

# I'll Be Seeing You

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A World War II Novel

Sequel to 'Til the Boys Come Home

**Jerry Borrowman**

A World War II Novel  
150,000 Words  
480 Pages

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## **Dedication**

**Carl Ned Allen**

1920 – 1980

Ned was my father-in-law and an Army veteran who served with distinction in some of the most grueling campaigns of the South Pacific, including the liberation of the Philippines and as part of the Army of Occupation in Japan. With permission I've included an article that appeared in the Church News that tells of his loyalty to the church, and the unusual step he took to engrave it in metal when his life was threatened in the jungles. You can find it at the back of this book in a section titled "Tribute." It is the most eloquent expression of personal testimony in my experience and an enduring legacy of his faith.

**Reed Park Borrowman**

1917 – 2001

My father was a veteran of the Navy, serving as a fire control director on the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Lake Champlain. His ship was commissioned too late to see active service in combat, although they ferried troops from Europe. Dad played trumpet in a jazz band when he was young, and his lifelong love of music was the inspiration for an important part of this story.

## **Acknowledgements**

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## Foreword

I've often puzzled why I should be so intrigued by such an ominous subject as war, a fascination that is shared by millions. It started when I was very young watching the old black and white movies about World War II. Even then I sensed that this conflict was about great causes: evil versus good; freedom versus tyranny and oppression; men and women who made heroic sacrifices in behalf of country and liberty.

Since then I've read tens of thousands of pages in hundreds of books, as well as co-authoring a number of biographies that tells the story of some of those heroes. I've been blessed to tour the battlefields of Europe and England to see first hand the obstacles that had to be overcome to liberate Europe. I've traveled in Japan and learned from my son, who served a mission there, the unique relationship the Japanese feel for America in that we were the first conquering power in their history to actually invest in their society at the end of the war, rather than demanding war reparations and inflicting humiliations on their proud and ancient society. It is a humbling experience to go through the museums scattered across England, France and Germany that bear witness to the utter desolation that was rained down on the people who suffered through this ordeal. It's almost beyond the ability of words to speak of the intensely spiritual and emotional feelings I experienced when walking on the sacred ground of the military cemeteries where the men who made the ultimate sacrifice for the United States found their final peace. Even writing about it today leaves me weak and heartbroken at the price they had to pay so that I can live the blessed life that has been my birthright. A birthright paid for in blood.

And so, at the end of all the study and writing, my opinion is unchanged from when I was a boy. World War II was about the perpetual struggle between freedom and tyranny.

America and our allies did fight in a noble cause, and the world is irrevocably better because

of that heroic effort. It was a triumph of both political and military strength and determination, and I am grateful to pay tribute to the men and women who earned the right to our veneration.

## Prologue

“O’Brian! Get your men ready – we’re going over the top!”

*Over the top! He can’t be serious – it’s suicide to go into No Man’s Land in broad daylight!* “But, sir!” Dan said desperately, “There’s been no infantry barrage to soften up the Germans. Shouldn’t we call for a supporting bombardment to keep their heads down while we launch the attack?”

He was startled by the look on his commanding officer’s face – a wild-eyed look that betrayed the insanity behind the order. His mind struggled to make sense of what was happening. It wasn’t Lieutenant Stennis, his regular C.O. who looked back at him. In fact, Dan didn’t recognize this person at all. But, clearly, he was in charge.

The stranger screamed at him, “I ordered you over the top – how dare you question my order!” Dan didn’t know whether to obey the order or shoot the officer. It seemed madness, sheer unadulterated madness to go up in these conditions – broad daylight without a cloud in the sky and the German’s sitting safely in their trenches ready to open fire with their machine guns while the Americans struggled to cross through the barbed wire maze of the open space between the Allied and German trenches. They’d be sitting ducks with nothing to protect them.

Dan was about to try to question the order a second time when he heard a familiar voice whisper quietly in his ear, “Don’t fight him on this Dan, he’s likely to bring you up on charges of insubordination.”

