

A Soldier's Story

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Introduction

Raymond Logan is being deployed to the Middle East. It is not the sergeant's first combat assignment, but it certainly will be his most exciting. All the spiritual training he has received from his youth until now will be needed to make a decision to preserve life. He will be giving of himself more than he ever thought possible.

One man holds the keys to deliverance. A decision to serve rather than be freed will determine the outcome. In the face of overwhelming odds, Logan discovers the call of God upon his life. This is a call that no one else can answer. Does Logan have the strength to win this battle regardless of the cost? Should he fail, the lives of hundreds of thousands will be lost.

1

Packing the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of April, was the hardest it had ever been. Raymond Logan was a career soldier. From the time he was six years old, that is all he had wanted to be. His playing war in the back yard of his Van Horn, Texas, home was a common sight and his parents were proud of their little soldier as they watched him grow.

At age 10 his interests in the military way of life were continuing to grow. He read all the articles and magazines he was able to get his hands on regarding weapons and tactics. But, more than military know how was growing inside this young man. God was growing, as well. He attended a small community church where Logan, as his friends called him, became a born again child of

God. "Receiving Jesus was the smartest thing I have ever done," he said to everyone.

Logan grew tall and was athletically inclined toward every sport offered by his high school. The students called Logan by another name, one he had gladly received. One afternoon as he was walking home from school, some school thugs began tormenting a boy who was much smaller than they.

"Hey," Logan yelled to the young boy. "I have been waiting for you. Come on! Let's go home, I'm hungry."

The three boys stopped their tormenting long enough to recognize Logan and ask the boy why Logan was waiting for him. The boy was smart enough to play along with Logan. He answered that Logan was a friend of his and they were supposed to walk home together this afternoon.

"Hey, Logan, we don't think you know this boy. I mean, he's no friend of yours."

"Yes, he is," Logan responded. "Come on,"

Logan called to the boy. "We need to get a move on. I have things I want to do this afternoon."

"You need to run along home without him," another boy said.

"I am not leaving without my friend."

"Is that a threat, Logan?"

"Guys, I do not want any trouble, but my friend and I are walking home together."

"We might have something to say about that," all three agreed.

Logan knew that he might have to fight the boys, but decided that the young boy needed his help and would not leave him to be beaten.

"Guys, you should understand that I am willing to fight for my friend."

The three laughed, thinking that Logan would be no match for the three of them.

"You must be nuts, Logan. There are three of us. You wouldn't stand a chance."

"Friendship doesn't ask for the best odds, boys. It simply acts in the best interest of one's

friend.”

“I think he is serious, guys,” one of the three said.

Logan overheard them and responded by saying that he was serious.

“If you do not let my friend go, you will have to face me and I will make sure that everyone knows you were in a fight.”

“Are you trying to be smart? Do you think that you can scare us away with your words?”

“I hope so because my hands usually swell after punching people in the face.”

The three wanted to laugh, but Logan wasn’t laughing. He meant what he said and was preparing himself for a battle. He had placed his backpack on the ground and was rolling up his shirtsleeves.

“We don’t think you even know this kid’s name. Why in the world would you want to help him or call him your friend?”

“You’re right. I don’t know his name. But,

that’s my business. He looks like he could use a friend. So, I choose to be that friend.”

“We are not going to let him walk away, Logan. You’ll have to fight us. We have our reputations to protect.”

“Well, get ready to protect them,” Logan said.

Shoving the kid to the ground, the three walked toward Logan. Logan was focused and prepared for confrontation. The three looked a little confused. They glanced at each other, wondering who would make the first move. Logan bent down and picked up a thick mesquite branch.

“What are you going to do with that?” one bully asked.

“I am going to teach three young boys a lesson.”

They laughed as the largest of them lunged at Logan. Like lightning, Logan snapped the branch against the boy’s head. You could hear the smack a block away. Stunned and woozy from the

strike, the boy staggered and fell in the middle of the street. By this time, a sizable number of kids had gathered to watch the fight.

“We can stop it right here, boys. It’s up to you,” Logan said.

The other two grew angry as their friend lay in the street, holding his head. A few glances toward their friend and the two rushed Logan. There were two more smacks of the branch and the two fellows found themselves in similar situations as their friend.

“Guys, stay down. I do not want to hurt anyone. We need to stop the fight right here.”

