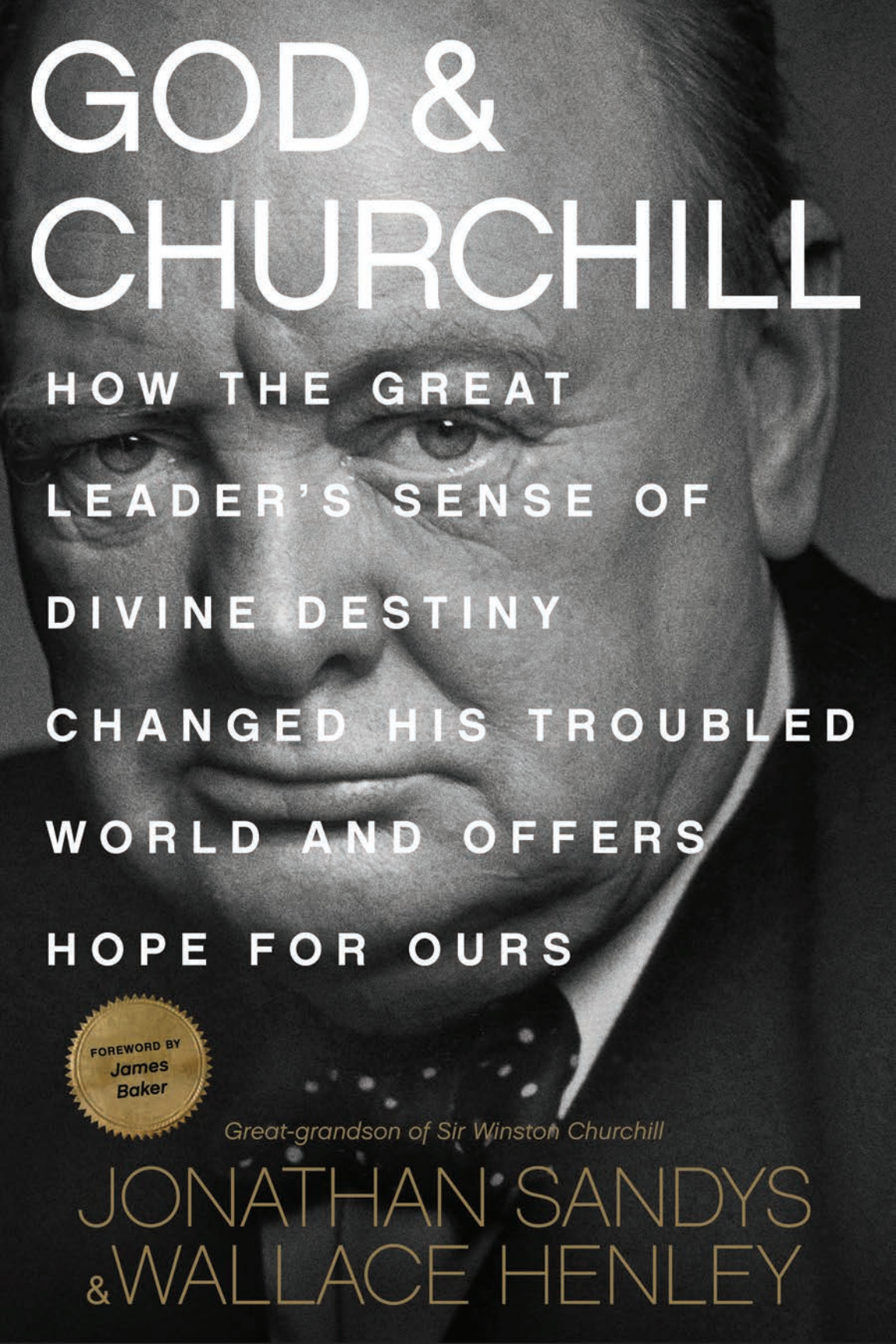
GOD &
CHURCHILL
HOW THE GREAT LEADER'S SENSE OF DIVINE DESTINY CHANGED HIS TROUBLED WORLD AND OFFERS HOPE FOR OURS
FOREWORD BY James Baker
Great-grandson of Sir Winston Churchill
JONATHAN SANDYS
& WALLACE HENLEY

A fascinating and well-argued book that adds a vital, missing component to understanding Churchill. As a lifelong admirer who as a boy met Churchill and who has read widely on his life, I was curious to know what Sandys and Henley would present as evidence. I was not only convinced but delighted at the realism and relevance of their portrayal of Churchill. He emerges as anything but ardently religious, but he was more personally aware of his destiny and more biblically literate and attuned to the Christian worldview and Christian civilization than many Christians today.

OS GUINNESS
Author of *A Free People's Suicide*

I have known four generations of the Churchill family. Jonathan Sandys has both the vision and the voice to carry forth the legacy of his great-grandfather and is well worthy to offer this account of Churchill's life and faith. *God and Churchill* has earned a place next to the greatest of books ever written on the master statesman.

JAMES C. HUMES
Author and former presidential speech writer

What a wonderfully enthusiastic book, written with the insights of a great-grandson of Winston Churchill who understands his great ancestor in unique and special ways. Jonathan grasps the spiritual dimensions of Churchill's life and the struggle against the pure evil of Nazi tyranny. And there is no doubt: It was Churchill as prime minister in 1940 who not only saved Britain from defeat but saved Christian civilization itself, as Jonathan and Wallace make so very clear. This is a book for Christians as well as for Churchill enthusiasts.

