



**SFA Indian Nations Chapter 32/50**  
**1715 Spoke Street**  
**Oklahoma City, OK 73108**

### **MINUTES 9 DECEMBER 2023**

Special Forces Association Chapter 32-50 met for our annual Christmas banquet and "dirty santa" gift exchange, at Madison's Restaurant, 4747 SE 29th St, Del City, OK, on Saturday, 9 December 2023, at 1100 hours.

#### **Officers Present**

President: Roger "Rock" Taylor  
Vice President: Bill Coultrup  
Treasurer/Medal Sales Coordinator/ WebMaster: Jerry Cooper  
Assistant Secretary: Charles Watts  
Chaplain/Assistant Treasurer: Dick Goodman  
Medal Presentation Coordinator: Doug Warden  
Quartermaster: David "Sarge" Cronic

#### **Officers Absent:**

Secretary/Assistant WebMaster: Pat Carr

#### **Opening Ceremonies**

President Rock Taylor called the meeting to order, at 1200 hrs.  
Vice President Bill Coultrup led the Pledge of Allegiance.  
Chaplain Dick Goodman led the Special Forces Prayer.  
Rafael Elias played and the members sang the Ballad of the Green Beret.

Ellen Watts presided over a fun and well-organized session of "dirty Santa" gift giving. A good time was had by all.

#### **Guests**

At our last meeting, Ellis Edwards invited the Vietnamese Airborne veterans and their wives to our Christmas banquet. Those attending today included: CPT Hanh Le Nguyen, PFC Sat Ngo, Tien Quan and Debbie Quan. Larry Zimmerman brought his wife Faith; Ellis Edwards brought his wife Thao; John McAllister brought his wife Thu; Jim Selders brought his wife Keely; Charles Watts brought his wife Ellen; and Roger Routh brought his wife Sylvia; and Rick Cacini brought his wife Cathy.

#### **Illness**

Please pray for Ray Williams who continues to convalesce at home.

## **Chaplain's Corner "Nothing New Under The Sun"**

Ecclesiastes 1:9 states, "What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again. There is nothing new under the sun."

The book of Ecclesiastes was written by King Solomon before 931 BC, and was written, in part, to show the necessity of fearing God, among the teaching of other things as well. This particular verse teaches that literally, in the course of time, history repeats itself, in an attempt to teach mankind to learn from past historical events, to keep from having to suffer the consequences from them returning in the future.

A case in point, Jeremiah 47 was written by Jeremiah, an Old Testament prophet, between 626 and 586 BC. In Jeremiah 47, chapter 4, a historical event occurred that is currently repeating itself, as I write this message. Jeremiah 47 is the record of his prophesy against the Philistines, the ancient enemies and rivals of Israel.

Jeremiah 47 has only seven verses. The script is long, so I'll summarize it. The period was about 609 BC. The Philistines had been harassing the Israelites for years by killing them, making war and plundering them. Finally, God used the Babylonians to destroy not only the Philistines but everything in their land. They were calling on God to end their calamity, but He did not. In this book, Tyre and Sidon are mentioned. These were cities in Lebanon, north of Israel, where Hezbollah is operating now. God cut off all help from these people to the Philistines, as He destroyed them. Nebuchadnezzar's army acted as agents of God in this destruction. God protected the Nation of Israel then, as He is now.

Stay with me here- The Philistines were the people before the current day Palestinians. The Romans named the land of the Philistines "Palestine." The Palestinians of today overwhelmingly elected Hamas to represent them and to act as a protector of sorts. After many years of harassment and killing Jews, Hamas finally committed the atrocity of October 7<sup>th</sup>, on a Jewish holiday. Israel has now vowed to destroy Hamas to the man. Sound familiar? The prophesy of Jeremiah is coming true again, today! A true Prophet of God is always right, not just sometimes. Know this, that Israel has only vowed to destroy Hamas, not the Palestinian people. Please read Jeremiah 47 and you'll really be amazed.

Goliath was a Philistine who was from Gath. Gath was in present day Gaza. David eliminated Goliath (1Samuel 17), just as Israel is eliminating Hamas, and Hezbollah (if necessary, with the help of the United States of America!)

We are witnessing history repeat itself with our very eyes! Yes, there is nothing new under the sun!

## A Christmas Story



It was Christmas Eve 1942. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas. We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Daddy wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible. After supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Daddy to get down the old Bible.

I was still feeling sorry for myself, and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Daddy didn't get the Bible. Instead, he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out, because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though I was too busy wallowing in self-pity. Soon he came back in. It was a cold clear night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now he was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew he was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my coat. Mommy gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless

we were going to haul a big load. Daddy was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Daddy pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high side boards on.

Then Daddy went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all Fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing? Finally, I said something. I asked, "what are you doing?" "You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. Mrs. Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said, "Why?"

"I rode by just today," he said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, he called a halt to our loading then we went to the smoke house and he took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned, he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand. "What's in the little sack?" I asked. Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Mrs. Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Daddy was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was he buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?" "Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?" Mrs. Jensen opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very

small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Mrs. Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Daddy said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then he handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children - sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at my Daddy like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out.

"We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," he said. Then turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up." I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me, and a joy that I'd never known before filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people.

I soon had the fire blazing, and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Daddy handed them each a piece of candy, and Mrs. Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that He would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of my Daddy in those exact terms before, but, after Widow Jensen mentioned it, I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Daddy had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Mommy and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Daddy insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. My Daddy took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Daddy and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door, he turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away. Mrs. Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, May the Lord bless you, I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled, I felt a warmth that came from deep within, and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Daddy turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your Mother and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday, a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your Mom and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks, and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Daddy had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. He had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Mrs. Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children. For the rest of my life, Whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside my Daddy that night. He had given me much more than a rifle. He had given me the best Christmas of my life!

