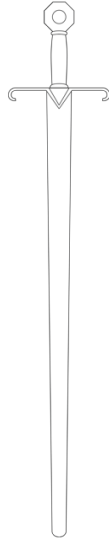
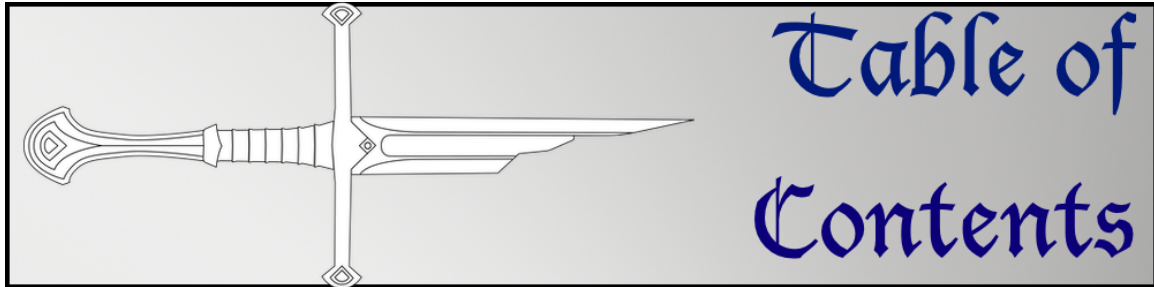


A Journal for the Study of the Military Chaplaincy

Volume 7 Issue 2 (Winter 2020)

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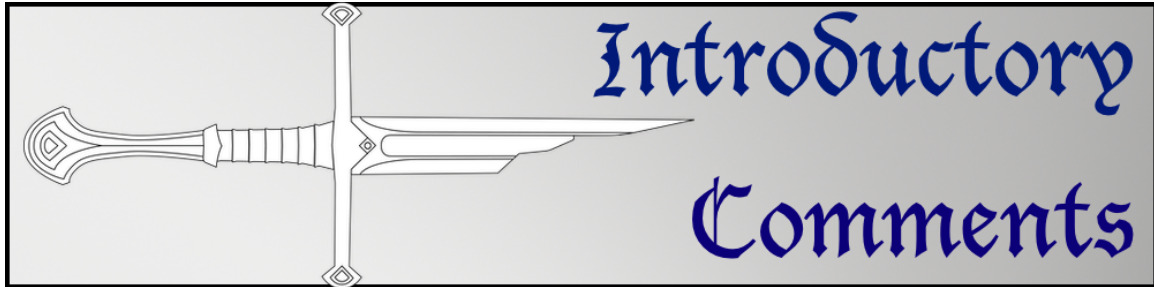
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An Introduction to the Current Issue

It has been a challenge to get this issue together, which the editor would like to blame on the continuing pandemic.

Unfortunately, that is counter-intuitive. With so many potential writers restricted to their homes as we wait for our vaccinations to take effect, an editor might hope to find a surplus of interesting articles to publish for eager readers around the globe.

In truth, soliciting manuscripts is seldom simple. Which leads us to this reminder—there are readers who would love to hear *your* recollections and thoughts about issues related to ministry in the military.

After all, if you do fail to preserve your wisdom for future generations, it is destined to perish. So, just avoid that sad prospect by writing to *Curtana* today.

Unpacking the Contents

This issue includes three articles, two of which are new. The third, an essay by science fiction author Frederik Pohl, is actually included with the second article, which provides a context and analysis of Pohl's forecast for the distant future.

Pohl's article originally appeared in a United States Army journal devoted to the chaplaincy. It can be read independently, or it can be enjoyed in its broader context.

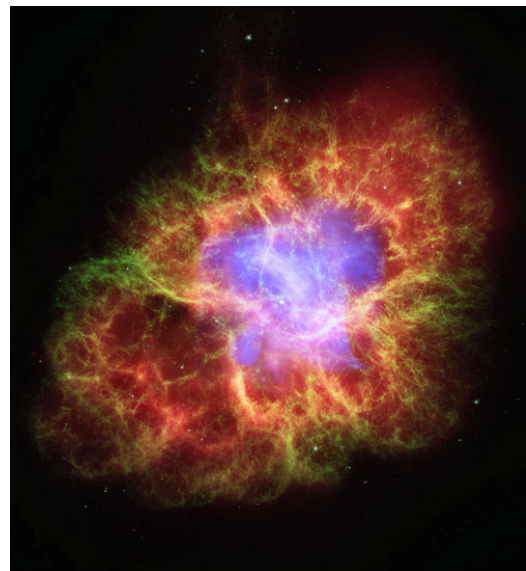
This issue also features a provocative editorial in the form of a chapter from a post-WWI book published by a decorated British chaplain who was in the process of becoming a pacifist. It is quite fascinating.

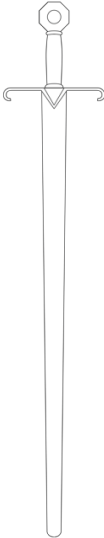
You will also find three regular features in the following pages:

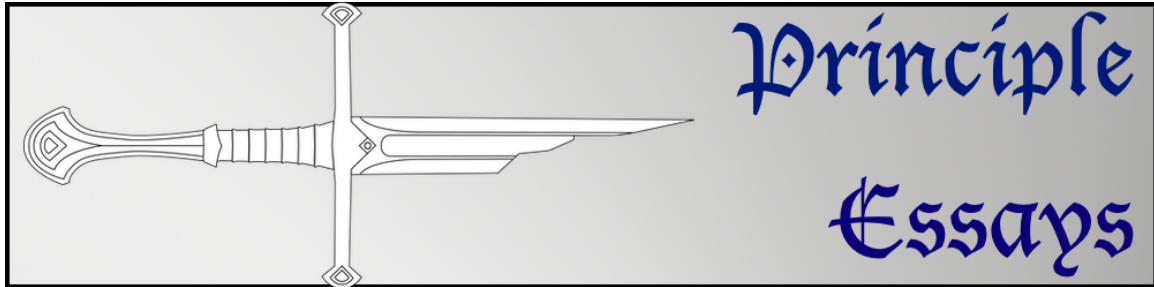
- ↔ Military-Themed Poetry
- ↔ Civil War Chaplain Data
- ↔ Quotations from a Wide Variety of Sources that Relate in Some Fashion to Military Chaplaincy

We hope you enjoy the issue. And, don't forget, there is always room for you to contribute to *Curtana: Sword of Mercy*.

RCS







Thoughts on Experiences as a Woman and a Chaplain in the United States Army

Gail Porter

Entering the Army after college was going to be a 4-year “one and done” prospect for me. I was simply going to give back the time I owed from the Reserve Officers’ Training Corps (ROTC) scholarship I accepted at a state university. I was not a Christian believer at this time. I was convinced my Bachelor of Arts in Business Administration was going to set me up perfectly for working long enough to earn a Master of Business Administration. Then I would start making real money.

But God knows the end from the beginning and knew how my experiences in the Army would turn my life in a new direction. The Army kept sending me places I wanted to go, and giving me jobs I wanted to do, so I kept putting off getting out after those required four years. Then, at one duty station, the people at the local chapel seemed very different from anyone I’d ever met before. They certainly had challenges in their lives, but they didn’t seem to be bothered by them nearly as much as I was with the problems that were bothering me. I wanted what they had!

A Change in Course

A few months later, I came to know that God was a very personable being who really cared about me, and I accepted Jesus as my savior. My outlook on life changed dramatically and shortly thereafter I felt called into military chaplaincy. This seemed very odd to me at first because I wasn’t sure that this was something a woman should be doing. But as a person who now truly had a relationship with the Triune God, I understood the unmistakable voice of the Holy Spirit. He used different friends, family members, and even mere acquaintances to assure me this was the direction He desired for my life.

The years I had spent in the service up to this time had given me much “insider” knowledge about rank structure, different kinds of Army units, and what it was like to miss family events due to deployment. It had also given me “insider” knowledge about the subtle—and sometimes blatant—discrimination experienced by women serving in the military at that time.

What my prior service didn’t teach me was how spiritually starved many people were, and how unable they were to even to ask for the spiritual food they craved. After all, most of my time in the service prior to becoming a chaplain was as an individual who had few or no spiritual questions. My previous military experience also failed to prepare me for my new identity. Upon setting out, I did not perceive how being a woman, who was also a chaplain, would be regarded by both chaplains and by other soldiers.

Once I returned to active duty as a chaplain, in a unit with over 950 people, I discovered a spiritual hunger that derived from turmoil in the lives of those I encountered. God revealed this deep need to me in the personal counseling, marriage counseling, and family counseling I was involved with over the years. What I discovered was a surprise to me. I found that being a woman who was generally a decade or so older than most of those I ministered to was truly an advantage.

Being Prepared for the Mission

Most of the people I ministered to were men who were younger than me and were far away from home. Being a woman who was closer to their mother’s or their auntie’s age than their own, provided me a unique opportunity. My age and gender allowed people to think in ways they didn’t usually think, and to express thoughts and feelings they didn’t usually express. I discovered this was especially true for issues involving sexuality.

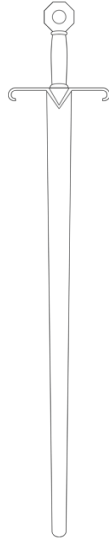
One situation I remember clearly involved a young, 20-something man who had been sexually assaulted by another man in the barracks. The assailant was both older than his victim and outranked him. He reported it immediately through his chain of command but was still struggling with severe personal and spiritual issues related to the difficult situation. He desired several sessions in order to be able to process what had happened during the incident itself, and what was going on during the legal procedures that followed. Both my similar religious background and my presence as an older woman seemed helpful to him as he unloaded the burdens of his heart and soul. He appreciated my earnest support as he made his way throughout the ordeal of appearing before the court martial of the accused. He indicated that his chaplain’s encouragement proved especially beneficial after the court martial was completed and he began making plans for going forward with his life.

A situation involving a woman who had an elective abortion ten years earlier is another example of how a being a chaplain who is also a woman turned out to be an advantage when ministering. This Soldier was not even in my unit and in fact was in a unit on the other side of the large installation where we were stationed. She specifically wanted to speak with another woman, however, so she called me and made an appointment. We had only one session together, but it was an extremely intense one. This woman had wrestled

spiritually with many issues surrounding the abortion and was oppressed by lasting personal guilt. We met for over an hour as she related the whole story to me. Not only did we talk together, but we cried together, and prayed together as well. This precious opportunity came because she had a chaplain who was a woman with whom she felt she could truly open up with.

My experience makes me consider God's reputation for using traits that others have labeled "less than" for His amazing results. Moses was one who stuttered when he spoke, Rahab was a prostitute, Paul was blind, and Peter was a blue collar worker with no formal education. I remember what His word says in Psalm 145, "The Lord watches over all who love Him". Following His guidance when it doesn't seem to make sense has shown to make the most sense of all during my relationship with the Lord.

My original plan was to get an education that would ensure my financial security and worldly success. I was a bit surprised to learn how satisfying my career as a line officer was in the Army. It was so rewarding, that my civilian plans faded in significance. But I am truly happy that ultimately all of "my" plans fell aside as I followed the Lord's leading and took my place in the ranks of the Army's chaplains. Wearing my military uniform and my cross. What could possibly be better?



What the Future Will Bring

Predictions Offered to Chaplains by Frederik Pohl

Robert C. Stroud

One theme of the current issue of *Curtana: Sword of Mercy* is the future. Our world changes more rapidly every year, and sometimes those alterations are radical. Who could have anticipated two years ago how a viral contagion would escape from a Chinese lab to kill millions and alter our world so dramatically? Some scientists claim life will never again be the same. Yet the prospect of never regaining the societal health and freedom we once enjoyed seems inconceivable.

In looking toward the future, we can consider how the military chaplaincy approached this very task forty-five years ago. Nearly half a century ago, a popular science fiction writer was invited to compose the centerpiece article of a special issue of an official United States Army publication. The Summer 1976 issue of the *Military Chaplains' Review* featured his article in an issue devoted to peering into the future of our nation, and our broader global community. At the beginning of his essay, Frederik Pohl declared:

The great truth about change is not only that it is happening, not even that it is happening more rapidly than ever before, but that the rate of change is accelerating all the time. The United States in the year of its bicentennial is far different from the fledgling agricultural federation of 1776. The United States at the time of its tricentennial, a hundred years from now, will be almost unrecognizable, in fundamental ways.

The editor of the journal pulled off a literary coup in securing this major article on futurism written by one of the world's most prolific and respected science fiction authors, Frederik Pohl (1919-2013). Due to his lengthy career as a writer and editor, Pohl was inducted into the Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame in 1998. Since America was celebrating its bicentennial in 1976, Pohl's topic was what the nation might be like upon its tricentennial. Pohl provided a substantial, thoughtful article. Unfortunately, for those curious about his thoughts on spirituality, he opted to focus on science, and (probably wisely) avoided for the most part the minefield of religion. Nevertheless, his article was quite thought-provoking, and expressly intended for a chaplaincy audience. Thus, it seems fitting to reproduce it now for *Curtana's* readers, as we stand near the brink of the United States' sestercentennial.¹

The forward-looking issue began with "The Best and the Worst of Times," by the Army Chief of Chaplains, Orris E. Kelly, whose military career spanned 1944-1979. In his introductory column, Kelly noted a universal truth: "A large amount of uncertainty exists, especially about the future, and that's where you and I will spend the rest of our lives."²

The initial article in the journal was written by Chaplain David G. Boyce (1928-2013), “a member of the US Army Chaplain Board [who] formally represents the Board in the area of futurology.”³ Boyce’s article, “The Management of Change,” includes a diverse collection of predictions about where we might be in the future. The following probable changes by 2000 (twenty years ago!) originated with “Rand Corporation, one of the well known think-tanks.”

New food sources will have opened up through large-scale ocean farming and fabrication of synthetic proteins. Controlled thermonuclear power will be a source of energy. New raw materials will be derived from the oceans. Regional weather control will be past the experimental stage. General immunization against bacterial and viral diseases will be available. Primitive forms of artificial life will have been generated in the laboratory. The correction of hereditary defects will be possible. Automation will have advanced from menial robot services to sophisticated, high IQ machines. A universal language will have evolved through automated communication. On the moon there will be mining and manufacturing of propellant materials. Humans will have landed on Mars.