DR. CHRISTOPHER CATHERWOOD
Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, Churchill Archives By-Fellow emeritus, historian of twentieth-century history, and evangelical writer

A graphic portrayal of the life and legacy of Winston Churchill, with emphasis on his guiding belief in divine providence. Long before "the clash of civilizations" had become a common term, Churchill knew what it meant and spent his life defending the civilization so decisively shaped by the Christian faith. A fascinating study!

TIMOTHY GEORGE
Founding dean of Beeson Divinity School at Samford University and general editor of the *Reformation Commentary on Scripture*

Having witnessed firsthand how God moves to influence major events in the world for the good of his people, I cannot imagine anyone better suited to tell the story of God's work in the life and times of Churchill than Churchill's own flesh and blood. Jonathan Sandys brings an unparalleled vibrancy and perspective on the great man and his times. He and Wallace Henley have artfully woven together the best-known and most obscure pieces of history to present the beautiful and compelling tapestry that is *God and Churchill*. An absolute must-read.

JOANNE KING HERRING
International diplomat, author, and president/CEO of the Marshall Plan Charities

Great leaders, and the times and circumstances in which they served, have long fascinated me. Winston Churchill has been of special interest to me for many years. I have read books about the British wartime leader, but they always seem to leave out a critical element. But Jonathan Sandys and Wallace Henley have captured it in this book. At last we have a detailed presentation not only of Churchill's legendary exploits but also of the inner dynamic that compelled him with a vision for "Christian civilization" and an iron will to defend it at all costs. Sandys and Henley, to use a Churchillian idea, have brought the inspiration and lessons of the past into our present for the sake of the future. This is a must-read for our critical times.

ED YOUNG
Senior pastor, Second Baptist Church, Houston

GOD & CHURCHILL

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HOW THE GREAT LEADER'S SENSE OF DIVINE DESTINY CHANGED HIS TROUBLED WORLD AND OFFERS HOPE FOR OURS

JONATHAN SANDYS
&WALLACE HENLEY

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God and Churchill: How the Great Leader's Sense of Divine Destiny Changed His Troubled World and Offers Hope for Ours

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FOREWORD

By James A. Baker III

On September 22, 2010, I was honored to speak at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, where, sixty-four years earlier, Winston Churchill delivered the "Iron Curtain" speech that did so much to define American diplomacy for most of the second half of the twentieth century. The great question of Churchill's period focused on how the Cold War, and the ominous arms race between the West and the Communist bloc, would eventually end.

At Fulton in 1946, Churchill described the dangers ahead. "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the [European] Continent," he said. As he contemplated the new military threats and oppressive Communist regimes, Churchill lamented that "this is certainly not the Liberated Europe we fought [the Second World War] to build up."

History, as we know, has a way of repeating itself. As I write this foreword in 2015, we are again on the precipice of crisis as international terror threatens civilization. Once again, we are asking: How will it all end? As Jonathan Sandys and Wallace Henley detail in these pages, we have much to learn from Churchill's leadership in his chaotic times.

As I noted in my Westminster speech in 2010, the Cold War ended—after forty-four years of tension, stress, and terrifying moments at the brink—with a whimper rather than the nuclear bang that so many had feared. I was in my teens in 1946 and could not have imagined then that I would be directly involved in the process that brought the conflict to resolution.

When discussions between President George H. W. Bush, under whom I served as secretary of state at the time; Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev; and German chancellor Helmut Kohl focused on the alignments of the new, unified Germany, there were seemingly unbridgeable disagreements, even as an accord seemed tantalizingly close.

Years later, in September 2009, I described the situation for the German magazine *Der Spiegel*. I told their two reporters how Kohl, Bush, and I had met at Camp David in February 1990 to talk specifically about German unification and the implications for NATO.

"Germany doesn't want neutrality in any way," Chancellor Kohl had told us. "A united Germany will be a member of NATO."

With that, he gave us a binding commitment.

The concern of many was that Gorbachev would insist on German neutrality, not wanting the new Germany to be aligned with the West, especially in a military alliance. Already the British and French were concerned about the unification of Communist East Germany (the German Democratic Republic, or GDR) with free West Germany, and neutrality might have stymied the negotiations. Gorbachev, however, had committed from the outset not to use military force. Because the East German population would not have accepted the survival of the GDR, Gorbachev could only have stopped the course of events by force of arms. So he had little choice.

As I described this situation to *Der Spiegel*, one of the interviewers said, "This retreat of the Soviets, who had for decades tried

to hold the West in check with proxy wars and sharp rhetoric, even now seems like a miracle."

A *miracle*? The reporter likely had no spiritual implications in mind in choosing that term. Yet perhaps he was more insightful than he realized. I recalled a visit by Gorbachev to the White House in May 1990. We were in the Cabinet Room when he acknowledged that any country should have the right to choose any alliance it wanted to join.

When he said that, it was done.

Sitting there, I thought, *Wow!* What had seemed impossible had become a reality with Gorbachev's words.

Though Winston Churchill was not alive to see it, he may not have been surprised that the Cold War ended in what some would regard as a miraculous fashion. After all, as Sandys and Henley note in this book, Churchill's entire life and destiny seemed to have been miraculous. Though not a religious man, he nevertheless had a sense of divine destiny. As you will read in *God and Churchill*, his very survival sometimes was nothing short of miraculous. Likewise, both Britain's survival during the horrid summer of the 1940 Blitz and the near-impossible evacuation at Dunkirk have been characterized by some as miraculous.

