtly, but surely, I had begun to look at Jesus Christ as someone much like myself. Someone I could be like if I tried hard enough. I had greatly underestimated the powers of the enemy.

My faith had become damaged and seriously undermined, although I didn't know it yet. The change was so subtle. Perhaps the fine line was crossed when I found myself talking about Jesus as teacher and miracle worker and failing to mention that he died on a cross for us, that his blood cleanses us from sin.

I was falling into the trap. My motives were pure; I honestly wanted power to help others overcome their problems and their sicknesses of body and mind. It took an act of God to open my eyes to the error of my ways.

### **Faithful Chaplains Cannot Focus on Promotion**

Oral Roberts visited Fayetteville and thousands came to hear him preach and pray for the sick. I wanted to meet him personally so I found out which local minister would be in charge of the service. I went to see him and volunteered to do anything I could to help.

He was amazed that a Methodist chaplain would want to be involved. He had never been able to get anyone but Pentecostal ministers to assist before. From the opening night, I was on the platform in uniform. I was there next to Oral Roberts as he prayed for the sick, and I saw physical changes take place as bodies were healed! What a tremendous joy.

My chaplain friends began to hint that if I continued appearing in such places and being associated with men like Oral Roberts, I might as well forget about ever "getting anyplace" in the Army chaplaincy. They were probably right, but I'd rather be obedient to God and see his power clearly demonstrated than be seeking the temporal approval of men.

The next week I was casually leafing through a list of chaplains who had been selected for promotion to lieutenant colonel. I hadn't been a major long enough to be considered, but there, on the list, was my name! Later I found that the Army has the authority to promote five percent of its officers before they are eligible under the ordinary rules.

All I could think of was, “Thank you, Lord, for showing me that I can trust you to look after all my needs.”

## **Never Doubt that God is in Control**

A chaplain in another front line unit was killed. My friend, a Southern Baptist minister, was called to take his place immediately. He naturally felt a little apprehensive and came to my office to say goodbye. Hesitantly, he confessed that the ministry through our charismatic prayer group had come to mean a great deal to him. He knelt on the floor with tears flowing. He took my hands and placed them on his head.

“Merlin, please pray for me the way you pray.”

Quietly I began to pray for him and as I prayed he began to be filled with joy and peace. Laughing through tears he told me how all his fears were gone. He was ready to go into the battle lines.

A few weeks later he called me to say that he had been nearly killed in a helicopter accident the first day he arrived in his unit. “Even then I could only feel an overflowing love and trust in Jesus Christ,” he said.

My unit moved north to Chu Lai and joined the Americal Division. We were now in the very thick of the battle along with the Marines. More and more I saw evidences of God’s power protecting his children. When we trust him, no power on earth can touch us unless it is God’s will.

Once I was scheduled to hold a service on a beach for men who were unloading five-hundred-pound bombs. At the last minute I was strongly impressed to cancel the service. At the exact time and place where we would have met, an explosion set off the bombs. If we had gathered there, many of the men would have been killed.

## **Not Everyone Finds Peace through God in the Warzone**

I remember an attractive young army nurse stationed at a hospital in Vietnam where I was a chaplain. The nurse arrived full of life and vitality, but soon her happy smile faded away. She could not bear to see the young soldiers come back from the battlefield badly wounded and in pain. She often came to my office to speak about her feelings.

“How can you say that God loves these men when he lets them suffer so?” she asked me one day.

“It would be easier if you gave your worries and concern for the patients to God and trusted him to help them,” I suggested. “God loves these wounded soldiers far more than you and I are capable of.”

The nurse shook her head. “I can’t, chaplain,” she said. “Maybe someday, but not now. It hurts too much to look at the suffering. I can’t thank God for it now.”

Her visits to the chaplain’s office became less frequent. From the dull expression in her once bright eyes, I began to suspect she was taking pills to fight her depression. She no longer seemed to respond to what was going on around her. She was transferred and I lost track of her.

Years later I received a letter from a state reformatory for women in a Midwestern state.

Dear Chaplain,

I’ve traveled many miles in the wrong direction since I last saw you at the hospital in Vietnam. I seem to have lost the decent part of myself on the way. After Vietnam I couldn’t find peace of mind, and I started to drift.

It all began while I was watching the useless deaths and maiming of young bodies in the hospital. I blamed God for it all, and now I realize that by blaming him I cut myself off from him and destroyed myself. Now I am not able to respond to anything or anyone. I’m just existing in a gray, feelingless void.

I know that God is the answer. I’ve fought it for many years, but now I know. I’ve wanted to write you for some time, but I’ve been ashamed. I remember how good it felt to be able to just talk with you in the chaplain’s office. I didn’t want to accept the answer then. I hope it isn’t too late. Please pray for me.

That young nurse had turned away from the gift that God held out to her. Now she had come to recognize the consequences. But think of all the suffering she must have endured.

## **We Don’t Always See the Whole Picture**

The consequences of our failure to be thankful in the little things are not always apparent to us, but once I was taught a stern lesson.

It was a busy morning in our chaplain’s office at Fort Benning, and everything seemed to go wrong. The senior man in charge had not shown up for work, and none of the others seemed to know what to do. Telephones were ringing, work was piling up, and I began to feel impatient with the man who had not reported

for duty. Of course, my attitude didn't make him arrive, nor did it improve the situation. I grumbled under my breath through most of a miserable day.

The next day the man returned and explained he had gone to the hospital where he was told he had a cancerous growth in his sinus. Overcome at the news, he had gone home to spend the day in bed, not caring if he ever got up again.

I was overwhelmed with remorse. I'd fussed over the insignificant delays at the office, instead of thanking God for the man who was absent. My grumbling had effectively put me out of commission as a channel for God's love and power flowing toward the sick man.

It is important that we learn to respond with trust and praise in all situations, whether or not the consequences are apparent to us. As we learn to push the praise button instead of the panic button, our lives and attitudes are changed, whether the situation confronting us is a dramatic event or a minor irritation.

## **God and His Surprising Plans**

I returned home from Vietnam in 1967 and was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia. Twenty-three years earlier I had left there, a handcuffed prisoner. Now I returned as a chaplain! It was hard to even remember how I had felt so many years earlier.

I was assigned as Brigade Chaplain for the twenty-one Officer Candidate companies and the twenty-one non-commissioned Officer Candidate companies. I was stunned by the opportunity to lead future leaders to faith.

It was an exciting challenge, yet I was ever aware of my own shortcomings. I had come to see God's power and presence in and around me, but I was often a reluctant vessel. I experienced days of discouragement and knew that this was not God's will and plan for me.

Over and over again I found the words in my Bible: "Rejoice! Thank God for everything." I came to learn that trusting and praising God, despite feelings and circumstances that would undermine such praise, is the key to living life to its fullest. I have written much on this subject through the years.

Little did I know what God had in store for me, when I "accidentally" enlisted in the Army. I suspect the same is true for most recruits. Likewise, when I was commissioned to serve as a chaplain, I had little awareness of the adventure that God was set to take me on. Through all of the years—and as my ministry has continued following my retirement—the Lord has been faithful. And I—in uniform and out—have devoted my life to praising him and proclaiming his love for all.



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# On Ministry within the Military

## Missiological Considerations

**Robert Stroud**

The ministry of Christian military chaplains is a mystery to some. How can they offer God’s blessings to the conduct of war when Christianity is a religion of peace? How can they submit themselves to secular military authority since a Christian cannot serve two masters? How can they work side-by-side with clergy of other faiths without compromising the gospel? This article strives to address some of these issues.

The truth is it requires great skill to walk the fine line between faithful proclamation of the gospel and genuine respect for the constitutional rights of all Americans to worship as they please. Facilitating the worship needs of those who do not know Christ is challenging. However, it *can* be accomplished with integrity by those who possess a genuine calling to this unique field of ministry.

While chaplains are absolutely free to proclaim the law and gospel in Christian worship contexts, they must learn to respect the boundaries of other contexts. In the past chaplains sometimes hijacked mandatory formations, proclaiming sectarian messages to these involuntary audiences. Those days are gone. Today chaplains must *earn* a hearing. Like successful missionaries the world over, the chaplains whose ministries bear fruit are those whose compassion for the lost is evident. By being truly present with soldiers, sailors, Marines, airmen and coastguardsmen—and meeting them wherever they might be in their spiritual journey—we till the soil for the day when they will ask what makes us different from chaplains who pursue their own agendas.

Thus it is that the bulk of a chaplain’s ministry is one “of presence.” Being *there*, genuinely engaged with the life and struggles of each military member, either makes or breaks the chaplain. The military is not a refuge for pastors who find the civilian parish too demanding. In fact, I have found that in the military we confront every single circumstance and challenge of the parish, often in more extreme forms. However, the purpose of this reflection is not to lift one field of service above another. Ministry to society’s outcasts, for example, is equally sacred. (Some would argue, even more so.) Each arena of ministry is necessary and consecrated by the calling of the Lord who appoints each of his disciples as he deems best.

### **All Mission Fields are Not Created Equally**

“For the LORD God is a sun and shield; the LORD bestows favor and honor. No good thing does he withhold from those who walk uprightly.” (Psalm 84:11, ESV).

*In Anno Domini 374, a Roman governor in northern Italy rushed to the cathedral where Christians were electing the new Bishop of Milan. The recently deceased bishop was an Arian, and it was no surprise that the selection of his replacement was contentious. The governor, Aurelius Ambrosius, had been raised in an orthodox Christian home and knew violence could easily erupt between the two factions. He had always treated Arians with equity and respect, even though as a Catholic believer he professed the true faith. Upon his arrival at the cathedral, his fluent appeal for peace was interrupted by the shout, “Ambrose, bishop!” The gathering erupted in unanimous acclaim for the much-admired statesman, and the unordained government official was elected to the episcopal office.*

*Initially he attempted to deny his call, pleading that a layman was ill-prepared to discharge the duties of the important position. Eventually, though, Ambrose surrendered to it and embraced the responsibilities wholeheartedly. Within a week he was ordained a priest and consecrated a bishop. Ambrose studied vigorously, and more importantly, he lived a holy life. He became an ascetic and distributed his personal wealth to the poor. A gifted preacher, he was instrumental in the conversion of Aurelius Augustinus of Hippo. Due to his faithfulness to orthodoxy and his selfless service to Christ, Ambrose received great honor . . . something he had never sought.*

While I was serving my seminary internship in the Oklahoma metropolis of Tulsa, an appeal went out, seeking new pastors willing to accept a call to the foreign mission field. There was a shortage of ordained volunteers and growing vacancies. My wife and I, although we had never sensed a “call” to foreign missions, were eager to serve wherever the Lord desired. We immediately contacted the appropriate offices to make ourselves available for such a ministry. We expressed a single requirement. We would eagerly serve *anywhere*, in *any role* (e.g. pastor, church planter, professor, etc.), for *any duration* . . . so long as our children could remain with us.

After considering several quite exciting mission opportunities in Africa and the Pacific, our lack of a call to foreign missions was confirmed as the various doors closed for a variety of reasons. While we were somewhat disappointed at the time that an exotic ministry setting would not be in our future, we drew comfort knowing we would end up serving much closer to our families, which was a deep desire of our hearts.

How does this relate to the theme of this article? Well, chaplains are often likened to those who serve in foreign missions. Many denominations organizationally place their ministries to the military under the broader umbrella of “world

missions.” Occasionally in conversation people even refer to chaplains as missionaries.

Despite this, and independent of the distinctive challenges between the two fields of ministry, there exists a major difference between them. Those who serve in military uniforms receive far more than their share of any *honor* that may be due those who accept a call to serve in missions. While our civilian counterparts are not *intentionally* short-changed in this regard, the fact remains that most American churches do an exceptional job of showing their gratitude to clergy who have served as military chaplains. Even our nation’s secular society extends a similar appreciation to military chaplains . . . without offering the slightest thought to the sacrifices made by civilian missionaries who improve the lives of people throughout the world.

As a chaplain, I appreciate the abundant affirmation poured into our cups to the point where they literally overflow. At times, the love of our churches for their chaplains can almost seem excessive. I am proud to have received the bronze Saint Martin of Tours award, which my own denomination created to honor exceptional chaplaincy ministry. Yet I am curious as to what similar visible expressions of our gratitude exist for our civilian counterparts.

If I am correct about this unintentional disparity in how the church’s civilian and military missionaries are regarded, it is something that should be rectified. The solution would not, of course, be to deny expressions of affection and approval currently offered to chaplains. On the contrary, the church might continue to explore more effective means of uplifting and praising each member of all of our missionary families.

The irony of this existing inequity is two-fold. First, although it could be argued, I am strongly persuaded the typical civilian missionary family makes greater sacrifices than their military counterpart. The quality of residences, healthcare, educational opportunities, salaries, and even safety itself would often favor the members who follow the military path.

Second, no *true* missionary answers their call with the goal of receiving any earthly honor. So, in that sense, the entire matter is moot. Like their brother Ambrose, they simply hear the voice of the Good Shepherd and heed his call. Nevertheless, as a retired military chaplain, I gladly raise my voice in the hope that we may uncover dynamic new ways to extend to our civilian missionaries the honor they truly deserve.

## **Understanding that Christians Can Serve in the Military**

“Soldiers also asked [John the Baptist], ‘And we, what shall we do?’ And he said to them, ‘Do not extort money from anyone by threats or by false accusation, and be content with your wages.’” (Luke 3:14, ESV).

*The unthinkable happened in Anno Domini 410. The city of Rome fell to Visigoth barbarians, and European civilization received a catastrophic blow from which it could not fully recover. During this crisis Aurelius Augustinus served as bishop of Hippo, across the Mediterranean. The consequences of the collapse of the western Roman empire would greatly influence the course of his subsequent ministry.*

*Like most Christian theologians, Augustine argued that disciples of Jesus should live their personal lives guided by a pacifist worldview. However, he also recognized the utter necessity of a military to maintain order and protect the lives of innocent civilians. Thus he became the pivotal person in the development of Just War theology, which has served the Church well as we await the parousia.*

*Augustine composed a profound letter to a Roman military commander named Boniface. The bishop urged him to recognize his service in resisting the barbarian invasion as sad but necessary. Augustine invoked the Beatitude “Blessed are the peacemakers” and applied it to honorable soldiers who strove to restore the peace shattered by the invasion.*

*Do not think that it is impossible for anyone to please God while engaged in active military service. Among such persons was holy David, to whom God gave so great a testimony; among them also were many righteous men of that time; among them was also that centurion who said to the Lord: “I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof, but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.”*

*They occupy indeed a higher place before God who, abandoning all these secular employments, serve Him with the strictest chastity; but “every one,” as the apostle says, “hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that.” Some, then, in praying for you, fight against your invisible enemies; you, in fighting for them, contend against the barbarians, their visible enemies.*

*Think, then, of this first of all, when you are arming for the battle, that even your bodily strength is a gift of God . . . Peace should be the object of your desire; war should be waged only as a necessity, and waged*

*only that God may by it deliver men from the necessity and preserve them in peace. For peace is not sought in order to kindle war, but war is waged in order that peace may be obtained. Therefore, even in waging war, cherish the spirit of a peacemaker, that, by conquering those whom you attack, you may lead them back to the advantages of peace; for our Lord says: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."*

I was stationed in England when the Berlin Wall fell. Having learned in my youth to take refuge from nuclear attack under the sturdy shelter of my school desk, I was amazed to witness the swift collapse of the Communist hegemony. The Soviet Union's rapid disintegration revealed our shockingly absolute victory in the Cold War. What a glorious time that was for the democracies of the world, courageously led by the United States. The barbarians who had for so long pounded at the gates in Eastern Europe were shattered, and the liberated masses were savoring freedom.

This was an era in which the purpose of the military was absolutely achieved, while avoiding a major military confrontation. If there was ever a time to celebrate deterrence and peacemaking through strength, it was then. However, at our installation we had one chaplain who did not consider this peaceful transition sufficient. He was a Roman Catholic priest, Irish by nationality, and a classical "pacifist." He not only abhorred war (as we all should); he also condemned nearly everything associated with the military method of avoiding war. As odd as it may sound, the majority of his sermons gave voice to his profound distrust of the armed forces. Naturally, this barrage of disapproval about their vocation troubled many members of his parish. Fortunately for them we were stationed in a kingdom where English was the mother tongue . . . and many of them exercised their freedom to worship off base.

While chaplains are free to preach as they feel led, I found it perplexing that a pacifist would seek out a military pulpit from which to question military service itself. It is certainly conceivable that a member of the clergy representing a denomination within the Just War tradition could experience a personal "conversion" to pacifism. However, in such cases one would anticipate they might subsequently begin the process (amazingly simple for chaplains) of separating from the armed forces.

Clergy in uniform are free to speak on moral issues, but wise to avoid political matters. In fact, there are definitive guidelines to ensure an apolitical position when speaking as a representative of the military (e.g. in uniform). Naturally there are cases where these two aspects overlap. And strident secularists, if they had their way, would purge the moral/religious voice completely from the public forum.

In order to serve in the unique vocation of military chaplaincy, common sense suggests the successful candidate will possess respect for those who pursue the profession of arms. This is not to demand a politically militaristic or psychologically martial identity, of course. Nevertheless, there are in the ranks of chaplains some individuals who might be more true to their character by laying aside the Psalter and taking up an XM25, the Army's newest Counter Defilade Target Engagement System.

The requirement is to remain balanced. While chaplains should not be undermining the morale of the troops by speaking ill of the military profession, neither should they be offering the institution a *carte blanche* to run amuck without being held to account. While that is unlikely in a western democracy, as advocates for those with the faintest voices, chaplains cannot afford to be associated too closely with the disciplinary authority of the chain of command.

And, God forbid that a chaplain succumbs to the temptation to become a “court prophet” who merely prophesies whatever their master desires to hear. Tickling their ears with words like “victory” even in the face of God’s judgment, the fate of these lying clergy is clearly seen in the prophecies of Jeremiah:

For the house of Israel and the house of Judah have been utterly treacherous to me, declares the LORD. They have spoken falsely of the LORD and have said, “He will do nothing; no disaster will come upon us, nor shall we see sword or famine.” The prophets will become wind; the word is not in them. Thus shall it be done to them! (Jeremiah 5:11-13, ESV).

For Martin Luther, military service was fully justified because it was by means of war that there exists the possibility of peace. In *Whether Soldiers Too Can Be Saved* he writes “if the sword were not on guard to preserve peace, everything in the world must go to ruin because of a lack of peace. Therefore, such a war is only a little, brief lack of peace that prevents an everlasting and immeasurable lack of peace, a small misfortune that prevents a great misfortune.”

So, the chaplain is required to maintain a biblical balance in terms of loyalty to the state and faithfulness to their holy vocation. And we possess a fine example in Augustine. We echo his prayer that we must “even in waging war, cherish the spirit of a peacemaker.”

## **The Patronage System Military-Style**

“For there is one God, and there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself as a ransom for all . . .” (1 Timothy 2:5-6, ESV).

*North Africa gave the Church many of its greatest saints during the centuries immediately following our Lord's incarnation.*

*Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus was a successful orator when he converted as an adult to the Christian faith. Befitting his position as a wealthy and well-educated Roman, upon his conversion he distributed a sizable portion of his wealth to the poor. In the Roman world providing for the needs of those with less wealth and influence was a function of the patron-client relationship. Developing in the Mediterranean world, the Church was naturally influenced by this social practice. However, it was the Judaic tradition of concern for the poor and the teachings of Jesus and the apostles which shaped the faith's compassion for the poor.*

*Cyprian did not seek the office of bishop, but the common folk of the city loved him. Some clergy felt threatened by his learning and status and they found an opportunity to challenge his leadership when he left Carthage during a persecution in A.D. 250. Although Cyprian declared he had fled in obedience to a vision from God, and he continued to administer his responsibilities from hiding, his critics accused him of cowardice. Upon the conclusion of the persecution, Cyprian returned to his see and engaged in a controversy with those who wished to readmit all of the lapsed believers to the church without serious penance. Cyprian stood on the side of the majority of African clergy, as well as the church in Rome. He required genuine repentance and for the most severe cases, a delay of the reception of the eucharist until the end of their lives.*

*Five years after Decius' persecution, Valerian I renewed the tribulations. This time Cyprian was exiled for a season before returning to Carthage where he was martyred.*

*Contemporary scholarship has explored the developing ecclesiastical structure during his life and examined the implications of patronage as it influences the formation of a supportive constituency within the priesthood of a given area. In Religion and authority in Roman Carthage from Augustus to Constantine J.B. Rives likens the actions of Cyprian to those of a Roman provincial governor. As the ordination of presbyters is the domain of the bishop, it is only logical that those who receive priestly orders under a given bishop might possess unique attachments, not unlike that of historic Roman patrons and clients. Likewise, the favored subordinates of a bishop frequently enjoy a privileged status when it comes to appointments.*

Over the years, I've laid aside my idealistic blinders and become a realist. Realists, of course, are perceived by optimists as cynics. Thus it is that I can accept the misunderstanding that I am rather cynical . . . but that in no way contradicts the fact that when I was ordained, I was *extremely* optimistic and



irrationally naïve. It took several years of assisting traveling panhandlers for me to fully comprehend not everyone is basically honest. I routinely fell for stories I later learned were common cons. As a consequence of my own unbridled honesty it truly took that long to come to grips with the fact we live in a world populated by *dishonest* people.

The reason for this biographical note is to relate that my naïveté persisted even after I became a chaplain. I assumed that a person's "yes" meant "yes." One example of my ignorance came when I was asked by a line office "Who's your patron?" I fully understood what he meant. The patronage system in which senior officers groom their selected younger officers for future stars is a firmly entrenched military tradition. Many would argue that this pre-selection for promotion is good, primarily due to the conscious mentoring that becomes one of its core elements.

However, knowing that this inherently reeks of unequal treatment, and invites the grossest expressions of personal prejudice, I knew there was no place for patronage in the chaplaincy system. I earnestly blurted out, "oh, we don't do that in the Chaplain Service." I said that sincerely. Oh how blissfully ignorant I was.

I am unsure how civilian ministers might be encumbered by a similar system. I assume being the favorites of bishops, superintendents, district presidents and the like would be a parallel. In any case, I *do* recognize some of the negative consequences arising from the patronage system among chaplains.

Benefits such as the aforementioned mentoring aside, the dangers are serious. Even the selective mentoring aid itself suggests an unjust structure in which not all participants possess equal access and opportunities. However, that is just the beginning of my concerns. Several possible consequences include: the enticement to pander to senior chaplains in the hopes of securing a sponsor, the temptation to become more focused on the progression of one's career than on serving God's children, and the possibility of becoming discouraged or disgruntled when a junior chaplain does not experience this anointing by a senior patron.

Lest anyone misinterpret my criticism of the patronage tradition as a consequence of not personally receiving its benefits, I must make it clear that I did in fact benefit from the personal support of several senior chaplaincy leaders. That fact, however, does not dispel my wish that my ignorant statement about its nonexistence were true. The patronage dilemma—based by definition upon favoritism—is a beast with which missionaries in the military must grapple. Some will triumph over it; others will be trampled by it; still others will surrender to its siren call and be devoured by it.

We must never forget that as children of God, each of us requires only one Patron—that unique Advocate who takes upon himself our failings and replaces them with a pristine garment cleansed in his purifying blood.

## A Case Where Silver is Deemed Better than Gold

“[Jesus] asked them, ‘What were you discussing on the way?’ But they kept silent, for on the way they had argued with one another about who was the greatest. . . . And he said to them, ‘If anyone would be first, he must be last of all and servant of all.’” (Mark 9:33-35, ESV).

*The See of Saint Peter has known numerous controversies. Callixtus I experienced various setbacks early in life, but was elected bishop in Anno Domini in 217 . . . and later canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. After being released from the Sardinian mines, he recuperated in Rome and found himself in the right place at the proper moment to succeed his mentor, Zephyrinus I.*

*Both of these popes found a nemesis in Rome’s leading theologian, Hippolytus. He charged both of the men with a murky Christology, specifically Monarchianism or Modalism. He also condemned Callixtus’ lax standards for restoring those guilty of serious sin, to the sacrament of the altar. Apparently, the pope approached ethical issues such as contraception, abortion, and the remarriage of clergy in a liberal manner. (It’s noteworthy that across the Mediterranean, Tertullian echoed the criticisms of Hippolytus.)*

*Due to Callixtus’ shortcomings, Hippolytus allowed himself to be elevated as an alternative bishop. He became the first of what the Roman Catholic Church refers to as “antipopes.” After criticizing the next two bishops, a persecution found Hippolytus exiled to the mines alongside Bishop Pontianus. Both men died as martyrs in Sardinia. Reconciled during his imprisonment, the Church was able to reclaim the brilliant work of Hippolytus. Although most of his works have not survived, he wrote extensively on a wide range of theological and historical subjects.*

Throughout my career I tirelessly voiced a message that found little affirmation among my peers. I argued that the addition of military rank to our uniforms actually provided a net loss to our influence. Whereas we now fit in more uniformly with our military colleagues, we did so at a loss to our unique identity. Formerly we had been “in but not of” the military system. Now we possess two insignia—our rank and our religious emblems—which vie for influence in our ministry.

Case in point, there is a single occasion when an Air Force chaplain possesses the authority to make a personal choice between wearing the two. When wearing a camouflaged uniform, it is left to the discretion of a chaplain as to which insignia should crown their head, so to speak. I always advocated wearing a cross, “since that is the first place a fellow military member looks and it is far more important

to be introduced to them by our identity rather than our rank.” Unfortunately, even some of my own subordinates yielded to the example of other, more senior, chaplains who opted for the rank.

One night I was walking with my boss as we visited campsites for teams who had come to Guam for a deployment competition. He was of the camp that rank is a perk for which we work, and that we already wore a cross over our hearts anyway . . . so people could figure out that we were chaplains. I pointed out that we already wore our rank on both collar tabs, and that it was the cap to which individuals first looked.

As we approached the first camp fire, the troops surrounding it peered at us as we approached in the darkness. When they could make out the insignia, the senior NCO said with obvious relief and welcome, “Hello chaplain!” And in the next breath with a rising tension in his throat he awkwardly added, “Oh, and hello colonel!” What had begun as a cordial reception immediately became a potentially uncomfortable one, and even after we clarified that we were both chaplains, the initial awkwardness persisted. I looked at my supervisor hoping he had recognized what had just happened.

During the better part of my own nation’s history, chaplains did not wear military rank. They were considered to be officers and members of the commander’s direct staff. But they were clearly distinguished from their fellow officers and regarded first and foremost as clergy who were present to serve the needs of the soldiers, sailors and Marines. (The Air Force only being born in relatively recent history.)

Are chaplains clergy, or are they military officers? The answer, of course, is that they are both. However, since perfect balance would be a subjective matter, the simple fact is that chaplains lean in one or the other direction. In essence, they either find their primary identity in their religious vocation or in their military profession. If the latter is dominant, then promotion becomes a major concern. Exchanging the gold bar for a silver one, and eventually replacing that with a pair of bars, marks the successful transition of a chaplain through the “company grade” ranks.

This system generates tremendous angst and disappointment. Those who fail to exchange their captain’s bars for the bronze oak leaf of a major are not only disappointed, many are actually *forced to leave* active duty. It’s crassly called the “up or out” system. Once attained, the longing for the bronze leaf gives way to a yearning for a silver one. And should an individual be fortunate enough to become a lieutenant colonel or commander, they are confronted with the true hurdle. Can they exchange their leafy trinkets for the respected eagle, the emblem of the Navy captain or the “full” (read “real”) colonel of the Air Force, Army and Marine Corps? The epitome for virtually all chaplains is to attain an eagle, along with the prestige and special parking spaces that accompany the honor.

