

Curtana † *Sword of Mercy*

A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

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† Fore Words †

An Introduction to the Fifth Issue

Welcome to the fifth issue of *Curtana † Sword of Mercy*. Regular readers will note that although this edition is a tad late, we are closing the gap in catching up with our publication schedule.

Unpacking the Contents

Our first article comes from the pen of a history professor who has also served as an Army chaplain and a military historian. Dr. Lamm addresses a little known portion of the history of the American Civil War. During the sesquicentennial of that national tragedy, this is a valuable chronicle that needs to be shared. During the war, the Union raised many “Colored Troop” regiments, which played a significant role in a variety of ways. Most of these were served by white chaplains. However, a number of black chaplains were commissioned as well, and we offer here that story.

The second article is written by a retired Air Force chaplain about an essential trait for effective chaplains. Using a fundamental principal of warfare—maintaining the offensive—he provides an excellent reminder of how we must posture ourselves for successful ministry to the men and women of the armed forces.

The third article comes from the pen of a retired United States Navy chaplain who was a veteran of some of the fiercest combat of the war in Vietnam. He discusses the importance of earning the respect of those to whom we minister. As long as we regard ourselves as distinct from the troops, our impact is severely impeded. If we are to gain complete credibility with the courageous and strong members of our armed forces, we must prove that we too, are “strong.”

Our next article turns from the broader context of ministry in the field to one of the areas where our ministries more closely resemble their civilian counterparts. In the leading of worship, we exercise our pastoral roles in a more traditionally ecclesiastical (or “religious”) manner. Our writer discusses some vital elements of music with the context of the chaplain’s ministry.

The article which follows is rather unique. It is written by another Vietnam veteran, this time an Army chaplain assistant. He discusses the “positive” impact of working alongside chaplains whose dedication and integrity greatly impressed him. The end result of this collaboration, however, was not what one would normally think, as his subtitle suggests: “How Chaplains Influenced My Loss of Faith.”

Following that very personal journey we shift to a utterly different perspective. Our sixth article explores one denomination’s innovative response to ministry *to* chaplains called up for deployment. The author describes a program established by the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod that could easily be modified for use by nearly any other religious body.

The final article in this issue of *Curtana* is a fictional work based upon C.S. Lewis’ influential book entitled *The Screwtape Letters*. It addresses some of the particular ways in which military chaplains are vulnerable to distractions and “temptations.” Even those who do not care for the presentation may find something of value if they choose to read the creative treatment.

Chaplain Jim Cosgrove, our Australian brother, has once again graced us with his poetry. His poems are followed by one that was written by Ray Stubbe, who also contributed the article above about ministering in strength to “the strong.” A collection of other military inspired poetry follows their contributions.

As always, our regular features round out the issue: brief biographies of military chaplains and an eclectic compilation of references to military ministry.

We hope you will enjoy the issue and share it with others.

† Articles †

Men of God, Men of War

African American Chaplains in the Civil War

Alan K. Lamm, Ph.D.

Introduction

In 1861, there were twenty-six United States Army chaplains, all white, ministering to 16,000 officers and men stationed at posts primarily in the far West. In addition to their clerical duties, chaplains served as schoolmaster for their post's children with commanders often placing more emphasis on their teaching abilities than their spiritual efforts. The onset of the American Civil War brought radical changes to the Army chaplaincy that would eventually pave the way for the introduction of African American clergy to serve in uniform. Of the approximately 2,300 men who served as Union army chaplains, only fourteen were black. However, these men were significant for they helped pave the way for other blacks to follow as commissioned officers.

Early Problems and Challenges

Once the Civil War began, President Abraham Lincoln's call for thousands of volunteers meant that more chaplains were going to be needed to serve, and additionally, a new type of chaplain was going to be needed as well. The War Department addressed those issues on May 4, 1861 with two new orders: General Order Number 15 which outlined a plan for Volunteer forces; and General Order Number 16 which outlined a plan of growth for the Regular forces. Both orders contained the same provision for the recruitment of a new type of chaplain: the regimental chaplain who would serve with the regiment rather than at a particular post. The process was also laid out in that the chaplain would be appointed by the regimental commander "on the vote of the field officers and company commanders on duty." The orders also stated that the chaplain "must be a regularly ordained minister of some Christian denomination" and that he would "receive the pay and allowance of a captain of cavalry."¹

In practice, most commanders extended an invitation to a clergyman who then visited the troops and was selected by the men through an election. In some cases, clergymen first joined the regiment as privates and were then promoted from the ranks to chaplain. Those who took this second route were thought very highly of by the officers and men.²

Once the new chaplains began joining the Volunteer regiments, however, problems emerged that were not originally envisioned. The first problem was over the actual commissioning process. Some Volunteer chaplains followed the practice set forth by the Regulars by taking the oath of office before a Regular Army officer and then sending their appointment papers to Washington. But not every chaplain followed that procedure. Some state governors commissioned their new chaplains themselves. Indiana and Maryland permitted chaplains to serve without state or federal commissions. Others were confused over whether “chaplain” was a title or a military rank, and whether chaplains were officers or enlisted men. The War Department helped to clarify the matter with the issuance of General Order Number 44 which stated that Volunteer chaplains “will in all cases be duly mustered into the service in the same manner prescribed for commissioned officers.”³

Another problem that emerged among Volunteer chaplains was over their uniform. The *Revised United States Army Regulations of 1861* laid out quite clearly the dress code for chaplains, but many of the new Volunteer clergymen did not like the plain black frock coat ordained with black buttons, black pantaloons, and a plain black hat.⁴ Therefore, some began to create their own version, some quite ornate. Once again the War Department clarified the issue with General Order Number 247 which reestablished the chaplain’s uniform on basically the same simple pattern as the 1861 Regulations.⁵

Historian Steven Woodworth wrote recently that “Chaplains were the most numerous, visible, and direct representatives of organized religion in the camps of the Civil War armies.”⁶ However, not many well-established pastors were willing to leave their comfortable surroundings for a life of hard tack and nights sleeping on the ground. Therefore, there was always a shortage of chaplains and many of the first clergy to volunteer were less than spectacular.⁷ With few specific requirements listed, all types of men entered into the chaplaincy at the outset. One chaplain was in his late teens while another was seventy years old. While some were accomplished scholars, others were illiterate. A few were not even ordained ministers but simply obtained commissions through political connections. Still others proved to be sick, tired, lazy, and feeble at best, or liars, drunks, cheats, and cowards at worst.⁸ One soldier wrote that “chaplains are a class of men that could not get employment at home and by underhanded work have got to be Chaplains.” Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Bennett of the Fifth Massachusetts estimated that “at least seventy-five percent of the chaplains commissioned during the first year of the war were practically unfit for their work.”⁹

The Professionalization of the Chaplaincy

Complaints from good chaplains, Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) workers and the troops, led Congress to finally act and pass legislation on July 17, 1862 which required that chaplains had to be regularly ordained ministers with testimonials of their good standing to include the testimony of five ministers from the applicant's denomination. Congress also lowered the pay under the theory that those wanting to join only for the money would be discouraged to do so. Finally, General Order Number 91 was issued calling for commanders to review and evaluate all current chaplains within thirty days and dismiss those deemed unfit for duty.¹⁰

The professionalization of the chaplaincy was successful and most of the undesirables were driven out or prevented from entering in the first place. Letters from soldiers as well as interested observers bear this out as the chaplains were now referred to in mostly glowing terms. Indeed, in the words of one, chaplains "who were in place when the war ended stood higher in the regard of the men of their regiments than did the average chaplain at the outset of the war."¹¹ The chaplaincy was also expanded as well to include new hospital chaplains to be assigned to permanent as well as field hospitals.¹² Later still, Jewish chaplains were added in order to meet the needs of those from that faith.¹³

African American Chaplains

President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation opened the door for African American men to join the Army. Congress followed up by issuing two acts on July 17, 1862 which officially permitted blacks to enlist. Black leaders began calling for African Americans to lead these units as officers. Those requests were turned down, however, and blacks were permitted to rise only to the rank of non-commissioned officers. Black advocates saw that the commissioning of chaplains might be more acceptable since they would be officers and yet have no command authority over troops, or more particularly white troops they might encounter.¹⁴ Still others pointed out that white chaplains assigned to the new black units would not fully understand or appreciate the uniqueness of African American Christianity which was a merger of their African heritage, slave experience, and evangelical Christianity. That fear seemed to be confirmed by comments from some white chaplains assigned to black units. For example, white Chaplain George N. Carruthers denounced black worship as something that consisted more of "emotional exercises than a conscientious performance of duty and trust in God." Chaplain Thomas Stevenson, assigned to the 114th United States Colored Troops (U.S.C.T.), noted that African American "literary and theological attainments are narrow and superficial, and often preposterously absurd."¹⁵ No wonder that many in the African American community called for black chaplains.

Governor John A. Andrew of Massachusetts took the lead in appointing black chaplains even before the federal government permitted it. Andrew appointed

two men, William Jackson, a Baptist minister, and William Grimes, a Methodist minister, as “post chaplains” for the Camp Meigs training base. Both men apparently did a fine job and were well received by both the black troops as well as white officers. Jackson even performed eight weddings. Andrew later appointed Jackson as regimental chaplain with the 55th Massachusetts on March 23, 1863.¹⁶

Samuel Harrison was another black minister who hoped to become an Army chaplain. Harrison was a Congregationalist minister from Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Harrison began writing Governor Andrews with his request at a time when the War Department was still hindering the Governor’s efforts. Andrews finally asked Harrison to go to the 54th Massachusetts which had just fought its most famous battle at Fort Wagner near Charleston, South Carolina on July 18, 1863. The 54th had no chaplain of its own at the time and Harrison was elected for the post by the regiment and was commissioned on September 8, 1863.¹⁷

The Reverend William J. Hodges enlisted in the 36th U.S.C.T. with the hope of becoming the regiment’s chaplain, but the officers elected another man, David Stevens, instead. Hodges continued to serve and eventually rose to the rank of sergeant major. Francis A. Boyd also sought that same path and enlisted in the 109th U.S.C.T. with the hope of eventually becoming the unit’s chaplain. He, too, failed in his quest but rather than accept defeat he wrote to General Benjamin Butler who took up Boyd’s cause. Boyd’s victory was short-lived, however, due to the irritation of the regiment’s commander at Boyd bypassing the chain of command. Three months later, the commander got his revenge and Boyd was stripped of his chaplain’s title and returned back to the ranks as a private.¹⁸

Hiram Rhodes Revels was born free of mixed ancestry in Fayetteville, North Carolina in 1827 where he attended a school run by a free black woman. As a young man, he worked as a barber and school teacher. By 1844, he was attending a Quaker seminary in Liberty, Indiana and later the Drake County Seminary for African Americans at Miami University in Ohio. Later still, he continued his education by studying at Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois.¹⁹

Revels migrated to Baltimore, Maryland where he became an African Methodist Episcopal (A.M.E.) pastor. In the years before the Civil War, he served churches in Maryland, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Kansas. Once the war broke out, Revels recruited the first two black regiments in Maryland and later Missouri. He went on to become an Army chaplain and later worked with the Freedmen’s Bureau to establish a school in Mississippi.²⁰ After the Civil War ended, Revels went on to become the first African American elected to serve as a United States Senator, and the first president of Alcorn University in Mississippi.²¹

Garland H. White’s road to the chaplaincy began in Hanover County, Virginia where he was born a slave in 1829. White was eventually sold to Robert Toombs

of Georgia and became Toombs' personal servant. When Toombs went to Washington to take his seat as a U.S. Senator, White went with him. In Washington, White met many influential people such as William Henry Seward. He also met local abolitionists who encouraged White to flee slavery which he did in 1859 ending up in Canada.²²

Once in Canada, White secured a position of pastor to an African Methodist Episcopal (A.M.E.) Mission in Ontario. He spent his free time writing letters to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton and others urging that he be appointed a chaplain. His reasons followed the common thinking of the day that blacks could better endure the semi-tropical weather of the Deep South than could whites. Stanton never replied but White refused to give up. He eventually moved his family to Ohio in January 1863 and began actively recruiting blacks for a new all-black unit that was being formed.²³

White ended up joining the 28th U.S.C.T. as a private on January 4, 1864 while continuing to serve as a recruiter as well as unofficial chaplain. The 28th's commander, Lieutenant Charles E. Russell, tried to get a chaplain's appointment for White but was not successful for regulations required that a regiment had to first reach full strength before a chaplain could be named. Therefore, White ended up fighting as a common soldier in several battles such as the Battle of the Crater outside of Petersburg, Virginia before he was finally commissioned as a chaplain on October 25, 1864.²⁴

White wrote several letters to the *Christian Recorder* on a variety of issues. One of the most interesting was his response to the complaint of the soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts for not receiving equal pay to that of white troops. White wrote that "none of the colored troops make any complaint, except those from Massachusetts." White continued, "Those few colored regiments from Massachusetts make much fuss, and complain more than all the rest of the colored troops of the nation." They are doing themselves and their race a serious injury. I sincerely hope they will stop such nonsense."²⁵

Chaplain White thought his time better spent performing his chaplain duties for the men of the 28th. As chaplain, he conducted Sunday worship services with an average attendance of 131 soldiers. Forty of the men requested baptism which he performed for them. He also conducted two prayer meetings per week. All in all, White was content with his work with the only complaint that the officers and men used far too much profanity.²⁶

White was part of the Union force that entered Richmond, Virginia in April 1865. An elderly black woman approached his regiment asking whether any of the men knew a Garland H. White. The troops brought the woman to Chaplain White who, it turned out, was her son! They had not seen one another since he had been sold to Robert Toombs while just a small boy. We do not have a record of the conversation that took place, but no doubt it was a joyous reunion for the son and his mother.²⁷

By October 1865, White and the men of the regiment were a mere three months from mustering out of service. The regiment's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Logan, along with the other white officers, wrote "A Tribute of Regard to Chaplain White" in which they noted that "up to the present day, we here find him a gentleman, a soldier, a patriot, and a Christian."²⁸ That was certainly high praise coming about a man who had risen so far in such a short time.

By far one of the most interesting and significant African Americans to become an Army chaplain was Henry McNeal Turner. Turner was born free on a farm near Newberry, South Carolina in 1834. Tradition said that his grandfather was an African prince who was set free under British law which forbade the enslavement of royalty. By 1853, he was licensed to preach in the Southern Methodist Church. By the start of the Civil War, he had changed over to the A.M.E. Church was the pastor of Israel Methodist Episcopal Church (A.M.E.) in Washington, DC. That position enabled him to make the acquaintance of important political people like Thaddeus Stevens, Salmon Chase, Benjamin Wade, and Charles Sumner, men who would help him later in his career.²⁹

Once the Civil War broke out, Turner rallied the city's blacks to help strengthen Washington's defenses and then went on to help recruit men to join the new African American regiments being formed. Finally Turner himself joined the Army as chaplain for the 1st U.S.C.T. which made him the first African American chaplain in federal service.³⁰

Turner served as a chaplain for two years and participated in many battles including the Battle at Wilson's Wharf on the James River in 1864. From May through December 1864, he was with his men during the heavy fighting around Petersburg and Richmond. After that, he and his unit were sent to participate in the Battle for Fort Fisher which guarded Wilmington, North Carolina which culminated in January 1865. Following that, he spent the rest of the war with Sherman during his march through North Carolina.³¹

Despite becoming an officer, Turner still faced discrimination from whites. A black reporter for the *Philadelphia Press*, Thomas Morris Chester, wrote of an incident Turner faced while aboard the steamer *Manhattan*. A steward on the ship refused to permit Chaplain Turner to enter the dining facility through the front door like the white officers and instead forced him at knifepoint to enter through the lower decks like the ship's lower ranks. Turner complained and the steward was arrested. A delighted Chester wrote: "These negro-haters do not incur much risk in their ill-treatment of unprotected colored persons; but when they insult, on a Government boat, a chaplain, though he may happen to be a little darker than themselves, they become involved in a difficulty which is rendered worse by the prospect of being summoned before Gen. Benjamin Butler."³² Turner went on to become a journalist himself writing numerous articles from the front to black newspapers like the *Christian Recorder* and the *New York Weekly Anglo-African* in which he described the fighting and heroism

of the men in his regiment in glowing terms. He also wrote exposing the racism that still existed.³³

Turner was not the only African American chaplain who faced discrimination. For instance, initially Army paymasters refused to pay black chaplains the \$1200 a year Congress had authorized all chaplains be paid. Instead, they sought to pay the black clergymen the same rate as black enlisted soldiers. Chaplain Samuel Harrison was one of the first to complain to Governor Andrew who in turn complained to President Lincoln. Lincoln's attorney general ruled on the matter upholding the black chaplain's equal pay matching that of white chaplains, a ruling that was later upheld by the U.S. Senate.³⁴

Chaplain William Hunter fought for equal pay for the men of the 4th U.S.C.T. who were paid seven dollars a month, less than whites, despite enlistment promises of equal pay. Hunter, a man one white soldier called "a colored man of remarkable ability," saw his efforts finally succeed when Congress rectified the pay difference for black troops in 1864.³⁵

Chaplains felt that they and the men they ministered to earned equal pay due to the hardships and dangers they faced. For example, four months after arriving in South Carolina to service with the 54th Massachusetts, Chaplain Samuel Harrison contracted malaria and was so disabled that he had to be discharged from service. Henry McNeal Turner suffered from smallpox, and later sustained injuries from being thrown from his horse while facing Confederate troops. Chaplains Stevens of the 36th U.S.C.T. came down with prostate and intestinal problems while on active duty. And Chaplain Jeremiah Asher of the 6th U.S.C.T. died on duty falling victim to disease on July 27, 1865.³⁶

Chaplains also faced the emotional strain of ministry during wartime especially working with dead and dying troops at such battles as Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, Fort Wagner, Olustee, Fort Pillow, Brice's Cross Roads, and Nashville. Black chaplains had to conduct funerals for the dead and comfort the living. They also visited the hospitals where 60,000 wounded black troops ended up. Chaplain Jeremiah Asher reported from the army hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia, that "There are in the hospitals here about five hundred sick and wounded colored soldiers . . . some few are without arms and legs." The counseling and prayers of chaplains like Asher often made an important difference to the men suffering and so far from home.³⁷

Prominent Baptist minister Chauncey M. Leonard was unique in that he served as a chaplain at the L'Ouverture Hospital for Freedmen in Alexandria, Virginia. Leonard had been serving as a missionary in West Africa but returned to the United States in 1864 and was appointed by Lincoln as an Army hospital chaplain. In addition to his regular duties, Leonard established a school, passed out tracts, organized a literary society, and published a hospital newspaper.³⁸

Other unpleasant duties included spiritual counseling with prisoners. Chaplain George LeVere of the 20th U.S.C.T. wrote about such experiences in the *Christian Reader*. The chaplain spent three hours with a repentant soldier before the man was shot by a firing squad for his crimes. LeVere wrote “It was the saddest spectacle I ever witnessed.”³⁹

Chaplain William Waring of the 102nd U.S.C.T. commented on another disagreeable aspect of Army life: the prejudice of white troops toward blacks. While serving with William T. Sherman’s Army, Waring noted how white troops stole pies from a black woman in South Carolina and then slapped her when she complained. Other white troops caused a disturbance among the colored troops of the Post Band.⁴⁰

Not all the chaplains’ duties were so sad, however. Chaplains’ spirits were buoyed by the many conversions they made to the Christian faith. Chaplain Benjamin Randolph wrote of seventy-six new members in his regimental church. Chaplain Garland White reported, “I have organized a church system in my regiment, and large numbers are coming in every day.”⁴¹ No full sermons remain from black chaplains but most were concerned with the same themes their white evangelical counterparts were. White officers like Robert Gould Shaw and Thomas Wentworth Higginson noted the importance of religion to their black troops. Black chaplains, then, proved a valuable asset in raising troop morale and thus combat effectiveness.⁴²

Other black chaplains helped by teaching their men to read and write. Most African American chaplains believed that education was the best way to improve the status of their race and thus they took every opportunity to establish schools in their regiments. The chaplain of the 62nd U.S.C.T. took great pride that by the war’s end, every member of his regiment could sign his own name. Henry McNeal Turner wrote that his hope was to leave his “regiment with every man in it reading and writing. If I can accomplish that I will say to myself, well done!” The chaplains were especially happy when their men were able to write their own letters home for the very first time.⁴³

Being able to read and write, to wear a uniform, and to help in the liberation of their own people, led black troops of the Civil War to a sense of great pride and a feeling that they were “men.” Black chaplains shared in that pride as well and it was these same chaplains who saw the need to do more to help the freedmen. Indeed, Chaplain Garland White wrote to the secretaries of war and of state urging them to put the freedmen to more effective use for the cause.⁴⁴

Most of the black chaplains had gained their commissions in part by their success as recruiters. The federal government recognized the success of the clergymen in that area and continued to employ them as recruiters even after they joined the Army. That was especially true once the Union armies moved South and the black chaplains were sent to enlist new soldiers from the newly freed slaves. Chaplain

Henry McNeal Turner reported in North Carolina that there were literally “hundreds of these men standing ready to enlist at a moment’s notice.”⁴⁵

Of all the many things that African American chaplains did for the men of their regiments, however, the one that most endeared them to the men was to share the danger of combat with them. Blacks fought in 198 battles and skirmishes during the Civil War, but the Battle of New Market Heights, Virginia, September 29, 1864, was unique for there were four black army chaplains present: Henry McNeal Turner of the 1st U.S.C.T., William H. Hunter of the 4th U.S.C.T., Jeremiah Asher of the 6th U.S.C.T., and David Stevens of the 36th U.S.C.T.. After the battle, Chaplain Turner told his men, that “Those heroes who have fallen on many battlefields . . . will rise before your face to recount the fruits of their labors and join in the chorus of the anthem, forever to sing, ‘The world is redeemed, the slaves are free.’”⁴⁶ General Butler was so pleased by the bravery of the African American troops under his command at this battle, that he recognized more than 109 individuals for their bravery and had made, at his own expense, 197 special Tiffany designed silver medals. On August 21, 1993, the first monument dedicated to black soldiers at a national park was erected in Petersburg with these words: “In memory of the valorous service of regiments and companies of the U.S. Colored Troops, Army of the James and Army of the Potomac.”⁴⁷

Conclusion

The number of African Americans who served as Army chaplains was small, 14 out of 2,300 total Union Chaplains.⁴⁸ That small number was the result of several factors including the late entry of blacks into service and the high qualification standards set after the chaplaincy was professionalized. Those new standards, however, ensured that only the best men would serve which helped to establish their solid and respectable reputations. Black chaplains performed the same functions as their white counterparts such as evangelism, and caring for the needs of sick and dying men. But black chaplains brought a unique aspect in that they saw the redemptive hand of God at work using the war to free their people, and that was a view shared by their men. They helped to provide a basic education for their troops by teaching them to read and write, skills they knew the men would need after the war in civilian life. They fought racism in the form of segregated officers dining halls, and unequal pay for black soldiers. African American chaplains helped to raise morale and thus combat effectiveness.⁴⁹

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Endnotes

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Chaplains On The Offensive

Ren Vandesteeg

Have you ever met an *offensive* person? You know the type—loud, brash, and insensitive. Usually an offensive person is irritating, uses off color language, is too bold, interruptive, and domineering.

This article presents an entirely different meaning of *offensive*. We'll examine *offensive* as opposite to *defensive*. Using a military maxim: a defensive army never wins a war. If an army follows the military doctrine of only being on the defensive, it will not go on the offensive to seize the initiative in engaging the enemy; neither will it retain its offensive posture against that enemy, nor exploit its initiative over its enemy.

Let's apply this sense of *offensive* spiritually to military chaplains. My purpose is to encourage chaplains to be on the offensive as they conduct their ministries. No, chaplains ought not to *be* offensive in their natures, but rather we are to be *on* the offensive. Let me illustrate in the following true story.

The Need for a Chaplain with an Offensive Strategy

When I was stationed in Germany I received orders to PCS (Permanent Change of Station) to Minot Air Force Base, North Dakota. That wasn't my first choice for a new assignment! I had heard clichés about Minot AFB throughout my Air Force career: "Why not Minot?," "Freez'ns the reason," "Many are cold but few are frozen!" I did not want to go to Minot but now I had orders in hand telling me when to report.

The assignments chaplain called a few days before my orders arrived, explaining the Personnel Department's decision to send me there. The chapel situation was deplorable. The Wing Chaplain (senior chaplain on base) had been fired by the Minot Wing Commander and was awaiting orders to another base. A second chaplain had also been fired. Additional elements complicating this dire situation were: 1) both chaplains were ethnic minorities, and 2) one was Protestant, the other was Roman Catholic. I was briefed by Personnel that the chapel program was in shambles and disrespected throughout the base. Some said it was the laughing stock of the base. Sad.

Once I had orders in hand, I received a phone call from the Wing Commander. He said that when I arrived on base, I was to report to his office as soon as I checked into billeting and got my wife, Carol comfortable. I remember the date, June 1, 1998, when Carol and I arrived at the front gate of Minot AFB. It had been

snowing for the last couple of hours of our trip. We were getting more and more excited with anticipation as we got closer to the base. It was close to 5:00 pm, with snow flurries. As we approached the front gate we saw the sign in huge letters over the gate: ONLY THE BEST COME NORTH!

I asked the gate guard for directions to billeting and *voilà*, we had arrived. We got our key to the room, drove around to find it and unpacked our loaded car. Once we were in the room I called Wing Headquarters. I was told to come immediately to see the Commander.

On my way to his office I was more than a tad nervous, but I also anticipated a good meeting with the General. Upon entering headquarters I was cheerily greeted by his receptionist who offered me a hot cup of coffee (it was snowing outside . . . in June!).

She said, “He’s been waiting for you.” That sounded ominous to me. She called him to announce that I was in the front office, hung up her phone, and crisply said, “Follow me.”

We went only a few steps down the hall and met the General and his Vice-Wing Commander in the open doorway to his office. Introductions were friendly. The Commander asked his receptionist to bring him a cup of coffee, “because we might be in the office for a while.” As the Vice Commander left, he showed me to a chair at the table in front of his desk. The two of us sat down. He asked if Carol and I had a good trip, welcomed us to Minot, and launched directly into his story about the chapel fiasco on base.

Wow, did I get an earful. The main Protestant Sunday worship service had only 30 people attending. This was on a base of two wings, the 5th Bomb Wing and the 91st Space Wing, with over 5,000 troops plus family members, for a total population of approximately 15,000 people. While the commander relayed the story he exhibited an authentic remorse for all that had happened. He genuinely felt bad about the situation not only because it was an embarrassment to him, his command, the base, and the Air Force, but also because it hurt everyone spiritually. He was a believer in Jesus Christ and was in a predicament as to what to do. What was the right action for him to take regarding the two chaplains who were in trouble? What was best for the chapel community? How should he handle the situation within the two faith communities—Protestant and Roman Catholic? How about the base and higher headquarters? He brought up a lot of issues. The primary one was: Where do we go from here? What do we do to restore a valid ministry for the troops and their families on Minot AFB?

Here’s where the concept of being on the *offensive* in our ministry entered in. After a long discussion, and a few follow-on discussions over the next few days, we agreed on a plan. This is the heart of the plan. I would move my chaplains out of their offices which were in the two chapels on base and give them office space on the flight line, ramp, and areas throughout the base. Basically, we planned to

move the chaplains out of the chapel offices so they would be present where the troops work. That way the chaplains would be more visible; as the troops got used to having a chaplain's office in their work areas, they would get to know their chaplain better and would feel more comfortable talking with him and coming to him with their problems and concerns.

In the following few weeks I worked hard to get to know my chapel staff. I had individual sessions with each person, including my administrative assistant. I wanted to give each of them the message that I cared for them and that I wanted to hear their story as to what had happened. They all needed to vent, which they did. That gave me a lot of information to help me determine how we might most effectively implement the plan to move chaplains out of their chapel offices to offices out on the base.

When I thought the timing was right, I brought the plan to my staff. I explained the concept of *offensive* and the rationale for moving them. Over a short amount of time and a lot of discussion, we implemented the plan. I am glad to say the staff supported the plan even though there was some uneasiness about how it would work, but we agreed to work at it together.

Instilling an Offensive Mindset in the Entire Chapel Team

The concept of *offensive* was the key to the plan. The military concept of *offensive* means to seize, retain and exploit the initiative. I explained to my staff that they all represented God, simply because they were chaplains and chaplain assistants. Therefore, whenever anyone would see them, relate to them or work with them in any capacity, those people would see them as representatives of God.

Because that was true, then *we* (chapel staff, including me) had to see ourselves as others see us, that is, as God's representatives. We would work to seize, retain and exploit the initiative of re-building the chapel's reputation on base and the effectiveness of base ministry. We agreed that taking ourselves out of the chapel building and conducting a ministry of presence throughout the base by working among the troops from offices on their turf, would enable us to turn things around.

With that, we rolled up our sleeves and went to work. I assigned my Senior Protestant and Senior Catholic chaplains to do minimal administrative work inside the chapel and to get out on the flight line and base for the majority of their time. I assigned another chaplain to the 23rd Bomb Squadron. The squadron commander gave us office space in his unit. That was an immediate hit with the troops.

I assigned a fourth chaplain to the 91st Missile Wing. That commander also gladly gave us office space. Again, a quick warming up occurred between the chaplain and his Wing. I was the only chaplain who had an office in a chapel building

100% of the time, but I disciplined myself to get out of the building every day once my administrative duties were completed.

I directed my staff to introduce themselves to all people in their units, to get to know them and to ensure that the troops knew who they were. I told the staff that I would periodically visit their units and ask troops if they knew their chaplain. That wasn't meant as a threat or a way to inspect their work performance. It was meant as a way to keep the initiative going in our ministry, to bring God to the people.

Meanwhile, as we accomplished this relationship building, we were re-building the chapel programs base-wide. Within six weeks our Support Group Commander came to me and said, "I feel 2000% better!" I shared that with the staff at our next staff meeting. They felt affirmed. I gave them all an extra day off as a reward for ministry well done.

This *offensive* ministry continued over the following years. God truly blessed us and all worship services grew spiritually and numerically; some of them packed the chapels full. Chaplains were well respected by the troops and commanders as they were involved in unit planning, addressing moral and ethical problems throughout the base, and providing leadership to commanders and First Sergeants in how to deal with difficulties.

The offensive chaplain won the spiritual battle over evil, immoral living, lying, disrespect, gossip, and rumor. The chapel became a well respected leader on base once again. God blessed the ministry and Minot AFB.

When we chaplains are on the offensive in obedience to God's calling he blesses our efforts. The gospel of John teaches us this important lesson: "Now that you know these things, God will bless you for doing them" (John 13:17, NLT).

The Lord's blessings rest on all chaplains who diligently follow His leading and do His will.

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Chaplain Ren Vandesteeg retired from the United States Air Force as a colonel, following a thirty-one year career. He has written a comprehensive book that applies all of the major principles of war to Christian life. Although Surface to Air Christianity is not currently in print, Chaplain Vandesteeg has a limited number of copies available for purchase. If interested, you can contact him at renvandesteeg@yahoo.com for additional information.

A Ministry to the Strong

Ray William Stubbe

The following article is based on a 1973 submission to the United States Navy Chief of Chaplains. Chaplain Stubbe's combat experience, including the Battle of Khe Sanh, gave him unique insights into how to minister effectively to the contemporary warriors of the United States Marine Corps.

Motivation for Ministry to All

One chaplain might come to some company-sized outpost in a remote place in Viet Nam, hold a worship service, administer communion and perhaps conduct a baptism, visit the leadership, hear problems of any man that may come to him, depart, and say, "I don't really know what else I could have done." Certainly the civilian clergyman does much of the same: conduct worship services, administer sacraments, visit those with special problems and difficulties, and counsel those with problems and an aching soul.

But suppose another chaplain views his work not as so many actions to be performed, but a life to be lived. Such a chaplain will be found to visit the same hill outpost and perform the same ministrations. Additionally, however, he will live with his people, visit *all* the men in their bunkers, eat with them, perhaps accompany them on a patrol, remain overnight in their bunkers and share their same discomforts and uncertainties. His ministry is more totally a whole person to whole persons; his ministry is fuller. He wishes to proclaim a viable message by a life that faces the same conditions of their existence. He wants to be a person to persons in an otherwise impersonal (and frequently hostile) setting, not only a solution to a problem. Most of his activity and concern will never appear on any statistical report; the very real results of his activity are intangible. He is involved in the process of redemption of the whole community, not just weak individuals, providing a dynamic, process ministry. *Qui homo? All!*

So "reactive" have we become as chaplains (i.e., ameliorating conditions when a problem arises or when the situation is conducive to change), that our self-image is primarily a people-problem solver, a sort of contemporary Delphic Oracle to which people "take their problems to the chaplain," because they are weak.

Such an interpretation results in an erroneous view of our faith and our role.

To some of those outside our faith it is felt we provide an "opiate" (or hallucinogenic) to the people, soothing their hurts and aiding in a flight from reality. Some critics suggest we are after all only a "crutch for the weak," that we

make people effeminate (even Christ's portraits frequently reflects this) or at least attenuate them and imprison them in ignorance and superstition.

To those within the faith it is apparent that we have lost contact with the great majority of people. So much is this the case that chaplains and ministers leave the institutional structure of the Church in order to do their Christianity more effectively, in obedience to their Lord.

To the chaplain who becomes inundated with a flood of souls crying for help an even more insidious demon arises: the quest for professionalism in counseling techniques which treats people as objects, types, patterns, cases—from a distance, in a spirit of scientific disinterestedness rather than as persons. We fret over the speck of rank interposing a barrier and forget the log of professionalism (surrounded by all our books in our office!) that sets up a far greater cultural distance. *Do we serve problems or people?* Are we only able to address Christian faith to men if they have insufficiencies and problems; are we unable to address men unless they have problems? Or, did Christ only die for men with problems? Is our relationship I-it or I-Thou?

Or perhaps we analyze the problems of our command situation (or society) and then present the commander with proposals which we can do, peddling our program. Nothing could be more "reactive!" That chaplains become involved in various boards, committees, command functions, and collateral duties, may be defended as ministering to the whole man, which usually means ministering to everything *but* his soul! Empty activism recalls 1 Corinthians 13.3: good works flow from love but do not presuppose it.

In a battle we cry over the dead—we really do, until there are no more tears to cry; we are anguished by the wounded as their shrieks drive darts into our souls. Our statistics reveal this quantity of dead and wounded to whom we ministered. But the real scars of war are always for the living. What is our ministry to those who are fortunate not to be outwardly wounded and who don't come to us with problems, but whose souls are being strangled by adhesions of prior emotional trauma? What is our ministry to those who do not sit before us in the enclave of church or office?