Shaking off the effects of the strike, the three got to their feet and talked among themselves. They decided that all three of them would rush Logan. Logan was not stupid. He knew exactly what they were planning so he rushed them first. It caught the three completely off guard and one fell down. One ran toward a high wooden fence, leaving the third to experience his second

smack of the branch.

The one who fell to the ground gave up, begging not to be struck again. The other lay motionless in the street. He had been knocked out cold. The one who fled was trying to climb the wooden fence that stood between him and freedom. Logan ran over and readied himself to use the branch. Just as he reached the fence, the boy managed to crest the top and fall to the other side.

“Are you okay?” Logan asked the boy who was being tormented.

“Yes, I am okay. Thank you for helping me,” he told Logan.

“I am glad I could help.”

“Did you mean what you said?” the kid asked.

“What do you mean?”

“The part about me being your friend.”

“Yeah, I did. One can never have too many friends.”

Logan walked the boy home, then went to his own house. He walked through the front door, finding his mother on the telephone. You guessed it. The mothers of the three boys who had been sent home with their tales between their legs were furious. They were going to the school board and have Logan expelled from school.

“Logan, what happened? Have you been fighting?” his mother asked.

“All I did was help a smaller kid. Mom, they were tormenting the kid as he walked home. All I did was offer to help. The three boys rushed and I grabbed a branch and hit them with it. Ask the kids from school. There were about thirty of them watching. Those guys were just a bunch of bullies.”

Logan’s mother tried to hold back her laughter, but it was no use. “Logan, you could have been hurt,” she said.

“Mom, I was in no danger from those “fifteen watt warriors.”

“What do you mean by fifteen watt warriors, Logan?”

“Mom, those boys are dim wits. They couldn’t fight their way out of a wet paper sack. I knew that if I stood up to them, they would try something, but it wouldn’t work.”

“I don’t want you fighting anymore. Do you hear me?”

“Yes ma’am, I hear you.”

Logan’s mother left the room laughing.

“Dim wits! That’s a good one,” she said to herself.

The next day the young boy he had helped walked up to him and said hello. Logan welcomed him and asked how he was doing. The boy responded that he was doing much better than the boys whom Logan had beaten. They were wearing bandages over the knots on their heads.

“I have a nick name for you, Logan. Do you mind?”

“What is it?” Logan asked.

“Protector,” he said.

“I was only trying to help you.”

“And, you did, Logan. You protected me.”

Logan’s nick name stuck. From that day forward the students called him the protector of the weak. The name made Logan feel good. Jesus was the protector of the weak. He had defeated an enemy that was too strong for the human race. After defeating this enemy, he handed the spoils of victory to all men. Logan wanted to imitate Jesus. That was the reason he wished to be a soldier.

The protector turned eighteen years old and refused several colleges offers before he enlisted in the United States Army. Logan had made no excuses about what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to be a soldier, imitating Jesus as a protector. Being there in a tough spot for someone else made Logan feel alive. He was unaware of it, but he was called to be a protector and that is why it felt so good. God was well pleased.

Basic training lasted twelve weeks. According to Logan, this was the best time of his

life, but he never wanted to go through it again. Following graduation, Logan was shipped to advanced infantry training. Six weeks later he graduated first in his class and was promoted to corporal. Logan registered for his dream job. He wanted to be a member of the elite airborne division. There was a waiting list along with a wash out rate of seventy-three percent. Logan did not care. He knew he would be one of those who completed the course. He was right. Six months into his enlistment a position opened. The rest is history.

Exemplary leadership skills vaulted him to the top of the graduating class. His sergeant was so impressed by his abilities that he was asked to join an elite detachment used by the CIA for black operations overseas. Logan participated in combat on a regular basis though that was unknown to the folks back home. The time passed quickly and resulted in a rapid advancement for him to the rank of sergeant. It seemed only moments later that his

enlistment ended. There was no question what he would choose. Civilian life was not for him. He was a natural born soldier and loved the life it offered. God was watching.

During his second enlistment, Logan met the woman who would become his wife. She recognized Logan's love for military life immediately. She sacrificed to make him happy by becoming a military wife. This woman knew that she, too, was accepting a call from God. Logan left the Rangers for a training position to help ease the time away from home. Years went by and the itch for combat worked its way to the surface of Logan's life. His wife could see it and questioned him about it. Each time he told her that she was wrong. Though serving in an active way made him feel needed, he wanted his wife to be happy.