The irony is that no matter how high one rises, there is always the promotion they did not achieve. After all, there can only be one Chief of Chaplains (per service) at any given time. And God have mercy on those men and women who deem themselves the very best candidates for the two star pinnacle of the corps, but fail to attain it.

Whatever one's rank, that rank is not the determiner of their character. There have been many senior chaplains who never succumbed to the temptation to find their validation in their litany of promotions. Likewise, there are some vain chaplains who do not advance far in terms of rank, but still attempt to lord it over all who fall within the small orbit of their power.

The question is not actually how much rank a chaplain has; it is about the way chaplains balance their identity. Am I a pastor first, or an officer first? One must take precedence. As our Lord said, "No one can serve two masters . . ." (Matthew 6:24, ESV).

I have occasionally pondered the possibility of writing a satire about the chaplaincy similar to the entertaining *How to Become a Bishop Without Being Religious*. After guiding the aspiring novice through the proper decisions throughout their career, the author of that satire addresses the question of humility in the final chapter which is fittingly called "The Final Lap."

What you must aim for, then, is a convincing pose which projects the image of competence, success, mastery of your profession, etc., but which is diluted by a magnum or two of modesty. The church fathers, even those notably short on it themselves, have always been strong for the virtue of humility. Since it is widely recognized that mediocrities and failures have no need of humility, it is a grace reserved for winners. The fact that you possess it is a public proclamation that you have outdistanced the herd which began the race. So when you pour on the coal for the last lap, begin by cultivating this cardinal Christian virtue.

So that you will not stumble in the home stretch, the author has formulated an easily-remembered equation which we shall call the Humility-Ability Balance. If you will commit it to memory you will not fail to balance any observable mark of ability, success, superiority or extraordinary competence with enough humility to take the curse off it, spare the sensibilities of your less-fortunate and less-gifted peers, and clinch your image as an unusually successful practitioner of the ecclesiastical arts and at the same time an enormously modest man.

Oh for the days when all who looked upon us saw us first, last, and always, as chaplains.

## Hither or Yonder, Proclaiming the Gospel Faithfully

“For the time is coming when people will not endure sound teaching, but having itching ears they will accumulate for themselves teachers to suit their own passions, and will turn away from listening to the truth and wander off into myths.” (2 Timothy 4:3-4, ESV).

*Athanasius was a courageous bishop who served in Alexandria, Egypt during a turbulent era. The teachings of another Egyptian presbyter named Arius had called into question the divinity of Jesus. Following the death of Constantine I, who had convened the First Ecumenical Council which approved the initial version of the Nicene Creed, Constantius II ascended the throne. He was a sympathizer of Arian, and no friend to Athanasius. The bishop was exiled and threatened with execution should he seek to return to his episcopal see. Eventually Constantius’ brother Constans, who ruled the western portion of the empire, prevailed upon him to allow Athanasius’ return.*

*His restoration was celebrated by the majority of Egyptians, but upon Constans’ untimely death, the sole emperor reinstated Athanasius’ exile. Eleven years passed before Constantius’ own death allowed Athanasius to return to his duties. Julian the Apostate, however, desired the demise of Christianity and when he assumed the imperial robes he once again exiled the saint. Following Julian’s death he returned from his exile in Upper Egypt. After being left in peace during the brief, eight month reign of Jovian, he suffered another sentence of exile from the subsequent ruler, Valens, who again favored the Arians.*

*Fortunately, during this final separation from his flock, the aging bishop only traveled to the outskirts of Alexandria itself, and after a few months Valens was persuaded to allow him to return to his office.*

Early in my career, I spoke with a senior chaplain about a mutual acquaintance who had been promoted to major. “Do you really think he should have been promoted?” asked my Command Chaplain. Taken aback, I responded, “yes.” The colonel said he questioned the leadership talents of the individual and his ultimate role in the chaplaincy. I said that even if he did not display a strong ability to lead other chaplains, he genuinely cared about airmen. “And,” I added, “if there isn’t room for chaplains who simply had a pastor’s heart to serve out a full career in a tactical unit context, then that was a sad state of affairs.”

In the eyes of the military, not all assignments are deemed equal. They might be grouped into several categories. The subjective groupings are not static; unique

circumstances such as the introduction of new weapon systems can transform one “backwater” location into a dynamic setting for ministry. The relative hardships of respective contexts is not a major factor in determining the professional “desirability” of a given assignment. While the institution would likely object that this sort of distinction exists, I believe most candid observers would acknowledge some version of the following:

1. Top-tier assignments – with high visibility for senior chaplaincy and line officer attention. These would include operational (as contrasted with staff) combat zone roles, formal Professional Military Education courses which are often reserved for those being groomed for promotion, and jobs at high tempo operational bases with important missions.
2. Mid-tier assignments – where most chaplains faithfully serve out their careers and even the anointed frequently need to “pay their dues” at different points in their career. These would include the majority of duties a chaplain performs during their career. They would be represented by many bases with training or logistical focuses (in contrast to more “operational” missions).
3. Other assignments – where billets need to be filled but few wish to go. These would include many small locations that fly below the radar, providing little visibility to senior leadership, and remote tours where even peacetime requirements require lengthy separations from loved ones.
4. Punitive assignments – where a specific chaplain is singled out for duties that superiors think will be unpalatable to them. It is, of course, arguable that this category exists, but the fact is that when the institution wishes to encourage a chaplain to consider retirement, they are commonly offered a less than desirable assignment. While one individual’s worst location might be a gem to another, these assignments may include moving to a location especially far from one’s family or a sort of informal demotion from a leadership role to a secondary position under an individual of the same rank.

Each branch has its own career path for optimizing promotion and continued progression. Usually these involve occupying high visibility jobs, and balancing out “regular” chaplain work such as pastoral care with “staff” positions that emphasize administrative skills. In a word though, “promotable” assignments essentially translate into “highly visible” duty stations.

Certain locations gain reputations as “dumping grounds” for less-than-stellar chaplains. Often these reputations are undeserved. However, I was privy to a conversation at one major Air Force installation where the wing commander was deeply concerned about his base becoming sort of a holding place for chaplains who were not perceived as being in the top half of their year group. He was adamant that the Chaplain Service provide him with evidence that his

replacements that particular year were among the best available. On this occasion the commander got what he demanded.

However, one can sympathize with the predicament of senior chaplaincy leaders. They have to find an assignment for everyone on the roster, not just the premier chaplains. Chaplaincies have their share of lazy, confused, hypocritical and angry personnel whose failings fall short of grounds for dismissal from the ranks. They must find assignments for all of these. At best, they go to a spot where they have access to either helpful training or to a mentor who can draw out the best from them.

If the military desires to send a message they can follow the example of Athanasius' exiles, sending those out of favor to the farthest reaches of the realm. The choice of settings available to contemporary chaplaincies rivals anything available to the emperors of Rome, from the life-starved deserts of the southwest to the freezing winds of the remotest Aleutians.

Into this cynical context breaks the gospel truth. Wherever we go, *there are people to be served*. Indeed, it is frequently in the most isolated or forgotten fields that the most rewarding ministry takes place. The healthiest chaplains are those who do not bemoan the fact they have been overlooked for the prime assignments. Instead, they focus on the task at hand, loving and proclaiming the good news to women and men with whom they serve. To begin to understand the deep *privilege* of serving even far from the limelight where accolades are few, is to grow in our own spiritual maturity. Is it not better, after all, to store up our treasures in heaven? This is, of course, a lesson well recognized by the civilian clergy of the church who often faithfully labor in small but vital fields that are rarely recognized and affirmed.

While most Chiefs of Chaplains and the members of their staffs have been leaders of integrity, they are not infallible. Some chaplains have been deeply discouraged by the arbitrary course of their own careers and the favoritism they perceive in the case of others. Yet joy and purpose invariably come when we focus instead on the needs of the precious individuals with whom we serve. Jesus died for these. When we grasp that truth, even what some in authority may have intended for ill, is used by God for good.

## The *Esprit de Corps* of Comrades in Arms

I have thought it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus my brother and fellow worker and fellow soldier . . . Indeed he was ill, near to death. But God had mercy on him, and not only on him but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow. . . . receive him in the Lord with all joy, and honor such men, for he nearly died for the work of Christ . . .” (Philippians 2:25-30, ESV).

*The persecution of Christians raged into the dawn of the fourth century, until Constantine’s ascension to the throne. Believers serving in the military were particularly vulnerable, as they faced formal ceremonies where it was all but impossible to avoid sacrificing to the genius of the emperor. In the first decade of the century, a young recruit named Theodori Tironis serving in the legions of Galerius and Maximian was arrested for declining to make these sacrifices on account of his faith in Jesus.*

*Fortunately for him, there were those in his chain of command who were beneficently inclined towards the young soldier, and who extended him a stay of the required sentence of death, so that he might reconsider his rash decision. They pitied him due to his youth; they thought they could persuade him to be pragmatic and acknowledge that a pantheon of only a single god was foolish as well as dangerous. It is quite logical to imagine that battle-scarred veterans of Rome’s war would be offered by their leaders (whenever politically possible) an opportunity to recant. Good soldiers are precious commodities. In recognition of their former service there would be those in the military hierarchy who much preferred persuading their comrades to become apostates rather than corpses.*

*As for young Theodori, he used his temporary freedom not to ponder apostasy, but to perform a public deed which clearly revealed his loyalties. He set fire to the Temple of Cybele in Amasea. While modern sensibilities may be uncomfortable with his arson, the soldier left no room for confusion about his position. Convinced of his resoluteness, on 17 February 306 the authorities had him lashed to a stake and burned to death.*

My father joined the Marine Corps at the age of seventeen. Although he barely missed the Second World War, he served in Korea and Vietnam before retiring as a sergeant major. He was only able to share in a single military ceremony during my career. I happened to be stationed only five hours from home when I pinned on lieutenant colonel, and he was delighted to participate in the event.

Since he likes his “personal space” even when traveling, he had me reserve a room for him in military lodging. Due to his distinguished rank he secured a VIP



room far nicer than any I stayed in during my military career. When helping him check into the room I said to the very young lady working the counter that the grizzled veteran before her was a Marine Corps sergeant major. A smile burst across her face and she shouted “I’m a Marine too! Semper Fi!” It turned out that she had served a stint in the Corps and as they say, once a Marine always a Marine. Still, the picture of the two Marines separated by two generations was both peculiar and poignant.

Everyone who has been fortunate to have served in any branch of the armed forces has something no one can steal from them—a sense of camaraderie replicated nowhere else. Whenever we encounter other veterans, there is an immediate bond. Numerous military organizations such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion attest to the impulse to remain connected to one another. Many veterans also belong to smaller groups associated with individual units or ships, and some attend reunions religiously.

Even though we chaplains are the only absolute noncombatants in the armed forces, we are welcomed fully into the military family. And the intensity of this *esprit de corps* correlates directly to the hardship or isolation encountered by our shared experiences. A pastor who has prayed with military members in foxholes or on combat flightlines or decks has forged bonds with his charges that will last a lifetime.

It is similar to the affection and communion of spirit experienced by civilian pastors with the members of their congregations with whom they have shared intense joy and tragedy (especially the latter). It is similar, but it is not the same. The utter immersion in the same military culture for years or decades leaves a deep imprint on those who have served. And externals—like the privilege of still saluting the flag during the national anthem rather than holding our hand over our heart—do not begin to reveal the depth of the camaraderie that chaplains savor.

## **In Closing**

Some of the comments made above would be challenged by other chaplains. Certainly their personal experiences differed from my own. And their evaluation of the chaplaincy would doubtless highlight many other valid impressions. Still, I believe the majority of chaplains—especially those who served faithfully in unseen settings with modest recognition—will concur with the majority of what I have written. To have served honorably as a veteran is something of which any person can rightfully be proud. But to have served faithfully as a shepherd of God’s people is something of far greater magnitude. To have been graced to combine the two, is a rare blessing.

*Robert C. Stroud is a member of the Ministry to the Armed Forces committee of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. Following his retirement from the Air Force Chaplain Corps he joined the staff of ACCTS which provides training for military chaplains from foreign nations. A shorter version of these reflections appeared in Missio Apostolica.*

## † Editorials †

In the absence of submissions to this section of the journal for the current issue, we have recovered some timely columns from the past. Each of the following issues were of consequence in centuries past. They remain significant matters in our own day.

The format consists of introductory material from your editor, citation of the source of the editorial, and the text itself.

## Rejecting Attacks on National Loyalty

The United States of America is a country of immigrants. As such perhaps it is expectable that loyalties have sometimes been questioned when the nation wars with countries whose former citizens now reside here. Sometimes these accusations have remained verbal. At others, most notably with the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II, the suspicions have resulted in various levels of persecution.

German Americans experienced this distrust twice during the twentieth century. After all, their ancestral homeland was the main antagonist to world peace. If your surname was Schmidt or the like, some of your fellow citizens might give you brief pause upon meeting you—especially if you had an accent. Coincidentally, as a visible sign of their patriotism, it was during the World War I that the presence of American flags became much more common in Lutheran sanctuaries throughout the country.

Today strident voices question and defend the loyalty of Americans who follow Islam. In what has been called a “clash of civilizations,” there are those who claim that some minority of Muslims offer a higher allegiance to foreign Islamic regimes or concepts such as sharia law than they do to the secular nation of which they are a citizen. One alleged evidence of this is the recruitment of Americans to terrorist organizations in Yemen and elsewhere.

Thus, the themes addressed in the editorial below remain relevant a century after it was written.

*Augustana Journal* 27 (1919): 276, 285-86.

Originally appearing in:

*The Lutheran Companion* 27.21 (24 May 1919): 276.

*The Lutheran Companion* 27.22 (31 May 1919): 285-86

### Use the Press

Some time ago the following slanderous misrepresentation of the National Lutheran Council’s reconstruction program and of the Lutheran Church was reprinted in a daily paper in one of the leading cities of our land. The article was taken from the bulletin of The Friends of German Democracy:

#### Why Not Begin at Home?

The Lutheran National Council of America plans to collect \$500,000—for reconstruction. Of this amount \$370,000 is set aside for overseas, for the churches in France, in Finland, in Esthonia [sic] which have suffered severely through the war.

American Lutherans, of whom there are 2,500,000, are taking the position that from now on the leadership in all things Lutheran belongs to America and no longer to Germany.

Absolute separation of church and state is to us sacred; it is one of the fundamental principles of true democracy. But when a church takes issue on questions of state and leaves strictly religious territory the question might, as in this case, be asked: Why not begin reconstruction at home? Eminent Lutherans may speak, talk, protest ever so convincingly, but public opinion of America is firm in the belief that certain German-speaking Lutheran churches (exceptions only prove the rule) have given support to imperial, now defeated, Germany during the years of war. A number of preachers are interned and convicted—the American public demands no stronger proof. Would it therefore not be prudence and good policy to begin reconstruction at home?

This article was sent to the office of the National Lutheran Council by one of the Lutheran pastors of the city alluded to with a request that an answer be sent to the editor of the paper. Owing to a faulty address it took a long time for the letter to reach our office. Nevertheless we sent the following reply to the editor of the paper and a copy of the same to the pastor. We urged the latter to call on the editor of the paper together with some of the other Lutheran pastors of the city and demand the publication of the article in case it did not appear within a reasonable time. So far we have not heard what happened to the reply.

“In your issue of the 26<sup>th</sup> of February, you have an article with reference to the reconstruction program of the National Lutheran Council under the heading ‘Why not begin at home?’ This article contains some statements concerning the Lutheran Church in America which should not be permitted to stand uncorrected in a self-respecting publication. I therefore ask you to publish this letter.

“The Lutheran Church considers the separation of church and state as a sacred and fundamental principle of true democracy. No church is as clear on this subject as the Lutheran. The program of the National Lutheran Council for reconstruction work in the war-torn countries of Europe is in no sense a departure from this principle. Its purpose and desire is to help the churches that have suffered severely through the war to work for the true spiritual welfare of their people and to exert the greatest influence for righteousness and peace. Where the state churches have been disestablished, the free Lutheran Church of America should be able to render assistance especially because of its firm belief in the separation of state and church.

“The article in question also supports the false opinion that has gone abroad that the Lutheran Church has not only been pro-German during the past war, but that it has even given support to Germany. Indeed the article guards itself by saying that this applies to certain German-speaking churches. But it also says that

exceptions only prove the rule, and thereby causes the impression that proGermanism was general in the Lutheran Church.

“This is malicious slander. The Lutheran Church is just as much an American Church as any other. Three years before the Pilgrim fathers set foot on American soil, the Lutheran Church was in North America. Two years before the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock, there were Lutherans on Manhattan Island. Had it not been for Benjamin Franklin and the Lutherans in Pennsylvania, the combination of the United Colonies into the United States would have been impossible. The Liberty Bell was rung by a Lutheran in 1776, and the first speaker in the House of Representatives was a Lutheran. So much for the beginning of Lutheranism in America. The Lutheran Church in the United States to-day has fully 2,500,000 adult members and nearly 10,000 pastors. It has always stood for absolute loyalty to the government of the United States, and its people have always been willing and ready to shed their blood for the nation’s principles. There were over 215,000 Lutherans in the Army and Navy of our country during the past great war. Wonder if any other church has a better record?

“Less than a week after Congress declared war on the imperial German government, the presidents of what is now the United Lutheran Church in America sent forth an appeal in which they called upon and requested the members of the church to affirm by word and act, as they have ever done, their loyalty to the president and congress of the United States; they further recommended that the congregations form Red Cross chapters in their communities and that they offer up prayers that the war might end in honor to our country. Innumerable similar resolutions and appeals might be quoted, though this is superfluous in view of the record of the church.

“During the war the Lutheran Church furnished eighty-one chaplains to the Army and Navy. One hundred others were ready to enter the service when the armistice was signed. According to the records of the Adjutant General’s Office not one of these has been court-martialed for disloyalty, though a statement to the contrary has found room in many of our newspapers. The rank and file of the pastors of the church have been unqualifiedly loyal to our country. If ‘a number of preachers are interned and convicted,’ as your article states, it should be possible to produce their names and addresses. Although the statement was made before the subcommittee of the United States Senate that investigated the German propaganda, that several Lutheran pastors were doing time in Atlanta, convicted under the Espionage Act, there are absolutely no Lutheran pastors confined in the Federal Prison at Atlanta. If any Lutheran pastors have been convicted under the Espionage Act, they have been German sympathizers in spite of the fact that *no true Lutheran can be disloyal to his government*, and it is not right to blame the Lutheran Church for this any more than it is right to blame the Catholic Church because the only army chaplain convicted for disloyalty happens to be a Catholic.

“The records of the United States Treasury Department will show that the Lutheran Church has supported the Liberty Loan and War Savings campaigns most liberally. The same is true with reference to the Red Cross and general welfare work. Nevertheless the Lutherans also raised \$1,360,000 for its own welfare work among the soldiers and sailors without making general appeals to those outside of the church. The war work of the Lutheran Church will bear the closest inspection and has been of the greatest value in upbuilding and maintaining the morale of the Army and Navy as well as the people at home.

“It should be remembered that the Lutherans of America have come from all parts of Europe; that the Lutheran Church was found in England, France, and Italy four hundred years ago; and, that it is strong in Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Finland, Russia, Australia, Canada, and South America. It was not the state church of Germany. The Kaiser, his father, and his grandfather were not Lutherans. In fact a few years ago an American religious paper claimed the Kaiser as Presbyterian, which it is hardly likely to do to-day.

“The Lutheran Church is a loyal American institution and does not deserve the aspersions that have been heaped upon it. It has been anxious to cooperate with our government and military authorities in putting down disloyalty, in caring for our soldiers and sailors, and in supporting our war aims. It is high time that the malicious slanders that have been circulating about this great Christian body in America are brought to an end.”

The office of the National Lutheran Council is perfectly willing to render any service within its power to any part of the church. But in a case like this, the thing to do is not to ask the Secretary of the Council or any other official of the church to send a reply to the paper. A local paper does not care as much for a protest coming from some person in a distant city as it does for a protest coming from representative men, readers, and advertisers right in the city where the paper is published. May we therefore suggest that if a newspaper publishes a scurrilous and slanderous story about the Lutheran Church or any of its activities or misrepresents the church in any way, a protest should be made directly to the editor of the paper immediately. This protest should be made by the Lutheran pastors of the city, and it would not be amiss to interest some of the representative Lutheran business men and advertisers of the city in the matter. The pastors of Toledo got together and made a formal protest to the editors of several papers in their city that had published articles misrepresenting the church. This resulted in editorial corrections at least in some of the papers.

The item referred to in the beginning of this article was printed in one of the daily papers in a city which is said to be 30% Lutheran, in which there are many prominent Lutheran pastors and influential Lutheran laymen. Certainly if these men had gotten together and made a protest to the editor of the offending paper immediately, some correction would have been forthcoming. If a paper is so unfair as not to give justice to the Lutheran Church or any other organization, it can not expect to prosper in this enlightened day. The members of the Lutheran

Church must insist immediately, forcefully, and unitedly that such rank injustices be corrected at once. May we not therefore be permitted to urge such action on the part of the Lutheran Church wherever it is necessary? The war record of the Lutheran Church, as well as its entire history, will stand inspection and investigation. Simply present the facts correctly and without passion, and truth shall win.

Lauritz Larsen  
Secretary National Lutheran Council.  
811 Woodward Building,  
Washington, D.C.



## Former Chaplains are Great Pastors

When military chaplains conclude that phase of their ministry, many desire to continue serving. Whether their departure from active duty was due to retirement or other transitions, most still have much to offer. In fact, as an article in this issue of *Curtana* mentions, they have often possess enhanced skills. This is due to expanded training opportunities and service in wide-ranging contexts.

At the same time, some civilian congregations are wary of calling chaplains. They may be regarded as too conservative (or liberal). Their faithfulness in doctrinal matters may be suspect. It's true, of course, that the theology of many chaplains *does* shift while they serve in armed forces. If it changes significantly, integrity suggests that chaplains should change denominations to a faith group that better reflects their convictions.

Civilian clergy also vary in the warmth of their welcome to returning peers. Some welcome their fresh insights. Others envy their pensions.

Today's economic climate has led to increased shrinkage of the armed forces in many nations. This means that a considerable number of chaplains will be retiring or separating from the service before they desired. It's similar to what historically happens after major wars. That was the context of the editorial which follows. The journal noted that the clergy returning to the United States from the battlefields of Europe were worthy of a place in civilian pulpits.

Thus, the themes addressed in the editorial below remain relevant today.

*The Continent* (24 April 1919): 488.

### All the Better in Pastorates

Chaplains returning from overseas with the demobilizing American army are said to be anxious about their own unemployment problem. *The Continent* has believed that ex-chaplains after the war would be at a premium in the demand of pastorless congregations and can scarcely yet persuade itself that ministers just now getting out of khaki are justified in supposing that they are less wanted than they were before they went away on military service.

Certainly there is every reason to anticipate that pastors with this tremendous army experience behind them will be better pastors henceforward than ever in their previous careers. The most usual request of vacant churches in American conditions has always been for pastors strong with men. And if a chaplain's

privileges and duties among the soldiery of the United States abroad did not make him strong with men, he must never have had in him anything that resembled pastoral capacity.

Any sort of evidence that a minister was a fair success prior to becoming a chaplain should encourage a congregation to believe he will be a big success now that he is back. And the same thing is fairly to be said for ministers who have been abroad with the Y.M.C.A. Assuredly there will, at the very least, be no prejudice against men who left the pastorate temporarily for wartime duties.

## Military Volunteers are Corrupt

Chaplains understand, as few do, the moral challenges faced military members. Surely, each veteran keenly comprehends their own and those of their closest comrades . . . but only chaplains gain an extensive awareness of the spectrum of trials that assail warriors.

The (originally untitled) editorial below begins with an excerpt from a letter written by a chaplain during the American Civil War. He bemoans the rampant indecency he encounters. Throughout history, his critique of “shameless vice” has been echoed by many devout soldiers of many faiths in countless tongues.

The interesting thing about this editorial is the way that the pacifist journal employs the quotation. Thirty years later, at the close of the century they expand radically on the original intent of the author. The editors suggest that it is not the circumstances of the soldier which precipitate the struggles. Instead, they arise due to the inherent moral weakness of anyone who would enlist to serve in the military in the first place.

While few today would voice the sentiment quite so crudely, there are some who regard anyone willing to end the life of another human being—even for a just cause—as ethically deficient.

Thus, the themes addressed in the editorial below remain relevant today.

*The Advocate of Peace* (May 1898): 110.

## The Real Reason for the Degeneration

An army chaplain, in a letter to the *New York Observer*, wrote August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1863: “I am painfully convinced that, notwithstanding all that has been done and is doing, the tendency of our men is rapidly, fearfully downward. With some exceptions in regiments where a chaplain of right character has been permitted to labor, vice, in its most flagrant and odious forms, riots unrestrained. Such blatant and incessant profanity as I heard in travelling from Louisville, Kentucky, to Winchester, Tennessee—some 750 miles—I never had supposed possible; intemperance prevails and vice shows itself shamelessly. The causes of this deterioration are patent.

War is essentially and almost necessarily a demoralizer, from the absence of all restraint exercised by the presence of mothers, wives and prattling children; from the destitution of strong religious agencies in the army, such as the church throws

about men at home, and from the new and violent temptations to which a soldier is exposed—temptations that never reach him till he is thrown into an enemy's country, and against which few are able resolutely to contend.”

The chaplain fails to give the real reason for the degeneration which war brings. It is not primarily the absence of restraints, such as are thrown around men at home, which accounts for the demoralization. It is the *spirit* and the *practices* of war itself. One who voluntarily enters into this spirit and silences his conscience as to these practices would not be greatly restrained from the evils attendant upon army life if all the home restraints could be taken along with him.

## Wars Remind Us of Our Mortality

Death is seldom a welcome guest. Particularly when its broad scythe mows down ranks of the young. The two World Wars touched millions of families directly. Even in the United States, insulated from the horrors of bombing and occupation, few families were exempt from its bloody toll.

This postwar editorial begins with an acknowledgement of that fact. It also voices hope that even those without faith *before* the war, came to it *during* the conflict.

Then, in true evangelical form, it turns to the question posed in the title. Rather than simplistic jargon, however, the editor presents a thoughtful reflection worthy of our reading. After all, many of the nations of the western world remain at war this very hour. And thousands of promising young lives have been cut short during the past decade.

Thus, the themes addressed in the editorial below remain relevant today.

*The Continent (30 January 1919): 112.*

## What Saves Us?

Not in centuries has the world thought so much about salvation as in the past five years. The thoughts of some have gone to national and temporal salvation, but it has been impossible to evade the questions of personal salvation. To suggest that these millions of young lives laid down in battle are merely wiped out with no personal continuance has been too coldblooded for any but the most extreme. H.G. Wells records that his prewar idea of immortality was so vague that he thought the “best way to do is to put the whole business out of mind,” but the war has forced another thought on him, and he now is sure that he will live “not as a mere colorless spirit but as a personality.” He feels “as sure of that as of anything in the world.” A British army officer says that he has “never seen a single man in the trenches who has questioned immortality.” Many who never saw the trenches have found new convictions forced on them by the necessities of the times.