Boyce accurately—and ominously—writes “Science fiction has a very high batting average in anticipating possible futures. The society depicted by Aldous Huxley over thirty years ago in *Brave New World* becomes more of a reality every day.” And, speaking for the science fiction universe, the Army Chaplain Corps recruited the esteemed Frederik Pohl

Frederik Pohl: Author, Editor & Veteran

Frederik George Pohl Jr. (1919-2013) is one of the stellar figures in the science fiction constellation. An obituary in *Science Fiction Studies* described his singular accomplishments. “He was the closest thing to a ‘Renaissance man’ the genre has ever produced.”⁴ And this talented polymath accepted an invitation to share his thoughts about the future with a limited audience of military chaplains. Perhaps it was because he possessed a personal appreciation for chaplains? After all, Pohl was himself a veteran.

Before that, he was already a notable member of the science fiction community. And, as an idealistic, misguided teenager, he joined the Young Communist League. (YCL) Pohl left the organization after the 1939 Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact revealed Communism’s hypocrisy in the signing of a non-aggression pact between Soviet Union and Germany (so the two fascist regimes could tear Poland in half and crush its people). In his autobiography, Pohl entitles the chapter “Boy Bolsheviks.” When a friend shared he had joined the YCL, Pohl says “I was startled and thrilled. It seemed a very grown-up thing to be.”⁵

Unsurprisingly, the Communists were deceitful recruiters. At the first meeting he attended, the speaker announced that Communists were “no different from any other American youth, except in good ways: Smarter, more alert. More socially conscious . . . Communism,

he told us, was Twentieth-Century Americanism.”⁶ And the subversives made some headway, for a season.

From 1940 on the Communist apparatus became a lot less benign and a hell of a lot more conspiratorial, but I was long gone by then. I suppose that even in the 1930s some sort of infrastructure was being laid. But I saw no signs of it, no trace of anything that I could not reconcile with the Pledge of Allegiance and the Boy Scouts’ oath.⁷

Private Frederik Pohl entered the United States Army on April Fool’s Day, 1943. During his stateside training, he was assigned to the Army Air Forces (USAAF), and trained to serve as a weatherman. According to Pohl, “the weather wing picked up all the high-IQ oddballs in the Air Force.”⁸ He performed those duties in the European theater, with the 456th Bombardment Group, which flew B-24 Liberators from Italy. His wartime familiarity with the Italian Peninsula would later find its way into a number of the author’s stories.⁹

Far beyond Pohl’s affinity for Italy and its history, the war left its lasting impression on the veteran. His humorous anecdotes about becoming a weatherman quickly transition into a sober account of the war’s terrible cost.

I wound up with the 456th Bomb Group—Colonel Steed’s Flying Colts,” for God’s sake—in a place called Stornara, surrounded by walnut groves, a few miles from the Adriatic on the Foggia plain.

The 456th flew B-24s, clumsy four-engine bombers that rumbled out to Romanian oil installations and Yugoslavian marshaling yards every day they could fly. They did not always come back. Sometimes they didn’t even get out of sight of the field. We lost a few on takeoff—*blam!* and a pillar of smoke at the end of the runway—and one awful night, at the time of the invasion of southern France, two pairs of B-24s collided as they were forming up and another was ignited by a scrap of debris, so that five of them were burning in the air at once over the field. The equation

5 B24 = 50 O+EM [officers and enlisted]

solved itself in all our minds, and we ground crew stood staring while those fifty human beings died. Some of them jumped, but none of them lived, because the parachutes were on fire.¹⁰

Eventually Frederik Pohl returned to the civilian world, and his life as a science fiction writer and editor. He was quite successful in both regards. In addition, he wrote and spoke about the serious study of the future—the topic of his *Military Chaplains’ Review* article.

While the essay avoids speculation about the religious elements of 2076 America, Pohl was comfortable in discussing religion in his science fiction. He often did so from a satirical

or humorous perspective. Frederik Pohl was a member of the Unitarian Universalist Association. Their denominational website includes an article discussing why “so many ‘geeks’ found their spiritual home in Unitarian Universalism.”¹¹

Geek culture is an almost impossibly broad umbrella term, but the UU Geeks group has generally focused on the love of science fiction and fantasy, comic books, role-playing, video games, and popular science. Several notable figures in geek culture were UUs, such as *The Twilight Zone* creator Rod Serling and authors Ray Bradbury and Frederik Pohl.¹²

An obituary on the website of a retired journalist touts two of Pohl’s books, proudly declaring the writer “was a Unitarian-Universalist, like me, and UUs will be amused by the Unitarian minister protagonist in *The Cool War* and the Unitarian exorcism performed in *A Plague of Pythons*.”¹³ To illustrate Pohl’s playful literary approach to religion, let’s consider passages from these two novels. The setting in *A Plague of Pythons* is a hearing where the proceedings are interrupted by a frightened child.

The judge was enraged. “Well, that’s just fine! Now we have to take up the time of all these good people, probably for no reason, and hold up the business of this court, just because of a child. Bailiff! I want you to clear this courtroom of all children under—” he hesitated, calculating voting blocks in his head—“all children under the age of six. Dr. Palmer, are you there? Well, you better go ahead with the—prayer.” The judge could not make himself say “the exorcism.”

...

Dr. Palmer rose, very grave, as he was embarrassed. He glared around the all-purpose room, defying anyone to smile, as he chanted: “Domina Pythonis, I command you, leave! Leave, Hel! Leave, Heloym! Leave, Sother and Thetragrammaton, leave, all unclean ones! I command you! In the name of God, in all of His manifestations!” He sat down again, still very grave. He knew that he did not make nearly as fine a showing as Father Lon, with his resonant *in nomina Jesu Christi et Sancti Ubaldi* and his censer, but the post of exorcist was filled in strict rotation, one month to a denomination, ever since the troubles started. Dr. Palmer was a Unitarian. Exorcisms had not been in the curriculum at the seminary and he had been forced to invent his own.¹⁴

Chaplains will note here the irony of monthly “rotations” of the clergy wherein each was expected to fulfill the same set of duties, however poorly prepared they might be.

The Cool War was published as a novel in 1981, after appearing in serial fashion in *Asimov’s Science Fiction* in 1979. The protagonist, “Rev. H. Hornswell ‘Horny’ Hake,” coincidentally happens to be a Unitarian Universalist minister. The book begins with his discovery that the government had used him to secretly convey a virus to Europe in the bodies of unaffected young students. This virus targeted people in the prime working years,

and laid low the population, crippling their industries. Rev. Hake longs to find forgiveness, but has a unique problem.

Every priest has someone to confess to, a rabbi has another rabbi, even a Protestant minister has some ecclesiastical superior. H. Hornswell had no one like that. He was a Unitarian, alone as any ship's captain in command. The idea of laying his problems on Beacon Street would have struck him as ludicrous if it had entered his mind at all. . . . And he wanted to talk . . .

It is not an easy thing for a man to discover that he has infected half a continent. It clawed at his mind. Hake's life agenda was not clear to him, but parts of it were certain. Most certain of all was that his goal was not to make people sick but to make them well. [Now, however,] he saw himself as a Typhoid Mary on a continental scale.¹⁵

Another Frederik Pohl story bears mention here as well. It does not feature a religious character, but it does involve the genetic tailoring of a viral weapon. In "The Kindly Isle," however, this germ is not intended merely to make people ill and inhibit their productivity. Here, the bug is intended to be lethal. An unsuspecting individual is delighted with his rewarding job, until he discovers "I was helping people develop a virus that would turn normal people into psychotics."¹⁶

Actually the kind of warfare we dealt with at the labs wasn't bacteriological. Bacteria are too easy to kill with broad-spectrum antibiotics. If you want to make a large number of people sick and want them to stay sick long enough to be no further problem, what you want is a virus.¹⁷

It can be a terrible thing when science fiction too closely correlates to the future—in this case, to our present. Wouldn't it be wonderful to live in a world where global powers devoted none of their energies to such potential mass extermination projects? Frederik Pohl would most certainly have wished his stories about government-spawned pandemics did not prove prescient. But now it is time to turn to his essay and see precisely what was on his mind when he wrote this for chaplains in 1976.

"Toward the Tricentennial" by Frederik Pohl¹⁸

I am a science fiction writer, which means I spend my working life making up fantastic stories about adventures in strange places and times. I began doing this when I was seventeen and now almost forty years later, a grandfather, I am still doing the same thing. There are some differences to be sure. Science fiction has become immensely more respectable than it was in the 30s; colleges teach it as part of the regular curriculum, foundations support it, even governments acknowledge its existence. The audiences are far larger—some hundreds of millions of people have read my own stories, in some forty languages all around the world. But when you come right down to it, what I do for a career is pretty close to what I did as the

idle recreation of a rather immature teenager, and every now and then I confront a question that goes something like: “Isn’t that a funny way for a grown man to spend his life?”

I have an answer to that. I’ve borrowed it from my friend and colleague Arthur C. Clarke; when he was asked why he wrote science fiction in preference to anything else, he said, “Because it’s the only literature that is concerned with reality.”

That may be a strange claim to make for a kind of writing that has often concerned itself with bug-eyed monsters from the planets of Procyon. But it’s true. The great reality of our time is change. And change is what science fiction is all about. Other novelists, poets, essayists, historians—they are in the business of recording it as it happens. Science fiction writers are in the business of anticipating it before it becomes real.

The great truth about change is not only that it is happening, not even that it is happening more rapidly than ever before, but that the rate of change is accelerating all the time. The United States in the year of its bicentennial is far different from the fledgling agricultural federation of 1776. The United States at the time of its tricentennial, a hundred years from now, will be almost unrecognizable, in fundamental ways.

Not even a science fiction writer can guess at some of those changes, but a few are rather clear: tomorrow’s realities, the realities of the tricentennial year. What are these realities?

The first and foremost is the reality of high-cost energy. We are never again going to see thirty-cent-a-gallon gasoline.

There is a good chance that by the tricentennial year of 2076 that fact will have been accepted and absorbed into the social structure, and life will go on as happily, productively and rewardingly as it is possible for human life to be. But between now and then the human race is going to experience an energy famine, so that the electricity you use to light your homes and the gasoline you use to drive a car will all increase at least tenfold in cost—real cost; the equivalent of today’s dollars, regardless of whatever play-money figures inflation may produce. There simply is no way to avoid it.

Of course, we have all heard of marvelous new energy sources which are coming into existence, and we have been promised that, one way or another, they will give us the energy we need: nuclear fission plants, breeder reactors, hydrogen fusion from the sea, shale oil from the Rockies, the tar sands of Canada, geothermal power from the heat inside the earth, wind power, wave power, sun power. None of these is a fantasy, exactly; but neither is any one of them exactly real.

I could spend more space than I have available discussing the realities of each of these proposed energy sources, but they all seem to fail in one of three ways. Some fail on the grounds of unacceptable damage to the environment. Some fail on the simple arithmetic of net gain of energy: if you count all the costs, you find you are putting more energy into the process than you get out as fuel. And some fail purely because of the high capital costs they entail; they will produce plenty of energy, but at a price so high in construction that the energy must be sold for many times its present cost.

For example: There's no doubt that there is plenty of energy available from wind power. Holland pumped its polders dry with windmills, western farmers watered their cattle with wind-driven pumps; at Grandpa's Knob, Vermont, a generation ago, the Smith-Putnam wind generator was rated at 1.25 megawatts and successfully fed power into the Vermont grid all through World War II. But it is more than thirty years since Grandpa's Knob produced a watt of electricity, because it simply was not competitive with electricity generated from cheap oil. It will become competitive again, to be sure—but not at 1945 prices, and probably not at 1976 prices.

The question of net energy return is crucial to any estimate of energy resources. A million tons of oil in situ is not the same as a million tons delivered to a refinery, to be made into gasoline for your car. There are places in America where all you have to do is poke a stick in the ground and stand back; oil comes pouring forth—or did; most of those fields have long since been exploited. Saudi Arabian oil lies much deeper, but once the wells are dug it comes out cheaply and easily. Oil under the North Sea is something else again: the technology required is at the very limits of scientific knowledge, the costs are immense and the uncertainties serious. And to secure oil from the shale rock of Utah and Colorado may well be a losing proposition under any circumstances.

One expert's estimate is that, while it is perfectly possible to mine the rock, cook it, extract kerogen and distill it into oil, pipe it to where it is needed and refine it into commercially valuable products, the energy requirements are such that for every gallon of gasoline you get out of the refinery you may well have expended more than one gallon to get it there.

Almost the same arguments apply to atomic power—at least, of the kind we now take for granted, from light-water fission reactors. It takes uranium to fuel them. There is a great deal of uranium in the world, but most of it is in very dilute concentrations, very expensive to extract. The most productive mines are already in operation, and their output (it is called “yellowcake”) is rather fully committed. Some experts say that any atomic power plant completed after 1976 will have to face an uncertainty as to whether yellowcake will be available to fuel it for its operational life. There are other possible kinds of fission power plants, but the other varieties have flaws of their own, not least of which is that few can be on-line producers in time to alleviate the energy crunch.

A more serious flaw is the well-known danger of plutonium-235. Pu²³⁵ is the stuff atomic bombs are made of; it is also highly toxic chemically, physically perilous in a radioactive sense, and long-lived. The wastes from a breeder reactor are a political danger as soon as the system begins to operate: the risk of terrorists acquiring the few pounds of plutonium necessary to make an atomic bomb raises problems that have never had to be solved before, starting with the capacity for a tiny group to threaten any city in the world with the fate of Hiroshima. The same wastes remain a danger to every living thing for a period so long that it can scarcely be comprehended: a quarter of a million years, fifty times as long as all of recorded history.

It is the danger to the environment which finally dooms most of the proposals for major new energy sources. Even if you can protect plutonium from hijacking . . . even if you can find ways to deal with poisonous by-products and cure the damage of air, water and soil pollution . . . even if science succeeds in solving all the technological problems and society accepts the costs . . . even so, there is one danger innate to all energy sources that rely on chemical or nuclear combustion: Heat.

Every time you split an atom or burn a crumb of coal you release heat into the environment. And every year we release more heat than the year before, four or five percent more each year, like compound interest. According to Constantine Generales, the human race has been doing this since the time of the Minoans, 3400 years ago; and, he adds, if we keep on doing it for another 3400 years we will be releasing so much heat into the atmosphere that the temperature of the surface of the Earth will be the same as the temperature at the surface of the sun.

Clearly, long before that we would all be dead.

