A Study on Military Chaplaincy
An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

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ABSTRACT

When one thinks about military chaplains, especially United States Army chaplains, usually the picture that enters the mind is Father Francis Mulcahy from M*A*S*H. The purpose of this thesis is to explain briefly the history of the chaplain from his days in Ancient Egypt up through the Pequot War, and to explain more in depth the history of the chaplain in the United States Army in the Revolutionary War, on the Union side of the Civil War, in World War II, and in Korea through the eyes of Father Mulcahy to see if popular view meets reality. Since we are currently a country at war, I especially wish to focus on the modern Army chaplain and include an interview with a retired Navy chaplain for a compare and contrast. My ultimate goal from this is to better understand the career which I would like to have, and to see where my place in it is. It is my hope that those who read my thesis will see that the only changes that have occurred to the Chaplaincy Corps are that of time, pay, the acquisition of uniform and rank, and the physical faces of the chaplain himself or herself.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This thesis is dedicated to the men and women who currently serve or who have served their God and Country as a United States Army Chaplain. This dedication extends to all of the future chaplains who will be called to take up the responsibility of continuing the work that has already been started and will forever remain a vital, never-ending mission. I especially wish to honor Chaplains Poling, Washington, Goode, Fox, and the countless others who have died in the line of duty.

I wish to thank the Panning and Proctor families as well as Pastor James Kuchera and the entire congregation and staff of First Lutheran Church, Columbus, Indiana, whose kindess and hospitality made this thesis possible. I also want to thank Pastor John F. Hawkins III and Father Ray Bradley for allowing me to interview them on extreme short notice.

Further and much heartfelt thanks to Dr. Bruce Hozeski, Chair of the Department of English at Ball State University, for taking the time out of his busy schedule to advise me, read my drafts, correct my numerous grammatical errors, and have a genuine interest in this topic.

Last and most importantly, I wish to thank God, the Three-in-One, who placed this task upon my heart, equipped me to finish it, and stuck by me throughout the entirety of this project, especially the field study.

Captain Benjamin Franklin “Hawkeye” Pierce: War isn’t Hell. War is war, and Hell is Hell. And of the two, war is a lot worse.

Father Francis John Patrick Mulcahy (Chaplain): Why do you say that, Hawkeye?

Captain Benjamin Franklin “Hawkeye” Pierce: Simple, Father. Tell me, who goes to Hell?

Father Francis John Patrick Mulcahy (Chaplain): Sinners, I believe.

Captain Benjamin Franklin “Hawkeye” Pierce: Exactly. There are no innocent bystanders in Hell. War is full of them.

_—M*A*S*H_

“For a man to lay down his life for his friends is the greatest love he can give. And this is the finest thing you and I will ever see this side of heaven.”

_—WESLEY ADAMS, SEA OF GLORY, PAGE 337_
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INTRODUCTION AND MARCHING ORDERS

Wars have been fought since the dawn of time, and will likely continue to be fought until humanity causes the earth to shatter from repeated bombing. Albert Einstein said, “I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones.” No matter if World War III is fought with nuclear weapons, photon torpedoes, biological/chemical intercontinental ballistic missiles, or spears and bows with arrows, the United States military will fight with more than strength, tactical intelligence, and iron-clad will. It will fight spiritually as well. The soldiers who see their vocation as “[b]ringing God closer to the Soldier and the Soldier closer to God”¹ are a breed that has been studied a fair amount, but not as much as the men and women who hold rifles instead of Bibles, Torahs, or Qu’rans on the front lines. The purpose and intent of this thesis is to show where the vocation of the military chaplain in the United States Army came from and how it has evolved, if it has evolved at all; how popular culture, correctly or incorrectly, views the chaplain; and how the United States Navy chaplaincy parallels in modern times. I am looking at the Chaplaincy Corps through the lens of war because it is during conflict that a chaplain’s role is on of the most important on the battlefield. I choose to look at this vocation in a biographical format rather than pure research since it is the individual chaplain that makes the United States Army Chaplaincy Corps what it is: an entity that enriches the history of and breathes the breath of life into the United States Army.

BRIEFING: WHERE MILITARY CHAPLAINCY BEGAN

Military chaplaincy began as early as Ancient Egypt in the ranks of Pharaoh Thutmose III, who was a devoutly religious man. The true roots of modern military chaplaincy began in 742 AD with the convening of The Council of Ratisbon. Here, the first officially authorized use of chaplains for military service was established, so long as these men did not bear arms. The name

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“chaplain” came from the Latin word *cappa*, or cloak, referring to a military cloak that a converted soldier had given a beggar before his conversion, and the Latin word for the caretaker of this relic, the *capelani*, which in French (the relic is housed in France) translates to *le chaplain*, or chaplain in English.

The settlers in the New World were very religious, even more so than today. They would not fight or plan even a simple skirmish unless a clergyman gave it his blessing and motivation. The Reverend Samuel Stone, a Congregational minister from Hartford, Connecticut, even rode as an advisor into the Pequot War of 1637, making him unofficially the first chaplain to the Army National Guard, which was founded in 1636. At this time, a minister’s military uniform was the same as his civilian one: a black broadcloth suit.

During King George’s War (1744–48), nine chaplains were present at the taking of Fort Louisburg. Despite this, no chaplains were officially appointed during the French and Indian War (1754–63). George Washington felt that every military unit should have a chaplain appointed for them. For two years during this war, he tried in vain to convince the Governor of Virginia to place a chaplain under his command. George Washington wrote:

> The want of a chaplain does, I humbly conceive, reflect dishonor upon the regiment, as all other officers are allowed. The gentlemen of the corps are sensible to this, and did propose to support one at their private expense. But I think it would have a more graceful appearance were he appointed as others are. ²

A chaplain’s duties were many. He preached on Sunday; led a daily prayer; visited those in the infirmaries; and would meet with other chaplains regularly to create a support network through prayer, fellowship, and assisting with preaching duties because there was no real organization or command above them except God himself.

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The Continental Congress of 1775 made a decision that on 26 July of that year, a chaplain must be placed in every regiment of the colonial Army, which totaled one at this time. Thus, George Washington received what he and the Army had been denied for so long. Before the United States Army had an independent country to defend, it received its oldest branch, the Chaplaincy Corps.

**Chaplaincy in the American Revolution: A Chaplain at Valley Forge**

No chaplains are listed in the United States Army roll call until 1791, even though General Washington had recommended an Army numbering four regiments with one chaplain for each regiment to the Continental Congress in the early 1770’s. General Rufus Putnam recommended including chaplains in the military down through the state level. Despite both of these men’s requests, “[w]hen the Constitution went into effect in 1789, the strength of the Army was one regiment of 595 men. Even this number did not cause Congress to feel the need of having an Army chaplain.”

During the Revolution, Congress had felt that a regiment was too small for a chaplain to serve. Instead, they attached chaplains to each of the brigades, which were equal in size to a modern regiment. It was a matter of common sense that when Congress authorized the creation of a second regiment in March 1791, it should provide that "in case the President of the United States should deem the employment of a ...chaplain... essential to the public interest, that he be, and he hereby is empowered, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint same accordingly." The chaplain was, "entitled to $50 per month, including pay, rations, and forage." At this time, the chaplain was seen as a major in rank and pay though commonly withheld from official rosters. The first “true” United States Army chaplain was appointed in 1791. He was
John Hurt, an Episcopal priest from Virginia who had served as a chaplain during the American Revolution with three regiments from Virginia in New Jersey.\footnote{5}

At Valley Forge on 2 May 1778, a copy of *The Philadelphia Gazette* was read. This issue proclaimed that by treaty, France recognized the United States of America as a free and independent nation. Recognizing the magnitude of this event, Washington had his men assembled in brigades on the parade grounds of Valley Forge on 6 May to hear parts of the treaty along with comments and prayers relevant to the occasion. Chaplain Hurt was there with his 1\textsuperscript{st} and 2\textsuperscript{nd} Virginia Brigades. He gave this determined and rally-filled sermon before them:

> Let us then consider the present duty as a point on which the fate of nations is suspended; and let us, therefore, redouble our diligence, and endeavor to acquire the highest perfection in our several duties; for the more we do for ourselves, the more reason we have to expect the smiles of Providence. Oppression thenceforward shall be banished the land—Peace shall till the desolated soil, and commerce unfurl her sails to every quarter of the sea-encircled globe...Who is there that does not rejoice that his lot has fallen at this important period; that he has contributed his assistance, and will be enrolled hereafter in the pages of history among the gallant defenders of liberty? Who is there who would exchange the pleasures of such reflections for all the ill-gotten pelf of the miser, or the dastardly security of the coward? You, my fellow-soldiers are the hope of your country; to your arms she looks for defense, and for your health and success her prayers are incessantly offered.\footnote{6}

Chaplain Hurt was seeking to inspire his “flock” to continue the fight and to not give up, because they now had another country, which at the time was a super-power, behind them and that without these “Minutemen” the Colonies would never be free. This sermon, to me, is proof that Chaplain Hurt knew how to persuade and capture any audience, which is a positive trait of any minister, let alone a chaplain. A sermon must keep a congregation’s attention and must cause either reinforcement or a change in order to be effective. It must make one rise in action, not fall asleep in boredom. Chaplain Hurt passes this test as well as surviving the prior winter there with little to no food, clothing, and shelter.