But when that is said, there remains the large question of the way by which men enter rightly into the future life. Some have discarded all the familiar distinction between the saved and the lost; universalism would naturally be their theological refuge if they were theological at all. But old orthodox arguments, even if rested only on the sheer decencies of morality, have not been affected by the war. Sin and lust and wickedness have been changed in no degree by the past five years. Rejection of God and holiness is just what it was before August 1, 1914. And there is no new way of obliterating the fundamental moral distinction.

So the thoughtful are thrown back on inquiry for some way whereby men are saved. Most men think something ought to happen to bring sinful men into right relation with God, and most of them feel it must be some serious thing, no trifle, no magic. It is surprising to discover how widely it is felt that some men cannot be saved at all—the arch-offenders of the conquered nations. It was no trifler, but a man who tries to be thoughtful, who said that a heaven into which on any conditions or by any means or by any change these gross offenders could be brought could not be a heaven in which good men would ever care to be. Cheap ways of saving men are not attractive to that spirit.

Men nearest the heart of the need find plans of self salvation inadequate. A chaplain reports his surprise when a Scotch soldier challenged his assurance that soldiers might go bravely into battle because if they were wounded, it was Blighty [a wound permitting a soldier to be sent home from the front], and if they died, it was the resurrection. He was not ready to agree that an act of personal sacrifice would set one right with God or change his character. It is not, of course, a new suggestion that heroic deeds have saving power. Rather, it is the very foundation principle of all pilgrimages and merit-making programs. The war has merely raised it to a high degree of interest.

The British, who have faced the facts longest, seem best to have thought their way through the more naive forms of the claims and have reached a Christian understanding of the place of such sacrificial experiences in bringing to the soul of the sufferer revelations of the meaning of the sacrifice of Christ, through which men find themselves made right with God.

For it is that sacrifice that saves, and it does it by no magic or marvel. If sin is once fairly seen, it becomes clear that only God can possibly set it right or ransom the sinner from his wrong. Neither the offender himself, nor all other men combined, can provide for the moral demands of the universe in which the sinner and other men must continue to live. That must be done by Him who is at the heart and center of the universe. Only Christ can save. Nor is the situation helped by the word of a recent writer that it is Christ's cross plus our own cross that saves. One's own cross is essential, not as part of the saving, but as the outcome of the saved life.

Men do not reckon with their sins at their real valuation when they think of personal sacrifice as supplementing the sacrifice of Christ in the work of saving the life for eternity. Personal sacrifice is the response of the human heart to the fundamental law of the moral universe. The cross is not sporadic in the history of God's relation to men. At every stage and all the time the cross is set in the hearts of the universe because it is set in the heart of God. And it is that cross and no simpler one that brings the heart of the sinner to right relation with God. Saved men are sure to accept sacrifice because it has become the secret of their own living.

## Defining the Chaplain's Duties

Military regulations/directives/instructions/guidance/*et cetera* describe the role of chaplains in their respective armed forces. Sometimes, within a single nation such as the United States, chaplaincy duties vary between the different branches. As a result, *Joint* directives have been produced to reconcile these variations in emphasis and authoritatively establish the official "Department of Defense" policies.

Even with all of this guidance, chaplains do not perceive their duties identically. Certainly the core elements are commonly understood. But the average layman might consider the variation between how individual chaplains pursue their ministries astonishing. After a quarter of a century of military ministry, your editor was consistently surprised at how some of his compatriots viewed their role as a chaplain.

This lack of agreement about how chaplains should spend their duty hours (not to mention their off-duty time) is nothing new. The editorial which follows was written initially by a concerned individual questioning policies in India two centuries ago. The query we reproduce here was incendiary. It ignited months of heated conversation about how the initial publication placed the Lord Bishop in a less than complementary light. Lost in the subsequent discussion was the answer to the initial question.

Thus, the themes addressed in the editorial below remain relevant today.

*The Oriental Herald and Journal of General Literature* (1824): Volume 1: xxv.

### ***Duties of Chaplains***

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal

Sir,

I shall be obliged by any of your correspondents clearing up the following, for the benefit of your numerous subscribers at one of the largest military stations in India. I am, &c.

A Churchman, and the Friend of a Lay on her Death-Bed

*Western Provinces*, June 10, 1821.

Can a Military Chaplain, fixed at a station where two king's regiments are posted, besides numerous other corps and departments, which might occupy two clergymen generally, and whose duties therefore, when alone, require his

constant presence, absent himself from the station without leave from the commanding officer?

At this sickly season, his presence with the dying in hospital, and to inter the dead, sometimes six or eight per day, is urgently required, and cannot decently be dispensed with, independent of the impropriety of also interrupting the proper observance of the Sabbath for two or three Sundays successively, where so large a body of Christians are residing.

It is asserted (but I conceive erroneously) that the Chaplains have received orders from the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, not to make themselves amenable to any military, or other local authorities; and, therefore, when a young couple at an out-post prefer going to the expense of making the clergyman travel 230 miles to go and marry them, he is at perfect liberty to accept the invitation, and to leave 3000 other Christians, his own parishioners, to bury each other, and postpone all other Christian ordinances until his tour is completed, which, in this instance, occupies, I understand, more than three Sabbaths.

In consequence of one of these ill-timed matrimonial requisitions in December last, the performance of divine service, and other religious observances of the season, were entirely overlooked at Christmas, which passed by for some Sundays in succession, and Christmas-day included, wholly unobserved.

It would appear, therefore, to be highly expedient, that no Military Chaplain should have the option of quitting the duties of his station, from any misplaced power vested in him by the Lord Bishop, unless he can also obtain the express written permission of the local authorities on the spot to do so, and provided, in all such cases, the season is healthy, and no one dangerously ill, and that he shall unerringly return to the station before the Sunday following, that divine service may never be omitted in consequence of such requisition.

†††

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of July, the following letter was received from the Chief Secretary to Government:

To Mr. J.S. Buckingham, Editor of the Calcutta Journal.  
*General Department.*

Sir,

The letter which was inserted in the Calcutta Journal of the 10<sup>th</sup> instant, under the signature of "A Churchman, and the Friend of a Lady on her Death-bed," appearing to contain insinuations extremely disrespectful to the public character of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, the Most Noble the Governor in Council has directed me to call upon you to state, for the information of Government, the name, designation, and residence of the individual by whom that letter was communicated to you for publication. I am, &c.

W.B. BAYLEY, Chief Sec. to Gov.



*Council Chamber, July 14, 1821.*

†††

On the 17<sup>th</sup>, the following reply to this letter was given in:

To W. B. BAYLEY, Esq. Chief Secretary to Government

Sir,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14<sup>th</sup> instant, and to state that the author of the letter therein named, being unknown to me, I am unable to furnish the information you require. At the same time I beg respectfully to submit for the consideration of the Most Noble the Governor General in Council, that I published the letter in question, under a conviction that a temperate and moderate discussion of the inconveniences likely to arise from a want of local control, in certain points, over Military Chaplains, might be productive of public benefit, without infringing on the respect due to the public character of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM. *Calcutta, July 16, 1821.*

†††

On the 21<sup>st</sup>, the following letter was received from the Chief Secretary to Government:

To Mr. J. S. Buckingham

Sir,

1. Your answer of the 16<sup>th</sup> instant, to the letter which you received from me, respecting a complaint made to Government by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, has been laid before his Excellency in Council; and I am directed to communicate to you the light in which your explanation is viewed.

2. It was to have been hoped, that when your attention was called to the nature of the publication in question, you would have felt regret at not having perceived, its tendency, and that you would have expressed concern at having unwarily given circulation to a statement, which advanced, the invidious supposition, that the Bishop might have allowed to the Chaplains a latitude for deserting their clerical duties, and disregarding the claims of humanity.

3. Instead of manifesting any such sentiment, you defend your procedure, by professing that you “published the letter under the conviction, that a temperate and modest discussion of the inconveniences likely to arise from a want of local control, in certain points, over Military Chaplains, might be productive of public benefit.”

4. It is a gross prostitution of terms to represent as a temperate and modest discussion an anonymous crimination of an individual, involving at the same time an insinuated charge, not the less offensive for being hypothetically put, that his superior might have countenanced the delinquency.

5. On mere presumption, if not with intentional disguise of a known fact, the statement would give it to be understood, that the misconduct alluded to was unchecked, whereas serious notice of the transgression was instantly taken. Therefore, there is not only a groundless imputation on the Bishop, but the culpable inattention of Government is falsely implied.

6. Had the object of the writer of the letter been to remedy an inconvenience, his addressing himself to the proper department was the ready and legitimate course for procuring an immediate correction of the evil. An accuser's concealment of his name has an obvious meanness in it, which ought to throw doubt upon the motives of his representation; when to that circumstance was added the peculiarity of the signature, "A Friend to a Lady on her Death-Bed," adopted visibly to suggest to the minds of the public some brutal slight, the malignity of the disposition was unquestionable.

7. With these particulars before your eyes, and in contempt of former warnings, you did not hesitate to insert in your Journal, such a statement from a person of whom you declare yourself to be utterly ignorant, and of whose veracity you consequently could form no opinion. Your defence for so doing is not rested on the merits of the special case. But as your argument must embrace all publications of a corresponding nature, you insist on your right of making your Journal the channel for that species of indirect attack upon character in all instances of a parallel nature.

*And the dialog continued . . .*

† Martial Poetry †

## Military Muses

We Said a Little Prayer Today	Jim Cosgrove
How Could God Allow This?	Jim Cosgrove
Lightning	Jim Cosgrove
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A Dead Boche	Robert Graves
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The Tribute	Harold Begbie
With the Same Pride	Theodosia Garrison
The Stars and Stripes	Theodosia Garrison
Iconoclastes	William Archer
The Binding of the Beast	George Sterling
Somebody's Darling	Mrs. Lacoste
The Red Cross Nurses	Thomas L. Masson
The Battlefield	Sydney Oswald
Sentry—Go	Amelia Josephine Burr
Courage	Herbert Kaufman
The Unsung Hour	Herbert Kaufman
America	Herbert Kaufman
To the Doughboys	Charles Divine
S. Claus, Supply Sergeant	Charles Divine
Dickie Dow, U.S.R.	Charles Divine
Out of Flanders	James Norman Hall
Not Too Old to Fight	Thomas C. Harbaugh
To the Pacifists	Francis Coutts

Into Battle	Julian Grenfell
Into the Army Camp	Luo Binwang
In Abbot Zan's Room at Dayun Temple	Du Fu
Thinking of My Brothers on a Moonlit Night	Du Fu
Official at Stone Moat Village	Du Fu
Facing Snow	Du Fu
I: Peace (1914)	Rupert Brooke
II: Safety (1914)	Rupert Brooke
III: The Dead (1914)	Rupert Brooke
IV: The Dead (1914)	Rupert Brooke
V: The Soldier (1914)	Rupert Brooke
VI: The Treasure (1914)	Rupert Brooke
On the Death of Smet-Smet	Rupert Brooke
The Benediction	François Coppée

## Contributors:

**William Archer** (1856-1924) was a Scottish critic who considered the Allies of the First World War to be innocent victims drawn into war by a vile Teutonic force.

**Du Fu** (712-770) is considered one of China's greatest poets. Since he lived during a period of significant political turmoil, a number of his poems deal with military themes.

**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.

**François Coppée** (1842-1908) was a French poet and dramatist. He was noted for the poetic themes of many of his works.

**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.

**Francis Coutts** (1852-1923) was a wealthy baron who preferred pursuing his poetic interests to practicing law. In the verse below he reveals his disdain for WWI pacifists.

**Luo Binwang** (640-684) a renowned Chinese poet wrote some delightful verse related to an Empress Dowager Wu: "she used her foxlike charms to delude the emperor [and] has a heart similar to a snake and a lizard, and a disposition similar to a wolf."

**Theodosia Garrison** (1874-1944) was a prolific American poet who had a particular flair for patriotic themes during seasons of war.

**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.

**Julian Grenfell** (1888-1915) was a British soldier poet during the First World War. Unlike many of his peers, he had been commissioned in 1910, prior to the war.

**James N. Hall** (1887-1951) wrote *Mutiny on the Bounty* who served with the Lafayette Escadrille during World War One. Shot down, he finished the war as a German POW.

**Thomas C. Harbaugh (1849-1924)** was a poet and novelist who was well known for writing “dime novels” and using pseudonyms.

**Herbert Kaufman** (1878-1947) was a syndicated American author who wrote more than fifty war poems which were published in British and American newspapers.

**Thomas L. Masson** (1866-1934) was the author of a seminal treatment of early American humorists. He also addressed more serious matters.

**Sydney Oswald** () served as a major in the King’s Rifle Corps during the First World War. He addressed common themes such as the painful loss of comrades.

**George Sterling** (1869-1926) studied for the priesthood but later became a pillar of San Francisco’s bohemian literary circle, where he was mentored by Ambrose Bierce.

**Robert C. Stroud** is a retired American chaplain who usually devotes himself to nonfiction. The word “experiment” in the title of his contribution is deliberate.

# We Said a Little Prayer Today

**Jim Cosgrove**

We said a little prayer today  
A prayer for mates who died  
And no one here's ashamed to say  
There's been some tears we've cried  
For good mates full of zest for life  
Cut down while in their prime  
Amid the war's furore and strife  
Now gone before their time.

We said a little prayer today  
For all their families  
And asking "Lord for strength that  
Can bear their sadness, please!"  
For Parents who have lost a son  
And Kids who lost their dad  
And wives who've lost beloved ones  
So tragic Lord, so sad.

We said a little prayer today  
For strength and courage for  
The mates and colleagues who must stay  
Away to fight this war  
We're sure they're sad to lose their friends  
So help them bear the strain  
That when one day this fighting ends  
This cost won't be in vain.

We said a little prayer today  
For those who sacrifice  
Their lives in service in the fray  
To pay our freedom's price  
O help us God to realise  
As tears flow for the lost  
Our Peace and freedom is the prize  
That's won at such a cost.

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove

# How Could God Allow This?

**Jim Cosgrove**

“How could God allow this?” I hear it all the time  
It seems whenever bad things happens God has caused the crime  
When things are running smoothly we never hear God’s name  
But when the wheels fall off then we can’t wait to lay the blame.

“How could God allow this?” why couldn’t God prevent it  
My guess is if God tried to stop things we would soon resent it!  
It’s part of human nature to learn from our mistakes  
We’d see it as intrusion if God tried to push the brakes.

“How could God allow this?” These times of tragedy  
But maybe God has given us the best world it can be  
The world is set in motion, it’s changing every day  
And sometimes changes cause great beauty, other times dismay!

“How could God allow this?” Earthquake, flood and fire  
I haven’t all the answers if I had I’d be a liar  
But when the world is living and change is part of life  
One change will go unnoticed while another causes strife.

“How could God allow this?” But do we choose to be  
Puppets on the end of strings — or people who are free  
To build the largest cities in places that we know  
The Earth is under pressure and one day it will let go!

“How could God allow this?” perhaps we might well ask  
Where are all the selfish people we should take to task  
Whose search for wealth and pleasure, whose carelessness and greed  
Cause untold pain and hardship to so many folk in need.

“How could God allow this?” it seems that folk are wishin’  
Indeed not for a God of love but Merlin the Magician  
Who instantly will fix things without our need to strive  
But surely when we work through challenge we are most alive.

“How could God allow this?” is God just really weak  
There’s evil persecution thriving even as we speak  
But can ‘force’ be the answer? It hasn’t in the past  
Forgiveness and some strong love are the only things that last!

“How could God allow this?” Destruction pain and violence  
But why do people of good will just sit around in silence.  
There’s only one requirement for evil to abound  
When people who should work for good just idly sit around.

“How could God allow this?” becomes the lame excuse  
To just give up on God and be convinced God’s got no use  
We’re looking for a scapegoat, we’re not prepared to see  
That life must be embraced in all its pain and mystery!

“How could God allow this?” suggests God doesn’t care  
But God has promised through the Spirit to be always there  
To share our daily living, to share our joy and tears  
To be our life’s companion as we journey through our years.

“How could God allow this?” Religion’s such a loss!  
But don’t forget that Jesus gave his life upon the cross.  
He understands our suffering, and in our final hour  
We’ll never be alone if we call on his saving power.

“How could God allow this?” — but I have seen God’s tears  
Our God of love who holds us through our deepest hopes and fears  
Who understands the anguish to see a loved one die  
And even in our blaming God will hold us as we cry.

“How could God allow this?” when loved ones die in pain  
But through the cross of Jesus we can share our love again  
For death is not an ending for those who call God’s name  
And when God walks beside you life will never be the same.

“How could God allow this?” these words have rung through time  
And life can often seem bereft of reason and of rhyme  
But in our world of beauty, forever rearranging  
The thing we can rely on is God’s love is never changing.



# Lightning

*A humorous and light-hearted poem*

**Jim Cosgrove**

Up in heaven God looked down and he scanned across the ground  
 He was feeling out of sorts and slightly bored  
 Even though he's still the boss he'd been feeling at a loss  
 It had been a long long time since he had 'scored.'

Ever since the time of Adam when his subjects he had 'had-em'  
 He had used this trick to keep them all in line  
 With the crash and roar of thunder he would send his forks asunder  
 And once more there'd be respect for the divine!

So he thought "I'll do some frightening of some humans with some lightning  
 I will throw around some forks and cause a scene"  
 So he sent his angels searching for some unsuspecting earthlings  
 And they said "O God we've found some men in green!"

On a hill among the trees we have found some APC's  
 They've got aials that reach up to the sky  
 And if you're really good enough with precision lightning stuff  
 You can get a pair of army passers by.

So God looked down at the trees at B Squadron's APC's  
 And with emotion fogging up his eyes  
 He exclaimed with much excitement to the angel's great delightment  
 There's some army brass down there I recognise!

So with eagerness now showing God did send his lightning flowing  
 With an aim and skill no AASAM team could match  
 And he savoured the elation as with sweet anticipation  
 He waited for this God Almighty CRASH!

Now the officers in fairness were in blissful unawareness  
 As the sky around them turned electric blue  
 So when startled by a 'CRACK,' one said "What the \*!@# is that?"  
 We can really understand his point of view!

With a sudden blinding flash followed by a thunderous Crash  
 That seemed to rock the very earth down under  
 These two officers in green flying through the air were seen  
 As a direct hit had sent these two asunder.

Now in heaven God is smiling with a look that's quite beguiling  
And the angels are in general good cheer  
They're all happy for the Lord for they've heard that he has scored  
A Light Horse Major and a Brigadier!

*Based on the actual incident when two officers were struck by lightning.  
Happily neither was seriously hurt.*

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove

# Experiments in Military Haiku

Robert C. Stroud

Haiku is a form of poetry born in Japan. It consists of three phrases comprised of seventeen “sounds” (comparable to syllables). The pattern for the three lines is five, seven, and five syllables respectively. Most Japanese haiku is inspired by nature. In English-speaking lands, writers have experimented with various haiku forms, but the dominant version remains the traditional 5|7|5 pattern. For the purposes of this haiku “experiment” the author elaborated on the internal pattern composing *seventeen* poems around *three* themes (devoting five, then seven, and once again five to them respectively).



Honor, bloodshed, scars,  
Improper themes for haiku,  
Poetry of War.

All volunteer force  
Each member a true hero  
They answered the call.

Soldier & Sailor  
Marine, Coastguardsman, Airman  
Sharing common dreams.

Uniforms stir pride  
An *esprit* no one else knows  
Birthright of warriors.

Bonds forged in combat  
Comrades in life and in death  
Ties stronger than blood.



War between cultures  
Conflict engulfs the whole globe  
Is peace possible?

Terrorist cowards  
Pretenders, mere bravado  
Demonic “courage.”

So many fallen  
All cherished sons or daughters  
Remember their names.

The glory of war  
Bold words masking sepulchers.  
Sung by deaf poets.

Too many have died  
Sermons preached for the fallen  
Silent tears still fall.

Dying for one's home  
Can be a heroic deed  
Living can, as well.

War truly is hell  
Images seared in scarred minds  
Deliver us Lord.



Words of the chaplain  
Offered to all who have ears  
Mercy, compassion and grace.

Foxholes filled with faith  
Once home the need does not end  
Lives rescued by God.

Turn the other cheek  
We trust Him who spoke these words  
Yet we don't obey.

No strength in themselves  
Chaplains serve fellow sinners  
All need forgiveness.

Sharp swords become ploughs  
Stern spears turned to pruning hooks  
Messianic prayer.

# The Tribute

**Harold Begbie**

Not by the valour of Belgium, nor the lightning sabre of France,  
Not by the thunder of Britain's Fleet, and the Bear's unchecked advance,  
Not by these fears, Lord Kaiser, tho' they shatter a tyrant's lust,  
Is your heart most darkly troubled, & your soul brought down to the dust,

But by the great affirming of the lands we have knit as one;  
By the love, by the passionate loyal love, of each separate free-born son,  
Canada cries "We are coming!" and Australasia "We come!"  
And you scowl that no Boer is rising at the beat of your German drum.

And the Men of Ind bear witness—We have grumbled, but now no more;  
We have shared your plentiful righteous Peace, we will share your  
righteous War,  
Trust us to guard your Honour, one with yours is our breath;  
You have dealt us an even justice, we are yours to the gates of Death.

Here in these storm-swept islands where we fought for the things of peace,  
Where we quarreled and strove in factions, at a stroke all factions cease,  
And there in the vast dominions, more free than your Prussian lords,  
The women are shouting for England & the men are drawing their swords.

Never was flag so world-loved as the flag we lift on high,  
While your Prussian legions muster, while your Eagle screams in the sky;  
And the God of Right give answer to your blood-and-iron brag,  
Whether your hand is worthy to wrest from our hand that flag.

© 1914 by Harold Begbie.

# With the Same Pride

## Theodosia Garrison

One star for all she had,  
And in her heart  
One wound--yet is she glad  
For all its smart  
As they are glad who bear  
The pangs of birth  
That a new soul and fair  
May come to earth,  
Seeing she, too, was one  
Who from Death's strife  
Granted her first-born son  
Proudly to Life.  
Now with that very faith  
Life justified,  
She grants a son to Death  
With the same pride.

© 1918 in *Great Poems of the World War*.

# The Stars and Stripes

**Theodosia Garrison**

We who in the old days—the easy days of pleasuring  
Loitered in the distant lands—we know the thrill that came  
When in far, foreign places, above the stranger faces,  
The sight of it, the might of it, would wake us like a flame.  
Our own flag, the one flag, it stirred our blood to claim.

We who in these new days—these days of all confusion  
Look upon it with the eyes of one long blind who sees.  
We know at last its beauty—its magnitude of duty  
Dear God! if thus it seems to us, what will it mean to those  
Who stay for it, who pray for it, our kindred over seas?

These who face the red days -- the white nights of fury,  
Where death like some mad reaper hacks down the living grain  
They shall see our flag arise like a glory in the skies  
The stars of it, the bars of it, that prove it once again  
The new flag, the true flag, that does not come in vain!

© 1917 in *Fifes and Drums: a Collection of Poems of America at War.*

# A Dead Boche

**Robert Graves**

To you who'd read my songs of War  
And only hear of blood and fame,  
I'll say (you've heard it said before)  
"War's Hell!" and if you doubt the same,  
Today I found in Mametz Wood  
A certain cure for lust of blood:

Where, propped against a shattered trunk,  
In a great mess of things unclean,  
Sat a dead Boche; he scowled and stunk  
With clothes and face a sodden green,  
Big-bellied, spectacled, crop-haired,  
Dribbling black blood from nose and beard.

© 1918 in *Fairies and Fusiliers* by Robert Graves.



# The Next War

Robert Graves

You young friskies who today  
 Jump and fight in Father's hay  
 With bows and arrows and wooden spears,  
 Playing at Royal Welch Fusiliers,  
 Happy though these hours you spend,  
 Have they warned you how games end?  
 Boys, from the first time you prod  
 And thrust with spears of curtain-rod,  
 From the first time you tear and slash  
 Your long-bows from the garden ash,  
 Or fit your shaft with a blue jay feather,  
 Binding the split tops together,  
 From that same hour by fate you're bound  
 As champions of this stony ground,  
 Loyal and true in everything,  
 To serve your Army and your King,  
 Prepared to starve and sweat and die  
 Under some fierce foreign sky,  
 If only to keep safe those joys  
 That belong to British boys,  
 To keep young Prussians from the soft  
 Scented hay of father's loft,  
 And stop young Slavs from cutting bows  
 And bendy spears from Welsh hedgerows.  
 Another War soon gets begun,  
 A dirtier, a more glorious one;  
 Then, boys, you'll have to play, all in;  
 It's the cruelest team will win.  
 So hold your nose against the stink  
 And never stop too long to think.  
 Wars don't change except in name;  
 The next one must go just the same,  
 And new foul tricks unguessed before  
 Will win and justify this War.  
 Kaisers and Czars will strut the stage  
 Once more with pomp and greed and rage;  
 Courtly ministers will stop  
 At home and fight to the last drop;  
 By the million men will die  
 In some new horrible agony;  
 And children here will thrust and poke,  
 Shoot and die, and laugh at the joke,  
 With bows and arrows and wooden spears,  
 Playing at Royal Welch Fusiliers.

# When I'm Killed

**Robert Graves**

When I'm killed, don't think of me  
Buried there in Cambrin Wood,  
Nor as in Zion think of me  
With the Intolerable Good.  
And there's one thing that I know well,  
I'm damned if I'll be damned to Hell!

So when I'm killed, don't wait for me,  
Walking the dim corridor;  
In Heaven or Hell, don't wait for me,  
Or you must wait for evermore.  
You'll find me buried, living-dead  
In these verses that you've read.

So when I'm killed, don't mourn for me,  
Shot, poor lad, so bold and young,  
Killed and gone—don't mourn for me.  
On your lips my life is hung:  
O friends and lovers, you can save  
Your playfellow from the grave.

© 1918 in *Fairies and Fusiliers* by Robert Graves.

# Iconoclastes

## William Archer

Lived in days of old a nation  
Stark and sturdy, valiant-hearted,  
Rich in honest, kindly manhood,  
Rich in tender womanhood;

Rich in deft and cunning craftsmen,  
Singers mighty and melodious,  
Thinkers of sublimest stature—  
Masters of the undaunted mind;

Rich—yea, richest—in titanic  
Wondrous harmony-compellers,  
Weaving descants world-enthraling,  
Echoes of the voice of God.

But, alas! and in an evil  
Day for them, this glorious people  
Went a-wandering after idols,  
Went a-worshipping false gods.

One grim Idol in especial,  
One colossal Moloch-image,  
Moulded of blood-tempered iron,  
They erected in their midst.

Dark and sinister its aspect,  
Rigid, menacing, inhuman,  
From its swooping helmet-eagle  
To its trailing sabre-tip.

Shaggy brows o'erhung and shaded  
Eyes of cynical clairvoyance  
Into all the baser instincts  
Of the shivering, thrall-bound soul:

Stone-blind to the far horizons  
Of the aspiring human spirit:  
Stone-blind to the dawning promise  
Of a wiser, happier age.

Rose the bullet-head defiant  
From aggressive, padded shoulders;  
On the breast a steely corslet  
    Bastioned a stony heart.

Planted firm on mighty jack-boots  
Stood the rugged, rough-hewn image—  
Seven-league jack-boots, swift to trample  
    Homes, and hearts, and plighted faith.

Once this god—so ran the legend—  
Led his chosen folk to triumph—  
Triumph, dear-bought, triumph tragic,  
    Yet resplendent in its day.