“Jody? Is that you?” Dan’s heart leaped inside his chest at the sound of his friend’s voice. How he’d longed to hear Jody’s voice since he had died. *Since he died – he died in*

*this very trench, saving my life!* Now Dan felt a new kind of panic. He remembered Jody being killed. Yet he was talking to him. *Am I dead?*

Before he could ponder the question there was a shout up and down the American line and, his training asserting itself, he was up and running while firing his rifle as he went. In the back of his mind he heard the sounds of the German machine guns, felt the ground being churned up all around him as their shells ploughed into the mud and dirt, and he heard the pathetic cries of men as they were hit. Still he kept running. Then, he heard something new – the sound of an airplane. Hitting the ground he looked up to see a German Fokker roar overhead, guns blazing as it strafed the Americans on the ground. This was worse than anything he could have imagined. Being fired on by the Germans in the trenches ahead and by an airplane overhead meant that there was no safe place to find cover. They were absolutely vulnerable, and the cries of the men being hit on every side was a perfect witness to the hopelessness of their situation.

Instinctively he ducked his head as he heard the sound of the aircraft again. Glancing up he saw not one, but two aircraft approaching. “We’re done for sure, now!” he shouted to Jody. But, for some reason the lead aircraft wasn’t firing. In fact it was making some incredible maneuvers to avoid being shot out of the sky by the airplane that was following it. “It’s an American airplane!” someone shouted. “He’s got the Germans on the run!”

Dan strained to see the second aircraft. As he watched it drawing closer there was something familiar about it. As recognition dawned on him he felt a great shout come up and out of his throat. “It’s Trevor! It’s Trevor Richards! Oh, Jody, it’s Trevor – he’s come to save us!”

Dan felt happier than he’d felt since the war broke out. Straining his eyes he was sure he could see Trevor’s face. Then he saw the German sweep up in a maneuver that brought

him directly behind the American aircraft, his machine gun blazing away. In an instant Dan's joy turned to horror as the American aircraft burst into flames.

"No!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. "No! This can't be happening!" He jumped up and started running to where the aircraft had crashed, totally heedless of the danger. "Not Trevor – oh, please, God, make it not Trevor!" Hot tears streaked down his cheeks.

As he ran, he felt a searing pain in his side and he fell to the ground in agony. Then he heard someone call out his name, "Dan! Dan!" and he felt Jody Wilkins shaking him.

"Dan, wake up! It's alright." Sitting straight up he realized with a start that it wasn't Jody's voice, it was Sarah's. As he awoke in the darkness he let out a sob as he gasped for air, his chest heaving in rapid succession.

"Danny, it's alright. It's a dream. It's just one of the old dreams. You're here with me, you're safe." He winced as his wife turned on the lamp by their nightstand.

Dan struggled to slow his breathing. As his eyes focused he glanced at the doorway and saw four frightened little eyes looking at him.

"Are you alright, Daddy?" The terrified sound in his little boy's voice caused Dan to take a deep long breath, which he held for a moment. Then, he let it out slowly while tipping his head back so he could mask the expression on his face.

"Daddy's alright, Cory," Sarah said evenly. "He just had a bad dream."

Dan licked his lips and gratefully took Sarah's hand into his. Finally, he was able to look back at Cory and Kathy. He smiled at them. "Why don't you two come climb in bed with mommy and daddy for a few minutes," he said with as much cheer in his voice as possible. The two children, aged six and four came scurrying across the linoleum floor and jumped up into the bed. They snuggled under the covers, as close as possible to their mother, obviously still a bit frightened by their father.

“Did I shout out, or something?” Dan asked tentatively.

Sarah smiled. “A few words ... it wasn’t as bad as other times.”

“It was about Trevor, wasn’t it?”

Her smile faded a bit. “I think I heard his name...”

Dan shook his head slowly from side to side. “It’s been so long since I’ve had a war nightmare. I thought they were over.” He hated the feeling of tears on his cheeks, but Sarah simply wiped them away with her warm hand. “I hoped they were over,” he said miserably.

“Maybe something happened during the day that you didn’t even realize at the time that reminded you ...”