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CHAPLAINCY CHAINED: A VOICE CRYING OUT IN THE CONFEDERATE WILDERNESS

At the time of the American Civil War, chaplains were not treated well. According to one source, the military took no real positive steps to regulate religious activities, other than to appoint a few hundred chaplains and give them the same rights and privileges as privates. The chaplains' superiors were not military at all. They were the United States Christian Commission, which was created by the Y. M. C. A. The Commission was not allowed to meddle in military affairs outside of the chaplains. Nonetheless, if a unit requested any need the chaplain had, Secretary of War Simon Cameron usually obliged. As the secretary wrote to General McClellan, who wished to build a chapel with Army requisitioned wood and soldier-purchased nails and sweat equity, "The Lord's will be done." According to another source, the chaplains still held their pay and unofficial rank as major.

The only requirement to be a chaplain at this time was to be a man who is

a regularly ordained minister of some religious denomination, and who . . . presents testimonials of his good standing as such minister, with a recommendation of his appointment as an Army chaplain from some authorized ecclesiastical body, or not less than five accredited ministers belonging to said religious denomination.

One such chaplain who definitely filled this requirement was Chaplain Henry S. White. He was a Methodist minister deployed with the 5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery into North Carolina. He was captured when a unit he was visiting surrendered its fort at Croatan Station in Newbern to the Confederate forces. He remained a prisoner of war during the period of May through September of 1864. His eighteen letters that he wrote about his experiences were published in the Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal, a Methodist newspaper that had a large readership in New York State and much of New England.
Before being imprisoned, he spent his days delivering tracts, conducting prayer and worship meetings, and visiting the hospitals where his men were being treated. As a prisoner, even though he was told he would not be taken as one, he led worship and prayer whenever possible and often sacrificed what little rotten, raw bacon and corn meal he was given so that the other soldiers could survive. He also sacrificed his canteen so a sieve could be made. The corn meal the prisoners received had not been sifted at all and the men would become ill from it. This sieve saved countless men. He saw the horrors of Andersonville Prison and managed to escape getting searched when he entered the Macon Prison where officers were held. He spent his last month as a prisoner of war interned in Savannah, Georgia, which he and the others he was transferred with had to travel to by forced march. He as well as the other chaplains and surgeons in Savannah were then released in a prisoner exchange.

Chaplain White survived all he experienced by the grace of God. When newly interned in Macon, he looked up at the stars and saw God’s handiwork above and all around him. He wrote in his fourteenth letter that “[a] chaplain in a rebel prison is in one of the most uncongenial positions. He is not wanted there. The fixings are not precisely adjusted to his taste.” Chaplain White was referring to the conditions of the prison, and the trouble that the Confederate officers were giving him. He was not allowed to pray for the president of the Union. When word spread that he and the other chaplain imprisoned at Macon, a Chaplain Charles Dixon who was assigned to and captured with the 16th Connecticut Regiment, were not allowed to pray freely, everyone gave them praise for doing it anyway. Many of the prisoners had not heard a chaplain’s sermon in so long, they were happy to hear what words they could from these two men. In the end, the chaplains were able to receive permission to pray freely among the prisoners, but at Savannah, Chaplain White was not even allowed a Bible to preach from.

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One anecdote that Chaplain White provides surrounds his release in his seventeenth letter. When he and the other chaplains held their last service in Savannah, he asked all of the men to raise their right hands to promise that they would make every effort to go to Heaven. After the service,

... there came to me a fine young lieutenant, who had lost his right arm. I knew him well. Frail and young and fair, some mother mourned his absence. Too gentle for that rough life! As he came, I saw the big tears standing in his soft eye. "Chaplain," said he, "I haven't a right hand any more, but I raised up my left hand and the piece of this arm that is left on my shoulder, and won't that do as well?" "God sees my heart," he repeated, "and I want you to pray for me." We mingled our tears, and parted. I trust we shall meet again.¹¹

Chaplain White showed patience and kindness in the most inhospitable of places, and came out of it spiritually as strong, if not stronger, as he had entered. He came home to find his family and home had almost shattered from his absence. He was able to put his family back together and had a successful civilian career. When he died in 1916, his obituary read, "perhaps in all lives there is an especially prominent line of continuity of character. ... In Brother White this line of continuity was determination."¹² He had the determination not only to arrive back home alive, but also to see that the other men did the same with their spirituality as intact as possible, which is the true goal of a chaplain.¹³

**Chaplaincy in World War II: The Four Immortal Chaplains**

On 3 February 1943, four chaplains from four different faith backgrounds made the ultimate sacrifice to save the men they were serving. These four chaplains, all lieutenants—Pastor George L. Fox (Methodist), Rabbi Alexander D. Goode (Jewish), Reverend Clark Poling (Dutch Reformed), and Father John Washington (Roman Catholic)—were assigned to the United States Army Transport (USAT) *Dorchester*, which was bound for Greenland. At one in the
morning, the Dorchester was spotted and torpedoed by a German Unterseeboot or U-Boat. The men on board, numbering 902, more than double listed capacity, disobeyed orders to sleep fully dressed and in life jackets due to the hot temperatures on the lower decks that night. The men were so startled from the blast that many of them went to the deck barely clothed and without life jackets. There were not going to be enough jackets as many were swept overboard empty. These chaplains gave their own jackets to the nearest unjacketed men, condemning themselves to being ‘forever on patrol.’ Wesley Adams, a soldier who survived the Dorchester’s final voyage recalled

... when I first looked over at the Dorchester, it seemed like it was hovering in midair. ...that was when I saw the four lieutenants standing on the exposed hull near the fantail in the dim light, accented by a dozen or so flashlights, some red, some white, waving around in the void. I’d only met them a couple of weeks before, but sitting there in that pitching, freezing boat I knew that because of them my life—no matter however much longer it lasted—would never be the same.

In spite of everything going on, they stood there almost like friends at a picnic, casual and relaxed. They had their coats on, but none of them now had a life jacket. As I watched, they locked arms in a circle and lifted their heads up to the dark sky. I could see their mouths moving but heard nothing at first. ...

Music. They were singing.

Eternal Father, strong to save

Whose arm doth bind the restless wave...

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It was faint, but what I heard was lusty and confident. Not typical of the sounds men make when they're obviously minutes from death. But nothing had been typical about that bunch.

I forgot about those thousand needles in my flesh as I watched the circle of men settle lower toward the surface of the sea. ... [T]he triumphant sound of that strange impromptu quartet of lieutenants, all chaplains, cast across the water and debris and pockets of burning fuel oil, folding in the night itself into a strangely comforting embrace.15

**Pastor George L. Fox**

George Lansing Fox spent his childhood in the Sicilian South Side of Altoona, Pennsylvania. His mother was a strict German woman who kept him, his three brothers, and one sister away from their Sicilian father’s quick temper. He came from a broken home and could not wait to get away from his house.

In 1917, he enlisted in the Army at the age of seventeen by saying that he was twenty. He welcomed the discipline of Army life and was already in good physical shape, making the marching an easy task. He, like his mother, spent his spare time reading the Bible, although his was just a khaki New Testament. He was assigned to an ambulance corps, a non-combative vocation. He thought “[that] was God’s providence ... he’d be healing wounds instead of causing them.”16 He knew God would protect him and did not lose faith.

While on board a ship headed to France, two soldiers died of a flu epidemic on board and were buried at sea. Fox felt that the chaplain that presided was “tentative and a little unsure of himself.”17 He was horrified by the damage war can wreak on the human body. No matter how
tired, cold, muddy, or horrified he was, Fox always found time to read his New Testament, long
since worn, dirty, and dog-eared.

One day, an artillery shell hit the hospital he was working in and caused a wall to nearly
break his spinal column. This injury earned him both a Silver Star and a Purple Heart. It took
Fox months to be able to walk again. He reconciled with his family via mail, but did not want to
return home. It was this set of events that led him into ministry.

He came back to America in 1919 and earned his high school diploma. He then went on
to earn degrees from Moody Bible Institute, Illinois Wesleyan University, and the Boston
University School of Theology. He married while attending Moody. He was appointed the
Vermont chaplain for the American Legion. He visited the sick members, lobbied for larger
pensions, and just met with the members in the Legion Hall, regardless of faith or denomination.

At the age of forty-one, he re-enlisted in the Army as a chaplain, leaving his wife and two
children behind in Vermont. He was deployed on 3 January 1943.18

Rabbi Alexander D. Goode

Alexander David Goode was the oldest of four children born to a Brooklyn rabbi. His
earliest recollections were of Sabbath prayers and Shabbat candles. The Goode family relocated
to Washington, D. C. when “Alex” and his younger brother Joe were school aged. The boys
were bullied until they physically stood up to their attackers. Later that day, Alex told his father
what happened. The elder Rabbi Goode said, “[as] long as you don’t start it, it’s all right. . . . A
man has got to stand up for his rights, or he won’t have them long.”19

He enjoyed reading the Declaration of Independence and was a steadfast patriot like his
father. This made him wonder why his classmates, even in secondary school, would taunt him,
his kosher lunches, and call him “Jew boy.”

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He discovered he was a good orator, but went to college to be an engineer while serving in the National Guard. His high school sweetheart, a niece of the great Al Jolson, waited for him to complete most of his studies, and in 1935, accepted his marriage proposal. Once he finished his studies at Hebrew Union College, he was ordained a rabbi. He took a call in Pennsylvania near Johns Hopkins, where he began his doctoral studies.

Rabbi Goode was very active in civic organizations such as the Elks Lodge and the Rotary Club. He had a deep interest in interfaith relations. He would often and confidently say “[t]he best cure against religious hatred is information.”

