

Tuesday - 7 Jan 69 - C Company

Today was another drizzly, miserable, rainy, cold day and I stood out in the mud with the Hawks, our Recon Platoon, waiting for them to slog out on an operation. One of them asked if I were going to have a Service. I think he asked it not knowing what I would do, but thinking that anything would be better than just standing there freezing. I wasn't sure what to do but after a while I just said the men could gather around for a while and I would meditate out loud. We lit cigarettes and smoked them as the rain drizzled them wet. I pushed back the hood of my rain jacket and mentioned some topics I could meditate out loud about. They liked the idea of meditating about the Angels so I told the Hawks how God's angels protect us, tell us things, and lead us in worshipping God. We said the Lord's Prayer and I prayed a general intercession. After that one of the men asked what he had to do to get baptised. I said I would send a book and some notes out to him and if in 2 or three months he still wanted Baptism, we would do it in a river somewhere. Four other men asked the same thing. The challenge here is that I can go ahead and lead people to Christian Baptism in a particular context without worrying about some particular "denomination". This is my Eucharistic Host. No Communion today.

Wednesday - 8 Jan 69 - Camp Eagle

Sign posted at the entrance gate of the First Brigade Helipad:

"You are now entering a heavily used helipad area.
If you are three feet six inches or taller, you are
in danger of being hit by the main rotor blades of
a helicopter"

Monday - 20 Jan 69 - Tomahawk

This evening here on the hill we call FSB Tomahawk I stroll out to one of the security bunkers. I light a cigar and enjoy the sunset. The sunset celebrates life and glorifies God by being red and yellow, green and purple and orange. Blue sky completed the color scheme. Angry clouds break up the color, but fortell a clear black sky.

Today back in the World we are gaining a new Commander in Chief. Tonight here equals this morning in the States, and at this very moment Richard Nixon is preparing to assume his duties of the President of the United States.

I mention to the soldiers that I hope some of them will be U.S. Senators and Representatives in 15 or 20 years. The soldiers check their M16 rifles, preparing for the night watch.

Later our elements down in the rice paddy valley detect Charlie, as they look for him thru their night detection devices. Helping us to see Charlie, Redleg (the artillery) breaks up the night sky with illumination rounds, where the sunset was an hour ago.

Tuesday - 21 Jan 69 - Tomahawk

At noon today here at Tomahawk I celebrated the Holy Communion with 15 soldiers. Then I hitch hiked to Bravo Company to take a Pastoral Swim in their river. The men asked for a service so we had a 20 minute meditation on baptism. Had supper with ^B Company, then rode in a jeep back here. I bought a cold beer down in the artillery area.

As you walk up the hill thru the artillery to our A Company Command Post you see our sign: Salute! You're in No Slack Country. As you walk down the hill from here to there, the artillery has put up a red sign with white letters using OUR sign post: Relax! You're in Redleg Country. That's the difference between us and the artillery.

I got a sunburn today.

Saturday - 15 Feb 69 - Camp Eagle

This morning I drove with the Bn XO and the Sergeant Major out on a routine hospital visit. We heard on the radio that one man in our Recon Platoon had been injured by a booby trap. We got to the hospital and I saw Gary. He was glad to see a familiar face. He had just received Holy Communion with me a couple of days ago, so he was glad to see me. His legs were neatly bandaged from the feet to above the knees. When I left him he was in X-ray and then to surgery. I laid my hand on his head and prayed for healing. This was the first man I've seen of my own people, just after he arrived by helicopter at the hospital. I was glad to be there. I'll visit Gary tomorrow.

Sunday before Lent - 16 Feb 69 - Los Banos

The Old Testament Flood is my preaching theme today. God made a Covenant with us that he would bless us and never again destroy us with his anger. But can I ever hold up my end of a deal with God? In the end, He has to reach over to my side to pull in the slack.

The flood looks forward to baptism. This morning I was taking a shower. I got soaped all over. And then the shower ran out of water. I have never been more in need of water. Finally I found some cans full of water and splashed the soap off. You can soap yourself all you want, but you still need water to rinse off with.

I visited Gary in the hospital again today. His legs are all nicely wrapped, and they hurt a bit. But his spirit is great and he is doing fine. He will go to Japan for further treatment and then probably home.