Whereupon the people, dazzled  
By his blood-red blaze of glory,  
Saw in him a Teuton Saviour,  
    Crucifying, not crucified:

Made of him an ogre-fetish,  
A cast-iron Mumbo-Jumbo,  
Worshipped in a tortuous ritual  
    Known as *Real-Politik*.

Hierarchies of priests before him  
Moved through ponderous *Kriegs-Manöver*,  
Headed by the Archimandrite  
    Of the far-famed Mailöd Fist.

O'er the land his spirit brooded:  
*Renommieren, Schwadronieren*  
Were accounted saving graces,  
    And heel-clicking *Schneidigkeit*.

Year by year, in huge battalions,  
Were the young men of the nation  
At his altar consecrated  
    To a soulless slavery;

While on the o'erburdened ocean  
Steel-clad monsters hurtled, thundering,  
Through unhallowed demon-dances,  
    To propitiate his ghost.

Nor on his own people only  
 Weighed his worship like a nightmare—  
 All the nations needs must pay him  
 Tribute of their youth and strength.

Every nation at his altar  
 Needs must bow in sullen thralldom,  
 Pouring tithes of all their treasure  
 Into his insatiate maw.

Vainly did they murmur, craving  
 Some remission of their tribute;  
 Still the Archimandrite answered,  
 “*Real-Politik* forbids!”

Till at last, in fierce rebellion  
 Rose his victims, over-driven,  
 Rose against the Archimandrite  
 And his *schneidig* hierarchy,

Saying, “Let us smash the Idol,  
 Pulverize the Moloch-image,  
 Exorcize the accursëd vampire—  
 From its menace free the world:

“Free ourselves, and free the noble,  
 Richly dowered, *gemütlich* nation,  
 Doomed by some malign enchantment  
 To this dire idolatry:

“Free the workers, thinkers, singers,  
 To their saner selves restore them,  
 Save their souls, reclaim their genius  
 For the service of mankind.”

Can we crush the Idol? Never  
 Doubt it! for a mightier godhead,  
 Ancient, awful, fights on our side,  
 And its name is *Nemesis*.

© 1914 by William Archer.

# The Binding of the Beast

**George Sterling**

He plotted in the den of his lordship over men;  
He wrought his grim array and he hungered for the Day.  
Then the loosing-word was spoken; then the seal of Hell was broken;  
Then its Princes were assembled for the feast;  
But against the Vandal night rose the star of Freedom's light,  
And a world was called together for the binding of the Beast.

They have seen it for their star; they have come from near and far;  
From the forges of the north go the men and young men forth,  
Having found the holier duty, found the true, the final beauty,  
As their brothers of the south and of the east.  
In the forests of the west they are giving of their best  
With strong hands and patient for the binding of the Beast.  
For his treason unto man in the War that he began  
For the rapine and the flame, for the hissing of his name,  
Have the hosts gone up against him & with swords of judgment fenced  
him,  
With his coward clutch on woman and on priest.  
For the children he has maimed, for the maidens he has shamed,  
The nations gird their harness for the binding of the Beast.

Now frothing in his rage, a scourge to youth and age,  
Caked with blood he stands at bay, with his feet upon his prey.  
Ringed with surf of guns resounding, raw and fetid from the hounding,  
Smiles he still in baffled fury and the roar of hate releast;  
But the huntsmen of the ranks, with their steel at breast and flanks,  
Give no truce nor sign of respite at the binding of the Beast.

He is cunning, he is strong, and the war shall yet be long,  
Where the seven thunders wake and the walls of Heaven shake.  
He is cruel, blind and ruthless; he is bitter, sly and truthless;  
By his will the Powers-of Darkness are increast;  
But the shackle and the chain shall avenge the hurt and slain,  
Who have broken bread with heroes at the binding of the Beast.

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the monster well,  
That the menaced world be freed from his arrogance and greed!  
By the pact he dared to sever, make we treaty with him never,  
Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceast!  
By his trust in force and war, end we those forever-more,  
As the nations sit in council for the binding of the Beast!

# Somebody's Darling

**Mrs. Lacoste**

Into a ward of the whitewash'd halls,  
 Where the dead and dying lay,  
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
 Somebody's Darling was borne one day  
 Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave  
 Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,  
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould  
 Somebody's Darling is dying now.  
 Back from his beautiful blue-vein'd brow  
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold,  
 Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
 Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
 Murmur a prayer soft and low;  
 One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
 They were somebody's pride, you know;  
 Somebody's hand had rested there;  
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
 And have the lips of a sister fair  
 Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best; he has somebody's love;  
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
 Somebody wafted his name above  
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
 Somebody wept when he march'd away,  
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him  
 Yearning to hold him again to their heart;  
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
 And the smiling, childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head  
“Somebody’s Darling slumbers here.”

**Included in the 1904 edition of *Reciter’s Treasury of Verse*.**



# The Red Cross Nurses

**Thomas L. Masson**

Out where the line of battle cleaves  
The horizon of woe  
And sightless warriors clutch the leaves  
The Red Cross nurses go.  
In where the cots of agony  
Mark death's unmeasured tide  
Bear up the battle's harvestry  
The Red Cross nurses glide.

Look! Where the hell of steel has torn  
Its way through slumbering earth  
The orphaned urchins kneel forlorn  
And wonder at their birth.  
Until, above them, calm and wise  
With smile and guiding hand,  
God looking through their gentle eyes,  
The Red Cross nurses stand.

**Included in the 1918 edition of *Wartime  
& Patriotic Selections for Recitation & Reading.***

# The Battlefield

Sydney Oswald

Around no fire the soldiers sleep tonight,  
But lie a-wearied on the ice-bound field,  
With cloaks wrapt round their sleeping forms, to shield  
Them from the northern winds. Ere comes the light  
Of morn brave men must arm, stern foes to fight.  
The sentry stands, his limbs with cold congealed;  
His head a-nod with sleep; he can not yield,  
Though sleep and snow in deadly force unite.

Amongst the sleepers lies the Boy awake,  
And wide-eyed plans brave glories that transcend  
The deeds of heroes dead; then dreams o'ertake  
His tired-out brain, and lofty fancies blend  
To one grand theme, and through all barriers break  
To guard from hurt his faithful sleeping friend.

**Included in the 1918 edition of *Wartime*  
& *Patriotic Selections for Recitation & Reading*.**

# Sentry—Go

**Amelia Josephine Burr**

I used to be so lonely when I waked at night and couldn't sleep,  
But since my father went to war, I think—Perhaps he has to keep  
The watch tonight, and up & down he marches, marches with his gun!  
So then I walk in step with him the whole night long—we had such fun  
Going for walks . . . when he was here . . .  
    and when it's cold, I wonder whether  
Perhaps he doesn't mind the cold so much, if we're on guard together.

**Included in the 1918 edition of *Wartime  
& Patriotic Selections for Recitation & Reading.***

# Courage

**Herbert Kaufman**

'Tis not because of muscled meat  
We place men in the Master's Seat;  
We do not reckon toughened thew,  
Nor breed, nor creed, nor bulk, nor hue,  
The force with which the anvil rings,  
Nor care how hard the hammer swings;  
The might in brawn, the strength in bone  
Can never serve success, alone;  
Think you 'twas Spartan steel and skill  
That saved Greece from the Persian will?  
Think you Horatius won the day  
And held the bridge through nimble play  
Of sword? Or when all Europe lay  
Cringing beneath Napoleon's sway,  
'Twas better guns and cannon balls  
That swept the fields and crumbled walls?  
All that was splendid in every age  
Was written by valor on history's page.  
Giants in pigmy guise,  
Prophets with groping eyes;  
What matter sight or size  
When men build to the skies?  
What matter numbers, years,  
If we disdain our fears?

© 1913 in *Poems* by Herbert Kaufman.

# The Unsung Hour

Herbert Kaufman

You glorify him as a hero, and you crown him with laurel and bay,  
And of bronze do you set up a tablet, who has vanquished his foe  
in hot fray;  
And you chisel his features in marble, and high do you lift him in fame,  
But his deed of the mightiest courage, you pass by and never do name.

For the foeman he met on the war-field was never a peer to his might  
And he fought him with weapon of temper, and he faced him in God's  
wholesome light,  
And the might of his tendons availed him, & the shrill lust to kill was in air,  
And he fought with a weaker against him, where the world could behold  
and see fair.

But I know of a battle all dreadful, that he waged with his soul against hell,  
In the blackness and dreariness of midnight.  
And I crown him for this. I would tell  
How a woman surpassing all women, delivered herself to him, whole,  
When his lust burned his veins into cinder, and in passion, he spared her soul.

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# America

**Herbert Kaufman**

A hundred Tsars shall rot to bone,  
A hundred kingdoms shall decline,  
A hundred battlefields shall suck  
Their glut of sacrificial wine;

The Buddhist priest shall meditate  
Where now cathedral crosses gleam;  
The sons of Ghengis Khan shall bring  
To pass fulfillment of his dream;

The shrill muezzin's chant shall chime  
At eventide with Ben Bow's bells;  
The kaffir's clucking voice be heard  
Where Godlessly now Paris dwells;

The lout shall loll in lordly state;  
The beggar's child shall shower dole,  
Before your final word is writ  
Of honor, on the age's scroll.

Your wish shall will the world to peace,  
The weaklings of the earth shall crawl  
To suckle at your fruitful breasts,  
And, fruitful, you shall feed them all.

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# To the Doughboys

Charles Divine

They told me—the tempters—'twas safer  
 To juggle receipts on my knee,  
 Right should'rin' a pen, in this war o' men,  
 At home with the Q.M.C.

It whispered—a voice o' the Devil's—  
 You're makin' the fight jes' the same,  
 Gettin' writer's cramp in a U.S. camp—  
 An' it never can cripple or lame.

So I stayed (an' I scorned high adventure);  
 I'm six feet tall an' I'm strong;  
 An' ships of each sort sailed out o' the port,  
 An' I knew all the while I was wrong.

I knew it, this voice o' the Devil's;  
 It promised home-comin's agen—  
 The folks ne'er a doubt, put a service flag out  
 Oh, the Devil-o'-Faint-Hearted-Men!

An' finally, thinkin' an' thinkin',  
 An' watchin' the doughboys pass,  
 The gleam o' the sun on the steel o' the gun,  
 An' columns o' fours in mass;

A-steppin' so brave and so smart like,  
 Swingin' on down to the dock,  
 A-totin' their packs, an' rolls on their backs  
 A-grippin' each gun by the stock.

How their faces shone, an' with reason,  
 Each lad with his head held high,  
 An' it gave me a start, for I felt in my heart  
 I was lettin' the heroes go by.  
 The lads who will leap into manhood  
 The minute the firin' begins,  
 The lads who will fight, on their bellies at night,  
 An' sing through the loudest o' dins.

The doughboys, God bless 'em, swung past me;  
 I watched, an' God! how it hurt!

I could handle, I knew, a German or two,  
An' knock him right out o' his shirt.

An' there, with his load of equipment,  
As the marchin' battalions went by,  
There was more than one little son-of-a-gun  
Who measured but five feet high.

They're heroes, the grand little doughboys,  
Each giant an' sunburnt runt.  
So many will fall the world won't recall,  
An' they'll all go up to the front!

They're heroes in hundreds o' thousands,  
The infantrymen of today;  
An' it's fine to know that they wanted to go,  
An' I'm goin'—thank God—that way.

I watched 'em troop into the transports,  
I watched, an' I saw an' I knew  
An' at last I'm one; take a look at my gun—  
My transfer has jes' gone through!

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# S. Claus, Supply Sergeant

**Charles Divine**

He may not have a soldier's build  
Around his waist or belly,  
But he can serve his nation with  
His boxes, cakes, and jelly.  
The uniform he wears is not  
Exactly regulation,  
But he knows how to run the guards  
Into the reservation.

His cheeks are red, his twinkling eyes  
See roads, though flat or hilly,  
And he will reach the Sunny South  
On breezes warm or chilly.  
Our chimney-tops may bar his way,  
What with their spark arresters,  
But he will fill your socks with things  
From Bessies, Janes, and Esthers,

From Aunt Annette, the Colonel's wife,  
The Captain's niece or sister,  
The girl back home who laughed and cried  
The day you left—and kissed her.  
His reindeers only prance at night,  
Invisible, these friskers,  
But you can see his heart behind  
His camouflage of whiskers!

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by Charles Divine.

# Dickie Dow, U.S.R.

Charles Divine

He swings his arms from the elbow, as a smart young officer should;  
He marches erect, with an air of pride, that does my old heart good.  
He's First Lieutenant Dowlington, whom I used to call Dickie Dow,  
And I, who bossed him at college, am only a private now.

For some of us have to be officers, and some of us have to be men,  
And I mind what he says when he tells me, though he used to mind me then.

A freshman was Dickie, a junior was I, fraternity brothers, too,  
And he was as green and timid a "fresh" as ever walked into the "U."  
I made him weather his college storms, I helped him over the year,  
And his frivolous mother scribbled her thanks: "He's such a baby, the dear!"

When we woke to the war and its mission, I went by the shortest way  
And joined the Guard, and that's why, you see, I'm here in the ranks to-day.  
But Dickie—and I mustn't blame him—he went to an officers' school,  
And came out with a bar on his shoulder and the latest bayonet rule.

How I used to shout at him, "Dickie Dow!" whenever we chanced to meet;  
Now, sir, it's "Lieutenant Dowlington" the length of the company street,  
For some of us have to be officers, and some of us try to be men,  
And I mind what he says when he tells me, though he used to mind me then.

So I do my bit, digging a pit, back of the old latrine,  
While Dickie looks on with his head erect, though once with a troubled mien  
He gripped my arm, and he looked away: "It ought to be me instead."  
But I laughed at him softly and sent him away with a friendly shake of the head.

For he swings his arms from the elbow, as a smart young officer should,  
And he marches erect, with an air of pride, that does my old heart good.

Later—the scene was the trenches—when we all landed "over there,"  
I stepped in the way of a bullet that crumpled me up for fair.  
The enemy pushed us and trampled, as I lay there waiting for death,  
When I felt an arm underneath me and Dickie Dow's gasping breath.  
"Now steady, old pal, and we'll make it," lifting me, that's what he said,  
"Good God!" there were tears in his boyish eyes: "It ought to be me instead."

He carried me back through the shell-fire, the hell-fire, the shrapnel, the rain,  
To a doctor he browbeat with orders, and that's why I'm living again.  
Then, going back to his station, a shell burst right at his feet,  
And Dickie lay dead—and still were the arms that had swung so smart and neat,  
Still were the lips that had murmured: "It ought to be me instead,"  
Still were the brave young shoulders that held so erect a head.  
Though I bossed him once, and he minded me, the dear little Dickie Dow,  
I'd take the kitchen detail in hell—if I could be serving him now!

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# Out of Flanders

**James Norman Hall**

Three of us sat on the firing-bench  
 Watching the clouds sail by—  
 Watching the gray dawn blowing up  
 Like smoke across the sky.  
 And I thought, as I listened to London Joe  
 Tell of his leave in town.  
 That's good *vers libre* [free verse] with a Cockney twang;  
 I'll remember, and write it down.

W'en I went 'ome on furlough.  
 My missus says to me, "Joe,  
 'Ow many 'Uns 'ave you killed?"  
 An' I says to 'er, "'Uns?"  
 Not thinkin' just wot she meant.  
 "Yes, 'Uns!" she says, "them sneakin', low-lived 'Uns!  
 Bitter? Not 'arf, she ain't!  
 An' they're all the same w'y in Lunnon.

My old mate Bill, who's lame  
 An' couldn't enlist on that account,  
 'E staked me to a pint of ale  
 At the Red Lion. Proper stuff it was  
 Arter this flat French beer.  
 "Well, 'ere's to old times!" says Bill,  
 Raisin' 'is glass,  
 "An' bad luck to the 'Uns you've sent below!  
 'Ow many you think you did for, Joe?"  
 'E arsked if I'd shot an' seen 'em fall.  
 Wanted the *de*-tails and wanted 'em all!

An' there was my old boss in Balham,  
 Gave me a quid w'ich I took, willin' enough,  
 Altho I made a stall at refusin'.  
 "That's all right, Joe, boy! Glad to do it!  
 It ain't much, but it'll 'elp you to 'ave a pleasant week.  
 But w'en you goes back to the trenches,  
 I wants you to take a crack at the 'Uns fer me!  
 Get me a German fer every penny in that sovereign! 'e says,  
 Smashin' 'is fist on the table  
 An' upsettin' a bottle o' ink.  
 "Lay 'em out!" 'e says;  
 "Now tell me, 'ow many you killed, about?"

Speakin' o' 'ymns o' 'ate.  
 They sings 'em in Lunnon, I'm tellin' you straight!  
 You ought to see their faces w'en they arsk you about the 'Uns!  
 Lor' lummy! They ain't *arf* a bloodthirsty lot!  
 An' the wimmen as bad as the men.  
 I was glad to get back to the trenches again  
 Were there's more of a 'uman feelin'.

Now, us blokes out 'ere,  
 We knows old Fritzie ain't so bad as 'e's painted  
 (An' likely, they knows the same about us).  
 Wot I mean is, 'e ain't no worse than wot we are,  
 Take 'im man fer man.  
 There's good an' bad on both sides.  
 But do you think you can s'y anything good  
 About a German, w'en yer in Lunnon?  
 Strike me pink! They won't believe you!  
 'E's a 'Un, wotever that is.  
 Some kind o' wild beast, I reckon—  
 A cross between a snake  
 An' one o' them boars with 'orns on their noses  
 Out at Regent's Park Zoo.

One night at the Red Lion,  
 I was talkin' about the time  
 Nobby Clark got 'it out in front of our barbed wire.  
 Remember 'ow we didn't find 'im till momin'.  
 An' the stretcher-bearers brought 'im in;  
 Broad daylight it was.  
 An' not a German firin' a shot  
 Till we got 'im back in the trench?  
 Well, there was fifteen or twenty in the pub.  
 An' not one of 'em was glad old Fritzie acted w'ite!  
 Wouldn't that give you the camel's 'ump?  
 They'd sooner 'ad Nobby an' stretcher-bearers killed.  
 If only the 'Uns, as they call 'em,  
 'Ad played dirty an' fired w'ile they was bringin' 'im in.

Another time I was a-tellin' 'em,  
 'Ow we shout back and forth across the trenches  
 W'en the lines is close together,  
 An' we get fed up with pluggin' at each other.  
 An' I told 'em about the place  
 This side of Messines, w'ere we was only twenty yards apart,  
 An' 'ow they chucked us over some o' their black bread,  
 Arter we'd thrown 'em 'arf dosen tins o' bally.  
 Some of 'em didn't believe me an' some did.

But sour? S'y! 'Ere! They was ready to kill me  
Fer tryin' to make out that Fritzie's a 'uman bein'!

It's a funny thing. The farther you get from the trenches  
The more 'ate you finds ;  
An' by the time you gets to Lunnon—  
Blimy! They could bite the 'eads offen nails  
If they was made in Germany.  
I reckon they're just as cheerful an' lovin'-like in Berlin.  
Give us a fag, son. I'm clean out.

**Included in the 1918 edition of *Wartime  
& Patriotic Selections for Recitation & Reading.***

# Not Too Old to Fight

**Thomas C. Hardbaugh**

My name is Danny Bloomer and my age is eighty-three,  
 Years ago I went with Sherman to the ever sunny sea.  
 I stood my ground at Gettysburg, that bloody summer day.  
 When gallant Pickett rushed the hill and lost his boys in gray;  
 And now our starry banner is insulted and defied,  
 The kaiser tears it into shreds and glories in his pride;  
 Just pass the word across the sea to his stronghold of might,  
 And say that Danny Bloomer's here and not too old to fight.

I gave my youth to Uncle Sam in years I'll ne'er forget,  
 In mem'ry of those stirring times my old blood tingles yet.  
 With four score years upon me I can lift the same old gun,  
 And to face our Flag's insulter will be everlasting fun.  
 Please say that Danny Bloomer is ready for the fray,  
 Cry "Forward, march!" and see him in the good old ranks today.  
 I love the flag of Washington because it stands for Right,  
 And that is why I tell you I am not too old to fight.

'Tis true I'm somewhat crippled, but I do not care for that,  
 I feel as young as when I saw the tilt of Sherman's hat;  
 I want to do my duty again before I die,  
 And see Old Glory proudly in the streets of Berlin fly.  
 I do not know the kaiser, but I hope within a year  
 Amid the roar of cannon he will say, "Old Bloomer's here!"  
 Yes, hand me down a rifle and I will use it right,  
 Your Uncle Danny Bloomer isn't yet too old to fight.

We've borne their insults long enough—they make me long to go.  
 I want to squint along my gun and aim it at the foe;  
 I'll eat the same old rations that I ate in '64,  
 And feel the blood of youth again amid the battle's roar.  
 I haven't long to tarry here until my work is done,  
 But I want to show the kaiser we're not in it for fun;  
 So give me marching orders and I'll disappear from sight,  
 For I am Danny Bloomer, and I'm not too old to fight.

# To the Pacifists

**Francis Coutts**

So you would make the sacrifices vain,  
The sorrow void; let all that wealth of woe  
Be wasted, and the Prussian murderers go  
Unpunished. See, the thick-sown fields of slain  
And wandering coffin waters of the main  
Teem forth the dead, who, in procession slow,  
Passing before you, cry, "We fought the foe.  
Defending you and yours; we died to gain

"Safety for you; now (base ingratitude!)  
You pule and palter for a futile peace.  
Before the enemy for peace has sued:  
First bind him fast and let him pray release,  
Enforcing terms no cunning can elude;  
Only that way can you make war to cease."

**Included in the 1918 edition of *Wartime  
& Patriotic Selections for Recitation & Reading.***



# Into Battle

**Julian Grenfell**

The naked earth is warm with spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;  
And life is colour and warmth and light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

**© 1915 and published in *The London Times* the day  
after he succumbed to a severe shrapnel wound.**

# Into the Army Camp

**Luo Binwang**

Atop the wall, the wind is strong and chill;  
On the river, the water vapour's cold.  
What day will these soldiers' uniforms  
Singing and dancing enter Chang'an?

**Composed during the seventh century.**

## In Abbot Zan's Room at Dayun Temple

### Du Fu

*In this verse, "yellow dirt" refers  
to barbarians occupying Chang'an.*

The lamplight shines on my sleeplessness,  
My mind clear, I smell the splendid incense.  
Deep in the night, the hall rears up high,  
The wind stirs, and gold is heard to clank.  
The black sky masks the springtime court,  
To the pure earth clings a hidden fragrance.  
The Jade Rope wheels round and is cut,  
The iron phoenix seems about to soar.  
Sanskrit sometimes flows out from the temple,  
The lingering bells still echo round my bed.  
Tomorrow morning in the fertile field,  
I'll bitterly behold the yellow dirt.

**Composed during the eighth century.**

## Thinking of My Brothers on a Moonlit Night

### Du Fu

The army drums cut off human travel,  
A lone goose sounds on the borderland in autumn.  
Tonight we start the season of White Dew,  
The moon is just as bright as in my homeland.  
My brothers are spread all throughout the land,  
No home to ask if they are living or dead.  
The letters we send always go astray,  
And still the fighting does not cease.

**Composed in 758 C.E.**

# Official at Stone Moat Village

Du Fu

At dusk, I stopped to rest at Stone Moat village,  
An officer came that night to capture men.  
The old man escaped by climbing over the wall,  
The old wife went to look outside the door.  
How angrily the officer now shouted,  
How bitterly the wife did weep out loud!  
I heard the words the wife was sending forth:  
“Three sons of mine were sent to defend Yecheng.  
From one of my sons, a letter has arrived,  
The other two have recently died in battle.  
The one who survived has kept alive for now,  
The dead ones though have met their final end.  
Inside this house, there are no people left,  
There’s just a grandson suckling on the breast.  
The grandson’s mother also cannot go,  
She goes about without a skirt intact.  
Although I’m an old woman with failing strength,  
I ask you to take me with you tonight.  
If you should need workers at Heyang,  
I can prepare the morning meal for you.”  
Her voice then died away into the night,  
I seemed to hear her sob and whimper still.  
At dawn, before I set upon the road,  
It’s only from the old man that I part.

Composed in 758 C.E.

# Facing Snow

Du Fu

After the battle, many new ghosts cry,  
The solitary old man worries and grieves.  
Ragged clouds are low amid the dusk,  
Snow dances quickly in the whirling wind.  
The ladle’s cast aside, the cup not green,  
The stove still looks as if a fiery red.  
To many places, communications are broken,  
I sit, but cannot read my books for grief.

Composed in 758 C.E.

# I: Peace (1914)

## Rupert Brooke

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

© 1916 in the *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*.

# II: Safety (1914)

## Rupert Brooke

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest  
He who has found our hid security,  
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,  
And heard our word, 'Who is so safe as we?'  
We have found safety with all things undying,  
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,  
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,  
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.  
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.  
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.  
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,  
Secretly armed against all death's endeavour;  
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;  
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

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## III: The Dead (1914)

### Rupert Brooke

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

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## IV: The Dead (1914)

### Rupert Brooke

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

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## V: The Soldier (1914)

### Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

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## VI: The Treasure (1914)

### Rupert Brooke

When colour goes home into the eyes,  
And lights that shine are shut again  
With dancing girls and sweet birds' cries  
Behind the gateways of the brain;  
And that no-place which gave them birth, shall close  
The rainbow and the rose:

Still may Time hold some golden space  
Where I'll unpack that scented store  
Of song and flower and sky and face,  
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,  
Musing upon them; as a mother, who  
Has watched her children all the rich day through  
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,  
When children sleep, ere night

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# On the Death of Smet-Smet The Hippopotamus-Goddess

**Rupert Brooke**

*(The Priests within the Temple)*

She was wrinkled and huge and hideous? She was our Mother.  
She was lustful and lewd—but a God; we had none other.  
In the day She was hidden and dumb, but at nightfall moaned in the shade;  
We shuddered and gave Her Her will in the darkness; we were afraid.

*(The People without)*

*She sent us pain,  
And we bowed before Her;  
She smiled again  
And bade us adore Her.  
She solaced our woe  
And soothed our sighing;  
And what shall we do  
Now God is dying?*

*(The Priests within)*

She was hungry and ate our children—how should we stay Her?  
She took our young men and our maidens—ours to obey Her.  
We were loathed and mocked and reviled of all nations; that was our pride.  
She fed us, protected us, loved us, and killed us; now She has died.

*(The People without)*

*She was so strong;  
But death is stronger.  
She ruled us long;  
But Time is longer.  
She solaced our woe  
And soothed our sighing;  
And what shall we do  
Now God is dying?*

# The Benediction

**François Coppée**

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,  
 That we took Saragossa. What a day  
 Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.  
 The city carried, we laid siege to houses,  
 All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,  
 Raining down shots upon us from the windows.  
 “’Tis the priest’s doing!” was the word passed round;  
 So that, although since daybreak under arms,  
 Rattled the musketry with ready aim,  
 If shovel hat and long black coat were seen  
 Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street  
 My company worked on. I kept an eye  
 On every house-top, right and left, and saw  
 From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,  
 Colouring the sky, as from the chimney-tops  
 Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,  
 Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,  
 With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers  
 Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,  
 In such a dangerous defile, not to leave  
 Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,  
 No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;  
 The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows  
 As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,  
 Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French  
 With cries for help. At double-quick we join  
 Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,  
 A gallant company, but beaten back  
 Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,  
 Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks  
 Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,  
 The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,  
 Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons  
 Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished  
 Our men went down before them. By platoons  
 Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered  
 This terrible group of heroes, no more soul  
 Being in us than in executioners.