Equally clearly, that is a long way off, and surely the human race would stop its increase in the use of energy sometime before the year 5400 A.D. But when? We don't have to reach the temperature of the sun to destroy every living thing on earth; we only have to reach a mean surface temperature of around 212° Fahrenheit for that—then the oceans boil off as steam. Long before that we melt the polar ice caps and submerge New York and Los Angeles, London and Rio de Janeiro under three hundred feet of ocean. Long before that we change the climate so drastically that Kansas and the Ukraine become deserts. And long before that—no one knows when, some think within the next century, some even within the next few decades—we change the mean annual temperature in certain parts of the world (most particularly and surely our own 48 contiguous states of the U.S.A.) to such an extent that the consequences cannot be foreseen.

The paradox of “limitless” nuclear fusion of the hydrogen from sea water is that even if we had it (and we don't; no one has yet succeeded in generating one net watt of power that way anywhere in the world), we would have to limit our use of it.

What remains to hope for? In one sense, a great deal. Solar power, for instance. All forms of renewable power in general.

The problems are severe, but they are not intrinsically hopeless. We can safely use every watt of solar, wind, tide or hydroelectric power we can generate, and the ultimate reserves are very large. But they are not infinite; and they cost a great deal in capital construction.

So we come back to two reliable statements: **1**, energy is never going to be cheap again—which means that the world is going to have to rethink its ideas of where people live and how they live: possibly the end of the suburbs (because of the wastefulness of automobile transportation), probably the end of large cities in locations where the climate requires year-round air-conditioning.

And, **2**, sooner or later—but the sooner the better—an end to the growth syndrome. There is room for argument as to the exact date when the human race will have to kick the growth habit. There is not much room for arguing about the fact that sooner or later it is inevitable. There is no escape from Generales's heat curve.

I have spent a lot of space on this one argument because my conscience makes me do it. Half the politicians, and nearly all the business leaders, are telling us not to worry. I don't believe we can afford to do that, and so I want to get my message across as clearly as I can: **WORRY**. Worry that we may, in our folly, go on trying to make each year bigger than the year before, more GNP, more per capita wealth, more gadgets in more homes, more people, more of everything. Worry most of all that the people who tell us not to worry will prevail.

But I don't want to paint too black a picture. I believe with all my heart that we can't go on having More and More. But I would not suggest for one second that we can't have Better.

Let's assume a condition worse than anyone believes to be true. Let's make believe that we have as of this bicentennial year reached the absolute maximum of energy production for all time, and that effective immediately the 4% annual increase stops.

Can we deal with this situation without seeing all the comforts and joys of our lives dwindle away?

You bet we can! For openers, probably half the energy generated in the world is purely wasted. If we put our minds to it—if there was any real incentive to do it—we could reduce our use of energy 4% a year. The first steps would be as simple as turning off unnecessary lights, walking or bicycling on short errands in nice weather instead of taking a car, setting the thermostat a couple of degrees lower in cold weather, and higher in warm. We know we can do that much; we did it, in the brief flurry of concern after the Arab oil boycott.

The next steps are a little harder, but still not really painful. When you buy a new car, trade down instead of up; smaller cars use less gas. Make the old car do a year or two longer (the energy involved in building a new compact is around 44,000 kilowatt-hours—as much as you spend in driving it for a year.)

Design new buildings to be energy-conservative (glass-fronted skyscrapers are only possible if you consider energy so cheap as to be not worth worrying about). Enforce the 55 mph speed limit. The amount of gas used to overcome air resistance goes up as the cube of the speed. It takes twice as much at 70 mph as it does at 55. Reduce the number of commercial airline flights to fill up the empty seats—the average load factor is not much over 50%, which means that every time 90 people go from California to Hawaii, the airlines burn up almost enough fuel for 180.

Those are all simple enough things; there are a thousand other measures like them, all of which can be done at once. The really big economies are harder, slower and more expensive. But they are not at all impossible, and some of them may well turn out to be rather nice.

The way we build our homes and offices is a conspicuous waste of huge quantities of energy all by itself. Buckminster Fuller points out that if you were going to design a maximally efficient radiator for the purpose of getting rid of heat, what you would come up with would likely be a large number of needle-shaped objects pointing into the sky—an exact description of New York City, or almost any other large urban area in the world. Suppose, said Fuller, you put a huge plastic dome over a city like New York. At once you cut your heat loss in winter by something like 90%. Perhaps you do even better, because the right kind of plastic would produce a greenhouse effect, converting the entire city into a kind of hothouse. Does this mean it would be intolerably hot in summer? No! The movement of air through the dome, entering at the bottom and venting at the top, produces its own cooling effect. Students at the University of Science and Technology in Kumasi, Ghana, built a 70-foot Fuller dome for the Accra fairgrounds: its natural, energy-free air-conditioning worked so well they called it “the chilling machine.”

Carry it a step farther. Inside the dome you don’t want to pollute the air; in fact, you want to refresh it, because it doesn’t change very rapidly. So you plant flowers, trees, vines, gardens; the temperature is right, the conditions can be whatever you want them to be, there is no reason New York City could not become a verdant bower.

You can’t allow much burning under the dome, because of air pollution. No gasoline-driven cars (but small electrically driven ones, plus rapid subways and trolley-buses). No oil-burners for heat, or coal-fired generating plants for electricity. Those have to be outside the dome. But most of them are there already; land is simply too valuable in the heart of a city to waste it on steam plants. Leave them where they are. As new ones are needed build them, say, near the shores of Long Island Sound. Their emissions can be controlled to eliminate air pollution—

it is far easier to do that with large central plants than with a thousand small ones. Generating plants produce another kind of pollution—thermal pollution; the waste hot water left after the steam has driven the last low pressure turbine and been condensed. Disposing of this has always been a problem, but it can be turned into an asset. Use that water to warm Long Island Sound. Fertilize it with the sterilized sewage of the city itself. Seed it with some kind of food crop—mussels are a good candidate; and Long Island Sound alone can grow enough protein a year to meet the needs of the whole population of the United States.

All this is a major effort, to be sure, but not one that is out of reach. The entire program, timely begun and spread out over a period of years, would cost not a great deal more than we now spend in building and rebuilding cities like New York as a matter of regular routine. And the benefits would be considerable. The dollar saving would be great. The energy saving greater still. And the amenities of the city would be once and for all restored.

In fact, it is not unreasonable to imagine that the city could become more attractive than the countryside, so that suburbanites would yearn to re-migrate, leaving the paved and intemperate communities of Connecticut and Westchester for the clean air and verdant greenery of Times Square and Harlem.

Low-energy technology does not have to be bad technology. The transistorized stereo playing in the background as I write costs no more than the Atwater-Kent I listened to as a child, draws far less current and produces an incomparably richer sound. Do you want gadgets?—personalized computers, 3-D TV recordings, instant communications to anywhere in the world from wherever you happen to be? I promise you all of them long before the tricentennial, along with a thousand other inventions it has not yet occurred to us to want.

I promise you a great deal more than that, whether we be energy-poor or not. What I do not promise is that all of the new things we will find we can't live without will be for our good—either in material ways, or in moral.

What would you think, for example, of a little gadget that you could carry in your pocket, no bigger than a pocket watch, that could give you the equivalent of a shot of heroin, just by pushing a button?

That is not a century away. The technology already exists. There are certain areas of the brain called “pleasure centers.” If you insert a fine platinum electrode into the pleasure center and stimulate it with a tiny electric current—a few milliamperes—the subject receives a sensation of pure pleasure. If you wire a laboratory animal in this way, a white rat or a guinea pig, and put it in a cage with a switch the animal can operate to give him the jolt of joy, he will learn to push that switch. Having pushed it once, he will go on pushing it—again and again; he will push the switch over and over, with single-minded persistence, almost oblivious to food or drink or the charms of female animals, until he falls asleep in exhaustion,

and wakes to push it some more.

Human subjects report the sensation as being great pleasure; so far there have been very few, all persons who have had brain surgery for some other reason. But the installation of the electrode itself need not require major surgery. The external end of the electrode could be concealed beneath the scalp. A pocket battery set could provide the current by induction: touch the joy machine to the head, push the button and experience a jolt of pleasure, any time at all. Apart from the original installation, it is almost free. It does not cause physiological addiction, in fact, it is hard to see any adverse consequences at all short of the moral and character aspects.

More than that. It is not only pleasure centers that can be stimulated. A tiny electrical current applied to other parts of the brain produces quite different effects. At Yale, Dr. Jose Delgado has wired the brain of a bull to a radio receiver so that a person can persuade the bull to charge, fifty yards away Delgado pushes a button on his transmitter and the bull halts in mid-charge and begins to graze. Or the opposite. Scientists have not yet mapped all the areas of the brain, but it seems certain that the key can be found to excite or suppress almost any kind of behavior by electrical stimulation. Can a man be wired to become an assassin? Can a whole army be wired to disregard the instinct for self-preservation? Can any group of people—factory workers or concentration-camp inmates—be wired to dismiss fatigue and pain, and go on working till they die? Very possibly yes to all of them.

All of this is very real; but even if it were not, the opportunities to control human behavior exist in other ways: B.F. Skinner's behavior modification, operant conditioning, whatever.

It seems to me that the questions raised by behavior control bring us face to face with one of the greatest moral problems of the next century, a problem that humanity has never had to face before. Like most moral problems, it will be upon us before we are ready for it. There are those who would put a stop to this sort of research for just that reason, because they do not see how to answer the questions it raises. But the technology itself is value-free. Technology is only a tool, like a hammer. It can be used to build a house, or to beat someone's brains in. It is the way in which it is used that gives it its moral quality, for good or for evil; and probably the hardest question of all is to know which is which.

Freeing a slave from pain so that he can work himself to death for you is obviously Evil. Freeing a terminal cancer patient from pain so that he can live out his last months productively and in peace, it seems to me, is equally obviously Good. Unfortunately the two aspects come as a set; if we buy one, we get the other as well. And we also get all the intermediate aspects, where the morality is far from clear.

For an even more abrasive moral question, let us look at what the biological sciences have in store for us between now and the tricentennial.

Most of us would agree that to save human life by means of an organ transplant is a good thing.

Organ transplants, of course, happen now. But they don't happen as a natural thing to everybody; millions of people still die because of the failure of a vital organ without even an attempt at a transplant. There are many reasons for this. For one, transplants don't always work. The body often rejects them, because their chemistry is not the same as its own, except in the case of identical twins. For another, spare parts are scarce. You cannot transplant a heart to save a life unless some other person has lost a life—and conveniently done it in such a way as to leave the heart functioning and intact.

But biology may give us a way to grow spare parts. The procedure is called “cloning.” A clone is an exact genetic copy of an organism. Twenty years ago some people at Ann Arbor, Michigan, succeeded in cloning a carrot. That is, they cut out a piece of a carrot, treated it chemically, and made it grow an exact duplicate of itself. A few years after that some people at Oxford, England, cloned a frog. They took a sample of tissue from a dead frog and by various manipulations they made another frog which was an exact genetic copy of the dead one: an identical twin, conceived and born after the first frog was dead.

Now, no one has yet cloned a human being. But it's in the cards. If we wanted to do it, all we would need to do to bring it about would be to make it the sort of national goal that the atomic bomb and the space program were: a Manhattan Project sort of effort, though probably on a considerably smaller and cheaper scale. We could be pretty sure of making it a reality within a few years—as sure as we were of success with the bomb and the space program, at any rate. Even without such a project, it will probably come about anyway, and long before the tricentennial.

What would this mean? For openers, it would mean a good prospect of vastly longer life, in nearly perfect health and strength, for any human being who could take advantage of it. (Really, for any human being who could afford the doubtless very high dollar price.)

The first thing to do is give up a sample of tissue from your own body. It does not need to be very much; the amount your doctor takes for a biopsy would be ample, and perhaps it could be no more than the few cells you scrape off your skin when you scratch an itch. (Every cell of the body contains the complete genetic code for the whole body, fingers, toes, brain and all.)

Probably the sample would be implanted in the nucleus of a human ovum. (There are plenty of those around; every female human produces and discards four or five hundred in her life.) It might be fertilized parthenogenetically (chemically or physically), or by artificial insemination using your own donated sperm. (If you are a woman, the easy second choice won't work, but the first remains a good

possibility.) The embryo comes to term, either in a borrowed human uterus or in a test tube. It is “born” as an exact copy of what you were at birth, an identical twin. You allow it to grow up to roughly adult size—say, at least the age of puberty. And there it is, a living storehouse of spare parts for you. Your body would not reject the parts, because there is no difference between its parts and your own.

Of course, there is one problem. If you need a liver, say, and take it from your clone, then the clone doesn’t have one. It would die. It might even refuse to give its liver to you.

It might refuse . . . if it had the power to make decisions. But suppose at the very beginning you inhibited the development of its brain. Suppose you kept it as a mindless, consciousnessless organism, perhaps supported on a heart-lung machine, all through its existence. You needn’t be “cruel” to it. If you thought it might be suffering pain, or even discomfort, in spite of its mindless state, you could give it a nerve block, either surgically or by electrical stimulation, or by trickle-feeding it some sort of super-novocaine. You could keep that fresh meat in storage perhaps all your life. And if the cloned spare-parts supply showed signs of wearing out, you could always donate another scrap of tissue and start another clone.

Does this seem outlandish? It has been suggested, and not just by science fiction writers. Even more. Suppose you are a woman and you want a child, but don’t particularly care for the trouble of childbearing. Your clone can have the child for you: conceive it through artificial insemination, bring it to term and deliver it. When it is born you can pick the baby up and take it home. In every biological sense it is your own child. No fuss, muss or bother . . . for you.

What it would be for the clone is, of course, something else again.

In this short essay I cannot hope to exhaust the spectrum of possibilities that lay between ourselves and the tricentennial. I have not said a word about intelligent machines. (But the best consensus of expert opinion is that we will have machines capable of scoring 150 or better on a standard IQ test before the end of this century—which is to say, machines as smart as a human genius, by the exact standards we use to measure human genius.) I have not touched on space exploration or colonization. (But Gerard K. O’Neill, at Princeton, has testified before congress on the feasibility of establishing space cities of a hundred thousand population or more at what is called the L5 point in the orbit of the moon.) I have only hinted at the bright hopes for new kinds of agriculture, and the almost certain disasters that it is probably too late to avoid for some parts of the ecology. (Have we polluted at least part of our oceans past the point of no return? No one knows for sure, but some suspect it is so.)