Weeks later the Iraqi war began. The wife could see how her husband was being tortured. He wanted to be in the fight, but refused because of his family that now had grown. He had a five-year-

old son, a two and a half-year-old daughter. He loved them beyond words, but something inside kept calling him into combat. One night the two of them got together and talked about their feelings. Logan's wife relented and told him that she believed God had a purpose for his desire of combat.

"It must be His calling for you," she said.

Those words were music to Logan's ears. He immediately registered for combat, giving up his training position. Six weeks later he was issued orders to report for deployment to Iraq. The protector was imitating his hero, Jesus. He would be able to save lives. He drooled at the possibilities.

That brings us to where we are now. It is Tuesday morning, deployment day.

2

The two said nothing to each other as he packed. It seemed the air in the room was heavy and difficult to breathe. Any speaking would have left them breathless.

“I know what it took for you to let me go, honey.”

“I do not want you to go, but I understand that the desire within you comes from God. We have lived and prayed together all these years and I have known that your purpose for living was to be a soldier. I cannot allow myself to obstruct God in the direction he is taking you.”

Logan nodded, confirming that he felt the same way about what he was doing.

“Since I was a boy, all I ever wanted to be was a soldier. Helping and defending others makes

me feel alive. It is what I was born to do.”

She began to cry and Logan joined in as the two held each other. Logan held her for several minutes until she let go. That was the thing she loved most about him. He was totally devoted to her. Whatever he thought she or the children needed, he supplied it. It would be the best he could provide. It did not matter whether it was shoes, food, or a hug as a father or a husband. Logan was there and hung on until the other let go.

Logan would say, “when my family has received what they need from me, they will tell me by letting me go. That’s when I know that it’s enough. I hang onto them until they decide to let go.”

Such love! She was surely going to miss him. Logan closed his duffel bag, signaling he was ready to leave. She grabbed him holding him tight against her. This would have to last until he came home. In her thoughts she knew that Logan was not coming home. God’s call was now the primary

reason for living. She would not ask him to stay. She, too, had a call to answer, no matter how difficult it might be. She, like her husband, would meet it head-on with her faith.

Logan entered the bedrooms of his children and kissed them goodbye. It was early in the morning and he did not wish to disturb their sleep. He felt it would be easier for everyone this way. She wanted to drive him to the airbase, but Logan wanted to make it easy for her, as well. He had asked for a ride with a buddy being deployed with him for a ride.

A car horn sounded from the driveway.

“That’s just like you, Logan. You’re trying to spare me the pain of goodbye, aren’t you?”

He smiled and tears filled his eyes. “Yes. Whatever I can do to soothe your hurt, I will do. I love you.”

They both cried holding each other one last time. Standing at attention, Logan saluted his wife. She was being so brave. Dropping his hand, Logan

rushed from the front door and into the waiting car. They drove away with Logan’s face pressed against the glass.

“It’s hard, isn’t it, Logan?” his friend said.

“Yeah, it’s real hard.”

The two along with more than a thousand replacements were loaded on several aircraft transports for the long flight to Iraq. All the way, Logan reminisced through his memories of his family. They meant everything to him.

“Lord,” Logan said, “I do not know what it is that you have planned for me, but I understand that I was born to fulfill it. I ask you to strengthen me to make you proud. Strengthen my family to bare my absence until I return to them.”

Hours later, the exhausted soldiers exited the transports. Being a non-commissioned officer, Logan was whisked away to an intelligence briefing. He was told that the Iraqi Republican Guard had cornered themselves in the city of Fallujah. It would be their responsibility to make

sure that they did not leave that city intact. Logan knew what that meant. Either the enemy surrenders or dies and those were the only two options. The base commander began to speak.

“You will be housed in barracks overnight. We know that you must be exhausted after the long flight. Get some grub and grab some shuteye. Tomorrow, we engage our enemy.”

The food was better than Logan expected. Pork chops with a side of mashed potatoes were hot and tasty. He ate until he felt he would burst. He had been in similar situations before. Eat all you can. It might be awhile before you get the chance to eat again. Logan felt odd, so sleeping proved difficult. He was peaceful, but knew that something was going to happen to him. He just did not know what it would be.