But were these marvelous outcomes the result of divine intervention? The authors, and I, leave that to the reader's own conclusion. Such a question, however, raises the possibility of God's intervention in history and the interaction between the spiritual and material realms.

There was a time in my own life when there seemed to be no need for spiritual intervention. I thought that a successful professional never admitted to pain or problems. Then I walked through a personal crisis. My wife, Susan, helped me pray through it and understand that I really needed to stop trying to play God. Instead, I needed to turn the matter over to him.

We all have those critical moments when we are tempted to cry

out to God—or actually do, as Churchill did one night while hiding in a ditch in South Africa as the enemy pursued him. As you will read, though he was struggling with his own faith, he prayed earnestly in that moment for God's help.

During my own years in Washington, DC, prayer became an important part of my routine. I met on Wednesdays to pray with a small group of very normal guys who just happened to hold positions of power and influence, as I phrased it in a speech at the National Prayer Breakfast in 1990. My prayer partners came from both major political parties and different religious traditions. But we all shared an understanding that I had come to recognize: Inner security and true fulfillment come by faith, not by wielding power in a town where power is king. Such fulfillment and inner security come only by developing a personal relationship with God, a relationship that for me is made possible by Jesus Christ.

In fact, there were three things that kept me grounded during my years under the searing national spotlight: my family, my friends, and my faith. Many people believe that faith is more difficult for those in public life. For me, at least—and apparently for Winston Churchill—the opposite was true. Living in the centrifuge of politics encouraged—even demanded—spiritual growth.

I concur with Lech Wałęsa, the great Polish leader who played a vital role in helping end the Cold War, who said: "Sooner or later we will have to go back to our fundamental values, back to God, the truth, the truth which is in God."

Winston Churchill saw this in his own times, and such vision compelled his great concern for what he repeatedly called *Christian civilization*. I hope *God and Churchill* will inspire such a perspective and urgency in all who read it.

James A. Baker III was White House chief of staff and secretary of the treasury under President Ronald Reagan, and White House chief of staff and secretary of state under President George H. W. Bush. He is now honorary chair of the James A. Baker III Institute for Public Policy at Rice University.

PREFACE

By Cal Thomas

What made Winston Churchill?

Both Churchill's great-grandson Jonathan Sandys and Wallace Henley—a veteran of politics, journalism, and the church—have dug deeply to find the less exposed answers to this question. In a sense, they provide what may be the first "spiritual biography" of Winston Churchill.

The quest to understand the lives and motives of those who affect our times usually hinges on an old debating point: Do the times make the man, or does the man make the times?

Certainly the times in which Winston Churchill lived and worked had much to do with forming his global image. His service in the First World War as a battalion commander—after his departure from leadership of the Admiralty in a manner that some would find embarrassing—showed his pluck and commitment to duty. And Churchill of course was indispensable to Britain and America's victory in the Second World War.

By the standard he set, all political leaders since have been mere pygmies—with the possible exception of Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan. Yet even they pale in his shadow. No one else can touch Churchill for his vision, leadership, and persistence.

Churchill reminds us of Babe Ruth, the great twentieth-century ballplayer. The Babe struck out a lot, but he also hit many home runs. So, too, Churchill, as Sandys and Henley remind us, experienced many failures, but history remembers him primarily for his huge successes. Not only did Churchill make history; he also bent it to his will and even today embodies the classic definition of a leader.

Churchill had many contemporary enemies, and there are still those in Britain who believe that he was too full of himself and that many of his ideas were ill-conceived. Yet his achievements were so momentous that these voices get little attention outside of academic circles or critics whose philosophies are put off by Churchill's beliefs.

Momentous is a word befitting of Churchill. His prescience as a teenager about his future leadership role for his nation, and his early experiences and relationships, would all be part of what prepared him for his life's mission. When he became prime minister on May 10, 1940, he declared it to be the destiny for which his previous life had been the groundwork.

As for relationships, Churchill had a far less than ideal upbringing. His father, Lord Randolph, mostly rejected him and gave him not love but criticism; his mother, Jennie, pushed him, but she was often preoccupied with a series of men who were not her husband. Churchill was small and often the object of bullying, but he overcame it all through the force of his ego, strong will, and persistence.

Such struggles shaped in Churchill the attitude that he would articulate one day: "Never give in, never give in, never, never, never—in nothing, great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense. Never yield to force; never yield to the apparently overwhelming might of the enemy."

But who put such moral steel in Churchill's heart and spine?

If his parents were not strong spiritual and ethical guides, who gave Churchill such principles? Though he did not have accessible, engaged parents, there was one relationship that has been too little considered and written about. Elizabeth Everest, young Winston's nanny, was much more than a caregiver. She was a spiritual mentor, whose simple and resolute faith would anchor a little boy who could be a troublemaker and a disappointment to his teachers. Her influence would prove to be lifelong.

One of the great services that Sandys and Henley have rendered to us is in bringing Mrs. Everest more into focus. Among the unique factors that made Churchill who he was, Mrs. Everest's role is major. Sandys and Henley do not pretend that she made him a deeply religious man. However, she gave Churchill a love for the King James Bible and an understanding of the ways in which Christianity formed a "certain way of life" (in Churchill's own words) that he spoke of again and again as "Christian civilization." He was passionate in its defense, as the many references to it in his speeches demonstrates.