Dan shook his head. “No, it’s August.” He tried to smile as he turned and rubbed Cory’s hair affectionately. The little boy smiled back at him, still a bit tentative, but clearly happy that his father could smile. “It’s just not a very friendly month, at least to me. It was August when I was wounded and,” he struggled to control his breath again, “when Trevor’s plane was shot down.”

Sarah reached her hand behind his neck and stroked it gently. “I know,” she said. “It’s a hard month with too many memories. It’s no wonder they come spilling out once in awhile.”

Dan settled down further in the covers and tickled Kathy, which made her giggle and snuggle closer to her mother. That would be enough for her, but he worried about the effect his dream would have on Cory.

“Have you ever had a scary dream, Cory?” Dan asked him with as confident a voice as he could muster in the circumstance. Of course he knew the answer. Cory often had disturbing dreams. It seemed an unfair burden for such a little person to bear.

“Sometimes,” Cory replied in his high pitched little voice.

“What do you do to feel better when it happens?” Dan had always found that a question was the best way to get a person to slow down their fears since it engaged the brain. Right now he wanted Cory to relax so that Dan’s unfortunate nightmare didn’t lead to bad dreams for his son.

“When I get scared I like to come in here and snuggle you and mommy.”

Dan smiled. “I think that’s a great idea, Cory. It’s such a good idea that it’s why I like to snuggle you and mommy and Kathy when I get a bad dream. It’s awfully nice of you to come in here to help me tonight.”

Now it was Cory who smiled. It flattered him that his father appreciated him. “What was your dream about that scared you so much?”

That set Dan back. For just a moment he closed his eyes, hoping perhaps that the images of Jody, Trevor, and all the others who had been killed in the war had left. But, they were still there. So, he opened his eyes and sighed, “It’s an old dream, Cory.”

“About when you were in the war?” It sounded odd to hear such a small voice talk about something so serious as the war. Dan looked at Sarah, who gave him a wan smile. Dan regretted that his son had to even think about things like war, but there was no use denying it. It was part of who Dan was.

“Yes, about the war.” Then he smiled. “But, it wasn’t all bad, Cory. I got to remember some very good friends of mine. People who I loved very much. So, maybe it was worth it, after all, to get to visit them in my memory.”

In his childlike way, that satisfied Cory and he snuggled close to Dan. That was the best feeling in the world. Dan turned and gave Sarah a look of gratitude. “I love you, Dan” she said simply.

“And I love you. Thanks for putting up with me.” She rubbed her hand through his hair and then pulled Kathy close. The little girl was already asleep. Sarah turned out the light and Dan settled back on his pillow again. He wanted to close his eyes and go back to sleep, but he was afraid ... afraid that he’d find himself in France in 1918 instead of Salt Lake City in 1927. “Please God,” he mouthed in silent prayer, “Please help me to sleep ... and to have better dreams.” In spite of the prayer he was still afraid to close his eyes. But, in time his eyelids fluttered close and he drifted back to sleep. Fortunately, on this particular night God heard and answered his prayer with dreams that were warm and pleasant. Dreams of Sarah and their children.

## 01 – From the Crossroads of the West

### Salt Lake City – July 1934

Dan O'Brian looked up from his desk in the Dispatcher's Office of the Union Pacific Railroad. Even though he was struggling to decipher the handwriting on the work-order he'd just received, the familiar sound of a particular British accent broke through his concentration. Sure enough, Jonathon Richards caught his eye and gave him a discrete salute from the front counter before disappearing into the Chief Dispatcher's office. As the Superintendent of the Las Vegas line, Jonathon didn't often make his way over to their office, but he always managed to brighten people's day when he did. Today was no different, as evidenced by the hearty laughs that came through the open door of the dispatcher's office.

“Is he always like that?”

Dan turned at the sound of Bill Reynolds's voice. Since Dan had moved to Salt Lake City nearly ten years earlier, Bill had been Dan's best friend in the department, helping him to learn the ropes when he was new, and even volunteering to split his hours with Dan when he was threatened with unemployment in late 1930. Bill understood Dan's relationship to Jonathon Richards and his wife and accepted it without resentment, even though some of their co-workers were suspicious of him in the early days since Jonathon had used his influence to get Dan his job. In spite of his quiet temperament, Bill enjoyed so much respect in the department that his acceptance helped smoothed Dan's transition into the closed world of the dispatcher's office. Since then, they'd weathered a lot of storms together, including

the cuts in pay and reduction of hours that resulted from the loss of business caused by the Great Depression.