The barracks was awakened by the sound of a lieutenant shouting at the top of his lungs. He wanted everyone up and ready to move out in five minutes. Several of the soldiers rolled into the

floor as the Lieutenant moved through the sleeping quarters. It had been quite some time since they had experienced anything like this. Usually, boot camp was the only place you were awakened in this manner.

“Men, I need you to board the busses outside. They will take you to the armor detachment to which you are assigned. Make no mistake, men. Today, you will be engaged by the enemy. Make them pay.”

It was still dark outside and the stars were shining brightly in the sky. It seemed unreal that a place that was seemingly so peaceful could be a war zone. Once they reached the armored division, they were issued ammunition for their weapons. They received grenades, three hundred rounds, and a gas mask each. Butterflies rose in Logan’s belly. He had been in this position many times before, but the enemy never knew when they were coming. His enemy knew and what made it worse was the fact that they were cornered like animals.

Wounded and trapped animals were more dangerous than ones simply being pursued. It would be a vicious fight.

“Logan, where are you?” a voice yelled out.

“Sir, over here,” he replied.

It was the platoon commander and he was issuing orders.

“We will be devising the platoon into four parts. You will be in charge of your own group of men. I need you to make sure that your men are in position. Logan had already been briefed and was aware that his group would lead the assault. Having combat experience, he was placed in command instead of higher-ranking non-commissioned officers and Lieutenants. They were relying on his experience to make the difference.

“Logan, you and your men will be in the forefront of the conflict. I am not going to lie to you. It’s going to be rough up there. I need you to make sure that the Republican Guard does not break containment. Once you distract them, the

other troops will move in, flanking their position. When we have them trapped between us, we will choke them and squeeze until they break. Do you understand what I need you to do?”

“Yes, sir, I understand. We will not let you down, sir.”

“I’ve heard you’re the best, Logan. That’s why I want you at the spearhead of the attack.”

The confidence of the commander made Logan feel needed. God’s anointing within him had been tapped. When Logan saw someone in need of help, the anointing spilled from him. God was watching. It was almost time to go.

3

The group moved into position, waiting for orders to begin the assault, but they never came. The reason was that God had a gift for Logan. He wanted to know what was to happen. The sun set and the stars reappeared. Logan stood the first watch after receiving the order to disengage from his position. The assault would take place tomorrow. One of the platoons involved had not made it to their objective on time, delaying the entire operation. About 2:00 AM Logan was relieved of his watch and crawled into his sleeping bag for a few hours of sleep before morning.

“Logan.,” someone called.

Logan answered, “Who’s that?”

“Logan,” the voice called again.

“Who’s there?” Logan asked, looking

around.

“Who are you talking to?” a buddy asked.

“You don’t hear that voice calling my name?”

“Logan, I think you stayed on watch entirely too long. You’re hearing things. Get some sleep, man.”

“Logan,” the voice spoke again.

Logan understood that he was the only one able to hear the voice.

“I hear you. Who are you?”

“It is I, the Lord.”

Logan did not know what to think or how to respond. He had never before heard the Lord’s voice, audibly, before. He decided not to respond, but to listen.

“Your assignment from birth has arrived, Logan. Your purpose in life has come.”

“Lord, to what purpose are you referring?”

“The reason for your becoming a soldier, the desire of your heart. Your reason for being has

come. It is time. I need you, Logan.”

It was very strange for Logan to hear the Lord say that He needed him. All his life it had been the other way around.

“What do you need me to do?”

“I need you to be the protector. I need you to fill a gap that no one else can fill. Will you do it, Logan? I need you to save hundreds of thousands of lives.”

“What are you asking of me, Lord?”

“All your life you have wanted to be a soldier. I placed that love inside you. At your birth I needed someone to fill a need so I selected you. You’ve served and loved me from your youth. You are the only one qualified to complete the mission, Logan.”

“To what mission are you referring? There are thousand of troops around us.”

“Tomorrow, you will be separated from the platoon with three other men. The only way of escape will be for one to stay behind and lay the

cover fire. The person who will currently do this will panic and cause the deaths of all involved. I need you to volunteer to take his place and provide the cover fire.”

Logan became uncomfortable. “Lord, what are you asking of me?”

“I need you to sacrifice yourself for the others. Anyone but you will fail, resulting in the deaths of all.”

