

He Died With His Face to the Enemy

A NURSE wrote the following account at a Confederate hospital in Lynchburg, Virginia:

"Late one bright spring afternoon when all nature seemed alive, there was brought into us one of the handsomest young boys that I ever saw, certainly not over eighteen. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and we all knew he had come to die. His clothing was saturated with blood, and soon tender hands had removed the gray jacket and flannel shirt, bathed his body and dressed him in soft clean underclothing. But alas! Shot through both lungs every breath caused the bloody water, now a light pink to ooze through the opening and saturate his clothing again. We placed him in a clean bed and waited for the end that was so near.

At last he gaspingly asked if one of the ladies would object to letting him die in her arms. Mrs. Otey volunteered to be the one. A thick folded sheet was laid across her chest to protect her from the constant flowing light stream and he laid back in her motherly arms with a sigh of content. In broken accents, he gave his mother's name and address in South Carolina and asked that she be written to. 'Tell her I fell with my face to the enemy.' he said, 'and that I am proud to die for my country...'"

For the Civil War soldier, dying with one's face to the enemy in battle meant to die with courage and honor. Because of Jesus' death, burial, and resurrection, we who receive him can die someday with our face to the enemy too.

Joshua 1:9

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. "

PRAYER

"O Lord please through Your strength may I keep my face always towards the evil one and please help me to never turn and run, showing my back allowing him to gain any advantage. In your name I pray."

Taken from *Battlefield and Blessings From The Civil War* by: Terry Tuley