If Bonhoeffer was correct when he wrote that Christ must be in the center of life and not only on its periphery, that is, Christ's Lordship must control our strengths and not just soothe us where our life meets its edges of weakness, then certain implications shape our ministry. Chaplains must not only receive men with problems and thus provide a "reactive" ministry; they must be "present" and involved in the total life of their community and provide a "proactive" ministry. To remain in their office (the refuge for the insecure—including the insecure chaplain, of which are legion) only reinforces the misapprehension that "Christianity is only a crutch for the weak." The chaplain must become incarnate, involved in all the vicissitudes of life. Waiting for people to come to the counseling office or to church in order to receive whatever blessings God wants to

bestow through us, is about as hopeless as man naturally turning to God or being able to please God. Just as the incarnation was necessary for God, so also is the incarnational movement necessary for chaplains.

Get out of the office! Get out of the chapels! Get out of meetings of chaplains and arise from administrative paperwork, reports, and files! Go out to your people! Don't say this is a luxury, something to be done *after* all the counseling, administration, education, which omnivorously consumes our time and our being. One's primary *raison d'être* is to be obedient to God. God dwells not in temples made by human hands (Acts 7.48); he dwells among men (Rev. 21.3). that's where we meet Him; that's where we best serve Him. Our soul's nourishment comes not in disobeying God by withdrawing from the world into our offices and chapels, but in doing the will of our Heavenly Father (Jn. 4.34).

Such an incarnational motif of the chaplain's role is nothing new. It is assumed, but not emphasized—seen in the chaplain's opportunity to identify with those served through a "presence" as a caring representative of the Church in the midst of their life—wearing the same uniform, being subject to the same regulations, facing the same discomforts and hazards (of combat), the same separations from loved ones. The chaplain *is*, he does not perform.

Serving Those Who Define Themselves as “Strong”

One of the striking characteristics of the “strong” is that, although they are outside the Church, they seem to possess the aplomb of less anxiety, fear, bitterness, and envy than many Christians. They seem better adjusted, friendlier, happier, and show more concern for people, and calmness in the face of danger. They appear better able to work together with complete disregard for race or personal differences than most Christians, so-called. It isn't merely hypocrites in the pews or who say they are Christians but deny Christ's Lordship through a lack of love and involvement in life; it's deeper: those outside the Church frequently seem to possess a more authentic existence, while those in the Church assume they have the message of love, joy, peace, a message that will free men, give more abundant life to man, etc. And if one is honest, he asks, “Does the Spirit operate independent of the Word? What kind of a message shall I deliver to these? What does my faith have to offer that these people don't already possess? If everyone needs Christ, what is it in their lives that must be cleansed, appealed to?”

If one has been with Marine infantry in Viet Nam he becomes aware of other characteristics. The men are in touch with what is basic in reality—nature, people, themselves, even God. All the prattle of unauthentic existence dissipates (Heidegger) as men live in areas where they patrol and sleep in the same uniform until it rots and is mended together with “comm” wire, where they aren't able to take showers for six weeks at a time, where there are no cokes, ice-cream, hamburgers, where there is quotidian patrolling at day and working on bunkers and trenches in very hard clay impregnated with stones in the late afternoon, and

night listening posts, ambushes, and watches, all within an ambiance of danger and uncertainty. They experience continually the tragic element of authentic human existence as an integral part of life, not the occasional battle, but a continual process of “passing away.” How do they react? They care for each other and sacrifice for each other with no social, racial, rank walls. They are healthy, strong, emotionally stable and nonchalant with problems of “loss” when they erupt, possess a high spirit, tell jokes, are refreshingly open and candid with absence of defense mechanisms. They will tell you exactly what they think with no pretence. They are able to put up without externals and their life is purified. They live good, so good that by comparison with the “pogues in the rear” one soon realizes that morale decreases as things get more comfortable and increases as things become more austere.

On the other hand, there are some very human feelings under the veneer of a “hardness” that precludes religious or emotional appreciation. There is a general spirit of corrosive “care-less-ness.” Perhaps the historian was correct: in a war we take on the characteristics of our enemies. One man, “Little Rich,” said he had a cloth reconnaissance patch for me. When I visited his tent he was very drunk and vomiting at the entrance. He recognized me, however, and handed me the patch, and mumbled, “Unless I get them that killed the young Lieutenant Yeary and Corporal Healy . . .” He collapsed into his cot and dozed off—muddy combat boots still on his feet, rubbing mud all over his poncho liner. But I’d never know that if I weren’t always pastorally patrolling their areas. A few days later the siege of Khe Sanh began and about twenty of my close friends in that reconnaissance company were killed.

When Khe Sanh Combat Base became the fulfillment of Jeremiah 4.23-26, I became aware of the unintimidated. The factor ensuring the base would not be lost was the individual Marine who remained unintimidated, kept his ground, repelled ground assaults, maintained his spirits, lived calmly and courageously, didn’t cower during that sanguinary battle of rats, dirt, incoming, fear, uncertainty, death of buddies—but instead was characterized by peace, bravery, calm and humor, rushing to their bunkers for cover during incoming, but quickly emerging to resume their daily tasks. Some, like Shore Party at the Drop Zone or artillery who scanned for flashes didn’t even bother going to their bunkers!

At Army Airborne paratrooper training one sees officers and enlisted men, the brainy and the brawny, blacks and whites, believers and non-believers, all accepting each other in natural groups during the breaks in training. One sees Sergeants during their lunch hour practicing what they are going to demonstrate the next period and sees the beads of sweat on the face of an instructor who is giving his all. It is real love; it is the Cross. Their care for people meant fewer broken bones for us and the imparting of a contagious zeal that impelled us to give everything we had and thereby grow as men. They are truly “men of determination and courage who have always set the example,” [as a sign at Airborne school read]. They are courteous, friendly, caring, fun-loving, tough but not brutish.

The Navy SEAL (Sea, Air and Land) team might project an image of being ribald yahoo myrmidons. There are daily beach runs despite snow, sleet, and cold blasts. On one such run with them, the muscles in my hands began to spasm involuntarily and I think my glasses were frozen onto my face. There are no excuses. Such untrammelled spirit states, “It’s a mere nothing!” there is no running in groups; there are no chants (Jody calls); everyone runs his hardest as in a race. No external discipline is necessary; everyone is self-disciplined. Everyone is the epitome of a professional: all are very intelligent and alert, always attending special training—tracker, HALO, mountain climbing, hand-to-hand combat, United States and foreign special forces. Yet they have very human feelings. They cannot admit problems because their peers will discover their points of weakness and mercilessly dig in as a dentist’s drill claws into a cavity, with all the associated pain. Many express dismay over a level of life of the prostitute, or express guilt about “thinking with their testicles lately.”

In general, “the strong” present one with “a-religion;” they have never had any exposure to genuine Christianity or representatives of the Church. They regard such representatives with suspicion and perhaps disdain as officious—not asked for, nor needed. There is a tough exterior; and a very human interior.

If it is true there must be a chaplain to these also since Christ is for all men and since Christ must be in the center of our strengths [Bonhoeffer], the question arises, What shall such a chaplain do? What is the shape of ministry to the “strong?”

The Chaplain Himself as One of the Strong

Certainly the focus of our attention is upon our Lord and His Gospel, and certainly we are not only primarily, but totally, nothing but religious leaders. The problem is that many don’t even come to hear us to make any commitment, to hear of God’s love, acceptance, forgiveness, promises, and will. The challenge is to “get to” those without the fellowship and establish a point of contact. It is thus that Paul speaks of “becoming all things to all men” in order that some may be won (1 Corinthians 9.22). Establishment of a point of contact is as old as the Church, which would build church structures on the same site previously occupied by pagan temples, or assign Christian festivals the same date as pagan festivals (*i.e.*, Easter, Christmas) putting Christian content into pagan forms, just as God came in the form of mortal flesh, to supersede the shadow or dimly-grasped reality with the Light and fullness of truth.

Credence is directly proportional to the degree of incarnation: the chaplain must share the same rigors and so prove himself to be equal, but without descending to the comfortable level of disregarding all values and denying his peculiar role—to be in the world, but not of it.

An example will illustrate. A reconnaissance battalion officer who is Jewish once recalled his chaplain in Viet Nam: “We had been in a bad battle and we were all shook. We had a rest period in a rear area, and then had to return to where we had been hit several days before. Our chaplain decided to remain in the rear. We were again hit hard. I’ll never forget a young trooper who was dying ask me to give him ‘last rites.’ I’ll never forgive that chaplain; if I see him again I’ll punch him in the nose. When we returned, the chaplain came by and wanted to conduct a memorial service for our dead. I told him to get lost and never return.” We all get scared, but the chaplain must remain strong. He must share the same adventurous spirit, patriotic motivation, zest for life, enjoyment of good times, be characterized by *con brio* and possess prowess.

After running and training with a SEAL team, I commented to an officer in a sauna about how unexpectedly accepted I felt by the men. He replied: “These men regard a visitor as an outsider and will not open up to him. You got to prove something to be accepted. I suppose it shouldn’t be that way, but that’s just the way they are. Your morning beach runs helped.”

The same reaction is found with Marine recon and Army Airborne. At a training camp where I trained with a SEAL platoon in clandestine procedures, the Lieutenant asked me one afternoon if I wanted to run with him. I began to state I didn’t bring any running shorts and it was raining and all I had were sweat clothes, etc. His reply: “You either want to run or you don’t, chaplain; don’t make excuses.” I ran.

It is not necessary to pass the same physical fitness test, but such willing descent into their predicament would undoubtedly reap large benefits. Accompanying the men on patrols—certainly not in a fool-hardy manner as someone with a “role conflict,” but discreetly—will open up many windows of knowing the men, their life situation, their feelings, anxieties, fears, frustrations, joys, values, etc. How can anyone preach God’s Word unless these are known? As a human being, I am touched by everything that affects mankind: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum*.

But the chaplain to the “strong” can never descend to the point of being just “one of the men.” So to do would be to deny his peculiar treasure which he offers. He must “hack it” but not be morally defeated in the process. He must be tempted in all respects without sinning (Hebrews 4.14-16) thereby permitting the men to know that he knows on the one hand, but also that he is not conquered by his passions and circumstances on the other. The strong must say, “He can hack it according to our standards. He’s strong himself and no ‘Casper milk toast.’” He’s genuine. But there’s something more to his life. He’s at peace with nature and himself. There’s something more to his life that gives him strength. There’s something there about which I want to learn.

There is nothing that unites men together as well as facing the same dangers or parachuting together. Just being on the same plane, staring at each other and

experiencing what they will all admit and call “anxiety” but is actually deathly “fear,” communicates non-verbally more than one can ever verbally express. Additionally, being jump-qualified provides an “in” to many groups. All of the SEALs who commented to me that they should have a chaplain (!) hastily added, “who would be airborne qualified, of course.” A personal example may suffice. Soon after completing Airborne Paratrooper Training at Fort Benning, I was on a ship (USS Portland) in which were embarked members of a platoon of UDT21 (Underwater Demolition Team 21). They noticed my silver wings and there was an immediate rapport that led to many deeper relationships and conversations in which I was able to function in a more hieratic role. About ten months previously, while on a different ship, I visited this same ship and the UDT team there at that time, and could hardly even elicit trivial conversation with them. Some of the men there during my first visit were among those who were now talking with me.

As a person with years of academic isolation, cultural distance from the great majority of servicemen, a set of values differing from general society, and a knowledge of youth and those to be served predicated upon books, seminars, reports, and contact with the “weak” or the “pious,” airborne training is perhaps the best place for a chaplain who will minister to the “strong” to prepare himself. There is an inherent value in the training apart from the skill learned, recognized by the Army, which at one recent time required all its regular officers to complete either Airborne or Ranger training.

It is physical. The course wears one down while relentlessly becoming tougher and more demanding. Runs become longer; chin-ups and other exercises increase. The one hour of vigorous physical training each morning is, however, only a small fraction of the physical exertion demanded. The training itself causes the body to develop a new pain each day. Continual falls pommel the fleshy portions; jumps from the various apparatus cause pains in the shoulders and crotch; the steel helmet weakens the neck. But no one quits; all “gut it out and drive on.” Men run with tears streaming down their face with “Charlie horses,” hurting ankles, headaches, nausea, and none quit; they go “all the way—and then some.” It is the discipline of the mind controlling the shrieks of the body. It is a seeking for challenge. A morning run might begin in below-freezing temperatures; future paratroopers see other’s breath. The Sergeant bellows, “Prepare for P.T.!” and all shout, “Air Borne!” and strip to their waist and begin the run.

A class on malfunctions in which all the possible causes of death and serious injury due to the parachute not properly functioning is followed by the order to go to a building and draw a parachute. That involves great composure! Inside the aircraft the door opens. There’s a deafening noise. One stands up, hooks up, checks equipment, and static line, approaches the door—and jumps. That’s nerve. The fraternity of jumpers includes a chaplain.

The chaplain to the “strong” must be himself strong. But to preclude over-accommodation, he needs a model, a pattern that is not one of the strong themselves, but from his faith.

Shape of the Chaplain’s Ministry: The Incarnation

The Word became flesh (John 1.14); Jesus wept (John 11.35); Jesus grew in wisdom (Luke 2.52); Jesus became sin who knew no sin that we might be the righteousness of God (2 Corinthians 5.21); Jesus is perfected by His sufferings as though He were imperfect (Hebrews 2.10); Jesus learns obedience (Hebrews 5.8); Jesus can only help others because He goes through what they go through (Hebrews 5.2); Jesus is the servant (Philippians 2.6-8, also Matthew 20.28); Jesus is found not only in the temple, but more frequently with the crowds—all over the place; He moves about in a ministry of peregrination. Jesus enjoins His disciples to follow him, not admire him (see Kierkegaard, *Training in Christianity*). Where does He lead? To the lost, to those “outside the camp.” (Hebrews 13.13).

To have a civilian dressed-up as a chaplain in a manner similar to a Red Cross worker will never work. It is a denial of the incarnation and the spirit of Antichrist (1 John 4.2-3, 2 John 7). Jesus didn’t merely wear a cloak of flesh as an actor wears various robes and masks and roles while being wholly divine all the time; He actually became fully human. Gregory of Nazianzus once wrote: “Whatever is not assumed is not healed.” Likewise, the chaplain is fully a chaplain, not merely a civilian clergyman wearing a military uniform, authorized to perform ministerial acts and counseling for servicemen. He has the ability to be far more than that. Of course, neither is he just another member of the military service as another staff officer. He is *sui generis*. He is in the military, but not of it. Just as Christ is the presence of God, our Emmanuel, speaking God’s words and doing God’s acts (John 12.49, 14.10, 17.8, 14); He commands us to be His channels of love, forgiveness, redemption—*i.e.*, His presence among men—whoever receives us receives Him and whoever hears us, heard Him (Matthew 10.40, Luke 10.16, John 20.23).

The “strong” will not accept an outsider; one must incarnate into their situation in order to form the channel of communication. The perigee of our peregrination is identification; the apogee of our ministry is remaining in our office and chapel. God always presents Himself via physical mediation, “in.” This epiphany does not destroy the human of the media; it remains what it always was—“with.” There is always therefore a veiling and the presence is not obvious: there is a cloud at the giving of the Law (Exodus 19.9, 16, 18); there is darkness at the presence in the temple (1 Kings 8.12); the Most High “overshadows” Mary (Luke 1.35); there is a cloud “overshadowing” at the Transfiguration (Luke 9.7); there is darkness at the crucifixion (Mark 15.33); “truly you are a God who hides Himself” (Isaiah 45.15). The Presence is “under.”

Shape of the Chaplain's Ministry: Presence

It is God's will to be present to His people. The Old Testament emphasizes this presence: God is present with Jacob (Genesis 28.10-12), with Moses (Exodus 3.12, 33.14), and with Israel (Exodus 25.8). The New Testament proclaims the Emmanuel (literally "God with us"). His promise is "I am with you always" (Matthew 28.20b). In times of danger we recall, "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for You are with me." (Psalm 23.4). In strange places and conditions, we remember "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." (Psalm 139.7-8).

God's will of being present is implemented through His followers who bear His presence, as Bonhoeffer once wrote, "...they are to meet those to whom they are sent as if they were Christ Himself. When they are welcomed into a house, Christ enters with them. They are bearers of His presence." (*Cost of Discipleship*, see Matthew 10.40). The Christian is God's pipeline of love and forgiveness. It isn't a matter of excusing oneself by saying one isn't *that* holy, but rather being *that* human, a servant of all, being truly humble, being obedient to God, trusting and hoping when times are hopeless, etc. We are to be authentically human just as Christ was true man, not pietistically attempting an *imitatio Christi*. In such a manner, we become "little Christs" to our neighbor. This is possible because we derive no benefit from so doing. It is necessary because Christ orders us into the world (Matthew 28.19) and desires us to be sent into the world as He was sent (*i.e.*, out of love, to redeem and not to judge). (John 17.15, 18).

Christ needs living men, not doctrines (Bonhoeffer); He needs followers, not admirers (Kierkegaard). "Had he been merely a prophet or a teacher, he would not have needed followers, but only pupils and hearers. But since he is the incarnate Son of God who came in human flesh, he needs a community of followers, who will participate not merely in his teaching, but also in his Body." (*Cost of Discipleship*).

While on temporary active duty at Naval Air Station, Alameda, I made a habit of not only flying in A-1 Sky Raiders during the day, but also being present at the hangars late at night when the pilots returned from practice flights. Later, upon being presented with a card bestowing honorary membership in VAW-13—one of only three presented in a 5-year period—the CO remarked how good he felt to see the chaplain standing there as he returned at nights.

While in the Khe Sanh area, my *modus operandi* was more than "circuit riding," as I spent practically all my time with our Combined Action Platoons, Special Forces, and Marine infantry companies on hill outposts, going out one day during a helicopter resupply, accompanying the men on a patrol, conducting a worship service in the late afternoon, visiting the bunkers and trenches in the evening, going to the next hill during resupply the next day, and repeating the whole process there.

When the siege began, short but complete worship services with meditation and communion were held from bunker to bunker, trench to trench, continually running every day, all day, avoiding rockets, mortars, and sniper rounds, to provide a ministry. Building a chapel is impossible when a battle is being fought. The emphasis is visitation where the men are, and entering into their situation. This is not “doling out spiritual juice” as *infusio gratia*, but communication by total personal confrontation and involvement and commitment. It is not the distributor who is significant, but that which activates and lives within the distributor: “I live, yet not I, but Christ within me.” (Galatians 2.20) The incarnation is the reality, and that reality is far more rich than a reductionist who regards only his participation in that reality and makes a cult of disciples of himself (*i.e.*, builds his own “kingdom,” his own church).

The men not only appreciate worship and visits; they appreciate the chaplain actually entering into their bunkers where they live, a fact I never realized until I did it and received the feedback. The hooch is more than a place to sleep: it represents the man’s creativity, his sweat and work, his ingenuity, his security (in a very *deep* sense!), the place he goes to get away from the horror and terror outside. A chaplain visits barracks and places of entertainment and bars; *he is where his men are*. He cannot be in his bunker or in his office or in his chapel, because if one is “strong” he will admit no problems even though he really has them . . .

Scorn is heaped on the chaplain who remains in his bunker during the battle and only occasionally emerges to distribute Bibles and say, “God loves you” and then hastily returns to his enclave—like a turtle retracting its head into its shell; appreciation is voiced by men when the chaplain is with them in the battle.

Serendipity will characterize the chaplain’s presence as he better comprehends tensions, values, feelings, outlooks, frames of reference, as he discovers people with problems that wouldn’t or couldn’t come to him. Example: one man was going to make a high altitude low opening (HALO) parachute jump he hadn’t made in several months. “I haven’t made one of these in a long time.” He paused and walked away. He then saw me again and asked if I’d have lunch with him since I was due to jump also. Nothing was said about fear during the lunch; I was just there as a friend, but he’d never have come to me had I been in an office. Far from being a fetish, I felt he walked away more calm and confident.

Should a chaplain see half a dozen men a day with frustration at being in Okinawa, he might very well conclude this is a major problem and all the men feel that way. This *a dicto simpliciter a dicto secundum quid* fallacy flows away in deliquescence as the chaplain emerges from his office and meets the other 97% of the men who are quite happy to be away from home on their own, the great majority of whom are single, and who are enjoying their time there. A chaplain cannot perform his duty as moral advisor to the command unless he visits pastorally his flock and thereby becomes *au courant*.

While attending Airborne training and becoming a paratrooper the question every day was: “Why does a Navy chaplain come here?” The mystery increased when I stated I’d be drawing no special pay. It was the same question in Vietnam: “Why does the chaplain go out with the men on patrols and get exhausted, muddy, and exposed to danger?” Or, “Why do you visit the detachments at Cua Viet, Ca Lu, etc., after spending eight months at Khe Sanh and going through the siege there?” Or, “Why do you go to Nui Kim Son Ville and climb up the treacherously steep cliffs by rope to the top of ‘Crow’s Nest’ to hold worship services up there for the dozen men of ANGLICO (Air Naval Gunfire Liaison Company), Special Forces, and Marine security when they aren’t ‘your’ people?” (Nobody else was doing it). I reply it is Presence. God’s actions are always unexpected. Love is always a mystery. The expected reaction is always either: it is foolish (Greek), or it is not one’s “proper” work (to the “religious” mindset).

Shape of the Chaplain’s Ministry: How to Communicate

A direct approach of communicating the Gospel to the “strong” will never achieve results. Some SEALs spoke of an Army Major Chaplain who accompanied them on a training patrol and all of a sudden began talking about the evils of Vietnam, of killing, etc. Their reaction was one of jeering rejection. Of a more repugnant nature was the chaplain who approached a man on a stretcher, wounded and dying, grabbed him, violently shook him, saying, “Are you saved?” The result is no more chaplains were ever called unless the wounded man specifically requested the presence of a chaplain. A man would come to a chaplain with a “Dear John” letter and be asked first if they knew the “six steps to salvation!”

It should be obvious that a chaplain doesn’t go around nervously attempting to redeem people and put them on the right track; only God can save through the activity of the Holy Spirit. Man is already redeemed by God. The chaplain must concentrate on the essentials; that is, he cannot become enmeshed in, *e.g.*, ribaldry, any more than he can get traumatized by the words of the wounded, if he desires really to help. There are far more significant enemies of man: insecurity, alienation, fear, guilt, boredom, self-destruction, a mean spirit, loneliness, etc.

God does not create us in such a manner that we are forced to love Him. How can His followers force others to love Him by psychologically inducing guilt! One can preach focusing on two persons: God’s actions, nature, promises, love, will, *or* on man’s response of repentance, acceptance of Christ into his heart, obedience to do His will, etc. The choice is to proclaim God, or to offer “Hell Fire and Brimstone” sermons. One can’t tell the Marine in combat that he might become a WIA or KIA and thereby scare them into turning to God. that might indeed cause them to turn suddenly to God or become “more religious,” but then God becomes meaningful not out of love of God, faith in God, but out of love of self—not out of fear of God, but rather fear of what might happen to the self. One’s eyes become

ever more fixed on himself, and *ipso facto* he becomes more sinful (separated from God). God emancipates man *from* himself, *not into* himself! God is at work in us and certainly, for the man who is close to God already, he will turn to God in his moments of fear, just as he turns to God for everything else. Psychologically, to coerce denies the Creator who made us not robots who must worship Him, but gave us the possibility of not worshipping Him.

A Christian does not place his trust in God's gifts, but in God. Perverted lovers of God love salvation but not the Savior; they seek their own goodness and advantage in God, neither love nor praise His goodness, but have an eye to themselves and consider only how good God is to them. Thus, when God's goodness is vacant, their love for Him disappears, whereas Christians who are lowly, naked, hungry, and suffering, love God Himself, not His gifts.

Therefore the absence of these types of "prophetic" sermons is not an unwillingness to accuse people of their sins, rather an attempt to avoid having people to go to Christ because of some need, a *deus ex machina*, and thereby not love Him, only themselves.

If, therefore, a direct communication is impossible, how may one achieve his goal of communicating Christ to the "strong?" Kierkegaard provides some help with his concept of "indirect communication" in two ways.

The first is similar to McLuhan's "hot/cold" communication. The author doesn't say everything; he forces his reader/listener to come to his own conclusions and feel that he himself has arrived thereto. This is the opposite of factual communication. To communicate a feeling, a possibility of existence, ethical behavior (as opposed to talking *about* ethics), to communicate patriotism, one needs to paint a picture and point to examples from reality, tell stories. Then, like an invisible magnetic force field, the reader or listener is drawn to certain conclusions. Thus, the skillful preacher doesn't talk about our responses to God, but God's relation to us. They so paint Jesus that people thirst after Him, love Him, look at God and act themselves. "Do this in remembrance of me," refers not to our remembrance of God, but His remembrance of us since the genitive is similar to the "houses of me."

The other method of indirect communication—and by far the most significant for our purpose—is "to be the truth," to internalize and be the embodiment, the avatar, of truth, love, joy, peace, and subliminally communicate. A Christian becomes Paul's "living letter" (2 Corinthians 3.2). Kierkegaard succinctly wrote: "One only knows so much of the truth as he is of the truth." (Kierkegaard, *Training in Christianity*).

In a similar manner, one measures the growth of the Church not by attendance figures or receiving feedback on how inspiring the worship service was, but rather by how much the people grow to act as the Church, as Christ's Body in the world (1 Corinthians 6.15, 10.17, Ephesians 4.12, 1.23, 5.30, Galatians 1.24b), bringing

peace and healing to all mankind. The chaplain's activity if expressed simply in numbers is likewise meaningless, merely an abstraction from reality.

A corollary of "being the truth" is the distinction of knowledge "about" and knowledge "of," or knowledge of facts from a distance versus knowledge that is personally involved with passion in another person. Knowledge that is meaningful in the realm of personal relation is not "known" in the traditional sense by the mind, but is lived. "Knowledge of God" (*Da-ath Elohim*) as used by Hosea, Exodus, etc., refers not to propositional truths, but to a close, personal relationship such as sexual union. Christianity is not a doctrine only, but a way of life, a possibility of human existence. It does not involve detached speculation and knowledge "about," but commitment to and immersion in with passionate concern. One only "knows" Christ by living "in" Him, not by speculation on His life or nature. The "Word" (*Davar*) is always an *action*. To communicate Christianity, one *does* it, *is* it.

Only thus will the "strong" ever perceive religious categories or existence; only thus will the chaplain really know his men and be *au courant*. We cannot say "Christ is the answer" before we first ask, "What is the question?"

Christians do not "possess" the truth that they then distribute; rather, they participate in God's truth by living in love, in faith, in hope, in trust, in self-giving, in obedience, in Christ. One communicates he is saved as 1 John 3.14 states, "We know that we have passed out of death to life because we love the brethren." One communicates his sins are forgiven when he isn't preoccupied with proving or justifying himself since our Lord frees us from our crutches so we are enabled to expend our strengths for the needs of our fellowman. Therefore, we communicate forgiveness of sins by the way we give of ourselves to others rather than living for self, by the way we accept sinful men despite their sins. Easter, the resurrection, is communicated by showing that nothing in life can keep us down in the gutter, but that we daily rise, confident and triumphant, that nothing in life is radically defeating, because all our real enemies have been conquered. The Word is a living Word (Hebrews 4.12).

Shape of the Chaplain's Ministry: What is Communicated?

The minister to the strong is concerned with how his strengths are used. Rather than make people weak with guilt, one must implant a love which will direct the heart toward giving of the strengths with which one has already been blessed. That is the message to those who seemingly "need" nothing, who are loving their fellowman, are better adjusted, etc. The subject matter is vocational: regarding what one does as a service, a channel of love. This is especially significant for leaders. It is daring to allow one's faith influence one's *modus operandi*.

The message to the strong indicates the foundations of strength and growth in strength. There is an austerity, a self-discipline present with the "strong" which

may be the condition from which may flourish creativity, self-knowledge, internal freedom, awareness, and shedding of personal defense mechanisms, as people trust each other. The guilty conscience which paralyzes must be removed by the simple message that God accepts sinners while they are yet sinners, that God does not cast off and judge, but accepts and redeems (John 3.16-17). The strength that lies in such a faith is attested by POWs in Korea and Vietnam: those with faith were less likely to “crack-up.” Strength lies in self-denial, while self-assertion results in fear, anxiety, loss of group unity, etc. Men are strongest when their strength lies outside themselves.

The “strong” are on the cutting-edge of very fundamental moral issues: relationships of faith to killing and love to force, denigration of races and nationalities who usually do not associate themselves with the “strong,” the loss of all higher life and descending to the level of a mere animal, etc.

Christianity is somehow equated with the qualities of femininity. Christians haven’t entered the ranks and shown that it is possible to live a Christian life in the “strong.” One doesn’t have to become an animal to be a man!

Perhaps one of the most significant things to communicate to the “strong” is that Christians make better soldiers, better fighters, better citizens, than non-Christians. Although Christianity is a message of peace, the peacemakers may be precisely those who fight to ensure conditions conducive for peace. Although Christianity is a message of love, love is basically self-sacrifice (whereas the natural man fights from the basis of self-interest, self-defense, self-preservation) to endure the well-being of all those “third party” individuals the enemy is crushing. Force, love, and justice go together as Tillich once wrote. Ramsay asks the incisive question: What will the Good Samaritan do if he comes upon the situation of the robbers beating the man, about to kill him? Although Christianity is interested in a “kingdom not of this world” (John 18.36), Christians regard their rulers as God’s servants to execute God’s wrath (Romans 13.4, Titus 3.1, 1 Peter 2.13-15), and are sent into the world. The problem of a divided loyalty is false because it isn’t a matter of God/country, but is rather a matter of God-country/self. Christians are not plagued by guilty consciences since they believe in God’s forgiveness.

The chaplain to the “strong” is an interpreter of reality. Everybody sees, but not everybody notices! The strong live near to nature but frequently are blind to the beauty all around them. On a patrol one day I remarked to the officer in charge of all the beautiful flowers we passed. “O, really, chaplain? I didn’t see any.” The chaplain sees through the myriad of changes and events. He sees signs of hope and promise. This can only be accomplished by being there where he can see!—physically mingling with his men. He interprets existence, pointing to the presence and activity of God by indicating deeper dimensions of reality which only result in greater strength of character. God meets us unexpectedly and continually. The strong are “open” and tell you exactly what they think and feel.

Genuine dialogue becomes possible, a “friendly war” of ideas that results in articulation of a deeper awareness of reality: the presence of God.

The chaplain interprets self-existence as men become aware of all their internal possibilities—hatreds, ideals, sorrow, despair, the child within, and their false Gods (idolatry). The strong are the realm of passionate existence, prior to our categorizing definitions and concepts of meaning. Thus, the chaplain to the strong must *live*, not preach. True love is a matter of action, not words and talk (1 John 3.18). Since existence is prior to essence, he must derive meaning not by giving it out, but through joint participation with the man in touch with the earth. What does all this have to do with a muddy PFC on some hill outpost of Khe Sanh who yells like a Tarzan, or with a herd of masses shouting ARRUGHA? Everything! God loves them, and this love is communicated by their acceptance by representatives of the Church.

The chaplain does not hand-out God to men; he elicits comments like one senior corpsman who said: “I see many of my buddies get killed each day. The wounded cry for me and I dash to them, somehow avoiding all the sniper’s bullets. And this goes on all day long, and some of those killed are fellow corpsmen which makes my job all the more difficult. And at the end of the day, when things quiet down, I sit and see the beautiful sunset. And it may sound corny, but I see God in that sunset. And I thank Him He’s let me live through one more day, and ask Him to let me live through another.”

The chaplain to the “strong” is a prophet. Actually, only he who exists in the midst of his people can be their prophet because only he who so lives really “knows” his people, and the people will only hear him whom they know knows them. The prophet keeps a critical eye to avoid absorption into what is expedient, urgent, immediate, or the fad. He guides people into breaking the vicious cycle of satisfying immediate needs, directing them to look beyond. The prophet indicates, for example, the dangers of “care-less-ness” as we discussed earlier, that corrosive factor of so much military life especially prevalent among the “strong” who disregard others as well as themselves.

The chaplain to the “strong” is their priest. Despite their hardness they are very human with very human feelings and problems. Drill Instructors at Parris Island rife with alcohol and marriage problems cannot admit they have problems or they won’t be promoted. So they open up to a chaplain—the only person they can. But only by being there and developing trust will there be conversation and openness to their chaplain. I met a soldier from FOB-3 (Forward Operating Base 3), a super-secret SOG (Special Operations) detachment at Khe Sanh. He wasn’t pious. In fact, most of the Special Forces men were older, callous, hard, yet friendly and personable. One day he said to me, “Chaplain, say a few prayers with ‘SKY SIX’ for these Laotian refugees outside our wire. There they are. We can’t take them in. They are sick. Some are wounded. We can’t do anything. I know many of them.” Pensively, he stared-off at the distance at them. A tiger’s tooth hung from

a necklace over his bare chest. His soul was speaking to me. Where else can the troubled soul go in confidence that nobody else will find out?

Beware of Potential Pitfalls

The chaplain must be involved in the life of his command, but this involvement must be *qua* chaplain, not as another interested social worker or administrative assistant. Neither can he be one of them in order to be accepted. To do so he will become an officious parasite. He cannot sacrifice his pastoral role without robbing them of the treasure he offers (2 Corinthians 4.7). If salt loses its saltiness, it is no longer any good (Matthew 5.13). He cannot be the type who gets into barroom fights or the type who goes to the skivvy houses with his men, even when they like him to do so! One pilot told me, “Be careful, chaplain: they are all good men, but they’ll want you to descend to their moral level if you aren’t careful.” When one becomes popular he must ask, “What am I communicating? Myself, or God?”

The chaplain is always disparate. He is not a Marine, a SEAL, or a Frogman. He will therefore feel lonely because although he belongs he really doesn’t belong, although he is one of his men, he is not one of his men. Some may look at him and say, “What is he trying to prove?” Some chaplains may have role conflicts because they are not totally engaged in hieratic enterprises. Some may say the chaplain’s values are those of the military rather than Christ. Some commands might regard the chaplain as a fetish, a good luck piece, or a guarantee of divine favor. The chaplain, however, knows himself to be above all these misrepresentations. Which of the prophets were not killed by their people?

Conclusions A Final Thought

Despite small sizes, there must be billets for units of the “strong,” such as reconnaissance battalions in the USMC. Such units are frequently over-looked either because the chaplains are so busy in their offices counseling or because it is thought a waste of chaplains to assign them to smaller units. The sheer numbers, rather than the profound needs of the “strong,” dictate chaplaincy manning.

