

Written by By Richard Kontz
Friday, 07 September 2018 03:17



Continuing a seven-part special by Richard F. Kontz on a Vietnam vet he met while running the Bread of Life Christian Bookstore in 2011 through mid-2015.

As time passed, I took Don to my church one Sunday morning. He was very impressed with the size, the music and the preaching. Toward the end of the service, one of the Ushers came to get me. He said an older Navajo lady had asked if I could come out and talk with her — it was an emergency.

Bessie [not her real name] was in the entry way of the Church. I recognized her from a series of Spiritual classes I had taught and she was one of the class participants. Long story short her father was in the hospital and not expected to live very much longer and she wanted to know if I could come pray for him. So, I told her as soon as Church was over I would come to the hospital.

After church, I told Don about the situation and asked if he wanted to tag along or have me drop him off at the place he was staying at. He said “Hey Rich, I have nothing better to do so I’ll tag along.”

We went to the hospital – several people were in the room with the old man and he looked like he was asleep.

Bessie indicated he rarely awakes and when he was awake he didn’t seem to recognize them. Then Bessie introduced me and then I introduced Don. Then Bessie told them I was going to

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pray for their father. They said he was a believer and said he was ready to go. So, I prayed accordingly. Several times his eyes fluttered open and closed. After finishing, I kind of felt a little awkward since I don't know Navajo and couldn't say anything in Navajo to comfort them and pray in Navajo.

Then Don asked if he could pray for them. Bessie said sure. Don then asked me if I had any anointing oil, which I did and he anointed the old man and then began to pray in Navajo. You could feel the presence of the God in the room and several of the family were crying and praying also. I moved back a little to see the whole picture from the door way. The old man opened his eyes and began to smile and laugh looking towards the ceiling.

After Don finished they thanked him profusely and called him Pastor. Don was very gracious and tried to correct them on the "Pastor" title. I touched his arm and said, "That's OK, Pastor Don."

Then Don and I left and went to get something to eat for Lunch.

Don was very quiet and ate slowly and then I said, "What's going on Don?"

He looked at me and said "I did a good thing didn't I Rich?"

I said, "Yes, you did Don – yes you did Pastor Don."

He said, "I am not Pastor Rich you know that." And I said, "I know but to them you were and you did what God wanted you to do."

After that I took Don to a couple of Native Churches and he seemed more comfortable at those Churches. Then we got out of contact.

DON – FORMER VIETNAM VET – Part Six – May 30, 2011

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As a side note: Bessie would later tell me that her dad was very much alive the rest of that day, had a good night's rest and was very much alive all of the next day and then about 7 pm that evening he told them it was time to go – closed his eyes and died.

Written by Richard F. Kontz. If you wish to comment, I can be reached at rmkontz@q.com

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