Rabbi Goode wanted so much to be a ‘normal’ member of a community, and not an outsider because of his faith. He received this chance his first winter in Pennsylvania. The local Lutheran church was totally destroyed by a fire. He was the first to offer his worship space to the “homeless” congregation. Sadly, they declined the offer. Despite this refusal, one Pentecost feast was attended by large numbers of the local Catholic, Protestant, black, and Chinese populations. He also held frequent ecumenical meetings with a majority of the town’s religious leaders and theological scholars.

He received his doctorate and a daughter into his family in 1939. He wanted to join the Army Chaplaincy Corps shortly after hearing about the plight of the Polish Jews through the Jewish Organized Charities, but decided to join the Navy Chaplaincy Corps instead. He changed his decision back to the Army in 1941 after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The Chaplain School at Harvard reminded Rabbi Goode of his seven summers in the National Guard. He enjoyed his time there.

His first post was in North Carolina. Although he liked his post, he wrote every person imaginable to transfer him to the front. Finally, he received his deployment papers, which were identical to Pastor Fox’s, with the same deployment date of 3 January 1943.  

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Reverend Clark Poling

Clark Poling nearly died of whooping cough as an infant. By the time he was two, the fits had totally and miraculously disappeared. His father Daniel was a sixth generation minister. His first memories were of the old church with cool stone walls.

He had an early love of poetry, especially the works of Robert Frost. Poling enjoyed writing his own poetry as well. His mother died when he was eight, but his father remarried and went on to have a successful career as the editor of the Christian Herald and as the international president of Christian Endeavor, while preaching regularly at a local church.

Poling studied for a time at a Quaker school, where he became one of the school’s best halfbacks, contributing to the school’s undefeated season that year. He then went to Hope College, a Dutch Reformed post-secondary school in northern Michigan. He broke his wrist and could no longer play football as of his sophomore year, but he did begin to write for the school newspaper. It was while he was writing that he began to discern a path into ministry, continuing the line of clergy in the family. He finished his bachelor’s at Rutgers and then went on to study at Yale Divinity School. Poling then took his first call at a failing congregation in New York State. His willingness to enter the community and seek former members out, as well as his youthful vigor and non-traditional dress helped his church to recover from their severe drop in attendance. He used his ability to communicate to breathe new life into the local Boy’s Club and bring a rabbi to the congregation to speak about religious equality and tolerance. The rabbi was so enjoyed by the congregation that he spoke numerous times at the church.

He married a friend of his sister Treva soon after getting settled in New York. His son, Clark Junior, was born shortly thereafter. When Pearl Harbor was attacked, he was torn. He
asked himself, "[h]ow could a man of peace kill? But on the other hand, how could a man of faith refuse to defend the freedom God had so graciously provided?"22

Poling originally wanted to enter the Army as a member of the infantry, but his father, who served as a chaplain in the First World War convinced him to be commissioned as a chaplain. "Chaplains had a higher mortality rate . . .," his father said, "[t]hey’re unarmed—men of peace, love, and reconciliation in the middle of a battlefield."23 This would be how Poling could be a man of peace and faith while fighting for his country at the same time.

He received a commission and the news that he would be a father again. When he got to his unit, he found that the more miserable the men appeared, the more they needed him. The friendliness that brought his civilian congregation 180 degrees was the same that helped to raise morale in his unit. Three days after Christmas 1942, he received the same orders as Pastor Fox and Rabbi Goode. He was to report to Camp Myles Standish in Massachusetts on 3 January 1943.

Father John Washington

John Washington was the eldest of seven children born to immigrant blue-collar parents who lived in the Irish section of Newark, New Jersey. Everything in the Irish section was handled as a team effort. He loved school more than anything in the world, other than the Mass and the whole world of the Catholic Church.

He lost a good portion of the vision in his right eye from a BB gun accident in the neighborhood. Despite this, he continued to excel in his studies and became an accomplished pianist as well as an altar boy. Before he finished high school, he felt God’s call for him to become a priest. Shortly after his decision, he nearly died of quinsy, an infection of the tonsils. He saw this as a sign from God that something special was planned for him.

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Even though he was bound for seminary, he insisted on being “a regular guy.”

Alongside his Latin and history, he studied the finer skills of smoking and billiards. He was ordained in 1935 and presided over his first Mass in the church that started it all, St. Rose’s in Newark.

He had a successful civilian career when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. He tried to enter the Navy as a chaplain, but was turned down because of his impaired vision. After an extremely long wait, the Army accepted him. He felt sad about leaving his mother alone, his father died in 1938, but he knew that this was the right thing for him to do. Shortly before Christmas, he received his orders, identical to the prior three men, report to Camp Standish on 3 January 1943.

**The Four Chaplains Meet**

Once the four men realized that they were all on the same mission, they were glad that they became friends the moment they arrived at Camp Standish. According to the author,

> [t]hey were very different men, but together they complemented one another like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Fox’s experience and stability [matched with] Goode’s sharp intellect, Poling’s sensitivity . . . , and Washington’s . . . [direct personality] somehow played off each other and made them all better: steel sharpening steel.”

They each received information that they would be going somewhere via the USAT *Dorchester*. Soon after this they received twenty-four hour passes to New York City. Then, they boarded a train that would supposedly take them to the port where the *Dorchester* laid waiting. However, when they got in the train, they realized that all the windows had been painted over and that they had no clue where they were going.

After hours of travel by train, they found that the train had taken them to a pier surrounded by electric fences and concertina wire on Staten Island, not Boston as they thought it would. The *Dorchester* was very tight for space, but the chaplins made joke after joke about the
situation, such as giving the lower two beds to the oldest, placing the rabbi and the reverend “closer to God.”

They soon found out that they were under sealed orders on a special mission to St. John’s, Newfoundland. Their captain, Hans Danielsen, called the four chaplains into a private meeting to explain the magnitude of their mission. They were going to enter ‘Torpedo Junction’ en route to St. John’s. He informed them that he had never had a chaplain on board, let alone four, and he did not know why other than

this voyage is important, it’s different, and it’s dangerous. . . . What we do know is that, wherever you’re going and whatever you’re doing, the men need you here and now. . . . We don’t know what they’re [the soldiers on board] are facing any more than they do. And that’s the most terrifying enemy there is.”

Captain Danielsen gave these four men total run of the ship and complete access to him, day or night. He wanted them to help him and the 902 on board through this mission alive, however they could. Little did they know that they would have to die to do that.

The Dorchester made it safely to Canada where the next stage of the orders was opened. The 902 men were to set up a string of airfields starting at Blue West One, Greenland to protect trans-Atlantic shipping with the aid of new microwave RADAR. This was codenamed Operation Thunderbolt. All went as planned and under communications blackout until they were sixty miles from Blue West One, when U-223 succeeded in hitting the Dorchester with a torpedo.

These men did all they could to keep order aboard during this ship’s final hours. They gave their all, and their life jackets, so that 230 men of the 902 could make it to Blue West One alive. “Soon, only the hands, still clasped in a circle, were visible in the flickering light of oil fires and flashlights. And then they were gone.”

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The novel M*A*S*H by Richard Hooker and its descendants in motion picture and television have been declared as very realistic, even to the point of causing "flashbacks" in some veterans, by those that served in the M*A*S*H's (Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals), such as the 8055th (which the 4077th is based on), during the Korean War. Many photographs taken at the real M*A*S*H units have been mistaken for pictures of the 4077th and vice versa. This realism also holds true in the matter of the chaplain, in this case, the Roman Catholic priest Father Francis John Patrick Mulcahy.

Father Mulcahy, as portrayed by René Auberjonois in the motion picture, does not exhibit the traits of an effective chaplain. He is very naïve, as is shown when the camp broadcasts over the public address system a very private and incriminating conversation coming from one of the tents. He thinks that it is his favorite radio show "The Bickering Bickersons." Further, he is not given much camera time to provide a sound judgment, at least until the television series.30

The televised Mulcahy, played by William Christopher, is a much more accepted, liked, and effective chaplain. He takes everything as it comes in full faith that God will see him and the staff of the 4077th through it with little to no damage. He is always kind, gentle, and a good sport when he loses or wins at poker. He does whatever he needs to make sure the doctors and nurses are comfortable in their home away from home. He assists in triage and surgery while performing his duties as a chaplain, primarily performing last rites. He was asked during the season four finale episode "The Interview" if Korea had changed him. He described an incident during the winter where a surgeon cut open a patient and steam rose from the body. The surgeon,
before starting the procedure, warmed his hands over the incision. "[How] could anyone not look at that and not feel changed?" he concludes.31

He listens to not only his "flock," but also the wounded in the hospital; including one soldier who thought that he himself was Jesus Christ come again. He holds a worship service every Sunday yet allows the Jewish soldiers in the camp to hold their own holiday observances because the nearest rabbi is on an aircraft carrier. He even performed a bris for a half-Korean boy with the help of this same rabbi via telephone. Further, he sacrifices everything from a long shower for someone that needs to speak to the commanding officer to his leave time in Seoul so that an epidemic in the camp can be eradicated with as few casualties as possible.

In another episode, his superior chaplain, Colonel Hollister, visits the 4077th to inspect Father Mulcahy. This chaplain finds nothing positive about Father Mulcahy, even though all of the members of the unit say that "[He] is the best chaplain in the business."32 He tells the priest, "You are God's messenger in this camp."33 Colonel Hollister even orders Father Mulcahy to go against his judgment and write a positive letter to a wounded soldier's family before that particular soldier had been stabilized.

