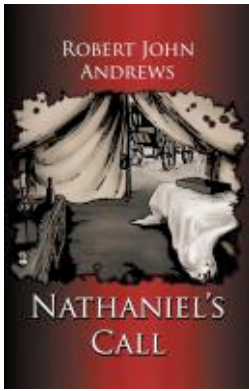


ROBERT JOHN
ANDREWS



NATHANIEL'S
CALL



The year is 1862, and Nathaniel McKenna arrives to serve in the 30th Regiment, West Chester Volunteers. He hasn't a clue as to what kind of deadly fight he is getting into as Regimental Chaplain. Guided by Valentine O'Rourke, his best friend and surgeon, he soon finds out. Nathaniel and Valentine face the horrors of war. Together, Nathaniel and Valentine expose us to the demands of the Civil War from a view like no other.

Nathaniel's Call

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Nathaniel's Call

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ISBN: 978-1-61434-906-8

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Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.
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2012

First Edition

Prologue

*Farewell mother you may never
Press me to your heart again,
But, oh, you'll not forget me mother;
Off I'm numbered with the slain.
"Just Before the Battle Mother," by George Root*

Her son was dead. Some said she should be proud. She didn't feel proud. Just vacant. And useless. And tired. So very tired. The tightness sometimes made it hard to breathe. Not a second went by without her thinking about him or picturing his face or seeing him in her mind working alongside his father, although the memory of his voice seemed to be melting away, like a dream you try to remember when you wake up or like sugar spooned into tea.

Her son was dead. This evening's service was the first she had attended since the letter had arrived. It felt better to stay away from others. They had no right to share her grief. Yet they tried. She hated that. When she did visit town, a few would step across the dirt road to avoid talking with her, and that pained her. Worse were those who would rush up to her to try to embrace her unyielding shoulders and sympathize with her. That pained her even more. Especially, she wanted to stay away from him. The last thing she wanted was him talking to her.

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Going out in public also meant looking at herself in the mirror and she refused to look into the mirror anymore. The anger had creased age into her young face.

Did she return because she thought she should? But she was not a woman easily governed by shoulds. Maybe she wanted them to see what it really felt like. Let them now boast about the nobility of the cause. Look at me and see. Let him see what it really means.

Perhaps deep inside in that place where her son still lived she felt there was nowhere else to go, even if it meant listening to him preach. That she could try to tolerate. His voice she could try to ignore while listening instead for the words within. They still mattered. Those words she still needed to hear, even if she could not sing anymore. The hymns stabbed her like cold steel. Is that how her Philip died? Cold steel? The letter never said. The letter said so little even as it told her everything. Her son was dead.

Nor could she sit in the familiar pew. There was that notch cut in the bench when she caught Philip trying to carve his initials with his penknife during a particularly long sermon. There was that page in the Psalter, torn by clumsy little hands when he stood on the pew trying to hold the book for his father. Nobody, she noticed, sat in that pew tonight.

Why she allowed him to drive her home tonight, she couldn't really say. She simply obliged her pastor without a word, letting him sit on the bench seat beside her. She let him hold the reins even though her horse knew the way home by habit.

Chapter One

Lost and Found

*How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life.
"Ulysses," Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

He heard the camp before he saw it. Boisterous. Raucous. Men shouting. Some singing. Others laughing. Sounds of cheering. Sounds of fist fights. Plenty of curses. Wagon wheels creaking. The rattle of pots and pans. Mules braying. Horses galloping. Dogs barking. Gunfire echoing in succession off in the distance. The commotion of thousands of men thrust into each other's company in a confined space with little to keep them occupied except each other's noisy company.

Before he heard the camp he smelled it. Mud, wet wool, and excrement.

They rolled through the crossroads of a small village, which once boasted a tavern, church, and several homes, all now abandoned by their original inhabitants and occupied by the army. Each structure had been converted to other purposes, excepting the tavern. From there they entered the Division encampment where tedious acts of apparent routine achieved a frenzy of obsession. A caisson buzzed around the slower wagons, forcing his wagon into the ditch by the side of the

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pike. Nathaniel clung onto the bench with both hands, terrified about being jerked into the muck. "Pog mo thoin," his driver swore after them, more out of habit than Irish anger. With a 'fhluck,' the driver spat an impressive stream of tobacco juice before withdrawing again into silence. The rain dropped from the brim of Nathaniel's hat onto his knees. Stubbled trunks of felled trees covered vast areas of brown ground. Across the meadows, veined with wheel ruts and worn footpaths, spread hundreds upon hundreds of shelter tents, resembling flocks of seagulls floating on a brown sea. Marked by Regimental flags, wall tents bunched together beneath the few remaining shade trees. An entire group of conical tents sat huddled to the far left, near the edge of the woods. Tents of varied fashion spread out toward the horizon.