There in the background solemnly the church  
 Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.  
 It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred  
 The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense  
 Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,  
 Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned  
 In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,  
 White-haired and tall of stature, to a close  
 Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped  
 Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,  
 That, as I speak, it comes before me now,  
 The convent built in old time by the Moors;  
 The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun  
 Making the red blood on the pavement steam;  
 And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;  
 And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;  
 And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,  
 Almost afraid.

“Shoot him !” our captain cried.  
 Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt  
 Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,  
 He faced us with the elevated Host,  
 Having that period of the service reached  
 When on the faithful benediction falls.  
 His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;  
 And as he raised the pyx, and in the air  
 With it described the cross, each man of us  
 Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling  
 Than if before him the devout were ranged.  
 But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,  
 The words came to us:

*Vos benedicat  
 Deus Omnipotens!*

The captain's order  
 Rang out again and sharply: “Shoot him down!”  
 The priest changed colour, though with steadfast look  
 Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

*Pater et Filius!*

Came the words. What frenzy,  
 What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks  
 Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.  
 The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,  
 Held himself up; and strenuous to complete  
 His benediction, in the other raised  
 The consecrated Host. For the third time

Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,  
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,  
But in the general hush distinctly heard,

*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*

He said; and ending  
His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx  
Rolled bounding on the floor, and there we stood,  
Even old troopers, with our muskets grounded,  
And choking horror in our hearts, at sight  
Of such a martyr passed away to light.

**Included in the 1904 edition of *Reciter's Treasury of Verse*.**

## † Media Reviews †

### ***To End All Wars***

2001, Directed by David L. Cunningham

Screenplay by Brian Godawa

**Reviewed by: Weeden Nichols, F.S.A. Scot.**

Recently, for another publication, I reviewed *Tunes of Glory*, 1960, directed by Ronald Neame, the fictional screenplay by James Kennaway based loosely on the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. A few weeks ago, a fellow member of Clan MacLeod, who had read my review of *Tunes of Glory*, called my attention to another film involving the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. I obtained *To End All Wars* from Netflix, watched it, mulled it over, checked a few things, and decided that it was worthy of a review.

I considered that the review might be of interest to military chaplains, and suitable for publication in *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*, because it is based upon an actual historical case involving soldiers in captivity, the role of religious faith in determining their conduct, and, conversely, the influence of their experience upon their religious faith. I'm sure a conscientious chaplain would not attempt to manipulate a soldier's religious faith merely to produce the behavior their government desired, but I am also aware that a chaplain would not wear the uniform and, at the same time, attempt to produce behavior at odds with military responsibilities (a fine line to walk).

Throughout the viewing of *To End All Wars*, I was in a "compare and contrast" mode regarding this film and David Lean's 1957 epic, *Bridge on the River Kwai* (inspired by the same Japanese military railroad construction project through Thailand that so harshly utilized Allied prisoners-of-war). My impression, despite Lean's film being both an epic and a classic, was that this film, *To End All Wars*, was most likely more historically accurate. It certainly contained more depth, more realistic ambiguity, and more complexity (appropriately reflecting a very convoluted social and cultural situation).

*To End All Wars* is based on the autobiography of Rev. Ernest Gordon, ultimately Dean of Chapel at Princeton University, but a captain of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders when his battalion was forced to surrender upon the fall

of Singapore in February 1941 (a couple of months after Pearl Harbor). The viewer should know in advance that events, as seen through the eyes and memory of Ernest Gordon, are filtered through the lens of the mind of a man who entered his captivity as an agnostic, but who became a committed Christian by the combination of inescapable hardship and the example of two Christian soldiers who nursed him through the course of a near-fatal disease, and who routinely placed the welfare of others above their own survival.

The key characters, most worthy of reflection, were, in my opinion:

Ernest Gordon (author of the autobiography on which the film is based), played by Ciarán McMenamin.

Takashi Nagase (the Japanese, Cambridge-educated, interpreter), played by Yugo Saso.

Sergeant Ito (the rigid and seemingly cruel but, in a way, noble senior sergeant among the captors), played by Sakai Kimura.

Dusty Miller (the de facto chaplain of the prisoners and, ultimately, apparently a Christ-figure), played by Mark Strong.

The characters next most worthy of attention:

Lieutenant Colonel McLean (commanding officer of the captured Argyll & Sutherland battalion—thoroughly professional and duty-conscious—perhaps the more realistic equivalent of the Alec Guinness role in *Bridge on the River Kwai*), played by James Cosmo.

Major Campbell (a small, weak, emotional man, obsessed with revenge, but unable to follow through, or generally, to be responsible), played by Robert Carlyle.

The character least worthy of attention was Jim “Yankee” Reardon, played by Kiefer Sutherland (not that Kiefer Sutherland played the part poorly), roughly equivalent to the William Holden part in *Bridge on the River Kwai*. The American character (played by a “star”) may be simply a plot device added by the screenwriter to appeal to American audiences.

It is quite plausible that there would come to be an understanding between an educated, decent, prisoner (Gordon) and an educated, decent, captor (Nagase), with neither being disloyal to his own camp. The degree to which Dusty Miller became, explicitly, a Christ-figure through actual crucifixion might be exaggerated, but I have no doubt that Miller occupied that role in Gordon’s memory. Nor do I doubt that Miller’s self-sacrifice affected all present (including, perhaps, Sergeant Ito).

Briefly, in addition to the illustration of Christian faith central to Gordon's view and purpose, the film was about two value systems, each incomprehensible to the other. The military services of the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth, and the United States have well-developed values regarding integrity, duty, and obligation. The value system of the Japanese military of the WWII era was that of Bushido—the code of the warrior. The Western system does not promote surrender, but recognizes a necessity of surrender when there is no further hope of either effective resistance or escape. Bushido requires fighting to the death, or at least death, when there is no further hope of either effective resistance or escape.

Therefore, the very fact that the Allied forces had surrendered made them persons without honor in the Japanese eyes—made the surrendered soldiers “non-persons” unentitled to respect or consideration—useful only as expendable slaves. Both value systems are, of course, exceedingly multifaceted, involving matters of courtesy, obligation, and requisite behaviors of subordinates, and the film supplies examples of failures on both sides (the drunken camp commander on the Japanese side, and the Campbell/Carlyle character on the Allied side).

*To End All Wars* seems to have been poorly reviewed by most secular reviewers. This may be because a number of sub-plots were never resolved, or because a number of moral and ethical dilemmas were never resolved. American films tend to tie up all the loose ends. American audiences seem to demand this.

Most foreign audiences and, therefore, most foreign films seem to be tolerant of loose ends. (In this reviewer's opinion, loose ends are typical of real life.) Although the film was poorly reviewed by most secular reviewers, it was well-reviewed by most reviewers representing Christian entities. *To End All Wars* is recommended by this reviewer, not as a great film, but as a good film, and an unusual and thought-provoking one.

## ***The Shadow of His Wings***

Gereon Karl Goldmann

(Ignatius Press, 2000): 345 pages.

### **Reviewed by: Robert C. Stroud**

He battled the rise of Nazism in a Christian youth group that competed directly with the Hitler Youth perversion . . .

He weathered constant abuse for his faith from superiors after being drafted into the German army . . .

He risked execution as a courier for the resistance within the armed forces . . .

He survived the horror of World War II combat as a medic in the SS . . .

He was miraculously ordained *during the war* by a French bishop to serve as a Roman Catholic priest to German soldiers . . .

And, after all of this, having been captured by the Allies, he was nearly hung by a civilian crowd.

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! (178-79)



## **A Fascinating & Educational Journey**

This book delivers on several levels. It opens our eyes to the challenge faced by Christians whose governments follow a course contrary to Christian faith. It encourages believers to trust in God to see them past threats and dangers, as they keep their focus on him and his leading. And, although he was not formally commissioned to serve as a chaplain, Goldmann's autobiography contains much that will be of particular use to those of us who wear a military uniform and yet swear an oath to an even higher authority.

Because of its several strengths, *The Shadow of His Wings* is highly recommended not only to chaplains, but to all Christians with an interest in the military. Civilians too can enjoy it, of course. But only someone who has served in uniform—especially in combat—can fully appreciate the book.

During the Second World War, the two words “German” and “Nazi” were synonymous to most Allied troops. The Allies learned to distinguish between the regular German military (*Wehrmacht*) and the despised Waffen-SS (armed branch of the political *Schutzstaffel*). At the war's outset, all of the SS troops were volunteers, and their units were considered merciless. In turn, the Allies were much less considerate in their own treatment of captured SS personnel. It was assumed these were the rabid war-mongers responsible to the loss of millions of lives.

This understanding was wrong. After 1943 many of the men in the SS ranks were conscripts who had the misfortune of being assigned as their replacements. (This distinction was noted in their postwar eligibility for military pensions, something Nuremberg forbade for the Nazis who constituted the core of the Waffen-SS.)

## **Choosing Sides is Not a Simple Thing**

While Goldmann was young, the Christian youth organizations and Hitler Youth recognized they were in competition. Before Nazi ideology was forced upon the nation, Goldmann says “we engaged in what eventually became battles—real fights where blood was shed and gashes received from knives. We carried our scars like badges of martyrdom” (22). He was a devout Roman Catholic, and part of a core element of German people who resisted Nazification.

However, there comes a time when one's country is at war, and all of the conflict's supporters have already enlisted. New recruits were required to replace the enthusiastic young whose lives have already been squandered by Hitler. Thus, the reluctant and even the resisters are drafted into the ranks. And this is precisely what happened to Goldmann—pulling him directly out of his seminary studies.

An interesting thing happened in 1940 when soldiers were allowed to apply for a leave of absence to continue their studies. To the shock of his Nazi peers, Goldmann was allowed to participate:

I left for Freiburg, studying less of theology, it is true, than of art and literature. I tried to return to Fulda, naturally, to be with my family, but I found that this was impossible. The monastery had been disbanded on December 13, 1939, by the Gestapo; the Franciscans were literally driven out of Hessen, and the monastery used first by a group of SS police and later as a hospital.

At Freiburg, I had five wonderful months of study and relaxation. I had to laugh at my fellow students who complained about the rigors of their studies. To me, they amounted to a rich and rewarding rest from the horrors of war. I had the pleasure of causing a terrific stir by attending my first few lectures in full-dress SS uniform—and then coming into the halls in the brown Franciscan habit that was so much more familiar and comfortable to me (59).

The book abounds with amazing occurrences, such as smuggling German religious literature confiscated and sold by the Nazis in France back into Germany. Goldmann purchase many of the volumes, including a number originating in his own seminary, from Parisian book vendors. When the number of books that could be carried by travelers proved too small, “I found a good Christian in the office of our regiment, a man who was a decided enemy of the Nazis, like so many of us. We risked falsifying papers to cover the books, putting them into many boxes and crates stamped **TOP SECRET: SS MAIL**. Every day, truckloads of goods being taken out of France for transport to Germany” included these banned religious materials (62).

### **Seminary: “Do You Not Believe God is Mightier than the War?”**

Miraculously, God provided opportunities for Goldmann to pursue his studies while serving in the German army to the point where he was able to be ordained. He discusses how a devout nun he had known years earlier spoke prophetically to him in 1943. When he said he still required four more years of seminary “after the war,” she said, “Do not worry—you will be ordained a priest next year” (81).

Despite her steadfast conviction he protested that it was against canon law.

She looked at me, surprised at my weak faith, and asked “These laws, who made them?”

“Why, the pope,” I replied.

Then she laughed joyfully. “The matter is very simple. The pope, who made the laws, can also dispense from them.”

“That he could do, if he has a good reason; but it is out of the question that he would ordain someone a priest who has not studied. And I am not in Rome.”

Again, that sweet, childlike laugh of confidence: “You will get to Rome. Today I will begin to pray you will see the pope in Rome. Then you must ask him boldly for this ordination.”

I was rendered speechless by her made confidence and drew from my pocket an order that I was to march on the next day to Russia. I said, “I must be on my way to Russia tomorrow morning, early. The pope does not live there, Sister” (82).

When the promised day amazingly arises, the prelate conducting him to meet the Holy Father says he must not request ordination. When Goldmann persists, the prelate said, “The time for an audience has passed. Come tomorrow.”

The soldier persisted in his demand to receive his promised audience. “With that I put my hand into my pocket. Of course, I had to pistol with me, but he thought I did. He looked at me, then at the archaic arms of the Swiss Guard in consternation, probably thinking, “A gun against swords—that means blood” (140). His account of the audience needs to read in full, and is worth the price of the volume itself. Goldmann would be captured prior to his actual ordination, but it did occur during the war.

The event that a humble and believing Sister in Germany had prayed for trustingly through twenty years was now to take place, in spite of war and captivity, and in a way that could hardly be imagined: a French bishop was to ordain a German prisoner who was still technically attached to the SS and who had not taken the regular course in theology. This day would be the fulfillment of the promise that God answers the prayers of those who believe (171).

### **An Invitation to Join the Plot to Assassinate Hitler**

One of the most fascinating portions of the book deals with Goldmann’s role in the plot to save Germany by ending the life of its insane fuehrer. Although he did not feature prominently, his own small part illustrates how many thousands of individual patriots risked their lives to end the war and its terrors.

His recruitment took place in this manner:

I was among my Evangelical friends in Imshausen, where I went from Kassel in order to gather new strength and courage. I became acquainted with Adam von Trott zu Solz, a man of noble birth who impressed me greatly. In the early morning I was walking back and forth in the garden, saying my prayers. The nobleman came up to me and asked me to take a short walk with him. I could not refuse, and so we walked along the road leading to the castle on the hill, which belonged to him. On the way he asked me what I thought of those who were ruling Germany. . . .

I had no intention of telling him how intensely I hated the Nazis. He told me suddenly that he was a member of the secret group opposing Hitler's Third Reich. He said, "You can help us free Germany from its disgrace."

"How is that possible?" I asked.

He said merely, "*He* must go. All things are prepared. But we still need a messenger for important dispatches that cannot be written." I did not understand. He said, somewhat impatiently, "You must know what I mean. You have been in contact with us before, since you were given your freedom in Kassel in so unique a way."

Now I understood that the judges of the war court were part of the anti-Nazi conspiracy. Gasping for breath, I asked: "Is Hitler to be killed?"

He looked at me with fixed gaze and said: "Jawohl, that is the only way."

I said at once that I was a soldier and had taken the soldier's oath, and as a Christian I could not break that oath. He said that he was also a Christian, as were also those who were with him; they had prayed before the crucifix and have agreed that "since we are Christians, we cannot violate the allegiance we owe God. We must therefore break our word given to him who has broken so many agreements and still is doing it. If only you knew what I know Goldmann! There is no other way! Since we are Germans and Christians we must act, and if not soon, then it will be too late. Think it over till tonight" (84-86).

Goldmann was persuaded to follow his higher calling. He agreed to serve as a courier for the conspirators. Trott's fate was more tragic. Had the plot been successful, he was to have been appointed to negotiate for peace with the western allies. (He had studied in both England and the United States prior to the war.) Hitler had him executed. His wife was imprisoned and their two young daughters were given to Nazi families to raise.

## **Called to Ministry on the Other Side of the World**

After the war, Goldmann finished his studies and assumed his full responsibilities as a priest. He even became a missionary, serving in the Asia nation which had been part of the Axis. Missionary lives can be fascinating and challenging. This volume offers a stirring account of his work there.

As pastor of Tokyo's only Roman Catholic congregation in 1955, he gained credence living "like one of the poorest in Japan." Using the technique of ragpicking (collecting trash with some recycling value) he not only built a church, but supported widows and orphans and established a tuition assistance program to allow the poor to attend college.

The proximity of Goldmann's parish to American military housing enabled United States soldiers and family members to contribute to the nurture of the fledging Japanese church.

As he built the ministry there, the parish grew not only in numbers but also in spiritual maturity. By the mid-sixties they had adopted an impoverished congregation in India, which they supported generously. Working with other benefactors, they established orphanages, seminaries and a hospital.

In 1967, he led thirty of his parishioners in a "peace pilgrimage." Two unbelievers were among the participants, and one was baptized Bethlehem, and the other upon their return to Japan. Goldmann's party of "pilgrims were the first foreigners permitted to enter the Holy Land after the 1967 Seven Day War" (332).

## **Worthy of Space in Every Chaplain's Library**

Goldmann's story is unique. Due to his strong faith and the uncompromising moment in history during which he lived, he teaches us lessons that can help each of us become better chaplains . . . particularly those of us who are disciples of Jesus. The quotations in this review tap only the most superficial vein of his work. Some of it is humorous, most of it is profound, and all of it is edifying.

Death was a constant companion to Goldmann during the war. He offered comfort to many men as they drew their final breaths. In closing, we will look at one of the most provocative. He and his driver had arrived at the location where a bomb had devastated a large unit. They found only two survivors, attempted to rush them to an aid station, but when it became obvious neither would survive, they stopped "to ease them at least from the jostling pain of the driving."

One of the soldiers looked at me quietly. I took his paybook from his breast pocket; he was the son of a farmer in Westphalia; and a Catholic. I told him his condition was serious and asked if he wished to receive Holy Communion.

“Are you a priest,” he asked.

“No, but I have Holy Communion.”

He smiled with joy, and whispered, “Hurry, hurry, sir.”

I prayed an act of contrition with him and gave him Holy Viaticum. He whispered something I could hear only by putting my ear near his mouth. His last thoughts were about his mother. “Please write her and tell her, ‘I die with the Savior in my heart.’”

What a death, I thought.

I looked after the other soldier. He, too, was a Catholic, a laborer from the Ruhr district. “You should receive Holy Communion, also,” I said.

With effort, he replied scornfully: “Such a piece of bread will not save me. Rather, put a cigarette in my mouth.” I took one from my pocket, lit it, and gave it to him. He took three puffs, dropped the cigarette from his lips, and died.

He was with the other soldier now, before the judgment seat of God. This incident remained with me for a long time, and called to mind the words of our Lord, “He who eats my Flesh and drinks my Blood has life everlasting, and I will raise him up on the last day. But he who does not eat my Flesh and does not drink my Blood has not life in him.” (119-20)



## Resurrected Biographies



### **Thomas Gibson Brown**

United States Army Chaplain

(21<sup>st</sup> Connecticut Infantry)

Source: *The Story of the Twenty-First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry*  
(Stewart Printing, 1900): 355-56.

Rev. Thomas Gibson Brown was commissioned as Chaplain of the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, April 23, 1863, being at that time sixty-four years of age. The writer of this sketch well remembers the impression many members of the regiment had of him when he joined us. “Why is so old a man sent to us?” was the query, and “what good can he do?” Quiet, unassuming, yet active, obedient, and responsive to every call of duty, mindful of the welfare of every man, unselfish, no hardship too great, no weariness of his would at any time prevent his doing all that was possible for the physical, as well as the spiritual, wellbeing of even the most humble man in the regiment.

Time past, many learned to love him for himself, and his practical Christianity. His experience as a Methodist preacher, belonging to the New England Conference, had taught him how to reach and influence men, and to gain their respect.

The 16<sup>th</sup> of May, 1864, found the regiment at Drewry’s Bluff, engaged in battle against fearful odds, and Chaplain Brown was with us, not at the rear, but on the front line where shot and shell were flying, ministering to the wounded and dying, wounded himself but staying at what he thought was his post of duty, until the regiment was ordered to fall back.

On seeing him the next day, I said to him, “Why, Chaplain, are you wounded?” “Oh! that is nothing, just a scratch,” was his reply. Then we found that the old man, our Chaplain, was a hero, and he had the love of every one of us. No one dared say a slighting word of Chaplain Brown in the presence of a member of the Twenty-first, after that.

This is his record—one of deeds, not words—and how we loved him. He was our father, we his boys, as he loved to call us in after years.

His father, an only son, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War. Three of his brothers served in the War of 1812, and he enlisted near the close of that war, but

saw no active service. His three sons and a son-in-law, all the male members of his family, served in the War of the Rebellion; the oldest, Henry B. Brown, as Paymaster in the navy, the youngest, E. Plummer Brown, as Paymaster's Clerk, the other son, Delos D. Brown, as Captain in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and the son-in-law, F.W.H. Buell, as Lieutenant in the Twenty-first Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, dying while in the service at Chapin's Farm, Va. E. Plummer Brown died soon after the war.

March 12, 1885, twenty years after the close of the Civil War, Chaplain Brown died, and on Good Friday of that year many of his comrades of the regiment gathered at his funeral, and with sorrow and sincere affection followed his body to the tomb.

His memory is still with us, and his benign countenance, his sturdy form, his pleasant words, his cheerful smile, as he met with us at our yearly reunions, are a recollection always with us, and the influence of his service and life is a heritage which will always be ours.

He enjoyed attending the regiment's reunions and was always present. On one occasion he was presented with a cane, and in his reply to the presentation speech of Sergeant Hill, he said, "I don't see what I have ever done that you boys should love me so."

There were brave men in our regiment and faithful, but it is rare that any officer has been able to bring to himself the love, confidence and esteem of all, as did Chaplain Brown.

His epitaph, written in the hearts of his comrades, is "Duty and Love."

† Curtana †

### **Galon Smith Clevenger**

Confederate States Army Chaplain  
(Spanish-American War)

Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century*  
(Harvard University: 1903): 602.

Galon Smith Clevenger was born in Kennon, Ohio: educated at McNeely Normal School, Denison University, and Rochester Theological Seminary. In 1878 he settled at Pike, N.Y. In 1882 the American Baptist Home Mission Society sent him to Dakota to develop churches. His first work was at Brookings, the seat of the State Agricultural College. Here he developed a good church and built one of the finest church buildings in the Dakotas. He exercised a most excellent influence over the students in Bible teaching.

From Brookings he went to Vermillion, the seat of the State University. Here also he developed a large class in the life of Christ among the students. In 1889 he was



sent by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to the Black Hills of South Dakota. At this time there was not a Baptist church building in the entire Hills country. Here by his Biblical, thoughtful preaching he drew good congregations where others had failed, and the fact that the Baptists are now among the leading denominations in the Black Hills is due largely to his personal efforts. In 1897 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pierre, South Dakota.

When the Spanish American war broke out he was selected to be chaplain of the Grigsby Rough Rider Regiment, the Third United States Volunteer Cavalry. He was a most devoted and successful chaplain. Adjutant Sues says: "It can be safely said that there was no more popular officer in the entire regiment than Chaplain Clevenger. Possessed of a striking personality, a remarkably acute mind, and that pleasant manner which makes you feel perfectly at home upon first acquaintance, together with a marked Christian solicitude that forces you to recognize a friend in him at once, it is no wonder that he was idolized by officers and men alike before he was in camp a week."

Colonel Grigsby says: "I want to say that Chaplain Clevenger is the model chaplain. I have never seen an army chaplain who could approach him in energy, kindness, and constant care for his men. He was constantly going not only from tent to tent, but from hospital to hospital and doing service for the men by whom he was idolized." After his muster out, he returned to his charge in Pierre, where he was unanimously elected chaplain of the State Senate. In 1899 he was called back to Ohio to care for his mother in her last sickness. He and his devoted wife gave themselves up to minister to her night and day until she passed away. In June 1900, he was sent by the American Baptist Home Mission Society to Skagway, Alaska, to do mission work, where he is now located.

[Clevenger's photograph as a professor appears on page 601 and his sermon "The Manward Side of Religion" begins on page 600.]

## † Curtana †

### **James Henry Darlington**

United States Army Chaplain  
(47<sup>th</sup> Infantry New York National Guard)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries*  
(L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 449.

Bishop of Harrisburg; is of an old Colonial family, and was born at Brooklyn, N.Y., June 9, 1856; son of Thomas and Hannah A. (Goodliffe) Darlington, and grandson of Peter Darlington. He was graduated from the University of New York, B.A., 1877, from Princeton Seminary in 1880, receiving also, in 1884 the degree of Ph.D. from Princeton University. D.D. in 1895 from the University of New York, and LL.D. from St. John's College, Annapolis. 1905, and from Dickinson College in 1907.

He took deacon's orders in the Episcopal Church in 1882 and was ordained priest by Bishop Littlejohn in the same year. During the year 1882-1883 he was assistant in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., becoming rector the following year. He officiated there, until 1905, when he became Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa. He is author of: *Verses for Children*, and editor of the *Hymnal of the Church*, and has published numerous addresses and pamphlets.

He was chaplain of the 47<sup>th</sup> Regiment of the National Guard of New York for eight years. Bishop Darlington is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, the Huguenot, St. Nicholas, National Geographic and other societies. He married at Garden City, N.Y., July 26, 1886, Ella Beams. Address: Harrisburg, Pa.

### † Curtana †

#### **Charles Orrin Day**

United States Army Chaplain

(1<sup>st</sup> Vermont Volunteers, Spanish-American War)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 466.

President of Andover Theological Seminary; born in Catskill, N.Y., Nov. 8, 1851. He was educated in Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, Conn., was graduated from Yale, 1872, and from Andover Theological Seminary, 1877. He entered the Congregational ministry, and after a year as a city missionary in Montreal became pastor of the Congregational Church at Williamsburg, Mass., 1879-1884, studied as post-graduate student in Yale Divinity School, 1884-1885.

He became pastor of the Congregational Church at Brattleboro, Vt.; chaplain of the First Vermont Volunteers, in camp at Chickamauga, during the Spanish-American War, 1898; secretary of the Congregational Educational Society, 1898-1901; since May, 1901, president of the Andover Theological Seminary, in which institution he also holds the Bartlet chair of homiletics and practical theology. He married at Catskill, N.Y., in 1879. Mary Hiland Hull. Address: Andover, Mass.

### † Curtana †

#### **John Ireland**

United States Army Chaplain

(5<sup>th</sup> Minnesota Infantry)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 875.

Archbishop of St. Paul; born in Ireland. Sept. 11, 1838; emigrated to America in 1849) with his parents and settled in St. Paul, Minn. He was educated in the Cathedral School of Saint Paul, and the Petit Seminaire at Meximeux, and in

divinity at the Grand Seminaire at Hyeres, France, from which he was graduated' in 1861.

He was ordained priest by Bishop Grace at St. Paul, Dec. 21, 1861; was appointed chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers and went with the regiment to the front, and after a service of two years returned to St. Paul and was appointed rector of the Cathedral and secretary of the diocese, holding both these positions until his consecration as titular bishop of Maronea and bishop coadjutor to Bishop Grace, Dec. 1, 1875. He organized the first total abstinence society in Minnesota, in 1860, and founded a regular system of temperance societies in connection with the various parishes. He worked especially for the colonization of the Northwest and was a director of the National Colonization Society, settled nine hundred Catholic colonists in Minnesota in 1876, and many afterward. He succeeded to the see of St. Paul on the resignation of Bishop Thomas Grace, July 31, 1884, and when, four years later, his diocese was raised to a metropolitan see he was made its first archbishop. Archbishop Ireland was for several years president of the Minnesota State Historical Society. He is author of: *The Church and Modern Society*, 1896, and of many important contributions to church and secular journals. Address: St. Paul, Minn.

### † Curtana †

#### **John Lipscomb Johnson**

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(17<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry)

Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University: 1903): 235.

John Lipscomb Johnson was born in Spotsylvania county, Va. His father, Lewis Johnson, was the son of Nancy Castle and Jonathan Johnson, grandson of Mary Lewis and Alexander Johnson, and of Mildred Roane and John Castle. His mother, Jane Dabney, was the daughter of Judith Day and Hon. John Lipscomb, granddaughter of Amelia Harris and John Day, and of Thomas Lipscomb, who came from England.