“Lord, are you asking me to die?”

“I am asking you to obey, Logan. You were born for this moment. It’s your assignment from me.”

“Why me, Lord? Can’t someone else do it?”

“No, Logan, they can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because the soldiers that will be under your care tomorrow are not born again. They do not know me as Savior. If they are killed, they will be trapped in a devil’s hell forever. I need you to deliver them by giving your life. Look inside

yourself, Logan. You asked me for the strength to make me proud. I am here to supply it.”

That strength rose within Logan. He thought about the men who would be with him the following day. There was no way he would allow them to perish and end up in hell. It would be his honor to enable these men to receive Jesus.

“There is more, Logan,” the Lord said. “One of these men has the call of apostle upon his life. If he dies tomorrow, thousands that he would have touched with my presence and Word will perish, having never known me. I know that what I am asking is final in your thinking, but much more is to be gained by your obedience. You will be honored as my son in the Kingdom of Heaven where your name will be shouted from the throne room of our Father. I will cause it to be shouted also from the highest office in the land. Will you do this thing I ask?”

“Lord, I love you above all else. I will delightfully obey in whatever you ask.”

Logan’s thoughts were clouded with cares for his family. Would the Lord provide for them? Who would love his wife and rear his children? There would be so much he would miss as a husband and father. He was being asked to relinquish all he loved.

“I promise that all will be well with your family. I will cause your seed to be mighty before me. I will soothe the hurt and cover the loss in your wife and will heal and wipe away all tears. I will spill prosperity into your house until no more can be received, Logan. I, the Lord, make these promises to you. Would I speak it and not do it?”

“I wish I could say goodbye to them, Lord. I left them sleeping, not wanting to awaken them.”

Logan’s mind sharpened. His thoughts changed from the temporary to the eternal. “I will be ushered into the presence of the Lord. I will be in the place everyone longs to be. God has promised to care for my loved ones. What else is there? It is most pleasurable for one to lose their

life in the service of the king. Is there a better way to die? I say there is not.”

Logan turned his attention to the Lord. “Yes, my king. I will willingly give my life so these men will come to know you as I have. What more secure words can be spoken than those from the mouth of God, promising to care for my family? It feels so good to choose God over all things.”

The Lord had another surprise for Logan.

“Lie down, my son. I want you to rest.”

He leaned his head on a stone that he was using for a pillow and fell asleep. The Lord entered his dreams returning Logan to his home. It was daylight there and his children were playing in the front yard. The Lord would allow him to say goodbye to his family. Logan and the Lord watched the children play for a few minutes. To Logan, the scene was delightful.

“Look,” the boy said to his sister. “I’m Dad, I fight the enemy just like Daddy.”

“Logan,” the Lord said, “say your good-

byes.”

It was like something from a science fiction movie. Logan moved into the children’s reality suddenly appearing in the street before them.

“Dad!” his son shouted.

The two children raced to embrace their father. Tears of joy flowed down their faces.

“Children, I have come home to explain something to you. Daddy, has been asked by our Lord to do something.”

“The Lord,” his son said. “I bet it will be cool, Dad.”

“It is cool. But it will require you and me to pay a high cost.”

The children were too young to understand and Logan realized that so he took this opportunity to hold the children and kiss their faces.

“Where’s your mom?” Logan asked them.

“She’s in the kitchen, I think,” the boy said.

Logan and the Lord walked inside. No sooner had they entered the house than she saw

them. She stood silent, her hands in warm water where she was washing dishes. The Lord was visible to her.

“Are you dead, Logan? Were you killed?” she asked.

Logan rushed into the kitchen and took her into his arms. “No, my wife, I am not dead. The Lord has a mission for me and has allowed me to come and explain it to you.”

“Why would you need to come all this way to explain a mission? I don’t understand.”

“Honey, the mission is very important. I am being asked to lay down my life for someone else. It will happen sometime tomorrow. The people involved are not saved. If I allow them to die, they will be doomed to hell. I have the opportunity to deliver them, but the mission will result in my death.”

Logan waited for his wife’s response.

“I knew this day was coming, Logan. Before marrying you, an angel visited me and told me that

you would die protecting others and that I would be left to care for our family. He told me that it was a heavy load to bear, but it would affect the lives of thousands. The angel told me that this was my calling from God. Then he asked if I would accept it. I told him “yes, I would.”