Dan replied to Bill's question. "Yes, he's pretty much always like that. No matter what's going on in the world, he always seems to find a way to put a good face on it. He loves people and somehow manages to be cheerful..." He was thoughtful for a moment, trying to decide if he ought to give Bill a more complete picture.

"But ...?"

"There have only been two times that I saw him really down. The first was when he and Margaret lost their son in the war; the other was five years ago at the beginning of the Depression. Jonathon lost a lot of money in the stock market crash and it was a real blow to both his finances and his self-confidence."

Bill was quiet for a moment. "I never knew that about him. I remember the panic that followed the market collapse, yet I never saw anything in Mr. Richard's reactions that indicated he was troubled by it."

Dan reflected back on the agitated look on Jonathon's face when Dan happened to run into him the day after the market crash. Jonathon and Dan regarded each other almost as father and son, even though there was no blood relationship, and it had unnerved Dan to see Jonathon so frightened. Like most people at the time, Dan had no money in the market, so failed to appreciate the serious weaknesses in the American economy that the crash foreshadowed. As he became aware of the magnitude of Jonathon's losses he felt terrible for him, of course, but had no idea at the time that before long the entire economy that had been so dynamic in the 1920's would come crashing to an end.

"The reason he didn't show it publicly is that he feels it's the responsibility of a leader to inspire confidence. Behind the scenes he's had to work long and hard to pay down

the debts that he incurred buying stock on margin. Before the Crash he worked here mostly because it interested him – he was close to being independently wealthy. Since then he’s depended on the job to get him through. I think that’s why he’s still working at age 64, instead of retiring. I get the feeling they’re about out of debt, but he’s still working to build something for retirement.”

Bill nodded to indicate his understanding. Lots of people had their plans changed by the Crash. The prosperity of the post-war period had evaporated almost overnight, leading into the stagnation that left people feeling desperate, even when they were fortunate enough to have a job. Five years into the Great Depression the American economy was still languishing with more than twenty percent unemployment. And that was only part of the story since most of the people who were lucky enough to still have a job had taken multiple pay cuts along the way, sometimes even having their working hours reduced so that two people could share what had once been a single job.

Working as a clerk for the Union Pacific, Dan had not been immune to these adjustments since fewer goods being shipped meant fewer rail cars to track and route. He probably would have been laid off altogether if it hadn’t been for the union, which had negotiated a series of pay cuts and reduced hours. It had been a discouraging and frightening struggle to support his family. Eventually, the only thing that had saved them was that Sarah had gone back to work part-time as a nurse while Dan picked up some extra money playing piano in a dance band. At least that had been a positive experience since it gave him the chance to enjoy the music.

Another bright spot in his life had been the invitation to serve as a substitute organist in the Tabernacle on Temple Square. As one who loved all kinds of music, Dan looked

forward to the chance to play the great organ on special occasions or when one of the regular organists was unavailable.

In fact, as the summer reached its peak he was looking forward to playing an organ solo at an evening concert the Friday before repeating one of the numbers on the Sunday broadcast, so he was anxious to get in some practice time.

Unfortunately, the weeks leading up to the broadcast were rather frantic, which made it difficult to find time to practice. The problem was that a crew was coming in from New York City to help the technicians from the church-owned radio station, KZN<sup>1</sup>, install new broadcast equipment and microphones that would replace the already out-of-date equipment that was considered state-of-the-art just five years earlier. Apparently the specialists were needed to help determine the best placement of the ultra-high-quality dynamic microphones that would best capture the full sound of the choir. All access to the Tabernacle was temporarily suspended when they arrived.