Conan Doyle, in his White Company, describes the blue bloods of England as displaying in the Spanish campaign the national emblem, and along with it their respective coats of arms, the Lipscombs showing the device of a *wolf* and a *dagger*. Their kinsmen who came to America doubtless brought with them the *wolf*, but, though well represented in our early wars, they seem to have preferred the pruning-hook to the *dagger*. Mr. Johnson was educated at the University of Virginia, graduating in 1859. The next year he was ordained at Charlottesville, and shortly afterwards was married to Julia Anna, daughter of Amelia Rogers and Thomas Dallam Toy, of Norfolk.

He was Professor of English in Hollins Institute, chaplain in the Confederate army, pastor of the Court-Street Church, Portsmouth, and of the Freemason

Street Church, Norfolk; Professor of English in Albemarle Female Institute, Principal Roanoke Female College, and Secretary Virginia Baptist General Association. In 1873 he removed to Mississippi, and for sixteen years occupied the chair of English in the State University.

Three little Virginians—Julia Toy, John Lipscomb, and Crawford Toy—accompanied him; these were joined later by three little Mississippians—Jessie Rosylind, Wortley Valentine, and Mary Rawlings. The Virginians graduated at the State University; Jessie at Blue Mountain and Mary Sharpe College; Wortley at Franklin Academy, afterwards spending a year at the Agricultural College, while Mary is now hopefully studying at the Industrial Institute and College of Mississippi.

In 1889 Dr. Johnson became President of Mary Sharpe College, and two years later pastor of the First Baptist Church, Columbus, Miss. In 1897, having fractured his hip in a fall, he resigned his charge, removed to his plantation, and edited the *Baptist Layman*, published at Winona. He still resides at Purnell Place and preaches regularly. He has been President of the State Mission Board, Vice-President of the Baptist State Convention and convention preacher; trustee of Mary Sharpe College and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Vice President of the Spelling Reform Association of America. The University of Virginia gave him the degree of B.A.; the Southwestern University LL.D.; the University of Georgia and Mississippi College D.D. He is the author of “The Virginia University Memorial,” “Occasional Sermons,” “Juniores Tesalutamus,” and “The Twin Spirits of Cotesworth.”

[Johnson’s photograph as a professor appears on page 20. It is followed by one of his sermons entitled “Christ and His Church.”]

## † Curtana †

### **Louis A. Lambert**

United States Army Chaplain  
(18<sup>th</sup> Illinois Infantry)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 985.

Catholic priest and editor; born in Charleroi, Pa., April 13, 1835; son of William and Lydia (Jones) Lambert. He was educated in St. Vincent’s College, Pa., and the Archdiocesan Seminary, St. Louis, where he received the degree of LL.D. He was ordained priest in the Diocese of Alton, Ill., in 1859; served in the Civil War, 1861-1862 as chaplain of the Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers; was instructor in moral theology and philosophy, at the Paulist Novitiate, New York City; and filled pastorates at Cairo, Ill., Seneca Falls and Waterloo, N.Y. He founded the *Catholic Times*, 1874, and was its editor until 1880; was editor of the *Philadelphia Catholic Times*, and is now editor-in-chief of the *New York Freeman’s Journal*. Dr. Lambert is author of: *Thesaurus Biblicus*, or *Handbook of Scripture*

*Reference; Notes on Ingersoll; Comments On Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon; and he has translated The Christian Fathers; and Instructions on Gospels of the Sundays of the Year.* He also edited *Catholic Belief*. Father Lambert is a member of the Victoria Institution of Great Britain. Address: Scottsville, N.Y.

### † Curtana †

#### **Henry Christopher McCook**

United States Army Chaplain

(41<sup>st</sup> Illinois Infantry)

(2<sup>nd</sup> Pennsylvania Infantry, Spanish-American War)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1074.

Clergyman, entomologist; born in Sew Lisbon, Ohio, July 3, 1837; graduated from Jefferson College in 1859, subsequently receiving the degrees of D.D. and Sc.D. from Lafayette College, and LL.D. from Washington-Jefferson. He entered the army at the breaking out of the Civil War as a lieutenant in the Forty-first Illinois Volunteers, and afterward became chaplain of the regiment; was chaplain in Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion and chaplain Second Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania, with which he entered the Spanish-American War, serving in Cuba by special order of President McKinley and Secretary of War.

He founded the National Relief Commission and was for thirty-three years active pastor of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. He is prominent as an entomologist; president of the American Entomological Society; vice-president of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; and is now president of the American Presbyterian Historical Society. Dr. McCook is author of: *Agricultural Ants of Texas; Honey and Occident Ants; American Spiders and Their Spinning Work; Tenants of an Old Farm; Old Farm Fairies; Women Friends of Jesus; The Gospel in Nature; Object and Outline Teaching; Ecclesiastical Emblems; The Latimers, a Scotch-Irish Historic Romance of the Western Insurrection; Martial Graves of Our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba, a Record of the Spanish-American War; The Senator, a tribute to Marcus Hanna, a schoolmate; and Nature's Craftsmen*, his last book. He married, Sept. 11, 1861, Emma C. Herter, and June 27, 1899, Mrs. Eleanor D.S. Abbey. Address: "Brookcamp," Devon, Pa.

### † Curtana †

#### **Edward Kirk Rawson**

United States Navy Chaplain

(1871-90)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1372-73.

Professor, U.S. Navy, retired; born Albany, N.Y., Feb. 21, 1846; son of Rev. Thomas Reed and Louisa W. Rawson. He was educated in Alba Academy, Yale University, A.B., and Andover Theological Seminary, and ordained in the ministry of the Congregational Church. He was chaplain in the U.S. Navy, 1871-1890; commissioned professor, U.S. Navy, 1800; superintendent of Naval War Records, 1897-1902; head of the department of English and Law, U.S. Naval Academy, 1902-1907; retired Feb. 21, 1908. Professor Rawson is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, the Naval Academy Club at Annapolis, and the Chevy Chase and University Clubs of Washington, D.C. He married in Philadelphia, April 10, 1888, Eleanor Wade (deceased) and has two daughters. Address: Care of Navy Department, Washington, D.C.

### † Curtana †

#### **Patrick John Ryan**

Volunteer Prison Chaplain

(Gratiot Street Union Military Prison)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1428.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of Philadelphia; born in Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1831. He was sent to St. Vincent's College, Castlenock, four miles northwest of Dublin, which he left in his sixteenth year, in 1847, to enter Carlow College. He left Carlow College in 1852, just after receiving the holy order of deaconship, and emigrated to the United States, becoming affiliated with the Archdiocese of St. Louis. Though not yet a priest, being too young to be ordained, for the first three months after his arrival he was assigned to preach in St. Patrick's Church, and also performed the same office in the Cathedral. He was soon afterward appointed professor of English literature and elocution in the Theological Seminary at Carondelet, Mo. His first mission as a priest was as an assistant at the Cathedral. He became rector of the Cathedral, and remained as such until 1860, when he was chosen to take charge of the Annunciation parish, whose church and school he built.

In addition to his parochial duties here he also performed those of chaplain of the Gratiot Street Military Prison, where many Confederate prisoners were confined during the Civil War. Soon after the war he was transferred from the Annunciation Church to St. John's Church, St. Louis, which he relieved of a debt of thirty thousand dollars. In 1866 he was called upon to attend the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore in an official capacity, and the same year he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia University of New York . . .

### † Curtana †

#### **George Roe Van de Water**

United States Army Chaplain

(23<sup>rd</sup> and 71<sup>st</sup> New York National Guard, 1877-98)

(71<sup>st</sup> Regiment of Volunteers, Spanish-American War)

Source: *Men and Women of America: a Biographical Dictionary of Contemporaries* (L.R. Hamersly, 1909): 1556.

Clergyman, author; born in Flushing, N.Y., April 25, 1854; son of John Titus and Ellen Burnetta (Doughty) Van de Water. He was educated in Flushing Institute, Cornell University, 1870-1874; General Theological Seminary, 1874-1877. The Nashotah Theological Seminary conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1885. He was rector of Christ Church, Oyster Bay, 1876-1880; St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, 1880-1887; parochial missionary for the United States, 1887-1888; rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, New York City since 1888.

He was chaplain of Columbia University, 1893-1905; grand chaplain of Masons of the State of New York, 1890, 1898, and from 1900 to 1902; chaplain of the Twenty-third Regiment, 1877-1880, and of the Seventy-first Regiment, 1882-1898, of the National Guard of New York, and of the Seventy-first Regiment U. S. Volunteers, in the Spanish American War, Fifth Army Corps, May-October, 1898.

He served in the battles of Las Guasimas and San Juan; was detailed for duty in hospitals in the field and at Ferosa and Siboney, back of the entrenchments at San Juan, and at Montauk. He is trustee of the Executive Committee of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission society; trustee of the General Theological Seminary, the Youngs' Memorial Cemetery at Oyster Bay, and the Home for Incurables, New York. Dr. Van de Water is author of: *Two Notable Rulers; The Mission Hymnal; Church History*, two volumes; also published sermons. He is a member of the Military Order of Foreign Wars, the Society of Santiago, Veteran Association Twenty-third Regiment of the National Guard, New York Churchman's Association and of the Century Association and the Nicholas. Union League, Seawanhaka, and Ardsley Clubs. He married at Bay, N.Y., April 24, 1879, Cornelia Townsend Youngs. Address: St. Andrew's Church, New York City.

## † Curtana †

### **William Heth Whitsitt (Whittsett)**

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(4<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Cavalry)

Source: *The American Baptist Pulpit at the Beginning of the Twentieth Century* (Harvard University: 1903): 19.

William Heth Whitsitt was born on his father's farm, on Mill Creek, three miles south of Nashville, Tenn., November 25, 1841. His father was Reuben Ewing Whitsitt, and his mother's maiden name was Dicey Ann McFarland. In 1852 his father died, leaving young Whitsitt, a lad of eleven, to the training of his mother. His early education was obtained at a school on his father's farm, and later, under the oversight of his mother, he was sent to Mount Juliet Academy, Wilson county,

Tenn. In 1857 he entered Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he took the degree of M.A. in 1861.

He served in the Confederate army in 1861-65 under Generals N.B. Forrest and Joseph Wheeler. He reached the rank of lieutenant, and later became chaplain of his regiment. After peace was declared he returned home and became pastor of Mill Creek Baptist Church, whose house of worship was located on his mother's farm.

The session of 1866-67 was spent at the University of Virginia, and 1867-69 at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. In July 1869, he arrived in Germany and spent the following year in the University of Leipsic, taking advance work in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and History of Philosophy. The next year was spent in similar work at the University of Berlin. He returned to America in 1871, and for six months of the following year was pastor at Albany, Ga. While there he was elected to a professorship in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, located then at Greenville, S.C, entering upon his duties September 2, 1872. He filled different chairs at the Seminary, but is best known as Professor of Church History. For twenty-seven years he helped to train the young ministers of our denomination. On May 9, 1895, Dr. Whitsitt was unanimously elected President of the Seminary to succeed the late Dr. John A. Broadus.

He filled the position with distinguished success until June 1899. Then, on account of a controversy concerning a question in Baptist history, which had been going on since May, 1890, and which may be called "The Whitsitt—1641—Immersion Question," he resigned and restored peace among the Baptists of the South. Among American Baptists there are no greater names than James P. Boyce, John A. Broadus, and William H. Whitsitt, the first three Presidents of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. So pure is Dr. Whitsitt's life and so gentle is his manner that his students love him as a father. For the next two years Dr. Whitsitt was engaged in literary work, spending about a year in special historical research in Europe.

In September 1901, he became Professor of Moral Philosophy in Richmond College, Virginia, which position he now holds. Dr. Whitsitt's main work has been along the line of historical research, but he is also a wellknown author and lecturer, and an earnest gospel preacher. He attracts attention at once by his terse idiom and purity of diction. On October 4, 1881, Dr. Whitsitt was happily united in marriage with Miss Florence Wallace, of Woodford County, Ky. Their home is blessed with two children, William and Mary.

[Whitsitt's photograph as a professor appears on page 20. It is followed by a short article on Baptist history, written by him.]



## † Curious Citations †

### **Tale of an “Inconsistent” Civil War Chaplain**

The first time I ever saw General Ewell, I narrowly missed making it impossible that there should ever be a *General* Ewell at all. He was a colonel then, and was in command of the camp of instruction at Ashland. I was posted as a sentinel, and my orders were peremptory to permit nobody to ride through the gate at which I was stationed. Colonel Ewell, dressed in a rough citizen's suit, without side-arms or other insignia of military rank, undertook to pass the forbidden portal.

I commanded him to halt, but he cursed me instead, and attempted to ride over me. Drawing my pistol, cocking it, and placing its muzzle against his breast, I replied with more of vigor than courtesy in my speech, and forced him back, threatening and firmly intending to pull my trigger if he should resist in the least. He yielded himself to arrest, and I called the officer of the guard. Ewell was livid with rage, and ordered the officer to place me in irons at once, uttering maledictions upon me which it would not do to repeat here. The officer of the guard was a manly fellow, however, and refused even to remove me from the post.

“The sentinel has done only his duty,” he replied, “and if he had shot you, Colonel Ewell, you would have had only yourself to blame. I have here your written order that the sentinels at this gate shall allow nobody to pass through it on horseback, on any pretense whatever; and yet you come in citizen's clothes, a stranger to the guard, and try to ride him down when he insists upon obeying the orders you have given him.”

The sequel to the occurrence proved that, in spite of his infirm temper, Ewell was capable of being a just man, as he certainly was a brave one. He sent for me a little later, when he received his commission as a brigadier, and apologizing for the indignity with which he had treated me, offered me a desirable place upon his staff, which, with a still rankling sense of the injustice he had done me, I declined to accept.

General Ewell was at this time the most violently and elaborately profane man I ever knew. Elaborately, I say, because his profanity did not consist of single or even double oaths, but was ingeniously wrought into whole sentences. It was

profanity which might be parsed, and seemed the result of careful study and long practice.

Later in the war he became a religious man, but before that time his genius for swearing was phenomenal. An anecdote is told of him, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, but which certainly is sufficiently characteristic to be true.

It is said that on one occasion, the firing having become unusually heavy, a chaplain who had labored to convert the general, or at least to correct the aggressive character of his wickedness, remarked that as he could be of no service where he was, he would seek a less exposed place, whereupon Ewell remarked: “Why, chaplain, you’re the most inconsistent man I ever saw. You say you’re anxious to get to heaven above all things, and now that you’ve got the best chance you ever had to go, you run away from it just as if you’d rather not make the trip, after all.”

George C. Eggleston  
*A Rebel’s Recollection*  
(Hurd & Houghton, 1875): 156-59.

† Curtana †

## Combat Camouflage for Chaplains in Vietnam

“I told you,” Chaplain, I was scared out of my mind. And in case you’re wondering, I may be normal right now, but in the dark I turn to jelly. Maybe you will too?”

“That is nothing to be ashamed of. Anyway, God will—”

“Oh, can it, Padre. God will or God won’t, what’s the difference?”

Paul bowed his head but not in prayer. He tried to think. What was his obligation to this man?

“And watch yourself,” Bartholomew advised. “No rifle, no ammo belt for the machine guns, no mortar rounds hanging from your pack straps—traveling light—they’ll think you’re some big shot sent out here by some general, some staff pogue. Did you notice? Even the skipper carries a rifle. So I ask you, Chaplain, who are they going to aim at?”

“I guess,” said Paul quietly and calmly, “me. And you.”

The corpsman suggested: “Maybe you should borrow two ammo belts and make a cross over your chest like Pancho Villa.”

“I can’t do that,” said Paul gravely.

“No you can’t. ‘Man of God’ and all that. Well you’re in God’s hands, and you’ll get all the protection God gives to his chosen ones.”

“Yes,” said Paul just as if Bartholomew had said it straight. “And so will you.”

“Ha!” the corpsman exclaimed.

Donald Pfarrer  
*The Fearless Man: a Novel of Vietnam*  
 (Random House, 2005): 144-15.

† Curtana †

## **An Apostate’s View of “Positive Religion”**

*Joseph Campbell was a philosopher who became renowned as an expert on various mythologies. What follows is taken from an interview conducted by journalist Bill Moyers.*

Moyers: Are some myths more or less true than others?

Campbell: They are true in different senses. Every mythology has to do with the wisdom of life as related to a specific culture at a specific time. It integrates the individual into his society and the society into the field of nature. It unites the field of nature with my nature. It’s a harmonizing force. Our own mythology, for example, is based on the idea of duality: good and evil, heaven and hell. And so our religions tend to be ethical in their accent. Sin and atonement. Right and wrong.

Moyers: The tension of opposites: love—hate, death—life.

Campbell: Ramakrishna once said that if all you think of are your sins, then you are a sinner. And when I read that, I thought of my boyhood, going to confessions on Saturdays, meditating on all the little sins that I had committed during the week. Now I think one should go and say, “Bless me, Father, for I have been great, these are the good things I have done this week.” Identify your notion of yourself with the positive, rather than with the negative.

You see, religion is really a kind of second womb. It’s designed to bring this extremely complicated thing, which is a human being, to maturity, which means to be self-motivating, self-acting. But the idea of sin puts you in a servile condition throughout your life.

Joseph Campbell with Bill Moyers  
*The Power of Myth*  
 (New York: Doubleday, 1988): 66.

## A Union Chaplain's Second Sermon

6 July 1862 (Sunday)

Preach in camp this morning to about 100. . . .

### **Do Violence to no Man.**

[From Luke 3:14 where John the Baptist says: "Soldiers also asked him, 'And we, what shall we do?' And he said to them, 'Do not extort money from anyone by threats or by false accusation, and be content with your wages.'"]

This could not mean that the soldier should avoid conflict with the enemy; for in that case he would be virtually renouncing his calling. The charge to be content with his wages sufficiently justifies this calling as an honorable one. So long as there are foes to the peace and established security of mankind, so long will it be both lawful & a sacred obligation to society, for those who enjoy its benefits to wage unmitigated war on these foes.

Individual injuries we may & should forgive. Our Savior has clearly enough taught us this, in one of the most beautiful lessons that has ever been delivered in the world. But the enemies of civil government are of another class. Forbearance towards them involves a very different principle. They are warring not against as individuals, but against *human nature*. They are banding together to resist the government which God has placed over them, & to overthrow the laws by which happiness and existence itself are secured to the world at large. Not to resent, not to punish, not to resist with our most strenuous efforts such assaults would be treason against both God and society. What, then, is meant by doing violence to no man? Violence is the use of force accompanied by the desire to injure. It implies a personal hatred for the time being against the object at which the force is aimed. However necessary, therefore, that those who may be opposed to us should be conquered & punished, the injunction requires that we should still pity & be merciful to them when their power to harm us or the cause for which we fight is over.

This precept, I am glad to say, is in general recognized among the better classes of soldiers in all Christian lands, & is perfectly compatible with the most energetic exertions to obtain victory at whatever cost, in actual life & death combat.

He is really the most merciful commander who loses a thousand men in achieving a decisive victory, when the loss of half that number would have left the case undecided & necessitated the renewal of the engagement with the certain loss of an equal number more. Thus you will see that there is in the Bible no countenancing of timidity in war, no command to spare when the good of society requires that a blow shall be struck, but on the contrary, every energy & every endeavor should be put forth to achieve a victory.

Herbert B. Enderton, Editor

*The Private Journal of Abraham Joseph Warner*

(Herbert Enderton, 1973): 148-49.

## Let's Hope the Final Sentence was Accurate

San Francisco is beautiful. . . . I meet an army captain there. “You’re a chaplain, aren’t you?” he says to me. He is having trouble both at home and in Viet Nam. He is divorcing his wife at home, and he is flying a Cobra (helicopter gun ship) in the Delta in Viet Nam.

He knew a Catholic chaplain who sometimes flew with him as a door gunner. “He wasn’t much of a chaplain,” this captain tells me, “but he was pretty good as a gunner. He swore like a sailor, and he loved to kill people. He was awarded several medals. I think he was taken out of the clergy.”

Louis E. Kok  
*Say One for Me, Chaplain*  
 (Trafford, 2006): 108.

† Curtana †

## Many Chaplain Assistants are Extraordinary

*The following is drawn from a recently published novel, but it is inspired by an actual event in the life of the author while he served in Vietnam.*

The head nurse, Captain Hauchsted, spotted me from the end of the corridor. “Specialist Bertson.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Is the chaplain here today?”

“No, ma’am. He was called away, so he sent me. Father Rooker is at the base, though.”

“No time, Specialist.” She looked at me carefully. “There is a young man in there,” she said, pointing to War A, “who is dying. He insists on a chaplain, a Protestant chaplain.”

“Ma’am, I’m not an assistant chaplain, I’m—”

“I know, I know, but you’ve had the training. You know the gobbledegook to say. You’ll have to do.”

“But—”

“You *will* give this boy comfort. He will *not* die alone. He wants a Protestant chaplain, and goddammit, he’s going to get a Protestant chaplain. Do you

understand me, Specialist Bertson?” Her jaw was set, and her eyes blazed; a mother protecting her young.

I swallowed hard. She didn’t have the authority to order me to do what she wanted, as it definitely called for a chaplain. But she was a woman who would not be denied.

“I’ll do what I can,” I said.

Her face softened, and she put her hand on my shoulder. “You’ll do just fine, Specialist.”

She led me inside Ward A and said softly, “We’ve done everything we can. He survived the crash of his chopper, and then stepped on a mine on his way to the rescue bird. Lost both legs, lots of damage. We did everything we could. Everything . . .” She pointed toward the last bed on the right. “He’s there. A nurse will be standing by.”

My legs felt heavy as I walked to his bed. I steeled myself for what I might see as I pulled back the curtain at the foot of the bed.

A nurse with short blonde hair was adjusting the IV tubes and was quietly talking to him. She nodded to me.

“The chaplain’s here now,” she said. “I’ll wait outside.” She slipped past me and said quietly, “His name is Ryan White.” She pulled the curtain closed as she stepped away. The little cubicle seemed to shrink. The light over the head of the bed was off, and the space was bathed in a soft, white light that filtered through the curtains.

Several blankets had been spread over the bed, and I shivered inwardly at the sight of the flattened covers where his legs should have been. His abdominal area was wrapped in bandages, and I could only imagine the appearance of his lower body. Yet from his upper chest and upward, he appeared to be a healthy, young, sleeping black man.

His eyes opened drowsily as I moved to the head of the bed. A radiant smile broke over his face, and . . . he smiled.

“Hi there, Reveren’,” he said slowly. He seemed to be having trouble forming words.

“Hi there, Ryan.” En route from the doors of the ward to his bed, I had decided I was going to be whatever or whoever he needed me to be.

“Is my mother here?”

“No, not yet. She’s on her way.” I lied. I wondered if the chaplains lied to dying men. At that moment, his mother might have been doing anything, been anywhere, unaware that her son was near death. . . .

“Is there anything I can do for you, Ryan?”

He raised his right hand slowly. “Would you mind holdin’ my hand, Reveren’?”

I took his hand in both of mine and began to softly rub his forearm.

“Momma used . . . tuh . . . do that. Feels . . . good.”

We were quiet, and he seemed to doze.

“I have . . . things . . . to say.”

“I’ll listen,” I said.

“I’m a Christian. B’lieve in Jesus. Be with Jesus soon.”

“Yes, you will,” I said.

His lips trembled and tears ran from his eyes. Then his eyes flew wide open. “I’m goin’ to die. I don’ wan’ tuh die. Please don’ let me die. Please, please!”

I bent over him, trying to calm him. He threw his arms around my neck, pulling me down over him. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw an IV stand almost topple over.

His arms had been strong, but they shook now as he held me close. I moved so I was half-sitting on the bed and slipped my arms around him, under his shoulders. He lay his head against my should and wept. His strength, like his life, was ebbing away. I cried too.

It was not long before his breathing calmed and his hold on me loosened as he slumped back onto his pillow. I sat next to him, holding his hand. His eyes were closed.

“Ryan, can you hear me?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he said in a whispery voice.

“Is there anything you want me to tell anybody? Your mother?”

He was still for a moment. “Singin’. Mama sings.”

Would you like me to sing to you? Is that what you want?”

More stillness. “mazin’ Grace . . . ’mazin’ Grace.”

I bent near him and quietly sang, “Amazing race, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me.”

I heard a soft noise and stopped singing. He was trying to hum along. His face was peaceful, placid, as he lay there, humming tunelessly, his weak, breathy sounds breaking the silence. He was drifting off, drifting far away into his dream of peace, his dream of grace.

I kept humming that old hymn as I watched a man die.

J.T. Caldwell

*The Chaplain’s Assistant: God, Country, and Vietnam*  
(Glenn Street Press, 2009): 130-33.

† Curtana †

## Colonial Ministry of Chaplains in India

We will commence this chapter by describing the duties of Indian chaplains. Unlike military chaplains, who are subject more or less to the colonel of the regiment to which they are attached, the Indian chaplain is subordinated only to his bishop and the government of the Presidency to which he belongs. His services are at the disposal of civil and military alike, in whatsoever station he may be placed. If the station is a large one, there will be two or more chaplains, each with his own church and district assigned him. The churches are built, kept in repair, and furnished by Government, and where there are troops a certain monthly sum allowed for servants, such as clerk, sexton, and peons, or messengers.

Primarily the chaplain has to attend to the troops, visit their different hospitals and barracks, instruct in their schools, and attend the cemetery morning and evening for burials.

The outside or non-military community have also to be attended to, with their schools, hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, and other institutions. At certain seasons, out-stations with or without military detachments, and varying from ten to two hundred miles distant, have to be visited.

To each chaplaincy is attached two “Lay Trustees,” or “church wardens,” who, in the absence of the chaplain, read prayers, and are bound to notify any irregularity on the part of the chaplain, and to take care of all Government church property.

A Retired Chaplain

*Episodes in the Life of an Indian Chaplain*  
(Sampson & Low, 1882): 48-50.



## A Pleasant Story for Chaplains Who are Pet Lovers

A military chaplain, when living with his family at Madras, had a favourite cat. Having to change his residence, he removed to another side of the city, a distance of several miles. The in-coming tenant's wife took a great fancy to the cat, and begged that it might be transferred with the house. Through fear that it would be lost in going so far from familiar haunts, added to the knowledge that a good home would be given, and, more especially, because poor Puss was then in delicate health, she was, after much hesitation, allowed to remain.

About three weeks afterwards, the chaplain's wife sitting in the drawing-room of her new home, was amazed to see their old friend enter the veranda, spring into her lap, overwhelming her with caresses, and showing every possible demonstration of delight at their reunion. It was assumed that she had, in an unaccountable manner, come to take up her quarters where an unequivocal welcome was received.

Towards evening, the visitor disappeared, as mysteriously as she had arrived, returning the following day, but this time not alone, for in her mouth was a very small kitten, which she gently laid at the feet of her mistress with a pleading and most eloquent expression, as though craving for sanctuary. It need hardly be said that both refugees were incorporated into the household. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that one kitten only had been spared out of a family born at the former residence. With this 'sole daughter of her house and heart,' the faithful creature had travelled to those she had 'loved and lost a while.'

How such a journey could have been thrice accomplished, through the intricate and wholly unknown streets of so large and populous a city as Madras, bringing on the last occasion so young a kitten safely with her, surmounting all the difficulties and dangers of such a formidable transit, is inexplicable, and must certainly be deemed a marvellous feat. No member of the chaplain's family had visited their old home, not even a servant had passed between the two localities, nor had the new tenants called on the original inhabitants.