Farmhouses and barns, similar to the design of the house and barn near the entrance to the camp, could be spotted in the distance, tucked up near the woods beyond the meadows. Far off, he noticed a block of a thousand men, drawn up into companies, drilling on the worn incline of a hill. They marched in columns of four, moving in a mass at the echoing sounds of bugle and drum. The mass formed attacking lines, two ranks deep. It reminded him when, as a boy, he use to toy with his mother's pearl necklace on her marble top dresser. How, with a simple push, he could adjust the string of pearls to form a new shape. "What is the string," Nathaniel quizzed aloud, "that holds these men in formation?" The driver next to him spat, the spittle dribbling into his beard.

Nathaniel's nose wrenched him to a new direction.

Hundreds of men flowed to and from the line of trench latrines on the far right, those exiting were adjusting their

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trouser suspenders. Next to the latrines stood a large tent. A yellow flag bearing a green 'H' waved outside the entrance.

Deeper into the congestion of camp the wagons creaked until the rambling wagon train halted in front a small log house. The agent from the first wagon slid from his bench onto the ground with a squish and slurp of mud, and entered the building. He came out several minutes later accompanied by a Captain who proceeded to inspect the wagon train. The first agent, after mumbling something through his beard to the agent in the second wagon, stepped back up onto his seat. The Captain returned to the door of the log house and waved them on. They lurched forward, the trailing wagons creaking each in turn.

The agent in the second wagon turned around, took off his hat, shook the water from it, and called back to Nathaniel, pointing toward a stone farm house at the upper side of the meadow. "We're heading there. Storage in the barn. Your unit should be on the way there." Nathaniel waved back in appreciation.

"By the way pastor," the agent turned around and called again: "Welcome to the Army of the Potomac." Nathaniel's driver leaned over the side of the wagon and spat a cheekfull of tobacco juice, Honey Dew fine cut, with a velocity that splattered the wagon wheel.

Everywhere he looked there were clumps of men seated around pots hung by bent bayonets over fires. A wet mutt curled up against a soldier palming a mug, the brim of his kepi shielding his face. The campfires struggled vainly to keep aflame despite the cold drizzle. Beneath arbors of dripping evergreen men sat on wobbly boxes and played dominoes. One soldier rested against his tent pole and plucked the strings of a

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miniature guitar. Each clump of soldiers sported an array of dress: homespun or blue blouses, brown trousers or red pantaloons, straw hats or dark blue kepis. Other soldiers busied themselves sewing patches onto their uniforms or trying to repair the holed soles of their heavy brogans. Beyond the tents Nathaniel saw and heard a group of men in a circle cheering loudly as two half-naked men wrestled by what appeared to be very few rules of sportsmanship. Far more puzzling were the variety of women sauntering about camp, hoisting their skirts above the mud.

Wiping the drizzle from his eyes, Nathaniel spotted the Regimental flag of the First Reserves flapping limply from a drizzling gust of wind. The wagon train rolled into this section of tents. Nathaniel began eagerly looking about for familiar faces. But, unlike the Regiments they passed through on their way through the encampment, very few men in this unit were visible. The place seemed deserted. Few men lounged about, and none of them in uniform.

The wagons jostled into an open area toward the center of the section. There Nathaniel spotted a large assembly of soldiers. They stood in formation, attentive to some kind of activity in front of them. The men were silent. A strange sound of slapping and grunting came from the area, similar to the sound of reins smacking a mule's rump. Nathaniel rose from the wagon bench and looked over the collection of the formed Companies. A man, his head shaved, stripped to his trousers, his muslin blouse hanging from his belt, was tied by the wrists facing a wagon wheel. A bayonet had been tied crosswise in his mouth as a gag. A burly Sergeant flogged him with heavy strokes, the sergeant's belly heaving with each swing. The Sergeant, with a bored expression, wielded a short handled

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whip, rhythmically flogging the man's back in three quarter time. A waltz of whipping. The leather straps tore into the man's flesh. Blood splattered and oozed. The silent teamster stayed seated and 'fhlucked' another ounce of black liquid.