So, at the end of this essay, *let me confess the truth about predicting the future: it cannot be done, except in the most limited of ways, with any exactness, because the act of prediction itself can change the course of events.* Predictions of excess

population growth have turned out partly wrong, and part of the reason for that is that as people became aware of predictions they voluntarily limited the size of their families.

There is a more fundamental problem. As Dennis Gabor says, “You cannot predict the future. You can only invent it.” It is not difficult to see what is *possible*, at least within limits. But to convert what is possible into what is real requires an act of will. We would not have landed a man on the Moon in the 1960s if it had not been for the fact that John F. Kennedy, shopping for a major event to mark what he hoped would be his second term in office, made the decision to allocate the resources to make it happen. The recipe for the future is one part inertia, one part opportunity and three parts decision. If enough individuals make the personal decision to conserve energy, we will conserve energy. If a large government makes the political decision to build Gerard O’Neill’s space colonies, we will have a city of human beings in orbit around the earth.

To speak about the tricentennial of the United States at all requires a certain act of faith. How do we know there will be a United States in the year 2076 AD? I don’t mean to suggest any particular disaster that might befall us as a nation (although I could think of half a dozen real possibilities in five minutes, if asked). But on actuarial grounds alone, the life-span of world powers is not very reassuring. We tend to think of our American nation as brash, puppyish, adolescent; but actually our country is already rather old, as world powers go.

Look at the other significant nation-states in the world today. There are only two, really—the Soviet Union and mainland China—and we are twice as old as the other two combined already. Once a nation begins throwing its weight around on the world stage, its life-span is seldom much more than our present age. If you take into consideration the rapidly accelerating pace of events of all kinds, you may well conclude that only a miracle will keep our country alive and more or less unchanged through the tricentennial year.

I happen to believe in that miracle. Against the track odds, and bearing in mind all the reasons for pessimism in our particular case, I think the country will survive and, although I am sure it will pass through times of troubles, will be well and happy a hundred years from today.

I cannot give a reason for that, only faith. Faith not only in America, but in the essential educability and good will of human beings. The problems that confront us are not only grave but unprecedented. But, without exception, they are man-made problems. We have learned to cope very well with the world around us, less well with our own blunders and venalities. But what problems we have created, we can surely also solve if we want to. All it takes is an act of will.

I think we—we Americans, and we members of the human race—have that will, and will exercise it.

Besides serving as the President of the Science Fiction Writers of America organization, Mr. Pohl is much sought after as an author and lecturer. His published works, too numerous to list here, total more than seventy books, hundreds of articles and dozens of essays and special think pieces.

Toward the Tricentennial: Revisited

Some of what Frederik Pohl postulated in 1976 is well underway. Much of the remainder of what he suggested remains on course to be fulfilled in the half century standing between today and 2076.

It is not at all surprising that energy sources should have been such a major part of Pohl's thinking. After all, the disruptive Organization of Arab Petroleum Exporting Countries embargo was a very recent memory when he wrote. Energy issues continue to receive significant attention from the press, and although advances are incremental (and often debatable), they do transpire each passing year. The related predictions about the human impact on global warming have continued to grow more acute since Pohl wrote, and hardly a day passes without media attention to the subject.

Three of the subjects in the essay, however, demand the attention of military chaplains today. The first for its political implications. The second and third for their moral and ethical nature.

Who says the United States will even survive until its tricentennial? This is the question shockingly posed at the article's conclusion. "To speak about the tricentennial of the United States at all requires a certain act of faith. How do we know there will be a United States in the year 2076 AD?" That question is not as ludicrous as some would prefer to regard it. A Harvard study found the mean lifespan of an "empire" coincidentally coincides with the age of the United States.

Using the data set of lifetimes of 41 empires from 3,000 BCE to 600 CE (see Appendix), I found that imperial lifetimes can be fit to an exponential distribution, $\lambda = e^{-\lambda t}$, with a parameter value of $\lambda = 0.46$ and an expected mean imperial lifetime of approximately 220 years.¹⁹

Obviously there are international agencies that would savor America's collapse. These include not only terrorist organizations and rogue nations. Perennial rival, the Russian Federation—and more aggressively, the People's Republic of China—actively work to undermine America's stability. Combined with the increasing internal divisions within the United States and tightening governmental control, the question of the nation's survival, intact, is not simply rhetorical. As Pohl has claimed, once a nation becomes dominant, "its life-span is seldom much more than our present age. If you take into consideration the rapidly accelerating pace of events of all kinds, you may well conclude that only a miracle will keep our country alive and more or less unchanged through the tricentennial year."

An analysis of national constitutions is even less encouraging. In a massive²⁰ study, the University of Chicago Law School examined the “lifespan” of written constitutions. Amazingly, they discovered “national constitutions have lasted an average of only seventeen years since 1789.”²¹

This is an unsettling estimate of life expectancy for a document whose basic function is to express guiding national principles, establish basic rules, and limit the power of government—all of which presuppose constitutional longevity.

The world is turbulent, and arguably becoming increasingly so.

We also note that the trend toward shorter lifespans over the 200 years remains even after we control for a full set of covariates. Constitutions adopted from 1919-1944 are more vulnerable than are those adopted in earlier periods, and those adopted in the post-1945 period are more fragile still.

Our analysis of the constitutional life cycle leads us to think of constitutions as rather fragile organisms. Indeed, the average citizen outside of North America and Western Europe should expect to see her country cycle through six or seven constitutions in her lifetime. That estimate, of course, will depend on general levels of stability in any particular country. Those states that are the setting for crises such as war, internal violence, and coups should experience more frequent change.

In regard to the brevity of the existence of world powers or “significant nation-states,” we see the amazing irony underscored. “There are only two [others]—the Soviet Union and mainland China—and we are twice as old as the other two combined already.” Who would have imagined in 1976 that one of these Communist empires would collapse?

The survival of nations and constitutions aside, people of faith may rightly be even *more* concerned with a second consideration raised by Pohl—manipulation of human brains. Surely, advances in neurology have blessed many, including combat veterans who more frequently than the general population suffer from traumatic brain injury. Neuroscience also offers increasing hope that we may find “miraculous” ways to address Alzheimer’s disease and related conditions precipitating dementia.

However, and it is a huge “however,” the danger of abusing these advances is even more pronounced than when Pohl wrote. His discussion of self-stimulating the “pleasure center” of our brains with the touch of a button is the proverbial stuff of nightmares. If (or when) such an ultimate epicureanism comes into being, what percentage of humans will devolve to the point where they are indistinguishable from laboratory rats? Rats who “will push the switch over and over, with single-minded persistence, almost oblivious to food or drink” until the collapse in an exhausted sleep and awake only “to push it some more.” And, as

for the implications of actually controlling other humans with implants, *Kyrie eleison*.

Pohl asks, “Can a whole army be wired to disregard the instinct for self-preservation?” We clergy who have served in the armed forces can best imagine how truly horrible this would be. May it never come to pass.

The final concept explored by Pohl we will consider further is the matter of human cloning. If limited to animals—especially extinct species, as in the Jurassic Park franchise—some would be comfortable. After all, the corollary scientific discoveries can help doctors treat genetic aberrations in human beings. However, when we consider the cloning of humans, we are walking on holy ground, in the sense of trespassing where humanity should dare not go.

Cloning is a central feature of a growing number of science fiction novels and films. Occasionally it has been treated as a humorous oddity, as in *Multiplicity* (Columbia Pictures, 1996). But as the actual cloning of animals has progressed, its more ominous ramifications have been explored. *The Island* (DreamWorks and Warner Brothers, 2005) posits a sterile community where exceptionally competent workers can be promoted to life on an idyllic island. In truth, the selection is timed for whenever the rich individual whose clone they are needs one of their organs. The film’s force comes in the fact that the clones are *real people*, with every element that makes us human. Except, of course, for the legal right to a free life.

Pohl notes the scientific “solution” to this. We can simply clone a new body without needing a brain, or at least anything more than a brain stem. That’s not a problem, advocates would argue, since the brain is not one of the cloneable organs, or extraneous replacement body parts, anyway. Yet, the ethical problems clearly remain. The renowned science fiction author cannot feign distanced objectivity at this point. The clone, he suggests, might decline to self-sacrificially offer up its liver “. . . if it had the power to make decisions.”

But suppose at the very beginning you inhibited the development of its brain. Suppose you kept it as a mindless, consciousnessless organism . . . You could keep that fresh meat in storage perhaps all your life. And if the cloned spare-parts supply showed signs of wearing out, you could always donate another scrap of tissue and start another clone.

Is this grim eventuality unavoidable? Short of the Parousia’s intervention, it is quite feasible. In Pohl’s words, human cloning “will probably come about anyway, and long before the tricentennial.” Due to the prospect of international outrage, such activities would be conducted in the darkness. According to the United States National Human Genome Research Institute (NHGRI), “despite several highly publicized claims, human cloning still appears to be fiction. There currently is no solid scientific evidence that anyone has cloned human embryos.”²² Sadly, as the suspicious origin of the current COVID-19 pandemic amply attests, some totalitarian regimes are not inclined towards transparency. As the NHGRI states, “solid scientific evidence” is presently absent.

So, we leave it there. Frederik Pohl was invited nearly fifty years ago to ponder what might transpire during the next century. Much of what he envisaged has come to pass. No doubt more of his predictions will prove accurate. Let us hope it is the optimistic innovations that come to pass, and that we will be spared the pain of those changes which are truly dreadful.

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¹ The Sestercentennial is also called a semiquincentennial or even a Quarter Millennial, and occurs on 4 July 2026.

² The full text of Chaplain Kelly’s remains quite applicable to our contemporary context:

One of our dilemmas is that our knowledge is about the past, but our decisions are about the future. We learn from the past, but how helpful is history in the midst of the radical change we are experiencing. We have few precedents to guide us through these kaleidoscopic times. So much has happened: two global wars, nuclear fission, population explosion, cybernetics, Freud, Stravinsky, Picasso, Ionesco, moon landings, Telstar, euthanasia, wonder drugs, heart transplants, computers, credit cards, robots, ethnic revolutions, the Beatles, and an assassinated President. These, along with a list of other events from our recent past, tend to convey not only a sense of change, but of loss—the sound of a door shutting to the past.

To say we are caught between a past that is much from the present, and a future that we know will be immeasurably different from both—is commonplace. We are slowly realizing, however, that one age has ended, but the new one has not yet begun. Charles Dickens wrote:

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way . . .

Though written in 1859, these lines somewhat prophetically, if not disturbingly, describe the contemporary situation. A large amount of uncertainty exists, especially about the future, and that’s where you and I will spend the rest of our lives.

Those who wrote for this issue of the Review recognize the “best” and the “worst,” the “wisdom” and the “foolishness,” the “hope” and the “despair” of the times. They, however, carry us further by allowing us to view the future through their eyes. Each seems to suggest that we will have a future, but that we must take charge of it today. We are to participate in our future even now, building it with whatever materials we possess, and move into it with hope. Along with hope we are reminded to carry with us honesty, responsibility, humility and love whose potential has yet to be fully appropriated in any society.

For better or for worse the future is pressing upon us. The decisions we must make are not easy ones. By maintaining our trust in God and each other, by cherishing the vision of what we are capable of becoming and to cherish the development of the same in others, by enjoying lifelong intellectual and spiritual growth, by cultivating the capacity to feel and express love and joy, tragedy and grief, and by viewing humanity as one while respecting diversity and difference today—tomorrow humanity might be able to say, “These are the best of times.”

³ Chaplain Boyce kept a comprehensive diary during his 1966-67 service in Vietnam. The manuscript is currently available from a Fine Books collector for several thousand dollars. See the note in the “Eclectic Citations” section of this issue of *Curtana: Sword of Mercy*.

⁴ Rob Latham, “Frederik Pohl,” *Science Fiction Studies* 41.1 (March 2014), 233.

⁵ Frederik Pohl, *The Way the Future Was: A Memoir* (New York: Ballantine, 1978), 60.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 61.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 64.

⁸ *Ibid.*, 146.

⁹ In addition to including Italy in several of his science fiction works, Pohl also published a nonfiction biography of Emperor Tiberius Caesar Augustus in 1960. He wrote it under the pseudonym Ernst Mason. Tiberius is acknowledged to be one of the most licentious and violent of Rome’s rulers.

¹⁰ Frederik Pohl, *The Way the Future Was: A Memoir* (New York: Ballantine, 1978), 144.

¹¹ Erik Gern, “The Chalice and the Force,” *UU World: Liberal Religion and Life* (Winter 2015). uuworld.org/articles/chalice-and-force.

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ Phil Ebersole, “The Great SF Writer Frederik Pohl is Dead,” *Phil Ebersole’s Blog*, 6 September 2016. philebersole.wordpress.com/2013/09/06/the-great-sf-writer-frederik-pohl-is-dead.

¹⁴ Frederik Pohl, “A Plague of Pythons,” *Galaxy* 21.1 (October 1962), 115. It continued as a sequel in the December issue. Following publication in *Galaxy*, a science fiction pulp magazine, it was published as a book.

¹⁵ Frederik Pohl, “The Cool War,” *Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine* 3.8 (23 August 1979), 106. Pohl’s work should not be confused with “The Cool War” by Andrew Felter which was published in another science fiction magazine, *Galaxy*, in June 1963. Coincidentally, Pohl was the editor of *Galaxy* at the time. This is not to suggest impropriety, as the stories are quite dissimilar and American copyright laws specifically exempt titles from protection. Under certain circumstances titles can, however, be trademarked.

¹⁶ Frederik Pohl, “The Kindly Isle,” *Isaac Asimov’s Science Fiction Magazine* 8.11 (November 1984), 63.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 62.

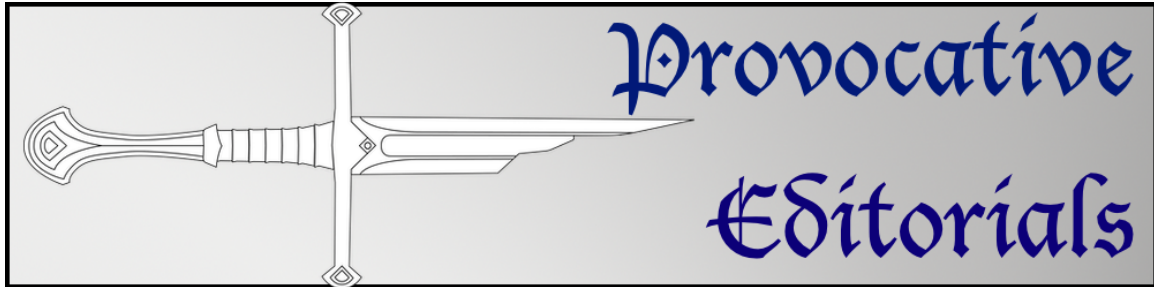
¹⁸ Pohl’s essay is reproduced here in its entirety from the original source: Frederik Pohl, “Toward the Centennial,” *The Military Chaplains’ Review* (Summer 1976), 8-19.