It was not just his times that made Churchill, but in many ways he shaped his times. Sandys and Henley end this book with hope. They discuss how Churchill "kept calm and carried on" in his day, demonstrating personally that, although the times were hard, they were endurable. The authors show how Churchill spoke with frankness about the "blood, toil, tears, and sweat" that lay ahead, but he always led his nation and its allies to maintain a positive outlook through the grim task of defeating Hitler and the Nazis.

Sandys and Henley note the opinion of Lord Moran, Churchill's personal physician, that a secret to Churchill's health and strength was his "buoyancy." True, he could fall into the deep depressions that he called his "black dog," but he always came up again into light—and hope.

This was more than psychology; it was the outcome of a deep

faith. Recent writers have tried to present Churchill as an agnostic or even an atheist. However, they seek to freeze him forever in his youthful doubts while he was serving in India. Churchill was not an active churchman, but as Sandys and Henley show, he was a person of deep faith and biblical knowledge who grew far beyond the skepticism of his younger days.

God and Churchill is intensely relevant to our own times. Beliefs, worldviews, religion, and spirituality are at the heart of contemporary conflicts. To ignore this is to misunderstand the nature of our times. Worse, it is to be ill-equipped for the battles blazing across the globe. Such was Churchill's world. Sandys and Henley show here the roots of Nazism, with its mixture of "perverted science" and Aryan mysticism. The labels are different, but the similarities between Churchill's day and ours are remarkable.

Churchill was more than a leader for his time. He was "a man for all seasons," to borrow Robert Bolt's title from his play about Sir Thomas More. "There has been no one remotely like him before or since," writes London mayor Boris Johnson.

The world is the worse for it.

Churchill, as a man for all seasons, is a model of leadership for our times. He was a full-orbed human being, and now Sandys and Henley present his spirituality as well as his humanity, showing the critical link between the two. The authors answer not only the questions of the past but also those of the present, as they show the leadership we need now for the sake of the future.

The most intriguing issue Sandys and Henley explore—one that most Churchill authors dodge—is the role of God in the making of Winston Churchill. This provokes several other questions: Does God have a plan in human history? Does God intervene in the course of human events? Does he raise up leaders at critical junctures to save civilization? If so, was Winston Churchill one of the many "deliverers" who have appeared in history's arena at just the right time and place?

In light of contemporary issues, these may be the most important concerns of all regarding the making of a leader. It's not merely the making of Winston Churchill that is in focus here, but more so the burning issues of civilization's survival and the quality of leadership needed in our times for that struggle.

INTRODUCTION

JONATHAN SANDYS

When I was a child, my sense of identity was framed in part by the knowledge that I was descended from one of history's great heroes: Sir Winston Churchill, who, as prime minister of Great Britain, had inspired the nation and her allies during the dark days of the Second World War. My grandmother, Diana, was Churchill's eldest daughter, and her son, Julian, is my father. I grew up hearing stories from family and friends who had intimate, firsthand knowledge of Sir Winston, or Great-Grandpapa as I have always known him.

One of my treasured memories as a youth was the day I met Sir Martin Gilbert, Churchill's official biographer. At a book launching I attended in London for one of Sir Martin's books, I approached the great historian for an autograph. He took one look at me and said, "You're one of Julian's boys, aren't you?" Heady stuff for a teenager, to be recognized by a man of such stature, and it made quite an impression on me.

Though during my childhood I was immersed in rich relationships with my family and at church, I suffered some setbacks along the way that shattered my innocence about the world, destroyed

my cheerful self-image, and set me on a downward spiral that persisted for almost two decades.

As I approached the age of thirty, it became clear to me that something had to change to get my life back on track. That change began, surprisingly, when I "met" Winston Spencer Churchill, who was both a hero and a mystery to me. Developing an acquaintance with the spirit and soul of Great-Grandpapa, though he had died ten years before I was born, was a crucial factor in my recovering a sense of identity and purpose. Little did I realize at the time what a mighty oak Churchill had been, casting a tremendous shadow over all of us acorns.

I dreamed of embracing my great-grandfather's legacy and surprising everyone by becoming a member of Parliament. Then someday I would run for prime minister, and Churchill's DNA would once again inhabit No. 10 Downing Street.

Building on the vague notion I had of my great-grandfather as a heroic figure who had saved the world from something terribly bad, I studied everything I could about him. I probed the memories of family members, such as my great-aunt Mary Soames, Churchill's last surviving child. Along with my father and others who had known Churchill in his lifetime, she provided a vital connection through which I was able to learn so much.

Despite dyslexia and the struggles I'd had in school, I became a self-taught historian, consuming all the books I could find about Churchill and his era.

I soon discovered that, though he was arguably the greatest leader of the twentieth century, he was only a man, not a god—no better or worse than any one of us.

As it happened, bringing Great-Grandpapa down to earth was a liberating experience for me. When I realized that I could not rest my identity in someone who was just as much a frail human being as I was, I decided to step out of his shadow and embrace my own identity.

Still, I wanted to do something in life that honored the Churchill legacy, which I felt was important to share with future generations who were losing hope or had already lost it.

The primary book that helped me see Great-Grandpapa with the greatest clarity was one he himself had penned: *My Early Life.* I was struck by his accounts of hubris, heroics, and near-misses—and above all, by his honesty about himself.