A man dressed in dark blue trousers and a brown stained blue jacket relaxed against a small tree on the fringe of the crowd. A knapsack was slung over his shoulder. A sagging red plume stuck out from the band of his wide brimmed blue hat. He turned away from the spectacle and noticed a man dressed in black standing on a wagon bench behind the crowd. The man tossed the twig he had been twisting in his hands to the ground and angled his way through the ranks and files toward the wagon train. He approached the wagon from the side and clutched one of the spokes of the muddy wheel. "Well, hell, it's about time. Nice of you to arrive when we are at our best." Reaching up to slap Nathaniel's shiny boots, he smiled at his best friend. "Nice boots."

"A gift from my congregation. They had a feeling I'd be doing a lot of walking." Leaping to the muddy ground, Nathaniel embraced him. Valentine O'Rourke smelled of mildew and whisky. They pounded each other hard on their backs with open hands. Several soldiers in the rear rank turned around, only to get ordered to face front by their Sergeant. Valentine caught the attention of the nearest Sergeant and called him over. "Hunt, come here." The huge man shook his head and muttered a curse, though his words were muffled by his full black beard. After getting his orders from Valentine, the Provost Sergeant returned to the rank and selected five men by

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jabbing them in their backs with the butt of his Sharps carbine and nodding toward the wagon. "Shift your ass," was all he said. Valentine elbowed Nathaniel. "Better than watching a flogging." Nathaniel pointed out his baggage to the five men.

"Now where do you think you're going to put all that gear?" Valentine complained with feigned annoyance. "This ain't the University, Nate. Good God, I thought the scriptures said something about how you fellows were supposed to travel light."

With sheepish grin, Nathaniel tried to justify himself: "Well, you know Alice. Also the congregation was quite generous. Some of this is...well, actually a lot of this is for their boys. Besides, there's a few things in there for you."

"Fine, fine, for now," Valentine groaned. "We'll sort it all out later." Valentine looked at the five waiting soldiers. "You fellows," he commanded, "try if you can to cart this damn mercantile store to my tent. And don't drop it in the mud." They moved to the rear of the wagon. "This is why God invented Privates," Valentine said. The teamster slid Nathaniel's trunks into the soldier's hands.

Nathaniel looked up at the teamster. "Much thanks for all the help. God bless."

The mute teamster finally spoke: "Luck, preacher. You'll need it." With another 'fhluck,' the wagon lurched to catch up with the rest of the train.

Nathaniel screwed up his face as he waved toward the punishment. "Is this usual?"

"Poor, stupid sot. Got caught pinching some tobacco and a few dollars from a tent mate." Valentine stroked his trimmed goatee. "You have your work cut out for you. A lot of damned souls need saving around here." Valentine grinned as he

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nodded toward the Company forced to watch the man lashed to the wheel. "You have your work, and," he paused dramatically, "so do I." Valentine tapped his medical knapsack. "I get to clean the bastard up. Or at least I have to make sure my Steward bandages him up. Then I'll catch you up. Wait for me, please; there's a few things we need to go over. My tent is over there. That'a way." Valentine pointed down the row of wall tents. "Follow those good fellows. Nobody else wanted to share a tent with a preacher, so you're once again stuck with me. Or is it once again I'm stuck with you?" Valentine shoved Nathaniel in the direction of the tent. "Hurry now, get out of the drizzle. Around here, you learn fast to value dry clothes."

Nathaniel copied where the soldiers stepped and followed them to the wall tent where he began to sort out his luggage. About a half hour later the tent flap opened. Valentine jumped inside and collapsed onto his cot, his muddy boots hanging over the edge. Grinning like a school-boy, Nathaniel pushed the smallest of his trunks under his cot with the heel of his boot and sat facing his friend.

"Well, it's sure busier here with these bucks than treating all the gout of my father's stately and plump friends back in West Chester," Valentine smiled. "Of course, mostly here it's chronic diarrhea and I am damn near out of Ipecacuania. You wouldn't have brought any with you, would you?"

"Don't even know what it is. I did, however, bring this. . ."

Valentine, smelling a present, swung his legs around the cot and sat with his knees almost touching Nathaniel's knees. "It may be a bit cramped, 'specially now, but we'll do fine."