Yet, ministry to the “strong” should form a part of every chaplain’s duty station. There are always those who are outside the Church, who don’t think they need a chaplain, the Church, or God. It is uncomfortable to reach to them, but that’s where we must minister. This is especially true of our ministry to the “command” and to leadership in general.

“Go ye therefore and teach *all* nations . . .” calls us to overlook no member of the armed forces. Each and every one of them deserves our compassionate service. Including the “strong” in that calling requires that we shed the trappings of the chaplaincy to truly *be* a chaplain.

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Chaplain Stubbe enlisted in the Navy and remained in the Navy Reserve while attending college and seminary. He began Ph.D. studies in Ethics, but left after a year to respond to the need for chaplains in Vietnam. While there he accompanied Marines on patrol, which was uncommon for chaplains. He has documented his service during the Siege of Khe Sanh with a noteworthy book. He trained with Navy SEALs and graduated from the Army Jump School. He has also been quite forthcoming about his personal struggle with Post Traumatic Stress.

Reflections on Chapel Worship and Contemporary Music

Ted Wuerffel

My perspective on chapel worship—military worship—is shaped by a background that includes campus ministry at two universities. I served at Valparaiso University in Indiana immediately after graduating from seminary. Following my retirement from the United States Air Force, I directed the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod campus chapel at University of Washington in Seattle. I also experienced seven years of parish ministry in Florida, where the use of general Protestant hymns is fairly common. Those Florida years were early in my ministry, while I was still in the Air Force Reserve.

My active duty Air Force assignments included a three year tour in Royal Air Force Mildenhall, United Kingdom and three years at the Air Force Academy. I also enjoyed base assignments at Malmstrom AFB in Montana and K.I. Sawyer AFB in Michigan. Both of these somewhat isolated locations were typical of base chapels that enjoyed an exceptionally strong sense of community. My final two tours involved staff work at two San Antonio, Texas bases, Randolph AFB and Lackland AFB. In both those assignments I had the opportunity to visit many different bases and attend a variety of chapel services, including worship in several overseas chapels.

Music Continues to Shape My Ministry

In my final professional years, 2005-2008, I served the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod Ministry to the Armed Forces, in an associate director position. There I had the opportunity to “reconnect” with military ministry and visit many more bases. I attended worship services led by chaplains from all branches of the armed forces, as I assisted with ecclesiastical endorsement and support work. In 2008 I retired from the endorsing office and completed a B.A. in Music in St. Louis, Missouri. Today I serve as the choir director at Timothy Lutheran Church, just inside the south central city limits, a working-class parish with several young families, outreach to several ethnic groups (immigrant refugees), and a sprinkling of Concordia Seminary personnel and seminary interns.

The parish has a healthy youth program, a good number of single young adults, many of whom assist the youth program, and last but not least, a struggling but excellent parochial school. We have a choir, a handbell group, and a praise team which leads worship one Sunday each month.

I'd like to share some comments on worship, reflecting on my chaplaincy years, but in particular discussing the challenges facing worship planners today.

Chaplaincy Worship During the Past Several Decades

In my first years of Air Force ministry, the *Armed Forces Hymnal* was still widely used, along with many of its liturgies. By the time my years of service ended in 2000, the book was gathering dust at many chapels. It became obvious that you could not accommodate, in one book, all the strands of music, prayer forms and service structures that have flooded the Protestant traditions. Looking at that old hymnal now, it is quite amazing how liturgical it was. But just as is the case with Protestant churches in general, contemporary and blended worship materials have come to the fore in military chapels.

The “Traditional Service,” which was typically at 1100 in Air Force chapels, and was for years the mainstay of the Protestant chapel program, has now in many cases been moved to the early time slot—and is now the smaller service, often including a number of retirees. A contemporary service has often captured the favored hour. It seems to me that military chapels are simply reflecting the cultural trend of the nation. Even in Lutheran circles, the most traditional liturgical services are in many cases overshadowed, in numbers of worshipers at least, by the contemporary services. If one could honestly say that at the time of the publication of the old *Armed Forces Hymnal* there was a common denominator of “traditional” worshipers, that is no longer the case. This is true in both the military community and the civilian world.

Where I live, in St. Louis, there is one L.C.M.S. church that has maintained outstanding traditional Lutheran worship and music. At that parish you will not hear Michael W. Smith or amplified guitars. You *will* hear a beautiful 4-part choir, handbells, strings, and a magnificent organ. Not many miles away from that church there is a very large Lutheran church with an orchestra-like music team that does many Gaither-like things. Not too far south, inside the beltway, is another Lutheran church that sold its stone building to purchase a K-Mart center—parking lot and all—and that church champions community outreach, offering an exercise program, three or four musicals a year, and both traditional and contemporary worship. The largest service, the one with the most families attending, is the contemporary one.

One could almost say that worship services today, both the spoken forms and the music, have become overwhelmed with diversity—diversity of style, language, attempts at ethnic inclusiveness, audio-visual features, and all sorts of music. I used to think, as the number of Protestant endorsing groups in the chaplaincy mushroomed, that the problem with Air Force chapels was that you never knew what to expect at a chapel service till you got there. As the number of theological strands among the chaplains multiplied, there seemed to be, in terms of hymnary, a musical “devolution” to the lowest common denominator of old

hymns or first-generation praise songs because it became harder and harder to find common ground among the chaplain worship leaders.

Of course it was not simply that many more kinds of Protestants were being endorsed. The culture was changing and eclectic pockets of interest groups and varying preferences were developing. Some would argue this has been a time of good challenge. Well-known hymn writer and church musician Carl Schalk often notes in his seminars that we are in a period of hymn-writing unmatched in recent decades. Others, noting the exodus of young adults from regular worship, might argue that we are at the end of “church as we knew it.”

Reaching the Young is No Simple Challenge

It seems to me that as chapels and churches strive to address diverse worship interests, they face a daunting task both in finding satisfactory worship forms and choosing music. Some Lutheran churches have stayed with a classical liturgy, but most are using worship aids that paraphrase many parts of the traditional liturgy and prayers, along with a variety of musical worship tools—freshly-written parts of the “ordinary” service, as well as new responsories, chants, and psalm settings. This is in addition, of course, to an influx of many new hymns. And of course in some churches, the liturgical elements have been masked very successfully as pastors seek to reach a more non-denominational public.

My experience in military chapels suggests that the traditional Protestant service has kept a basic form of hymn, versicles (call to worship), perhaps some form of confession, a reading or two, special music, offertory (often before the sermon), sermon, perhaps another hymn, prayers, blessing and closing hymn. The contemporary and Gospel services are more free-form but almost all had some structure or pattern that either evolved over time, or was the preferred pattern of a given chaplain. One of my most memorable experiences was as advisor to the Gospel service at Kunsan Air Base, Korea. There the chapel was a very central place for devout deployed personnel of all ranks. The earnest two-and-a-half-hour services, full of praise and passionate preaching, helped me view worship with new lenses for sure.

Various Courses Available to Us

The main point I would like to make has to do with music support for our present challenge—charting an appropriate community-building path through the forest of worship forms and styles of music available to our diverse worship communities. Modern church goers are able to tailor their lives around a tablature of personal preferences.

Small churches have found themselves, in most cases, using blended music—some traditional hymns and some contemporary music. A decent keyboard

person can probably handle that. In larger churches with a trained organist, you may or may not have a person who can handle contemporary music, in particular leading a praise band. Many classical organists favor traditional church music, and even if they work at contemporary music, they may well be already committed to a choir or handbell group, so the addition of praise band responsibilities goes over the top.

At our church we use organ support three weeks and the praise team plays one week each month. Every month the choir sings twice, the handbells play once, and the praise band leads once. That pattern seems to work quite well. A neighboring church of similar size, worshipping about 300+ in two main services plus a smaller Saturday evening service, has a traditional early service and contemporary late service each week, which has basically split the congregation's core of volunteer singers. That church employs a praise team leader part-time, and the music often reflects a more basic preparation. In the meantime almost all organ-led services now have at least *some* contemporary hymns or songs, so the organists often slip over to a keyboard for that music. So the first challenge I see is finding trained personnel for such a diverse plate of musical forms. I know that our Concordia College system is now offering training in contemporary worship leadership and music.

I grew up playing guitar mostly by ear, but I was in several choirs and took piano lessons, so I have always read music. I have been in a half dozen folk groups, sometimes with electric instruments but always with a focus on acoustic sound, and have had two bands of my own. As much as I love some contemporary music in church, I find it a very difficult challenge to work with parish praise bands (teams). First of all, many of the musicians play by ear and work mostly from chord sheets, so if you use actual music, there is a major adjustment for those musicians, and you will find an alto singer doubling the bass part or you'll need to spend precious time ironing out vocal harmony parts because they are not written. Many praise band musicians have sung solo and have their own ideas about how a song should go, so there may be ego issues that the leader has to deal with. Some singers will want to prepare the songs by listening to the artist's original recording; they fail to realize that when you are leading congregational singing, it has to be sung so that a group can do it together and not necessarily with the nuances of the recording artist.

A final challenge, which I believe is a key one, is that when an organist leads the music, you have one musician with a multi-faceted instrument at his/her disposal, and that person prepares all the pieces for a service on that one instrument (organ, piano or keyboard). With a band, you have several people, usually less trained, who must put together all the musical pieces of the service and agree on all the introductions, bridges and conclusions to each part, as well as prepare what in the military chapel we called "specials," that is something the band or soloist presents alone. Such special music, like an offertory, should be quite polished, since it is, you might say, the "anthem" for the day. And somebody has to coordinate all the music texts and credits with the people doing the church

bulletin and the audio-visual work. When you add that all up, it can become an overwhelming task to hope that a band can produce *good* music on a weekly basis with just one rehearsal between each “performance.”

Perhaps the Best Course

Churches that can afford a *second musician* can often put together a good band. If the regular organist has to take on a band on top of all the organ and choir work, it is a job not many can do well week after week. I realize that in base chapels there are often multiple contracts. But even the once adequate chapel funds have become sorely taxed in recent years, and music ministry contracts may be harder to validate.

The challenge I have described remains the same: to produce quality contemporary music on a weekly basis is a task that requires musical skill, training, and a patient and cordial spirit. Should you use anybody who wants to sing in the band? How many microphones can you have for one group? Do you have good technical sound support? Is there a good system for copyright usage and coordination of bulletins or overheard slides? All those items require much more work than using a denominational hymnal or the *Armed Forces Hymnal*.

Contemporary worship songs possess force and provide a form of music that is often familiar to church members as well as seekers. But it is a mammoth effort to produce *good* praise band music on a weekly basis and have it properly amplified and incorporated in visual projections. If we are only able to prepare and conduct a service poorly, it is debatable whether or not we should attempt it. The requirements for success are not insignificant. But, if the resources and commitment are available, contemporary hymnody and music can enrich civilian and military worship.

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Chaplain Wuerffel has enjoyed significant differences in ministry contexts since his retirement following a successful career in the Air Force. He has worked in his denomination's Endorsing office for federal chaplains, and served as a campus chaplain at a major state university. Today he enjoys leading worship on the staff of a dynamic congregation in St. Louis, Missouri.

Breaking Down Walls

How Chaplains Influenced My Loss of Faith

Timothy Caldwell

More than forty-two years have passed since I was drafted into the Army and sent to Vietnam. While I do not look back at my military service with fondness, I have realized that my experiences and the men I worked with had a lasting effect on my life.

At the time I was drafted, I was at a crossroads when it came to my religious beliefs. I was going through a years-long sort of cognitive dissonance—the beliefs I had been indoctrinated with since an early age did not match my day-to-day experiences. Not being one for extensive navel gazing, I dealt with my cognitive dissonance by walling off belief and experience from each other.

In the spring of 1969, I had finished my graduate work at the University of Michigan, had a contract to teach at the University of Dubuque, Iowa, and we (my wife of three years and I) were looking forward to settling down in Dubuque. Then Uncle Sam knocked on my door.

By mid-August, I was in Basic Training. Most of my time in Basic was spent trying to survive and to avoid angering the Drill Sergeant. The latter effort was impossible, and the former was, at times, questionable. I had given very little thought to where I might be sent after Basic, so I was pleasantly surprised when a chaplain visited my platoon one day and talked about the Military Occupation Specialty of chaplain assistant.

To Become or Not to Become . . . a Chaplain Assistant

I had mixed feelings. I was struggling to hold on to what remained of my fundamentalist religious upbringing. I was comfortable with clergy (little surprise, since my father was a Southern Baptist minister). What if the chaplain I was assigned had different beliefs from mine, beliefs I strongly disagreed with? On the other hand, I would likely be in situations where I could use my musical skills, preferably in Germany. Plus, I was in the Army where the accepted wisdom was pounded into you from day one: *never volunteer*. After some deep thinking for all of one minute, I volunteered.

I was sent through clerk school at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Then I shipped out for formal chaplain assistant training at Fort Hamilton, New York. All the while I hoped I might end up at a Stateside chapel, or perhaps in Germany or England. Anywhere, I hoped, other than Vietnam. Of course, I was ordered to Vietnam. I

was assigned to the chapel at the Army aviation base near Cần Thơ, in the lush Mekong Delta.

In January, 1970, when I arrived at the Army Combat Aviation Group (CAG) in Cần Thơ, the three chaplains were a Southern Baptist (a major, and the ranking officer), a Jesuit priest, and a Methodist. Major Wayne Runnels was my supervisor. I will call the priest Father Wilson, and the Methodist, Chaplain Smith, because of a forty-year fog that has hidden their actual names from my memory.

During the first eight months of my tour, these were the chaplains I worked with regularly. There was one other chaplain who dropped in from time to time: Rabbi Ira Bader, the only Orthodox rabbi in Vietnam at the time. As such he had responsibilities that rotated him throughout the nation's military installations.

The Crumbling of My Personal Faith

Working with these chaplains in a war zone delivered constant blows to the wall I had constructed to protect my faith from the “godless” world I saw all about me. In the furnace of war, I found not only the wall itself collapsing, but even the foundation of belief established during my earliest years was crumbling. The chaplains had a negative effect on my faith because they had arrived at their theology through study, thought, and prayer, were utterly sincere, and lived with integrity. My closed-off fundamentalist thinking was in conflict with my experiences. Something had to give.

Chaplain Runnels, the Southern Baptist, delivered the first blows. He was STRAC (Strategic Army Command) when it came to his appearance, organization, and interactions with higher command. And he was very much the non-denominational pastor, and an example of a man who lived his beliefs while never forcing them on others. Southern Baptists had a long tradition of observing the separation between church and state (sadly, a tradition I believe the Convention no longer observes). Runnels did not make any efforts to convert or proselytize.

Runnels and I talked about this at some length (I had a lot of questions, actually). How could he not use every opportunity to “win souls” for Jesus? My father certainly did—every wedding or funeral was, for him, an opportunity to preach the Gospel. Runnels explained that his responsibility was, of course, first to God, but also to the Army and to the men who sought his help. They did not seek him out to be converted. They went to him because he represented God, who is not Southern Baptist, Catholic, or Jewish. What I grew to understand through him was that God's love is nondenominational.

This was tremendously liberating, but it was also somewhat troubling, considering what remained of my fragile fundamentalist faith-wall.

Father Wilson, the representative of the Enemy of All That Is Good And True (according to much Baptist teaching of that era), was not at all what I expected a priest to be. Having never been around a priest, I am not sure what my expectations might have been, but having no first-hand experience with Catholic priests was no deterrent to my fundamentalist mind being made up in advance. Although the picture was short of details, my prejudice ensured me I was dealing with a potentially evil person.

I was in the habit of returning to the assistants' office after dinner in the Mess Hall. The chapel was the quietest place on the base, particularly when compared to the hooch area where there were nightly battles of the boom boxes. The cacophony of the music and the noise of drunk or stoned soldiers was reason enough to hang around the chapel. The other reason was the modest upright piano on which I could play the music I had brought with me from home. I was responsible for tuning it, so I had no one to complain to about the badly tuned instrument.

There were nights when Father Wilson would return to his office to mix a drink that he would take back to his hooch. Sometimes he would listen to the mayhem I was committing on a Bach prelude or fugue, and then we would retreat to his office to talk, he with his drink, and me with a Coke.

We would swap stories about how much Southern Baptists hated Catholics, and he would talk about being a priest wearing a "skirt" in the hinterlands of Texas and Oklahoma. I would ask questions about what Catholics believed and why. I discovered that most of my Catholic friends knew as little about their faith as I did, since much of what they told me was wrong. This made me wonder how much I really knew about my own faith.

My time with Father Wilson eventually led me to read major theologians such as Tillich, Niebuhr, and Bonhoeffer. This was something that Southern Baptists were discouraged from doing since it could lead to asking questions. Questions arise from doubt, I had been taught, and God intensely dislikes doubt.

And then there was Rabbi Ira Bader. It is a challenge to live as an Orthodox Jew unless you are in a community of Jews, and Bader had no community in Vietnam. Ira was very easy to talk to, and I had many questions about Judaism. I came to appreciate the depth of Ira's faith and his commitment to serving God.

Assessing the Battlefield within my Heart and Mind

As I neared the end of my tour, I reflected back on the work and times I had spent with Bader, Runnels, and Wilson. These three men from such diverse religious viewpoints were each doing God's work as they understood it. Who was I to sit in judgment on Bader and Wilson because my understanding of God was different,

or because they did not follow my denomination's Three (or Four, or Twenty) Steps to Salvation?

Most of all, I came to understand the arrogance of religionists who felt they had a complete and profound understanding of God. I understood that certitude is the end of desire to seek truth. Certitude is static, so it needs to be defended, and part of that defense is intolerance of questions.

I was reminded of a quotation from Gotthold Lessing (1729-81): "If God held all truth in his right hand and in his left the everlasting striving after truth, so that I should always and everlastingly be mistaken, and said to me, 'Choose,' with humility I would pick on the left hand and say, 'Father, grant me that. Absolute truth is for thee alone.'"

The foundation for my mental wall had shifted and the wall had toppled. I knew this was not going to go over well with my fundamentalist family or friends. So in my letters home I tried to let people know that I might have come across some ideas or theological views that on the surface might seem somewhat ("rather," "just a bit") different, but deep down were not nearly so radical as they might sound on the surface.

One of my brothers-in-law, himself an ordained minister, would inform me some months after I returned home that my ploy had not worked. Because his training and some of his theological ideas were different from my father's, he had been at the top of my parents' prayer list from the time he had married my younger sister. I had not been home long when I began asking questions (not good), or expressing doubt about how some cherry-picked verses were taken out of context, and this was not sitting well with my parents. What had happened to me that I was no longer *sure* of the Truth that they taught? This was obviously the fault of those darn chaplains who did not believe as my parents did.

Thus I displaced my quasi-heretical brother-in-law at the top of my parents' prayer list. In fact, they were so desperate that they actually began talking to *him* (the ultra-liberal) about my fall from grace.

Returning Home a Changed Man

Like all veterans, I faced the challenges of transitioning back to civilian life. Even then, I felt as though I was at the beginning of a new spiritual journey. I was free, or at least aware, of the fundamentalist straitjacket that had confined me for so long.

I embarked on the journey with enthusiasm. In the jungles of Southeast Asia, the chaplains had unknowingly laid the foundations for my new perspective. Their concern for the troops, their acceptance of all they encountered, and their willingness to put themselves at risk to bring consolation and peace to the

soldiers in the field, had changed me. They helped me to understand that just as there are many faces of God, so there was more than one way to “act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly” with Him.

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Timothy Caldwell enjoyed a thirty-eight year career teaching music at the university level. His book, The Chaplain’s Assistant: God, Country, and Vietnam, was inspired by his personal experiences during the war. He is a critic of the lack of mental health treatment available for American veterans—old and new. He and his life-partner, Barbara Dixon, reside in White Plains, New York. He has two sons (one recently deceased) and five grandchildren, and continues to be involved with social, educational, and environmental issues on behalf of his grandchildren and all future generations.

Operation Barnabas

A New Model of Care for Military Families

Michael Moreno

In the United States, churches have played active roles in caring for our troops since the country's birth. Ever since our Declaration of Independence we have recognized the tremendous sacrifices that are made soldiers and sailors, and we have sought to encourage and support them. However, it has only been in more recent years that we have begun to address the significant needs of the *families* of our military members.

The Lutheran Church Missouri Synod (L.C.M.S.) has been involved in ministry to soldiers since the civil war. Lutheran Chaplains have served in every war and conflict since. The rationale for such service was to provide care for Lutheran servicemen and women, and to share the good news of Jesus Christ with all members of the Armed Forces. The L.C.M.S. has long had a proud tradition of providing spiritual care to those in need. These goals echo those of many other religious bodies who have served their own members and the broader military community.

In recent years, the scope of that care has expanded, both in the eyes of the military, and the church. The events following 9/11 have stressed our military and their families in untold numbers unrivaled since World War II. The Reserve elements came to the fore, and in many ways were unprepared for the relentless scope of service required. The military quickly moved to address these urgent needs, but still, it took time. The church also began to recognize the needs of its own members.

Reserve Lutheran Chaplains were recalled into service in rapid succession. No one had foreseen a national emergency that would take longer than 90 days. Church leaders, chaplains, and their families were unprepared for the length and scope of chaplains' deployments. The Church responded in 2007 with the creation of Operation Barnabas, so named after the Apostle Paul's companion, whose name means "son of encouragement."

One Church's Solution to the Problem

Operation Barnabas (O.B.) began by providing direct care to all involved with *reserve chaplains* who were mobilized. Upon learning of an upcoming deployment, a representative was sent to the chaplain's congregation. He served as a resource for congregational leaders, the chaplain, and the chaplain's family.

Together, they devised a deployment plan that insured care for all involved, and provided educational material to the congregation to help them understand the military environment. *O.B. discovered that congregations go through many of the same emotional cycles that military families do when their pastor is deployed.*

The care doesn't end there. Relationships and issues are actively monitored throughout the deployment.

At the end of the deployment, the L.C.M.S. encourages congregations to reinstate their pastor's salary immediately upon his demobilization. However, we encourage congregations to also allow their pastor an additional 30 days to disengage from the military, re-engage with their family, and seek personal spiritual care through a Father Confessor, or a spiritual retreat. To assist with this "mini-sabbatical," the denomination provides each congregation with a \$2,000 stipend.

It Doesn't End with Chaplain Care

Chaplains are but one small section of the military. O.B. has also sought to equip congregations so they might effectively reach out to military families in their communities, focusing especially on the reserve component. Oftentimes reservists are geographically separated from their commands, and they and their families do not have easy access to support services.

The L.C.M.S. has over 6,000 congregations. We seek to mobilize individuals within congregations who are veterans, or who have a heart for veterans, to provide human care to local military and their families. This now includes Barnabas Chapters. These local groups within L.C.M.S. congregations provide care both to those veterans in their own congregations, and to veterans who are not members in their local communities. Each group meets monthly with an agenda provided by the national office. The agenda includes an opening devotion, bible study, reports, and a presentation of interest to military families, such as preparation for deployment, PTSD, and others.

There are many civic groups doing wonderful work with our veterans and their families. Each has something to contribute. The church also has something specific to contribute that is outside the purview of civic organizations. We have the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Our warriors and their families have gone through events unimaginable to many of us. The wounds they bear are not always visible. They are in need of the One whose wounds heal our infirmities. They need the One whose death not only set us free, but secured a place for us before God as His children. Warriors may still bear the scars of their service, but they also may bear the name of their Savior, placed upon them in their baptism, which marks them as one redeemed by Christ the Crucified. And they live in the promise of Christ's resurrection, which brings them the promise of life everlasting. That is a gift

entrusted to the Church, and it is our mission to share that gift with those in need.

Although Operation Barnabas was born within the L.C.M.S., it offers a model that can be replicated by many other denominations or faith groups. If you would like to learn more about our work, we welcome your questions. For more information, please visit www.operationbarnabas.org, or call Chaplain Michael Moreno at 402-316-8873 or michael.moreno@lcms.org.

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Chaplain Moreno is a dynamic young United States Navy chaplain who is currently serving in the Reserves, which allows him to direct his denomination's innovative program of care for deployed chaplains and their families. The success of Operation Barnabas has led to its expansion to care for all deployed military members and families, by mobilizing and equipping local congregations for this important work.

Screwtape Goes to War

Diabolical Advice for a Military Chaplain's Tempter

Robert C. Stroud

Seventy years ago, a British professor came into possession of some infernal correspondence. These letters were written by a senior ranking demon to a lesser devil assigned to tempt an individual human being. They were published by C. S. Lewis as The Screwtape Letters, using the name of their author. Their publication allowed countless people to gain access to some of the Adversary's methods for causing humanity to follow the broad path that leads to destruction. Armed with this knowledge, many have been forewarned and were thus able to resist these temptations.

Recently six more Screwtapian letters were discovered. These are written to a different Tempter than those published by Lewis. They are included in this issue of Curtana: Sword of Mercy because the "patient" they target is a military chaplain. If their publication now prevents a single chaplain from succumbing to these deceptions, it has proven invaluable. We repeat their first editor's vital caveat: "Readers are advised to remember that the devil is a liar. Not everything that Screwtape says should be assumed to be true even from his own angle." Similarly, Screwtape's mentions of the "Enemy" refer to God. Screwtape's "Enemy" is the Creator, who cast Lucifer and his followers (including Screwtape) from the heavens, and who will cast them into the lake of fire on the Day of Judgment.

ROBERT C. STROUD
PUDDLEGLUM POND
29 FEBRUARY 2012

I.

My dear Cringeshadow,

I trust you are enjoying your new assignment as Tempter in Residence to your human patient. Don't let the failure of your predecessor, Offalchore, to deter your patient from his path discourage you . . . lest you join the aforementioned in his "remedial training" at the Academy. As a member of the faculty, I assure you that is not something you would enjoy.

At any rate, his fate need not be your own. As long as your patient breathes, there is hope. Hope that you can get him to deny his allegiance to the Enemy. Clergy may appear on the surface to be impervious to such a course, but that is an illusion. Many of them cool in their fervor to the point where it requires but little encouragement to turn their eyes from the Enemy's throne to their own desires. The human fools do not realize they can deny his sickening mercy and reject his misguided forgiveness, even without consciously voicing that fact. The death of a relationship need not be formally announced.

How easily they forget the counsel of their own Scriptures—not to mention the simple logic—that if one does not follow a path to its conclusion, one does not actually *arrive*! As the Enemy's contemptible book says, a race needs to be run to its finish to win the prize.

You might be tempted to regard your patient as exceptionally resistant to your entreaties because he is serving as a chaplain in the military. This too is an illusion. Clergy in the armed forces are not so different from their civilian counterparts. While some may be equally fervent in their futile cause, others will be tired, lukewarm or uncommitted. Most wonderful of all, some have even rendered their allegiance to Our Father Below!

Mind you, these attitudes are usually not evident on the surface. In fact, it may be the one with few interpersonal skills, who is not fluent and is unattractive in appearance, who devotedly lifts up his colleagues and his charges in his prayers to the Enemy. By contrast, consider the handsome or lovely chaplain, who is always present with a warm embrace and prattles along incessantly in some derivation of Jesus Jargon. He or she may be the one, who in the shadowed privacy of their own domicile lives a life quite distant from that normally associated with a disciple of the Enemy's Son.

Do not despair or grow impatient, as my subsequent epistles will offer specific advice on how to cause your patient to stumble. In return, you must keep me apprised as to major changes in his demeanor or beliefs. It is vital that you report these to me even when they do not reflect well upon your efforts!

I should not have to emphasize that knowing his current status is of the utmost importance. After all, we would only be wasting our time parading lovely (and vulnerable) young women through the doors of his office if he is utterly devoted to his wife. (If he has truly experienced the repugnant “two becoming one” loss of his own identity that the Enemy celebrates, the magnitude of your challenge greatly increases.)

Without an accurate assessment of his status I will be unable to effectively weave the exact net most likely to entangle him . . . so that we might eliminate him as a threat to our goal to have all humankind bow in reverence to his Infernal Majesty.

Before ending this missive, I want to inform you just how fortunate you’ve been to be assigned to my tutelage in the field. You heard several of my insightful lectures during my annual visit to the Tempter’s College, and I know how fervently you must have been to be assigned to my supervision. You are fortunate indeed. While my oratorical skills are impressive, my talent for deception makes me a manipulator of humanity *par excellence*. It is no accident that I am known throughout the nether regions as “the Puppet Master.”

Allow me to do a little name-dropping. Although most of my personal patients throughout history would be unknown to you, even your limited intellect should recognize the following successes. Subutai, the chief general of Genghis Khan and his son Ögedei Khan, was one of the world’s greatest butchers. He, rather than his overlords, was the one responsible for the destruction of no fewer than thirty-two separate kingdoms. The carnage I inspired him to wreak was epic.

Another of my triumphs occurred on the African continent where I counseled Houegbadja in the foundation of the Kingdom of Dahomey. As a military state like Sparta, I made their neighbors cower before them. Why, Dahomey even had an entire regiment of Amazons, complete with “camp followers” of their own. Houegbadja mastered slavery before his people sold a single human to their European cousins. He required many thousands of them, since human sacrifice was one of the kingdom’s spiritual pillars. Sadly, such bloody spectacles have ended. However, I’m proud to say that the successor to Dahomey is Benin, where they still offer us the sacrifices of animals . . . and large numbers of the inhabitants practice as an “official religion” Vodun, or Voodoo.

Versatile as I am, I have also been equally magnificent in persuading female patients to reject the Enemy. During the Renaissance, I took an insignificant Italian named Francina Llançol and made her the matriarch of a delightfully despicable dynasty of morally bankrupt politicians noted for their tasteful use of arsenic. So effective I was in establishing the power of the Borgias, that not one, but *two* of her misbegotten progeny were actually elevated to the Papal Throne. You should have seen the fun we all had at the Ballet of Chesnuts.

You may be under the common misconception that once we are promoted to administrative duties, we senior Tempters retire from the business of actually

tempting the human vermin. That's incorrect. In order to keep our acumen sharpened, we often volunteer to take on a patient in addition to performing our advisory duties.

During what the humans call the Second World War, I was not chosen to nurture the German Führer, but I did woo an equally malignant war criminal. The name of Shirō Ishii may not be quite as celebrated in Hell's halls, but his Unit 731 conducted human experiments which would make your very skin tingle, if you had any. Corrupting Hitler was far easier than taking a genuine scientist and transforming him into a monster. Best of all, I maneuvered national leaders to grant him immunity! He lived a far longer life than his own patients, although I'm certain his current torment has erased any recollection of peace or joy he may have known while he breathed.

Time passes quickly when you are hearing such rousing accounts, does it not? And now it is time for me to bid you an evil day and wish you dark successes with your simple tasks.

Warmly,
SCREWTAPE, T.E., B.S., etc.
Abysmal Sublimity Under Secretary

II.

My dear Cringeshadow,

It has been a long time since I had the personal pleasure of misleading a military chaplain. I envy you. Their internal suffering upon failing to live up to their own standards—and the consequent repercussions of their falling, upon the troops who look up to them—are absolutely delicious!

Why, with the apostasy of a single clergyperson one can bring down an entire church! It's happened many times before and it should happen many times in the future . . . at least up until that Day about which we do not speak. (That Day is probably just a myth of the Enemy anyway—let us hope!)

I vividly remember one of the chaplains I worked with during the sack of Constantinople. As you recall, we managed to carry out one of those delightful conclusions where Christians destroyed Christians in the very name of their God. While the bloodshed is always savory, no other sort of war is more mouth-watering. In some ways things were so much simpler when all of our Enemy's servants carried actual swords! Not that our goal is *physical* death, of course. We only desire the humans to die while they are estranged, like Our Father Below, from the Creator. Better for them to live an eon and die thus, than to perish in their mother's womb and slip into the hands of the Enemy.

Oh, but we were discussing the Fourth Crusade, were we not? Allow me to describe the masterful deception of my chaplain-patient.

The chaplain I was seducing was not a carnal man. That would have made the task too easy. (As you know, I have a reputation for preferring greater challenges.) And this Italian priest did indeed pose a challenge. He was actually *serious* about his vows of chastity, if you can imagine *that* during humanity's medieval period. As the fall of the city grew imminent, this chaplain counseled restraint and mercy. Despite his pleas, for three days the city was sacked and ravaged without pity.

After the first day my patient was in shock, horrified by the damage created by fire and sword. I astutely recognized this as a window of opportunity. I reminded him that during the coming year he would be returning home and his bishop would be curious as to what relics he had brought back from his journey to the East. I whispered to him that the other chaplains had already procured the most precious and valuable icons and relics available in Constantinople's many churches. He had wasted precious time.

In his dulled state of mind I was able to guide his stumbling steps to the door of a small monastery that had yet to be desecrated. The monks were happy to unbolt their doors and place themselves under the protection of a fellow member of the

clergy. So grateful, in fact, that they remained silent as my chaplain ordered them to bring forth everything of value in the modest chapel. It all fit comfortably into a satchel one of the monks offered. Then, with the treasures hanging from his shoulder, I led the chaplain off in search of more religious artifacts . . . leaving the frightened monks to their uncertain future.

But, enough reminiscing about my successes in the good old days. I expect that you are eager to hear my prescription for your own patient.

I will bypass the carnality approach, tried and true though it is, because it is so cliché. If the methods I propose in the coming weeks prove unsuccessful, we can revisit this avenue. However, due to the physical and emotional wiring in human men since their Awakening (that which the Enemy disparages as their Fall), it's almost too easy to trip them up sexually. Let us employ a more subtle tack.

You noted in a recent report that your patient is quite “proud” of his theological education. Now, there's something we can easily work with! Pride—all humans are inclined towards it. But, spiritual pride—this is a juicy sin to which the Enemy's sincerest disciples are vulnerable. And, despite the fact that we recognize pride as the *well-deserved* prerogative of those who are truly accomplished, pride is detestable to the Enemy. If you weave the web of pride effectively, you can cripple an otherwise devout Christian's entire ministry! You can begin with his pride in his academic credentials.

Prevent him from expressing gratitude to his professors (and, above all, the Enemy) for his education. Focus on *his* striving, *his* sacrifices, *his* brilliance. You get the idea. After a short time, you'll have him believing that he himself is responsible for his native intellect and ability to learn! [There is a fundamental principle here: prevent people from thanking the Enemy for his provisions which can be attributed instead to happenstance, and at the same time, encourage your patients to *blame* the Enemy for everything that they deem bad. Don't worry, they are too stupid to realize just how illogical this dichotomy is.]