As I read about his youthful struggles, I was encouraged to find that someone as great as Winston Churchill had faced personal challenges similar to my own—difficulty in school, rejection, and an early reputation as a failure. That was when I began to relate to my great-grandfather and to understand his humanity, replete with the flaws and limitations we all share. I also found within myself the kind of resolve embodied in one of his greatest lines, spoken in 1941 to the boys at his old school, Harrow. As the destiny of the nation hung by a slender thread under the onslaughts of war, he had advised the young men, "Never give in, never, never, never . . ."

As I reread his words, I was filled with renewed determination. Learning that young Winston's teachers had wanted to give up on him at times, and that he had written many unhappy letters to his parents, helped me to overcome my own self-doubts. I was captivated by a new vision: *If Winston Churchill's story and words could so inspire me with hope and confidence, they could help people everywhere.* I decided I would devote myself to keeping his legacy alive by speaking and writing about Great-Grandpapa.

As with many "great resolutions," I immediately encountered an obstacle. So much had already been written and spoken about Churchill—where would I begin? What unique facet of his life and impact could I capture and show to others? What was the essence of Churchill's character and work that others had minimized or ignored altogether?

The answer began to take shape on a 2005 trip to the United States, where a friend had arranged for me to speak about my

great-grandfather at two schools in Macon, Georgia. Though I was surprised and overjoyed by the great level of interest in Churchill and the Second World War, I was disheartened to discover that a vast population of American—and even British—students had no idea who Winston Churchill was and what he had accomplished.

The nations of the world today are in desperate need of encouragement and firm, decisive leadership. Having extensively studied my great-grandfather's life and works, and catching the tone of his times and personality through my family members who had known him directly, I saw an opportunity to share something of Churchill's life that would improve the lives of others. I saw in Great-Grandpapa, in his words and deeds, in his mistakes and his greatest successes, the one thing needed by so many in the twenty-first century: *hope*.

But what had made Winston Churchill the image of hope for his day and age? I didn't know, but I wanted to find out.

Across from the Houses of Parliament in London stands one of the great statues of Churchill. It shows him resolute and firm in the face of suffering and danger. From the set of his jaw and his unwavering gaze, one gets the sense that he will press on to victory. But what gave him that strength of character? What propelled him into leadership and afforded him the strength to carry on?

By this time, I had already been trying to write books and speeches about Churchill. But the more I researched, the more I realized that his story was incomplete—despite the volumes that had already been written about him. The sense that something important was missing struck me with great force.

When I delved back into *My Early Life* not long after I had this realization, my attention was arrested by the series of near-miraculous escapes that characterized Churchill's early adult life. Even more, my eye was drawn to Churchill's apparent sense of divine destiny—even as early as his teenage years. I decided I must explore more deeply my great-grandfather's personal faith. What did he believe about God? I had assumed that his references to

Deity and Christianity were merely political platitudes. Was it possible it went deeper than that? More important, was it possible that God had played a role in making Winston Churchill the man that he became? As one who had left his faith by the wayside without abandoning belief in God, I was intrigued by these questions. Was Churchill's faith something that other historians had overlooked or neglected?

When I spoke with Sir Martin Gilbert about my thoughts, he encouraged me to press on in the pursuit of the connection between God and Churchill. In fact, he said, there was "loads of information" on the topic that others had not considered in depth. He urged me to bring it to light if I were so inclined.

Sir Martin's encouragement was greatly motivating. As I plowed into the research and developed the ideas, I became increasingly aware of God's presence and power, though I still felt distant from him. Then in 2012 I passed through a season of crisis that brought me once again to a crossroads of faith.

By then I had married Sara, a native Texan, and we were living in Houston. One night, a friend and I were talking about Moses, and our conversation became quite in-depth. At the end of the evening, my buddy suggested that we go to church the following morning—something I hadn't done in ages.

When the pastor rose to preach that Sunday, his topic was exactly the same as what my friend and I had discussed the night before—the same Bible passages and the same points of focus. Neither my friend nor I had had any idea what the pastor's topic would be, and I remember thinking that it couldn't just be a coincidence. It was all too precise. As the pastor continued, I had a strong impression that I should start reading the Bible seriously.

Not long afterward, while traveling in England, I began reading the New Testament. As I opened Matthew's Gospel, it seemed that God was speaking to me on every page. Verse by verse, I wrote copious notes, pausing frequently to pray as I felt my heart drawn

back to God and as I felt him begin to heal the pain of my past experiences. I returned to America with my faith restored and with a determination to once again be open to what God wanted me to do with my life.

As I saw my own connection to God restored, I felt ready to write about the remarkable connection I had discovered between God and Churchill.

I was confident I could provide a solid history of my great-grandfather, but I felt I needed some help articulating the connection between Churchill's sense of divine destiny and the events of his life. I knew it would take a unique person who understood the complexities of national leadership and thus could appreciate Churchill the statesman, but who also grasped the importance of biblical principles in the context of historical events. Furthermore, this individual would have to understand the Second World War, its spiritual underpinnings, and the hidden challenges that Churchill faced. Finally, I needed someone who wouldn't be grasping at straws, trying to fit God into the facts, or putting words in Churchill's mouth. As my great-grandfather once said, "Words, which are on proper occasions the most powerful engines, lose their weight and power and values when they are not backed by fact or winged by truth, when they are obviously the expression of a strong feeling, and are not related in any way to the actual facts of the situation."[1] Those words became my standard, and when I met Wallace Henley, I quickly realized that he fit all of my qualifications.