"A little gift from Alice," Nathaniel explained as he reached under his cot. "She told me to tell you it is a bribe to treat me right." He pulled out his trunk, lifted the lid, and removed a

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small wooden case, which he handed to Valentine. Recognizing the familiar box, Valentine eagerly unlatched the lid and opened it. From the sawdust he pulled out two bottles of Kentucky Bourbon Whisky.

"What a woman you got there, Nate. Valentine fondled the bottles, kissing the labels. "Mind if I toast the lady."

"She'd insist."

Valentine cut the wax seal with a knife pulled from his coat pocket and unplugged the cork. "God, I love women," Valentine gushed. Then, saluting Nathaniel by raising the bottle, he tilted the neck toward his lips for a deep, slow draught. The amber liquid pooled in his mouth. He kept his head tilted back as he savored the glow draining into his chest. With a deep, exquisite sigh of pleasure he slammed the cork back into the bottle. "Must save for a rainier day." He teased the bottle toward Nathaniel. "Unless you'd like a taste, my abstemious friend."

"I'll have you know I have brought my own stock of intoxicants." Nathaniel rummaged through his bag and pulled out a rolled woolen shawl. He flipped it across his cot, letting the brown bottle of sherry roll toward the end of the mattress.

"You're joking, right?"

Nathaniel amiably rewrapped the bottle of sherry in the shawl and stored it back in his bag, which he pushed back under his cot with his heel.

Valentine jumped up and walked over to his writing desk. He pulled out from under a pile of papers a package wrapped in linen and handed it to Nathaniel. "Well, here, I've got something for you. An early Christmas present for your wee lasses back home."

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Unwrapping the linen in his lap, Nathaniel held up two small oak carvings: one of a dove at flight, the other of a sleeping cat. "These are marvelous. Beautiful."

"Got to keep the men busy at hospital. Some have quite a talent for these things."

"The girls will treasure them. Thank you."

"No, I thank you," Valentine replied, patting the box next to his leg.

Nathaniel waited. He checked his silver watch. "Here, you haven't seen them for some time. My beauties." Nathaniel, opening the lid with a flick, held his watch out toward his friend.

He took it, paused, and gazed at the painting of the girls. "You are a lucky man."



Only three weeks ago Nathaniel had stood with them at the train station at Penningtonville. Two men from the freight station dashed over in the rain to help them unload his three trunks, one box, and two bags onto the covered platform. The congregation, with an intuitive consensus, respected the family's privacy. Nor were there any bugles. No banners. No speeches. The heavy rainfall further encouraged the privacy of the good-byes. Their morning featured none of the drums nor waving flags that heralded the embarkation of the boys turned soldiers of Company C.

It was a soggy, dreary autumn morning. The fat raindrops fell from gray clouds, crowning on the wooden platform beyond the protection of the overhanging roof of the station. No fanfare of farewell. Simply a wife, daughters, a grandfather,

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and a border collie gathered inside the station house bidding love and tears. Margaret chased Jenny, who pranced and yelped and, crouching, tried to herd Margaret back to the bench. Penelope, clutching her mother's hand, steadied herself, then toddled toward the low windows to look for the locomotive.

The station master had hesitated before he intruded. "Reverend McKenna. Would you be kind enough to speak with me for a moment. Alone please."

Nathaniel followed the stationmaster outside onto the wet platform. The station master glanced around the platform cautiously, afraid of prying eyes. "Pastor," he confided, "just before dawn one of the Smallwood boys ran over and gave me this package. He said that he was told to tell me to be sure to deliver it to you privately before the train arrived. She'll be along soon. The boy said that all I am able to tell you is that it simply is a gift from a friend."

Nathaniel took the soft package from the station master, who immediately returned inside and headed toward his office. Nathaniel opened the package, and, untying the paper, discovered it contained a linen money belt and an envelope. He opened the envelope first. The note inside contained a carefully printed list of seven names complete with descriptions of their locations. Three in Maryland, the rest in Virginia, one even located in Richmond. A message was written at the bottom of the note: *'You may find these Friends a blessing.'*

Shoving the note and envelope into his waistcoat pocket, he looked up through the rain at the stone farmhouse on the hill above the railroad station. Nathaniel was among those few in town who knew about the tunnel that led from the farmhouse toward the quarry located on the east side of Mount Zion Hill.