These words were a shock to Logan. All this time she had known that he would sacrifice himself for others. Logan would bear the burden of entering the Kingdom of God ahead of her while she stayed behind to secure the family.

“Logan, you do what the Lord asks of you. My heart has been prepared for your departure. The Lord has moved in such a way as to shield me from hurt and anguish. I know what He has asked is important. It will not be long until we will see each other again.”

The two held each other. More tears were shed and kisses were plentiful.

“Logan, its time to go,” the Lord said.

“I am so proud of you Logan. Obey our

Lord. Sacrifice yourself, knowing the Lord will provide for us. God has promised me this. Be peaceful and single minded concerning your mission. This life is only temporal, but the one to come is the one we will really enjoy. Our actions here will cause us great delight in the world to come. You and I have always lived this way. Every choice we have made resulted from our love for our Lord. Go and obey His command. The children and I agree that you should obey Him.”

“Explain to the children for me. Tell them I love them.”

“I will tell them that their father is a hero because he obeyed his God.”

Logan was pulled from the house and back into the reality of Iraq as he was awakened by the nudging of another soldier. It was time to move. There were tears in his eyes. He was going to meet his Lord today. He was both excited and a little apprehensive, not knowing what to expect.

After reporting to his commanding officer,

Logan was briefed again as to their purpose in the assault. “Make sure that the enemy is not allowed to break through our line of attack while the other groups flank their positions.”

“I understand, sir,” Logan said.

Logan began to see things from the corner of his eye. Looking back several times he thought he saw a rather large man following him. Every time he turned to see this person, he saw no one. Logan wondered which man was the one who would affect the thousands for Christ.

It was still an hour before sunrise. He was ordered to choose a small group of men and take a position directly in front of the enemy. It took twenty minutes to reach that position. The enemy had seen them opening fire as they ducked behind a wall of a home which had been destroyed.

“Tango One, this is Little Pig. We are in position and awaiting instructions,” Logan radioed back.

“Roger, Little Pig, stand by.”

As the group awaited the command to return fire, they sat looking at each other. Logan explained what he expected from the men and how they would proceed once the orders arrived.

“Do not be afraid, men. We will be victorious and all of you are going home alive. You have my promise.”

“Little Pig, this is Tango One. Commence firing in one minute. Our associates have entered the zone. I repeat, our associates have entered the zone.”

Logan understood him to mean that the other troops had taken their positions. He glanced at his watch, marking the second hand to begin his countdown.

“Men, let’s get ready. Follow my lead if you are unsure of what to do.”

“Three, two, one, fire!” The group opened up on the Republican guard who returned fire in volume. Shells were exploding near their positions and rounds from enemy fire stirred dust all around

them.

“Tango One, this is Little Pig. We have mortar fire concentrated on our position. Can you avenge? Over!”

“Acknowledged, Little Pig. A reply is on the way.”

Seconds later, a whistling noise flew over their heads and ended with an explosion within the enemy position. The gunfire increased, keeping Logan and his men pinned behind the wall. Logan and his men were able to rise just long enough to fire on the position in front of them and duck before the enemy returned fire. The strategic intelligence the commanding officers had received seemed to be misleading. The numbers of Republican Guard were more concentrated than they were first thought to be.

“Little Pig, this is Tango One. Abort mission! I repeat, abort mission! HQ has authorized a large scale bombing run on this position. The enemy’s number is larger than

anticipated. You are to evacuate your position. Bombing will commence in five minutes. That should give you time to fall back out of range.”

Logan knew better. The enemy was concentrating fire on their position and no one would be able to simply fall back. A total of four volunteered to concentrate fire on the enemy position. Everyone else was instructed to retreat to a safe location. These three men who had remained with Logan were now cut off from the others. There was no direction in which to escape enemy fire. Logan formulated a plan of escape.

“A bombing run has been ordered. In a few minutes this place is going to be flattened, so we have to get out of here.”

One of the men seemed panicky and asked, “How are we going to get out of here before the bombing occurs? We can’t possibly fall back while taking this level of fire.”

“Calm down, men. I need each of you to leave me your extra magazines of ammo. Take one for

yourselves and leave me the rest. I will lay down fire while you fall back. When the enemy has seen you leave our position, I will play dead. They will cease firing long enough for me to escape.”

