

Out and About in Marjeh

I spent several weeks with Marines from 1/6 and 3/6 here at Camp Dwyer before they invaded Marjeh. They did all their preparatory training here and we had services with them on the flight line just before they began the invasion. That night I helped them carry their gear to the helos and prayed for them as they got on the birds. I touched each one of them as they walked by and asked God's blessing on them. Some of them thought I was the person counting them for the flight roster, so they would make sure to come over to me so I could tap them as they went by. With all the noise and wind from the rotors it was impossible to hear, but some of them knew who I was and knew I was praying for them. God can still hear over the noise of the helicopters.



Just a few days after the invasion of one of Afghanistan's largest cities, RP1 and I were cleared to go in for a visit with the Marines there. Maybe you've seen the Marjeh Operation in the news recently.

The battalion chaplain that I visited with in Marjeh is one of my very best guys. He is doing a great job ministering to his Marines and he is living under some pretty harsh conditions.



This is me and Chaplain Terry Bewley on the roof of the Governance Center in downtown Marjeh



Here we are at the beautiful Marjeh Hilton!



The window with all the sandbags is ours.



The open-air laundry is self-serve, but you don't need any quarters



Believe it or not, this really is the very best place to stay here – others were glad to get it when we left.



The market in Koru Chareh (North Marjeh)



The MV-22 Osprey is definitely my favorite way to travel – a ride in an MRAP (a heavily armored truck) will beat your brains out!

I'm looking for an Osprey to fly us out...



That arrow is pointing to where I slept that night; I have the bruises to prove it.



This was the take from a MASSIVE drug bust, several million dollars' worth – one Marine said that it would last New York City all weekend!

We got to go out into town in a couple of places. The people are very hesitant with us in most cases. They don't want to be seen befriending us so that's how we know that there are still enemies in our midst.



Cute kid was selling rice, beans, etc. out of the back of this little truck.



We're walking in the village – Bracey has his war face on!



We spent another night in the shadow of this bombed out building –
Near here is where the new FOB is being built.

Please keep praying for our Marines on the front lines. They live under the most austere conditions, but they are still in good spirits. Each day we see more wounded or killed. The loss of their friends exacts a heavy toll and I pray they would continue to be strong and courageous. More of the city is being cleared and hopefully our Marines and the Afghan forces that have partnered with us will be able to keep the peace.

In Christ Alone,
Andy