Pride is destructive when it is internalized. But it is even more entertaining when you maneuver your patient into projecting it on others. Here you have a wide open field in which to bedevil him. Even though many chaplains work alone, they all know other chaplains: superiors, peers, and even subordinates. Never miss an opportunity to remind your patient how superior he is to them. He's certainly a better preacher, teacher and counselor than they. In his own mind, at least! And that's all you need be concerned with, your specific patient's mind, heart and soul.

Trust me, you will have fun playing with his pride. Begin with his academic pride. Instill disdain in him for those who did not study “theology,” but only the “Bible” itself. The military requires that all of their academic institutions meet some credentialing standards, but there is a hierarchy of schools nonetheless. Make sure that your patient regards his seminary as near the top of that list. This is not

particularly difficult when your charge already enters the pulpit wearing academic rather than ecclesiastical or neutral garb. Of course, some chaplains prefer to wear a military uniform in the Enemy's house, and that affords us some attendant opportunities in its own right.

One final note about the prideful attitude toward one's education. This technique works equally well, regardless of which side of the issue the patient comes from. If they possess an elitist education, fine. If they attended a Bible school instead, you can just as easily manipulate them into being critical of their peers who did not. They will naturally regard their own biblical emphasis as the *proper* training for a pastor, and you may even succeed in having them question the very "orthodoxy" of the education of their peers who studied in alternative academies.

How comical it is to see relationships that could cause us much grief poisoned by accusations that these are "anti-intellectual" or those are "heretics." Promote disagreements among the Enemy's followers night and day. Encourage them to let the sun set on their anger so that it festers all night in their minds and spirits . . . robbing them of needed rest and corroding any goodwill the Enemy attempts to bestow on them. Oh, and if you can get them to argue about Bible translations, it is a unique joy. Make them *fervent* (even aggressive) about their translation preferences (since few of them master the original languages). Foster the arguments. Just don't allow them to consider spending any of their "precious" time *reading* those same Scriptures.

Unfortunately, however, this letter has already consumed more time than allotted for it, so I must be on my way to a key strategy meeting at the Low Command. And one does not keep our seniors waiting. Why, I've seen Belial draw and quarter a mid-level demon simply for being a minute tardy. And that is no small punishment indeed, since we are spirit-beings, without a corporal nature. However he managed it, the reprimand appeared quite unpleasant. Such are the well-earned rewards of those who disappoint their superiors.

Of course, you, my dear, dear Cringeshadow, need not fear disappointing me. In fact, I would be so bold as to consider myself to possess an almost paternal interest in your destiny. And, to remind you of my affection, I shall assume the liberty in our future correspondence of signing myself as,

Your benevolent Uncle,
SCREWTAPE

III.

My dear Cringeshadow,

I see that your patient has among his assigned duties preaching on a regular basis. This was to be expected, and should not alarm you. Calm yourself and don't lose your focus. That's precisely what happened to your pathetic predecessor . . . what *was* his name? Oh, that matters not.

While preaching can in theory be used by the Enemy to draw his servants closer to himself, it's equally possible to use the pulpit to drive a wedge between the Enemy and those ordained to serve him. In fact, there is something uniquely satisfying about using a chaplain's own preaching to immunize him to the disgusting message of hope and forgiveness.

There are so many tactics to undermining the effectiveness of your chaplain's sermons . . . where to begin? I have found the following methods to be most useful.

1. Encourage him to subscribe to all sorts of periodicals and keep him as far away from the Enemy's book as possible. Tell him that by this means he "will remain in touch with the culture" to which he is preaching. We do not want him opening the Scriptures. It's not too challenging persuading many clergy today that they'll bore and alienate their audience by citing passages from that archaic text. Let him explore all sorts of publications so he discovers ones he honestly enjoys. That will make the choice easier when he looks on his desk at a tempting contemporary publication lying next to that black book.

Not all journals are created equal, of course. Some actually contribute to the knowledge and comprehension of the Enemy's book. Avoid these. Secular publications are usually safe, the more so when they celebrate selfishness, man's favorite religion. The most precious, however, are those published by "religious" presses. You know those to which I refer. The ones penned by our allies who wear the garb of the Enemy but live with either themselves or some other idol on the throne of their souls. Those who may praise him with their lips but deny him access to their hearts. Mind you, these documents need to be chosen with great care. But if you can find some which appeal to him, it will aid you immeasurably in bringing about his demise.

The Enemy can occasionally compose a good phrase. I am not complimenting him! I am utterly devoted to Our Father Below. But, even the Low Command has noted some of his book's skillful propaganda. (They read it—it should go without saying—only to learn how best to combat it.) At any rate, there is a phrase that the Enemy uses with derision. One that we have adopted as a badge of honor. People who are "lovers of self, lovers of money . . . having the appearance of godliness, but denying its power." How tasty that phrase: "the appearance of

godliness.” Those are the writers you *want* your patient to read—the ones who sound like spiritual truth-speakers, but whose words echo our whispers. They are the recruits to our cause who can cause the most damage to the Enemy’s people. They are priceless to us.

In another passage, the Enemy calls these useful tools “whitewashed sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but within are full of dead people’s bones and all uncleanness.” Could anything be more stunningly poetic. These whitewashed tombs belong to us. And when they write theological articles and edit scholarly journals, their wonderful venom is spread a hundredfold. These are the words you should encourage your patient to swallow.

You will notice that I’ve not mentioned illicit materials that you may tempt your patient to read. Pornography is a powerful weapon in our arsenal, more widely accessible now than ever before—thanks to misguided zealots of “freedom” who do not recognize their direct contribution to our ultimate victory. I neglect discussing prurient literature here because—as much as fleeting and artificial beauty is able to delude these foolish beings—our topic here is preaching, and not even the most flagrant heretic or pervert would base his sermons upon such matters. (Excuse me, I stand corrected. I was speaking as I wrote and my secretary Slubgob reminded me about our false prophet David Berg who founded the Children of God. But, once again, he was one of the rare exceptions of such brazen courage.)

2. Just as you must turn your patient’s attention from the Enemy’s handbook, so too you must encourage him to regard the military members under his care with secular eyes. Remind him at every opportunity that proselytizing them to the Enemy’s cause is forbidden. (That’s *our* interpretation, of course, and it is gaining great acceptance.) He must regard the military as a secular precinct where his role is to attend to physical, mental and emotional needs. But not *spiritual* needs. The exception to that would naturally be for those chaplains in our employ. The more they can do to de-vangelize the soldiers with their secularism, the better. Never allow them to recognize that that very worldview constitutes their own religion.

To illustrate how you can use this tactic to great advantage, let us move from the larger military context to those soldiers, sailors, Marines, airmen and coastguardsmen who personally attend the “services” your patient is leading. Encourage him to regard even these in a secular manner. Instill fear in him about saying something anyone present might regard as troublesome. Excise any rising thoughts that these people are actually looking to him for meaning and hoping he will encourage their faith.

A simple way to foster this confusion is to have him regard these people as an “audience” rather than a “congregation.” Vague terms like “people,” “meeting” “gathering,” or the delightfully innocuous “service” should be pushed to his lips at every opportunity. Avoid concepts and words such as “congregation,” “parish,”

“flock,” “people of God,” and most especially that demon-piercing appellation “body of Christ.” If ever he remembers that people gathered in faith around our Enemy’s table are already united to him in a spiritual way, our cause is in serious jeopardy.

3. I have advised you to strive for secular goals, but if you have been assigned one of those intransigent doctrinaires, you must use a different strategy. In this case, you will want to push in that area where he is already vulnerable to excess. That is his “religion” itself. Encourage him to be a “fundamentalist” when it comes to any particular doctrine to which only a small number of the Enemy’s disciples espouse. Have him focus on doctrines that *divide* the congregation rather than unite it.

Whenever his fellow chaplains approach him in genuine compassion, encouraging him to reconsider the subject of preaching on matters that engender conflict, move him to doubt their sincerity. “After all,” you can easily suggest to him, “they have all compromised, so why should I listen to them?” If you’re fortunate enough to create suspicion in his weak mind, you can foster the notion that “they” are out to undermine his ministry. “They” can be his commander, his chaplain supervisor, his home denominational authorities, the people in the pews, or some secret international society. You will learn that building such conspiracies in the mind of your patient can prove quite entertaining. What’s better, they invariably cripple the patient’s effectiveness.

So, as I’ve said, having your chaplain preach about secular concerns is always a safe course. More effective, though requiring a level of skill you have not yet attained, is using them as a mouthpiece for vague religious notions which have no transforming or redeeming power. If these approaches are impossible, manipulate him so he thinks he is being courageous by preaching on matters of secondary or tertiary consideration. It matters little whether these are actually true; we are concerned with causing him to neglect on preaching about what the Enemy considers truly important.

At this juncture I will warn you of the danger posed by allowing him to focus on the core, the essence, of the Enemy’s message. One of my greatest failures—for which I was justifiably and painfully reprimanded by the esteemed Lowerarchy, occurred when some of my earlier correspondence fell into the hands of a wretched human. His name was Clive Staples Lewis, and although he escaped our grasp, I’m pleased to report he no longer writes treatises against us. The problem is that his writings have not decayed and disappeared along with the physical carcass he shed. On the contrary, the ranks of his admirers continues to grow. If he had been a writer of standard measure, I would not need to mention him now.

Unfortunately, Lewis received a profound insight. He realized that when the followers of the Carpenter focus on the pure essence of the faith—Mere Christianity, he called it—they could experience a hideous *unity*, despite their personal and cultural differences. This, my disciple, is what you must beware of

above all else. Under no circumstances allow your chaplain to recognize that he will most please the Enemy by preaching “mere Christianity.” Anything else, but not that. Literally, *anything* else.

And now I must sign off as the contemplation of that ill-begotten Irishman has given me a terrible indigestion. Cursed be the day that Oxford and Cambridge don was conceived! And, to think that at one time we had him thoroughly entrenched in our own camp. It is rumored the Tempter assigned to his case will not see a release from his torment for an eon.

Your affectionate Uncle,
SCREWTAPE

IV.

My dear Cringeshadow,

I was pleased to hear that you've already successfully implemented my advice about corrupting your patient's sermons. It sounds as though you were quite successful in having him pursue his sports analogies to the point where people forgot why they had even arisen early that Sunday. Congratulations. Making him think that by spending two-thirds of his message about the recent championship that seems so important now—but is truly less than insignificant in the scope of eternity—was artful.

We care little if he mouths moralisms like “be committed to the team” and “keep your eye on the goal,” as long as that goal has nothing to do with advancing the Enemy's kingdom. All the better that he received so many accolades for his “sermon.” I trust those post-service conversations about the Big Game didn't touch on the spiritual contest that rages about them without their knowledge. If only those human gnats understood that principalities and powers vie for their attention and worship, they would attend to what is truly important. That, however, is something the successful Tempter will keep shrouded from them.

The ailment which assailed me as I penned my last missive to you has passed. It lingered some time, as I grew more and more furious thinking about that cursed Inkling . . . but it has subsided for now. Thus, I am able to return to your education about ways in which to hamper his preaching and hinder the Enemy from finding anything he can use to awaken the hibernating souls resting in the pews. You will recall my previous training: “inspire” your preacher from any source other than the Enemy's book, have him view himself as a public speaker or anything other than a shepherd, and prevent him from accepting the well-intentioned counsel of his fellow chaplains.

I shall now resume where I left off.

4. Have your chaplain preach on innocuous subjects that have no potential for arousing controversy. You can accomplish this by telling him that he is being “considerate” of the wide array of opinions represented in the world.

Don't let him suspect that he may be motivated in part by self preservation or spiritual cowardice. Introspection is one of our Enemy's sharpest tools. When he persuades humans to slow down enough to fully examine their lives, they frequently learn to better hear his voice. And, in the quiet, as they listen to him, they can actually learn to recognize our fingerprints on their lives. Our Father Below forbid that they grow attuned to hearing our tread or hearing our disgust for them in our murmurs. If they recognize our footsteps and whisper, they often make a conscious choice *not* to heed our counsel. It is far better for us to keep them too busy to be still and listen.

As for preaching on mundane subjects, you have already intuited the value of that. This season's championship of any of the myriad of sports seems immensely important for a moment, but the fools hardly recognize how inconsequential these moments are in the scheme of things. So, what other fields are ripe for the harvest of worthless sermon themes? The cinema often provides useful fodder. Sermons about the latest popular films offer the façade of relevance, but are almost always hollow. Occasionally you can reap mindless gibberish from popular music in a similar way. But beware that even the trendiest television show reaches only a small part of the human audience at the present time. Of course, we can use this fact itself to our advantage. Get your patient rambling on about some film that he thinks is brilliant—that most of his audience have never seen—and he'll simply be jabbering to himself. Blah, blah, blah. Yes, I recognize that's what all of their sermons sound like to us, but trust me—if their "congregation" has tuned them out, we've won a fine victory.

The deaths (use euphemisms like "passing") of prominent secular figures also provides fertile soil for inspiring ineffective sermons. Mind you, you need to keep your chaplain from drawing any valid connections from the individual to the message of the Enemy. But, when you keep them in the mode of praising the leader's contributions, etc., you're on safe ground. If he is tempted to apply the message of the Enemy to the departed, tell him how insensitive and inappropriate that would be. After all, who is *he* to judge such a noble figure? Don't let him realize it would be the Enemy's written word that was doing the "judging;" just remind him that he is unfit to say a single word that would disparage the memory of the dead. Do this and you'll be on safe ground.

Our message may even benefit from such messages . . . when the audience perceives that they may lead an Enemy-pleasing life without any of those dangerous trappings of faith. Which leads me to our faithful standby: you can always fall back on the "Golden Rule." Treating others as they wish to be treated themselves. It sounds wonderful, and the Enemy even affirms it, but stripped of its context, it is wonderfully pliable. One need not believe in any deity to live according to this pretext, and that's precisely how we desire it to be presented. The most skillful of Tempters are able to twist the mind of the preacher so they actually declare that religious belief hinders living in peace according to the Rule. You, on the other extreme, should be content to keep the Enemy out of this altogether. If you are feeling particularly adventurous, suggest that your chaplain emphasize the commonality of the Rule to all major faith groups. The resulting notion that all religions are essentially the same can be voiced or merely hinted. Either way, we win.

5. Transform the sermon into a lecture. I say "transform," but the truth is we accomplished that objective many years ago. Whereas, by their very nature, sermons should be dynamic, most are passive. Where they should call for a response, the best (from our perspective) help the audience to feel comfortable

right where they are. And making people comfortable can be properly construed as a worthy goal for the preacher himself, can it not?

Use your chaplain's sermons to affirm the *status quo*. After all, the current state of affairs is very much to our advantage. During the past century we had a famously successful example of this. When the eloquent fuehrer swept aside the voices of the Enemy in his homeland, he even succeeded in harnessing the church to his malignant bridle. (Certainly there were a handful of dissenters in the so-called "Confessing Church," but the vast majority of Germans belonged to the national church . . . as did the majority of the chaplains. We can accomplish mighty acts when we use those who profess faith in the Enemy to support a government diametrically opposed to all they pretend to believe.

Alas, that was a rare opportunity, and the circumstances of your current tasking are quite different. As you are aware, the overarching strategy of the Low Command for your patient's homeland is vastly different than that I just recounted. Rather than attempting to exercise control over the Enemy's too-resilient disciples, we are exerting our influence in government in virtually the opposite manner. In America we seek to drive the wedge between church and state to the point where they are not allowed to influence one another at all. (Well, we both recognize that statement as a sweet lie. We want the church suppressed and the government to suppress it with regulations 100% at variance with the intentions of the nation's founders! Oh how those men and women would bemoan the present interpretations of their words. Just the thought of it makes me smile.)

6. If your patient insists on mentioning genuine themes from the Enemy's book, all hope is not lost. You can render his preaching virtually ineffective by preventing him from asking anything of his hearers. Have him lull them to laziness on a diet of verbiage about the Enemy's "love" for them. The more they hear that message, the greater likelihood some will presume upon the Enemy's misguided affection for the insects. When we are particularly successful, we persuade some of the most deluded to *sin even more* so that God has more to forgive. Such is the warped logic of humanity.

A single example of what I'm describing should suffice. Ensure, for example, that he never encourages his charges to "tithe." (And don't allow that dangerous word to enter your vocabulary, since if ever the Enemy's disciples practiced the stewardship he craves, his missionaries, orphanages, schools and hospitals would fill every corner of the world.) So, keep the notion of tithing and stewardship off his proverbial radar.

In its place, the Low Command (recently renamed from the inappropriate "High Command") provides this excellent suggestion. Make him help his people feel smug about the five dollars they place in the offering on the rare occasions when they attend a service. Praise their generosity and fertilize their wonderful pride. But don't ever let them realize that what we are talking about is the same amount

they will squander on a cup of coffee. We mustn't allow them to ever think things through, or the best of our strategies will be recognized as the snares they are.

Before I forget, there is one especially humorous technique you can try if your patient is genuinely a fool. (It only works with the weakest of clergy, but if you can pull it off, your efforts will be enjoyed by every member of the Bureau of Demonic Activity and Conduct who sees your report.) This trick involves finding a current *fad* and persuading your chaplain that he will be on the "cutting edge" of wit and insight by preaching about it. Needless to say, it must be something secular . . . or something religious that begs ridicule.

The master of this approach was Foolspiper, one of the instructors you may have sat under at the College. You may recall how he superseded the success of his infamous hula hoop sermon when he persuaded his bumbling patient (a bishop, at that) to preach an entire sermon series on "Lessons Taught to Us by Our Pet Rocks." I still laugh whenever I overhear him reciting it at the "Theological Society" in what some of the shadows call the "Grey Town."

Now, there is a tasty meal of which I hope to receive a portion. Even a morsel of that self-deluded ecclesiolater would prove very satisfying indeed.

Your affectionate Uncle,
SCREWTAPE

V.

My dear Cringeshadow,

It is interesting to see you getting so excited about your patient's arrival in the warzone. Didn't you listen to my lecture on this subject at the College? Just in case you were not as diligent as you ought to have been, I will provide you with a brief refresher.

War is wonderful, but it is also dangerous. I called war a form of "entertainment," because it does a Devil good (by which I mean *bad*, of course) to view all of the suffering and carnage. Human blood has such a beautiful hue as it exits the human body—especially when it congeals. War is, in fact, such an engaging amusement that it threatens to cause an inexperienced Tempter to lose his focus. If I've said it once, I've said it ten thousand times: what permanent good does it do us unless we make use of it for bringing souls to Our Father Below?

You see, here is the perilous irony. As fantastic as war appears on the outside, it is in this violent environment that the Enemy works some of his most disgusting wonders. While we strive to foster cowardice and betrayal, he engenders in humans courage and sacrifice. This is especially true with many who have previously been delightfully lukewarm in their attitude towards him.

The peculiar thing is that the Enemy appears to have designed the humans he created so that they actually *prosper* in times of hardship and suffering. By "prosper" I don't mean that they gain in any physical or material way. Would that it were so, since that typically encourages their self-sufficiency. No, the way in which they prosper is by experiencing deeper spiritual introspection and growth than they ever seem to in peaceful settings.

If we could but keep their stomachs full and their libidos lubricated, our work would be easy. But whenever they experience trials, he stands right there, ready to rescue them. I watched with eager anticipation as his Son's favored disciple, Simon who he called Peter, began to sink in the stormy waters. He was ready to fall to the bottom of the sea like the ignorant rock after which he was renamed. But there was that hand! Rather than allowing him to drown in disbelief . . . that terrible hand reached out to rescue him. How disgusting. If Peter were one of *our* disciples, we would have added weights to hasten his deserved descent . . . but that is not how the Enemy operates.

Now you will witness how in war, while we promote guaranteed increases in hatred and infidelity, the Enemy has his own agenda. Too often we excel in our short term gains, only to lose out in the long run. And, mind you Cringeshadow, it is the long term that ultimately counts. Oh, how much more conducive than combat zones are nursing homes to our eternal goals. They ring with the soothing moans of the forgotten. And, when the end of their mortal lives approach, we can

often dismiss all suggestions of calling a member of the clergy because it might betray to the ill person their dire condition! By contrast, the grim realism and the imminence of death on the battlefield make it utterly unsuited to our final purposes.

But I recognize you desire some specific advice on how to attend to your patient.

Persuade him that any concern about his own safety is a sign of cowardice. (You most especially, Cringshadow, should be skilled at this feint since your own lack of confidence is legendary.)

Let him think that the feigned bravado of his comrades reflects their genuine courage. We want him to think he is the *only* soldier who worries about his own safety. Yes, I recognize how illogical this is, but no one ever called the humans wise! Here we have a wonderful opportunity to capitalize on two of the dreadful traits that infect your chaplain. He is relatively *modest* (even the word itself tastes deplorable) and anticipating his deployment he has grown more *introspective* about his spiritual state.

While these attributes normally work *against* us, in this narrow case we can twist them to our purposes. His awareness of his personal lack of *courage of an heroic level* can be coiled into the notion that he is a coward. Make him think that it's a proverbial "all or nothing," either Odyssean courage or utter cowardice. Oh, I just remembered your patient is an American, so you'd best avoid classical references. Suffice it to illustrate courage with one of his natural myths like that of George Washington. Make every effort, however, to keep him from thinking about the historic bravery of Christian martyrs. While he would certainly feel miniscule in comparison, we don't want him reminded of the grand price some of the Enemy's deluded followers are willing to pay to follow him.

Oh how I treasure the memories of warriors I knew in the past. Though most were so easy to tempt with paltry trinkets, I often exceeded the results of my peers. I never needed to stretch or improvise. If the tried and true vices are effective, it's unnecessary to be creative. Still, after a few centuries of the same old approaches, it does grow a tad boring.

Thinking back to those killers, they were such a *simple* group to mislead. The plunder and violence of the broad path held such allure, that they required almost no encouragement to reject anything they heard about the Enemy. And, if they ever recalled vague memories of a cradling mother whimpering to them of mercy and grace, all we needed to do was tell them to open their eyes to the suffering all about them . . . much of it wrought by their own bloodied hands.

Yet, even with a barbaric patient, you need to take some precautions and beware of certain things. For example, do not allow them to regain any of their humanity. Once purged, it's fairly easy to keep exiled, but it remains *possible* to have it reignited by the briefest of incidents. The remembrance that they were not always

vicious . . . the vaporous dream that they might someday lay down their lance and live in peace . . . these are the sorts of things for which you must remain vigilant. I once had a Norse patient, so deliciously sadistic he was that it makes my mouth water even now, merely thinking about his conquests. He was one of the grand mob that descended on the monastery at Lindisfarne. (Terrible it is that our Enemy's bastion on that island still remains.) But back on that glorious day, those groveling monks didn't know what had descended upon them. And the Vikings, oh they learned quite quickly that these unarmed servants of the Enemy embodied two amazing things: great wealth, and a pacifist worldview. Such was the beginning of a splendid epoch.

My patient reveled in beating, enslaving and martyring the habit-covered men. Even better to raid convents, he and his kinfolk learned. But after a few seasons of such vulnerable fare, he longed to do genuine battle. Simple slaughter was still enjoyable to him, mind you, but where there was so little resistance, there was also less satisfaction. Engaging local villages or strongholds meant they would sometimes meet those who would fight back if they were unable to flee. Only when they encountered local militias did he feel like a true warrior.

One day while marauding along the coast of Scotland they attacked a nameless village. They slew and raped and captured all who could not outrun their advance. My subject approached a wailing child huddled over its mother's body. He grabbed the child by the scruff of braided mane and twisted her face towards his own. For the briefest of moments he was struck by the similarity she bore to his own daughter. His daughter's smiling face flashed before him and he released the terrified girl from his harsh grasp and for just the briefest of moments *he was open to the advances of the Enemy*. I had to act swiftly and masterfully. It goes without saying that I did both.

I encouraged one of his fellow blood-drunk vandals to grab him by the shoulder and pull him back to his full stature. In his other fist he held a shivering young woman who he threw to the ground with a filthy oath. It was sufficient. The brief lapse in my patient's well-honed barbarity ended as his thought of home evaporated and he set about his business. *Our* business.

I recognize that in the modern era, in the so-called civilized world, war is not the same as it was. (Jungles and unpopulated territories often provide an exception.) Today these brutish actions would be rebuked and condemned by military commanders. However, the essence of our task remains the same. You need not remind me that your patient is different, in that he is a noncombatant. Well, among your future cases (should you be successful in this test) you may be fortunate enough to taste the copper tang of a human who actually *enjoys* killing. Look forward to it.

I note that there are two chaplains in his command. One is our unknowing ally. *That* is the clergyperson toward whom he must be directed. Keep him as far away as possible from the other chaplain who truly loves our Enemy. The latter

chaplain is so naïve as to believe it is a privilege to serve with soldiers in combat. “Open hearts abound in foxholes” he’s been known to say. Well, a foxhole also resembles a grave, and that is the image that we must instill in our patients. Even as they take shelter, remind them the fissure that shields them could also be their sepulcher. The secular chaplain with his sermons about abstract and esoteric themes provides a much better counselor and mentor for your patient.

Enjoy the war. Caress the conflagration. Savor the suffering. Delight in the death and corruption of their physical bodies. But never forget that it is *not* their physical nature that we care most about. Remain on your guard against the Enemy. As I point out to every junior Tempter who revels in warfare: “In wartime not even a human can believe that he is going to live forever.” Remember that you too are in a war—a never-ending conflict with him who cast us from our rightful place in the heavens and invited these pitiful creatures to join him in our stead.

Your affectionate Uncle,
SCREWTAPE

VI.

My dear Cringeshadow,

So, your patient has received a tepid communication from his fiancé, has he? Delightful. Let him read into it all sorts of possibilities, no matter how unlikely. Don't let him pause to think she may have been truly busy or distracted by matters related to his own well-being. Playing with human affections and insecurities is terribly amusing, and I will devote the entirety of my next missive to some suggestions for this arena.

In the meantime, contact your liaison in the Cyber Warfare Command about disrupting their current communications so that the weeds of doubt you are planting have time to grow. In the end, even if her perceived lack of passion was entirely innocent, he will address her in an accusatory way that drives the two of them farther apart. And, no matter what she says in her defense, deeply burrowed and darkly tended doubts will always linger. And due to Our Father's principle of Blame Reciprocity, she will become equally offended and resentful, and believe *she* is the one owed an apology. If blame is managed effectively, it is almost like a veritable perpetual motion machine. If the cycle is allowed to continue without interference from the Enemy, it can proceed until the relationship is shredded into pieces. But, enough about the derailment of growing love, for now.

The humans inhabiting the central portion of the North American continent have a large standing army. It's an interesting land, replete with politicians who are isolationist, and others who are virtual imperialists. Most citizens and their leaders sense they should be involved in the world beyond their borders in some constructive fashion. But they remain uneasy and lack consensus over how this should all work out.

In some ways, they have reluctantly accepted the role of "police officer to the world." This is a complex matter which preoccupies much time and discussion in the Low Command. This willingness to promote peace and security beyond their shores possesses the potential to aid the Enemy's purposes whenever explicitly humanitarian in its motives. Fortunately, though, we have learned how to twist this seemingly heroic role to our own ends on more than numerous occasions. You, cosmic mote that you are, have no need to know any of the Bottom Secret details, but I want you to understand—even though your role is that of a *minute cog*, you do play a small role in the efficient working of the magnificent *Infernus ex Machina*.

Due to the size of their armed forces, the Americans include a large contingent of chaplains in their ranks. It comes as no surprise that due to their sheer number, this group includes some of the delightfully rotten fruit we find so satisfying. Allow me to illustrate. There is a pleasant recreational site known as the Fort Leavenworth Military Prison. (The ever-sensitive humans officially use the quaint

euphemism “Disciplinary Barracks”). There they house the most serious offenders against military laws and regulations. And I will let you in on a dirty secret—so long as you promise to shout it from the rooftops—*there is always at least one chaplain incarcerated in that prison!* Yes, we’ve led one after another there by tugging upon their greed, pride, and especially their sensual covetousness. There is something uniquely rewarding about seeing a clergyperson behind bars.

Now, I do not expect you to have the skill required to guide your patient to incarceration. And, truth be told, I wouldn’t trust you to have him there, since humans in cells sometimes *repent* of their choices. Prisons can be a dangerous place, because in their comfy darkness, the Enemy’s Light burns with a particular radiance. Much better for your patient to be free and damned—than to be imprisoned and free!

No, keep him out of jail, but work at the *edges* of his ethics until they begin to fray. Once you have him compromising about small things, the larger sins will seem much less ominous to him. I will give you two small examples, based upon actual cases during the past several years.

1. An American chaplain was severely disciplined for purchasing an entire rack of ribbons and military awards which he had never earned. People grew suspicious because he was too young to have accomplished so much. He claimed not only to be a veteran of a war in which he had not served at all . . . he had a beautiful ribbon representing the honored Silver Star for his selfless service in that very combat. (And it all cost him less than a single piece of silver at his military clothing store!) When his ambrosial perfidy was discovered he ironically said he had done it “to gain credibility with the troops.” Stunning, the vanity of humanity.

He was not alone in claiming unmerited credit for his accomplishments. I don’t expect you to persuade your patient to go to the Exchange today to purchase a Medal of Honor, but you can begin that same journey with a single step by encouraging him to simply *exaggerate* his importance. Desiring acceptance and accolades is deeply embedded in humanity’s insecure nature. You should have no difficulty at all encouraging him to let others know the “difference” he has made.

The extreme cases are not so rare as you might think. They are, in fact, epidemic. The United States government was even forced to create a legal statute forbidding such actions. They call it the Stolen Valor Act. Exaggerations about combat service are common. So too are pretensions by individuals that they served in particularly prestigious ranks. There are many “military pilots” who have never been in a cockpit. According to barstool accounts there were more Marines and Green Berets in Vietnam than served in those entire branches. And, my personal favorite: there are more retired SEALs (Sea, Air and Land teams) than there are residents of the nation’s largest city. I don’t like to brag, but I personally have “commissioned” more SEALs than the United States Navy itself!

2. Each year a number of chaplains change their denominational affiliations. These shifts are usually inconsequential, since they do not affect their ultimate allegiance to the Enemy's cause. Whenever such readjustments are motivated by integrity, they should be, without exception, stifled. However, when they are provoked by Lesser Urges such as self-interest, they are to be encouraged.

Several years ago, one of our more experienced Tempters, Flaccidrage, pulled off an amazing coup. Like yourself, he was assigned to a military chaplain. His happened to be an Army chaplain of a Pentecostal persuasion. Flaccidrage masterfully undermined the chaplain's entire faith—yes, his *entire* faith—in the religion that he represented. His patient privately and utterly rejected the Enemy. In place of his former faith, we installed a hodgepodge of new age and ancient pagan superstitions. Now, if we had merely won him to our own cause we would have a victory . . . but everyone knows how much damage the example of a “fallen” clergyperson can cause, so we led him to make a public profession of his conversion. That he did so proves the fact that he was not particularly bright. He ignorantly thought that he would be allowed to remain a military chaplain by simply changing the faith on his dog tags to Wicca. Sadly, nature religions have yet to become a formally recognized religions for chaplaincy purposes, and that is a dilemma the Low Command has been seeking to rectify.

Now, I would never assume you could get your patient to publicly deny the faith he professes, but that matters not. Erode the faith that is in his heart. Eat away at it so that it becomes empty and embodies our favorite distortion of the Enemy's model prayer, proclaiming, “Hollowed be his name.” If your chaplain simply goes through the *motions* of Christian religion while denying the One to whom it points, you are well on your way towards a promotion. But don't let that possibility go to your diminutive head; the task remains formidable.

A word of warning: it is likely unnecessary to include a caution here since you are such a cringing coward by nature. (I recognize this is no fault of your own, since the Enemy created many inferior spirits such as you . . . pale shadows of Our Father Below's magnificence. You may be pitiful, but you are what you are. Remember that fact, and never seek to rise above your proper status.)

As to the warning: avoid the pitfall which swallowed up Wormwood. He not only lost his patient to the Enemy—he allowed my correspondence to fall into the clutches of Jack Lewis! For his unforgiveable crimes he was tortured by the Infernal Police and made a full confession. During his trial, Wormwood alleged that my own aforementioned “supplemental tempting” during WWII distracted me from my advisory duties. He actually attempted to deflect some of his dire guilt to me! After ingratiating myself with the Court, his claims were recognized as utterly unfounded. Cringeshadow, do not share the fate of Wormwood. Guard my correspondence as though your very existence depended upon it.

And, while we are referring to that cursed book Lewis published, keep it far from the awareness of any patient you may ever care for. It opens their eyes to things the likes of which we prefer humans remain ignorant. Some tempters have had success deflecting the attention of their humans even after they learned of the book. They have diverted them to an earlier collection of correspondence attributed to Hell—to Our Father Below himself.

It was penned by the beloved American humorist named Samuel Clemens. *Letters from the Earth* paints Our Father in a glorious light that befits his position as the one who will overthrow the Enemy's tyranny. The sympathetic slant of Mark Twain's work should come as no surprise since those letters were directly inspired by us. After all, he did acknowledge leaning to His Unholiness Satan's "side" in the cosmic conflict, and he formally volunteered to "undertake his rehabilitation" in the eyes of the world.

Your affectionate Uncle,
SCREWTAPE

© 2012 by Robert C. Stroud.

Robert Stroud is a retired United States Air Force chaplain who has written articles related to C.S. Lewis and the Inklings for several publications. He has hosted the C.S. Lewis Chronicles website since 1999. He currently offers an Inklings-inspired blog at mereinkling.wordpress.com and has mentored many Christian writers during the past three decades.

† Martial Poetry †

Military Muses

Again	Jim Cosgrove
Hurry Up and Wait	Jim Cosgrove
67 Years Ago	Jim Cosgrove
Sunrise	Jim Cosgrove
Entrenched Memories of Khe Sanh	Ray W. Stubbe
Don't Forget Us	Robert C. Stroud
Clouds	Rupert Brooke
Desertion	Rupert Brooke
To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	Richard Lovelace
To Lucasta, On Going to War	Robert Graves
The Assault Heroic	Robert Graves
Beat! Beat! Drums!	Walter Whitman
To One Shortly to Die	Walter Whitman
Camps of Green	Walter Whitman
To a Certain Civilian	Walter Whitman
England's Answer	Rudyard Kipling
The Ballad of the King's Jest	Rudyard Kipling
The Connaught Rangers	Winifred Mary Letts
The Spires of Oxford	Winifred Mary Letts
The Arsenal at Springfield	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Liberty Enlightening the World	Henry Van Dyke
<i>Mare Liberum</i>	Henry Van Dyke

Contributors:

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) wrote idealistic sonnets during the First World War. He was an established English poet before the war in which he perished.