“No way, Sergeant. We aren’t going to leave you here,” the men said.

Logan told them that they would follow his orders or he would shoot them. There was no use arguing with Logan. Each man reloaded their M-16 rifles with a fresh magazine. Logan was left with seven completely full magazines with which to lay down fire.

“It should be enough,” Logan thought to himself.

Logan looked behind him, thinking he had seen that large man again. There was no one there.

“Are you ready, men? It’s time to go. When I begin firing, you high tail it out of here as fast as you can. Do not stop until you reach the fallback area. Do you understand me? I do not want to be tripping over you when I make my break for it.”

Logan knew that he was not going to make it. He said it to comfort the men. Raising his M-16 and resting it atop the wall, he said, “On your mark, get set, go!”

The three men ran for the safety of the troops to the rear of their position. The Republican guard saw them and increased fire. Logan switched his rifle to automatic for firing effect.

“Lord Jesus, into your hands I place my spirit.” He began firing.

The Republican guard’s ability to direct fire at the retreating men was diminished due to the fact that Logan was so precise in his assault. They had to duck to keep from being shot. Logan’s men were halfway home.

“Keep it up, Logan,” he told himself. “They’re almost there.”

Plink! Logan ejected an empty magazine and inserted another, leaving him two. Standing just behind the wall he began firing again. By this time, the enemy had flanked Logan. He saw them

as they took up positions to his left. Logan inserted his last magazine and kept firing into the main body of the enemy.

Click, click, he was empty. There was no more ammo. Logan reached for his side arm and pulled the action back, forcing a round into the chamber. Turning to see the location of his men, he saw they were safely out of range. “They are safe,” he thought to himself.

“Lord, I have done what you asked. The men are safe.”

The enemy flanking him rushed from the rubble toward his position, firing relentlessly. Having no cover to hide him, Logan raised his pistol and began firing. A projectile struck him in the left shoulder, breaking it and knocking him to the ground. He sat up and continued to fire his weapon until he had exhausted his magazine. Another round from the advance struck him in the chest. There was no pain, only the sensation that he had been kicked. He lay on the ground looking

into the sky. The sun was rising. The enemy leaped over the wall behind which he had been firing. As they came closer, Logan fell asleep.

“Logan, wake up! It is time to come with me.”

“Who are you?” Logan said.

“An angel of God sent to retrieve your spirit.”

“Then, I’m dead?” Logan said.

“Only your body,” he replied.

Standing to his feet, Logan felt energized. The being whom he had seen from the corner of his eye had been this angel. In his hands was a jacket so bright that it looked as though it were covered in diamonds.

“What is that?” Logan asked the angel.

“This is your robe of righteousness, mighty one.”

“Why would you call me mighty one?”

“All that obey God are mighty. Your reward is great, Logan. Come, the Lord wants to see you

in the throne room.”

The robe fit like a glove. It tingled and tickled him as he walked. The angel took his hand as the scenery changed from the battle scene to a land of lush and vibrant beauty. He could hear singing.

“Listen to the words, mighty one. They proclaim your arrival.”

Logan strained to hear the words. “The mighty one of God comes. He has obeyed the voice of the Almighty. Honor him, love him, delight in him for he has laid down his life for another.”

The angel told Logan that those words were coming from the throne room. God had commanded it. Logan began to cry as he entered the room. It was as bright as the sun, glistening like gold.

“Come, my son, come to me,” the Father said to Logan.

Logan came near to the throne and saw

Jesus at the right hand. A ball of light lay to his left hand. It was the Father.

“Logan, because you have obeyed me, your name will be remembered as one of my jewels. It will be spoken in my presence as precious and proclaimed in the Kingdom of Heaven. Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter the joy of the Lord!”

A celebration took place. God’s delight was evident in His honoring of Logan. Jesus embraced him and the two wept together.

The Father asked Logan to come closer. As he knelt before God a picture window opened in front of the throne.

“Come, Logan, sit in your Father’s lap. There is something I want you to see.”

Logan climbed into God’s lap. Truly, this was the lap of luxury. The picture window had a view of the earth.

“I will keep my promise to you,” God said.

Within the window, Logan saw his children.

Their mother was explaining to them what had happened. She told them that their father was a hero, not because he gave his life for another, but because he gave it in obedience to God.