I find that this episode and one other episode epitomize the Army Chaplaincy Corps: some chaplains are great chaplains, others are not, but both must be able to coincide with each other if they are to get the job done. Father Mulcahy never tries to go above Hollister and handles the situation with divine grace. The other episode I found that speaks to the heart of military chaplaincy is the final episode of the series. As both sides try to get as much firepower across the line as they can until the truce, Father Mulcahy finds that the prisoners of war are stranded in the open, with no way to protect themselves from the shelling. He runs into the line of fire, not thinking of himself, and opens the pen so the men can at least get under a jeep. A

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mortar round goes off as soon as he gets the last prisoner free, deafening him. Despite this injury that he never foresaw or wanted, being the humble servant that does not want to burden others, he finds a way to fake not being Deaf with the help of Captain “Hawkeye” Pierce (played by Alan Alda). He put his life on the line to save six North Koreans from certain death, and had to pay a small, but necessary price, namely his hearing. He did what he felt was his job, and probably did not regret it at all.

Father Mulcahy really is not sure about what his job is, but he says, “You can never lose if you have good material” and “I am here to entertain the troops,” especially with his excellent saloon piano skills. He admits to Colonel Hollister that he does not “pack them in,” but that is irrelevant. He is there for those faithful to any faith to help them, and even sacrifice his own shower time for them so they can rest a little easier. That, I feel, is what his job truly is. If this is the majority view of what a military chaplain is or does, then I find popular culture to be in the right.

**Chaplaincy Today—Spiritually Leading an Army of One**

**Civilian Deployment: A Week in the Field**

I was fortunate to be able to job shadow an Army chaplain (lieutenant colonel) on active duty. Due to the sensitive nature of a modern chaplain’s duties, especially with current world events as they are, no dates, times, places, or names will be given in order to protect those men and women, combatant or non-combatant, who put their lives on the line so that we may have the freedom and opportunities that we have here in the United States of America.
Day One:

I reported to the base at the designated time. After passing the security check, I made my way to the chapel. I had no idea what to expect. I walked into a building that had a steeple with a steep roof. This building was built when the base was first constructed. Once inside, I could hear modern Christian rock music playing on modern speakers in a chapel that still had the original pews with “U. S. A.” still printed in the wood, pulpit, altar, and organ. I knocked on the chaplain’s office door and explained who I was.

He immediately gave me a tour of the chapel and showed me what technology the chapel had. He said that each chapel comes equipped with a DVD player and a “one gun,” or Epson projector. The Army also provides a DVD series of worship music called iWorship. I was then ordered to watch all eight of them and give a report by Day Four as to what songs I would use in a service and why. We had some devotional time with one of the songs (I knew none of the songs on that disc) and went back to his office for some interview time. He informed me that he and his assistant are Missouri Synod Lutherans and they both feel women should not be in the ministry at all, but because the Army allows women to be chaplains, he was required to teach me and to teach me well. I knew that this was going to be a test of my strength because I as a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, as is the case with many ELCA members, have difficulty coping with the idea that some people do not see women as viable ministers. Since he is Missouri Synod, he does not offer communion to soldiers at all, unless the soldiers can prove that they are Missouri Synod as well. This is because this branch of Lutheranism practices what is called “closed” communion, or communion to members of that faith only. He went on to explain that chaplains have to do everything for themselves and know how to do everyone else’s job. Chaplains are counselors, advisors, and spiritual psychologists as

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part of their regular duties. He feels that it is his duty to make sure each soldier hears the Gospel before he or she is deployed so that he or she has heard it at least once in case that soldier does not come home. He also uses the Gospel to reassure the soldiers that what they are doing is good and right and to provide them with hope.

Our first objective for day one was posting large signs with the worship times and place on them in every major building on the base. We traveled to the buildings in what the chaplain refers to as the "Ark." This sport utility vehicle would be my primary mode of transportation for the week. With that accomplished, we headed off-base to make a condolence call in a nearby town. A deployed soldier's young son suddenly died the prior afternoon at the family home. We were checking to see how the family was handling the situation and to tell them that the soldier would try to get on the first possible flights home as soon as we could contact him. An hour or so after this stop, we ate in the Mess Hall and did some office work.

His assistant is a female captain who is a member of the Military Police force. She is the only commissioned officer that serves as a chaplain's assistant in the entire United States Army, and one of the few "MPs" as well. She told me that she volunteered for this duty because he is the only chaplain I know that deserves to be here. A lot of chaplains have dissolved marriages and/or are running away from congregations. If a soldier calls the chaplain at two in the morning and wants a prayer service for his unit, the chaplain will be there dressed and ready to go by half-after two that same morning. He's the best, and that ain't lip service.37

The chaplain insists on leading each outgoing group in one last devotional before they leave. On my first day shadowing the chaplain, I had the experience of watching a whole company of engineers leave the comfort of the United States for fourteen months. He uses a devotional that he wrote based on Tim O'Brien's book The Things They Carried. We then said The Lord's Prayer, and the men jumped on the bus. There were some tears from the soldiers, but

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not me. I waited until I was in the chapel bathroom to cry. At this point, I would equate being
an Army chaplain with being a doctor in emergency medicine: you get used to it, but at the same
time you do not. I am certain that sending men to war still tugs at the chaplain some, but he
cannot and does not outwardly show it. If he did, then he would not be a chaplain for much
longer.

The chapel is maintained by the Department of Corrections. Twice per week, a group of
women from the women’s prison do janitorial work, while the men from the men’s prison do
repairs, like replacing kneelers on the pews. It was this issue that showed the chaplain’s human
side. When he saw some kneelers were replaced shoddily, he said, “Well, they are convicts after
all.” I am glad to report that this was the only incident that I saw where he unfairly judged
someone, other than his belief that women should not be ordained and communion should be
withheld from all non-Missouri Synod soldiers.

As I sat in the chapel that afternoon watching the first iWorship DVD, I could not help
but wonder how many men and women had sat in these pews and how many of them came back
home. As I thought about this, I had the feeling that someone was sitting right behind me. I
turned around, but nobody was there. I like to think and still entertain the thought that it was one
of the thousands of soldiers that came through this base, sat in that pew behind mine, went to war,
and never came home.

Day Two:

I reported to the base, but met some more resistance trying to enter. The security level
was raised overnight from Alpha to Alpha Plus, causing me to nearly have my van gutted by a
rightfully paranoid group of military police officers. The chaplain never told me why the level
was elevated.

_A Study on Military Chaplaincy_
The bulk of the day was spent revising a risk assessment form that the chaplain has created to assess returning soldiers for possible future problems due to deployment. It was very similar to forms used in psychological centers, but tailored to the uniqueness of war. Some questions included how long the soldier was deployed; how much leave, if any, the soldier received; and questions about the soldier’s unit as a whole. There was another section on this questionnaire in which the soldier is asked to rate statements on a scale of zero through five. The questions tended to center on physiological matters, such as alcohol consumption and ability to sleep. The chaplain and his assistant then went to eat at the Non-Commissioned Officers Club, while I chose to stay behind to watch some of the iWorship DVDs I was ordered to view and answer the phones while they were away. Immediately after “mess,” the chaplain reported to the first of two weekly Battle Update Briefings (BUBs). I was not allowed to follow him into the BUB because of the sensitive and classified nature of this meeting. I continued watching the iWorship DVDs so I did not have to rush my report. The chaplain returned from his BUB and said something to his assistant about possibly needing his “Blues,” one of the most formal uniforms worn, for a death notification in the morning. I was scared to ask him about it, but somehow knew I would be told about it the next morning.

Day Three:

Day Three was spent with the three of us in three different places. I was sent to the county seat to do some secretarial work in the Marriage License Office at the courthouse while the assistant did some errands of some type and the chaplain met with the chaplain from IMA. I was never told what IMA meant. All I knew was that this chaplain was a colonel, outranking my chaplain; that he was in a position higher than him; and that the meeting was very important.
I spent approximately six hours going page by page in the logs trying to find chaplain-officiated weddings on and off-base. I returned back to base to find that not only was the IMA chaplain still there, but that they expected me to take much longer. I thought I had run late because I failed to write some dates and addresses down and had to comb through two-thirds of the logs a second time. The assistant unlocked one of the chapel’s extra computers and set me to work on entering my list of over twenty weddings since 2000 into a database. As I began working, the assistant came into the room and told me that the colonel, not the lieutenant colonel, wanted to see me.

I did not know what to expect. I prayed that I had not done anything wrong by accident. I entered the room following standard protocol, and the chaplain said, “Don’t I have her trained well?” The other chaplain chuckled in agreement. I was relieved to find neither of them had anything negative to say.

This chaplain, the colonel, who was visiting told me that he is a member of the ELCA, my denomination. I was relieved to find some common ground with someone on that base, even if it was temporary. As we talked, I noticed that he had received a field medic citation as a chaplain from his unit while in combat. He told me that “[the number one job] a chaplain does in combat, aside from providing support spiritually, is providing support medically.” He went further to say that “I [he] worked triage and started intravenous lines numerous times.” This was why he was given an award for which chaplains are ineligible—he went above and beyond the call of his and another vocation he did not have “proper” training for so that his unit could remain in the fight. My chaplain concurred with him. They both agreed that I should complete any basic medical training I can because that is one of the “hats” chaplains wear as non-combatants.
After talking with the colonels about any topic that came to mind about chaplaincy for about an hour, I finished my work. The IMA chaplain left while I was working. After I finished my work, the chaplain called me back to his office. He informed me that a soldier had died in Iraq and that he was sent the notification because this soldier was from the State the base is in. The chaplain ended up not needing his uniform because the soldier’s kin live closer to a base in a neighboring State. He then explained the process of a death notification.