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

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

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was a versatile English writer primarily remembered as champion of British imperialism. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907.

Winifred Mary Letts (1882-1972) was an English writer with strong Irish connections through her mother. She worked with the Army during World War One.

Richard Lovelace (1618-1657) was a cavalier poet who fought with Charles I during the English Civil War. He also wrote a tragic play based on his military service.

Robert C. Stroud is a retired United States Air Force chaplain who represents the fourth consecutive generation of military veterans in his family.

Ray W. Stubbe is a retired Lutheran pastor who served as a Navy and Marine Corps chaplain. He has written extensively about his experiences during the war in Vietnam.

Henry Van Dyke (1852-1933) was a Presbyterian clergyman who served as a United States Minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg prior to the First World War.

Walter Whitman (1819-1892) was one of America's most influential poets who, in turn, was deeply influenced by serving as a volunteer nurse during the Civil War.

Again

Jim Cosgrove

Again a nation sheds its tears
Again we feel the pain
And families learn their greatest fears
Have now come true again
Three young men filled with vigour
Attending a parade
Cut down by one they trusted
But this trust had been betrayed

Again a nation questions why
What good have we achieved
Why is it that our boys must die
And families be bereaved
Our history is ANZAC
We know the cost of peace
But when from all this sadness
can we finally be released

Again a nation aches with pain
As losses are repeated
But lest these lives be lost in vain
The task must be completed
To quit when times are troubled
Won't win a country's wars
These soldiers sacrificed their lives
Believing in this cause

Again a nation asks of you
Though hurting and bereaved
Don't let the actions of a few
Negate all we've achieved
Australians are not quitters
The job is nearly done
We'll stand on these men's shoulders
Till the Mission's race is run

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove.

Hurry Up & Wait

Jim Cosgrove

Gday Macca have I told ya of the way that all us soldiers
In the course of our deployment get around from As to Bs
We use lots of trucks and choppers—some are small and some are whoppers
But in taking longer journeys it's the Mighty Hercules

It's a great big flying birdie and it's called the C130
It carries lots of passengers as well as lots of cargo
It has four big large propellers (quite a comfort for us fellas)
But as for other info well that's under an embargo

What I'd like though to unravel is the process of our travel
For there's lots involved in getting round to all our Aussie bases
Yes there's maintenance and planning, there's the loading and the manning
And especially all the challenges the passenger embraces

Now we soldiers, big and burly, have to always get there early
Cause the RAAF designed a system so we're never ever late
And the Army does it well—some might say we quite excel
Every soldier knows this system—it's called *Hurry Up and Wait*

If the time for us to board is at Eight—well then Good Lord
Have the soldiers there at Six O'Clock with sleep still in their eyes
Wait a bit—check they're alive—better get them there at Five
We want them to be well prepared should anything arise

In our Hurry Up and Waiting there is oft some fine debating
And some who'd lay a wager that the RAAF weren't early started
But I have not found as yet one who'll take on such a bet
For the saying goes a fool and his good money are soon parted!

As we're waiting for our plane we are blessed to watch again
The safety DVD so we'll survive up in the sky
And with wonderful precision we can choose our brace position
With our head down near our knees so we can kiss our arse goodbye!

Now to get on board you tramp along the tarmac, up the ramp
And then squeeze between a pallet and the far side of the plane
As your body's overheating you locate your canvas seating
And with seat-belt tight you're ready to take to the skies again

You should see all these tough soldiers in their armour, rubbing shoulders
 All trying to get comfortable whilst loaded in like cattle
 Sitting lengthways, bumping knees with others in the centre seats
 All these hours spent in travel can seem worse than any battle

And it's not that it's a drama that we wear our body armour
 For it keeps us safe from gunshots flying over warring nations
 But when crowded in a corner sweating like you're in a sauna
 It can feel quite claustrophobic worn throughout the flight's duration

And of course all in this section must be wearing ear protection
 It's so noisy as you travel there's no chance for conversation
 Yellow earplugs are the look and with nose inside a book
 You just wile away the hours and await your destination

And with all this droning noise it's not strange to see some boys
 With their eyelids slowly closing and their heads in slow decline
 And then snapping back awake like their neck might surely break
 Cause there ain't no place to rest your head within this planes design

Now your inflight entertainment is by personal arrangement
 If you've got your ipod loaded with some movies or some songs
 And with volume at the max you can sing your favourite tracks
 Cause there's no one else can hear you if you dare to sing-a-long

You might ask of inflight dining?—not exactly food and wine-ing
 But a plastic bag instead containing water, food and juice
 If you've had some bumpy flying and you're green and feel like dying
 Then the plastic bag can capture things your stomach might produce

In the course of all this travel it will generally unravel
 That we make a stop or two before we reach our destination
 So we look around at friends as the Hercules descends
 And knowing we're a target can be cause for consternation

Then we're safely on the ground and a 'Mover' comes around
 Who will herd us from the plane and take us through the airside gate
 "Have a seat and take a rest—it will be an hour at best!"
 So we sit down for another bout of *Hurry up and wait!*

And we watch the helter skelter from a dusty concrete shelter
 That will keep us safe from rockets if they happen to arrive
 We're reminded that we oughta keep on drinking lots of water
 For you have to stay hydrated if you want to stay alive

Then the time comes once again that we get back on the plane
Past the pallets, to the seats and buckle up for the next flight
And the time goes creeping by as we travel through the sky
And our final destination is a very welcome sight

And so weary, tired and sore, we have travelled on once more
We've survived another journey and it seems to be our fate
That to get from As to Bs, on the Mighty Hercules
We concede that it's just part of life to Hurry up and wait

And so Macca that's the way that we will pass the time of day
As we journey round Afghanistan and so we send our thanks
To our sisters and our brothers in the RAAF and many others
For no matter how uncomfortable it sure beats goin' shanks!

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67 Years Ago

Jim Cosgrove

Tim Logan you were born
on a February morn
In Kenya in 1913
After time in UK
there came the fine day
when on Aussie shores you were seen
1939 saw
you enlist for the war
In those years filled with sorrow and strife
But before you departed
your married life started
With Lorne as your lovely new wife.

Through the war's sad commotion
you achieved quick promotion
Taking part in Tobruk's great defence
When you gained your commission
your battalion's next mission
Was to combat Japan's new offence.
Now your war was to be
waged in Papua New Guinea
And you fought back the Japs at Milne Bay
But at Buna's campaign
a lone sniper's aim
Sent the shot that stole your life away.

Jim Wheeler you're a guy
who was born in Narrabrai
In August of 1919
Just a young country fella
working as a bank teller
Till you joined with the army machine
Off to Egypt you trained
and while there you attained
Your Signaller's proficiency
And as young Bombardier
you progressed your career
Through North Africa towards Benghazi

Your third stripe you had earned
by the time you returned
To Australia in August '42
Just two weeks here were spent
when your unit was sent
To Port Moresby with more work to do
It was during an attack
on the Sanananda track
That you went to the help of a friend
And right there at his side
as the lieutenant died
Your own life also came to an end.

From that time of your dying
till at rest here now lying
It is 67 years to the day
They may then have missed yer
but today your fond sister
Has her prayers and goodbyes she can say
Yes through all of these years
filled with laughter and tears
Her searching for you didn't cease
And so now here today
she can finally say
"Go to God, dearest Jim, Rest in Peace"

And Lieutenant Talbot Tim
as you lie next to Jim
Know your Son and your Grandson are here
T'was a month to the day
before death came your way
On the first morning of the New Year
Now your son finally meets you,
and his family greets you
They are glad that you now lay at rest
And will wait for that grace
when we stand face to face
When we also become heaven's guests

And to you Unknown Soldier
it is time that we told yer
How we're grateful for your sacrifice
Even though no one here
is a relative dear
There are those who did love you in life
Now perhaps you are sharing

all this loving and caring
There in Heaven with loved ones so dear
And today you look down
on us gathered around
And you know it is good that we're here.

There are many 'unknown'
who perhaps died alone
And whose name on no headstone appears
Its not known where they lie
and their loved ones have cried
Many tears through the passing of years
But your grave marked 'Unknown'
might let hope find a home
As your families may dare to believe
That their loved one they've found
in this small hallowed ground
And their hearts can be freed now to grieve

There are many white crosses
that remind of the losses
Of so many good souls young and brave
Now gone is the violence
but a song in the silence
Can be heard as you stand by the grave
This soft sweetest sound
comes from those in the ground
Who entreat us to live lives of peace
And to share with each other
all as sisters and brothers
Peace on Earth—Pray let all violence cease!

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove.

Sunrise

Jim Cosgrove

Operation Slipper November 2011.

Walking in this morning's mist my senses filled with pleasure
For Nature chose this moment to reveal a special treasure
There started just a drop of gold above the blue horizon
A liquid orange glowing arc I had to keep my eyes on
As second followed second I beheld its graceful rising
Its beauty and solemnity majestic and surprising
For viewed through Middle Eastern haze this liquid golden sphere
Allowed my eyes to track its path while shedding not a tear

And in this timeless moment I reflected on my day
On family and loved ones all so many miles away
On colleagues facing dangers as they carried on war's mission
On others back at home, nursing wounded pained condition
On those who aren't returning for they paid our freedom's price
Their families living daily with the cost of sacrifice
And then the thought came to me that I'll soon be heading home
Across this Middle Eastern World no longer would I roam
But even as I felt this joy I felt a wave of sorrow
And felt the grief of those whose loved ones gave us their tomorrows
And as this golden orb continued rising in the sky
My mixture of emotions found expression in a sigh

As I continued watching I composed a thankful grace
And prayed that God would bless our mates who rest in his embrace
That God would bless each man and woman sharing in this mission
Each person giving of their best in differing conditions
That God would bless our leaders to be strong in their command
To guide us wisely and with courage as their tasks demand
And then with Sun much higher I continued on my way
To face whatever challenges would come along this day.

© 2011 by Jim Cosgrove.

Entrenched Memories of Khe Sanh A Sestina

Ray W. Stubbe

The trench abyss stares deep into my soul—
Lacerated earth and soul converge
Through icon entrance: see it and I'm there:
Rockets screeching, arty's blasting death
Of sharp and burning sword blades slicing flesh
And memory's gashed recording stuck forever.

Khe Sanh's deadly battlefield forever
Flashes gashes—trench—en-grave'd, my soul!
Stuck there then and now, my soul, my flesh;
No escape when then and now converge.
Trenches: wombs and tombs of life, of death.
Even chaplains die in trenches there.

Chaplain—living in their danger there
To share their life, their fears, their face forever;
Scars of body, wounds of mind, e'en death:
Hug these trembling trenched-men's body, soul—
Heaven to earth and peace in war converge;
I carry headless corpse and mangled flesh.

Offering sacrament—both blood and flesh,
Listening, sharing, worship then and there
In catacombs of trench where all converge,
Holding praying dying men forever.
Heat of battle welding soul to soul
On the field of war alive with death.

Bounced, in trench, exploding trenchant death:
A billion flying, flaming blades flay flesh.
Chthonic opening beckoning every soul
On the old volcanic basin there.
Birthing opening, emerge now changed forever
As there and then and now and here converge.

Living death and deadly life converge.
Sharing laughs and fears, our life, our death—
For those who fight the battle lasts forever.
Isolated—luring target of flesh—
Drawing, fixing tens of thousands there
To die for friends—love's action of the soul.

Trench engraved on soul: they all converge
In memory's "always-there" where life and death
And God and flesh conjoin to live forever.

© 2004 by Ray W. Stubbe.

Don't Forget Us

Robert C. Stroud

Faces of new soldiers shine with pride.
Sharp uniforms adorn manicured parade grounds.
Years of service replace youthful exuberance
with sober views of humanity's fatal flaws.
Cruel war steals the most, from those who are youngest,
leaving its survivors to plead, "Don't forget us . . ."

The span of each mortal life is already brief.
Pages turn rapidly toward the final climax.
War abbreviates further the precious narrative,
leaving unrecorded the joy which might have been.
Stories promising glorious finales are ruthlessly edited,
closing with a lingering footnote "Don't forget us . . ."

Veterans recall once vibrant faces of friends.
Bloody sacrifices of their comrades must not be forgotten.
The forge of war forever sears the soul of the survivor,
with the enduring image of their companions who perished.
And after the echo of Taps has faded,
the winds whisper the prayer, "Don't forget us."

© 2012 by Robert C. Stroud.

Clouds

Rupert Brooke

Down the blue night the unending columns press
In noiseless tumult, break and wave and flow,
Now tread the far South, or lift rounds of snow
Up to the white moon's hidden loveliness.
Some pause in their grave wandering comradeless,
And turn with profound gesture vague and slow,
As who would pray good for the world, but know
Their benediction empty as they bless.

They say that the Dead die not, but remain
Near to the rich heirs of their grief and mirth.
I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
In wise majestic melancholy train,
And watch the moon, and the still-raging seas,
And men, coming and going on the earth.

© 1915 by Rupert Brooke.

Desertion

Rupert Brooke

So light we were, so right we were, so fair faith shone,
And the way was laid so certainly, that, when I'd gone,
What dumb thing looked up at you? Was it something heard,
Or a sudden cry, that meekly and without a word
You broke the faith, and strangely, weakly, slipped apart.
You gave in—you, the proud of heart, unbowed of heart!
Was this, friend, the end of all that we could do?
And have you found the best for you, the rest for you?
Did you learn so suddenly (and I not by!)
Some whispered story, that stole the glory from the sky,
And ended all the splendid dream, and made you go
So dully from the fight we know, the light we know?

O faithless! the faith remains, and I must pass
Gay down the way, and on alone. Under the grass
You wait; the breeze moves in the trees, and stirs, and calls,
And covers you with white petals, with light petals.
There it shall crumble, frail and fair, under the sun,
O little heart, your brittle heart; till day be done,
And the shadows gather, falling light, and, white with dew,
Whisper, and weep; and creep to you. Good sleep to you!

© 1915 by Rupert Brooke.

To Lucasta, Going to the Wars

Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
That from nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

© by **Richard Lovelace**.

To Lucasta on Going to War For the Fourth Time

Robert Graves

It doesn't matter what's the cause,
What wrong they say we're righting,
A curse for treaties, bonds and laws,
When we're to do the fighting!
And since we lads are proud and true,
What else remains to do?
Lucasta, when to France your man
Returns his fourth time, hating war,
Yet laughs as calmly as he can
And flings an oath, but says no more,
That is not courage, that's not fear—
Lucasta he's a Fusilier,
And his pride sends him here.

Let statesmen bluster, bark and bray,
And so decide who started
This bloody war, and who's to pay,
But he must be stout-hearted,
Must sit and stake with quiet breath,
Playing at cards with Death.
Don't plume yourself he fights for you;
It is no courage, love, or hate,
But let us do the things we do;
It's pride that makes the heart be great;
It is not anger, no, nor fear—
Lucasta he's a Fusilier,
And his pride keeps him here.

© by Robert Graves.

The Assault Heroic

Robert Graves

Down in the mud I lay,
Tired out by my long day
Of five damned days and nights,
Five sleepless days and nights,...
Dream-snatched, and set me where
The dungeon of Despair
Looms over Desolate Sea,
Frowning and threatening me
With aspect high and steep—
A most malignant keep.
My foes that lay within
Shouted and made a din,
Hooted and grinned and cried:
“Today we’ve killed your pride;
Today your ardour ends
We’ve murdered all your friends;
We’ve undermined by stealth
Your happiness and your health.
We’ve taken away your hope;
Now you may droop and mope
To misery and to Death.”
But with my spear of Faith,
Stout as an oaken rafter,
With my round shield of laughter,
With my sharp, tongue-like sword
That speaks a bitter word,
I stood beneath the wall
And there defied them all.
The stones they cast I caught
And alchemized with thought
Into such lumps of gold
As dreaming misers hold.
The boiling oil they threw
Fell in a shower of dew,
Refreshing me; the spears
Flew harmless by my ears,
Struck quivering in the sod;
There, like the prophet’s rod,
Put leaves out, took firm root,
And bore me instant fruit.
My foes were all astounded,

Dumbstricken and confounded,
Gaping in a long row;
They dared not thrust nor throw.
Thus, then, I climbed a steep
Buttress and won the keep,
And laughed and proudly blew
My horn, "Stand to! Stand to!
Wake up, sir! Here's a new
Attack! Stand to! Stand to!"

© by Robert Graves.

Beat! Beat! Drums!

Walter Whitman

BEAT! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets:
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—Would they
continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

© by Walter Whitman.

To One Shortly to Die

Walter Whitman

From all the rest I single out you, having a message for you:
You are to die—Let others tell you what they please, I cannot prevaricate,
I am exact and merciless, but I love you—There is no escape for you.

Softly I lay my right hand upon you—you just feel it,
I do not argue—I bend my head close, and half envelope it,
I sit quietly by—I remain faithful,
I am more than nurse, more than parent or neighbor,
I absolve you from all except yourself, spiritual, bodily—that is eternal—you
yourself will surely escape,
The corpse you will leave will be but excrementitious.

The sun bursts through in unlooked-for directions!
Strong thoughts fill you, and confidence—you smile!
You forget you are sick, as I forget you are sick,
You do not see the medicines—you do not mind the weeping friends—I am
with you,
I exclude others from you—there is nothing to be commiserated,
I do not commiserate—I congratulate you.

© by Walter Whitman.

Camps of Green

Walter Whitman

Not alone those camps of white, O soldiers,
When, as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessen'd, we halted for the night;
Some of us so fatigued, carrying the gun and knapsack, dropping asleep in our tracks;
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up began to sparkle;
Outposts of pickets posted, surrounding, alert through the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for safety;
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly beating the drums,
We rose up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over, and resumed our journey,
Or proceeded to battle.

Lo! the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green—in their tents dotting the world;
In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them—in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moonlight, content and silent there
at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field, and waiting-camp of all,
Of corps and generals all, and the President over the corps and generals all,
And of each of us, O soldiers, and of each and all in the ranks we fought,
(There without hatred we shall all meet.)

For presently, O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camps of green;
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

© by Walter Whitman.

To a Certain Civilian

Walter Whitman

Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me?
Did you seek the civilian's peaceful and languishing rhymes?
Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow?
Why I was not singing erewhile for you to follow, to understand—nor am I now;
(I have been born of the same as the war was born;
The drum-corps' harsh rattle is to me sweet music—I love well the martial dirge,

With slow wail, and convulsive throb, leading the officer's funeral:)
—What to such as you, anyhow, such a poet as I?—therefore leave my works,
And go lull yourself with what you can understand—and with piano-tunes;
For I lull nobody—and you will never understand me.

© by Walter Whitman.

England's Answer

Rudyard Kipling

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were.
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dug is not dry.
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors—
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees!
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—
Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the Pride of the Race.
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom.
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

© by Rudyard Kipling.

The Ballad of the King's Jest

Rudyard Kipling

When spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.
Four things greater than all things are,—

Women and Horses and Power and War.
 We spake of them all, but the last the most,
 For I sought a word of a Russian post,
 Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
 And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
 Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
 In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
 Quoth he: "Of the Russians who can say?
 When the night is gathering all is gray.
 But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
 In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
 Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
 To warn a King of his enemies?
 We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
 But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
 That unsought counsel is cursed of God
 Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
 His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
 And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
 For he carried the curse of an unstanch'd speech.
 Therewith madness—so that he sought
 The favour of kings at the Kabul court;
 And travelled, in hope of honour, far
 To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
 There have I journeyed too—but I
 Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
 He harked to rumour, and snatched at a breath
 Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith,'
 Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
 Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
 These have I also heard—they pass
 With each new spring and the winter grass.

"Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
 Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
 Even to Kabul—in full durbar
 The King held talk with his Chief in War.
 Into the press of the crowd he broke,
 And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

"Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
 As a mother might on a babbling child;
 But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
 When the face of the King showed dark as death.
 Evil it is in full durbar

To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
 Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
 That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
 And he said to the boy: "They shall praise thy zeal
 So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
 And the Russ is upon us even now?
 Great is thy prudence -- await them, thou.
 Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
 Surely thy vigil is not for long.
 The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?
 Surely an hour shall bring their van.
 Wait and watch. When the host is near,
 Shout aloud that my men may hear.'

"Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
 To warn a King of his enemies?
 A guard was set that he might not flee—
 A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
 The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
 When he shook at his death as he looked below.
 By the power of God, who alone is great,
 Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
 Then madness took him, and men declare
 He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
 And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
 And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
 And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
 And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
 To warn a King of his enemies?
 We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
 But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
 Of the gray-coat coming who can say?
 When the night is gathering all is gray.
 Two things greater than all things are,
 The first is Love, and the second War.
 And since we know not how War may prove,
 Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"

© by Rudyard Kipling.

The Connaught Rangers

Winifred Mary Letts

I saw the Connaught Rangers when they were passing by,
On a spring day, a good day, with gold rifts in the sky.
Themselves were marching steadily along the Liffey quay
An' I see the young proud look of them as if it were to-day!
The bright lads, the right lads, I have them in my mind,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind.

A last look at old Ireland, a last good-bye maybe,
Then the gray sea, the wide sea, my grief upon the sea!
And when will they come home, says I, when will they see once more
The dear blue hills of Wicklow and Wexford's dim gray shore?
The brave lads of Ireland, no better lads you'll find,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in the wind!

Three years have passed since that spring day, sad years for them and me.
Green graves there are in Serbia and in Gallipoli.
And many who went by that day along the muddy street
Will never hear the roadway ring to their triumphant feet.
But when they march before Him, God's welcome will be kind,
And the green flags on their bayonets will flutter in the wind.

© by **Winifred Mary Letts**.

The Spires of Oxford

Winifred Mary Letts

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky,
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

© **Winifred Mary Letts.**

The Arsenal at Springfield

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

© by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Liberty Enlightening the World

Henry Van Dyke

Thou warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay,
The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:
Thine eyes at last look far and clear, thou liftest high thy hand
To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land.

No more thou dreamest of a peace reserved alone for thee,
While friends are fighting for thy cause beyond the guardian sea:
The battle that they wage is thine; thou fallest if they fall;
The swollen flood of Prussian pride will sweep unchecked o'er all.

O cruel is the conquer-lust in Hohenzollern brains;
The paths they plot to gain their goal are dark with shameful stains:
No faith they keep, no law revere, no god but naked Might;—
They are the foemen of mankind. Up, Liberty, and smite!

Britain, and France, and Italy, and Russia newly born,
Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn.
Serene and strong and full of faith, America, arise,
With steady hope and mighty help to join the brave Allies.

O dearest country of my heart, home of the high desire,
Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's altar-fire:
For thou must suffer, thou must fight, until the warlords cease,
And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty and peace.

© 1917 by Henry Van Dyke.

Mare Liberum

Henry Van Dyke

You dare to say with perjured lips,
“We fight to make the ocean free?”
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
Bestrews the bed of every sea
Where German submarines have wrought
Their horrors! Have you never thought,—
What you call freedom, men call piracy!

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave
Where you have murdered, cry you down;
And seamen whom you would not save,
Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
Of shame for your imperious head,—
A dark memorial of the dead,—
Women and children whom you left to drown.

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
The gold, and corsairs called to keep
O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
Shall men and women look to thee—
Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea—
To safeguard law and freedom on the deep!

In nobler breeds we put our trust:
The nations in whose sacred lore
The “Ought” stands out above the “Must,”
And Honor rules in peace and war.
With these we hold in soul and heart,
With these we choose our lot and part,
Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.

© 1917 by Henry Van Dyke.



Resurrected Biographies



Benjamin Lashells Agnew

United States Army Chaplain

(7th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 14.

Agnew, Benjamin Lashells, Presb. clergyman; *b.* Apollo, Armstrong Co., Pa., Oct. 2, 1833; *s.* Smith and Maria Mayes A.; grad. Washington Coll., 1854, Western Theol. Sem., 1857 (D.D., LL.D., Washington and Jefferson Coll.); *m.* New Castle, Pa., 1857, Anna Cochran. Licensed by the Presbytery of Allegheny, April 8, 1856; ordained and installed pastor of the Presbyterian Ch. at Johnstown. Feb. 18, 1858; chaplain 7th regt. Pa. vols., 1861-2; resigned charge at Johnstown, 1867: pastor Westminster Ch., Phila., 1868-70; North Ch., Phila., 1870-82; E. Liberty Ch., Pittsburg, Pa., 1882-4; Bethlehem Ch., Phila., 1884-86. Stated clerk of the Presbytery of Phila. Central, 1871-80. Mem. bd. of domestic missions: director and trustee Western Theol. Sem.; trustee Pa. Female Coll.; v.p. Bd. of Pub.; pres. bd. of education; moderator Synod of Phila.; vice-moderator General Assembly; cor. sec. Presbyterian bd. of relief since Jan. 1, 1897; trustee Gen. Assembly; editor *Assembly Herald*. *Residence:* 1814 N. Seventh St. *Office:* Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia.

† Curtana †

Henry Damerel Aves

United States Army Chaplain

(1890s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 61.

Aves, Henry Damerel, P.E. bishop; *b.* in Huron Co. Ohio, July 10, 185; *s.* Frederick William and Frances Elizabeth (Damerel) A., grad. pub. sch. Monroeville, Ohio, 1871, Kenyon Coll., Ph.B., 1878 (D.D., 1906); studied law, Cincinnati Law Scho., 1879-80; entered 1880, Theol. Sem. Bexley Hall, Gambler, Ohio, B.D. 1883; *m.* Kenton, Ohio, Sept. 11, 1883, Mary Gertrude Smith. Rector St. Paul's Ch., Mt. Vernon, Ohio, 1883-4. St. John's Ch., Cleveland, Ohio, 1884-92, Christ Ch., Houston, Tex., 1892-1904; consecrated bishop of Mexico, Dec. 14, 1904. Was Pvt., 1889-90, chaplain, 1891-2, 1st City Troop, Ohio National Guard, Cleveland. *Address:* Monterey, N.L., Mexico.

Cyrus Townsend Brady

United States Army Chaplain
(Spanish American War)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 203.

Brady, Cyrus Townsend, P.E. clergyman, author; *b.* Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 20, 1861; *s.* Jasper Ewing and Harriet Cora (Townsend) B.; grad. U.S. Naval Acad., 1833 (LL.D., St. John's Coll., Annapolis, Md., 1902); *m.* 1st, Clarissa Sidney Guthrie (died 1890); 2^d, Mary Barrett. R.R. service with the Mo. Pac. and Union Pac. roads for several yrs.; studied theology under Bishop Worthington, Neb.; ordained deacon, 1889; priest, 1890. Was rector P. E. churches, in Mo. and Colo., and archdeacon of Kan. until 1895, and archdeacon of Pa. till 1899; rector of St. Paul's Church, Overbrook, Phila., 1899-1902, in lit. work, 1902-5: rector Trinity Church, Toledo, since 1905; chaplain 1st Pa. vol. Inf. Spanish-Am. war. Mem. Am. Acad. Polit. and Social Science, S.A.R., Mil. Order Foreign Wars, Soc. Colonial Wars, etc. *Clubs:* Authors, Nat. Arts (New York), Toledo (Toledo).

Author: For Love of Country, 1898 S3; For the Freedom of the Sea, 1899 S3; The Grip of Honor, 1899 S3; Stephen Decatur, 1900 S9; Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West, 1900 S3; American Fights and Fighters, 1900 M16; Commodore Paul Jones, 1900 A2; Reuben James, 1900 A2; When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield, 1901 L5; Under Tops'ls and Tents, 1901 S3; Colonial Fights and Fighters, 1902 M16; Hohenzollern, 1902 C2; Woven With the Ship, 1902 L5; In the Wasp's Nest, 1902 S3; Border Fights and Fighters, 1902 M16; The Southerners, 1903 S3; The Bishop, 1903 H1; Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer, 1903 D1; The Doctor of Philosophy, 1903 S3; In the War with Mexico, 1903 S3; The Corner in Coffee, 1904 D1; The Records, 1904 D1; A Little Traitor to the South, 1904 M1; A Midshipman In the Pacific, 1904 S3; Indian Fights and Fighters, 1904 M16, vol. 2. 1907 M16; The Conquest of the South West, 1903 A2; The Two Captains 1905 M1; Three Daughters of the Confederacy, 1905 D1; My Lad's Slipper, 1905 D3; The Patriots, 1906 D3; The True Andrew Jackson, 1906 L5; Richard the Brazen, 1900 M42; Gethsemane and After, 1907 M42; The Blue Ocean's Daughter, 1907 M42. Address: 2250 Collingwood Av., Toledo, Ohio.

† Curtana †

John Fleming Carson

United States Army Chaplain
(1890s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 309.

Carson, John Fleming, clergyman; *b.* Phila., Jan. 28, 1860; *s.* William and Margaret (Fleming) C.; ed. Phila. pub. schs., W. Phila. Acad., Univ. of Pa., 1881, Allegheny Theol. Sem., 1885 (D.D.. Ursinus Coll., 1893); *m.* Phila., Feb. 9, 1886, Bessie McKnight. Ordained to ministry, May 20, 1886; for 7 yrs. minister 1st Ref.

Presbyterian Ch., Brooklyn (now Central Presbyterian Ch.); chaplain 47th regt. N.G.S.N.Y. Mem. Pa. Soc. of New York, Brooklyn Clerical Union. Presbyterian. *Club*: Union League (Brooklyn). *Author*: *Married Life in Sacred Story*, 1897; *The Bible and Infidelity*, 1899. *Address*: 243 Jefferson Av., Brooklyn.

† Curtana †

William Henric Carter

United States Army Chaplain

(60th Indiana Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 312.

Carter, William Henric, clergyman; *b.* Utica, N.Y., Oct. 27, 1829; *s.* Joseph and Sarah (Whaley) C.; A.B., New York Univ., 1850; (LL.D., Univ. of Vincennes, 1868; D.D., Univ. of Ind., 1869; Ph.D. New York Univ., 1872); *m.* Brooklyn, Aug. 16, 1853, Harriet A. Hyde. Ordained to P.E. ministry, 1853; pastor, Hamburg, N.J., 1853-59, Vincennes, Ind., 1859-69, Bloomfield, N.J., 1869-74, Passaic, N.J., 1874-87, Tallahassee, Fla., since 1879. Prin. Orange Co. Inst., N.Y., 1855-56; was prof. mathematics, Vincennes Univ., and Univ. of Fla. Ho. of Reps., 1 session, Fla State Hosp. for Insane since 1881; deputy to Gen. Conv. P.E. Church, 8 sessions. *Mem.* Zeta Psi. *Address*: Tallahassee, Fla.

† Curtana †

James Wesley Cooper

United States Army Chaplain

(1870s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 405.

Cooper, Jamil Wesley, clergyman; *b.* New Haven, Conn., Oct. 6, 1842; grad. Yale, 1865 (A.M.); Andover Theol. Sem., 1868 (D.D., Olivet 1886); *m.* 1868, Nellie E. Hilliard, Manchester, Conn. During and following Civil war, assistant adj.gen. Gov. William A. Buckingham's staff, Conn.; chaplain 1st regt., Conn., Nat. Guard, 1878-88. Ordained to Congregational ministry, 1868, Rockport, Mass.; pastor 3 years; Lockport, N.Y., 7 years; South Congregational Church, New Britain, Conn., 1878-1903. Since Feb., 1903, corr. sec. Am. Missionary Assn., New York; mem. corp'n Yale Univ. since 1885. Author of addresses, sermons and reports. *Address*: 287 4th Av., New York.

John G.W. Cowles

United States Army Chaplain
(55th Ohio Infantry)

Source: *The Book of Clevelanders*
(Burrows Brothers, 1914): 64.

Cowles, John G.W.; financier; born, Oberlin, Ohio, March 14, 1836; son of Rev. Henry and Alice Welch Cowles; educated in public and preparatory schools of Oberlin; entered Oberlin College, graduating in 1856; studied for the ministry, earning money for education by teaching; graduated from the Oberlin Theological Seminary in 1859; married, in 1859, to Lois M. Church, of Vermontville, Michigan; issue, two daughters, living, and two sons, deceased; second marriage, to Miss Beatrice Walker, of Brantford, Conn.; issue, one daughter, Jeanette, born in 1905; preached in the Congregational Church of Bellevue from 1859 to 1861; joined the army then; elected Chaplain of 55th O.V.I.; in the fall of 1862; resigned as Chaplain, and became the pastor of the First Congregational Church, Mansfield, in 1865; went to the church in Saginaw, Michigan; after six years, and on account of ill health, gave up the ministry and came to Cleveland, and for 3 years was editorial writer for the *Leader*; gradually drifted into the real estate field and had a prominent part in the large real estate deals of the city; mgr. of the real estate interests of John D. Rockefeller and Charles F. Brush, for eight years; served as pres. Cleveland Trust Co.; pres. Cleveland Chamber of Commerce (1896); pres. Park Board Commission (1900); trustee Oberlin College since 1874; LL.D., 1898; member Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, Army and Navy Post, G.A.R.; Republican; member and deacon of Plymouth Congregational Church until its recent abandonment.

† Curtana †

William Porcher DuBose

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade)

Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 536.

DuBose, William Porcher, prof., and dean theol. dept., Univ. of the South; b. Winnsboro, S.C., 1836; grad. Univ. of Va., A.M., 1859; (S.T.D., Columbia); studied theology; served as adj. and later chaplain C.S.A., 1861-5 [Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade]; m. 1st, Apr. 30, 1863, Anne Barnwell Peroneau (died 1873); 2^d, Dec. 18, 1878, Maria Louisa Yerger (died 1887). Entered P.E. ministry, 1865; rector St. John's Ch., Winnsboro, 1856-7; Trinity Ch., Abbeville, S.C., 1868-71; became chaplain and prof., and later prof., and dean theol. dept. Univ. of the South. Author: *The Soteriology of the New Testament*, M1, 1906 L4; *The Ecumenical Councils*, S3; *The Gospel in the Gospels*, 1906 L4; *The Gospel According to St. Paul*, 1907 L4. Address: Sewanee, Tenn.

William Wallace Duncan

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(13th South Carolina Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 542.

Duncan, William Wallace, bishop M.E. Ch., South; *b.* Boydton, Va., Dec. 20, 1839; *s.* Prof. David and Alice (Piemont) D.; ed. Randolph-Macon Coll. until 1854; grad. Wofford Coll., S.C., 1858; (D.D., Emory Coll., and Central Coll., Mo., 1882; LL.D., Trinity Coll., 1900); *m.* Mar. 19, 1861, Medora Rice, of Union, S.D. Joined Va. Conf. 1859, and filled stas. in same until 1875, except during the Civil War, was chaplain C.S.A. [13th South Carolina Infantry]; prof. intellectual and moral philosophy, Wofford Coll., 1875-86; del. Ecumenical Conf., London, 1881; elected bishop M.E. Ch., South, 1886. *Address:* Spartanburg, S.C.