WALLACE HENLEY

Like Jonathan, I went through a period in my life when my faith faltered and I lost track of the identity I had fervently embraced as a teenager. My crisis came in the city of Nuremberg, Germany, a town that had played a key role in the summation of the Nazi era.

I was born on December 5, 1941, two days before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and brought the United States into the

Second World War. My childhood was immersed in the war and its aftermath. Almost all my Sunday-school teachers and Boy Scout leaders were returning veterans, and they were heroes in my eyes.

Another prominent memory was the countenance of Winston Churchill. His confident visage was on black-and-white newsreels at the theater, and his voice resonated on our radios. In the mind of a young boy, there was something almost mystical about the Second World War that Churchill seemed to embody. That sense of valor and courage under fire stayed with me, and even intensified, over the decades. It is part of what brought me to join with Jonathan Sandys in writing this book.

In 1964, I began preparing for a career as a preacher by enrolling in seminary and serving as a pastor at Travis Avenue Baptist Church in Fort Worth, Texas. But it wasn't long before I changed my focus from being a pastor to becoming a professor of theology. I decided I needed a degree from a European school, as had many of the great theologians under whom I had studied, and I set about figuring out a way to get to Europe with my wife, Irene, and our new baby.

One day as I walked through the seminary administration building, I noticed a bulletin board posting for an English-language Baptist church in Nuremberg, primarily serving the large American military contingent there. Nuremberg is close to Erlangen, the site of a university with a noted theology faculty. I had studied German for two years in college and was confident I could succeed there. Pastoring the Nuremberg church would provide support for my family while I was earning my European degree. I sent an application but never received a response.

Almost a year later, in the fall of 1965—long after I had put the matter out of my mind—a letter arrived from Nuremberg calling me as pastor of Antioch Baptist Church. Two weeks before Christmas 1965, Irene, our one-year-old daughter, and I flew to New York to board the Holland America Line ship *Princess Margriet.*

Even as we were headed for Nuremberg, many of the soldiers and their families in the small church we were going to serve were preparing to move out—the men to Vietnam and their wives and children back to the United States. Within four months of our arrival in Germany, the church informed me that there would soon not be enough money for my salary. Some of the soldiers were willing to get us groceries and gasoline from the PX, but with the black market still thriving in Germany twenty years after the war, I knew they risked a court-martial if they resold PX supplies. I began a futile search for work outside the church—teaching school, sacking groceries, anything I could do to support my family and continue serving the small congregation as pastor. But my dream of studying at the University of Erlangen was now up in smoke.

One day, I saw that our bank account had dwindled to five hundred dollars—a paltry amount by today's standards, but in 1966 it was still enough to either feed and house us for a few months or get us back to America. The decision was clear, and I resigned from the church the next Sunday.

We left Germany on April 1, 1966, and after a brief layover in Iceland's Arctic temperatures, we arrived in Alabama to a soft Southern spring and a room in my in-laws' house. Feeling humiliated by our sudden and premature return from Germany and disillusioned about my calling as a pastor after feeling so certain that God had directed our move to Nuremberg, I started looking for a job again—doing anything but church work.

I put in applications at three or four companies on that first day, and at my final stop, a box factory, I was told I could start the next morning. I jumped at the opportunity and was soon learning the value of good, hard work, even as I kept looking for better employment. Finally, in August I walked into the *Birmingham News*, told the interviewer that I loved to write, knocked out some sample copy, and wound up in journalism, a profession I came to

love. I started as religion editor, became a general reporter, and ultimately was promoted to the editorial-page staff.

As my assignments broadened, I began to contemplate the world on a larger scale. At the time, Birmingham was still sizzling with civil-rights protests—just three years removed from the Birmingham church bombing—and I had an opportunity over the next two years to observe the growing influence of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. This started me thinking about the nature of leadership—especially as it affects societies.

In August 1970, through circumstances too involved to describe here, I became assistant director for a White House task force working on the implementation of court-ordered school desegregation in eleven Southern states. Upon completing that mission, I moved directly into a job at the White House and spent the next two and a half years teamed with Harry S. Dent Sr., special counsel to President Richard Nixon.

From this new vantage point, I began a serious observation of leadership styles and the contrasts between raw power and true authority. But the most important thing I did while working at the White House was to participate in a prayer breakfast every Thursday morning in the West Wing. Those gatherings brought me into contact with people who believed that God works through the events of history. I had never thought much about that, but I was intrigued. When Proverbs 21:1 says, "The king's heart is a stream of water in the hand of the LORD; he turns it wherever he will,"[2] was it more than simply beautiful poetry? Does God raise up leaders and bring them down, as the prophet Daniel says?[3]

Such questions stayed on my mind in the years ahead, even as I again felt stirrings to become a preacher and took up my calling once more—a calling I pursued for the next twenty-five years before "retiring" and reentering the world of politics. After two years as district director and acting chief of staff for a United States congressman, I returned once again to church ministry. For the

past thirteen years, I have served as a teaching pastor and senior associate pastor at Houston's Second Baptist Church.