First, a chaplain receives the notice, finds the next of kin, and gives the information to a "notifying officer." This process must be completed in six hours, because that is the amount of time that the military has before the information goes to the media. He told me of one time that the notifying officer rang the doorbell just as the family's soldier's name was read on CNN. If the base has no notifying officer, then the chaplain must do this duty, which is the one of the hardest for a chaplain to do. "It is the chaplain who is supposed to console and help the family, not the one to build a wall between them because he or she is the one that broke the news to the family." Then, the family meets with other officers to deal with finances, personal effects, funeral plans, etc. The chaplain showed me photos of funerals he has presided at and a presentation he has on suicide awareness based on the television series M*A*S*H. I never knew that the whole show set up for Captain Benjamin Franklin "Hawkeye" Pierce, the main character, to be seen as a suicidal soldier who is thought to commit suicide sometime after the last scene of the last episode. I watch this show with new eyes and am more able to see the warning signs of suicide in that show now.

After our last discussion, I went to my host-family's church's mid-week Lenten soup and vesper service. It felt strange being in a place where I could be openly who I am theologically and be accepted and not worry about walking to the left of rank and holding doors. I was
surprised to see how many people from that and the neighboring Lutheran congregations were interested in what I was doing in their town. I barely could find the time to eat. They had many very good questions for me and asked me to tell them about my feelings on topics ranging from the Geneva Convention to pan-Lutheran theology and even French politics.

A strange occurrence happened during the vespers portion of the evening. An air raid siren began to ring. I immediately ducked under my pew. 'God, I do not know why al-Qaeda is trying to hit a stateside base, and furthermore, why mine? This must be why they raised the level to Alpha Plus,' I thought as everyone stared at me. I found out after the service that this town had converted its old civil defense/air raid sirens into tornado sirens and that the city was conducting its annual test. If anything could bring "closer to home" the world events and the micro-world that I was in contact with and was hoping to join in short order, this was it. Visions of the movies Threads, The Day After, War Games, and 84 Charlie MoPic raced through my head. Also that evening, when we prayed The Lord's Prayer, my mind went back to that first day, when all of us prayed The Lord's Prayer in that barrack, M-16's on racks in the corner, duffel bags along the walls, empty Girl Scout cookie boxes everywhere, and the tears rolling out of the eyes of those soldiers as they climbed into the buses off to an undisclosed destination. Thus far, this was my longest day.

Day Four:

The day began with going to the young boy's funeral. The family seemed to be coping well, and the soldier could not wait to go back to duty after he spends some time with his family on vacation. The main reason why he wanted to return to duty was he wanted his "rocker" and the fact that he had trained for this for ten years and was now getting pulled out of it right as he was pushed into it. They had just taken a strategic position when he was called Stateside for the
funeral. This was the first and only time I saw the chaplain and his assistant in “A’s” or dress uniform. The family was glad we came and I managed to fully remove myself mentally from the situation. I could not believe that I had gone from crying in the chapel bathroom when approximately thirty soldiers leave the country to enter combat to being able to see the body of a four-year old boy ready to be buried with a sense of sadness and loss, but no real need to outwardly express my emotions. I have yet to cry for that boy.

The chaplain and I then spent much of the remainder of the Day Four preparing his kiosk for the incoming demobilization. This base has devised a thirteen step mobilization/demobilization process that is the most efficient in the whole Army. This is why this base will remain active at least another six months. I asked the chaplain what he felt about having his “tour” extended. He said, “I won’t be home much. I’ve been home a total of thirteen days in the last eighteen months and preached in my home pulpit four times, but I would rather be stuck here another six months and know I did my job to the best of my abilities, than leave early because I gave it a half-effort.” That was the best answer I could imagine. The assistant was right about him being the best.

We put fresh Bibles, rosaries, and other religious items out on the tables, all of which the chaplain had received for free from various groups. I wish that he told me from where he received them so I could get them for my soldiers when the time comes.

He insists that he or his assistant gets at least five minutes with each soldier. He sees his job as trying to figure out what makes a soldier “tick” and what he can do to catch issues before they start and only send the stable soldiers out to the field.

He then showed me the computer program that the computer engineers are helping him build to be distributed throughout the Army. He lists each soldier and any possible “chapter”

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that he or she could qualify for in being able to be relieved from tour early or even receiving an early discharge. He wants this information digitized because then all he has to do is click a mouse and not wade through reams of paper to see that Private John Doe’s wife is pregnant with twins and might need to come home early to help her ease into life after delivery. This way, if Private Doe does go to his commanding officer and says, “My wife just had twins and isn’t doing well,” then the officer can look on a sheet the chaplain gave him pointing this out and is more likely to let the soldier be demobilized early than one with no notice. Further, this helps the chaplain keep track of who demobilized early and why so he can see where soldiers fall through the cracks and how he can fill those cracks so that the Army will run more efficiently. I cannot wait for this program to be used throughout the Army. This is high-speed/low-drag, cutting or “bleeding” edge, at its finest for a chaplain.

Day Four brought the women from the women’s prison again. This time one came up to the chaplain with one of the iWorship’s in her hand and asked if we could play it while they cleaned. The chaplain responded, “Sure, not a problem. If you want to see one of these when I or the captain are not here, here is how you work the DVD player and ‘one gun’.” He showed her how to use the equipment, and all went smoothly.

This was also the day that I turned in my iWorship report to the chaplain, which I have enclosed. He seemed pleased with it, except for when I chose songs out of “familiarity” because that is a relative term. What is familiar to one may not be familiar to another. Nonetheless, he did seem pleased with my performance overall. He did inform me that I cannot expect to do a “full” worship service because of the amount of time a service takes from the soldiers’ lives and the ecumenical environment in which it is placed. It appears that I still have much to learn.

Day Five:

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I could easily call Day Five Day Four Part II because what little time I had to sleep, my body frittered away in insomnia. I had to be awake and at the hotel by 1:30 in the morning. When I got there, I found out, through waking the assistant, that the time had been changed to 2:30 and that they had called my cellular phone, which shuts off voice mail access outside of my home area. I did offer bottles of cola to them as a peace offering, and they gladly accepted.

We then traveled to the airport in the “Ark.” When we arrived, we found out that “wheels down” was going to be delayed another hour because of the need for the new shift of flight attendants to do their duties. This was not the only problem plaguing the chaplain’s mind. The chaplain said one word as we pulled into the parking lot that summed up his annoyance with the situation, “Civilians.” The group coming in was from out of State and was told that no family or friends were to come to the airport. We encountered approximately thirty civilians wanting to see their soldiers after fourteen months apart. The chaplain said he would try to get them to see each other, but doubted it would happen. Due to the sensitivity of demobilization, I was only permitted to be with the civilians. Therefore, I do not know what a chaplain does at a “wheels down.” All I know is that someone defied orders and let the civilians into the building separating the plane and troops from the civilian world. These men and women were still considered “on mission” and could not even step on soil or smoke a cigarette without permission. They had been traveling for forty hours. Because orders had not been followed, the chaplain gave the families three minutes with their soldiers. I was able to see what kind of emotions fourteen months of separation can cause.

A female soldier runs to her mother so fast she floors her and both begin crying. A husband and wife kiss for the first time in fourteen months. A three-year old daughter does not recognize “daddy” anymore and clings to mommy and is crying because a “stranger” is trying to
take her away. Fathers hug sons. Grown men cry. A soldier touches the face of his grandmother that he has not seen since he entered the military. There is a lot of screaming as each civilian tries to see his or her soldier running toward him or her. When the three minutes were up, a mere one hundred and eighty seconds, no one wanted to let go. They had been apart for fourteen long months and three minutes was not enough. I overheard through the crack in the door the officer in charge of the landing finally receiving and delivering the words, “Go outside and smoke ‘em if you got ‘em.” The soldiers bolted for the door so they could stand on American soil and have their first cigarette in over forty hours.

I asked the chaplain if this was a normal “wheels down.” It indeed was the farthest from normal he had been a part of. “If the group coming in is in-State, then we have a big ceremony in a hangar when they land. This group was out-of-State, hence the early landing and the small venue. We were not anticipating civilians. I have to call [their State] and tell them that under no circumstance are there to be any civilians at a ‘wheels down.’ For groups like this, we have a building set up with a breakfast for them on base. They can catch up there. They had no reason to come to the airport. Also, that police officer had no right to go against orders.”

I was very torn at this moment. From a military and security angle, I could see the chaplain’s point and concerns. The prospective chaplain in me was happy with his stance. From a civilian perspective, myself being the only one walking around base in “civvies,” I could not disagree more. Still, the soldier in me was torn. If I was a soldier whose name was called, I would have been glad civilians were there. If I was one of the soldiers whose family obeyed orders, not only would I feel as the chaplain did, but also jealous of those who could break ranks to see their family before I saw mine, if mine came to the breakfast at all. War breeds mixed emotions on all issues, including this one. Does a family have a right to see a soldier when they

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are expressly told that it was not a good idea? I cannot answer that question right now. I hope I can answer it some day.