¹⁹ Samuel Arbesman, “The Life-Spans of Empires,” *Historical Methods* 44.3 (July-September 2011), 128.

²⁰ The study “identified every major constitutional change—whether replacement, amendment, or suspension—in every independent state since 1789.”

²¹ Thomas Ginsburg, Zachary Elkins, and James Melton, “The Lifespan of Written Constitutions,” *The University of Chicago Law School*, 15 October 2009, www.law.uchicago.edu/news/lifespan-written-constitutions. “The median lifespan is only eight years, while the mode is a miniscule one year.”

²² “Cloning Fact Sheet,” *NIH: National Human Genome Research Institute*, genome.gov/about-genomics/fact-sheets/Cloning-Fact-Sheet, updated 15 August 2020, accessed 20 March 2021.



Lies!

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

These editorial comments come from the troubled pen of a British Chaplain who served in the trenches of the First World War. Chaplain Kennedy was best known as “Woodbine Willie,” an Anglican chaplain whose poetry circulated widely even as the conflict still raged. In 1919 he wrote a book entitled Lies! which offered an unrestrained condemnation of the destructive forces which fostered hatred and destruction. His belligerent critique did not spare “theology and religion.” The following comprises the dedication, introduction and first chapter of the volume.¹

Dedication

To all those who feel that the title is an exact description of the contents, this book is respectfully dedicated in the hope that a second reading may lead them to think otherwise.

Introduction

It is an unsatisfactory business this book. I feel rather like a man driven desperate by midges on a summer's day. This post-war world is black with lies—biting and buzzing round everything. This wretched thing is too small to do much damage, and it must be spoiled by all the biting I have suffered as I wrote it. The only way to write pure truth in these days would be to write nothing but prayers.

But people are so bitten with lies that they have lost the taste for pure prayers. If one gets near enough to God, lies don't matter, they are harmless ; but it is the getting to God. There are so many poor unfortunate beggars that cannot see any God for this cloud of lies. We must get out of it and get to God or Well, I do not know what is coming, but it is going to be something awful. There's a bad smell about—a very bad smell ; it is like the smell of the Dead—it is the smell of dead souls, I can smell hell.

If only men could smell once more the lilies that grew by the Empty Tomb! They must—they are there. In the future there must be, not death, but Resurrection. Get to work and bury the Dead—bury the dead, and make room for the living. There are too many lies. I only know one sure and certain refuge. I find it on my knees. But that is selfish—or is it? Perhaps one ought to pray and not write. But I must write. Why don't people pray? That is the only real weapon. There are a lot of prayers worked into this. It may do some good. God grant it does no harm. If you think it will, pray that it may not, and then write and curse me. It may help.

G.A. Studdert Kennedy
St. Paul's Vicarage,
Worcester,
Oct. 1, 1919.

The Book of Broken Dreams

The Bible is in one way the saddest book in the world. Its supremest beauty is the beauty of its broken dreams. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and say unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins." The words thrill one down the ages with their beauty of courage and hope; but it is a heart-rending beauty when one compares the dream with the reality of history. Peace, Prosperity, and Comfort were always coming to the Holy City, but they never came. There is only one Bible prophecy about Jerusalem that ever found literal fulfilment, and that was uttered by One greater than the prophets, in a voice all choked with tears:

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children, even as a hen, I gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy Peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

That was the end of the prophet's dream, a dreary ruin and a silence only broken by the wailing of his people outside their shattered walls. The dream was broken on the rocks of History. So it is with all the Bible's fairest dreams, when one faces facts. Hundreds of books have been written to show how prophecy has been fulfilled; very ingenious books which juggle about with figures, and play with arbitrary rules to prove that the writer of the Book of Daniel knew about Napoleon. They all seem to me to be a jumble of pathetic nonsense. The truth about Bible prophecy is that it has never yet come true. It remains to be fulfilled. God's golden age lies on ahead.

I wish someone, instead of being content with playing with figures and the number of the Beast, could make it come to pass that "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." When? When is it coming True? Is it ever coming True? Hope springs eternal in the human breast—and a good thing too, or history would have killed it centuries ago. But history cannot kill hope. That is the wonderful part of it. We have just been through another Hell, and we are at it again, dreaming dreams and seeing visions, a new Britain, a new Europe, a new World, and Peace, lasting Peace. The air is full of dreams. Will they ever come true?

Peace we were pledged, yet blood is ever flowing:
Where on the earth has ever Peace been found?
Men do but reap the harvest of their sowing,
Sadly the songs of human reapers sound.

Sad as the wind that sweeps across the ocean,
Telling to earth the sorrow of the sea.
Vain is my strife, just empty idle motion,
All that has been is all there is to be.

So on the earth the time-waves beat and thunder,
Bearing wrecked hopes upon their heaving breasts,
Bits of dead dreams and true hearts torn asunder.
Flecked with red foam upon their crimson crests.²

Will history repeat itself, and bring our dreams to ruin on the rocks of time? History is so utterly merciless about War. We in Britain were accustomed to think of the nineteenth century as a time of progress, prosperity, and peace. That was a comfortable lie. The facts turn me sick. The real nineteenth century was just a shambles. There was War in the world regularly every four years. I carried the facts—the dry facts of history—out to France in 1915. I was always interested in military history. Yes, that's the word, interested. I was just interested because I knew nothing. Battles were just the movements on the chess-board of the world to me. I was as innocent, as fatuously, idiotically innocent as most young men of my generation. I carried the interesting facts into my first battle, and there they came to life, they roared and thundered, they dripped with blood, they cursed, mocked, blasphemed, and cried like a child for mercy. They stood up before me like obscene spectres, beckoning with bloody hands, laughing like fiends at my little parochial religion, and my silly parochial God.

I can remember running over an open space under shell-fire trying madly to fit in the dates, and every shrieking shell kept yelling at me with foul oaths: Now do you understand, you miserable little parson with your petty shibboleths, this is W—A—R—War, and History is War—and this is what History means. How about gentle Jesus, God the Father, and the Peace of God—how about it? I saw the face of Christ in His agony, and remembered some Sunday School children singing in shrill childish voices:

Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Then I found the man I was looking for, and stopped thinking. But as I think again of the nineteenth-century Wars it all comes back to me. It isn't this War, it is History in the light of this War that we Christians have to face. Here is the case in a nutshell. Does God will War? Is it part of His mysterious plan? Are the Militarist historians right?

I answer: "If God wills War, then I am morally mad, and I don't know good from evil." War is the most obviously wicked thing I know. If God wills War then I am not an atheist, I am an anti-theist. I am against God. I hate Him. Does God hate War? Does He will its abolition? Does He will Peace on earth? Does God will that the Bible's broken dreams come true? That to me is an obvious Truth—the first one. Why doesn't He make them come True then? Because He can't without our willing co-operation—that is to me another obvious Truth, the second one. Whatever God does for us must be done through us. It is no use asking God to make Peace for us over our heads. It must be made by us with God's help.

Do you think that this is the business of the League of Nations ? Are you trusting to President Wilson to utter a magic Peace be still, and hush the storms of Europe into calm? I tell you God Almighty can't make Peace without your help, never mind President Wilson or Lloyd George. There is only one Power that can make Peace, and that is the Power of God at work in the hearts and minds of the great mass of the human race—the Power of God at work in Public Opinion. This is the power that can change the world, God in Public Opinion. For centuries the people have been driven into Wars like sheep, because there was no Public Opinion. The people did not think these matters concerned them. They were not allowed to think. The great new power that the progress, the weary, blood-stained progress, of the years has brought to birth is the power of Public Opinion, and every man, woman, and child in the world has a duty to perform in creating, fostering, and supporting it. That is the real meaning of Democracy for which we have been fighting.

There is a lot of sickening cant and claptrap talked about Democracy. To most men it means anything or nothing. Our politicians at election times teach us that it means getting each his private heaven by voting for it. Except ye vote for Mr. Snooks and the Coalition ye cannot see the Kingdom of God. We are spoon-fed on splendid platitudes like "Government of the people, for the people, by the people." Which means exactly God knows what. The first meaning of Democracy is duty, universal duty. It means that every man and woman bears a responsibility, and has a duty to perform for their country, for Europe, and the world.

Actual executive government must always be carried on by the few for the many. Public Opinion must always be created as a power by the many for the few. In that work of creation we all must and do bear a part. The individual mind is the drop out of which, when it is multiplied by millions. Public Opinion is formed. The call of Democracy is to every man and woman: "What think ye? Do you think at all, or do you merely drift?" The greatest

enemy of Democracy is drift. Drift means death, death of heart and mind and soul, and Democracy demands life. If that demand is to be satisfied, it means that every man and woman needs to have above all things principles.

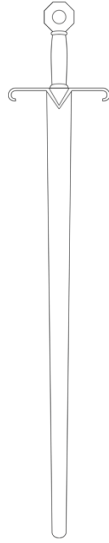
A man without principles is a man inevitably adrift, as useless as a broken plank upon a stormy sea. What are your principles, your real principles? Have you any? Are you a Christian? How much are you prepared to bet that Christ is right? Would you bet me £5 that Christian principles can be applied to industrial and international affairs, or would you rather bet me £50 that the man or nation which applied them would go to the dogs? I believe there is only one way in which the Bible's broken dreams can be made true, and the world secure its lasting Peace for which our bravest and our best have died, and that is by creating a Public Opinion which is prepared to bet its life, its liberty, and its bottom dollar that Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; a Public Opinion which demands insistently that the principles of Christ shall be applied to individual, national, and international problems for their solution.

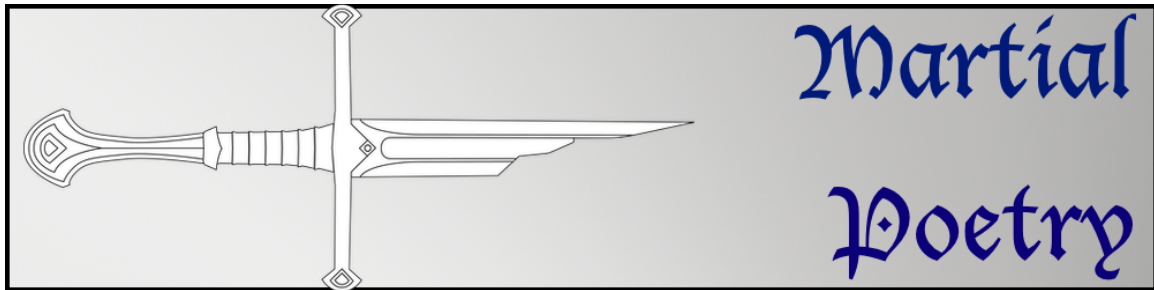
What are the essential principles of Christ, and how do they apply to the hundred and one practical problems bound up with the dream of Peace? That is the first great question which I believe every patriotic Christian ought to ask himself to-day, and to which he ought with single-hearted perseverance to seek an answer. That is our first duty as members of a great Democracy. What I'm out to do in this book is to try and help in a small way to answer that great question.

By all the concentrated horror of these four ghastly years, by the broken hearts of widows and their lonely, loveless lives, by the agony of England, and by her bloody sweat God calls us all to honest, fearless thought. I believe we shall respond. I believe the Bible's broken dreams are only broken to be formed anew, and become still more glorious. I believe that eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for those that Love Him—Love Him, with a living, reckless Love of heart and mind and soul. Only we must Love Him, and we must know Him Whom we Love. We must think.

¹ Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy, *Lies!* (New York: George H. Doran, 1919). The complete volume is freely available via Internet Archive. The pages reproduced here consist of ix-10.

² These stanzas are taken from Kennedy's previously published poem, "The Suffering God." The full poem is available in *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* by "Woodbine Willie" (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton, 1918). The complete poem consists of nineteen stanzas of four lines each, and may be found on page 41 of this issue of *Curtana: Sword of Mercy*.





Military Muses

Nothing But an Old Soldier	Daniel R. Lucas
Screens (In a Hospital)	Winifred M. Letts
The Deserter	Winifred M. Letts
Irish Nocturne	C.S. Lewis
Race of Veterans	Walt Whitman
Not Youth Returns to Me	Walt Whitman
Reconciliation	Walt Whitman
For a War Memorial	G.K. Chesterton
On Returning to the Front After Leave	Alan Seeger
August, 1914	Vera Mary Brittain
Soldier: Twentieth Century	Isaac Rosenberg
The Suffering God	G.A. Studdert Kennedy

Contributors:

Vera Brittain (1893-1970) was an English writer who became a pacifist after serving as a nurse during World War One. During the 1920s she was a prominent speaker on behalf of the mission of the League of Nations.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1883-1929) was a popular English writer and literary critic whose wit and profundity continue to influence writers today. He was a strident apologist for Christianity, especially of his own Roman Catholic version.

Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy (1883-1929) was an Anglican priest who served as a chaplain during the First World War. Nicknamed “Woodbine Willie,” due to his popularity in distributing cigarettes to the frontline troops, he was also a popular poet. He earned a Military Cross while serving on the Western Front, by aiding the wounded in no man’s land during combat.

Winifred M. Letts (1882-1972) was an English writer who resided for the major part of her life in Ireland. During World War One she worked as a nurse at army camps in Manchester. Her poetry was very popular, and her poem about deserters, printed below, is particularly poignant.

Clive Staples Lewis (1898-1963) remains one of the world’s most popular writers. He is best known for the *Chronicles of Narnia*, but also wrote literary criticism and lay theology. With J.R.R. Tolkien, a fellow veteran of WWI, he was one of the founders of the Oxford Inklings literary fellowship.

Daniel Robertson Lucas (1840-1907) was one of the youngest chaplains in the Union Army during the American Civil War. Following the war he had an opportunity to study for service as a Disciples of Christ pastor.

Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918) was an English artist and poet who perished during the First World War. His poetry written from the front was well received when published during his short life, and is considered today to be among the finest produced during the war.