† Curtana †

William Reed Eastman

United States Army Chaplain
(72nd New York Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 555.

Eastman, William Reed, N.Y. State Inspector of public libraries; *b.* New York, Oct. 19, 1835; *s.* Ornan and Mary (Reed) E.; grad. Yale, 1854; Union Theol. Sem., 1862; *m.* Nov. 20, 1867, Laura E. Barnes. Chaplain 72^d regt., N.Y. vols., 1863-4; pastor Congregational chs. in Plantsville, Conn., Suffield, Conn., and S. Framingham, Mass., 1865-88; connected with N.Y. State Library since 1892. *Address:* N.Y. State Library, Albany, N.Y.

† Curtana †

Samuel Fallows

United States Army Chaplain
(32nd Wisconsin Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 601-02.

Fallows, Samuel, R.E. bishop; *b.* Pendleton, Lancashire, England, Dec. 13, 1835; *s.* Thomas and Anne (Ashworth) F.; removed to Wis., 1848; grad. Univ. of Wis., 1859 (A.M., LL.D.; also D.D., Lawrence Univ., Wis., and Marietta Coll., Ohio); *m.* April 9, 1860, Lucy B. Huntington. V.P. Galesville Univ., 1859-61; minister M.E. Ch., 1859-75; since then of R.E. Church. Was chaplain [32nd Wisconsin Infantry], col. and bvt. brig.-gen. in Civil war; later Methodist pastor in Milwaukee: State supt. public Instruction, Wis., 1871-4; regent Univ. of Wis., 1866-71; pres. Illinois Wesleyan Univ., 1874-5; rector St. Paul's R.E. Ch., Chicago, since 1875; also

bishop since July, 1876; 7 times elected presiding bishop; pres. bd. of mgrs. Illinois State Reformatory since 1891: chmn. gen. ed'n'l com., World's Congresses: chancellor Univ. Assn.

Author: Bright and Happy Homes, 1877 O1; The Home Beyond, 1879 D12; Synonyms and Antonyms, 1884 R3; Handbook of Abbreviations and Contractions, 18X4 O1; Handbook of Briticisms, Americanisms, etc., 1884 O1; Supplemental Dictionary of the English Language, 1887 O1; Webster's Encyclopaedic Dictionary, 1891 W20; Past Noon, 1892 M4; The Bible Looking Glass, L11; Life of Samuel Adams, 1898 U1; Splendid Deeds, 1900 L11; Popular and Critical Biblical Encyclopedia, 1901; Story of the American Flag, 1903; Science of Health, 1904; Christian Philosophy, 1905; Memory Culture, 1905. Chaplain-in-chief G.A.R., 1907-8. Address: 967 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

† Curtana †

Asa Severance Fiske

United States Army Chaplain
(4th Minnesota Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 629.

Fiske, Asa Severance, clergyman; *b.* Strongsville, Ohio, Mar. 2, 1833; *s.* David and Laura (Severance) F.; grad. Amherst, 1855, A.M., 1857; divinity studies at Andover and Yale Theol. Sems. (D.D., Hamilton Coll., 1889); moderator Synod of New York, 1888; *m.* Madison, Conn., 1860, Elizabeth Worthington Hand. Congregational minister until 1870; since then Presbyterian clergyman. Served as chaplain through Civil war; in charge refugees and abandoned lands in districts of Memphis and Natchez, under special detail by Gen. Grant, 1863-5.

Pastor Congregational churches, St. Paul, 1858-61, Rockville, Conn.. 1865-1870; Presbyterian: St. Peter's Church, Rochester, 1870-5, San Francisco, 1875-84, Ithaca, N.Y., 1884-96, Gunton Temple Church, Washington, 1896-1904, 1st Presbyterian Church, Warsaw, N.Y., since 1901 as stated supply; also 1st Presbyterian Church, Niagara Falls, N.Y., and as supt. of synodical home missions, N.Y., and stated supply in Market Sq. Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa. Mem. Nat. Geog. Soc, Nat. Soc. for Religious Education, G.A.R. (chaplain State encampment of Calif., and of N.Y.), Mil. Order Loyal Legion. *Author: Reason and Faith, 1900 N3; Ruth, 1900 N3; also many sermons and addresses in pamphlet form and articles in secular and religious papers. Address: Warsaw, N.Y.*

† Curtana †

Thomas Augustus Gill

United States Navy Chaplain

(1870s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 718.

Gill, Thomas Augustus, naval officer: *b.* Phila., Feb. 8, 1840; *s.* John S. and Sarah B.G.; grad. Bucknell Univ., 1865; Theol. Sem., 1867 (D.D., 1893); pastor, Phila., 1868-71; *m.* 1st, Phila., Apr. 8, 1875. Miss M.A. Nevin (died 1878); 2^d, June 19, 1883, Miss R.A. Souder. Served two enlistments in vol. army during Civil War; apptd. chaplain U.S.N., from Pa., by President Grant, and commissioned Dec. 22, 1874; served on various vessels and at various stations: retired with rank of rear admiral, Feb. 8, 1902, for services during Civil War. *Home:* 315 Pelham Rd., Philadelphia.

† Curtana †

John Ellsworth Goodrich

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Vermont Cavalry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 737.

Goodrich, John Ellsworth, educator; *b.* Hinsdale, Mass., Jan. 19, 1831; *s.* Elijah Hubbard and Mary Northrop (Washburn) G.; grad. Univ. of Vt., 1853, A.M., 1856, Andover Theol. Sem., 1860; (D.D., Univ. of Vt., 1897); *m.* Burlington, Vt., Feb. 8, 1869, Ellen Miranda Moody. Chaplain 1st Vt. Cav., 1864-5; prin. of acads., Mass., Vt., N.H., between 1853 and 1872; supt. Burlington (Vt.) schs., 1868-70; prof, rhetoric and Latin, 1872-7, Greek and Latin, 1877-89, Latin, 1889-1907, librarian there, 1873-86, dean dept. of arts, 1903-7, Univ. of Vt. Contributor to Ency. Britannica and others; editor of *Vermont Revolutionary Rolls*, 1904; also several college publs. *Residence:* Burlington, Vt.

† Curtana †

Samuel L. Gracey

United States Army Chaplain

(6th Pennsylvania Cavalry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 747.

Gracey, Samuel L., clergyman; *b.* Phila., Sept. 8, 1835; *s.* John and Ann B. (Leech) G.; grad. Boston Univ. Theol. Sch., 1858; *m.* 1st, Phila., Nov. 21, 1860, Leonora Thompson (died Dec. 11, 1897); 2^d, 1900, Corda E. Pratt, of Middleboro, Mass. Ordained to M.E. ministry 1858; served pastorates at Phila., Smyrna, Del., Boston, Cambridge, Westfield, Fall River, Chelsea, Salem, Natick, E. Weymouth and Lynn, Mass. Enlisted as pvt. 16th Pa. Regt., 1862; commissioned chaplain 6th Pa. Cav., 1862; served In Sheridan's Cav., Army of Potomac, 3 yrs. Consul at

Foochow, 1890-3, and since Apr. 6, 1897. Received decoration Double Dragon from Chinese Government for services in Boxer uprising, 1900. *Home*: Boston. *Address*: Am. Consul, Foochow, China.

† Curtana †

Chaplain William D’Arcy Haley

United States Army Chaplain

(17th Massachusetts Infantry)

Source: Frank J. Metcalf “Washington Pastor of Long Ago”

The Christian Register 22 (16 September 1920): 922.

The life history of William D’Arcy Haley, who was for a short period pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Washington, D.C., now the All Souls Unitarian Church, has been hard to follow, but from several sources the principal events of his career have been compiled. He was born in London, England, May 2, 1828. His mother, who was Harriet D’Arcy, having died when he was a mere boy, he came to America with his father. He attended Harvard University for a year or more, then went to Meadville Theological School in Pennsylvania, from which he graduated, after two years’ attendance, in the class of 1853. He entered the ministry, and was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Alton, Ill., from 1853 to 1856. Thence he came to Washington, D.C., and became pastor of the First Unitarian Church.

Just how long he remained with the Washington church I have been unable to determine, but in a statement which he wrote he says that before the beginning of the Civil War he assisted in building the barracks around the Capitol. When the war broke out he went to Massachusetts and offered his services to Governor Andrew, and became chaplain of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was organized at Lynnfield, and mustered into service at Rochester, Mass. He served with the colors till May 30, 1862, when he resigned.

After a short visit to England he returned, and from August, 1863, to the spring of 1864 he was first lieutenant in Company A, Second North Carolina Infantry. On September 13, 1864, only a month after the Twenty-fifth New York Cavalry had defended the capital at Fort Stevens from the attack of General Early, Mr. Haley entered the army a third time, as a captain in Company I, from which he was discharged June 10, 1865.

For the twelve years following the war Mr. Haley led a wandering life as a printer and newspaper correspondent, wherever a job could be found, never staying more than one year in a place. During this period we find him in Boston, in several places in the State of New York, in New Jersey, Pittsburgh, Pa., Columbus, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill. In 1877 he went to California, where he made his home for the remainder of his life.

He married, first, Archidamia Maria Gammons, daughter of Grace Alton Gammons, who was afterward Mrs. Grace Gammons Barnum of New Haven, Conn. After her death he married, December 10, 1873, Elizabeth Holmes of New York, by whom he had two children, Herbert Holmes Haley and Ione D'Arcy Haley. For two years he was a clerk in the Custom House in San Francisco. Then followed a long service as editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, and he died in that city, March 2, 1800.

He was a Thirty-third Degree Mason, and from an obituary published in the *Transactions of the Supreme Council* in 1892 we quote the following: "He received all the degrees of Freemasonry in the city of Washington, including the thirty-third, which was conferred upon him at the session of 1860. He served his country faithfully in the late war, and his death was the result of wounds received in battle."

While in Washington, Mr. Haley compiled and arranged "a manual of the Broad Church, containing an order of public service, catechism, forms of administration of Broad Church rites, private devotions and hymns for the use of the families and children of the Broad Church." This was published in New York in 1850. There are one hundred and ten hymns, and the collection includes the following, which have stood the test of time, and are still used in the hymnals of the various denominations: "I love thy church. O God;" "How precious is the book divine;" "By cool Siloam's shady rill;" "When marshalled on the nightly plain;" "In the cross of Christ I glory;" "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun;" "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

Following the hymns there is bound in another section of twenty-five pages containing "the order for Evening Prayer compiled for the use of the First Unitarian Church of Washington," which was printed in Washington in 1858, and "dedicated to the church by its affectionate pastor, W.D. Haley." This seems to be an uncommon book. I have not found any copy in the Library of Congress, in the Boston Public Library, or in the Library of the Unitarian Historical Society in Boston; in fact, the only copy I have been able to locate is the one in my own possession.

† Curtana †

Chaplain Howard Henderson

United States Army Chaplain
(Spanish-American War)

Source: *The Christian Advocate* (9 February 1899): 262.

Howard Henderson, D.D., well known here, having formerly been pastor in Jersey City and New York, was the senior chaplain of the volunteer army, having been the first chaplain commissioned. He had for nearly seven years before the war with Spain been chaplain of the First Regiment of Infantry, Ohio National

Guard, and when called out stood the medical examination. While at the front he was attacked with tropical fever, pneumonia, and dropsy, has been sick five months, and is left much enfeebled, with an impaired action of the heart. We are glad to be able to say, however, that he is recovering. At one stage of his malady he was so emaciated as to weigh but eighty-eight pounds, but since that time has gradually gained forty-seven pounds; but, like many others, he has suffered more as a result of disease than many who received even serious wounds.

† Curtana †

Robert Alton Holland

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(Buford's Kentucky Cavalry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 908.

Holland, Robert Alton, P.E. clergyman; *b.* Nashville, Tenn., June, 1844; *s.* Robert Chappel and Elizabeth Lewis (Turner) H.; ed. Louisville Coll.; (S.T.D., Racine Coll.; D.C.L., Univ. of the South); *m.* 1st, 1864, Theodosia Everett of Ga.; 2^d, 1901, Emma Carroll Sprague. Chaplain C.S.A., 1862-5 [Buford's Kentucky Cavalry]; pastor Trinity M.E. Church, Baltimore, 1866-70; editor *Christian Advocate*, 1870-2; took orders in P.E. ministry, 1872; rector St. George's, St. Louis, 1872-80, Trinity, Chicago, 1880-4, Trinity, New Orleans, 1884-6, St. George's, St. Louis, since 1886, now rector emeritus. Mem. Chicago Literary Club, Mo. Hist. Soc, Acad. of Sciences (New Orleans), Christian Social Union (Phila.) *Author: The Philosophy of the Real Presence; Relations of Philosophy to Agnosticism and Religion; The Proof of Immortality; Midsummer Night's Dream, an Interpretation; What Is the Use of Going to Church? Why Keep Lent? 1900 W3; Which Bible? The Commonwealth of Man, 1903 P2. Address: St. George's Church, St. Louis.*

† Curtana †

Abner Crump Hopkins

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(2nd Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 917.

Hopkins, Abner Crump, clergyman; *b.* In Powhatan Co., Va., Oct. 24, 1835; *s.* Henry Laurens and Sarah Amelia (Crump) H.; ed. pvt. schs., Amelia Acad., Va., Hampden-Sidney Coll., A.B., 1855, D.D., 1883; taught sch. 2 yrs.; grad. Union Theol. Sem., Va., 1860; *m.* Hampden-Sidney, Va., May 16, 1861, Anne Pleasants Atkinson. Pastor Presbyterian Church, Martinsburg, Va., 1860-2; chaplain 2^d Va. Inf., Stonewall brigade, C.S.A., May, 1862-Oct. 31, 1864; chaplain on staff Gen. John B. Gordon, Nov. 1, 1864-Apr. 9, 1865, at Appomattox C.H., Va.; pastor Willis Church, Va., 1865-6, Charles Town Presbyterian Church, W.Va., since

1866. Chmn. many coms. of Gen. Assembly of Synod of Va. (moderator, 1881); mem. Gen. Assemblies Presbyterian Church in U.S., 1875, 1881, 1882, 1898, 1903, 1904, 1906 (moderator. 1903, Lexington, Va.); mem. Pan-Presbyterian Council, Toronto, Can., 1892. Democrat. *Address*: Charles Town, W.Va.

† Curtana †

Henry Hopkins

United States Army Chaplain

(120th New York Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 918.

Hopkins, Henry, educator, clergyman; *b.* Williamstown, Mass., Nov. 30, 1837; *s.* Mark H. (36 yrs. pres. Williams Coll.) and Mary H.H.; grad. Williams Coll., 1858 (A.M., D.D., LL.D., Amherst and Marietta, 1902); studied theology 2 yrs. in Union Theol. Sem., New York; after that private pupil with his father; in ministry since 1861; *m.* 1st, 1866, Alice Knight, Easthampton, Mass. (died. 1869); 2^d, 1876, Jeanette M. Southworth, Bennington, Vt. Received, 1861, from Pres. Lincoln, personal commission (before office was created by law) as U.S.A. hosp. chaplain, and served at Alexandria, Va., until 1864; chaplain in field, with 120th N.Y. vols., 1864-5; took ambulance corps, under flag of truce, on the battlefields of Chantilly and Bull Run; was at front through the campaigns and siege work of the Army of the Potomac, from the Rapidan to Appomattox; instrumental in securing legislation by Congress for nat. soldiers' cemeteries; pastor 2^d Congregational Church, Westfield. Mass., 1866-80; 1st Congregational Church, Kansas City, Mo., 1880-1902; pres. Williams Coll., 1902 - June. 1908. Chaplain, 1887-99, 3^d Regt. N.G. Mo., commandery in chief Loyal Legion, 1899, Sons Revolution, State of Mo.; corporate mem. and v.p. A.B.C.F.M.; trustee Williams Coll., Mass., and Drury Coll., Mo.; nat. v.p. Am. Missionary Assn.; mem. Nat. Assn. Charities and Corrections. Several of his addresses on municipal and educational subjects, and sermons, have been published. *Address*: Williamstown, Mass.

† Curtana †

Thomas Patrick Hughes

British Army Chaplain

(1860s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 945.

Hughes, Thomas Patrick, clergyman, author, orientalist; *b.* Ludlow, England, March 26, 1838; educated Ludlow School, Islington Coll.; fellow Punjab Oriental Univ., 1882 (B.D., 1876, by Archbp. Canterbury; D.D., 1886, LL.D.. St. John's, Annapolis, 1897); *m.* 1864, Eliza Lloyd. Ordained clergyman in Church of England, by bishop of London, 1864; asst. St. Silas, Islington, London, 1865;

missionary and chaplain, Peshawar, Afghanistan, 1865-85; Gov't examiner in Oriental languages, 1875-85; asso. editor *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore; rector Lebanon Springs. N.Y., 1885-8; asst. All Souls' Church, N.Y., 1888-9; rector Church of the Holy Sepulchre, N.Y., 1889-1902; asso. rector Ch. of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, 1902-3. Sec. Edgemere Assn., N.Y., 1904; on staff *New York Churchman*, 1890-6, *Literary Digest*, 1896-7; literary editor *N.Y. Commercial Advertiser*, 1837. Contributor to *New York Globe* and the *Sun*. Evening lecturer in the N.Y. pub. schs. *Author: Notes on Muhammadanism; Poems of Abdur Rahman*; Government Text-Books in Afghan Language: *A Dictionary of Islam; Ruhainah, the Ma'd of Herat; American Ancestry; Heroic Lives In Foreign Fields; The Stage from a Clergyman's Standpoint*; many articles in mags., etc. Contributor to Universal Ency., Ency. Americana, and the Editor's Ency. *Address: 685 Park Pl.. Brooklyn.*

† Curtana †

Thomas Hume

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(Petersburg Post Chaplain)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 949.

Hume, Thomas, educator; *b.* at Portsmouth, Va.; *s.* Rev. Thomas H.; grad. Richmond Coll. and Univ. of Va. (A.M., D.D., Richmond; LL.D., Wake Forest Coll.). Commissioned chaplain C.S.A. at 1st in the field, afterward during siege of Petersburg, post chaplain there; prin. Petersburg, Va., Classical Inst.; prin. Roanoke Female Coll., and pastor of Danville, Va., Bapt. Ch.; prof. Latin and English, Norfolk, Va., Coll.; pastor Norfolk City; lecturer for 4 yrs. on literature and English philology, Nat. Summer School, Glens Falls, N.Y.; prof. English lang. and lit., 1885-1902, prof. English literature, 1902-7, Univ. of N.C.; lecturer on literature, Summer Sch. of the South, Univ. of Tenn., 1904-6. Mem. Modern Language Assn. America. *Author: Helps to the Study of Hamlet*, 1880; *Shakespeare's Moral Teaching, Shakespeare Jour.*, Univ. of N.C, 1886; *John Milton's Religious Opinions and Connection*, N.C. Bapt. Hist. Soc. papers, 1893; courses of lectures on Shakespeare, Tennyson, The Literature of the Bible in mags, and periodicals. *Address: Chapel Hill, N.C.*

† Curtana †

Chaplain Charles A. Humphreys

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd Massachusetts Cavalry)

Source: *The Christian Register* (20 May 1920): 502.

To know Rev. Charles A. Humphreys, Unitarian minister, one should read his remarkable book "Field, Camp, Hospital and Prison in the Civil War." Between

the lines, his loyal service to his country, his faithfulness to duty, and his own heroic character are revealed. An octogenarian in 1918, he published his book and wrote a beautiful poem, “My Swan Song at Eighty.” Among the many letters he received regarding this book is one from Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan. “I think,” she says, “your description of General Sheridan’s work in the Shenandoah Valley the best I have ever read, and I will keep the book with great care for my little grandson Philip H. Sheridan, 3^d, who is now two and a half years old.”

Another from Rev. George L. Chaney, “It is an old story made new in your sincere, succinct, and vivid rendering of it.” From his classmate Mr. John Torrey Morse, “It is the most vivid picture of campaigning life that I have had the good fortune to find.” Mr. Morse wrote a life of his uncle, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He also edited and wrote many of the volumes in the Series of American Statesmen, among them, the Life of Abraham Lincoln. His latest writing is a memorial sketch of Maj. Henry L. Higginson for the Massachusetts Historical Society and the *Harvard Graduates’ Magazine*.

Mr. Humphreys was chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry Volunteers. In this regiment was also his classmate Lieut. Col. Harry Russel, and it was commanded by another classmate. Col. Caspar Crowninshield. Col. Robert G. Shaw (54th Massachusetts Volunteers), First Lieut. Edgar M. Newcomb (19th Massachusetts Volunteers), and ten other classmates gave their lives for their country. Mr. Humphreys says, “They wrote their names on the scroll of everlasting remembrance.”

Mr. Humphreys was born in Dorchester, Mass., in the old Humphreys homestead, which was razed in 1917, after having been occupied as a home for two hundred and eighty-three years, by seven generations of Humphreys. His leisure one winter was spent in making a chart of the Adirondacks, giving the names, height, and distances of all the peaks that could be seen from Mount Philo in Vermont. From a tower on its top, most of the Adirondacks and Green Mountains are in view. Mr. Humphreys is chaplain of his class. He had a parish at Springfield, Mass., and also at Framingham, Mass.

He says: “Since my retirement from pulpit and parish responsibilities, I am feeling better each year. I carry with me always some of the elixir of perpetual youth made up of happy faith and contented trusts.”

† Curtana †

Francis Landon Humphreys
 United States Army & Navy Chaplain
 (1890s)
 Source: *Who’s Who in America*
 (Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 951.

Humphreys, Francis London, canon Cathedral St. John Divine, N.Y., 1900-6; *b.* Auburn, N.Y., June 16, 1868; *s.* Dr. F. and Frances M. (Sperry) H.; ed. Columbia and Oxford univs. (A.M., Mus. Doc, St. Stephen's Coll.; S.T.D., Hobart Coll.); *m.* New York, Apr. 29, 1886, Jean, *d.* A.J. Todd. Precentor and minister in charge Cathedral of Incarnation, 1885-90; gen. chaplain Soc. of the Cincinnati since 1897; chaplain Veteran Corps Arty.; chaplain Naval Order of the U.S.; acting chaplain U.S. Mil. Acad., 1897-8; sec. of Parochial Fund, Diocese of New York, 1898; chaplain Soc. of 1812, since 1895; chaplain Naval Reserves (U.S.S. Portsmouth), and of Soc. Sons of the Revolution, since 1899; gen. sec. Church Univ. Bd. Regents; historian Soc. of Colonial Wars; pres. Soc. of the Cincinnati in State of New Jersey. *Clubs:* Metropolitan, Union League, New York Yacht. *Author:* *The Evolution of Church Music*, 1896 S3; *The Mystery of the Passion*, 1898 S3; *Men of Understanding*, 1897 P12; *Christmas Carols and Caroling*, 1900 P12; *Clerical Education*, 1896 N4; *Beloved of Washington—Life and Letters of Col. David Humphreys, A.D.C.* 1904. Contb'r to mags. *Residence:* Morristown,

† Curtana †

John Ireland

United States Army Chaplain

(5th Minnesota Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 969.

Ireland, John, R.C. archbishop of St. Paul since May, 1888; *b.* Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838; came to U.S. in boyhood. Ed. Cathedral School, St. Paul; studied theology, France; (LL.D., Yale, 1901); ordained priest, Dec. 21, 1861; chaplain 6th Minn., regt. in Civil war; rector cathedral, St. Paul; sec. and later coadjutor to Bishop Grace, of St. Paul; consecrated Dec. 21, 1875. *Author:* *The Church and Modern Society*; etc. *Address:* St. Paul.

† Curtana †

John William Jones

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(13th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1013.

Jones, J(ohn) William, clergyman, lecturer; *b.* Louisa, Va.. Sept. 25, 1836; *s.* Col. Francis William and Ann Pendleton J.; grad. Univ. of Va., 1859; Southern Bapt. Theol. Sem., 1860; (D.D., Washington and Lee, 1874); *m.* Oakley, Nelson Co., Va., Dec. 20, 1860, Judith Page Helm. Was under appmt. as missionary to China when war broke out; served pvt. soldier, 1861-2, chaplain, 1862-3, in 13th Va. inf., C.S.A.; missionary chaplain A.P. Hill's corps, Nov., 1863, to close of war; active

worker in great revivals in which over 15,000 of Lee's veterans professed conversion, personally baptizing 410 soldiers.

Pastor Lexington, Va., 1866-71, and one of chaplains Washington Coll.; since 1871 successively agent Southern Bapt. Theol. Sem., supt. Va. Bapt. Sunday School and Colportage Work, asst. sec. Home Mission Bd., Southern Bapt. Conv., chaplain Univ. of Va., pastor of several churches. Has been for some yrs. chaplain-gen. United Confederate Veterans; sec. and supt. Confederate Memorial Assn.; lecturer on Lee, Jackson, etc. Was sec. Southern Hist. Soc, 1876-87, and edited 14 vols. Southern Hist. Papers. *Author: Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of R. E. Lee*, 1874; *Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume*; *Christ in the Camp*; *School History of the United States*; *Life and Letters of R. E. Lee*, 1906 N3; *Jefferson Davis Memorial Volume*; *High School and College History of the United States*. *Address: 709½ W. Clay St., Richmond, Va.*

† Curtana †

James Johnson Kane

United States Navy Chaplain

(1868-1896)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1023.

KANE, James Johnson, naval officer: *b.* Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 18, 1837; *s.* Capt. Clement (Royal Navy) and Barbara (Price) K.; student Chambale Coll. 1 yr. and Montreal Coll. 1 yr.; Stonyhurst Coll., Eng., 1847-51; studied medicine in Toronto (A.M.) On account of ill health went to sea, 1853, and became comdr. of coastwise vessel: entered U.S.N. as vol. officer, 1861: comd. a dispatch gunboat, under Admiral Farragut, 1862, who promoted him for special services: served under Admiral Porter, 1864-5; participated in both battles of Ft. Fisher; at close of war, declined appmt. in regular navy and resigned to enter Univ. of Lewisburgh (now Bucknell), Pa., grad. theol. dept. same, 1867; student Harvard Law Sch., 1869-70; chaplain U.S.N., 1868; served in various vessels and stas.; retired with rank of capt., 1896; rear admiral retired, Dec, 1906, for services during Civil War. Was chaplain pro-tem. of U.S. Senate at various times. Mem. Loyal Legion, G.A.R., etc. Mason. *Author: of number of works. Including, History of British Newspapers. Address: Army and Navy Club, New York.*

† Curtana †

Crammond Kennedy

United States Army Chaplain

(79th New York Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1041.

Kennedy, Crammond, lawyer, author; *b.* North Berwick, Scotland, Dec. 29. 1842; *s.* Alexander James K.; ed. there and in Edinburgh; came to New York, 1856; attended night school; delivered religious addresses, 1857-60, to large audiences, and was widely known as “the boy preacher;” studied, Madison Univ., 1861-3; chaplain 79th N.Y. regt. (“Highlanders”), 1863-4; bvtd. maj. for services in E. Tenn. and the Wilderness; *m.* 1867, Agues Gorman. Lectured on the Civil war in England and Scotland, 1864-5; connected with Freedmen’s Comm’n, 1865-7; editor and propr. *Church Union*, 1869); joined Henry Ward Beecher in establishing *Christian Union*, 1869; became its mng. editor, 1870; grad. Columbia Law School, 1878; practiced in New York and later in Washington, where he is now practicing, chiefly in internat. cases. *Author: James Stanley, Sunday school story*, 1859 O1; *Corn in the Blade* (verse), 1860 O1; *Close Communion or Open Communion?*, 1869; *The Liberty of the Press* (a prize essay), 1873; *Some Phases of the Hawaiian Question*, 1893; *The Capture of Aguinaldo*, 1902 A7. *Residence:* The Shoreham. *Office:* Bond Bldg., 1406 New York Av., Washington.

† Curtana †

John C. Kimball

United States Army Chaplain
(8th Massachusetts Infantry)
Source: *Who’s Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1054.

Kimball, John C., clergyman; *b.* Ipswich, Mass., May 23, 1832; *s.* John and Rebecca (Gould) K.; grad. Amherst Coll., 1854; Divinity Sch., Harvard Univ., 1869; *m.* E. Alstead, N.H., Feb. 1, 1860, Emily O. Richardson (died Oct. 16, 1902). Prof, languages. Marshall Univ., Texas, 1854-5; entered Unitarian ministry, Jan. 1, 1860; chaplain 8th Mass Regt. in Union army, 1862-3; agt. Unitarian Assn. on Pacific Coast, 1871-3; while at Hartford, Conn., was one of the few who publicly questioned the justice of the Chicago anarchists’ trial, 1887. Hon. mem. Brooklyn Ethical Assn.

Author: The Evolution of a New England Town, 1884 L6; *Anarchism and the Anarchists*, 1887 L11; *The Evolution of Arms and Armor*, 1890 W28; *Zoology and Evolution*, 1891 A2; *Moral Questions in Politics*, 1892 A2; *Natural Factors In American Civilization*, 1893 A2; *Immortal Youth*, 1893 E1; *From Natural to Christian Selection*, 1895 A2; *From the Perishable to the Permanent*, 1898 W28; *Upholding the Old Principles Amid the New Issues*, 1899 (Anti-Imperialist League); *Our Daily Bread*, 1899 W28; *The Citizen Soldier*, 1901; *A Pastor’s Platform*, 1901 W28; *The Ethics of Evolution*, 1902; *The Humanitarian Side of Religion*, 1904 W28. Contb’r to revs, and papers. *Address:* Greenfield, Mass.

Louis A. Lambert

United States Army Chaplain
(18th Illinois Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1091.

Lambert, Rev. Louis A., editor-in-chief *New York Freeman's Journal* since 1891; *b.* Charleroy, Pa., April 13, 1835; *s.* William and Lydia (Jones) L.: ed. St. Vincent's Coll., Pa., and Archdiocesan Sem., St. Louis, Mo.; LL.D.; was ordained R.C. priest. Diocese Alton, Ill., 1859; asst. pastor Cairo, Ill., and missionary Shawneetown, Ill., for 2 yrs.; chaplain 18th Ill. inf. vols. Civil war, 1861-3; served in campaigns in Mo., Ky., Tenn. and Miss., and was at battle of Shiloh and other engagements; pastor, Cairo, Ill., 1863-8; taught moral theology and philosophy, Paulist Novitiate. New York; filled pastorates at Seneca Falls and Waterloo. N.Y., for many yrs.; founded the *Catholic Times*, 1874, and was its editor until 1880; 2 yrs. editor *Phila. Catholic Times*. *Author: Thesaurus Biblicus*, or Hand-Book of Scripture Reference; *Notes on Ingersoll*; *Tactics of Infidels*; *Reply to Ingersoll's Christmas Sermon Translated*; *The Christian Father*, B19; *Instructions on Gospels of the Sundays of the Year*, B19. Edited: *Catholic Belief*, B19. Mem. Victoria Inst., Great Britain. *Address: Scottsville, N. Y.*

**William Andrew Leonard**

United States Army Chaplain
(1870s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1126.

Leonard, William Andrew, P.E. bishop of Ohio, consecrated Oct. 12, 1889; *b.* Southport, Conn., July 15, 1848; *s.* William Boardman and Louisa (Bulkley) L.; ed. Phillips Acad., Andover, Mass.; St. Stephen's Coll., Annandale, N.Y. (D.D.; also D.D. Washington and Lee); grad. Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn.; *m.* Brooklyn, Apr. 17, 1873, Sarah L. Sullivan. Deacon, 1871; priest, 1873; asst. Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn; rector Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, St. John's Church, Washington; was chaplain of 23^d Regt. N.G.S.N.Y. Chaplain Ohio Soc. New York. Clubs: Church, University. *Author: Via Sacra, or Footprints of Christ*; *History of the Christian Church*; *New York Church Club Lectures*; *A Faithful Life*, *Bedell Lectures*, "Witness of the American Church to Christianity," 1894 P12; revs. essays, sermons, charges, etc. Mem. Soc. Colonial Wars. *Address: 3054 Euclid Av., Cleveland.*

**Arthur Little**

United States Army Chaplain

(1st Vermont Heavy Artillery)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1144.

Little, Arthur, clergyman; *b.* Webster, N.H., May 24, 1837; *s.* Simeon B. and Harriet (Boyd) L.; grad. Dartmouth Coll., 1860; studied Andover and Princeton Theol. Sems.; (D. D., Dartmouth, 1880); *m.* 1st, Washington, Aug. 15, 1868, L. Elizabeth Frost (died 1888); 2^d, Boston, Feb. 1, 1898, Elizabeth A. Wales. Ordained to Congregational ministry, 1863; chaplain 1st Vt. Heavy Arty, 1863-5; pastor Presbyterian Church, Bedford, N.H., 1866-8, 1st Congregational Church, Fond du Lac, Wis., 1868-78, N.E. Congregational Church, Chicago, 1878-89, 2^d Congregational Church, Dorchester, Mass., since 1889. Trustee Ripon (Wis.) Coll., 1869-85; pres. board trustees, Bradford Acad., since 1890; pres. board visitors, Andover Theol. Sem., since 1897; corporate mem. A.B.C.F.M.; v.p. Am. Tract Soc. Moderator Nat. Council of Congregational Churches, 1883; del. to Internat. Council of Congregational Churches, London, 1891 *Address:* Dorchester, Mass.

† Curtana †

Delmar Rial Lowell

United States Army Chaplain

(1880s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1167.

Lowell, Delmar Rial. M.E. clergyman; *b.* South Valley, N.Y.. Nov. 29, 1844; *s.* Reuben and Catherine (Seeber) L.; grad. Cazenovia (N.Y.) Sem., 1869, Wesleyan Univ., 1873, A.M., 1876; D.D., Ohio Wesleyan, 1888); *m.* 1st, Stamford, N.Y., Jan. 26, 1876, Irene E. Maynard, 2^d, Middletown, Conn., June 26, 1879, Harriet A. Davis. Lost right arm at Battle of Sailor's Run, Va., Apr. 6, 1865; joined Troy Annual Conf.. M.E. Ch., 1874; had two pastorates in Albany, N.Y.: twice pastor same ch., Rutland. Vt.; traveled in Europe. 1884; chaplain and maj. U.S.A.; chaplain Conn. House Reps., 1901-3; chaplain Vt. State Dept. G.A.R., Conn. State Dept. G.A.R.; chaplain-in-chief G.A.R., 1892-3; a.d.c. on staff comdr.-in-chief G.A.R., 1893-4. Alderman Middletown, 1902. Mem. N.E. Hist.-Geneal. Soc. etc.; charter mem. Utah Soc. S.A.R., Conn. State Army and Navy Union. *Author: The Historic Genealogy of the Lowells in America.* Lecturer and contributor to pub. periodicals in prose and poetry; pres. first conv. of the Blue and Gray, St. Louis Exposition, 1904. *Address:* 724 Ostrom Av., Syracuse, N.Y.