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On seven occasions, Nathaniel had played his part. A faint light glowed from the second floor windows. Nathaniel squeezed the money belt. Each of the three compartments of the belt bulged. Nathaniel unfastened one of the buttons and gasped. He quickly counted at least fifty dollars in small bills. Nathaniel glanced around. He buttoned up the pocket. Nathaniel guessed the money was intended for uses other than his own, for some better use. But for what? he wondered. He re-wrapped the belt in the paper and carried the package back inside the station house. Father and wife avoided inquiring. Nathaniel joined the station master inside his small office. "Please now, with your permission, if I may..." The man exited and Nathaniel pulled off his suspenders, loosed his waistcoat and shirt, and wrapped the money belt about his waist, tightening it snug so as for it not to be too visible under his waistcoat.

Alice cocked her head to the side as he returned to the waiting room: "You look as if you've gained a few pounds."

"All is well," he said, silencing her with a kiss on her lips. He next walked over to his father who was seated in the corner of the station house. Nathaniel confided to him that there were some letters in an envelope in the top drawer of his desk; they were to be opened only if necessary. His father understood.

"Well, if all the mystery and surprises are over, I have one more," Alice announced. "Let our gift be the last." She beckoned to Margaret, who skipped eagerly to the satchel her grandfather had set down at his feet. Margaret pulled out a small box and rushed over to her Poppa, who rested on one knee in front of his daughter.

"And what is this?"

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"Open it, Poppa. Open it. Quick, before the train arrives." Margaret spun her body in a circle, her dress twirling. "I think I hear it. Trains scare me. Quick, Poppa, o' quick, please."

Penelope teetered over to help her Poppa open the special box. He let her tear away at the white tissue paper with her small, chubby, clumsy fingers.

Inside, wrapped in a square of linen, he found a silver pocket watch attached by a silver chain to a blue cameo.

Alice leaned down over him. "It is from all of us, my darling."

"It's beautiful."

"Your father purchased the watch in Princeton." Alice wrapped her arms around him. "You never did own a decent timepiece."

Nathaniel, still kneeling level with his babies, held the watch in his palm, letting the chain and the cameo dangle. With his other hand he lifted up the blue cameo. He peered around and up at his wife, his eyes wide and moist. "This is yours, Alice. I gave this to you when we married. Why?"

Alice knelt also and pressed against him, their heads touching. "I had a jeweler in Lancaster make it into a fob. I didn't have a picture of me to give you. I thought some remembrance would be nice. Now open the watch. Open it, Nathan."

Nathaniel pressed the release with his thumb. The smooth silver cover sprang open. The glass glistened, the hour and minute hands pointed at the elegant Roman numerals. The second hand moved in its smaller orbit. Inside the lid of the watch case was inserted a minute portrait of Margaret and Penelope. Nathaniel pressed his eyes tight to capture his tears. He held the watch out to his daughters, showing them the

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picture, "Look at the two most beautiful girls in the world. Do you see them?"

Margaret barged in front of her little sister, "Yes, Poppa, it's us. It's us. We are so pretty, aren't we?"

"The most beautiful. The most beautiful in the world."

Penelope tried to grab the watch in her chubby hands so she could see too. Her Poppa held it in front of her face so she could look at the painting. She kept trying to grab it. Poppa diverted her. "Here, listen. Quiet now, and listen. You can't hear when you're busy talking." He cupped the ticking watch against Penelope's ear. Penelope giggled and bounced. Jenny pushed her nose between them and sniffed the watch.

Margaret touched her father's arm. "Me too. My turn. My turn."

"Of course. Listen now, sweetheart." Nathaniel pressed it against her ear. Margaret, ever intent, listened to the ticking watch. He lowered it and showed the watch face to her. "Can you tell me what time it is?"

Another sound startled them, this one painful, as the whistle of the steam engine announced itself west of the village. Penelope jumped in a panic and fell into her mother's arms. Two more long, warning whistles followed. His father put his hand on his son's shoulder. Nathaniel wrapped his arms around his daughters, telling them to be good to their mother, kissed them again, then stood to hold his Alice for as many seconds as time allowed.

Her lips touched his ear as she whispered: "Write as often as you can."

Those last kisses were the most difficult.



"Alice keeps waiting for you to settle down, you know," said Nathaniel.

"You, my friend, stole the last good one available," Valentine said with a silent twinge of regret, quickly followed by a wink. "Which leaves, I suppose, the rest for me." Valentine paused a little bit longer, admiring the small painting. He again stroked his goatee, followed by a flash of a grin. "Good thing they take after their mother." He handed the open watch back to his friend. Valentine drummed both hands against the wooden frame of his cot.