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who died during the Battle of the Somme while serving in the French Foreign Legion. He was living in Paris at the war’s outbreak and wrote a poem entitled “A Message to America,” challenging the nation’s reticence to enter the war.

Walter Whitman (1819-1892) is considered by many to be the “father of free verse.” During the American Civil War he wrote many patriotic poems for the Northern audience. He served as a volunteer nurse in the Union hospitals in Washington, D.C.

Nothing but an Old Soldier

Daniel R. Lucas

Chaplain Daniel Lucas, a Disciples of Christ pastor, served in the 99th Indiana Infantry during the American Civil War. This poem was published in New History of the Ninety-Ninth Indiana Infantry, which he authored circa 1900.

[Note: An old soldier went limping along: the street, when a stalwart young man said to a companion who asked who and what he was, “Nothing but an old Soldier!” This is the old soldier’s reply.]

“Nothing but an old soldier? what is that
That you’re a sayin’ about me so pat?—
Well, I guess you’re right, I am gettin’ old,
But after all a feller don’t like bein’ told
That he’s nothin’ else, ez if he was to blame
For bein’ old, an’ broken-down an’ lame.

“If you’d just stop and think a minute, you’d
Not wonder if I was a little skewed,
An’ out o’kilter, an’ have some creaky ways
About my walkin’,— there was some other days
When it was diff’ rent, when I stood up straight,
An’ walked a middlin’ fair an’ steady gait.

“I’m not sure, young feller, if you’d a been
Where I have been an’ seen what I have seen.
If you’d a been with me an’ felt the pain
O’ marchin’ day an’ night in slush an’ rain.
If you’d a follered Grant an’ Sherman, too,
If your gait now would be so straight an’ true.
“If you’d a laid all night on frosty ground.
An’ carried gun an’ knapsack an’ forty round,
If you’d a stood in line an’ heard the zip
O’ Minnie bullets give your ear a tip,
If you’d a listened to the screechin’ shell
I don’t think now you’d feel so awful well.

“Just think o’ Grant an’ Sherman an’ the men,
Who led us in the days o’ battle; then
Just think that all o’ them are dead an’ gone,

An' that my earthly race is nearly run,
An' you'll not wonder if I'm lame;
Time enough and you'll be so just the same.

“Nothin' but an old soldier? It may be
I'm too sens'tive, as others cannot see
The past as it appears to such as me,
Who followed Billy Sherman to the sea.
An' tramped so much in swamps of ice an' cold
That bunions ever since have had a hold.

“Nothin' but an old soldier? A dog tent
Ain't the best o'shelter in the event
Of cold an' stormy weather anywhere.
An' yet I was compelled to winter there
For three long winters, an' you may know
Rheumatic legs make walkin' rather slow.

“Nothin' but an old soldier? old an' gray.
I guess your're right young man in what you say;
There aint no title that a man can wear
For honored service than the soldiers bear,
The men who wore the royal union blue,
For if their *steps* are *slow* their *hearts* are *true*.”

Screens (In a Hospital)

Winifred M. Letts

They put the screens around his bed;
a crumpled heap I saw him lie,
White counterpane and rough dark head,
those screens—they showed that he would die.

They put the screens about his bed;
We might not play the gramophone,
And so we played at cards instead
And left him dying there alone.

The covers on the screens are red,
The counterpanes are white and clean;
He might have lived and loved and wed
But now he's done for at nineteen.

An ounce or more of Turkish lead,
He got his wounds at Sulva Bay
They've brought the Union Jack to spread
Upon him when he goes away.

He'll want those three red screens no more,
Another man will get his bed,
We'll make the row we did before
But—Jove!—I'm sorry that he's dead.

The Deserter

Winifred M. Letts

There was a man,—don't mind his name,
Whom Fear had dogged by night and day.
He could not face the German guns
And so he turned and ran away.
Just that—he turned and ran away,
But who can judge him, you or I?
God makes a man of flesh and blood
Who yearns to live and not to die.
And this man when he feared to die
Was scared as any frightened child,
His knees were shaking under him,
His breath came fast, his eyes were wild.
I've seen a hare with eyes as wild,
With throbbing heart and sobbing breath.
But oh! it shames one's soul to see
A man in abject fear of death,
But fear had gripped him, so had death;
His number had gone up that day,
They might not heed his frightened eyes,
They shot him when the dawn was grey.
Blindfolded, when the dawn was grey,
He stood there in a place apart,
The shots rang out and down he fell,
An English bullet in his heart.
An English bullet in his heart!
But here's the irony of life,—
His mother thinks he fought and fell
A hero, foremost in the strife.
So she goes proudly; to the strife
Her best, her hero son she gave.
O well for her she does not know
He lies in a deserter's grave.

Irish Nocturne

C.S. Lewis

Now the grey mist comes creeping up
From the waste ocean's weedy strand
And fills the valley, as a cup
If filled of evil drink in a wizard's hand;
And the trees fade out of sight,
Like dreary ghosts unhealthily,
Into the damp, pale night,
Till you almost think that a clearer eye could see
Some shape come up of a demon seeking apart
His meat, as Grendel sought in Harte
The thanes that sat by the wintry log—
Grendel or the shadowy mass
Of Balor, or the man with the face of clay,
The grey, grey walker who used to pass
Over the rock-arch nightly to his prey.
But here at the dumb, slow stream where the willows hang,
With never a wind to blow the mists apart,
Bitter and bitter it is for thee. O my heart,
Looking upon this land, where poets sang,
Thus with the dreary shroud
Unwholesome, over it spread,
And knowing the fog and the cloud
In her people's heart and head
Even as it lies forever upon her coasts
Making them dim and dreamy lest her sons should ever arise
And remember all their boasts;
For I know that the colourless skies
And the blurred horizons breed
Lonely desire and many words and brooding and never a deed.

Race of Veterans

Walt Whitman

Race of veterans—race of victors!
Race of the soil, ready for conflict—race of the conquering march!
(No more credulity's race, abiding-temper'd race,)
Race henceforth owning no law but the law of itself,
Race of passion and the storm.

Not Youth Pertains to Me

Walt Whitman

Not youth pertains to me,
Nor delicatessen, I cannot beguile the time with talk,
Awkward in the parlor, neither a dancer nor elegant,
In the learn'd coterie sitting constrain'd and still,
 for learning inures not to me,
 Beauty, knowledge, inure not to me—yet there are
 two or three things inure to me,
I have nourish'd the wounded and sooth'd many a dying soldier,
And at intervals waiting or in the midst of camp,
Composed these songs.

Reconciliation

Walt Whitman

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly
 wash again, and ever again, this solid world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

For a War Memorial

G.K. Chesterton

(Suggested Inscription)

The hucksters haggle in the mart
The cars and carts go by;
Senates and schools go droning on;
For dead things cannot die.

A storm stooped on the place of tombs
With bolts to blast and rive;
But these be names of many men
The lightning found alive.

If usurers rule and rights decay
And visions view once more
Great Carthage like a golden shell
Gape hollow on the shore,

Still to the last of crumbling time
Upon this stone be read
How many men of England died
To prove they were not dead.

On Returning to the Front after Leave

(Sonnet 9)

Alan Seeger

Apart sweet women (for whom Heaven be blessed),
Comrades, you cannot think how thin and blue
Look the leftovers of mankind that rest,
Now that the cream has been skimmed off in you.
War has its horrors, but has this of good—
That its sure processes sort out and bind
Brave hearts in one intrepid brotherhood
And leave the shams and imbeciles behind.
Now turn we joyful to the great attacks,
Not only that we face in a fair field
Our valiant foe and all his deadly tools,
But also that we turn disdainful backs
On that poor world we scorn yet die to shield—
That world of cowards, hypocrites, and fools.

August, 1914

Vera Mary Brittain

God said, "Men have forgotten Me:
The souls that sleep shall wake again,
And blinded eyes must learn to see."

So since redemption comes through pain
He smote the earth with chastening rod,
And brought destruction's lurid reign;

But where His desolation trod
The people in their agony
Despairing cried, "There is no God."

Soldier: Twentieth Century

Isaac Rosenberg

I love you, great new Titan!
Am I not you?
Napoleon and Caesar
Out of you grew.

Out of unthinkable torture,
Eyes kissed by death,
Won back to the world again,
Lost and won in a breath,

Cruel men are made immortal.
Out of your pain born,
They have stolen the sun's power
With their feet on your shoulders worn.

Let them shrink from your girth,
That has outgrown the pallid days
When you slept like Circe's swine
Or a word in the brain's ways.

The Suffering God

G.A. Studdert Kennedy

If he could speak, that victim torn and bleeding,
Caught in His pain and nailed upon the Cross,
Has He to give the comfort souls are needing?
Could He destroy the bitterness of loss?

Once and for all men say He came and bore it,
Once and for all set up His throne on high,
Conquered the world and set His standard o'er it.
Dying that once that men might never die.

Yet men are dying, dying soul and body,
Cursing the God who gave to them their birth.
Sick of the world with all its sham and shoddy.
Sick of the lies that darken all the earth.

Peace we were pledged, yet blood is ever flowing,
Where on the earth has Peace been ever found?
Men do but reap the harvest of their sowing,
Sadly the songs of human reapers sound.

Sad as the winds that sweep across the ocean.
Telling to earth the sorrow of the sea.
Vain is my strife, just empty idle motion.
All that has been is all there is to be.

So on the earth the time waves beat in thunder.
Bearing wrecked hopes upon their heaving breasts.
Bits of dead dreams, and true hearts torn asunder,
Flecked with red foam upon their crimson crests.

How can it be that God can reign in glory.
Calmly content with what His Love has done,
Reading unmoved the piteous shameful story,
All the vile deeds men do beneath the sun?

Are there no tears in the heart of the Eternal?
Is there no pain to pierce the soul of God?
Then must He be a fiend of Hell infernal,
Beating the earth to pieces with His rod.

Or is it just that there is nought behind it,
Nothing but forces purposeless and blind?
Is the last thing, if mortal man could find it,
Only a power wand'ring as the wind?

Father, if He, the Christ, were Thy Revealer,
Truly the First Begotten of the Lord,
Then must Thou be a Suff'rer and a Healer,
Pierced to the heart by the sorrow of the sword.

Then must it mean, not only that Thy sorrow
Smote Thee that once upon the lonely tree,
But that to-day, to-night, and on the morrow.
Still it will come, O Gallant God, to Thee.

Red with His blood the better day is dawning.
Pierced by His pain the storm clouds roll apart.
Rings o'er the earth the message of the morning.
Still on the Cross the Saviour bares His heart.

Passionately fierce the voice of God is pleading.
Pleading with men to arm them for the fight,
See how those hands, majestically bleeding,
Call us to rout the armies of the night.

Not to the work of sordid selfish saving
Of our own souls to dwell with Him on high.
But to the soldier's splendid selfless braving,
Eager to fight for Righteousness and die.

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving,
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears,
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving,
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

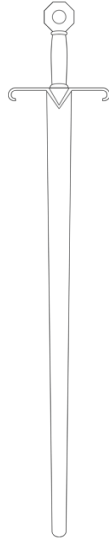
Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
Light'ning their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strength'ning their arms to warfare glad and grim.

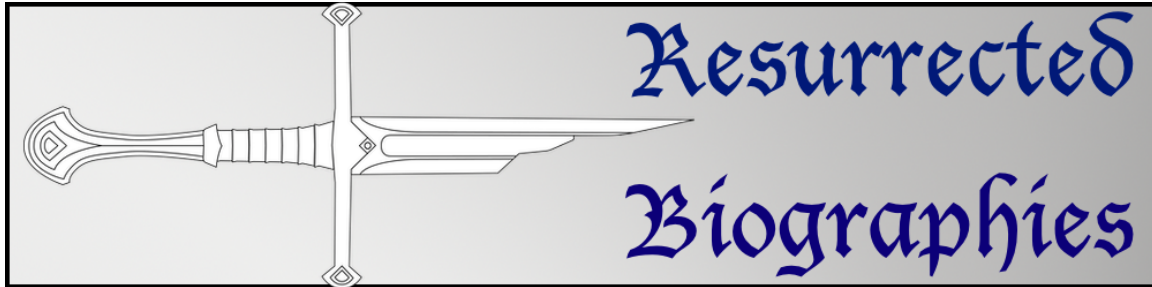
So would I live and not in idle resting,
Stupid as swine that wallow in the mire.
Fain would I fight, and be for ever breasting,
Danger and death for ever under fire.

Bread of Thy Body give me for my fighting,
Give me to drink Thy sacred Blood for wine.
While there are wrongs that need me for the righting.
While there is warfare splendid and divine.

Give me, for light, the sunshine of Thy sorrow.
Give me for shelter shadow of Thy Cross,
Give me to share the glory of Thy morrow,
Gone from my heart the bitterness of Loss.

*This issue of Curtana: Sword of Mercy also includes
an "editorial" written by Chaplain Kennedy in the
wake of the carnage of the First World War. The essay
begins on page 25.*





John Ault

United States Army Chaplain
(126th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 130.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 2, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 20, 1863.

† † †

Andrew Barr

United States Army Chaplain
(141st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 442.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 16, 1862.

Remarks: Died at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, April 11, 1864.

† † †

James F. Calkins

United States Army Chaplain
(149th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 618.

Date of Muster Into Service: June 3, 1863.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, June 24, 1865.

† † †

H.L. Chapman

United States Army Chaplain
(123rd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 73.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 23, 1862.
Remarks: Discharged by special order, January 29, 1863.

† † †

Columbus Cornforth

United States Army Chaplain
(150th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 658.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 29, 1864.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, June 23, 1865.

† † †

David Craft

United States Army Chaplain
(141st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 442.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 29, 1862.
Remarks: Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, February 11, 1863.

† † †

N.B. Critchfield

United States Army Chaplain
(171st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1166.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 28, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, August 8, 1863.

† † †

John H. Davidson

United States Army Chaplain
(172nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1182.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 1, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, August 1, 1863.

Luman P. Day

United States Army Chaplain
(174th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1213.

Date of Muster Into Service: February 13, 1863.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, August 7, 1863.

† † †

William C. Ferriday

United States Army Chaplain
(121st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 37.

Date of Muster Into Service: September 24, 1862.

Term: Three years.

Remarks: Discharged by special order, December 22, 1862.

† † †

John C. Gregg

United States Army Chaplain
(127th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 149.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 20, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 29, 1863.