The extraordinary reflection and foresight shown in first taking the journey alone to insure success, and then fetching the fragile little being prudently left behind, is perhaps the most curious part of this "owre true tale" (more than true story). It will be conceded readily that this strong attachment could only have been for those with whom she had so long and happily dwelt. Truth is again stranger than fiction.

"Stories of Cats"

*Chamber's Journal*

(W&R Chambers, 1886): Volume 63: 791-92.

## Was Cannoneering in the Seminary Curriculum?

*The War of 1812 pitted the young United States against the vast British Empire. This incident occurred during the little known Battle of Lake Erie.*

In ships, the British had the superiority, their vessels being stronger, and their forces being more concentrated; the American gunboats at the right of the American line, separated from each other by at least half a cable's length, were not near enough for good service. In the number of guns, the British had sixty-three, the Americans fifty-four. In action at a distance, the British, who had thirty-five long guns to fifteen, had greatly the advantage; in close action the weight of metal would favor the Americans.

The British commander had 150 men from the Royal Navy, eighty Canadian sailors, and 240 soldiers, mostly regulars, and some Indians, making, with their officers, a little more than five hundred men of whom at least 450 were efficient. The American crews, of whom about one-fourth were from Rhode Island, one-fourth regular seamen, American and cosmopolitan, about one-fourth raw volunteers, from Pennsylvania, Ohio, but chiefly Kentucky, and about one-fourth blacks, numbered on the muster roll 490, but of these, 116 were sick, nearly all of whom were too weak to come on deck, so that the efficient force of the squadron was a little less than 400.

On the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup> of September, at sunrise, the enemy was bearing down from Maiden. Perry's squadron immediately got under way. The wind was light and the day was beautiful, and not a cloud obscured the horizon. Commodore Perry was aboard the "Lawrence." He had privately prepared a beautiful flag to be hoisted at the masthead of his flagship. On this flag was painted in letters legible to the whole fleet the dying words of the immortal Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship." Turning to his crew he said, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" The effect was electrifying. "Ay! ay! sir!" came from every man on the ship, and amid the cheers of his men he ran up the battle signal. All the vessels were ready and the decks were cleared for action.

At fifteen minutes to twelve there was a mellow sound of a bugle from the "Detroit," and the enemy's line cheered. There broke upon the air the sounds of sweet music; it was the British band on that vessel playing "Rule Britannia." Then the crash of cannon; the "Detroit" and the "Queen Charlotte" had opened fire on the "Lawrence." She received the fire without reply, as she was not within distance to do any execution with her short guns. At five minutes before twelve the "Lawrence" opened upon the enemy. The other vessels were ordered to support her, but the wind at this time was too light to enable them to come up.

Every brace and bowline of the flagship were soon shot away; she became unmanageable, and in this situation, she was the target for upward of two hours, within canister distance, until every gun was rendered useless, and but a small part of her crew left unwounded upon the deck.

In the general action between the other vessels, the carnage was terrible, and from mid-day until three in the afternoon, the conflict was a desperate struggle for supremacy. Both sides realized the value of a victory and the disaster of defeat.

Perry acted with reckless bravery throughout the engagement. There, was but one moment when his cool intrepidity experienced a shock. This was on seeing his brother, a youth of but twelve years, who served aboard as a midshipman, knocked down by a hammock, which was driven in by a cannon ball. The first impression of the Commodore was that he was killed; but the active boy jumped up unhurt and unafraid, thus much relieving Perry, who went on as before. The “Lawrence,” after the terrific attacks she had sustained, now became useless and unmanageable. Her crew was literally mowed down and her guns crippled.

Perry himself, assisted by his chaplain and purser, had fired the last gun. It was evident that the “Lawrence” could no longer be of service to the fleet. Perry ordered the pennant with the historic words of Captain Lawrence to be lowered, and wrapping it about him, he was transferred to an open boat bound for the “Niagara.”

He went off in gallant style and full of ardor. The enemy, observing this movement, saw the design immediately. It meant a fresh start by an indomitable commander. They directed all the fire of their great guns and musketry at Perry’s boat to destroy it. Several of the oars were splintered, and the crew were covered with spray from the round shot and grape which were striking the water on every side. Perry stood erect, unmindful of danger; his crew begged him not to expose himself, and they threatened to lay upon their oars unless he sat down. He yielded to their wishes and they pulled with an extra will. It took fifteen minutes to reach the “Niagara.” With the Commodore aboard, it became his flagship and the pennant was again run up. To the dismay of the British, they saw him on the quarter-deck fresh for a continuance of the contest.

E.O. Randall and D.J. Ryan  
*History of Ohio*  
 (Century History Company, 1912): volume 3: 302-05.

† Curtana †

## Pithy Sayings from the Eighteenth Century

5240 To take from a Soldier Ambition, is to take off his Spurs.

2251 He that preacheth up War, when it might well be avoided, is the Devil’s Chaplain.

Thomas Fuller  
*Gnomologia: Adages and Proverbs*  
 (London: B. Barker, 1732): 92.

## Properly Choosing Sermon Themes

*The following passage is taken from a book inspired by the correspondence of a nineteen-year-old Union recruit.*

Wilson's Creek was the second major battle of the war and the first to see a Union general fall. Losses on both sides were proportionally still, but the victory gave the Rebels control for a time of southwestern Missouri and a lift to their adherents in the state. The Federals withdrew to Springfield and from there, unassailed to the railhead at Rolla, their forward base. Five regiments were quickly dispatched to discourage the Confederates from advancing, and martial law was declared in St. Louis to keep pro-Rebel sentiment in check.

Throughout the state, but especially south of the Missouri River, "solitude and desolation reigned. Nearly all the houses and plantations had been deserted by their inhabitants," wrote one contemporary, and unharvested wheat, corn, and other grains rotted in the fields.

The day after the Union rout—as the news of it came in—Webb attended service in a field chapel where the chaplain took as his text for the day, "They that take the sword shall die by the sword" (Revelation 13:10), which did not comfort him much.

Benson Bobrick  
*Testament: A Soldier's Story of the Civil War*  
(Simon & Schuster, 2003): 39.

† Curtana †

## Interesting Indicators of Impending Battle

On June 14, the soldiers prepared for a coordinated attack on enemy fortifications outside of Petersburg. Previous attempts on the city had been halfhearted and timid, although at one time Butler had been ordered to take the city with bayonet, if necessary. Now the preparations for an impending assault were evident. On Sunday, the 5<sup>th</sup> U.S. Colored Troops finally got its long-awaited chaplain. The following day the troops were issued whiskey. Both were unmistakable signs that combat was imminent.

Melvin Claxton and Mark Puls  
*Uncommon Valor: a Story of Race, Patriotism and Glory*  
(John Wiley & Sons, 2006): 135.

## They should have Listened to their Chaplain

*The following took place near the end of the Seven Days Battles during the Peninsula Campaign during the American Civil War.*

[Generals] Lee and Longstreet were riding south on the Quaker Road when they encountered D.H. Hill. Thank general said he had been talking to a chaplain in his division who was from the area and who had explained that directly ahead of them on the Quaker Road was Malvern Hill, which the chaplain had described as a very imposing position militarily. [General Daniel] Harvey Hill, who was not easily impressed by Yankees or their works, was impressed by this.

“If General McClellan is there in strength,” he said, “we had better let him alone.” Longstreet laughed and said, “Don’t get scared, now that we have got him whipped.”

*If the Confederates had listened to the counsel of the chaplain and the advice of General Hill, they would have saved themselves the horror of experiencing over 5,000 casualties without gaining an inch of ground.*

Stephen Sears  
“Malvern Hill”

*With My Face to the Enemy* edited by Robert Cowley  
(Pimlico, 2003): 127.

† Curtana †

## Beneficial Words Despite Different Denominations

Meanwhile, soldiers on both sides [of the American Civil War] survived as best they could through the long winter and wondered about the campaigns to come. Religion filled the lives of an increasing number of soldiers in 1864, as the war dragged on. “The church was very neat and filled with soldiers, but one woman in the audience,” wrote Jenkin Jones of the Sixth Wisconsin Artillery, at church in Huntsville, Alabama on January 17.

“Chaplain of the 18<sup>th</sup> Wisconsin officiated, of the Calvinistic school, and but ill agreed with my views, but it seemed good to be once more listening to an earnest speaker and hear the old-fashioned tunes swell in the bass voices that filled the room. Returned to camp, if not better a more thoughtful man.”

David J. Eicher

*Dixie Betrayed: How the South Really Lost the Civil War*  
(Little, Brown & Company, 2006): 211-12.

## Beware the Rabbinic Refuges

*In 1940, the British rounded up hundreds of “dangerous Nazi” prisoners who were then shipped off to a prison camp in Canada. Ironically, many of them were Jewish. The following episode recounts their “welcome” in Canada.*

Heavily guarded and accompanied by motorcycle escorts, buses took us from Wolfe’s Cove up the Rock of Quebec to the Plains of Abraham. Some curious Quebeckers lining our route called to us “sales boches,” “Nazis,” and similar words of welcome, but once we stepped off the buses, Canadian officers took over. They all eyed us with suspicion and some were perplexed by the ingenuity of these enemy prisoners who had donned the guises of Catholic priests, bearded rabbis and pale-faced rabbinical students complete with traditional earlocks.

Father Anton Ummenhofer, who now lives in Germany, wrote to me that there was no doubt the Canadian military personnel suspected the priests and the others to be German parachutists who had been captured in Holland. Walter Loevinsohn recounts the following story:

We had three rabbis on board. The district chaplain from M[ilitary]D[istrict]5 wanted to see the prisoners coming in. So when the rabbis saw his clerical collar they marched right up to him and introduced themselves. The chaplain thought they were dangerous men in disguise, so he decided to test them.

He addressed one of them in Latin. He received an answer in Latin. The chaplain tried again, addressing the second rabbi in Greek. He got a perfect answer in Greek. He was beginning to think these must be very strange parachutists. So he tried the third rabbi; he put a question to him in Hebrew. Naturally he got a flawless reply. The poor confused chaplain just shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

Eric Koch  
*Deemed Suspect: a Wartime Blunder*  
(Formac Publishing, 1985): 70-71.

† Curtana †

## A Civil War Changing of the Guard

*When the Confederates withdrew from Petersburg, leaving the city to their Union conquerors, Chaplain Lachlan Cumming Vass of the 27<sup>th</sup> Virginia Infantry remained with the wounded at the hospital. His description of the entrance of the enemy into the city is illuminating.*

. . . they found no one to oppose them. Dr. Peeples, Dr. Eppes and myself occupied the room of the officer of the day. We were up before day and saw the bright glare of the burning bridges set on fire after our noble army crossed.

It was late in the day (say 7 or 8 am) before we saw any of the Enemy here. Then we saw a line of Negro skirmishers stretching down the hill (over the creek that runs thru our grounds) and around the S.W. Corner of the enclosure and on up the road along the western fence. They marched on into the open field and there formed. These were the first Negro troops I ever saw under arms. They commenced to seize and appropriate the chickens about. None entered our bounds.

Before these came we had heard for a long time, drums and bands, and shouting of mighty masses of men. We were very anxious, not knowing what would be our fate when columns rushed around; or perhaps contending forces joined battle around us. But all passed off quietly. . . .

Troops poured for a long time through the city. Grant has a mighty army, splendidly equipped. It is astonishing that we have been able to resist it. What a contrast between our lean and feeble teams and his fat, lusty ones! Our cause, and our spirit, and our God helped us!

Considerable amount of commissary stores were left here by Gen. Lee for distribution among the poor. Much was wasted and much snatched by the greedy crowd at first. But soon the establishment was put under guard and some little order preserved.

Elizabeth Vass Wilkerson, Editor  
*The Diary of Rev. L.C. Vass*  
(Authorhouse, 2008): 3-4.

† Curtana †

## **How Chaplains Earn the Respect of Their Troops**

As a rule it was just as much a reflection on a chaplain if too many men came to him as it was if nobody came. Just to know that a person was there who would give a man a full hearing, a sympathetic hand and a just response seemed to mean a lot to the hundreds of men who never went near him.

I tried to be friendly towards all and at the same time discourage the cry-babies and “goldbricks” who came to the Chaplain in the hope of getting back at some superior or of dodging something nasty. There were plenty who had no scruples as to using you for a good thing. A chaplain gained the respect of both officers and men if he stood quietly but firmly for a higher standard of behavior.

On the other hand, he lost as much respect as he gained if he did not fight and fight hard for an individual with just cause. As a rule, however, an intelligent chaplain enjoyed such relationships with both officers and men as to make any form of fighting unnecessary. A word spoken at the right place was usually sufficient.

George W. Wickersham II  
*Marine Chaplain 1943-46*  
(Lulu, 2008): 99.

### † Curtana †

## Arbitrarily Arresting One's Senior Staff

*After placing his second-in-command under house arrest, the commander of the First New Jersey Cavalry continues to create chaos in his young regiment. At this time the unit was actually called "Halsted's Horse" in his honor.*

Notwithstanding the precarious existence of the regiment, Halsted continued to stir up confusion and disorder by his peevish and irrational actions. In early February 1862 he ordered the arrest of the popular Chaplain Henry R. Pyne, whom Halsted labeled uncooperative and insubordinate. The reason for Pyne's arrest appeared to be his loyalty to (Lieutenant Colonel) Kargé.

Prior to departing the regimental camp on sick leave, Kargé had entrusted the chaplain with the key to his field desk. In Kargé's absence and without his consent, Halsted decided to go through that officer's private papers. He demanded that Pyne surrender the key, claiming that Kargé's locked desk contained official papers. The chaplain refused. Reacting angrily, the colonel added to the trumped-up charges against Pyne the additional one of drunkenness. Fortunately, Halsted's superiors recognized the emotional nature of the charges and flatly rejected them all.

In mid-February 1862 . . . New Jersey Governor Charles S. Olden recognized the regiment as a state unit. "Halsted's Horse" became officially the "First New Jersey Cavalry Regiment." Next, the Governor mustered out William Halsted.

*Chaplain Pyne wrote a history of the regiment after the war's end, entitled Ride to War.*

Francis C. Kajencki  
*Star on Many a Battlefield*  
(Farleigh Dickinson University, 1980): 37-38.



## Bivouacking in a Wayside Chapel

*Upon arriving at Andersonville Prison, the officers and enlisted are separated. The officers will be transported to a prison of their own.*

Andersonville, one year before, had never been heard of a hundred miles away, but is now a place whose name is associated with all that is revolting, a place whose name is synonymous with suffering, hunger, starvation, despair and death. . . . Thank God I was not doomed to be a resident of that charnal [sic] house, where out of eighty-five of my brave comrades who belonged to our detachment of cavalry, and who were destined to suffer its blood-curdling horrors, only eighteen ever lived to relate the tales of fiendish cruelty to which they were obliged to submit.

On the plateau in front of the pen the officers and enlisted men were separated, as no officers were held at Andersonville, except a few who commanded colored troops, whose rank would not be recognized by such gentlemen (!) as Wirz and his aids. . . . After the enlisted men had been sent to the pen, the officers were conducted to a small church, or rather chapel, on the opposite side of the road, where we remained over night.

We were not closely guarded, and if there had been a probability of getting through I could have got away, for I went some distance alone to a house and bought some milk, and had a supper of hardtack and milk. The next morning I again went out and bought some beefsteak and milk for breakfast. This being Sunday, Chaplain Dixon held divine service in the little church, preaching from the text, "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." The service was held immediately after breakfast, and at ten o'clock we were on board the cars, again headed for Macon, where we arrived at 4 p.m.

Alonzo Cooper  
*In and Out of Rebel Prisons*  
(R.J. Oliphant, 1888): 41-43.

† Curtana †

## A Chaplain Joins his Mutinous Commander

*The globe-spanning journey of Magellan's fleet was not all fun and adventure.*

The fleet was scattered three times before, in late March [1520], Magellan took his ships into a bay on the Patagonian coast where he said they would spend the rest of the southern winter.

St. Julian Bay, as he named it, was a wretched, bleak spot. But not until Magellan ordered the crew to build huts and simultaneously cut their rations did they realize just how wretched and bleak it was. As Pigafetta put it, “The captains and crew objected to both these orders, and the dissatisfied demanded to return home.” Magellan refused to discuss the matter, and when some of the crew persisted he had them arrested and punished.

This exasperated the men still further. On 1 April Cartagena, Mendoza and Quesada seized three of the ships and tried to escape. Magellan, however, “by a cunning ruse,” recaptured one of the ships—killing Mendoza in the process—and blocked the mouth of the bay. Outnumbered and unable to break free, Cartagena surrendered.

Magellan’s revenge was harsh. The ringleaders among the crew were chained and sentenced to careen the ships. Cartagena and his chaplain were ordered to be marooned. Quesada was executed—by his secretary, who was spared death on condition that he behead his master—and then the corpses of Quesada and Mendoza were dismembered and hung on gibbets.

After this the hut-building proceeded smoothly and nobody complained about the rations.

*When he departed the bleak bay Magellan left behind Juan de Cartagena, captain of the San Antonio, and his chaplain, Pedro Sánchez Reina. They were never heard from again.*

Fergus Fleming  
*Off the Map: Tales of Endurance and Exploration*  
(Atlantic Monthly Press, 2004): 55.

† Curtana †

## The Dire Consequences of Lazy Chaplains

With resolution, [the chaplain] must combine energy of character, and a willing heart. A lazy chaplain is certainly an object of commiseration. While he dozes through the camp or the hospital, souls are awaking in hell, whose blood is upon his soul, and which will be required of him in the day of judgment. He is loathed by the men; despised by the officers; and ekes out his miserable existence amidst the frowns of all honest men, and the contempt of the world.

William Y. Brown  
*The Army Chaplain*  
(Gale Cengage Learning, 1863): 17-18.

## A Chaplain's Brush with Danger

*The following account of a true event comes from a fictionalized version of the life of the "Poet Priest of the Confederacy."*

He looked wildly about for [his brother] Dave; caught a glimpse of him far to the left. Mose had shot forward but Hugh was still at his side. The blue cavalry was shoving through the mass of gray troops. Suddenly Smoke [the chaplain's noble steed] dodged away as a Union rider lunged savagely at Father Ryan with his saber.

He missed, and the priest saw him half swing from the saddle with the momentum of that fierce thrust. His head bobbed up and Father Ryan saw his eyes, cold as the steel of his sword. He pointed his pistol at the priest's head.

Then there came a sudden crash, flames streaked between them. The cold eyes went blank as the Union rider fell from his mount beneath the pounding hoofs of advancing horses. "Just in time," shouted Hugh McGill, a smoking pistol in his hand. "Get back, Father, you're unarmed."

H.J. Heagney  
*Chaplain in Gray: Abram Ryan*  
(P.J. Kenedy & Sons, 1958): 66-67.

† Curtana †

## A Truly Inclusive Prayer

Thank you, Father, for working through our military chaplains in the past, present and future. Amen.

Jill Connett  
*Camouflage Prayers: Remembrance and Insight for Unseen Needs*  
(Tate Publishing, 2011): 38.

† Curtana †

## Beware of Falling into North Korean Hands

Chaplains were hardly immune to the hazards of war. They seemed to have been singled out by the North Koreans as particular "enemies of the people." Of the four U.S. chaplains known to have been held in enemy camps, none survived. At least two vanished after last being reported devotedly staying behind with U.S. wounded in the face of enemy advances. By the time of the armistice in 1953, thirteen chaplains had been killed as a result of enemy action, six in the

disastrous first month of the war; and twenty-six had been wounded. No less than twenty-two chaplains were awarded the nation's second highest military medal, the Silver Star.

Elizabeth Schafer  
"Chaplains in the Korean War"  
*The Korean War: an Encyclopedia*  
(Taylor & Francis, 1995): 69.

† Curtana †

## Italian WWII Propaganda Featured a Chaplain

*L'uomo dalla croce* ("The man of the cross") began production in July 1942. . . . *L'uomo dalla croce* is based on the life of Father Reginaldo chaplain on the Russian front. Caught between Russian and Italian artillery while tending a wounded soldier, he takes shelter in an isba [a rustic rural home] along with a Russian commissar and his girlfriend and twenty or so women and children. He cares for the wounded through the night, delivers and baptizes a baby and converts the girl after a Russian kills the commissar. The Italians retake the village at dawn, but the chaplain is shot by a dying Russian soldier and, fatally wounded, crawls over to murmur the "Our Father" in his ear.

Asvero Gravelli wrote the story and script and supervised the production. He was a well-known Fascist new commentator with a nightly radio show and was the editor of Fascist journals . . . His film—"Dedicated," as an end title announced "to the heroic chaplains fallen among the Godless in barbaric lands"—supposes that a crusade against atheistic Communism is a noble project for Church and Army.

Tag Gallagher  
*The Adventures of Roberto Rossellini*  
(De Capo Press, 1998): 83.

† Curtana †

## The "Primary Duty" of the Mobilized Chaplain

*Chaplain Corby, the Roman Catholic priest commemorated by a statue at Gettysburg, recognized the true essence of chaplaincy ministry.*

This may seem to be a slight deviation from my narrative, but it is certainly pertinent since it gives an insight into the life and labors of the now belligerent chaplain, under trying circumstances. Moved, as he is, by true patriotism, he faces war and its evils, but regards it always as a primary duty to attend to the spiritual wants of his charge. Just here I recall a poor soldier who was

accidentally shot through the left lung. I happened to be near by, had just time to hear his confession, and he breathed his last. All the aforesaid labors, trials, and fastings were well rewarded by the chance given to save that one soul.

William Corby  
*Memoirs of a Chaplain Life*  
 (La Monte, O'Donnell & Company, 1893): 42.

† Curtana †

## What Difference Does a Chaplain's Religion Make?

*Without another hospital chaplain available, a Jewish rabbi addresses the request of a dying woman to marry her to her boyfriend. Perhaps his service as a military chaplain influenced his answer.*

I went on to explain that I was a Jewish chaplain, and not a Rabbi. In addition, from a legal standpoint I was not authorized to conduct a marriage ceremony. Further, since I was Jewish I would not be able to bless her mother and her mother's boyfriend in the traditional "Christian tradition." Then I added, "How would your mother and her boyfriend feel about having a Jewish Chaplain marry them?"

She responded by telling me, "This is of no consequence and what difference does it make . . . whether you are Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist or whatever. Would not the good Lord want my mother's dying wish to be carried out?"

...

Without further ado, I proceeded with a make-shift ceremony, her mother and husband-to-be holding hands. As we proceeded through the ceremony, a glow came to her face, a smile broke through her pain and a look of serenity came into her eyes.

Max Fallek  
*Touching the Soul: The Diary of a Jewish Chaplain*  
 (Nodin Press, 2008): 23-24.

† Curtana †

## Heavenly Names Best to be Avoided

Reprobated Angels: at a church council in Rome, 745 C.E., under Pope Zachary, 7 high angels were reprobated: Uriel, Raguel, Inias, Adimus, Simiel (Semibel), Tubuael (Tubuas), and Sabaothe (Saboac). The bishops Clement and Adalbert,

who taught the veneration of these angels, were convicted of heresy. It was the rash of newly coined angels that prompted the Church at that time to forbid invoking or venerating angels other than those named in the Bible (Michael, Gabriel, Raphael). The trouble, however, dated earlier than the 8<sup>th</sup> century, for in the 4<sup>th</sup>-5<sup>th</sup> centuries, Eusebius and Theodoret tried, without success, to put a stop to the practice.

Gustav Davidson

*A Dictionary of Angels: Including the Fallen Angels*

(The Free Press, 1967): 245.

† Curtana †

## **Interdenominational Peace in the Confederate Army**

*The following words come from the pen of Chaplain Sterling McAlister, the Methodist chaplain of the 37<sup>th</sup> Georgia Infantry.*

Dr. J. William Jones, in “Christ in the Camp,” very truly said of the work of the chaplains and missionaries in the army: “One of the most potent factors in the grand success of our work was the union of hearts and hands of all Christian workers. Dr. Hoge wrote of the great revival in Barksdale’s Brigade in 1863. We had a Presbyterian sermon introduced by Baptist services under the direction of a Methodist chaplain in an Episcopal church. That was but a type of what was usual all through the army. We found common ground upon which we could stand shoulder to shoulder and labor for the cause of our common Master. And I am glad to believe that the fraternal spirit which has so largely prevailed for some years among evangelical Christians at the South is in no small degree due to the habit of cooperation which so generally prevailed during the war.”

I indorse all my good Baptist brother wrote anent [concerning] the catholic spirit which prevailed among the preachers of different denominations in the army. We preached a full, free salvation to all, and when soldiers of the cross desired to enter the army of the Lord we gave them the privilege of selecting their own company and choosing the division in which they could best battle for God against Satan. Their names were taken and ministers of their choice were invited to baptize them, and there was no controversy on the mode of baptism, or proselyting, and all who repented and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and were obedient to his will as they understood his word, were recognized as Christians in the army.

If nothing else was gained by the war, the broad, strong bond of Christian charity, which binds the people of God closer together now than in other years, and manifests more of the spirit of our Lord than hitherto, is to me the best evidence that great good grew out of what seemed a great evil. During the thirty-five years of my ministry I regard the four years of my army life as the most useful. I have

found no other field so fertile and fruitful for soul-saving, no other people more devout and spiritual than Christian soldiers, and no ministers more zealous and faithful than chaplains, whether Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Disciples, or Catholics.

Ann E. Snyder

*The Civil War: From a Southern Stand-Point*

(Nashville: Methodist Episcopal Church, South): 302-03.

† Curtana †

## Reveling in a Chaplain's Embarrassment

Though the [POW duty] honey-bucket assignment was not a lengthy one, I was on it long enough to pick up some interesting stories, mostly about "Concrete Annie." Annie was the head of a four-woman work crew, all of whom were Japanese and in their late forties. Periodically they'd come to camp to make repairs on . . . anything made of concrete. . . . More than once, a guy relieving himself at a urinal suddenly found Annie standing alongside him. Despite her admiring gaze, the guy was usually rattled enough that he would quickly close his fly and make a quick exit.

. . .

But sexual relations was probably the last thing the POWs were capable of doing in our condition. We were too sick, too tired, and too hungry to perform for Annie or any of her crew. Still, Annie and her crew amused themselves, and us, by creating "situations." My favorite involved a Dutch chaplain.

One day Annie walked in on the chaplain during one of his "latrine meditations." His hands spread quickly to cover his crotch, and his skin flushed a royal pink. But this was Annie's territory, so she didn't bat an eyelash at his presence. She merely turned, dropped her pantaloons, and took the empty sea next to him. When she finished, she stood up, turned her back to the chaplain, bent over to retrieve her pantaloons, and left. All that while, and for a long time after she left, the chaplain's eyes remained riveted to a single board in the center of the door.

Anton F. Bilek and Gene O'Connell

*No Uncle Sam: the Forgotten of Bataan*

(Kent State University, 2003): 176-77.

## When the Sheep Recognize Their Shepherd's Voice

*The following diary entry is included in this account of the ministry of the Chaplain Israel Yost of the Japanese American 100<sup>th</sup> Battalion during the Second World War.*

Wednesday Night, January 31, France

A soldier was receiving plasma. His eyes were covered because of the bright light annoying him. I spoke to him, explaining that the plasma would help him. "That's all right, chaplain; I can't see you but I know you." He was an old-timer and knows my voice as well as my face. Often on the phone I say just a sentence and the soldier at the other end replies, "Chaplain—thus and so . . ." It's good to be known by voice.

