

## **GOD IS WATCHING US**

By John F. Hall

Sometimes a song will bring back memories from a time in our lives that was very significant. Sometimes that song will make us realize that all during our very brief sojourn on this earth, that Jesus Christ has been watching our every action. And of greater importance, He will judge us on what we did or what we failed to do. It should give us pause, even with all the electronic distractions that inhibit our daily lives, that we will be held accountable and responsible for our actions. So at the very least, we should comply with Christ's commandment to, "Love one another; as I have loved you." John 13:34.

The last time that I was mobilized on Fort Knox was in 1991. I recall a song titled, "From A Distance." It was popular at that time and it was written by Julie Gold in 1985. The following are some lyrics in that song, "From a distance the world looks blue and green and the snow capped mountains white. From a distance the ocean meets the stream and the eagle takes to flight. From a distance there is harmony and it echos across the land. It's the voice of hope. It's the voice of peace. It's the voice of every man. From a distance we all have enough and no one is in need. And there are no guns, no bombs and no disease, no hungry mouths to feed. From a distance we are instruments marching in a common band. Playing songs of hope. Playing songs of peace. They are the songs of every man. God is watching us. God is watching us. God is watching us from a distance..." The song was very popular when Bette Midler recorded it in 1990.

In that year, I was serving in the Division G-3 on Fort Knox. I served as the Liaison Officer coordinating all of the mobilized Army Reserve and National Guard units arriving and departing Fort Knox. Once they were validated for deployment to Iraq, I would have the Assistant Post Commander sign the deployment order. I would follow the unit to the airport in Louisville, Kentucky. I would watch the plane(s) depart and then return to Fort Knox to continue the coordination.

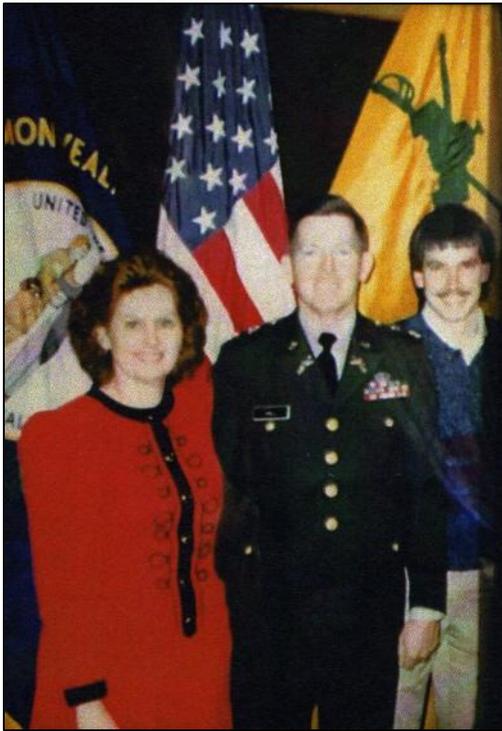
One exhausting day, after working 20 straight hours, I told my section supervisor that I needed to go over to Ireland hospital on post and have a spot checked on my back. I drove over to the emergency room and talked to the Army doctor on duty. He told me to take off my BDU shirt and my t-shirt. He examined my back and then he told me a story. He said that six months ago he examined a soldier that had a similar spot on his back. This soldier's wife had been telling him for more than a year to get that spot checked. By the time the soldier got to me, it was too late. The melanoma skin cancer had spread to other part's of the soldier's body and he died. The Army doctor told me that he was not going to take any risks with me. He told me to lay face down on the examination table. He rubbed lidocaine on the effected area. As soon as it became numb, he used a scalpel and cut out the growth. He put in some stitches. I was sore for weeks where he dug out that spot.

The long and busy days on Fort Knox were interrupted by a promotion ceremony. My wife, Paula and my son came to the Division Headquarters where I was promoted from Captain to Major. Someone took a picture after the promotion ceremony where I was

standing next to my wife and my son. After spending a half day with them, they returned to Cadiz. That picture was put in a frame and placed on the mantle that came from Paula's grandmother's house in Golden Pond

Every day is full of memories that we can choose to save. The promotion picture taken on Fort Knox was made before my grandchildren, Andrea, Heather, John-John, Cole, Jade, Skyler and Lexie were born. If they choose, Skyler, Lexie and Jade can put this story in the gold "memory boxes" that I gave them. It will be another item to go along with all the cards, letters, pictures and stories that I mail them.

Every day, during Operation Desert Storm on Fort Knox, the Division Commander was given a briefing on the status of the units training on Fort Knox. Nothing unusual happens at these briefings until the Commander hears something that he does not like. I reported that the 280<sup>th</sup> Military Police Detachment (CID) pulled out of Fort Knox without telling anyone in advance. The Commander was quite irritated at learning this information. He turned to me and asked why no one told him in advance that they were leaving. I said,



“Sir, the CID is an autonomous unit with a different higher headquarters. They are just attached here. Their headquarters ordered their immediate deployment to Iraq.” The Commander was not happy about losing this CID detachment.

(Pictured: L to R: Paula Hall wife of John F. Hall; John F. Hall and his son at Fort Knox Division headquarters when John F. Hall was promoted from Captain to Major).

You can find in Proverbs 15:3 these words, “The eyes of the Lord are in every place, watching the evil and the good.” God is watching us. How we treat others matters to Christ. Here are some lyrics to the song, By A Little Kindness, written by Bobby Austin and Curt Sapaugh: “If you see your brother standing by the road with a heavy load from the seeds he sowed. And if you see your sister falling by the

way, just stop and say, you're going the wrong way. You got to try a little kindness. Yes! Try a little kindness. Just shine your light for everyone to see. And if you try a little kindness, then you'll overlook the blindness of the narrow minded people on the narrow minded streets. Don't walk around the down and out. Lend a helping hand instead of doubt. And the kindness that you show everyday will help someone along their way.”

Clay Harrison wrote a short piece titled: “Somewhere God Is Watching.” Like the song, “From A Distance, both writers highlight the fact that God is watching us. Harrison wrote, “God is watching the things we say and do. As we write our life's story and try to

make it through, He sees the sins we try to hide. But we can't run away, for Jesus is the Good Shepherd who finds us when we stray. Somewhere God is listening and hears us when we pray. He hears each time we praise Him and sends blessings our way. He hears each hymn and anthem we sing on Sunday morn. And the old-fashioned carols telling us Jesus is born! He put perfume in the roses, wrote songs the robin sings; He taught the bees to make honey when nectar flows each Spring. All the earth is His creation filled with beauty and love. And, somehow, I know He's watching from somewhere above."

John F. Hall

\*Read more stories written by John F. Hall at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>