“They will be well, Logan. I will see to that. Your wife on earth will receive a triumphant welcome in to the Kingdom as you have. She, too, through her obedience to me shall be rewarded with all I possess. She will hear those words, “Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter the joy of the Lord.”

“Lord, why did I have to die?” Logan asked.

“Men set certain outcomes into motion. This was the only way I could subvert what the enemy had planned. It is not my will that any die, but this was the only way in this circumstance. Remember, my Son Jesus had to die, as well. Are you better than your master?”

“Of course not, Father,” Logan replied. “All my life I have desired to imitate Jesus. I lived according to the Words He spoke. And you have

given me the distinct honor of laying down my life for another. Thank you, Father.”

“Many lay down their lives daily, Logan. Some are laid down in prayer, other in giving of their finances. While others surrender to Gospel ministry. They choose to preach my Word and follow me rather than enjoy a season of sin. All will be rewarded as you have been.”

The Father pointed again at the window. It revealed Logan’s funeral. The president of the United States stood at a podium, speaking.

“Let’s listen in, shall we?” the Father said.

The president spoke, “We have come here today to honor a fallen patriot. This man gave his life that others might live. His sacrifice reminds me of that of Jesus. Now, Raymond Logan did not die for our sins, but he did lay down his life for his friends. According to God there is no greater love that can be shown.”

Logan’s wife walked slowly to the podium. The president continued to speak. “Raymond

Logan is survived by his wife and two children. I ask the nation to adopt them as their family. We are obligated to such men and women to make sure that the families they leave behind are loved. We will supply their needs. We will hold their hands. We help them bear their loss.”

Mrs. Logan stood as the president was handed a medal attached at each end by a blue ribbon. It was the Medal of Honor. She bowed her head and the president placed it around her neck.

“Today, we honor the sacrifice of Sergeant Raymond Logan. We honor the living who suffer his loss.”

The president looked at Logan’s children. “I pledge myself and our nation to make sure that you are never forgotten. Your husband and father died to meet our needs. Now, we as a nation can do no less for him. We commit ourselves to make sure that every need you have in the future will be supplied.”

Logan began to weep.

“I told you that I would cause your name to be great. I would proclaim it from the throne room to the highest office in the earth.”

The Lord pointed to the picture once more which was revealing an entirely new scene. I saw a man who looked familiar.

“This is the man for whom you died,” the Father told him.

People all across the earth were listening to the man as he taught and ministered God’s Word to them. When he stopped a large number of people began to form a line behind him. The line seemed to continue for miles.

“Logan, do you understand what you are seeing?” God asked.

“No, Father, I do not.”

“These are the lives this man has affected for salvation. Look at the length of the line. There are hundreds of thousands of them. Without your obedience, all these would not have received Jesus as Savior. Because of your family’s sacrifice,

many have been saved. This was the reason I asked you to give me your life. Every action has an opposite reaction. Look at the reaction to your death. It has birthed life for many. How more like your Lord Jesus could you be?”

The picture window faded as the celebration continued. Logan’s wife went on to proclaim the gospel to her family and children. She was reunited with Logan a few years later during the rapture of the Church. All that had been sacrificed seemed so small in the face of the overall plan of God.

His name was Raymond Logan, and this was his story. The veteran is dead. Long live the veterans!

Comments

This story seeks to honor our veterans. We are well into our third century as a nation and find ourselves combating terrorism at home and abroad. I am grateful to the men and women who serve in our armed forces. It is my honor to relate but one side of a soldier's death. I believe each death, limb, and the blood sacrificed by our veterans has empowered us to preach the Gospel of God.

The freedom you and I share is not a result of our rights, but a result of others sacrifices. As Raymond Logan sacrificed and thousands were saved, our veterans have provided the freedom and prosperity that has proclaimed Jesus to the World. We are to give honor to whom it is due. Veterans, it is my delight to praise you to my God and His

Son, Jesus. Thank you, for the freedom your lives and wounds have purchased. I am free to spread the good news, thanks to you.

Signed,
An adoring citizen

Prayer of Salvation And Contact Information

If you have never asked Jesus to come into your heart and save you, now would be a good time. Say aloud, “Jesus come into my heart and save me. Create within me that right spirit. I receive you as my Lord and Savior.”

If you have prayed this prayer, we would like to know. Also, let us know how these books are helping the Body of Christ.

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