† † †

William M. Haskell

United States Army Chaplain
(136th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 320.

Date of Muster Into Service: September 4, 1862.

Remarks: Resigned December 23, 1862.

† † †

Thomas P. Hunt

United States Army Chaplain
(178th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1270.

Date of Muster Into Service: January 8, 1863.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, July 27, 1863.

† † †

William T. Johnson

United States Army Chaplain
(135th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 303.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 19, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 24, 1863.

† † †

Elim Kirk

United States Army Chaplain
(122nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 56.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 11, 1862.

Remarks: Promoted from private company G, August 14, 1862 – Mustered out with regiment, May 15, 1863.

† † †

Josiah K. Knerr

United States Army Chaplain
(176th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1238.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 7, 1862.

Remarks: Promoted from private company B, March 1, 1863 – mustered out with regiment, August 18, 1863.

† † †

David J. Lee

United States Army Chaplain
(166th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1101.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 8, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, July 28, 1863.

† † †

Ezekiel Light

United States Army Chaplain
(173rd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1198.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 19, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, August 17, 1863.

† † †

Thomas T. McClure

United States Army Chaplain
(151st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 681.

Date of Muster Into Service: February 13, 1863.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, July 27, 1863.

† † †

William McCormick

United States Army Chaplain
(150th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 658.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 30, 1862.
Remarks: Promoted from private company C, February 13, 1863 – discharged on Surgeon's certificate, January 14, 1864.

† † †

Philip W. Melick

United States Army Chaplain
(153rd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 777.

Date of Muster Into Service: October 17, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, July 24, 1863.

Jeremiah M. Mickley

United States Army Chaplain
(177th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1255.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 2, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, August 7, 1863.

[According to the roster in Faith in the Fight, the spelling of his name is Mickly, and he also served as chaplain of the 43rd United States Colored Troops.]



Benjamin R. Miller

United States Army Chaplain
(119th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 6.

Date of Muster Into Service: September 19, 1862.

Term: Three years.

Remarks: Discharged September 26, 1864.



J. Lynn Milligan

United States Army Chaplain
(140th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 413.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 6, 1863.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 31, 1865.



William P. Moore

United States Army Chaplain
(142nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 469.

Date of Muster Into Service: October 25, 1862.

Remarks: Discharged on Surgeon's certificate, January 25, 1865.

Robert S. Morton

United States Army Chaplain
(162nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1009.

Date of Muster Into Service: March 24, 1865.

Remarks: Discharged by General Order, June 20, 1865.

† † †

Samuel I. Nicolls

United States Army Chaplain
(126th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 130.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 19, 1862.

Remarks: Resigned November 14, 1862.

† † †

Marcus Ormond

United States Army Chaplain
(140th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 429.

Date of Muster Into Service: Aug. 22, 1862.

Rank at Muster: Captain.

Term: Three years.

Remarks: Promoted to Chaplain, Oct. 23, 1862.

† † †

Marcus Ormond

United States Army Chaplain
(140th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 413.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 22, 1862.

Remarks: Discharged by special order, June 8, 1863.

† † †

Andrew G. Osborn

United States Army Chaplain

(14th Pennsylvania Cavalry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 658.

Date of Muster Into Service: March 1, 1863.

Remarks: Discharged by special order, July 31, 1865.

† † †

William H. Rice

United States Army Chaplain

(129th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 187.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 16, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 18, 1863.

† † †

Charles W. Sanders

United States Army Chaplain

(131st Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 227.

Date of Muster Into Service: September 23, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 23, 1863.

† † †

A.H. Schoonmaker

United States Army Chaplain

(132nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 246.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 16, 1862.

Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 24, 1863.

† † †

John L. Staples

United States Army Chaplain

(168th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1135.

Date of Muster Into Service: March 1, 1863.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, July 25, 1863.

† † †

William H. Stephens

United States Army Chaplain
(148th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 602.

Date of Muster Into Service: Aug. 22, 1862.
Rank at Muster: Second Lieutenant.
Term: Three years.
Remarks: Promoted to Chaplain, Sep. 7, 1862.

[Note the different spelling in the following entry from the same roster.]

† † †

William H. Stevens

United States Army Chaplain
(148th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 583.

Date of Muster Into Service: August, 1862.
Remarks: Promoted from Second Lieutenant Co. H, September 7, 1862 – mustered out with regiment June 1, 1865.

[Note the different spelling in the previous entry from the same roster.]

† † †

John D. Stewart

United States Army Chaplain
(119th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 111.

Date of Muster Into Service: August 16, 1862.
Remarks: Mustered out with regiment, May 18, 1863.

† † †

Isaac Tuttle

United States Army Chaplain
(176th Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1238.

Date of Muster Into Service: December 9, 1862.

Remarks: Resigned February 20, 1863.

† † †

Solomon W. Weiss

United States Army Chaplain

(143rd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 492.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 28, 1862.

Remarks: Resigned April 30, 1863.

† † †

Henry A. Wheeler

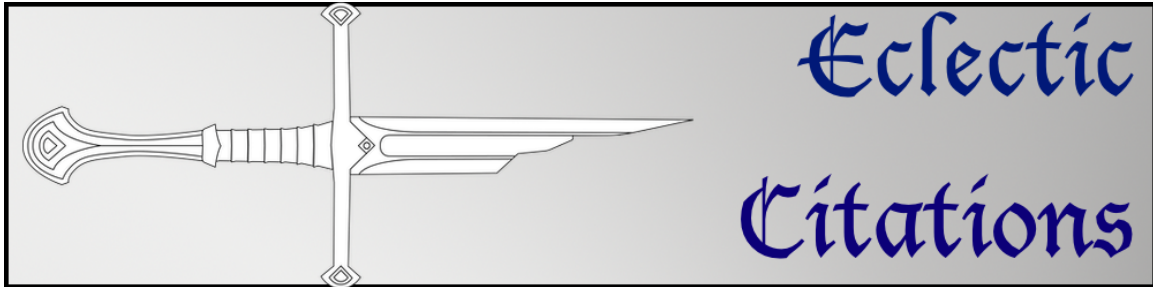
United States Army Chaplain

(162nd Pennsylvania Infantry)

Source: Samuel P. Bates, *History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5*, volume 4 (Harrisburg: B. Singerly, 1870), 1009.

Date of Muster Into Service: November 21, 1862.

Remarks: Resigned March 8, 1863.



Good Chaplains Stay Busy

The Chaplain's message may be but a tiny seed, yet sown in soil fresh-broken by war's tremendous experiences it may strike root. Such, at least, is the hope which keeps the Chaplain at his task.

The Chaplain's work, in keeping with the purpose of a hospital, is first of all for the welfare of the patients, and has neither beginning nor end nor any very definite outline. When the hospital is under full headway, if the Chaplain is not as busy as anybody he is shirking his duty, and in quiet times there is still unlimited opportunity for him to make himself useful even if the calls are less urgent.

Source: Otis B. Wright, *On Active Service with Base Hospital 46 U.S.A.* (United States: 1919), 138.

Preserve a Record of *Your* Military a Service

Many chaplains never take the time to record their experiences and thoughts as they serve. (Yes, we are all extremely busy.) But such documents may be of interest to others, beyond our own families. Naturally, this is particularly true for service during periods of combat.

Case in point, a manuscript currently for sale: "On offer is a very interesting, original manuscript relic dated September 6, 1966 through October 1, 1967 of the Vietnam War and American involvement handwritten and typed by US Special Forces Chaplain, David G. Boyce."

To those of us alive during the war in Vietnam, this doesn't sound like that ancient a "relic." The asking price, however, is sobering: \$4,495.99. Even at a fraction of that valuation, perhaps someday *your own* reflections may possess more than sentimental value.

As ever, *Curtana: Sword of Mercy* is always eager to record accounts and advice that may be of significance to an international audience of those interested in ministry within a military context.

Source: "1966-1967 Original Manuscript Duty Journal," *M. Benjamin Katz, Fine Books/Rare Manuscripts*, www.mbenjaminkatzfinebooksraremanuscripts.com/product/sku/0001918, accessed 20 March 2021.

In the Absence of the Chaplain

The following excerpt is from a letter written by an enlisted member of Co. K, 35th New York Infantry, Stephen Warren Lowe (1841-1862).

Dear Mother,

Well, as the chaplain was gone last Sabbath, we got together in his tent a few of us and had a prayer meeting and then in the evening we met in Myron Herrington's tent and had a bible class which lasted until 9 o'clock and closed with a prayer from Brother Bates.

Sadly, Stephen did not survive the war. He died on 13 November 1862 at Alexandria, Virginia—one of the many victims of disease. This letter was probably of much comfort to his mother as he mourned his passing.

Source: Unpublished civil war correspondence from private collection.

The Prayer of Devout Parents

George W. Phillips enlisted on 5 August 1862 to serve in Co. E, 105th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, during the American Civil War. This excerpt is from a letter written by his father.

Dear son George,

How large an army is there with you? Do you have a chaplain with you? Or have you got where there is no Sunday? I trust you have not forgotten the precepts we have endeavored to impress on your mind and the importance of daily commending yourself to the protection of our Heavenly Father & imploring His blessing.

Tragically, the Phillips family was never reunited with their son, who died of disease on 28 December 1862, short months after his enlistment.

Source: Unpublished civil war correspondence from private collection.

When is a Minister a Chaplain?

Interviewer: Do guerrilla and paramilitary movements have the equivalent of chaplains?

Response: Chaplains did play a role in legitimating a number of the military regimes in South America, so you certainly had military chaplains on the side of military governments. But [there are] cases of Catholic priests, local parish priests often motivated by liberation

theology providing the sacrament, comforting the wounded—certainly on the side of forces that opposed military and authoritarian regimes in South America.

Source: “Military Chaplains: a Rich History of More than Just Blessing the Cannons,” *The Christian Science Monitor* (October 30, 2007). www.csmonitor.com/2007/1030/p25s01-usmi.html, accessed 20 March 2021.

Chaplains Doing What They Do

Dedicated to all of the Chaplains of the Armed Services. The regiment, now designated during World War Two as the 165th U.S. Infantry, has begun its attack on the Butaritari Atoll.

Shooting breaks out up ahead and every man takes cover. Behind a tree with a radio operator, Father Meany hears bullets chunk into the fibrous wood.

“I think they’re aiming at me,” the radioman remarks casually. Feeling that his “time has not yet come,” Father Meany “finds himself another tree!”

It is at this moment in the history of the “Fighting Irish” that Stephen J. Meany, new chaplain of the “old 69th,” hears a soldier cry out “there’s a man lying in the road over here!” and Capt. Meany becomes instantly Father Meany, the priest—sworn to minister to the wounded and dying, unmindful of the warning of death in flying bullets.

So it’s Father Meany, the priest, who jumps to his feet and dashes across the road to where the soldier lies in a gully with blood covering his right arm and the torn shirt sleeve and spreading on the ground around him. Father Meany doesn’t speak nor does the soldier.

He raises the wounded man’s right arm and with a sheath knife is cutting away the shredded sleeve when something burns into his own right arm and shoulder. He feels the sickening cruelty of Jap bullets.

But he doesn’t feel that as much as the blow on his chest which he clutches with his left hand to feel a gaping cavity and a warm flow of blood.

Now young Father Meany is lying alone on his back where he has rolled away from the road behind a bush. The other wounded man has crawled back for help, leaving Father Meany with his helmet under his head so that he can see the jagged hole in his shirt on the right side swelling crimson and larger, and that’s when he notices the medal.

The Cruciform medal is in the shape of a cross and includes the Miraculous Medal, the Sacred Heart Medal, the St. Joseph Medal and the St. Christopher Medal—and it is bent from the impact of a bullet. It is resting beside the wound, detached from the chain which held it around his neck and which has disappeared.

There were two identification tags enclosed in cloth. Now there is only one—with the cloth torn away. Father Meany is sure the other tag has been driven into his chest. Preparing himself for death with the bent medal in his hand, Father Meany prays.

Afterward he feels of his forehead and imagines it is getting cold. If he thinks of his mother back in Brooklyn, and six sisters and three brothers, it is without the agonizing regrets of a man with the responsibilities of a family. They are well taken care of. Two of his sisters have followed him into religious life as nuns, a brother into the priesthood. Three others are married.

Father Meany's responsibilities are to the men of the regiment—and the chaplains under him like Father McCabe. If only he'd been able to reach Father McCabe!

From the rattle and thunder of guns just a mile ahead beyond the tank trap, the stricken chaplain can only guess how urgently Father McCabe needs him. And here he lies, unable to move—he believes, dying.

What he doesn't guess is that of all the Americans killed and wounded on Butaritari Island in the Makin invasion, most of them are to fall in that area ahead, and that Father McCabe himself—without food or sleep—is to bury 30 of them in the next four days and four nights of the furious engagement.

Source: Burriss Jenkins, Jr., *Father Meany and the Fighting 69th* (New York: Frederick Fell, 1944).

Would Most Chaplains Agree?

The following is from the foreword to a book about the history of the naval chaplaincy in Canada, written by a line admiral.

In these glimpses of the chaplaincy at work since 1815 in the Royal Navy, and latterly in the Royal Canadian Navy, we have confirmed for us the quiet, gallant and Christian part played by our padres amongst those that “go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.”

The author continues, making the bold claim that to a naval chaplain, a knowledge of naval history is as important as their knowledge of church history.

Source: Waldo E.L. Smith, *The Navy Chaplain and His Parish* (Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 1967), v.

Chaplains Should Not Be Merely Ornamental

The following picture of Sunday in camp is from a letter of Dr. Boyd: “This is Sunday. But not such a Sunday to the soldier as the civilian sees at home at his own fireside, surrounded by his family or accompanied by them to church. There, shut out from the cares of the busy

world, to attend to his own devotional services. Sunday is letter writing day in camp. I have just taken a walk among the “boys” and found them in every conceivable attitude except standing on their heads, and all seem equally intent on the one object- endorsing an epistle to the dear ones at home. Tomorrow’s mail will carry from the 84th more than one thousand letters conveying tender messages to soothe the anxious minds at home.

Our Chaplain is now with us, and in order to make him useful as well as ornamental, we have him to go “down into Egypt” (over in Ohio) twice a week and solicit sanitary supplies for our sick in the hospital. Being a Methodist itinerant preacher, he is an excellent judge of yellow-limbed chickens and good things in general. Our excellent Governor manifested more than his usual amount of judgment in thus providing the 84th with a Chaplain whose various talents so amply fit him for acquitting himself honorable and with profit to the regiment.