Because Dan wrote his own arrangements, he needed time at the keyboard to refine the various stops he planned to use, and it was worrisome not to have access. He was relieved when he finally got a call indicating he could come in on Tuesday afternoon. That forced him to arrange for some extra time off from work, which was difficult in the highly structured environment of the railroad. Fortunately, he had a friend that normally worked weekends and nights who was pleased to trade for an afternoon shift. Dan would have to work Saturday to make up for it, but it was worth it to play at the Tabernacle.

On Tuesday afternoon, just before he was to leave for the Tabernacle two blocks to the east of the magnificent Union Depot, Dan's boss asked him to send just one more teletype. By this time, Morse code had been replaced by a repeating machine that allowed

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<sup>1</sup> KZN was forerunner to KSL.

one to “type” characters on a keyboard that connected via wire with each of the other hubs in the system. Perhaps it was his skill at the organ that enabled him to be the fastest typist in the clerk pool.

Dan hurried to get the message off, nervous that his boss had chosen to look over his shoulder.

“I just love to watch you do that. My eyes have trouble keeping up with the rhythmic movement of your fingers. I don’t know how your brain can think fast enough to remember which key comes next.”

Dan smiled. His boss was from the old school where orders were hand-written, and trains ran on a strict schedule to avoid any possibility of a conflict on the tracks. Now, there was “flexible” scheduling that allowed re-routing based on up-to-the minute reports of the movement of trains to the Dispatchers’ office where Dan worked. The complexity of the new system eluded his boss. “The truth is, I don’t ever think about which key is coming next ... I just think of the word and my fingers do the rest. It’s like playing the piano – you see the notes on the page and the music comes out. If I ever stopped to think about it, I’d probably get all tied up and forget what comes next.”

“Well it’s all a mystery to me. I just hope there’s not a major collision out on the tracks somewhere because all these wires get mixed up. Or, heaven forbid, the precious machines go down and the whole system grinds to a halt...”

Dan and the other clerks had heard all this before, of course, so he quickly finished the teletype on his new Morkrum-Kleinschmidt console and pleaded that he’d be late for his practice window if he didn’t hurry. “The folks from KZN are scheduled to dominate most of the afternoon setting up the new broadcasting equipment” he said casually.

He recognized his mistake too late to prevent his boss's new tirade against the sheer madness of sending electric waves out through the air where they collided into people's body, and so forth. "We'll all be electrocuted, someday," was his favorite launching off point. Fortunately, Bill Reynolds sensed the problem and interrupted the conversation so Dan could make his escape. Dan cast him a grateful glance and slipped out the door into the magnificent four-story open lobby of the Union Pacific depot with its larger than life panoramas sparkling in the afternoon sun high up in the ceiling. The pictures depicted the arrival of the early Mormon pioneers in Salt Lake City and visitors were frequently heard to comment on how beautiful they were. Dan loved the feeling of life and vigor that permeated the depot, in a sense the very heart of the city, and he felt energized as he stepped out onto the busy street for the two block walk to Temple Square.

It was in that sort of mood that he arrived at the Tabernacle. While he usually preferred to enter from the east so he could take in the view of the pipe organ from the back of the hall, this time he took the direct route through the west gates and into the private entrance that brought him up under the massive beams that supported the choir area and the organ. As he turned the corner to mount the steps to the platform, lost in thought as he was, he bumped into Henry Jones, nearly knocking him over.

"Sorry," Dan said, as he recovered from the shock of the collision.

Brother Jones was not the most cheerful of fellows, and on this occasion simply muttered under his breath as he forced his way past Dan towards the basement where the great electric blowers were mounted in a cement room that gave air to the organ. Henry was one of the tuners who would spend hours adjusting the major pipes to make certain all was in order when the choir went "live" across the nation.

As Dan reached the Austin console he saw a small crew of men unpacking some heavily padded steamer trunks in the center of the platform. The public never saw the disordered chaos that was ever-present prior to a major concert and they'd probably be shocked to see the jumble of wires snaking their way across the floor directly in front of the podium where the prophet and apostles spoke to them during the seven sessions of each quarterly conference. He hoped that all would be tidied up by Friday.

As he settled himself on the seat of the organ console, John Fisher of the staff of the Tabernacle caught his eye and came over to chat.