† Curtana †

John N. Mark

United States Navy Chaplain

(World War I)

Source: *The Christian Register* (15 January 1920): 79.

Uxbridge, Mass.—First Unitarian Church, Rev. John N. Mark:

The church, which has for eighteen months held union services with the Congregational Society, as a war measure, has recently called Rev. John N. Mark as pastor. Mr. Mark was ordained with two brothers at Goddard Chapel, Tufts College, in 1916. A few months before his ordination he was called us minister to East Lexington, Mass., where he remained until April, 1917, when he enlisted in the navy as chaplain.

He was senior chaplain at Pelham Bay Naval Station until he was released from service in July, 1919. On Saturday evening, November 22, an informal reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Mark at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Scott. A fine musical programme was given and a social evening enjoyed. Sunday evening, November 23, the union Thanksgiving service of the Protestant churches was held in the Unitarian church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Mark preached a stirring sermon from 1 Samuel vii. 12. The consensus was that it was the most impressive union service ever held in town. The Sunday-school is steadily gaining in numbers and enthusiasm, and the outlook for the future is encouraging. A Wayside Pulpit has been installed by the Sunday-school. The Alliance held its annual fair on December 17. This society is making extensive improvements to the vestry. It will be an attractive meeting place for the Sunday-school and the social activities of the church.

† Curtana †

Henry Christopher McCook

United States Army Chaplain
(41st Illinois Infantry)
(2nd Pennsylvania, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1191.

McCook, Henry Christopher, clergyman, entomologist; *b.* New Lisbon, Ohio, July 3, 1837; grad. Jefferson Coll. (now Washington and Jefferson), 1859 (D.D., Sc.D., Lafayette Coll.; LL.D., Washington and Jefferson); *m.* 1st, Sept. 11, 1861, Emma C. Herter, New Lisbon, Ohio (died, Oct. 7, 1897); 2^d, 1899, Mrs. E.D.S. Abbey. Was 1st Lt. Co. F and afterward chaplain 41st Ill. vols., 1861-2; chaplain Pa. Commandery, Loyal Legion; chaplain (May, 1898), 2^d regt. Pa. vols.; founder of Nat. Relief Comm'n in Spanish-Am. War. Is pastor emeritus Tabernacle Presby'n Ch., Phila. Also prominent as entomologist; pres. Am. Entom. Soc; v.p. Acad. Natural Sciences, Phila.; pres. Am. Presby'n Hist. Soc. *Author: Agricultural Ants of Texas; Honey and Occident Ants; American Spiders and Their Spinning-work* (3 vols., folio, 900 Illustrations, 35 hand-colored plates), B8; *Tenants of an Old Farm; Old Farm Fairies* (all scientific books): also *Women Friends of Jesus; The Gospel In Nature; Object and Outline Teachings; 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 Threnody (a memorial of the late Senator Hanna), In verse and prose, 1905 J6; Nature's Craftsmen, 1907 H1. Address: Brookcamp, Devon, Pennsylvania.

† Curtana †

Richard McIlwaine

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(44th Virginia Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1212.

McIlwaine, Richard, pres. Hampden-Sidney Coll., 1883-1904; *b.* Petersburg, Va., May 20, 1834; *s.* Archibald Graham and Martha (Dunn) Mel.; grad. Hampden-Sidney, 1853 (A.M., 1856; D.D., Stuart Coll., Tenn., 1873; LL.D., 1900, Davidson Coll.). Student at Union Theol. Sem. of Va. and the Free Church Coll., Edinburgh, Scotland; *m.* May 14, 1857, Elizabeth, *d.* C.C. Head, Farmville, Va. Licensed to preach by E. Hanover Presbytery, April, 1857; ordained, Dec., 1858; pastor at Amelia, Farmville and Lynchburg, Va.; Lt. and chaplain, 44th Va. vols.. C.S.A.; sec. for home and foreign missions, Southern. Presbyterian Church, 1872-83. Mem. Va. Const'l Cony., 1901-2. Mem. Phi Beta Kappa. *Author: Memories of Three Score Years and Ten* and many printed sermons, addresses, etc. *Address: 608 W. Grace St., Richmond, Va.*

† Curtana †

Bertrand Orth

United States Army Chaplain

(1870s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1419.

Orth, Bertrand, R.C. archbishop Vancouver Island; *b.* Rhine Province, Prussia, Germany, Dec. 5, 1848; *s.* John M. and Anna Maria (Muller) O.; completed classical studies in Prussia; entered Petit Seminaire, St. Nicolas, Belgium, 1868, for course in philosophy and in 1869 entered Am. Coll. at Louvain, Belgium, for theol. course, at same time attending lectures at Univ. of Louvain. Ordained priest, Brussels, Belgium, 1872; missionary to Ore., 1872, and labored in that State until 1900, as Indian missionary, U.S. post chaplain at Camp Harney, prof. in Catholic colleges; parish priest, St. Lawrence Ch., Portland, Ore.; editor *Catholic Sentinel*, Portland, and held various administrative positions in diocese of Ore. Consecrated bishop of Vancouver Island June 10, 1900, archbishop, 1903. *Address: 109 Yates St., Victoria, B.C., Can.*

George Laurens Petrie

Confederate States Army Chaplain
(22nd Alabama Infantry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1483.

Petrie, George Laurens. Presbyterian clergyman; *b.* Cheraw, S.C, Feb. 25, 1840 *s.* G.H.W. and M.J.P.; *ed.* Marietta, Ga., Classical School and Ga. Mil. Inst., 1854-6, Davidson Coll., N.C, 1856-7; *grad.* Oglethorpe Univ., 1859 (A.M., 1862), Columbia Theol. Sem., 1862 (D.D., Hampden-Sidney Coll., Va., 1887); *m.* Sumter Co., S.C., Nov. 29, 1864, Mary Cooper. Chaplain 22^d regt., Ala. vols., C.S.A.; teacher Classical School, Montgomery, Ala., 1865-6; *prof.* Latin, Oakland Coll., Miss., 1866-70; *pastor* Greenville, Ala., 1870-2; Petersburg, Va., 1872-8; Charlottesville, Va., since 1878. *Address:* Charlottesville, Va.

† Curtana †

Edward Kirk Rawson

United States Navy Chaplain
(1871-90)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1552.

Rawson, Edward Kirk, *prof.* U.S.N., 1890; *b.* Albany, N.Y., Feb. 21, 1846; *s.* Rev. Thomas R.R.; *ed.* Albany, N.Y.; *grad.* Yale, 1868, Andover Theol. Sem., 1872; *ordained* Congregational minister; *m.* Phila., April 10, 1888, Eleanor Wade (now deceased). Chaplain U.S.N., 1871-90, U.S. Naval Acad., 1886-90; *head dept.* ethics and English studies at Naval Acad., 1888-90; *supt.* Naval War Records, 1897-1902; *head dept.* English and law, U.S. Naval Acad. since Sept., 1902. *Author:* Twenty Famous Naval Battles, Salamis to Santiago, 1899, C7. *Contributor* to reviews and mags. *Address:* Annapolis, Maryland.

† Curtana †

Matthew Brown Riddle

United States Army Chaplain
(2nd New Jersey Militia)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1586.

Riddle, Matthew Brown, *prof.* New Testament exegesis Western Theol. Sem., Allegheny, since 1887; *b.* Pittsburg, Oct. 17, 1836; *s.* Rev. David H.R. (D.D., LL.D., *pres.* Jefferson Coll., Pa., 1863-8) and Elizabeth Blaine, *d.* Matthew Brown, D.D., LL.D. (*pres.* Jefferson Coll., 1822-45); *grad.* Jefferson Coll., Pa., 1852, A.M., same (D.D., Franklin and Marshall, and Princeton; LL.D., Western Univ. of Pa.); *grad.* New Brunswick Theol. Sem., 1859; *m.* Aug. 21, 1862, Anna M. Walther,

Heidelberg. Adjunct prof. Greek, Jefferson Coll., 1857-8; pastor Dutch Reformed Ch. 8 yrs.; chaplain Army of Potomac, 1861; prof. New Testament exegesis, Hartford Theol. Sem., Conn., 1871-87; mem. Am. Com. New Testament Revision and for yrs. one of editors of Standard edit. Revised Version. Mem. Assembly's com. for revising proof texts of Westminster Standards. Contributed to Sunday School Series thirty yrs. Editor: *Romans* (except 1st 5 chapters), *Galatians*, *Ephesians* and *Colossians*, in *Lange's Commentary*, 1869-70 S3; *Notes on the International Sunday School Lessons* (New Testament portions), 1877 to 1881 inclusive; portions of the *International Illustrated Commentary*, Vols. 1-3, S3; *The International Revision Commentary*, Vols. 2-3G, S3; *Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament*, Vol. 2, F3; *Harmony of the Four Gospels In Greek* (by Dr. Edward Robinson), 1885 H5; *Harmony of the Four Gospels in English* (by same), 1886 H5; *An Outline Harmony of the Gospels*, 1895; also 4 vols., 7 and 8, *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, 6 and 30 *Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers*, 1886 S3. Has contributed to encyclopedias, text-books, reviews, mags., many articles on New Testament; also addresses, hist., and biog. articles, etc. One of the two surviving Am. revisers (New Testament) who edited the Standard American Revised Version, 1901 N9. Mem. Loyal Legion, G.A.R. Address: Allegheny, Pa.

† Curtana †

Frank Bramwell Rose

United States Army & Navy Chaplain
(14th New Jersey Infantry)
(U.S.N. 1870-96)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1620.

Rose, Frank Bramwell, naval officer *b.* Tuckerton, N.J. Chaplain 14th N.J. Vol. Inf., Sept. 1, 1862 - June 18, 1865; apptd. from N.J., chaplain U.S.N., Feb. 3, 1870; retired Apr. 5, 1898; advanced to rank of rear admiral retired. June 29, 1906, for services during Civil War. *Home*: Atlantic City, New Jersey.

† Curtana †

Adoniram Judson Rowland

United States Army Chaplain
(175th Pennsylvania Infantry)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1629.

ROWLAND, Adoniram Judson. gen. sec. Am. Bapt. Publication Soc. since 1895; *b.* Valley Forge, Pa., Feb. 9, 1840; grad. Bucknell Univ., 1862; Rochester Theol. Sem., 1866; *m.* 1st, Harriet E. Frick, May, 1865; 2^d, Kate S. Hershey, Oct., 1878. Chaplain U.S.A., 1862-3 [175th Pennsylvania Infantry]; pastor Mt. Auburn Ch., Cincinnati, 1866-8; pres. Mt. Auburn Inst., Cincinnati, 1868-70; pastor 1st Ch.,

Pittsburg, Pa., 1870-2; 10th Ch., Phila., 1872-84; Franklin Sq. Ch., Baltimore, 1884-95; has served on many bds. and been for many yrs. sec. of corporation, Bucknell Univ. (A.M., 1805, D.D., 1880, LL.D., 1904, Bucknell). *Author: A Handbook on the Pentateuch*, 1895 B4; numerous articles in *The Standard*, *The Commonwealth* and other papers. *Editor: Senior Quarterly*, 1883-95; *Our Young People*, since 1880. *Residence: 4423 Spruce St. Office: 1630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.*

† Curtana †

Patrick John Ryan

United States Army Chaplain
(Gratiot Street Military Prison & Hospital)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1639.

Ryan, Patrick John, R.C. archbishop; *b.* Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1831; grad. Carlow Coll., 1852: (LL.D., Univ. of New York and Univ. of Pa.). Ordained sub-deacon in Ireland; came to U.S.; became prof. English literature, Carondelet Theol. Sem., St. Louis; ordained deacon there, and, 1853, priest; served at the Cathedral, where he became rector, 1856. Acted as chaplain Gratiot St. Mil. Prison and Hosp., St. Louis, during the Civil war; whilst rector of Annunciation Ch. delivered Lenten lectures in English at Rome, 1868, on Invitation of Pope Pius IX; consecrated, 1872, titular bishop of Tricomia in Palestine *in partibus infidelium* and made coadjutor bishop of St. Louis; promoted to archbishop, 1883, and June 8, 1884, transferred to see of Phila. *Author: What Catholics Do Not Believe; The Causes of Modern Religious Skepticism; etc. Address: 225 N. 18th St., Philadelphia.*

† Curtana †

Karl Schwartz

United States Army Chaplain
(1st New York Volunteers, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1675.

Schwartz, Karl, clergyman: *b.* New York, Nov. 21. 1862; *s.* Seymour T. and Mary E. (Swift) S.; grad. Syracuse Univ., 1886. A.M., 1893. Berkeley Divinity Sch., Middletown. Conn., 1889; *m.* July 6, 1904. Elizabeth Gill. Ordained deacon and priest, P.E. Ch., 1889; rector Trinity Ch., Lowville. N.Y., 1889-91; asst. rector Ch. of Zion and St. Timothy, New York, 1891-8; chaplain 1st N.Y. Vols. in war with Spain, 1898-9; dean Cathedral of the Savior, Syracuse. N.Y., since 1899. *Club: Delta Kappa Epsilon (New York). Author: A Catechism, 1900; A Message, 1900; The Church Year, 1901: Inherited Criminal Tendencies and How Nature Deals*

with Them, 1902:—all L11. Contb'r to various periodicals. *Address*: 302 Hawley Av., Syracuse, N.Y.

† Curtana †

Thomas Ewing Sherman

United States Army Chaplain
(4th Missouri Volunteers, Spanish-American War)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1717.

Sherman, Thomas Ewing, R.C. priest; *b.* San Francisco, Oct. 12, 1856; *s.* Gen. W.T. and Ellen (Ewing) S.; A.B., Georgetown Univ., 1874; B.S., Yale, 1876; LL.B., Washington Univ., St. Louis. 1878: studied theology, Woodstock Coll., Md., 6 yrs. Ordained. 1889; chaplain 4th Mo. vols., and post chaplain (detached), San Juan, P.R., 1898-9; Jesuit; missionary lecturer. Agt. Catholic Truth Soc, Chicago. *Address*: 3146 Evanston Av., Chicago.

† Curtana †

John Davis Skilton

United States Army Chaplain
(1900s)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1734.

Skilton, John Davis, educator; *b.* at Monroeville, Ohio, Mar. 15, 1867; *s.* Alvah S. and Amanda (Davis) S.; grad. Kenyon Coll., Ohio, A.B.. 1888, A.M., 1891; P.E. Divinity Sch., Phila., 1892; ordained to P.E. ministry, 1892; *m.* Ogontz, Pa., June 24, 1902, Ida Beistle. Pastor St. Paul's Ch., Cleveland, 1892-7, Am. Ch., Nice, France, 1897-8; prin. Cheltenham Mil. Acad., Ogontz, Pa., 1899-1903; capt. and chaplain 3^d regt. inf., Nat. Guard Pa., since Apr. 30, 1903; head master Melrose Acad. for Boys, 1903-5; house master Chestnut Hill Acad., 1905-7; head master The Cheshire Sch., since 1907. Mem. Phi Beta Kappa, S.R. *Clubs*: University (Phila); Psi Upsilon New York). *Address*: Cheshire, Conn.

† Curtana †

George Williamson Smith

United States Navy Chaplain
(United States Naval Academy)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1751.

Smith, G(eorge) Williamson, clergyman, educator; *b.* Catskill, N.Y., Nov. 21, 1836; *s.* George and Catherine (Williamson) S.; grad. Hobart, 1857 (D.D., 1880,

Columbia, 1887, Yale, 1903; LL.D., Trinity, 1887, Williams, 1889); *m.* Bladensburg, Md., Oct. 19, 1859, Susanna Duvall. Prin. Bladensburg Acad., 1858-9; clerk, U.S. Navy Dept., 1861-4, studying theology meanwhile; deacon, 1860, priest, 1864, P.E. Ch.; chaplain U.S.N., July, 1864; acting prof. mathematics, U.S. Naval Acad., Newport, 1864-5; chaplain Naval Acad., Annapolis, 1865-8; chaplain U.S.S. Franklin, 1868-71; rector Grace Church, Jamaica, L.I., N.Y., 1872-81, Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, 1881-3; pres. Trinity Coll., 1883-1904; prof. emeritus, since 1904. *Address:* The Wyoming, Washington.

† Curtana †

Ernest Milmore Stires

United States Army & Navy Chaplain
(1890s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1819.

Stires, Ernest Milmore, clergyman; *b.* Norfolk, Va., May 20, 1866; *s.* Van Rensselaer W. and Lettie M. (Milmore) S.; ed. Univ. of Va., 1885-8, Episcopal Theol. Sem. of Va., 1889-91; (B.Litt. Univ. of Va., 1888; D.D., Trinity Coll., 1901; LL.D., Kenyon Coll., 1903); *m.* Augusta, Ga., Jan. 11, 1894, Sarah McK. Hardwick. Ordered deacon, 1891, ordained priest, 1892; pastor West Point, Va., 1891-2, Ch. of the Good Shepherd, Augusta, Ga., 1893, Grace Ch., Chicago. 1893-1901, St. Thomas' Ch., New York, since 1901. Chaplain, Richmond Hussars, Augusta, Ga., 1893, Naval Reserves, Chicago. 1897, 1st Ill. Cav., 1901. Mem. B'd Visitors U.S. Mil. Acad.; mem. Gen. B'd Missions. Trustee Cathedral St. John Divine: dir. many charity organizations. *Address:* 1 W. 53^d St., New York.

† Curtana †

Hiram Washington Thomas

United States Army Chaplain
(1880s)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1876-77.

Thomas, Hiram Washington, clergyman; *b.* Hampshire Co., Va., April 29, 1832; *s.* Joseph and Margaret (McDonald) T.; ed. in common schools, Preston Co., Va., Cooperstown Sem., Pa., and Berlin; studied under private tutors (D.D., Ind. Asbury Univ., 1870); *m.* 1st, March 19, 1855, Emeline C. Merrick, of Pa. (died, Jan. 5, 1896); 2^d Vandelia Varnum, of Franklinville, N.Y. Aug. 16, 1899. Entered ministry of Evangelical Assn., 1852: of M.E. Ch., 1836: went to Chicago, 1869; tried for heresy and expelled from Methodist Ch., 1881; pastor of The People's Ch., McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, 1880-1901; now emeritus and in the ministry at large, and chaplain 1st Regt., I.N.G., from 1881. Long popular as a pulpit orator;

pres. Congress of Religion. *Author: Origin and Destiny of Man; Life and Sermons; The People's Pulpit; etc. Address: 535 Monroe St.. Chicago.*

† Curtana †

Henry McNeal Turner

United States Army Chaplain
(1st United States Colored Troops)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1920.

Turner, Henry McNeal, A.M.E. bishop; *b.* Newberry C.H., S.C., Feb. 1, 1834; *s.* Hardy and Sarah (Greer) T.; learned to read and write by his own perseverance, when 15 yrs. old was employed in law office, Abbeville Courthouse, and young lawyers in office often assisted him with his studies; learned to read accurately and studied geography, arithmetic, history, astronomy, hygiene and anatomy. United with M.E. Church South, 1848; licensed to preach, 1853; traveled and preached among the colored people in S.C, Ga., Ala., and other Southern States. Transferred membership to A.M.E. Ch., 1858: shortly after, joined Mo. annual conf.; became itinerant minister; transferred to Baltimore annual conf. by Bishop D. A. Payne, D.D.; remained 4 yrs., meantime studying Latin, Greek, Hebrew and divinity at Trinity Coll. (LL.D., Univ. of Pa., 1872; D.D., Wilberforce Univ., 1873); *m.*, Baltimore, Aug. 16, 1900, Harriet A., widow late Bishop A.W. Wayman.

Pastor Israel Ch., Washington, 1863; commissioned chaplain U.S. colored troops by Pres. Lincoln (1st colored chaplain ever commissioned); mustered out Sept., 1865; commissioned by Pres. Johnson chaplain in regular army, detailed as officer Freedmen's Bureau in Ga.; resigned comm'n; resumed ministry: organized schools for colored children; elected mem. Constitutional Conv., Ga., 1867; mem. Ga. legislature, 1868 and 1870; postmaster Marion, later insp. of customs, then U.S. secret detective. Elected by gen. conf. A.M.E. Ch., 1876, mgr. of its publications at Philadelphia: elected bishop by gen. conf. at St. Louis. Mo., 1880; one of principal agitators of return of his race to Africa; organized 4 annual conferences in Africa, 1 in Sierra Leone, 1 in Liberia. 1 in Pretoria, Transvaal, and 1 in Queenstown, S. Africa. *Author: Methodist Polity; Hymn Book of A.M.E. Church:* also a catechism, various sermons, lectures, etc. *Address: 30 Yonge St., Atlanta. Ga.*

† Curtana †

George Roe Vandewater

United States Army Chaplain
(71st New York Volunteers Spanish-American War)
Source: *Who's Who in America*
(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 1936.

Vandewater, George Roe, clergyman and author; *b.* Flushing, L.I., N.Y., Apr. 25, 1854; *s.* John Titus and Ellen Bernetta (Doughty) V.: grad. Cornell, 1874. Gen. Theol. Sem., 1879: (D.D., Nashotah, 1886); deacon. 1878; priest, 1879; *m.* 1879. Cornelia Townsend Youngs, Oyster Bay, N.Y. Rector P.E. Ch., Oyster Bay, L.I., 1878-80, St. Luke's, Brooklyn, 1880; organized ch. and congregation of St. Bartholomew; active in mission revival of 1885, and in organizing the Parochial Mission Soc, of which he became gen. sec. and later gen. missionary. Rector St. Andrew's Ch., Harlem, since 1888, and chaplain Columbia Univ., 1892-1905.

Chaplain of 71st Regt. N.Y. Vols., and with 5th Army Corps all through its campaign in Cuba. Mem. Holland Soc, St. Nicholas Soc. Mil. Order Foreign Wars, N.Y. Hist. Soc; trustee Gen. Theol. Sem. and New York City Missions Soc. *Clubs:* Century, Union League, St. Nicholas, Ardsley. *Author: History of the Christian Church* (2 vols), 1904 Y2; *New York Forces In War with Spain* (history of 71st Regt., U.S. Vols), 1904 S30; also sermons, etc. *Compiler and Editor: Manual of Church Missions; Manual of Church Prayer.* *Residence:* 7 W. 122^d St. *Office:* 2067 5th Av., New York.

† Curtana †

Henry Wheeler

United States Army Chaplain

(17th Pennsylvania Cavalry)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 2029.

Wheeler, Henry, clergyman; *b.* Wedmore, Somersetshire, Eng., Feb. 22, 1835; *s.* Harry and Ann W.; ed. Church of England day sch. until 1847; afterward in Wyoming Sem., Kingston, Pa.; studied conf. course M.E. Ch.; (D.D.); *m.* Binghamton, N.Y., Apr. 13, 1858, Mary Sparkes. Entered M.E. ministry, 1855; entered Union army, 1862, was elected chaplain 17th Pa. vol. cav. Mem. G.A.R., Loyal Legion; Republican, *Author: The Memory of the Just*, 1878 O1; *Methodism and the Temperance Reformation*, 1882 M25; *Rays of Light in the Valley of Sorrow*, 1883 Z1; *Deaconesses, Ancient and Modern*, 1889 M4; *One Hundred Questions and Answers on the History, Polity and Usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church* (text-book for Junior League), M1; *One Thousand Questions and Answers Concerning the Methodist Episcopal Church* (text-book In conference course), M4; *The Probationer*, 1903 M4. *Address:* Ocean Grove, N.J.

† Curtana †

David Wills

United States Army Chaplain

(1879-86)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 2076.

Wills, David, clergyman; *b.* Adams Co., Pa., Jan. 7, 1825; *s.* David and Mary (Patterson) W.; A.B., Greenville and Tusculum Coll., Tenn., 1847; grad. Columbia Theol. Sem., S.C., 1850; (D.D., Oglethorpe Univ., 1865; LL.D., Washington Coll., Tenn., 1870); *m.* Fairfield Dist., S.C, July, 1849. Rebecca Frances Watt. Ordained to Presbyterian ministry, 1850; pastor Laurensville, S.C, 1850-60, Macon, Ga., 1860-70; pres. Oglethorpe Univ., Atlanta, Ga., 1870-4; pastor Western Presbyterian Ch.. Washington, 1874-9; chaplain U.S.A., 1879-86; pastor N. 10th St. Ch., Phila., 1886-8, resigning to visit Europe; pastor Disston Memorial Ch., Phila., 1890-1901, now pastor emeritus. *Address:* The Cecil, Washington.

† Curtana †

Frederick Howard Wines

United States Army Chaplain
(Union Hospital: St. Louis)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 2087.

Wines, Frederick Howard, asst. dir. U.S. Census from 1899 to 1902; *b.* Phila.. April 9, 1838; *s.* Rev. E.C. and Emma (Stansbury) W.; grad. Washington Coll., Pa., 1857; studied at Princeton Theol. Sem., but left because of weakness of eyes; licensed by Presbytery of St. Louis, 1860; chaplain U.S.A. (regulars) [Union Hospital in St. Louis], 1862-4; grad. Princeton Theol. Sem., 1865; *m.* March 21, 1865, Mary Frances Hackney. Ordained, 1865; pastor 1st Presbyterian Ch., Springfield, 1865-9; sec. Ill. State Bd. Comm'rs of Public Charities, 1869-93; pres., 1883, Nat. Conf. of Charities and Correction; pres., 1903, Internat. Conf. of Charities and Correction, Chicago; mem. Internat. Prison Congress, Stockholm, 1878; secretary National Prison Association, 1887; special lecturer, Lowell Inst.. Boston, Harvard, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Univ. of Wis., Univ. of Ind.; again sec. Ill. State Bd. Comm'rs of Public Charities, 1897-9); pres., 1904, Nat. Prison Assn. Editor Rep. Nat. Com., Chicago, 1896; sec. New Jersey State Charities Aid Assn., 1903-4. Mem. Societe Generate des Prisons (France). *Author: Defective Dependent and Delinquent Classes in the United States* (vol. of 10th Census); *Crime, Pauperism and Benevolence in the United States* (vol. of 11th Census); *Punishment and Reformation*, 1895 C7; *The Liquor Problem in Its Legislative Aspects*, 1897, 1898 H5; also numerous pamphlets on charities and penology, reports of State Bd. Charities, Ill., etc. Mem. Loyal Legion, Nat. Conf. Charities, Nat. Prison Assn. *Residence:* Beaufort. N.C.

† Curtana †

Louis Wolsey

Arkansas State Guard Chaplain
(1900s)

Source: *The Book of Clevelanders*

(Burrows Brothers, 1914): 290.

Wolsey, Louis; rabbi; born, Jan. 8, 1877, Midland, Michigan; son of William and Frances Krueger Wolsey; educated, public and High Schools, Chicago, University of Cincinnati, B.A., 1899, Hebrew Union College, B.H.L., 1894; rabbi, 1899; post-graduate University of Chicago and Western Reserve University; married, June 12, 1912, Florence H. Wiener, daughter of Abraham Wiener, Cleveland; rabbi Congregation B'Ne Israel, Little Rock, Ark., 1899-1907; rabbi Euclid Ave. Temple, Cleveland, 1907—; during incumbency new temple built at Euclid Ave. and East 82^d; Chaplain General Arkansas State Guard, 1905; member American Association of Political Science, Religious Education Ass'n, Central Conference of American Rabbis, B'Nai B'Rith, Zeta Beta Tau, Western Star Lodge, No. 2, F.&A.M., Little Rock, Shrine, honorary life member B.P.O.E.; Excelsior Club; member of committee to nominate Charter Commission, Cleveland, 1912.

† Curtana †

Charles Carroll Woods

Confederate States Army Chaplain

(Parson's Division, Missouri State Troops)

Source: *Who's Who in America*

(Chicago: Marquis, 1909): Volume 5: 2106.

Woods, Charles Carroll, clergyman: *b.* Rocky Mt., Va., July 4, 1838: *s.* Samuel Hairston and Sicily [Cicely] (Patterson) W.; ed. Trinity Coll., N.C, 1855 (D.D.. 1878), and Central Coll., Mo., 1859-60; *m.* Howard Co., Mo., July 30, 1866, Anna M. Nicolds. Ordained to M.E. ministry, 1860; chaplain Parson's Div., Mo. state troops. In C.S.A. and of Camp, St. Louis U.C.V.; present at many battles in S.W., 1861-2; pastor in various Mo. cities, beginning, 1867; presiding elder, 1875-79 and 1882-6; pres. Scarritt Coll., Neosho, Mo., 1888-96; asst. editor *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, since 1898; sec. S.W. Mo. Conf. M.E. Ch., South, since 1876. Democrat. Scottish and York Rite Mason. *Address:* 1414 Locust St., St. Louis.

† Curious Citations †

Truly a Blade Fit for a Chaplain

We have seen a very beautiful sword which has been prepared for presentation to Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, chaplain of the 10th Connecticut Volunteers, by the soldiers of the regiment. The scabbard is of solid silver, chased [ornamented] with great taste and skill. A representation of a wounded soldier sustained in the arms of a chaplain is well engraved near the hilt and other appropriate devices ornament it.

The most prominent and striking feature of the engraving is an open bible on the scabbard, upon the pages is reference to Psalm 149, 6th verse, on turning to which we find this passage: “Let the high praises of God be in their mouth and a two-edged sword in their hand.”

Mr. Trumbull has long been known in New England as the eloquent and devoted advocate of the Sunday School cause. He entered the service as a chaplain from the conviction that duty called him, and he has already been the means of great good to the regiment, while his great abilities have also enabled him to render other important services to the government. The sword is a tribute of high respect and gratitude from the regiment, and is worthy of them and him. It is the workmanship of Virgil Price, of this city.

“A Chaplain’s Sword”
Journal of the American Temperance Union
 (August, 1863): 124.

† Curtana †

Atheism Offered as Answer to Religious Questions

A feminist “theologian” offers her prescription for promoting “interfaith” tolerance and respect.

The flexibility of “identity” is something I’ve learned from my triple roles of Jew, feminist and atheist. I like playing these parts and am glad that they are possible stances available to me in contemporary culture. . . .

So too does the anxiety about nuclear war urge us to change our traditional views about separate nations, states and tribes. . . . Loyalty to single nations is the simple extension of loyalty to single tribes. It is a practice which can no longer offer us security (if ever it did). . . .

Now let me come back to religion. I think that the breakdown of tribal organization can be helped by a certain degree of atheism in the world. I can get downright messianic about atheism. . . . Atheists are, in fact, essential to a better world. . . .

I suggest that it is the moral duty of every person—religious or non-religious—to live at least part of her or his life as either an atheist or a polytheist. I urge atheism as a program for consciously stepping out of tribal patternings for at least some of the time and for experimenting with non-religious forms of building community.

Naomi R. Goldenberg
“Stepping Out of the Circle: Overcoming Tribal Identities”
Religious Traditions and the Limits of Tolerance
Edited by Louis Hammann (Anima Books: 1988): 135f.

† Curtana †

With the Occupation Force in the City of Vicksburg

Taken from a letter written by Chaplain Jeremiah Porter who was assigned to the 1st Illinois Light Artillery, but assigned to the hospital in Vicksburg following its fall to the Union troops.

I am happy to say this—the stringent orders of our amiable, modest, triumphant Gen. Grant—that spirituous liquors are excluded from all sutler and other stores, steamboats and hotels, except for medicinal purposes, in this department, and that though mingling so freely with them, I have rarely seen an intoxicated soldier since our army entered this shell-battered city.

It is true that whisky rations were dealt out at roll-call, while a portion of our army lay in that charnel house at Young’s Point, Louisiana, as it watched under the lion to prevent the rebels from escaping across the river from Vicksburg; and I fear it may have rekindled in some the fire that will not be quenched when the poison can be easily obtained. . . .

In this city hospital, in which I am now chaplain, several in prayer-meeting last evening expressed hope that they had here found Christ precious to their souls. God is graciously visiting us. . . .

I have had no absence from my work since I entered the army, eighteen months ago. One chaplain who entered Vicksburg with me on the 6th of July in health—Rev. Hiram Doane, of the Forty-seventh Illinois—died on the 22^d of the same month, while it has pleased our Father that I should be left.

Journal of the American Temperance Union
(October, 1863): 148.

† Curtana †

Spiritual Warfare is a Timeless Reality

The following passage about the military concept of “objective” comes from a book written by one of the contributors to this issue of Curtana † Sword of Mercy.

Abu Ghraib, the infamous prison in Iraq, was a haunting place. “The walls in many of the cells were covered with bloodstains from Saddam’s tortures. Chains still dangled from iron rings . . . Huge pictures of Saddam Hussein . . . hovered over the larger rooms of the prison, and more than one American soldier commented that you could feel Saddam’s ‘evil spirit’ moving through the halls” [Stephen Mansfield, *The Faith of the American Soldier*, p. 148]. The American military and its coalition worked to purge Saddam Hussein from Iraq. As some soldiers said, even his evil spirit was purged. Ironic, isn’t it! Soldiers felt an evil spirit and worked to purge it, while some portions of the church question the reality of evil spirits. This discussion is totally removed from the reality of evil spirits. . . .

The soldiers readily recognized that there was an objective to remove the tyrant. They knew what they had to do. The part of the church that questions the reality of evil spirits has no spiritual objective to attack them, because they can’t decide whether they’re real. They need to know what their mission is: they need a spiritual objective.

Ren & Carol Vandesteeg
Surface to Air Christianity
(Winepress, 2006): 31-32.

† Curtana †

Beware of Becoming Utterly Too “Sophisticated”

Reginald sat in a corner of the Princess’s salon and tried to forgive the furniture, which started out with an obvious intention of being Louis Quinze, but relapsed at frequent intervals into Wilhelm II. . . .

“Only the old and the clergy of Established churches know how to be flippant gracefully,” commented Reginald; “which reminds me that in the Anglican Church in a certain foreign capital, which shall be nameless, I was present the other day when one of the junior chaplains was preaching in aid of distressed somethings or other, and he brought a really eloquent passage to a close with the remark, ‘The tears of the afflicted, to what shall I liken them—to diamonds?’ The other junior chaplain, who had been dozing out of professional jealousy, awoke with a start and asked hurriedly, ‘Shall I play to diamonds, partner?’ It didn’t improve matters when the senior chaplain remarked dreamily but with painful distinctness, ‘Double diamonds.’ Every one looked at the preacher, half expecting him to redouble, but he contented himself with scoring what points he could under the circumstances.”