Nathaniel caught his eye. "All right, Val, what's the matter?"

Valentine grunted. "Get yourself comfortable before I throw you to the wolves. You do remember what I tried to teach you back at University, don't you? That there are only two types of people in the world: them that skin and them that get skinned. It's all a skin game. Anyhow, I know you want to meet your boys and I'd like to introduce you around the Regiment, but," he paused, "we got a wee problem." Valentine scratched his chin, distractedly inspecting himself for lice. "Roberts ain't here no more."

"Nobody told me that in Washington City," Nathaniel said with annoyance, blowing air through his mustache. "For that matter, nobody told me anything. That's why I arrived with the Christian Commission. It took my father's friend, Pastor Gurley to arrange that."

"Say, how is your father?" Valentine side-stepped.

"He's fine. Misses mom. Covering for me in the pulpit will be good for him—Princeton Seminary let him take this as a sabbatical—plus being around his grand-daughters. Well, Alice will fatten him up. It's good that he's feeling useful again. It's his way of contributing. I am grateful for him and all his

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connections. I tell you, if it weren't for Gurley I would have been lost. I had to stay with him for two weeks trying to get my papers in orders. He pulled a few strings for me. Back in Washington nobody seems to know anything. The Christian Commission seems to be the only ones aware of what to do."

"No surprise to us. Nobody sees the big picture. Nobody knows what's going on. A bloody circus. There have been so many changes up there in Washington City, what would they know about who's in command down here? The last word was that we belong to something called the Left Grand Division, under Franklin. First Corps."

"Maybe I should have asked Lincoln when I had the chance. Gurley introduced me to him after church two Sunday's ago."

Valentine abruptly bent toward Nathaniel. His voice lowered as he continued. "Listen, you got skinned. I tried to reach you before you left, that is, when I could, but by then I figured you were already on your way. I hoped Alice might get word to you. But hell, you should have read about his resignation in the papers back home anyway. Roberts got called back to Harrisburg by Governor Curtin early this month."

"We heard nothing," Nathaniel sputtered.

"Must of been in the works for the last couple of months," he added. "Back into politics. He's taken up duties at the Executive Military Department. Bless him, he'd be safer here. At least Bobby Lee shoots you when facing you. So God bless the good Colonel. I'd rather be here." He poked Nathaniel in the chest with his finger. "But you are neither here nor there. Here's the rub: you simply don't have a commission anymore."

"But I have my papers with me," protested Nathaniel, reaching into the inside pocket of his frock coat and pulling out

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a folded envelope. "My appointment from Roberts and the Governor came in the mail just before I left."

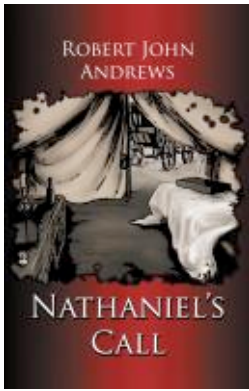
"Let me repeat: even if Governor Curtin did sign it, your papers mean nothing anymore. You can put the paper to better advantage in the latrine, because your commission means nothing. At least not until Bill Talley meets you and approves you. Talley's a solid man, trusty, but far too military."

"But I'm already here. I've come all this way."

Valentine reclined on his cot, his boots again hanging over the edge, his heels tapping his footlocker. "The Colonel, you see, doesn't approve of the need for fellows of your persuasion in our midst. He thinks you chaplains are a waste of good government money that could be better spent on more musket-toting Privates who get shot for me to patch up." Valentine tossed a book at Nathaniel, hitting him on the shoulder. "You fellows, you see, can lose the war for us surely, teaching too much charity of neighbor and all that crap. Hard to go out and club your neighbor to a bloody pulp after listening to the gospel, don't you think?" Abruptly, Valentine swung his legs around. "I'll take you to the Colonel's tent, but then I got to leave you there alone and check on our thief and a roomful of dysentery."

"I'll take the Colonel instead."

"Good choice."



The year is 1862, and Nathaniel McKenna arrives to serve in the 30th Regiment, West Chester Volunteers. He hasn't a clue as to what kind of deadly fight he is getting into as Regimental Chaplain. Guided by Valentine O'Rourke, his best friend and surgeon, he soon finds out. Nathaniel and Valentine face the horrors of war. Together, Nathaniel and Valentine expose us to the demands of the Civil War from a view like no other.

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