“Sorry for all this just as you’re getting ready for a recital, but we’re all pretty excited about the new equipment.”

“I just hope everything turns out alright. What if something goes wrong with hundreds of thousands of people tuning in?”

“Everything will go fine, I’m sure of it. Brother Kimball and Brother Lund are old pros, and these folks from New York really seem to know what they’re doing?”

“Did I hear someone talking about me?”

Dan turned to see a trim, good-looking man in his late thirties approaching from the group who were setting up the equipment. Dan was a bit startled because he had the distinct impression that he’d seen the man before, although he couldn’t figure out where.

“No gossip,” Dan said quickly, “just curiosity about all the new equipment and what it’s going to do for the program.”

“Well, I’ll tell you. The very best radio in 1929, when the original equipment was installed here for the first Tabernacle Choir Broadcast, had just one tiny speaker that could produce most of the treble tones, at best. Now there are some truly remarkable sets out there with big 12 inch bass woofers that can actually reproduce some of the deeper tones that this

organ can produce. Trouble is, it takes an extraordinarily high quality microphone to pick that up. So that's why we're here. Of course we could have just shipped the equipment, but we've got to justify our expense accounts somehow." The fellow smiled in a way that increased Dan's sense of knowing him.

"Well, as much as I'd like to talk, I don't have a lot of time to get in the practice I need, so if you'll excuse me..."

"Practice?"

"Yes, Brother O'Brian is giving a concert on Friday evening, and accompanying the choir on Sunday's broadcast. I'm sure we mentioned that to you."

"Oh, right, you're the organist. In fact, I meant to talk to you about it. We were wondering if we could have our equipment active on Friday night to test out our equipment. It wouldn't interfere with the performance, but would give us a chance to make sure all our affiliates get a good signal."

Dan looked a little alarmed, "Your affiliates?"

"Don't worry, you won't be broadcast. We'll just send a feed out at a frequency they can tune into. Then on Sunday, they'll re-broadcast our feed on their own frequency. One way or another we'll do a test, but I thought it might be good to broadcast an actual performance to simulate what we'll experience on Sunday. But if you find it distracting ..."

Dan thought for a moment, then replied, "It's fine with me. Being distracted is the least of my worries. My biggest problem is that I sometimes get so lost in the music that I forget there's anyone out there. One time I actually stopped in the middle of a song to experiment with another stop. It was very embarrassing." He smiled, "Maybe you could wire me up to one of your electrical cables and give me a shock if my mind starts wandering." They all laughed.

At this point the conversation fell into a heavy silence as Dan and the stranger stared uneasily at each other. Finally, after John Fisher glanced back and forth between the two several times trying to figure out what was going on, he extended his hand and introduced himself. When the other person replied, “Pleased to meet you, I’m Josh Brown from New York City,” Dan felt a shock go through his system and his stomach lurched at the unexpected sound of the stranger’s name. In one of those unusual moments when you realize that clichés are actually based on fact, he felt his knees go weak and he had to struggle to steady himself. The change in his face must have been apparent because Josh Brown said, “I have the feeling we’ve met somewhere before, but I can’t place you for sure.”

Dan replied, almost inaudibly, “We met in France. You came to see me with some bad news at a field hospital in 1918.”

Now it was Josh Brown’s turn to blanch. “O’Brian. You were Trevor Richard’s best friend – the sniper.” Dan was having trouble controlling his breathing, so could only nod in reply. After a few moments Josh continued, “I’m sorry I didn’t recognize you, but the truth is you didn’t look very well back then, and I certainly wasn’t expecting to meet you here.”

Dan tried to smile, “At least then most of my face was covered in a bandage, probably looked a lot better” but the joke fell flat. “I guess I wasn’t prepared to have all that come back up in memory. Sorry.” He paused for a few moments, “At any rate, I’m glad to see you again. I’ve felt bad through the years that I wasn’t more appreciative of your coming to see me that day. I know it must have been hard on you.”