For me, the happiness of homecoming was short-lived. We had another mobilization group slated to have a last devotion. This one initially did not hit me as hard as the first one did, but when I thought back on it later that night; I knew that it was the harder of the two that I had seen. There were less soldiers being deployed, and they were going as fresh replacements, plucked from their jobs to be called up by the National Guard to go to parts unknown. This definitely was my longest and hardest day.

Day Six:

Day Six was the shortest day for me. It began with the chaplain de-briefing the troops. He showed a video about how coming home causes some big adjustments and how the soldiers should act. “Take things slowly.” “Live as a guest in your house for the first two weeks.” “Do not mess with anything before asking.” “Life went on without you.” “Your family may have adopted a change in routine to accommodate for you not being there.” “Let your children warm up to you on their own time.” “Life went on without you. Time did not stand still.”

Over one hundred soldiers filled out the forms that the chaplain and I had corrected just days before. It felt good to see my time there bearing fruit right before me as I saw the men and women fill out the forms. Later that day, his assistant and I sorted them as to those who needed appointments and those that only needed the initial five minutes, at least preliminarily.

Before we did the sorting, his assistant took me to the Post Exchange, or PX to buy my coin. In the military, they issue commemorative coins for everything. Soldiers talk about them and show them off when they meet in the Officers’ Lounge or the Non-Commissioned Officers’ Club. There were coins for Vietnam veterans, World War II, Operation Red Dawn, etc. I chose

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my first coin to be the coin for that base, since it was my first stop and tour of duty, though it only lasted seven days. Once the sorting was done, I was free to leave. The week went so fast. My first arrival on base seemed like only yesterday. As I left the chapel, I looked at myself in the mirror and said, “Well done, good and faithful servant.” I had found my calling. I was tired, hungry, and sore, but so fulfilled that I had the biggest smile and laughed as I pulled out of the base for my host family’s home to begin packing.

Day Seven:

On my final day, I reported to the chapel to attend the Protestant service. The chaplain holds one service in the morning and another in the evening. A local priest comes in after lunch to lead a full Mass for the Catholics on base. I find it odd that no rabbis, imams, or lamas visit the base because the nearest synagogue and mosque are at least thirty minutes away while the nearest Buddhist temple is more than an hour away.

There were approximately twenty in attendance, other than the chaplain, his assistant, and myself. There was another woman in the chapel besides the chaplain’s assistant and myself, but she was not in uniform because she was going on leave after the service. The rest of the congregation was comprised of the students who were starting classes the next morning at the academy on base. They were all in battle dress uniform, or BDU’s, with a grey cloth dickey covering their brown blouses under their camouflage button-up shirt.

Coming from the Lutheran tradition, where a Sunday morning service can last up to ninety minutes, this worship service was quite brief, lasting approximately thirty minutes. Nonetheless, I could recognize where I was in the liturgy and could see where and why he omitted parts. Below is a table containing the basic components of a Lutheran liturgy and whether or not the chaplain retained each component.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Traditional Liturgy</th>
<th>Retained</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brief Order for Confession and Forgiveness</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passing of the peace</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening hymn</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyrie</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Prayer of the Day</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Testament Reading</td>
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<tr>
<td>Psalm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Testament Reading</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gospel and Homily</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hymn of the Day</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apostle’s, Nicene, or Athanasian Creed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayers of the Church</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order for the Distribution of Communion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sending Hymn</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benediction and Dismissal</td>
<td>X</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I feel that he omitted the parts that would make the service intrinsically Lutheran and/or exclusivist in nature; although it is my personal belief that omitting Communion was highly exclusivist of him. He still remained within a generic Christian bubble, but did not show any particular denomination to be superior over the others.

Once the service had concluded, I shook hands with him and thanked him for his hospitality. I also wished him the best of luck, God’s blessings, and that he might be able to return home soon. He said he was glad I came and gave me his business card.

The woman that was going on leave is from his home congregation and so he asked her back into his office for communion as I left. I felt hurt, but remembered that this is his choice and his belief, and it is not my place, choice, or right to tell him what to do, force my beliefs on him, and/or judge him.

I truly found myself in a civilian deployment, mobilized and demobilized. It took me several days to “debrief” myself and become re-accustomed to seeing more civilian clothing than

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camouflage on a given day. It also took me some time to allow men to open doors for me again, having opened every public door for the chaplain and his assistant for seven straight days.

I did have a truly-called chaplain as an archetype of the chaplaincy today, and for that I am thankful. As I left the base, I cried. The week had gone too fast. I did not want it to end. Every time I pray The Lord’s Prayer, my mind goes back to those soldiers who were deployed from those barracks, those soldiers who were in that chapel with me on Sunday, and that ghost soldier who sat with me that Monday afternoon in that empty chapel.41

Anchors Aweigh: An Interview With a Retired Navy Chaplain

I interviewed Lt. John F. Hawkins III (CH Navy, retired) on 18 July 2004 at his church, Bethany Lutheran, Indianapolis, Indiana. I interviewed him in order to see if chaplains in one branch are identical or drastically different in another. My results were surprising. Below is a concise, accurate paraphrase of our one hour-long dialogue.

Jamie-Sue Carrico: In your opinion, what is the primary goal of a chaplain?

Pastor John F. Hawkins III: The primary goal of a chaplain is to provide the Word of God in a very secular setting. A Navy chaplain can serve one of four different groups of sailors: Merchant Marines, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or the Navy itself.

JSC: How does the Navy view the job of a chaplain?

Pastor Hawkins: The chaplain serves to the men under the command staff officer to the line of his or her particular unit. The chaplain also has immediate access to the commanding officer.

The Navy chaplain functions and performs the same duties of an Army chaplain, just with a larger congregation. At one point, I had 19,000 sailors and their dependents in my group. Chaplains are crisis counselors, human resource

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counselors, family counselors, drug and alcohol counselors, and spiritual leaders. If a sailor is threatening to do anything that will harm himself/herself, someone else, and/or a mission, and he or she tells me, I will call up his CO [Commanding Officer] and warn that CO. It is usually as simple as “Sailor so and such is having some problems with being shipped out. Please keep an eye on him for me.” Chaplains also serve as Death Notification Officers to the sailors and at many times to the families. My commanding officers have come to me for advice. Chaplains are seen as the first line [not the last resort] when there is a question, problem, or concern.

They must be very connected with their sailors in order to be effective. If the group is deployed, the chaplain is deployed with them. “Cooperation without compromise” is key. A chaplain must be willing to cooperate with the people and within the situation that he or she is in without compromising his or her personal beliefs.

Navy chaplains, like their Army counterparts, “wear many hats” that are totally different. They often have to wear many of them at the same time in order to get the job done. At one of the last bases I was stationed at, I was the events coordinator for the local Boy Scout and Girl Scout troops that used the base chapel for their location on top of my Navy and chaplaincy duties.

JSC: In my experience with Army, they do a “chapter” list of potential problems with each soldier.

Pastor Hawkins: That is one difference between the Navy and the Army. The Navy tends to be more verbal than written, while the Army is opposite.
JSC: According to the Navy, where is a chaplain’s primary place?

Pastor Hawkins: A chaplain’s primary place is with his or her sailors. The Navy always deploys. A Navy does no good if it is shored up on a dock. It is the ultimate show of power and force, so long as the boats are sailing in the water with trained men aboard.

JSC: Is there an “average day in the life of a Navy chaplain?” If there is, can you describe it?

Pastor Hawkins: [chuckles] Yes, there is an “average day.” Every day is an “average day” because the “average” is the unexpected. So long as you expect the unexpected and keep on your toes, you will make it work and make it fit into your plan for the day.

JSC: Reverting back to the chaplain’s job, am I correct in assuming that Father Mulcahy from M*A*S*H is correct when he says, “I’m here to entertain the troops”?

Pastor Hawkins: Absolutely. Chaplains have to be able to tell when morale starts to sag and find ways to bring it back up. When I was in Asia, I would go out to the different installations and ships to do “health and wellness” checks to see how each sailor was doing emotionally, spiritually, and mentally, while gauging the overall morale, especially in areas where no churches exist, like Indonesia. Morale can easily sag there because chaplains can only be so many places at once when they are spread out like I was. I would do a “holy helo” [ride on a helicopter] from boat to boat like a circuit minister in the 1800’s [go from town to town by horse] to each ship when we were strictly on water so that each ship got time with me. If a ship has 400 sailors on it, they will have a chaplain. If that ship is in a group with other smaller ships, which it usually

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is, I would be responsible for all of the ships in my “task force.” If more than one chaplain is assigned to a task force, then we rotate what ships we cover and what duties we perform. The Navy trains “lay leaders” in case a ship’s chaplain is of a differing religion or if there is no chaplain nearby. Various supplies are made available to them so that they can lead the other sailors in their religious customs. An example is the Passover kit available to the Jewish Lay Leaders that contain the necessary plates, food and whatever else they need for the Seder.

JSC: Why did you decide to join the Navy Chaplaincy Corps?

Pastor Hawkins: That’s easy. Are you familiar with Sir Francis Drake?

JSC: Yes. He fought against the Spanish Armada.

Pastor Hawkins: I am a direct descendant of his cousin Sir John Fuller Hawkins I. My family lived on the ocean as pirates for a long time. I should be the sixth, but my grandfather named himself senior and my father junior, so the count restarted. My ancestors helped to build Pearl Harbor. When I was a child and visited my uncle at his naval base, I told him I was going to be a Navy Chaplain, and I was for six years.