Our chaplain preached today his first sermon since he reached the field of action. He held forth in the Methodist church to a large congregation of blue uniforms intermingled with a very few pieces of calico from this almost deserted region. There were not as many civilians present as just men required to save ancient Sodom.”

Samuel Huddleston, *The Heroes of Twenty Battles: A sketch of the 84th Indiana Volunteers* “C” transcribed by Sharon Ogzewalla, (2007).

Chaplains Singled Out for Inequitable Treatment

Theophilus Gould Steward (1843-1924) lived an adventurous life. The son of free Black parents in New Jersey, after his ordination he would be instrumental in establishing the African Methodist Episcopal Church (A.M.E.) in South Carolina and Georgia. In addition to preaching across the eastern United States, Steward brought the A.M.E. to Haiti. A scholar, he was a professor of French, history and logic at Wilberforce University. Most apropos for our reference at Curtana: Sword of Mercy, is the fact that he was a military chaplain. Steward was a Buffalo Soldier, serving as chaplain of the 25th United States Colored Infantry between 1891 and 1907. Several of his books are available at the Internet Archive.

No regiment of colored troops in the service was more renowned at the close of the [civil] war or has secured a more advantageous position in the history of that period than the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry. Recruited among the free colored people of the North . . . it was remarkable for the intelligence and character of its men, and for the high purpose and noble bearing of its officers.

Being granted but half the pay per month given to white soldiers, the regiment to a man, for eighteen months refused to receive one cent from the Government. This was a spectacle that the country could not longer stand.

One thousand volunteers fighting the country's battles without any compensation rather than submit to a discrimination fatal to their manhood, aroused such a sentiment that Congress was compelled to put them on the pay-roll on equal footing with all other soldiers.

By them the question of the black soldiers' pay and rations was settled in the Army of the United States for all time. Every soldier, indeed every man in the army, except the chaplain, now draws the pay of his grade without regard to color, hair or race.

By the time these lines reach the public eye it is to be hoped that even the chaplain will be lifted from his exceptional position and given the pay belonging to his rank as captain. (February 2, 1901, the bill became a law giving chaplains the full pay of their grade [e.g. equivalent to a captain].)

Source: Theophilus G. Steward, *The Colored Regulars in the United States Army* (Philadelphia: A.M.E. Book Concern, 1904), 84-85.

The Chaplain's Fundamental Duties

Canada's naval Regulations and Instructions of 1806 explicitly outlined the required duties of her chaplains.

1. A Clergyman appointed chaplain in one of His Majesty's Ships must remember that it is his indispensable duty, that the morality of his conduct and the decency, sobriety and regularity of his manners be such as become the sacred office . . .
2. He is to instruct in the principles of the Christian religion not only all such young gentlemen as the Captain shall put under his care, but all boys in the Ship . . .
4. He is to apply to the Captain to appoint an intelligent well disposed person, to instruct, under his directions, the boys in the Ship in the Catechism and reading; he is very frequently to examine himself that he may judge of the progress they make; and he is to report to the Captain all those men whom he shall find irregular in their conduct, that they be punished; and all those whom he shall find diligent and well disposed, that they may be rewarded as they deserve.

Source: Waldo E.L. Smith, *The Navy Chaplain and His Parish* (Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 1967), 4-5.

A Cynical But Sadly Perceptive View

Chaplains saw it as their duty to transform men's bodies into the essence of American purpose and patriotism during burial services. World War I caused a torturing of language in many official realms as old forms were fitted to modern destruction.

An imperishable page in America's history has been written; how glorious and significant, only future ages can reveal. But it was not without cost. All over France, in bloodstained, crater-pocked battle fields, in Base Sections and Hospital Centers, groups of rough, white crosses mark the places where sleep those who made the supreme sacrifice.

We have met here today to dedicate this cemetery. But it needs no dedication without our power to make. It has received its consecration from the deathless spirit which burned as a torch in the bosoms of the men and women who lie here.

Thus, a Chaplain dedicated an American cemetery near a hospital in Savoie. He never came closer to the death of the men and women he buried, who died of wounds and flu, than to mention bloodstained fields quite a distance from his hospital. And instead of Lincoln's simple statement that the men who struggled at Gettysburg must cause his listeners to rededicate themselves to the preservation of the Union and government by, of and for the people, the World War I chaplain evokes a "deathless spirit which burned as a torch in the bosoms" of the dead. His rhetoric had dropped the fact of dead flesh while at the graveside, and he had brought forth an evanescent essence of American nationalism for his listeners.

Source: Mark Meigs, *Optimism at Armageddon: Voices of American Participants in the First World War* (New York: New York University, 1997), 175.

It All Depends on One's Perspective

One seminarian couldn't understand why the 1940 military would not waive seminary graduation and age requirements to be blessed by his entry into the ranks.

There are some nine or ten million young men in the United States [veterans of World War Two] who will argue the point with me; nevertheless, I insist that getting into the Army was a hard job. . . .

I do not claim that my zeal to become part of somebody's army was prompted by any great patriotism or heroism. I am not self-psychoanalyst enough to know if it was bona fide patriotism, a yearning for adventure, an ambition to earn my own money, or the fact that I had just been rejected by a little blonde. I convinced myself it was of my ambition to help the cause of democracy no matter where that cause was imperiled.

Chapman eventually became a chaplain, but not until after he had requested the same waivers from Canada and the United Kingdom.

If my own country wouldn't have me, I thought, perhaps one of the allies would. I sent letters to proper officials in Canada, and one to Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador in our country at the time.

Canada candidly replied that if I wanted to join up there, I would have to cross the border, renounce my American citizenship and become a fullfledged Canadian. That cooled my clamor for Canada.

Soon after this a letter came from Lord Halifax himself. He graciously thanked me for my offer but patiently explained that the British, too, had some standards to maintain.

Source: Robert Chapman, *Tell It to the Chaplain* (New York: Exposition Press, 1952), 9-10.

Canadians Sympathetic with the Thirteen Colonies

It seems that at the beginning of America's War of Independence, some Canadians (especially in Quebec) shared sentiments with the rebels. However, Bishop Jean-Oliver Briand would brook none of that nonsense among the Canadiens.

The Canadians who joined the American cause were excommunicated by the Bishop of Quebec and those who returned to Canada were denied the sacraments even on their death bed, unless they openly recognized that they had committed sin by joining the Americans. Christian burial was in consequence denied them and they were buried by the road side. . .

Bishop Briand worked hard and did almost as much as General Carleton for the British cause . . .

One Roman Catholic priest was, however, recruited to serve Canadian recruits in the Continental army.

Colonel Livingston's regiment was . . . formed of Canadians, and on January 26, Father Lotbiniere was appointed its chaplain by General Benedict Arnold. After the failure of the Canadian campaign, the regiment, greatly reduced by desertions, made its way to New York State. . . .

On August 10, 1776, in Congress, the Committee on Sundry Canadian Petitioners reported: "That the Rev. Mr. Louis Lotbiniere was, on the 26th of January last, appointed by General Arnold, Chaplain to the Regiment under the command of Col. James Livingston, and acted in that capacity until the retreat of the Army from Canada, and was promised by General Arnold the pay of £14.10s. per month, including Rations; and that there is now a balance

of 124 Dollars 84-90ths due, and that the same ought to be paid to him and he continue a Chaplain in the pay of the United States.”

Several more monthly payments are recorded.

While on July 8, 1777, Father Lotbiniere sent to Congress this petition:

“To the HON^{BL} Congress

Gentlemen

In consideration of my zeal for Liberty and some little indemnification for my many Losses you were pleased to appoint me Chaplain the 10th of August last—my salary then amounted to 41-1/3 dollars including my Rations (every month) which with economy enabled me to live, but now that every necessary of life bears an exorbitant price you will not, I am persuaded think me unreasonable in soliciting an augmentation, being one of your oldest chaplains I hoped you would have appointed me to brigade but I have been made sensible that you have not a sufficient number of Catholics in your service to form so great a corps, besides being above three score years of age the fatigues of the campaign would be more than my strength could well bear. As General Arnold was an eye witness to my zeal and services in Canada I am convinced they will, when attested by his excellency, plead to powerfully in my favor to admit of the least doubt of the success of this application from

Gentlemen
Your most obedient
Humble servant
Lotbiniere chaplain of
the united States
Philadelphia
Jullii [sic] 8th 1777

The foregoing document proves his presence in Philadelphia. There are no signs of his performing any religious exercises at this time. How could he without the proper faculties from an ecclesiastical authority? All he may possibly have done was to minister to the Canadian prisoners captured at Three Rivers, who had been brought to Pennsylvania and were held at Bristol. . . .

This appeal was promptly answered the same day, July 8, 1777, when Congress ordered to be paid “to Monsr. Lotbiniere, a Canadian chaplain, for his pay and rations, from 10th of June to 10th of July, being one month, 41.30-90 dollars.”

Alas, this was not the only occasion on which Chaplain Lotbiniere had to request his pay which had fallen arrears. One lengthy missive written in 1786 “shows the distressed and disunited condition of the country just after the close of the war for independence.”

Source: Martin I.J. Griffin, “A Canadian Patriot Priest of the Eighteenth Century” *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* 15.1 (March 1904), 71-79.

In the Face of Impending Defeat

During the Battle of the Bataan, the chaplains struggled to encourage the troops who recognized the future was grim. Chaplain Robert Preston Taylor (1909-1997) would receive a Silver Star for gallantry during the defense, it was during the Death March and subsequent years of imprisonment that he helped meet the greatest needs of the men in his care. He would ultimately become the Air Force Chief of Chaplains.

Everywhere [Chaplain Taylor] went he urged the men to surrender their hearts to God, and dozens responded. The following Sunday he baptized fifteen converts in the Alagan River while guards stood by protecting them from Japanese patrols.

Bill Keith, *Days of Anguish, Days of Hope* (New York: Doubleday, 1972), 48.

Ecumenical Optimism Forged in War's Furnace

The author served as a Y.M.C.A. officer working with the American Expeditionary Force in France. The book was written before the signing of the Armistice, while the war's suffering dragged on.

The marvellous story that my friend, the [Protestant] French chaplain, tells of being marooned in a shell-hole at Verdun for several days with a Catholic priest, and of their discussion of religion and life there under shell-fire, and the tenderness with which the Catholic priest kissed the hand of the Protestant French chaplain when the two had agreed that, after all, there was one common God for a common, suffering nation of people, and that this war would break all church barriers down, and that out of it would come a new spirit in the Catholic church, a new brotherhood for all. That was an impressive indication of the thing that is sweeping France to-day in church circles, and that will sweep America after the war.

Then there is that other story of the Catholic priest who had been in the same regiment with a French Protestant chaplain, each of whom deeply respected the other because of the unflinching bravery that each had displayed under intense shell-fire, and of the great love that each had seen the other show in two years of constant warfare in the same regiment.

Then came that terrible morning at Verdun, when the French Protestant chaplain, the friend of the Catholic priest, had been killed while trying to bring in a wounded Catholic boy from No Man's Land. On the day of this Protestant chaplain's funeral the Catholic priest stood in God's Acre with bared head, and spoke as tender and as sincere a eulogy as ever a man spoke over the grave of a dear friend, spoke with the tears in his eyes most of the time. Church lines were forgotten here. It was a prophetic scene, this, where a Catholic priest spoke at the funeral of a Protestant chaplain. It was prophetic of that new church brotherhood that is to come after the war is over.

Source: William L. Stidger, *Soldier Silhouettes on Our Front* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918), 160-62.

Maturing Military Chaplaincies

In 1992, Africa University became the first recognized private university in Zimbabwe. Affiliated with the United Methodist Church, is launching a new Doctor of Ministry program in Military Chaplaincy.

Ten prospective students—chaplains from Botswana, Malawi, Zambia and Zimbabwe—attended a preparatory symposium on the Africa University campus in August. They shared their experiences, explored the key challenges and knowledge gaps facing military chaplains in Africa, and helped to shape a curriculum that is fully responsive to African realities.

“I would liken the state of Chaplaincy in the Zambia Defense Force to a child with no parents,” said Lt. Col. Bossy Nkhoma. He highlighted skills gaps, a lack of orientation to the dynamics of chaplaincy as a ministry, and an implementation approach he characterized as primarily trial and error.

Source: “Africa University to launch D.Min. Program in Military Chaplaincy,” *United Methodist Church* (1 Feb 2020) www.umc.org/en/content/africa-university-to-launch-d-min-program-in-military-chaplaincy, accessed 20 March 2021.

“Yes, I’m Quite the Hero”

Fort Lewis, Wash. – A Mormon Army chaplain who faked a heroic record with the elite Green Berets and Rangers in the Vietnam War was dishonorably discharged and fined \$10,000 after pleading guilty during a court-martial. Maj. Gary Probst, who joined the Army in the 1980s, was ordered to pay \$1,000 a month for 10 months . . .

Probst, 37, pleaded guilty to five violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Probst wore 15 insignia he never earned, including the Bronze Star and the Vietnam campaign ribbon . . . Probst also admitted making false statements in his list of career duties and decorations, disobeying an order, putting in a false claim of about \$100 in motel bills and taking a government-owned chair for personal use. He indicated in an interview before his court-martial that he wore the insignia to gain the trust of soldiers.

Apparently he accomplished his goal of earning their trust. A Seattle Times article also published on 8 August 1990 reports: “Almost everyone in the elite Green Berets unit agreed that [he] was a great guy—a military chaplain who was a man’s man . . . Maybe it was because the balding, friendly Probst had seen and done it all, as evidenced by the medals that covered his chest. Vietnam hero. Master parachutist. Skilled medic. Marine scuba diver. High-explosives expert.” A recent article reveals he has not changed his disreputable ways. If you have a strong stomach, read “License to Shill: Driving School Mogul Slips Past Regulations.” <www.thenewstribune.com/news/special-reports/article25860574.html>.

Source: “Army Ousts ‘Heroic’ Chaplain,” *Los Angeles Times*, 8 August 1990.



Composite optical, x-ray and infrared image of the Crab Nebula.
(*Chandra X-ray Observatory and Hubble & Spitzer Telescopes*).

**“Behold, the day of the Lord comes...
to make the land a desolation and to destroy its sinners...
For the stars of the heavens and their constellations
will not give their light;
the sun will be dark at its rising,
and the moon will not shed its light.”**

Isaiah 13:9-10 (ESV)