At this point they both realized that John Fisher was looking at them with a mixture of curiosity and concern. “Lieutenant Brown here flew a fighter aircraft, and roomed with my best friend from high school. He was killed in an air battle on the day we were supposed to get together for a little reunion. It was also the day I regained consciousness in a hospital

and learned that I'd been gassed and wounded. Not my best day, to be sure." Dan struggled to maintain his composure, before continuing. "Lieutenant Brown was kind enough to come down a couple of days later and tell me about our friend himself so I wouldn't be left to wonder. I took Trevor's death pretty hard, and, well ..." his voice trailed off.

"I didn't know ..." Fisher said quietly. "You've never talked about being in the Great War." Suddenly, Dan felt them looking at his face, which still had scars from the burning mustard gas that had also ruined his lungs and ended his dreams of being a professional singer. He'd gotten over being self-conscious about his appearance years earlier, but now his face flushed to have such a tangible reminder. Brother Fisher continued, hesitantly, "I was too old to serve, but my younger brother was killed near St. Mihiel in the trenches. It's still hard to think about."

"That's exactly where our friend lost his life," Josh broke into the conversation. "It's actually a very beautiful spot, where your brother died. Belgium, Luxembourg, and France... three of the most beautiful places in the world, except for the ugly scars of No Man's Land. It almost seems unreal now." After a pause he turned to look squarely at Dan, "At any rate, I'm glad to see that you're doing well. I've actually thought of you quite often and wondered if things turned out alright."

By now, Dan had managed to partially contain the panic that he thought he had long since put behind him. It had been at least half a dozen years since he experienced uncontrollable panic, but it was clear from his reaction to Josh Brown that the old memories were not as far below the surface as he thought they were. He concentrated on his breathing and was finally able to reply, as cheerfully as possible, "Well, I can't imagine meeting again under more favorable circumstances. And, in spite of my initial surprise, I really am glad to

see you again so I can properly thank you. Perhaps you could join my wife and me for dinner some evening while you're here?"

Josh smiled, "I'd like that – I'd like it very much."

Josh knew it was time to move on, so he deftly changed the subject. "Now, then, perhaps you can talk me through the acoustics of this place, Mr. Fisher. This is one of the most remarkable buildings I've ever been in, and I suspect that the gigantic dome overhead is going to present some challenges for us."

"Challenges and opportunities," John Fisher said excitedly. "This room has some of the most astonishing sound effects you'll ever encounter. Without a single supporting beam, it's a great shell that gives perfect visibility from every seat. And the acoustics are even more amazing. I'll walk you to the back of the hall after Brother O'Brian's practice is over and have someone drop a pin on the podium. Because of the curved surface of the ceiling, you'll hear it as clearly back there as if you were standing right next to it. Imagine a room that holds 8,000 people with no need for artificial amplification!"

"I'm not sure I like that," Josh said wryly, "speaking as a sound reinforcement engineer, of course. Your tabernacle could put us all out of business." That brought the expected chuckle and provided a transition so that he and Fisher could drift out into the auditorium, while Dan worked to control his breathing while settling onto the seat of the organ bench.

*It's back.* Dan's lips were dry and he licked them to try to provide moisture. "The war is back," he said softly to the keyboard. He leaned forward and rested his head on the upper edge of the console while his stomach churned at the flood of memories that he was now powerless to control. As he closed his eyes the colors of France sprang into view – the lush green of the countryside, the beauty of the wildflowers, the filthy mud and grime and

stench of the trenches, and the color of blood on his buddies' brown uniforms. In an impossible way, he actually heard the sound of an artillery barrage in his mind, and he recoiled at the terror he'd felt at the early morning bombardments when it was clear that the enemy was going to come up and out of the trenches. The great dread he felt then, and was visualizing now, was how many men he would have to kill before the battle settled down.

*How many men have to die so we can force them back to their own lines?* "Oh, my," he said quietly, "How can I face this again?" Without even activating the console, he quickly stood up and left the Tabernacle to go walking – a dazed sort of walk up State Street towards the Capitol Building. He was glad when his lungs started to hurt, because it gave him something else to think about. When the inevitable coughing started, with the tinge of blood on his handkerchief, the anxiety over his memories subsided, replaced by a real and present danger. Odd as it sounds, the latter was better.