JSC: If you do not mind my asking, why did you leave the Navy?

Pastor Hawkins: Not at all. I was trained to be a troubleshooter. If a chaplain really messed up and the commanding officers threatened to pull out of the chaplaincy program, I would go in to try to patch it up. I left because the Navy would not let me be in one place for at least twelve months. My daughter went to three totally different kindergartens in one year. My moving around was not fair to her. So,
I left 1 January 1987. I personally did not see combat, but I did deploy sailors to Grenada.

JSC: What is the difference between a call into civilian ordained ministry and a call into military chaplaincy?

Pastor Hawkins: I have found there to be little difference. The military is its own subculture with its own language, customs, rules, procedures, and dress codes. In either case, rank gets you respect, but trustworthiness is what makes your congregation trust you. The only difference in call is that a chaplain has to be prepared to live and survive in that subculture and all it brings with it.

JSC: Do you have any “best” or “worst” stories you can share?

Pastor Hawkins: Hmmm. The one I can tell is when I was in Asia. I was assigned to a group of engineers. We got a call saying that an orphanage up in Busan, South Korea needed some repairs. I called my superior and explained that I had engineers and there was this need and asked his permission. He said it was fine and we went up there and fixed up this orphanage. We called our cooks on board the ship to the orphanage. When we finished all of the repairs, we had a big cookout. We didn’t speak any Korean and they didn’t speak any English, but we all did an excellent job conversing in the language of “Fun.”

JSC: I assume this was a big morale booster.

Pastor Hawkins: That it was. One of the jobs of the engineers is to mine sweep. If you had to choose between laying a new roof on an orphanage in Busan and going into the field to look for Claymores, which would you pick?

JSC: Definitely the roof.
Pastor Hawkins: Exactly.

JSC: One last question. Are there any questions I failed to ask that I should have? Can you answer them?

Pastor Hawkins: Wow, make up my own questions [chuckle]. I think that you have asked all of the right questions and more. Good luck with your thesis.

JSC: Thanks. Thank you so much for taking the time out of your day to speak with me.\textsuperscript{42}

The Caissons Go Marching Along: An Interview With a Retired Army Chaplain

I interviewed Col. Ray Bradley (CH Army, retired) on 26 July 2004 over the telephone at his home in Indianapolis, Indiana. I interviewed him to further compare the Navy to the Army since he spent over twenty years on active duty, while the chaplain I shadowed had been strictly National Guard. My results, again, were surprising, and again, this is an accurate paraphrase of our forty-five minute dialogue.

Jamie-Sue Carrico: In your opinion, what is the primary goal of a chaplain?

Father Ray Bradley: The primary goal of a chaplain is to bring the troops to God and God to the troops no matter where they or you are.

JSC: How does the Army view the job of a chaplain?

Father Bradley: The chaplain is a part of the unit. He (He refers to both male and female chaplains here) serves the staff and is the only one under the commander that can speak or have general access to the commander. The chaplain is a counselor, a gauge of the morality of the unit, and provides religious and spiritual guidance.

A lot of young chaplains are scared to speak and advise their CO’s (Commanding Officers). They think that the colonel won’t listen to a First Lieutenant. They forget that their “commanding officer” ranks higher than the...
military's commanding officer. A chaplain should be uncomfortable with letting his CO go off half-cocked with a plan that is not wisely decided on and could cause a major incident.

JSC: So the chaplain is the voice of reason?

Father Bradley: He can be.

JSC: According to the Army, where is a chaplain's primary place?

Father Bradley: The chaplain's place is with the unit. Where the unit goes, he goes. He is assigned to a unit, not a ship, base, or post. He has to be there 24/7 if he is going to be effective.

Army chaplains are so close to their assistants not only because the chaplain's life is in that assistant's hands, but also because the assistant is an enlisted person, he or she can tell better when morale drops and help figure out a course of action to get it back up. Once morale falls, everything else falls too.

The Army does not see an assistant as a secretary. He and the chaplain are a team. No other branch is like that. A Navy chaplain that came on a base as I was leaving could not understand why my chaplain's assistant and I were so close to each other. We are family away from family.

JSC: What do you think about the portrayal of the chaplain in M*A*S*H's Father Mulcahy.

Father Bradley: [chuckles] Overall, they did a pretty nice job of showing a chaplain's life. He is there, and helps where and when he can. He is a part of the unit and they include him in all aspects of their life. I lost count of how many soldiers I helped in triage with the medics. When the show is serious, it is a very valid portrayal. As the show becomes silly, the chaplain becomes more Hollywood and less real to

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life. I still think they did a good job with him, but some of the silliness down-played the character.

JSC: Is there an “average day in the life of an Army chaplain?” If there is, can you describe it?

Father Bradley: The only thing average is the possibility that anything can happen.

JSC: Why did you join the Army Chaplaincy Corps?

Father Bradley: That is an interesting story. I had hepatitis a long time ago, and it suddenly stopped showing up in my blood work. I was in the Air Force for a while. I then went and got “edjumacated [educated].” I got smart and knew if I was going back it would be Army. I was in a congregation in Connecticut when I was persuaded to join the National Guard. Our bishop convinced me to go active, and here I am. I did twenty-three years with the Army and a few weeks with NATO.

JSC: It’s really great that the chaplains don’t worry about denominations.

Father Bradley: In the Army, they don’t ask you what your faith is. They see the symbol on your collar and they are glad you are there. I’ve served with the 1st Infantry, the 3rd Cavalry/Armored, and so on everywhere. I’ve had 155 men under me. Any chaplain is better than no chaplain at all.

A local Catholic priest [who is non-military] lets me substitute for him on occasion and I’m an Episcopalian! We network and help each other out so there is always a chaplain on duty. I rarely had problems with other chaplains, and ELCA and Episcopal chaplains have worked together for years.

JSC: What is the difference between a call into civilian ordained ministry and a call into military chaplaincy?

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Father Bradley: The biggest difference is this is real ministry. You are not tied down with finances and bookkeeping. I wouldn't have gotten to see the world if I hadn't joined. When I was in East Germany, I watched a lot of soldiers crack under the pressure of their jobs. I wrote the book on battle fatigue that is distributed throughout the Army to the chaplains.

JSC: You actually get to jump in and get your hands dirty.

Father Bradley: Right. The one thing that hurts young chaplains is they get caught up in the system. Forget the Efficiency Report if you have a soldier knocking on your tent flap! And don't worry about pleasing your CO. Your CO needs your guidance more than anyone. It gets really lonely at the top. If God wants you in the Army, He will make sure you stay in the Army as long as He wants you there. Don't sweat the small stuff.

JSC: Do you have any "best" or "worst" stories you can share?

Father Bradley: Well, when I completed Air Assault School, we had to do a ten-mile run with full gear and weapons. I thought, 'Well, I won't be carrying a gun, so the run won't be so bad.' I came to the run to find a shepherd's crook the same weight and size as an M-16 had been manufactured for me to carry on the run. It made the newspapers! We were supposed to scream "Air Assault!" every left footfall, but I got the troops to scream "Prayer Assault!" much to the dismay of our teachers. That made the ten miles more bearable.

JSC: Did you experience combat? Not meaning to age you, but you probably began your career in Vietnam.

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Father Bradley: I entered the Chaplaincy Corps right at the end of Vietnam. I retired after twenty-three years and then came back for a few weeks for NATO to prevent an international incident in Bosnia during our first stint there. Oh, if you are ever on “Jeopardy” and are asked ‘Who was the first chaplain to NATO?’—that would be me.

The CO’s were more attentive than the chaplains. The CO’s were totally for what NATO and I decided on, but the chaplains were not so easily to persuade. They failed to read the manual that I had put together purposely to avoid this kind of situation.

One day in Bosnia, we came upon three Bosnian Muslims that had been hit and killed by a French jeep. Just before this, I came up with a pamphlet of prayers for all faiths. I talked to the “Gendarme” about praying for these Muslims and he pointed me to the woman in charge of the area, who was a Croat. She did not understand me well. As a crowd began to gather, she told me, trying to prevent a larger crisis, “They were Bosnian. They were Muslim. They are dead. They are better off that way. Do what you want.” That was the sentiment then.

So, I prayed for these three dead Muslims the prayer I found and put in the writing. All the Muslims around were very grateful and glad I did that for them, even though I am not Muslim and I speak very poor Arabic. It was the thought that definitely counted and prevented an escalation.

JSC: One last question. Are there any questions I failed to ask that I should have? Can you answer them?
Father Bradley: No, I think you covered it all. If you need anything else just give me a call. God bless you and you will have a blast in the Army.

JSC: God bless you too. Have a great one.

The Army is similar yet very different from the Navy in its views of a chaplain and his/her role in the lives of the soldiers/sailors. Father Bradley describes the job as working in a "chapel without walls." This job is not meant for every minister, but it will give back what one puts into it and can do more than just provide as steady, and often more plentiful, income.44

**Pro Deo et Patria: A Chapel Without Walls**

Although times, the world, and the military chaplain’s uniform have changed significantly in the last 229 years; the duties, spirit, heart, and humility of effective United States Army chaplains has remained relatively the same—standing the test of time and war. A military chaplain’s place is to encourage, guide, support, and console the combatant soldier spiritually, no matter where he or she is, while serving the United States and God, as the motto for the Army Chaplaincy Corps says, “Pro Deo et Patria [for God and Country].” They find and walk a tight and fragile balance between serving God and country, life as a civilian and as a soldier, and being in the line of fire to encourage the soldiers while being unable to fully engage in the fight on a physical level. I find this “fine line” best expressed in the third chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes. The New Revised Standard Version reads:

“For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; ... a time to kill, and a time to heal; ... a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace.”45

To answer Father Mulcahy’s question about Korea changing him in “The Interview” (Season 4, Episode 24), one who is sane has no choice but to be changed. I find that war—and being in the military in general—changes a human being into more of a person. If one can walk

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away from this, then one can make it through anything. That, I feel, is the primary personal goal of the chaplain: to be changed so that he or she can be a more effective chaplain through experience—facing death with no regrets, having lived life to the fullest, and having helped his or her country by helping his or her soldiers find God somewhere on that bloodied, deafening battlefield; in that bullet-riddled, under-supplied Army hospital; or that sturdy, clean chapel on a Stateside base.