Israel A.S. Yost  
*Combat Chaplain*  
(University of Hawaii, 2006): 219.

† Curtana †

## A Much Sadder Diary Notation

*The following incident was experienced by a chaplain during the American conflict in Vietnam.*

Tuesday, January 30, 1968

At 4:00 am the radio operator awakens me and says, "Alpha-6 wants to talk to you on the radio."

I can't imagine what captain Pina wants at this time of morning. I pick up the radio and Frank says, "We need you at our position first light. Can you get here ASAP? I'll brief you as soon as your arrive. . . ." The radio operator says he heard a single shot in Alpha Company's position about ten minutes before but nothing was said on the radio about receiving fire. Snipers seldom fire just one shot. . . .

"Jim, I'm glad you came over. We have a problem. One of our new men killed another. It was apparently an accident." Frank's face is draw. . . . "The idiot dropped his M-16 in the dark and new buddy was asleep a few feet away. The M-16 went off and blew the man's brains out. He never knew what hit him.

"Who was he?"

"I don't know." Frank asks the three or four others in the command post, but no one knows. "His body is over here. Maybe you knew him."



We walk a few paces and the unmistakable form of a still body is under a poncho. I remove the cover to look at the soldier as everyone else turns and looks away. I recognize the smell of blood and death, but I do not know the man. The exit wound of the M-16 has left a fist-sized hole and taken a major portion of the soldier's brain. I cover him again and say a silent prayer. I want to cry. I hardly know the sound of my own voice as I tell Frank I do not recognize the dead man.

...

The sun is up now as I make my way to the defensive position shared by the five man fire team. Everything looks normal. No one, though, is looking at anyone else. "Hello, Sam. I heard what happened." There's a pause.

"Yeah, it was bad, Chaplain." He won't make eye contact.

After an awkward pause he says, "I just dropped my M-16, I guess. I thought the safety was on. The gun went off and it scared the daylights out of me. My platoon sergeant started cursing at me. That was before either of us knew that anyone had been hit. It was dark and we couldn't see. He didn't make any sound at all. . . . The sergeant wanted us all to hunker down since the shot may have given our position away. He called out one by one to all of the squad members. He didn't answer. The sergeant cursed at him and said to 'wake up.'"

...

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I ask.

"I don't think so."

"I'll keep you in my prayers. If you want to talk, let me know. I'll be around. I know you didn't mean to do this." He tears up slightly, but quickly forces his emotions back down. I feel so inadequate.

I walk the fifty meters back to the command post with a heavy heart. I wish there were more I could do or say. I feel so badly for both Sam and for the family of the KIA. I resolve to spend more time with Sam. Here's a nineteen-year-old draftee who's killed, not a VC, but a friend. I can't begin to imagine what impact this will have on him in future years, assuming he makes it through this hell alive.

James D. Johnson  
*Combat Chaplain: a Thirty-Year Vietnam Battle*  
 (University of North Texas, 2001): 182-83.

## Seeking the Easy Life

*A December 2011 posting to a “free thought” website.*

Chaplain sounds like a cush job, if I can get in the army as a humanist chaplain I’ll sign up [*sic*, no concluding punctuation].

*Yes, precisely the type of chaplain the world needs . . . and he probably believes the Army would be fortunate to have him!*

† Curtana †

## Memorial Services as the Battle Line Advance

The house afforded room, after I had preempted it, for the Senior Chaplain of the Division, the Division Burial Officer and myself, together with our three orderlies.

Even in dry weather there was some excitement about the old house. There was the time when some tipsy soldiers, seeing the light in the Senior Chaplain’s room late at night, mistook the place for a cafe and came stumbling in for a drink. When they saw the chaplain, they suddenly sobered and accepted very gravely the drink of water he offered them from his canteen. . . .

I think that I shall never forget Corbie [France], with its narrow streets, its half-ruined houses, its great ancient church of gray, with one transept a heap of ruins, and the straight rows of poplars on both sides of the Somme Canal—a bit of Corot in the mist of twilight. I remember the quiet, gray square one day with the American band playing a medley from the “Chocolate Soldier,” for all the world like a phonograph at home. I remember the great memorial review of the division by General O’Ryan in honor of our men who had fallen; the staff stood behind the General at the top of a long, gentle slope, with three villages in the distance, the church looming up with its square, ruined tower, and the men spread out before us, a vanishing mass of olive drab against the dull shades of early winter.

I remember the day when three of us chaplains made the long trip back to our division cemeteries at St. Emelie, Bony and Guillemont Farm to read the burial service over those many graves, the result of the terrible battle at the Hindenburg Line. Chaplain Burgh, Protestant, of the 105<sup>th</sup> Infantry, Chaplain Eilers, Catholic, of the 106<sup>th</sup> Infantry, and I were sent back the fifty miles or more by automobile for this duty.

It happened that it rained that day, as on most days, and the car was an open one. So the few soldiers still about in that deserted region had the rare sight of three cold and dripping chaplains standing out in the mud and rain to read the burial services, one holding his steel helmet as an umbrella over the prayerbook from which the other read, and then accepting the same service in return.

There was none of the panoply of war, no bugle, firing party or parade, just the prayer uttered for each man in the faith to which he was born or to which he had clung. We did not even know the religion of every man buried there, but we knew that our prayers would serve for all.

We were lucky to be in Corbie on November 11<sup>th</sup> when the armistice was signed. Day after day we had stopped at Division Headquarters to inspect the maps and study the color pins which were constantly moving forward across France and Belgium. It was a study that made us all drunk with enthusiasm.

Lee J. Levinger  
*A Jewish Chaplain in France*  
 (Macmillan, 1921): 53-56.

† Curtana †

## Heroism at Gallipoli & Heavenly Medals

As soon, however, as the Munsters [Irish troops] began to pour from [the landing craft], a perfect hail of lead opened on the unfortunate soldiers, who were shot down in scores as they raced down the gangway. Some who were struck in the leg stumbled and fell into the water, where, owing to the weight of their packs and ammunition, they went to the bottom and were drowned. For days afterwards, these unfortunate men could be seen through the clear water, many of them still grasping their rifles.

The men in the boats suffered equally heavily and had even less chance of escape. Many were mown down by rifle fire and sometimes a shell cut a boat in two and the unfortunate soldiers went to the bottom, carried down by the weight of their equipment.

The sailors who were detailed to assist in the landing performed some heroic deeds. Theirs was the task of fixing the lighters from the gangways of the *River Clyde* to the shore. Even in ordinary times, it would be a very difficult task, owing to the strong current which sweeps round from the Dardanelles, but to do it practically at the muzzle of the enemy's rifles, demanded men with the hearts of lions. Scores were shot down as they tugged and hauled to get the lighters into position. Scores more were ready to jump into their places. More than once the lighters broke loose and the whole perilous work had to be done over again, but our gallant seamen never failed. They just "carried on."

Those naval men whose duty it was to bring the Dublins ashore in small boats were shot down to a man, for there was no escape for them from that terrible fire. Both boats and crews were destroyed, either on the beach or before they reached it.

In spite of the rain of death some of the Dublins and Munsters succeeded in effecting a landing and making a dash for shelter from the tornado of fire under the little ridge of sand which, as I have already mentioned, ran round the beach. Had the Turks taken the precaution of levelling this bank of sand, not a soul could have lived in that fire-swept zone.

More than half of the landing-party were killed before they could reach its friendly shelter and many others were left writhing in agony on that narrow strip of beach. Brigadier-General Napier and his Brigade Major, Captain Costeker, were killed, as was also Lieutenant-Colonel Carrington Smith, commanding the Hampshires; the adjutants of the Hampshires and of the Munsters were wounded and, indeed, the great majority of the senior officers were either wounded or killed.

Many anxious eyes were peering out over the protected bulwarks of the *River Clyde*, and among them was Father Finn, the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Dublins. The sight of some 500 of his brave boys lying dead or dying on that terrible strip of beach, was too much for him, so, heedless of all risk, he plunged down the gangway and made for the shore. On the way, his wrist was shattered by a bullet, but he went on, and although lead was spattering all round him like hailstones, he administered consolation to the wounded and dying, who, alas, were so thickly strewn around.

For a time he seemed to have had some miraculous form of Divine protection, for he went from one to another through shot and shell without receiving any further injury. At last a bullet struck him near the hip, and, on seeing this, some of the Dublins rushed out from the protection of the sand-bank and brought him into its shelter.

When, however, he had somewhat recovered from his wound, nothing would induce him to remain in safety while his poor boys were being done to death in the open, so out he crawled again to administer comfort to a poor fellow who was moaning piteously a little way off; and as he was in the act of giving consolation to the stricken man, this heroic Chaplain was struck dead by a merciful bullet.

Father Finn has, so far, been granted no V.C. [Victoria Cross], but if there is such a thing in heaven, I am sure he is wearing it, and His Holiness Benedict XV might do worse than canonize this heroic priest, for surely no saint ever died more nobly: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

J.H. Patterson

"With the Zionists in Gallipoli"

(*The Forum*, 1916): Volume 56:109-11.

## An Invitation to Become a Chaplain to Pirates

*A chaplain fell into the hands of the ruthless Bartholomew Roberts as he marauded down the western African coast. This brought great joy to the Welsh pirate who thought a “man of God” was just the thing he needed to complete the crew on his new ship.*

Hither [to Sierra Leone] Roberts came the end of June, 1721, and had intelligence that the *Swallow* and *Weymouth*, two men-of-war, of fifty, guns each, had left that river about a month before and designed to return about Christmas; so that the pirates could indulge themselves with all the satisfaction in the world, in that they knew they were not only secure whilst there, but that in going down the coast after the men-of-war they should always be able to get such intelligence of their rendezvous as would serve to make their expedition safe. So after six weeks' stay, the ships being cleaned and fitted, and the men weary of whoring and drinking, they bethought themselves of business, and went to sea the beginning of August, taking their progress down the whole coast as low as Jaquin, plundering every, ship they met of what was valuable in her, and sometimes to be more mischievously wicked, would throw what they did not want overboard, accumulating cruelty to theft.

In this range they exchanged their old French ship for a fine frigate-built ship called the *Onslow*, belonging to the Royal African Company, Captain Gee, commander, which happened to lie at Sestos, to get water and necessaries for the company. A great many of Captain Gee's men were ashore when Roberts's bore down, and so the ship consequently surprised into his hands, though had they been all on board it was not likely the case would have been otherwise, the sailors, most of them, voluntarily joining the pirates, and encouraging the same disposition in the soldiers (who were going passengers with them to Cape Corso Castle), whose ears being constantly tickled with the feats and gallantry of those fellows, made them fancy that to go was only being bound on a voyage of knight errantry (to relieve the distressed and gather up fame) and so they likewise offered themselves. But here the pirates were at a stand; they entertained so contemptible a notion of landmen that they put them off with refusals for some time, till at length, being wearied with solicitations and pitying a parcel of stout fellows, which they said were going to starve upon a little canky and plantane [a regional staple of slightly fermented fish wrapped in plantain leaves], they accepted of them, and allowed them a quarter share, as it was then termed, out of charity.

There was a clergyman on board the *Onslow*, sent from England to be chaplain of Cape Corso Castle. Some of the pirates were for keeping him, alleging merrily that their ship wanted a chaplain. Accordingly they offered him a share to take on with them, promising he should do nothing for his money but make punch and say prayers; yet, however brutish they might be in other things, they bore so great a respect to his order that they resolved not to force him against his inclinations; and the parson, having no relish for this sort of life, excused himself from

accepting the honour they designed him; they were satisfied, and generous enough to deliver him back everything he owned to be his. The parson laid hold of this favourable disposition of the pirates, and laid claim to several things belonging to others, which were also given up, to his great satisfaction; in fine, they kept nothing which belonged to the Church except three Prayer-books and a bottle-screw.

*Roberts was killed in battle with the HMS Swallow less than a year later.*

Alexandre Olivier Exquemelin  
*The Buccaneers and Marooners of America*  
(T. Fisher Unwin, 1891): 810-11.

† Curtana †

## Sorry, Not *That* Chaplain

. . . then the chaplain and I went to see the interpreter and Macedonians. I played the keyboard for a while as chaplain and Tefo talked German, Albanian and English. It was kind of funny when I introduced the chaplain to the interpreter, Ali, and I asked if he understood the term “chaplain” and he said, in all seriousness, “Yes, like in Charlie Chaplin.”

I said “No, a religious chaplain, holy man,” and Ali was a little embarrassed. He is such a nice guy. After the chaplain and Tefo talked, Tefo wanted to show him Ali’s room and was dragging him there by the arm. I yelled to Chaplain Malmstrom not to go in and he went in anyway—plastering the walls were posters of completely naked women showing off their “assets” in sexual poses. When Ali saw what Tefo was doing, he spoke to him quickly in Albanian and Tefo was embarrassed. He did not know the chaplain was a holy man. Oh well. Communication barriers.

Glenn F. Thibault  
*Sword in the Lion’s Den*  
(PublishAmerica, 2008).

† Curtana †

## A Novelist’s Peculiar Portrayal of a Navy Chaplain

*A young lady learns how one chaplain perceives his need to minister the gospel (and supplement his income) by exercising a liberal policy towards weddings.*

I stared in amazement. To be sure, every clergyman can marry, but for a clergyman to do naught else seemed strange indeed.

He saw my amazement; and, drawing his tall and burly figure upright, he began to deliver an oration—I call it an oration, because he so puffed his cheeks, rolled his sentences, and swelled himself out while he spoke, that it was more like a sermon or oration than a mere speech. In it he seemed to be trying at once to justify himself in my eyes, to assert his own self-respect, and to magnify his office.

“It is not likely, child,” he said, “that thou hast been told of these marriages in the Fleet. Know, therefore, that in this asylum, called the Rules of the Fleet, where debtors find some semblance of freedom and creditors cease to dun, there has grown up a custom of late years by which marriages are here rapidly performed (for the good of the country), which the beneficed clergy would not undertake without great expense, trouble, delay, and the vexation of getting parents, and guardians, consent, to say nothing of the prodigality and wasteful expense of feasting which follows what is called a regular marriage.

“Therefore, finding myself some years ago comfortably settled in the place, after contracting a greater debt than is usually possible for an unbeneficed clergyman, I undertook this trade, which is lucrative, honourable, and easy. There are indeed,” he added, “both in the Prison and the Rules, but more especially the latter, many Fleet parsons) here he rolled his great head with complacency) but none, my child, so great and celebrated as myself. Some, indeed, are mere common cheats, whose marriages—call them, rather, sacrilegious impostures—are not worth the paper of their pretended certificates. Some are perhaps what they profess to be, regularly ordained clergymen of the Church of England and Ireland as by law established, the supreme head of which is his gracious Majesty.

“But even these are tipplers, and beggars, and paupers—men who drink gin of an evening and small beer in the morning, whose gowns are as ragged as their reputations, and who take their fees in shillings, with a dram thrown in, and herd with the common offscourings of the town, whom they marry. Illiterate, too: not a Greek verse or a Latin hexameter among them all. Go not into the company of such, lest thou be corrupted by their talk. In the words of King Lemuel: ‘Let them drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more.’”

Here he paused and adjusted his gown, as if he were in a pulpit. Indeed, for the moment, he imagined, perhaps, that he was preaching. “As for me, Gregory Shovel, my marriages are what they pretend to be, as tight as any of the archbishop’s own tying, conducted with due decorum by a member of the University of Cambridge, a man whose orders are beyond dispute, whose history is known to all, an approved and honoured scholar.

“Yes, my niece, behold in me one who has borne off University and College medals for Latin verse. My Latin verses, wherein I have been said to touch Horace, and even to excel Ovid, whether in the tender elegiac, the stately alcaic, the melting sapphic, or the easy-flowing hendecasyllabic loved of Martial, have conferred upon my head the bays of fame. Other Fleet parsons? Let them hide their ignorant heads in their secondhand perruques [powdered wigs]!

“By the thunders of, Jupiter!” (His powerful voice rose and rolled about the room like the thunder by which he swore.) “By the thunders of Jupiter, I am their Bishop! Let them acknowledge that I, and I alone, am The Chaplain Of The Fleet!”

During this speech he swelled himself out so enormously, and so nourished his long gown, that he seemed to fill the whole room.

Walter Besant  
*The Chaplain of the Fleet*  
(Chatto & Windus, 1881): Volume 1: 105-08.

† Curtana †

## The Reason They Admired Their Chaplain

*The 15<sup>th</sup> New Jersey Infantry was one of the Union regiments served by a dedicated chaplain during the War Between the States. Alanson Austin Haines (1830-91) was a Presbyterian pastor.*

During the summer Thompson reports “evening prayer meetings once or twice during the week” and a service “in the Baptist Church in town” on Sunday. Later in the year, while Chaplain Haines was on sick leave, the unit was able to secure chaplains from other regiments to provide Sabbath services. Clearly, some of the men appreciated the availability of Christian services.

What the men appreciated most, however, was the performance of Chaplain Haines on the field of battle. Both Voorhees and Thompson took time from the savage fight at Salem Church near Fredericksburg in early May 1863 to reflect the feelings of the regiment. [Sergeant Lucien A.] Voorhees admired his courage:

In this connection I must mention the acts of our beloved Chaplain, Mr. Haines. In the most perilous places he could be discerned taking charge of the wounded and dying, and his efforts were incessant on behalf of the men. Such constant attention, where his position of Chaplain did not call him, have won for him imperishable renown. . . . The men adore him for his kindness and respect him for his Christian virtues. (May 9, 1863)

[Sergeant William Mackenzie] Thompson echoed these sentiments in a separate letter:

Always in the midst of danger, to aid some poor wounded or dying soldier; whatever were his wants they were complied with by our Chaplain. Sometimes he could be seen carrying water to a wounded



soldier, and sometimes with tears in his eyes bending o'er him.  
(May 18, 1863)

Dominick Mazzagetti  
*True Jersey Blues*  
(Rowman & Littlefield, 2011): 213-14.

† Curtana †

## **And Now for Something Completely Different**

*A peculiar path for those interested in Chaos Theory and its relationship to magic. Bizarre but true.*

Holders of the office of Insubordinate choose a two-word title to characterize their expression of the role. Such two-word titles may be chosen from any combination of the words Fool, Jester, Chaplain, Confessor or Inquisitor. Traditionally one word is chosen to denote the function the candidate is most temperamentally inclined to exercise, and one is chosen for the function least favored. Thus, the Insubordinate may choose to be styled Inquisitor-Jester, Chaplain-Fool, or Confessor-Inquisitor and so on.

Peter Carroll  
*Liber Pactionis*  
(Weiser, 1992): 211.

† Curtana †

## **Roman Catholic Sisters Offered Impartial Ministry**

It was just a week previous to the Red River campaign, when all was hurry and activity throughout the Department of the Gulf, that Gen. S., a stern, irascible old officer of the regular army, sat at his desk in his office on Julia Street, curtly giving orders to subordinates, dispatching messengers hither and thither to every part of the city where troops were stationed, and stiffly receiving such of his command as had important business to transact.

In the midst of this unusual hurry and preparation, the door noiselessly opened, and a humble Sister of Charity entered the room. A handsome young lieutenant of the staff instantly arose, and deferentially handed her a chair, for those sombre gray garments were respected, if not understood, even though he had no reverence for the religious faith which they represented.

Gen. S. looked up from his writing, angered by the intrusion of one whose “fanaticism” he despised, and a frown of annoyance and displeasure gathered darkly on his brow. “Orderly!”

The soldier on duty without the door, who had admitted the Sister, faced about, saluted, and stood mute, awaiting the further command of his chief. “Did I not give orders that no one was to be admitted?”

“Yes, sir; but . . .”

“When I *say* no one, I *mean* no one,” thundered the general. The orderly bowed and returned to his post. He was too wise a soldier to enter into explanations with so irritable a superior. All this time the patient Sister sat calm and still, biding the moment when she might speak and meekly state the object of her mission. The general gave her the opportunity in the briefest manner possible, and sharply enough, too, in all conscience. “Well, madam?”

She raised a pair of sad, dark eyes to his face, and the gaze was so pure, so saintly, so full of silent pleading, that the rough old soldier was touched in spite of himself. Around her fell the heavy muffling dress of her order, which, however coarse and ungraceful, had something strangely solemn and mournful about it. Her hands, small and fair, were clasped almost suppliantly, and half hidden in the loose sleeves, as if afraid of their own trembling beauty; hands that had touched tenderly, lovingly, so many death-damp foreheads, that had soothed so much pain; eyes that had met prayerfully so many dying glances; lips that had cheered to the mysterious land so many parting souls, and she was only a Sister of Charity—only one of that innumerable band whose good deeds shall live after them.

“We have a household of sick and wounded whom we must care for in some way, and I came to ask of you the privilege, which I humbly beseech you will not deny us, of obtaining ice and beef at commissary prices.” The gentle, earnest pleading fell on deaf ears.

“Always something,” snarled the general. “Last week it was flour and ice; to-day it is ice and beef; to-morrow it will be coffee and ice, I suppose, and all for a lot of rascally rebels, who ought to be shot, instead of being nursed back to life and treason.”

“General!”—the Sister was majestic now—“Rebel or Federal, I do not know; Protestant or Catholic, I do not ask. They are not soldiers when they come to us—they are simply suffering fellow-creatures. Rich or poor, of gentle or lowly blood, it is not our province to inquire. Ununiformed, unarmed, sick, and helpless, we ask not on which side they fought. Our work begins after yours is done. Yours the carnage, ours the binding up of wounds. Yours the battle, ours the duty of caring for the mangled left behind on the field. Ice I want for the sick, the wounded, the dying. I plead for all, I beg for all, I pray for all God’s poor suffering creatures, wherever I may find them.”

“Yes, you can beg, I’ll admit. What do you do with all your beggings? It is always more, more! never enough!”

With this, the general resumed his writing, thereby giving the Sister to understand that she was dismissed. For a moment her eyes fell, her lips trembled—it was a cruel taunt. Then the tremulous hands slowly lifted and folded tightly across her breast, as if to still some sudden heartache the unkind words called up. Very low, and sweet, and earnest was her reply.

“What do we do with our beggings? Ah! that is a hard question to ask of one whose way of life leads ever among the poor, the sorrowing, the unfortunate, the most wretched of mankind. Not on me is it wasted. I stand here in my earthly all. What do we do with it? Ah! some day you may know.” She turned away and left him, sad of face, heavy of heart, and her dark eyes misty with unshed tears.

“Stay!” The general’s request was like a command. He could be stern, nay, almost rude, but he knew truth and worth when he saw it, and could be just. The Sister paused on the threshold, and for a minute nothing was heard but the rapid scratching of the general’s pen. “There, madam, is your order on the Commissary for ice and beef at army terms, good for three months. I do it for the sake of the Union soldiers who are, or may be, in your care. Don’t come bothering me again. Good-morning!”

William Corby  
*Memoirs of the Chaplain Life*  
 (La Monte, O’Donnell, 1893): 279-83.

† Curtana †

## **Come On, Pass Me the Rifle**

*Karl Kraus was an Austrian writer who converted to Roman Catholicism in 1911 but left the denomination a decade later due to the it’s support for the First World War. He was a noted satirist, and here he describes a chaplain’s visit to the front.*

*Officer:* Look, our good chaplain is coming to visit us. That is really nice of him.

*Chaplain:* God bless you, my brave ones! God bless your weapons. And are you shooting busily at the enemy?

*Officer:* We are proud to have a fearless chaplain who visits us despite the danger of enemy fire.

*Chaplain:* Come on, let me do some shooting!

The officer gives a rifle to the chaplain who fires it several times:

*Chaplain:* Boom! Boom!

*Soldiers:* Bravo! What a noble priest! Long live our dear chaplain!

Peter L. Berger

*Redeeming Laughter: The Comic Dimension of Human Experience*

(Walter de Gruyter, 1997): 167.

† Curtana †

## Attempting to Reconcile the Irreconcilable

In practice, he tried to reconcile traditions of honor and evangelical virtue, the contradictions of white liberty and black slavery, the ideals of the individual and the need for community consensus in matters both sacred and secular. As a working minister, an educator, a reformer, a father, and a husband, Manly found that the Christian life was a mixture of the blessings of divine mercy and the pain of divine judgment. . . .

The synthesis of the dialectical experience of mercy and judgment was doing one's duty. The resolution to the tensions between evangelicalism and honor was the Christian gentility of the Southern Baptist. In 1861, Manly believed that honor and duty called him to serve the Confederacy. His thirty years of work in establishing the political order that would cap a distinctive Southern culture earned him the title "Chaplain to the Confederacy."

*Despite the honorific, Manly did not formally serve as a military chaplain.*

James Fuller

*Chaplain to the Confederacy: Basil Manly and Baptist Life in the Old South*

(LSU Press, 2000): 2.

† Curtana †

## It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time

My son, Joshua, was in the Balkans at this time with 1-1 Cavalry. Their Protestant chaplain wanted to get in good with the guys, so he allowed them to take pictures of himself with a blowup doll on his lap. It made people laugh, and some of the soldiers thought he was pretty cool. But most of the soldiers in the unit lost respect for him as a minister, and my son reports that his ministry after that became ineffective.

Joel C. Graves

*Leadership Paradigms in Chaplaincy*

(Universal Publishers, 2007): 46.

## Swapping Clerical Garb for More Practical Uniforms

*Description of an illustration of Austro-Hungarian chaplains during the First World War. Osprey Publishing is highly respected for their artwork and the historical research which ensures its accuracy.*

A Roman Catholic *feldkurat*, or chaplain, of the k.u.k. Common Army in Italy wears a mixture of pre-war and field uniform . . . a field-grey cap with a black peak, the old black clerical coat, long black tailored trousers and officer's quality shoes. His status is indicated by the three golden-yellow arm stripes. By contrast, the Roman Catholic *feldkurat*, Balkan theater, 1916-1918 wears the M16 *Einheitsbluse* with the stand-and-fall collar and black silk patches. Army chaplains of all faiths took to wearing the field-grey uniform when the unsuitability of traditional clerical dress was demonstrated in the field.

A *feldrabbiner*, or rabbi, Eastern Front, 1916-1918, wears a field-grey uniform practically identical to his Christian colleagues. He wears over his shoulders the *Gebetsmantel*, or prayer shawl, made of white linen with blue striping. The *militarimam*, or Muslim imam, Balkan theatre, 1917, also now wears field uniform. He is distinguished from his colleagues by a field-grey fez with a tassel.

*Martin Windrow*  
*Osprey Men-at-Arms: A Celebration*  
*(Osprey, 2008): 289.*

† Curtana †

## A Sound Assessment of Their Contribution

The Union army utilized the services of 2,300 chaplains during the Civil War. One hundred thirty-three of these men served in the all-black regiments. Of these 133 clergymen, 14 were African-American. That number may seem small, but the impact the black chaplains made was significant far beyond their numbers through their work as recruiters, teachers, role models, and proclaimers of the message of African-American Christianity.

Alan K. Lamm  
 "Chaplains, African-American"  
*Encyclopedia of the American Civil War*  
*(W.W. Norton, 2002): 403-04.*





A glimpse inside Interstellar Bubble N44F. Photograph taken by NASA's Hubble Space Telescope. *Photo courtesy of NASA.*

**“There are heavenly bodies and earthly bodies,  
but the glory of the heavenly is of one kind,  
and the glory of the earthly is of another.  
There is one glory of the sun,  
and another glory of the moon,  
and another glory of the stars;  
for star differs from star in glory.**

I Corinthians 15:40-41 (ESV)

## **Curtana † Sword of Mercy**

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