“You English are always so frivolous,” said the Princess. “In Russia we have too many troubles to permit of our being light-hearted.”

H.H. Munro

“Reginald in Russia”

Reginald in Russia and Other Sketches

(Methuen: 1910): 1-4.

† Curtana †

When the Military Promotes Immorality

The question of overseas marriages [during World War II] caused concern among the chaplains themselves. Chaplain Captain Charles Dever recorded his own reaction to the subject of wartime marriages in response to a questionnaire to chaplains on the subject of marriage. Captain Dever noted that in general he approved “of the marriages in the sense that the soldiers have something more or less tangible to steady their lives and therefore make better soldiers. However, many of them are marriages that come as a result of the uniform and stress of the times.” A number of chaplains in overseas stations shared Captain Dever’s concerns.

Some chaplains faced the problem of trying to reconcile army policy with their own moral standards and religious functions. In 1943 a chaplain stationed in Iceland wrote to the Chief of Chaplains office to complain about army policy forbidding American soldiers serving in Iceland to marry. He noted that while the army provided condoms and prophylactic stations for men who went out on pass, “the man who came from America, unmarried and not engaged, and who wanted to remain decent and get married could not do so.” The chaplain was unable to offer any comfort to soldiers who came to him for help and advice. The problem was especially acute because army policy meant there were approximately two

hundred illegitimate children in Iceland. The chaplain suggested that this was “a policy encouraging bastardy.”

Jenel Virden

Good-Bye, Piccadilly: British War Brides in America
(University of Illinois, 1996): 35-36.

† Curtana †

Provisions of Her Majesty’s Government in India

Having considered the applications of the chaplains at your presidency (referred to in your letters of the 30th July and 31st December 1796) to be allowed the benefit of pay on furlough, and retirement from the service, we have come to the following resolutions thereon.

That chaplains attached to the army, or military stations, be allowed to come home on furlough, for three years, with the full pay of their corresponding rank on the military establishment, viz. that of captain, as fixed on by your resolutions in the case of the Rev. Mr. Loftie.

That no military chaplain shall be permitted to come home on furlough, who has not been resident in India seven years, unless in cases of certified ill health.

The proportion of military chaplains, to be permitted to come home on furlough, to be left to the discussion of the respective governments of India.

The military chaplains, after eighteen years service in India, three years of furlough inclusive, be allowed to retire from the service.

That the pay to military chaplains retiring, be the same as that allowed them when on furlough, viz. captains pay, or ten shillings per day.

That no chaplain be allowed to retire on such pay, who has not served ten years at a military station.

That no chaplain be allowed to retire on such pay, who does not produce ample testimony of his having discharged his duty as a clergyman, faithfully and diligently, and also of his good conduct and behaviour in general; these testimonials to be transmitted through the government, under which the chaplains were serving, with the opinion of such government thereon.

The Asiatic Annual Register
(1799): 111-12.

A Civil War Chaplain Recalls His Balloon Ascent

Among the visitors of note who are enjoying the sunshine of southern California is the brilliant and versatile editor of the “Northwestern Christian Advocate,” Arthur Edwards, D.D., and to say that he is enjoying his stay here is to put it very mildly, though he asserts that he is not here for fun. It is many years—too many for his own good—since he has taken a vacation, and this is enforced. I am glad to report that he is gaining every day, and if he will content himself to be absent from his desk sufficiently long he will be able to return in the fullness of his vigor and strength for the work for which he has such recognized adaptation.

He says that nowhere—not even in New York and Boston—does he find so many people whom he has met heretofore as in Los Angeles and Pasadena, which shows the cosmopolitan character of our population.

On Monday, Jan. 23, he attended the Preachers’ Meeting in Los Angeles, and sat down at lunch in the Hollenbeck with a dozen of the brethren, when a most delightful social hour was enjoyed. During the lunch his attention was called to the fact that Professor T.S.C. Lowe, who rendered such distinguished service during the War of the Rebellion as a balloonist, was in the room, and he was asked if he recognized him, which he did as soon as his eye caught the professor, and, excusing himself for a few moments, he went to the table where Professor Lowe sat, and had an animated interview with him.

Returning, he gave this incident: In 1862, at Gaines Hill, Professor Lowe was making ascensions with the balloon *Fortune*, when one day, after inviting a number of gentlemen to ascend with him, each of whom declined, on the ground of “previous engagements,” he turned to Dr. Edwards and asked him to make the ascent. The doctor also declined, but, noticing the sneer on the faces of several officers, and fearing that he would be charged with cowardice, and that it would militate against his usefulness as chaplain, he said, “I’ll go.”

It was a ticklish trip, for they would be subject to the fire of the Confederates. During the ascension, as is usually the case with amateurs, the chaplain was deathly sick, when Professor Lowe bade him shut his eyes and turn around three times, and then, at a signal, to open them, and he would “see Richmond.” The chaplain obeyed, and on exclaiming “Now!” Professor Lowe gave him a stinging blow on the side of the face, which the doctor said he felt for a couple of days, and for which he said, “We’ll settle when we get on the ground.”

It took his attention away from himself, and made the farther ascent more endurable, if not enjoyable.

The Christian Advocate (9 February 1899): 227.

A Unitarian View of the World War I Chaplaincy

“I Trample These”

One reason that we are profoundly in sympathy with all those who hate war, who rise in wrath and vehemence at the least encouragement of any notion or motion looking friendly to militarism, is that few men, even of the finest fibre, can withstand the ill effect of war’s disciplines.

We have before us a request for candidates for chaplaincies from Capt. J.B. Frazier, head of the Chaplains’ Corps in the Navy, which most unfortunately the editor of the *Federal Council Bulletin* has permitted to appear in that paper.

The chaplain points out the difficulties of the office. “It is a hard place to fill, weaklings will not do.” Then he quotes familiar lines, which, however, are not even of the spiritual quality of the like-cadenced “law of the jungle.” The kind of men he wants must be “your strong and your sane.” Further, says Chaplain Frazier,

Them will I take to my bosom,
Them will I glut with my meat,
But the others—the misfits, the failures,
I trample these under my feet.

The Christian Register 3 (19 February 1920): 179.

† Curtana †

Denominational Interests shall be Well Safeguarded

With us now is interdenominational good-feeling. The Interchurch Movement explains that denominational interests shall be carefully safeguarded, and that no denomination need surrender any distinctive characteristic. The Movement is proceeding cautiously and wisely with reference to the delicate matter of denominational feeling. But it is as inevitable as the coming of morning sunshine after darkness that denominationalism will decrease and that United Christian Endeavor will increase.

The beloved old among us guard denominational distinctions with zealous care; their children support the denominational church, out of affection and reverence for their parents; but the boys and girls, the coming men and women who are to speak with authority, are not anxious to go to a church because it represents a particular denomination. As rapidly as Christian sentiment demands the change, the Movement, which is a remarkably flexible organization, will effect a closer and closer co-operation. However, it will not commit the error of so acting until the demand is recognized. While we may not attempt to name the day nor the

hour, the time is coming when the fact of denomination will be preserved only as a memory of those earlier years when Christianity in the stress and turmoil of human imperfections was striving to discover the best way of teaching the Christlike life to upward-looking, longing men. That this day will dawn, we have the best of authority; for its coming was foretold by such discerning men as Channing, Parker, Emerson, Lincoln, and Gladstone.

In France, as a person approaches the battlefields he sees here and there, and in groups, plain wooden crosses, indicating the places where lie buried the youthful comrades of the army of the world's dead. Along the western front there are four million of these crosses. Maurice Maeterlinck says, "In each of our houses there lives and reigns a young dead man in the glory of his strength." In the words of Dr. John Kelman, "The Heaven of which we think to-day is not the heaven of five years ago; it is full of young men whom we know and love."

"Full of young men whom we know and love." Yes, and those young men were received there for some other merit than the merit of color, race, or religious profession. When soldiers were marching into battle, the one great solemn thing that found expression was courageous, enduring manhood. That and self-giving were what counted. No one minded the distinction between white and black, between Frenchman and American, between officer and enlisted man. The Master never came nearer to earth than he did on the battlefields of France, and he never more readily chose comrades to be associated with him in a glorious Immortality of Influence.

On one occasion an American regiment of the reserve received orders to move forward into action. At the request of the chaplain, the companies knelt for a moment in prayer. Twelve nationalities and seven religions were represented in that regiment, kneeling there, and praying to the God of Battle.

We must not only teach the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God; we must live what we teach. In these historic and critical days it is given to us, the guardians, to proclaim the most adequate gospel ever given to man, in order that just and righteous law may reign.

The purpose of God is unchangeable. Beneath the surface din and strife, the Infinite Will moves with solemn majesty in unhindered power. Sure are we that the Interchurch World Movement is an element of the Omnipotent Purpose, one means to that "far-off divine event." We are not working alone.

We seem to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And through thick veils to apprehend
A labor working to an end.

Let us welcome His coming. Let our lives reveal His Character and Purpose. Let us give the best we have to every human endeavor which would encourage more reverence for humanity, more brotherly kindness, more faith in God.

Excerpt from “American Protestants are now on Trial”
by Edward H. Cotton.
The Christian Register (25 March 1920): 312-13.

† Curtana †

A Chaplain Records a Civil War “Book of Life”

Friday, July 17th, 1863

Prayer in my tent by Bro[ther] Broaddus; usual exercises in Chapel; I preached from Isaiah XLV:22 in morning and Bro Bagby from Matthew XXIV:44; very large crowds inside and outside of the Chapel. Oh! that the Chapel was twice as large; a great deal of seriousness and a great many bowed for prayer; conversations in my tent with several; the following profess to have returned Thomas Hall, Wm. Massey, Winburn Mason . . . The following profess to be converted E.C. Brushwood, Ed. Nuttall, J.B. Foster . . .

This swells the list to 94 in our Regiment and to 6 in the 4th making a total of 100. Oh! what hath the Lord wrought! all the praise be to Him; Prayer in my tent again by Captain Poindexter.

Alex. L. Wiatt
Confederate Chaplain William Edward Wiatt: An Annotated Diary
(H.E. Howard, Lynchburg, 1994): 74-76.

† Curtana †

A Poem on the Occasion of French Fraternity

To Fallen Comrades
Harold E.B. Speight
Onetime Chaplain with the A.E.F.

The French Republic has presented to the next-of-kin of members of the United States Army and Navy who died in the service of their country memorial certificates similar to those given to the families of her own heroes. The poem was written for the ceremony of presenting the certificates to Berkeley, Calif., relatives of the fallen, at the Greek Theatre, University of California, March 7, 1920.

And do they say that we shall soon forget,
That life will be as life has always been,
That Peace will lead us in the pleasant ways
Of careless ease, that victory will mean

We shall ignore the price the victor pays?
Is it true that we shall soon forget?

America is pledged! Can she forget,
In days of safety and in peace-crowned hours,
The sons she proudly brought to birth
And nourished in the hope that manhood's powers
In peaceful tasks would prove what peace is worth?
America is pledged not to forget!

Forget? We would not if we could forget
The weariness of eyes that homeward turned,
The cries of brave men lost amid the horrors
Of a hell where tires of fierce hate burned,
The precious life-blood spilt for us.
We shall not let America forget!

America is pledged not to forget!
By all her sacred heritage of right,
By consecration of her new-found soul,
By visions of a good still lost to sight,
And every living bond that keeps her whole,
We pledge America shall not forget!

The Christian Register 12 (20 May 1920): 499. (Unitarian)

† Curtana †

A Waldensian Chaplain Speaks in the United States

Speaking at the University Club in Boston, Mass., recently, before a group of people interested in the work of the Waldensians, Capt. Eli Bertalot, Chaplain-General of the Protestant ministers in the Italian Army, declared that, whatever may be written or said to the contrary, he is thoroughly convinced, after living for four years among the Italian soldiers in the High Alps, that war is not favorable to religion.

If a man was not a Christian before going to the front, he became a fatalist under fire. Good Christians, however, were better Christians than ever under stress. Today in Italy there is a reaction from all churches. Those who were soldiers are fast becoming atheists. They are cherishing a great resentment against life in general because they feel that Italians have been deprived of the fruits of victory.

This, therefore, is the time of all times for Christian people of good intention and Protestant persuasion to unite and help the Waldensians to keep burning the pure light of the Gospel which they have maintained for over eight hundred years.

This little sect, which never numbered more than twenty thousand at any one time, and which while leading a quiet pastoral life have clung to a few fundamental ideas regarding early Christianity, offers, as Prof. William Roscoe Thayer of Harvard pointed out in introducing Captain Bertalot, an example of fortitude and tenacity comparable to that of the three hundred Spartans who held the pass at Thermopylae speaking to this allusion. Captain Bertalot, pointed out a certain similarity between the Waldensians and the Pilgrims, whom America is honoring in every possible way this summer.

Like the Pilgrims. the Waldensians have always cherished a great love of justice, and like the Pilgrims they have clung above everything else to the Bible. They now feel it their duty to carry the Bible to all of Italy, so strengthening the moral character of the Italians and helping to build up schools in the south of Italy, from which during the war came an appalling proportion of illiterates.

America in helping such schools is helping itself, the Chevalier said, because youths who come to America from Italy without education and without moral standards are bound to drag down the general level of life in this country.

The Christian Register (17 June 1920): 611.

† Curtana †

Chaplaincy Expands Post-WWI Role

With the appointment of Chief of Chaplains the soldier's religious and moral welfare comes under Federal control.

In a brief paragraph the War Department announces in the daily press its new policy toward the soldier. In a word, the United States Army will do more for a man than merely fashion him into a cog of a military machine. Hereafter the soldier's spiritual and moral welfare will be just as much the concern of his officers as his bayonet practice, or his guard duty. The paragraph follows:

“The War Department announces the appointment by the President of Maj. John T. Axton to be Chief of Chaplains. This detail is for a period of four years, and carries with it the rank, pay, and allowances of a colonel. Among the duties to be performed by the Chief of Chaplains are the investigation of the qualifications of candidates for appointment as chaplains and the general coordination and supervision of the work of chaplains in the army.”

The time has gone forever when it was considered sufficient that a soldier be drilled and drilled until his superiors felt he had absorbed all he could for that day, then turned loose to drift into idleness or worse.

The army to-day realizes that it has other duties toward the young soldier. To that end the new Military Reorganization Law, Section XV, deals solely with the appointment of chaplains who are to be more than mere clergymen to conduct religious services. They are to help the young men who enlist for Uncle Sam's service in their spiritual and moral life in every possible way. There will be two hundred and fifty chaplains in all, or one for every twelve hundred officers and men, and they will rank in all grades, from first lieutenant to colonel.

Moral training is now a branch of the War Plans Division of the General Staff. It has just as much a place in the programme for the new peace-time army as ballistics or close-order drill or personal hygiene. A staff of officers has been designated to work out plans, that the enlisted men may have every opportunity to lead a correct and character-building life. As Colonel Axton aptly says: "If there is any place in the world where it can be done, the army is the one group in which men can adhere to the thought, 'In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberality; in all things, charity.' It is not programmes we want so much as work. To-day the world is calling for more applications of the principles of religion to daily life, and so we want to apply religion to the army. I believe that our men are going to stand for it. Soldiers are normal men, and they want what normal men want.

"Among many things, it is the hope of everybody that stress on sectarian stratifications will cease. Complete success can be secured only by so influencing environment, military duties, education, amusements, athletics, religious observances, community relations, and all the other factors which enter into the life of the soldier, that all combined may favorably react upon his character. Our work must be carried on with an ever-present consciousness of the human material with which we are concerned."

Under the caption "Moral Training Suggestions," here is a sample of the new idea as taken from official army documents:

"Endeavor to popularize religious services in every legitimate way. The best available place for the service having been secured, adequate publicity should be given. Even more important is adequate preparation on the part of the speaker.

"One chaplain has been able to produce increased attendance and interest by the following method in which one company had charge of the details of the Sunday gathering each week. The companies took charge voluntarily, and every organization. Including the band, served in turn. For one Easter the officers of the regiment assumed full direction. Men from the organization in charge were appointed on committees to decorate, arrange the musical programme, provide a printed order of worship, usher, and park automobiles. Soon a multitude of soldiers and visitors were attending the service. A spirit of friendly rivalry sprang up. The names of all men serving on the committee were printed in the order of worship."

“In recruiting,” says Gen. P.C. Harris, the Adjutant General in charge of the army’s new enlistment activities, “the chaplain has an unusual opportunity for service with the induction of raw men into the service. At Fort Thomas, Ky., the new recruits report daily to the chaplain, who talks to them on the opportunities and, advantages of army life, and encourages them to make the most of their chances. This chaplain also secures the names of mothers or near relatives and endeavors to utilize this effective agency to maintain the morale of the men. At Camp Upton, a former chaplain, now in educational work, makes a specialty of explaining the ‘why’ of army rules and regulations to stimulate pride in their intelligent and enthusiastic observance. At Fort Snelling, Minn., the chaplain places in each company room a statement as to why ‘every man ought to know the chaplain.’”

Among the new duties of chaplains are: arranging farewells to men about to be discharged, popularizing religious services, holding Sunday evening get-together meetings, attendance at chaplain’s school, chaplain’s departmental conferences, lectures, bringing “home” to the army, and utilizing neighborhood advantages.

The Christian Register (26 August 1920): 849.

† Curtana †

Debating Theology with an Intoxicated Soldier

[A Civil War Union] army chaplain, meeting a Scot afflicted with a “drop too much,” escorted the young fellow to the barracks. “Ye ken, chaplain,” he said, “ma faither is a very releegious man and I’m inclined that way mase’. Noo, I’d like to ha’e a bit argument wi’ ye on predestination.” The chaplain was much interested. “Hadn’t you better wait until you are sober, Jock?” he inquired. “Hoots, mon,” returned the Scot, “I don’t care about predestination when I’m sober.”

The Christian Register (28 October 1920): 1067.

† Curtana †

The Last Surviving D-Day Chaplain is Interviewed

Janelle: As Chaplain, did it matter which denomination you claimed?

Chaplain: No, but I’m a Protestant. The Christian Church. Disciples of Christ. A Christian. *I’m not the only Christian, just a Christian only!* You know Jesus didn’t establish any denominations. He established a church. And the church is not a building. People made church buildings for their own conveniences. . . .

Janelle: When you were serving in the military, what did *your men* call you?

Chaplain: Early on they said, *Chaplain, Sir*, sometimes *Captain* or whatever my rank was at the time. Mostly Chaplain. During the Vietnam War, serving as Wing Chaplain with the 452nd, they called me *Padre*. No matter what they called me, I answered. . . .

Janelle: I went to Unity Church in Anaheim one Sunday where the message was *God loves being me*. We were guided to meditate on those words and that concept.

Chaplain: That's very positive. I'd like to go there with you sometime. I know that Christ wants us to know Him. Everything he taught was love. So why not?

Janelle T. Frese
O Chaplain! My Chaplain! Man of Service
(Trafford, 2005): 86f.

† Curtana †

Changing Denominations is Not a Recent Innovation

The *Army and Navy Journal* says: “Chaplain (Captain) Thomas L. Kelley, U.S.A., on duty at Manila, P.I, has changed his faith from that of the Roman Catholic Church to that of the Unitarian. He has requested the War Department to change the official records regarding his faith accordingly. Chaplain Kelley was born in Massachusetts, August 1, 1878, and was appointed in the Regular Army as chaplain, December 29, 1914. He is a graduate of St. Francis Seminary, 1904, and holds the degree of A.M., Catholic University of America.”

The Christian Register (18 November 1920): 1138.

† Curtana †

Taming the Tongue of a Mule Teamster

Speaking of mules, reminds the writer of a little incident of army life, which may not be out of place to insert here. An Army Chaplain, frequently shocked by the profanity of mule drivers, resolved, if possible, to lessen it by the offer of a fine Bible to every one who would “drive a mule team four weeks without swearing.” Having published the offer, and completed satisfactory arrangements with the U.S. Christian Commission for a liberal distribution of the Sacred Volume among a needy class of sinners, the Chaplain sat down in his tent to wait for applicants. The crowd of applicants, which he expected, did not arrive. Only one man applied and he was a Dutchman. When questioned on the subject, the Dutchman gave it as his opinion, that by *nature* no man was able to do it, but by the grace of God alone mules could be driven without oaths. Here is the Dutchman's solemn

affirmation, in his own words, which is vouched for by a certificate from his Captain: “Dis ish to serdify, dat I have triven a mule team foar veeks widout brofanity.” The man received the premium, and doubtless deserved it.

David B. Floyd

History of the Seventy-Fifth Regiment of Indiana Infantry Volunteers
(Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society, 1893): 62.

† Curtana †

Chaplain’s Life Saved Due to His Musical Skills

Speaking of Chaplains, the writer is reminded of another army incident. With all the hardships and vicissitudes of army life, a certain Chaplain could not eradicate the oddity of his genius. He was a fine singer, and played well upon the accordion. He was the spiritual adviser of a wild Western Regiment, and his unselfish and hardy nature won their hearts by telling the boys stories and singing them funny songs. John Morgan captured him in the Cumberland Mountains.

The Chaplain, in relating the circumstances afterwards, said: “It looked pretty solemn when they began to cast lots to see who should inherit my horse.” But the Chaplain took his little accordion and began to sing and play for dear life. All the droll songs that were ever invented, this doomed captive sang to the bushwhackers of Kentucky. “I think I ought to shoot you,” said Morgan; “a fellow that keeps up men’s spirits as you do is too valuable to the Yankees for me to let off.” But let him off he did. Nobody could shoot such a happy combination of goodness and drollery.

Once after a battle, a church was turned into a hospital, and the wounded and dying lay all up and down on the floor. It was a blue time, when men were dying not alone of wounds, but of despair, which was like an epidemic in the atmosphere. The Chaplain, seeing how fatal this despondency was proving itself to be to the men, walking up into the pulpit, planted his little accordion on his knees and struck up “The Girl I Left Behind Me.” Sunlight at once came into the despondent hearts with the rich melody of the Chaplain’s voice and the humor of his song. The Surgeons of the hospital took heart, and life seemed to come back to the wounded and homesick boys.

David B. Floyd

History of the Seventy-Fifth Regiment of Indiana Infantry Volunteers
(Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society, 1893): 62-63.

Unfair Expectations without a Seminary Education

While occupying this position an order was promulgated, requiring public religious services at division headquarters on Sundays. Pursuant to the order, a colored chaplain was detailed to conduct the service the following Sunday, and as the fact became known there was a large congregation, including many representatives from neighboring head quarters.

The service was unique; the singing by the congregation hearty, as usual; the officiating clergyman read the Scripture lesson appreciatively, and prayed with fervor; but he was visibly embarrassed by the large audience, and his extemporaneous discourse was a decided failure, closing as follows: “Ma deah fren’s, I hopes you will all ’scuse dis er—er somewhat in-co-herent discose. To tell de tru hones’ truf, de peculiar circumstances ob de occasion have made it jes impossible for me to ventilate myself as I could wish.”

Solon A. Carter

“Fourteen Months’ Service with Colored Troops”

Civil War Papers Read before the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts

(Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States: Massachusetts, 1900): 168-69.

† Curtana †

Sleeping Through the Roar of the Heavy Guns

A clergyman serving with the Christian Commission visits the front and desires to be regarded as a more seasoned veteran than he actually is.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and about eleven o’clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterward, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself: “It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done.” So I turned over and tried to go to sleep—did go to sleep—and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still, and I went to sleep for the night.

You are awakened in camp, if you are at a major-general’s, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveille, also for the first time. I washed myself, was already dressed, of course, and in a little time an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy, whom I had known slightly in Boston. He said to me, “And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?” I said, that to me, as a civilian, it seemed

very loud, but I supposed that that was what I had come to the war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered, as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance: "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years, and I never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed. I was acting on the principle of doing the duty which came next my hand, and obeying all orders which were given to me. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battleflags, that was my misfortune.

Edward E. Hale

"My First and Last Battle"

Civil War Papers Read before the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts

(Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States: Massachusetts, 1900): 6-7.

† Curtana †

A Fictional Portrayal of a Navy Chaplain

The XO announced swim-call after lunch. Placing his sharp-shooters on the fantail, he let down the nets and all the red-hots went over into the briny green, the Chaplain first among them. More *Jaws*-cautioned types leaned over the guard-cables to watch—and got what they came for.

A six-foot, red-hued, mako shark swiftly appeared, wanting to be included in the frolic. On his arrival, panic broke out. Swim-call was secured. Bodies scrambled up ladders hastily tossed down. Rifles rose to the shoulders of the shooters, sights aimed.

Meanwhile, the Chaplain, who had been skimming just under the surface, seemed unaware or at least unbothered by the intrusion. Only as the last net was being hauled up did he surface and, despite shouts, scale the ropes in his casual, self-absorbed manner, as if entirely oblivious to the teeth snapping beneath him.

"The Chaplain sure must be close to God for that mother to have missed him," an E8 next to Tony breathed.

"I understand the Chaplain's fully qualified to walk on water," Ops Officer Fretaszyn quipped that evening at dinner, once the tale had made the rounds. . . .

The Chaplain, who had pushed the XO to call swim-call in the first place, kept mum. Only when the others had cleared off did he comment. To Tony, he claimed that he took the incident as a justification for his belief in Epicureanism: "When

you realize that you can be here one minute and gone the next, you decide you'd better have a good time, live for the present. A little wine, a bad woman, a good cigar . . .”

Chip Martin

Float Test: Interlinked Tales of the American Navy
(Starhaven, 2001): 104-05.

† Curtana †

A Positive Assessment of Civil War Draftees

An American Civil War Union chaplain defends the dedication and quality of draftees, who were considered less stalwart than their volunteer counterparts.

Much has been said, and written, in praise of the enlisted man in the War of the Rebellion. But he has received no more than his due; in fact, too much cannot be said in his praise. As a soldier he excelled all who went before him. For loyalty, courage, patriotism, patience, power of endurance, he has no peers in history. And yet, lest we forget, let it be said that there was a soldier of another class, who fought, bled and died that his Country might remain the “Union forever,” who merits an honorable mention in the annals of that war—the *drafted man*; and those who say he was not so good a fighter as the enlisted man, and a great grumbler; that he was a brawler in camp and a play-out in the march; that he ate more rations and went more frequently to the sick call than the enlisted man, shamefully misjudge him. They know not what they say.

As a *drafted man*, I have some items of experience with some notes of observation, that I desire recorded, hoping that some who never knew anything of a soldier's life by an experience of their own, as well as those who have, may be interested in reading them.

My father and mother had a supreme veneration for their flag, and taught their sons to be willing at any time to die in its defence. There were three of us, and each of us marched to the front under Old Glory during the Civil War. The two older *enlisted*, I was *drafted*.

Why I did not Volunteer

I had taken upon myself the vows of the ministry, and consecrated myself to the one work of preaching the gospel; and also, being in poor health, I did not consider myself an able-bodied man. But I said, if the Government shall say that I must take up arms in her defence, I will obey without a murmur, and will serve her in that way to my best ability.

And This is what Happened

At the session of the Minnesota Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in September, 1864, I was appointed to a new field of labor about 80 miles from where I then lived; and having forwarded my household goods, the next day with my family I started for my new charge, and had driven perhaps three miles when I met the Provost Marshal, who summoned me to appear at an early date before the "Examining Board" at St. Paul, that it might know whether I was an able-bodied man, as I had been drafted. In due time I presented myself for examination, and after a proper amount of thumping, and pinching my body, and looking at my eyes, and then causing me to stand in different positions, that intelligent "Examining Board" delivered the following verdict: "You are not physically able to pass as a Volunteer, but you will do as a drafted man."

So I went into the army as not being able-bodied enough to serve my Country as a *Volunteer*, but I would do as a *drafted* man. I have often wondered if my case was an anomalous one, or were other drafted men in poor health passed in the same way? That strange decision of the Examining Board made me suspect that the drafted men were at a discount in the army, and did not fare as well as the Volunteers. And yet I resolved however I might be looked upon as a drafted man, I would serve my Country to my best ability in whatever condition I was placed.

After being mustered in, I donned the blue and was ready for military service. For a few days I was kept in a stone building in St. Paul with a small squad of drafted men, but was given the freedom of the city, by which a painful monotony of life was avoided. After which we were sent to Fort Snelling. Here I remained until I was taken with some 90 drafted men to Kingston, Georgia, by Colonel J.W. Bishop, who commanded the 2nd Minnesota Inf. Vet. Vol.

Fort Snelling

At Fort Snelling, drafted men, substitutes and bounty jumpers were all kept in the "bull pen." Here we were taught the art of soldiering. We turned in at night at the sound of the bugle, and in the morning we turned out at the call of the same. We went to rollcall, stood on guard, mounted guard, drilled, went on dress parade, etc., etc. I had no feeling of appreciation for such a life.

The officers seemed to think that a drafted man should be kept under guard all the time. There were some lawless men among our number, but most of them conducted themselves well. It was easy to find fault, make trouble, and get into the guard house. I performed my duty the best I could, and kept my tongue bridled. After a few days I was detailed to help Lieutenant Bingham in his office, and was excused from all duty, except roll-call. I was also allowed to visit the sick in the Hospital at my pleasure, and, there being no Chaplain at the Fort, I was requested to hold Divine service on the Sabbath, which I did. Some of those drafted men were devout Christians, made no unnecessary trouble for the officers, and aided me in our religious services.

Levi Gleason

“The Experiences and Observations of a Drafted Man in the Civil War”

Glimpses of the Nation’s Struggles

(Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U.S. Minnesota, 1909): Volume 6: 545-47.

† Curtana †

Surprised by the Lack of Demonic Horns

In the spring of 1892 I visited the battle-field of Gainesville . . . We spent two days in looking over the battle fields of Gainesville and Bull Run, making our stopping place at Mr. J. Dogan’s farm on which the 2nd Wisconsin had made its fight.

While we were at Mr. Dogan’s in the evening, sitting on the porch, the neighbors came in to discuss with us the events that took place in that vicinity thirty years before. Now—

All felt glad for rest.
Where none molest
And none can make afraid
For white-winged peace
Who sits as plenty’s guest
Beneath the Homestead shade.

Among those who came was Mr. Dogan’s sister-in-law. When she found I lived in Minnesota, she told me that she was a little girl when the 1st Bull Run battle was fought, and that she went with her mother to the Stone House used as a Hospital after the battle, to look at our wounded.

Rev. E.D. Niel of St. Paul, who was the chaplain of the 1st Minnesota Regiment, it will be remembered, remained with our wounded and was there at the Stone House. After gazing at our wounded for some time she turned to her mother and said “Mama, these men haven’t got horns!” Some one had told her the Yankees had horns and in her childish innocence she credited the story. The chaplain put his hand on her head and said “My dear child, these people are like your own.”

The lady bade me remind Mr. Niel of the incident and to present to him her kind regards, but before I was able to do so the good man had gone to his eternal home.

William H. Harries

“Gainesville, Virginia, August 28, 1862”

Glimpses of the Nation’s Struggles

(Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U.S. Minnesota, 1909): Volume 6: 157-58.

Chaplains Excepted from Sharing Officers' Drink

This was one thing in which the old army had the advantage of the present. The *spiritus frumenti* of half a century ago was good and cheap, and the advantage was duly appreciated. They did not take the trouble to decant it into bottles, it was left in the demijohn [a large bottle often encased in wickerwork] until wanted for use; then tipping it up gently on your right arm—I have seen it done—and giving the vessel a tilt, you poured all you wished into a tumbler, you had all you desired. As to using water with whisky, I remember one of the old Mounted Rifles who, when asked if he wished water in his liquor, answered, “Do you take me for a camel?”

This was the way in the quarters of the bachelors. When the officer was married he did not use so large a measure. After being married I kept whisky and cherry on my sideboard and never even let an officer leave my house, unless he was the chaplain, without asking him to “Change his breath.” We did not always drink when invited, and this reminds me how unpleasant the host sometimes made you feel when you declined his invitation. A drunken man or a drinking man always wants people to drink with him.

This is the rule whether the man lives in the city or in the wilds. The cowboy on a spree will sometimes shoot if you refuse to drink with him. The habitual drinker, wherever he is, will be displeased under the same circumstances. Your refusal is a reflection upon his condition or habit. I was once sitting in an officer's quarters when another officer coming in was asked to take a drink. He accepted, and as he had the demijohn on his arm and about to tilt it asked me if I would not drink. I replied, “No, I thank you,” whereupon the host broke out, “No, damn him, he won't drink, and sits there watching us, expecting to gain promotion by our death.” You had to be careful about refusing as well as in accepting such invitations.

Michael R. Morgan

“Types and Traditions of the Old Army”

Glimpses of the Nation's Struggles

(Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U.S. Minnesota, 1909): Volume 6: 369-70.

† Curtana †

He Found Life Despite His Imminent Death

The Chaplain of the Second Ohio Regiment recently said that eight had died out of the regiment of which he is chaplain: and he blessed God that they all died in the triumphs of faith. Among them was a young man whom he once heard swear profanely. He reproved him. He swore again, and said it was none of his business. He reproved him again, but to no purpose. He then reminded him of the interest

his parents felt in him, of their kind instructions, and of the instructions he had received in the Sabbath School.

This broke him down, and in a few days he united with the “Christian Band.” In three weeks afterwards he died and in his parting words he thanked the chaplain for his faithfulness to him, and said: “Tell the Colonel, tell my captain, tell all my friends, that I thank God I ever came into the army.”

Journal of the American Temperance Union
(August, 1866): 44.

† Curtana †

A Fair Reflection of the Three Chaplains’ Worth?

In the picturesque ivy-covered chapel of the [Washington, D.C. Soldiers’] Home are held, every Sunday or holiday, the religious services for the members. The services of one Catholic chaplain at \$50, one Episcopal chaplain at \$50, and one Lutheran chaplain at \$25 per month are engaged; who, in addition, visit the sick, attend the funerals, and attend to the other duties of their profession. None of them reside at the Home. The capacity of the chapel is 200, and the services, numbering 3 each Sunday or holiday (one of each denomination), are reported to be well attended.

Annual Report of the Secretary of War
(Washington, 1902): Volume 8: 75.



Remnants of a supernova appear as a ribbon in space.
Photograph taken by NASA's Hubble Space Telescope.
Photo courtesy of NASA.

“The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with every kind of jewel. The first was jasper, the second sapphire, the third agate, the fourth emerald, the fifth onyx, the sixth carnelian, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh jacinth, the twelfth amethyst.”

Revelation 21:19-20 (ESV)

Curtana † Sword of Mercy

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