**Further Reading**

Here is a list of other works that I encountered and did not use that contain more information on United States Army chaplains. This is not an exhaustive list, but one that I hope will be helpful in learning more about this topic.


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9. White, 52, 53.
10. White, 62.
11. White, 78.
14. This term is primarily a naval term that refers to men lost at sea. If a man is lost while on mission, he is declared "forever on patrol" to honor his sacrifice for the good of the ship and mission.

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Wales, 7, 8, 10.
Wales, 16.
Wales, 18. By Congressional Act, chaplains began to wear Army uniform and rank in 1914. They also received the ability to climb in rank by this act of Congress.
Wales, 13-23.
Wales, 27.
Wales, 31.
Wales, 25-34.
Wales, 41.
Wales, 42.
Wales, 56.
Wales, 51-61.
Wales, 74.
Wales, 105.
Wales, 121.
Wales, 309.
Mulcahy, Father Francis (William Christopher). M*A*S*H Season four, Episode 24. Written and directed by Larry Gelbart.
Personal interview. Dates classified
A “rocker” is a bar below the chevrons on an enlisted person’s rank. He was moving up from E-7 to E-8, to the top of the enlisted ranks and did not want to be denied this honor. Completing this tour would secure this promotion for him.
A “chapter” refers to different parts of Army code that can allow for early demobilization and/or discharge. Usual chapters include topics regarding poverty, hardship, aggressive behavior, and homosexuality (“Section 8” or “Chapter 15, Section 8”)
A “wheels down” refers to an airplane that lands with demobilizing soldiers on board which officials from the nearest base must rendezvous with.
Week-long field study at an Army base. Dates and location classified.
A “Gendarme” in French refers to any police officer, but in the French Foreign Legion it more closely resembles a US Military Police officer, or MP.
Verses 1, 2a, 3a, 8.
Disc A

Songs Selected (in order): Open the Eyes of My Heart (Track 2)

Above All (Track 4)

I Can Only Imagine (Track 6)

Rationale: I chose the song listed first because of its asking God to open our hearts to see Him and his name proclaimed as Holy. I placed it first because its message can be seen as a call to worship. “Above All,” I feel, is a good middle song because it discusses God’s position as above everything imaginable, but still made human in the form of Jesus, keeping all of us in His mind that Friday on Calvary. It also tells the story of what makes us as Christians who we are: the fact that Jesus was crucified, died, and rose three days later. I selected the final song because of its personal language. It places one’s vision of Heaven into a real time, and one’s accountability in the front of the mind. I made these choices with the thought in my mind that I will never see some of these soldiers ever again, and more importantly, some of them may not return home alive. This could be their “last chance” to either hear the word or get their spiritual affairs in order.

Disc B

Songs Selected (in order): Come, Now is the Time to Worship (Track 2)

Trading My Sorrows (Track 1)

God of Wonders (Track 7)

How Great Thou Art (Track 4)
Rationale: "Come, Now is the Time to Worship" is just as its title states: a call to worship. It also bears the message that God does not care how one is dressed or what one looks like or that certain events have taken place in a person’s life. All He cares about is that we, as His people, offer praise and thanksgiving to Him. This song also is about world evangelism ("One day every tongue will confess you are God . . ."). "Trading My Sorrows" is, to me, a good selection for this congregation because it discusses what happens when one just lets God deal with all the details so that one does not have to worry about anything except following orders and following Jesus. "God of Wonders" is a praise song that places God into a world perspective ("Lord of heaven and earth"). It also contains one line I feel is important to anyone, especially soldiers called to duty, "Father, Hold me, Hold me." I find it calming to think that no matter where I am, God still has me in His arms. I chose the final song because it discusses the might of God compared to the feebleness and mortality of Man. It is also a song that many soldiers should be familiar with, creating a kind of "stability" or "norm" from the civilian world. I made these selections with the same idea in mind as I did with Disc A and all of the subsequent discs.

Disc C

Songs Selected (in order): You Are My All in All (Track 5)
Lord, I Lift Your Name on High (Track 4)
Give Thanks (Track 6)
He Knows My Name (Track 7)

Rationale: The first song, I feel, is a fine start to a service. It is a statement of what God is and does for us. The second, I find, to be very much in the "praise" category. It talks briefly about who Jesus is and what God did through Him. The third song calls for the congregation to thank God for everything, even to the point where the poor say they are rich. Even though the final song here is perfect for baptisms, I feel it is important for troops to hear because it reminds them
that no matter where they are, who they are, or what they do, God knows all of their names and lives down to the second.

Disc D

Songs Selected (in order): God Will Make A Way (Track 3)

Let the River Flow (Track 5)

Jesus, Lover of My Soul (Track 6)

Rationale: I chose this particular song as first because it is a reminder that even if something looks impossible to us, it is still very possible for God. “Let the River Flow” is a cry to God to fully cover the planet with his love and mercy as more and more bow to Him. The final song here is a reminder that Jesus loves everyone no matter what goes on in the world.

Disc E

Songs Selected (in order): Breathe (Track 5)

Rise Up and Praise Him (Track 1)

I Will Sing (Track 6)

Rationale: The focus of the song “Breathe” is that God is even in our breath. Without Him, nothing would exist. It is a wonderful song to meditate and prepare for worship. “Rise Up...” is a call to worship, stating that God is worthy of 100% praise and worship. “I Will Sing” is an affirmation that one will worship Jesus and God more fully. I can see this final song used as a call to commit or recommit to a personal relationship with God before it is too late.

Disc F

Songs Selected (in order): Come Thou Fount (Track 3)

Lord, Have Mercy (Track 5)

I Give You My Heart (Track 7)
Rationale: I selected the first song because of its place as a “standard” in many hymnals. This goes back to my prior statement about familiarity of worship to the soldier. The second song is a prayer for God to have mercy on us because we are all sinners and fall short. I see the final song as a call to become more intimate with God and Jesus. It is a statement of “no matter what kind of load I am under, I am willing to give it to God so that I can focus more on my relationship with God than with the ‘stuff’ of life.”

Disc G

Songs Selected (in order): Ancient Words (Track 5)
Friend of God (Track 2)
You are Good (Track 3)
Worthy is the Lamb/Crown Him With Many Crowns (Track 4)

Rationale: “Ancient Words,” to me, expressed the idea that no matter how old a hymn may be, it still retains its meaning, especially its meaning to God. The middle two songs are statements of faith and praise songs. The first of the two says roughly, I am a friend of God; therefore I offer what I can to Him. The second states because God is good, I will praise Him. They, in a sense, provide rhymes to the reasons of why worship, why follow, why be. I chose to close out this set with “Worthy/Crown” because of its praise element as well as its segue into a very familiar tune.
Songs Selected (in order): Come, Now is the Time to Worship (Disc B, Track 2)

God Will Make A Way (Disc D, Track 3)

I Can Only Imagine (Disc A, Track 6)

How Great Thou Art (Disc B, Track 4)

He Knows My Name (Disc C, Track 7)

Rationale: My rationales for these songs have been discussed with their individual discs, as they comprise a sort of “Best of” list. I envision the hymns following the liturgical structure for music from my tradition as Lutheran: Opening Hymn, Hymn of the Day/Praise/Worship, Closing Hymn, etc. I am open to exploring other liturgical backgrounds, but for this assignment, I used what I do know concretely about worship to try to guide me in my selections and rationales. This is not to say that this way is best. It is to say that selecting from only these songs was quite a “comfort zone” shaker and my best way of completing the assignment was to fall back on prior knowledge and experience.

Ideas thus far as to my mission as a military chaplain: I want a soldier that attends a worship service to walk away from that service with two things: a sense peace and purpose. I not only want each soldier to be as ready physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually as s/he can, but also I want each soldier to feel a purpose and call to serve in what his/her task is to do for however long that particular mission is, including myself. Without those two components, I feel, a soldier, a unit, and an Army will not necessarily fail, but have a difficult time with cohesion and accomplishing the goal in the most effective and efficient way possible. I believe that if a

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chaplain fails to meet these two “requirements,” s/he will not be a positive asset to his/her troops and the Army as a whole.

Overall Conclusion: Hymn selection is a true art, one that I feel I will find difficult to master without proper guidance. Navigating a hymnal is fairly easy for me, especially when headings are involved. Trying to make a seamless flow between songs in a liturgy is challenging, especially when one does not know all of the songs and/or considers them all to fall under one umbrella, and not as a multitude lying under many smaller ones. I find iWorship to be a great tool for any congregation, especially congregations that are 100% military personnel, most of them being deployed, and I cannot wait to use it more in the future, in both civilian and military settings, God willing and providing.
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