In 1990, just after the collapse of the Soviet Union and of Eastern European communism, I assisted a British agency in responding to numerous urgent requests from former Soviet Bloc nations for conferences to equip leaders. Communism, I saw, had devoured the leadership infrastructure of the nations it had controlled—in families, churches, schools, governments, and businesses. The church had played a key role in the overthrowing of communism, and many people were now seeking help from the very institution that had once been all but banned in most of their nations. I even attended a conference that was held in a building that once housed the KGB.

When Jonathan Sandys invited me to work with him on this project exploring the life of his famous great-grandfather, I felt as if my entire life had been a preparation for the task. As I mentioned, I've been fascinated with Churchill all my life, and I have studied his life in some depth. During the early 1970s, Churchill became almost an obsession for me. My White House experiences had impressed on me the enormous responsibility of leading a nation and having an impact on the world. As I observed world leaders up close, I realized there was another dimension to Churchill that made him historically exceptional, a dimension I could not fully describe but wanted to explore. I collected all the books I could find that dealt with Churchill's life and leadership. For inspiration, I hung photos of the great man in my home study, which I dubbed the "Churchill Room."

When I listened to Jonathan's vision for this book, I realized that even though we come from different backgrounds and perspectives, it seemed inevitable that our paths would converge. We had both spent many years of our lives searching for God, and we both viewed Winston Churchill, in many ways, as a God-haunted man. This book represents our efforts to understand this great leader in the context of God's work in the world.

PART I

THE REMARKABLE PREPARATION

1

A Vision of Destiny

This country will be subjected somehow, to a tremendous invasion, by what means I do not know, but I tell you I shall be in command of the defences of London, and I shall save London and England from disaster.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, AGE 16

On a summer Sunday evening in 1891, with the echoes of chapel evensong still resonating in their minds, sixteen-year-old Winston Churchill and his close friend and fellow Harrow student Murland de Grasse Evans sat talking in what Evans would remember years later as "one of those dreadful basement rooms in the Headmaster's House."[1]

The conversation focused on destiny—more specifically, their own. Churchill thought that Evans might go into the diplomatic service, or perhaps follow his father's footsteps into finance.

Then Evans asked Churchill, "Will you go into the army?"

"I don't know," young Winston replied. "It is probable; but I shall have great adventures soon after I leave here."

"Are you going into politics? Following your father?"

"I don't know, but it is more than likely because, you see, I am not afraid to speak in public."

Evans was quizzical as he gazed back at his friend. "You do not seem at all clear about your intentions or desires."

"That may be," Winston shot back, "but I have a wonderful idea of where I shall be eventually. I have dreams about it."

"Where is that?"

"Well, I can see vast changes coming over a now peaceful world; great upheavals, terrible struggles; wars such as one cannot imagine; and I tell you London will be in danger—London will be attacked and I shall be very prominent in the defence of London," Winston said.

"How can you talk like that?" Evans asked. "We are forever safe from invasion, since the days of Napoleon."

"I see further ahead than you do," Winston replied. "I see into the future."

Murland Evans was so "stunned" by the conversation that he "recorded it with utmost clarity," in a letter he sent to Churchill's son, Randolph, who in the 1950s was given the responsibility of writing his father's biography.[2]

Churchill continued, undaunted, as he would many times throughout his career. "This country will be subjected somehow, to a tremendous invasion, by what means I do not know, but I tell you I shall be in command of the defences of London, and I shall save London and England from disaster."

Evans remembered Churchill as "warming to his subject" as he spoke.

"Will you be a general, then, in command of the troops?" Evans asked.

"I don't know," Britain's future leader replied. "Dreams of the future are blurred, but the main objective is clear. . . . I repeat—London will be in danger and in the high position I shall occupy, it will fall to me to save the Capital and save the Empire."[3]

NEED FOR AFFIRMATION

Were it not for events almost fifty years later, young Winston's prediction might be dismissed as the desperate effort of a lonely adolescent with a need for affirmation to assert his significance. That need would have been understandable, given the relationship between Churchill and his physically and emotionally removed parents. Of his mother, Churchill wrote later in life, "I loved her dearly—but at a distance."[4] And once, after an extended conversation with his own son, Churchill remarked, "We have this evening had a longer period of continuous conversation than the total which I ever had with my father in the whole course of his life."[5]

Today, social conventions are often determined by their political correctness. In Churchill's day, especially for people of his class, it was "Victorian correctness" that set the standard. VC demanded a certain aloofness of parents towards their children. In some households, parents met with their offspring by appointment only (determined by the parent) and in the presence of a servant. If the child became too troublesome, obnoxious, or impolite, the help could quickly take charge.

As a boy, Winston romanticized his parents at times. He saw his father as a champion of "Tory democracy." History focuses on Lord Randolph's personal morality, but Winston saw his father as a good and loyal politician who stood on principle. He noted his father's courageous stands as chancellor of the exchequer—and how, when Lord Randolph's voice was ignored, he offered his resignation. Churchill admired the fact that Lord Randolph was sometimes unpopular and that he placed the nation's needs above those of his own Conservative Party when he perceived a conflict. Winston believed his father to be a "people's politician," not a party hack. He concluded that Lord Randolph sincerely desired to serve the people he represented and was not in politics for himself, for power, or for accolades.

