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XVI: Our Padre

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XVI

OUR PADRE

HE Chaplain, let us say Our Chaplain, was the real treasure of the organization. His theologic wings o'erspread the Gentile and the Hebrew, the Protestant and the Catholic, and some who were none of any of these; his pinions were not gloomy, the sun shone through them. His "division" was one of the real "services," his activities varied, frequently trying, his industry unending and his enthusiasm unwaning. Honored, respected and loved by officers and men. Often up before the day, services sometimes before 6 A. M., repeated later, and then again in the afternoon or evening, occasionally both. Ward visits, bedside comforter when pain was torture and again when the grim messenger stood by; he took last messages, was a secretary to sorrow—a recording angel to distress. He carried fruit, flowers and fortune, smiles and sunny words into wards that were often sombre. He cheered the living, consoled the dving and buried the dead; many will ever recall the straight, almost military little man who did many things alone and also helped others do everything even to censoring mail. That the reader need not roam through the personnel let the Chaplain's name be entered here—John H. Chapman, D.D., Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia—Our Padre.