### **Treasurer's Report**

Jerry Cooper reported the following balances, as of 5 Dec 2022:

General Fund bank balance	\$4,126.87
ROTC Medals bank balance	\$9,547.99
Green Beret Benevolent Fund	\$2,754.00
Total cash in bank	<b>\$16,428.86</b>

### **Medal Sales Report, as of 5 Dec 2022:**

Medals sold since January 1, 2022	660
Remaining Medals on Hand	1,763
Bank Balance Medals Account	\$8,499.86
Net Profit from Medal Sales	\$2,390.17

Ellis Edwards' motion to approve the Treasurer's report and the medal sales report, which was seconded by David Laukat, passed unanimously.

## **SFA CARNIVAL CRUISE**

SFA Legacy Initiatives has signed a contract with Carnival Cruise Lines to charter an entire ship for SF, family, and friends. The Carnival Paradise will provide an exclusive cruise experience departing from Tampa, FL on October 19, 2024. The current planning itinerary will include the following events that will also support many SF small businesses during this epic event:

October 17-18 Pre-cruise gatherings, USSOCOM events, golf tournament, poker run, supporting local SF businesses with Scuba dives, off-shore fishing, boat trips, & more

October 19 - Board the ship, SF Swag, Regimental Colors flying from the mast, sail away party with nationally known music artist(?)

October 20 - Day at Sea, beer and wine tasting from SF owned breweries and wineries

October 21 - Bimini

October 22 - Nassau with a shore party at the SF owned "The Bearded Clam Sports Bar", support other SF businesses with shore excursion

October 23 - Day at Sea, SF liquor tasting from SF owned distilleries

October 24 - Return to Tampa-more activities like football games, hockey games, etc...

We have over 1,000 passengers already registered during the pre-registration phase.

**Register today at: [specialforces2024cruise@gmail.com](mailto:specialforces2024cruise@gmail.com).**

During the 2023 SFA Convention (SFACON), the membership voted that this cruise will also be the venue for 2024 SFACON. SFA Chapter VIII (8), Hawaii Chapter, is organizing the convention and the cruise.

Prepare to be inspired by an exceptional lineup of keynote speakers who have conquered adversity and achieved remarkable success, both during and after their military service. Hear stories of resilience, leadership, and triumph, drawing upon the lessons learned from your time in the Special Forces and applying them to your civilian life. Potential speakers include: The Originals, Medal of Honor Recipients, Commanders of various organizations like USSOCOM, USASOC, etc. The 1st SFG and Detachment A/Berlin have already committed to conduct their reunion on the ship. We are in discussions with SOA, 5th SFG and others to do the same.

If we don't meet our goal we will have to open this up to the Night Stalker Association, Rangers, Civil Affairs and other organizations to fill up the ship. There has never been an opportunity like this before, so don't be the one who sees the pictures, videos, smiles and memories after this is all over, wishing you had attended. Make the commitment today and sign up.

Rooms are designed for two occupants. If you don't have someone to come with you, we have started a forum where folks can find someone to defray the cost of the room. <http://pub24.bravenet.com/forum/static/show.php?usernum=1987450266&fmid=10393&msgid=0> What is included: Cabin in selected category for 2 passengers, taxes, port fees, and gratuities. 3 sit down meals a day, snacks and more throughout; non-bottled

water, lemonade, iced tea, hot chocolate, and some coffees and teas. Also includes things like a Brunch, Fast Food, around the clock buffet, and ice-cream bar, Vegas type production shows, water slides, comedy club, activities for kids, competitions, etc.

**Make Lifelong Connections:** Strengthen the bonds forged in the crucible of the Special Forces and form new connections with like-minded individuals who share a common mission and purpose. The reunion cruise is a chance to expand your network, exchange ideas, and collaborate with fellow warriors who are making a difference in various fields.

So don't miss out on this extraordinary gathering of elite warriors. Reserve your spot today on this Global Gathering of Green Berets and embark on an adventure that will reignite the fire within and create memories that will last a lifetime. Together, let's honor the past, celebrate the present, and embrace the future.

### **DON'T MISS THE BOAT!**

De Oppresso Liber,  
Pete Tingstrom, SFA 2024 Cruise Lead Planner / SFACON 2024 Chair  
[specialforces2024cruise@gmail.com](mailto:specialforces2024cruise@gmail.com)

### **Old Business**

Murt McNeil's motion to approve the meeting minutes for 11 NOV 23, seconded by David Laukat, was unanimously approved.


Historian, Maj (R) Joe Todd, is continuing to record videos of combat veterans. If you have not recorded an interview, contact Joe at (918) 914-2179.

Please give Pat Carr your submissions for The Drop. Please also give Pat your old photographs (in uniform or out) to be preserved on the chapter website. We still need names and photographs of chapter officers since inception.

### **50/50 Raffle**

Rick Cacini won the 50/50 raffle in the amount of \$80, which, through the good offices of Jerry Cooper, he donated back to the Chapter.

**Our Next Meeting** will be Saturday, 13 JAN 2024, at the Oklahoma County Sheriff's Headquarters, 2101 NE 36th Street, Oklahoma City. The entrance to parking is on the north side of NE 36th Street. The social hour begins at 1100 hours, and the business meeting begins at 1200 hrs. The building has no bar or refreshments.

De Oppresso Liber,  
  
Charles J. Watts  
D-2833  
Assistant Secretary