Churchill's mother, Jennie, was an active socialite, if not a libertine, with many (some would say scandalous) involvements; but her relationship with her young son was not especially close. Still, Churchill remembered her as "a fairy princess: a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power."[6]

"Emotionally abandoned by both [parents], young Winston blamed himself," writes historian William Manchester. "Needing outlets for his own welling adoration, he created images of them as he wished they were, and the less he saw of them, the easier that transformation became."[7] Aristocratic families sent their boys to private boarding schools—for Winston, it was Harrow—and at a distance, Winston's fantasized image of his parents was quite easy to maintain because he did not see them often or receive communications from them.

At one point, he tried to tell his mother how lonely he was: "It is very unkind of you not to write to me before this, I have only had one letter from you this term."[8] In 1884, four years before he entered Harrow, nine-year-old Winston became sick. His doctor, who had a medical office in Brighton, on the Channel coast, felt it would be good for the boy's health if he lived for a while by the sea. Thus, Churchill started that fall as a student at a school there. But the new location made no difference in his parents' attentiveness. In fact, when he read in the Brighton newspaper that Lord Randolph had recently been in town to make a speech, Winston penned him a note: "I cannot think why you did not come to see me, while you were in Brighton. I was very disappointed, but I suppose you were too busy to come."[9]

Then there were the suffocating strictures of the upper-crust educational institutions. As William Manchester observes, "Youth was an ordeal for most boys of [Churchill's] class. Life in England's so-called public schools—private boarding schools reserved for sons of the elite—was an excruciating rite of passage."[10] Added to that misery was the continuing disregard by his parents. "It is not

very kind darling Mummy to forget all about me, not answer my epistles," he wrote in one letter to his mother.[11] On another occasion, Winston asked his father to come to Harrow for Speech Day and told him, "You have never been to see me & so everything will be new to you."[12]

As difficult as his parents' seeming disinterest must have been for Churchill, it may have been a blessing in disguise. By default, his nanny, Elizabeth Everest, played a much bigger role in forming his vital foundational beliefs, and her perspective was decidedly Christian.

WOOMANY

Winston Churchill's school experience was pathetic by any measure, but right from the start, even as a seven-year-old, he demonstrated the tenacity and determination that would come to characterize his life. Subjected to institutional acts of brutality that might have destroyed another boy's morale, Churchill remained resolute. Once, after a particularly severe caning at St. George's School in Ascot, he got his revenge by defiantly stomping on the headmaster's prized straw hat.

At the bottom of his class—and also sorted towards the end of the list at roll call because of his name, Spencer-Churchill—Winston wrote pleadingly to his father to allow him to dispense with the Spencer and simply go by Churchill. Lord Randolph ignored the letter, just as he had failed to respond to the hundreds of earlier epistles in which the homesick young Winston begged them to visit for a weekend, Sports Day, Prize Giving, or any occasion.

During those dark eleven years of Churchill's primary schooling, he had only one visitor: his nanny, Mrs. Elizabeth Everest, whom he affectionately called Woomany. She was the one person to whom he "poured out [his] many troubles."[13] Churchill and Mrs. Everest remained friends and confidants until her death in

1895, five months after Lord Randolph's and three months after his grandmother's, Clarissa Jerome. "I shall never know such a friend again," Churchill wrote of Everest in a letter to his mother.[14]

During Churchill's younger years, Mrs. Everest loved him dearly and protected him as best she could. Years later, when he wrote his only novel, *Savrola*, Churchill no doubt had Mrs. Everest in mind when he described the housekeeper character:

> It is a strange thing, the love of these women. Perhaps it is the only disinterested affection in the world. The mother loves her child; that is maternal nature. The youth loves his sweetheart; that too may be explained. . . . In all there are reasons; but the love of a foster-mother for her charge appears absolutely irrational. It is one of the few proofs, not to be explained even by the association of ideas, that the nature of mankind is superior to mere utilitarianism, and that his destinies are high.[15]

Stephen Mansfield provides further insight into Elizabeth Everest's influence on Churchill. She was a "low church adherent," he notes, who wanted no part of the "popish trappings" in the Anglican Church. "But she was also a passionate woman of prayer, and she taught young Winston well. She helped him memorize his first Scriptures, knelt with him daily as he recited his prayers, and explained the world to him in simple but distinctly Christian terms."[16] Her role in the formation of Churchill's worldview was still evident later in his life when he often paraphrased or quoted Bible passages in his speeches. Even in seasons of doubt, he instinctively saw through eyes formed with a biblical outlook. This is why he could inspire hope, call for strength and faith, and most importantly, grasp the true meaning of Nazism and its threat to civilization.

Throughout his life, Winston Churchill was a man of principle, even though his understanding and application of those principles were sometimes skewed—as they are in all of us. The academics

under whom Britain's future wartime leader studied would have been well acquainted with the writings of Jeremy Bentham, the prominent late-eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century British philosopher who promoted the theory of utilitarianism and the idea that outcomes determined the ethical rightness of actions and philosophies. Churchill was a practical man, but he was not a mere utilitarian. Instead, he combined a mighty visionary perspective, strategic wisdom, and tactical knowledge in ways rarely found in one person.

Early in his political career, Churchill angered his friends and won only meager approval from his former opponents when he changed political parties over policy principles. After the seeming collapse of his leadership reputation during the First World War, Churchill only dug the ditch deeper with his attempts to warn about the intentions of Adolf Hitler during the buildup to the Second World War. To regain his credibility and stature, it would have been much easier to give way to raw pragmatism and mute his message. The more comfortable course would have been to yield to Britain's war-weariness and allow Hitler free rein in Western Europe. After all, key players in the British aristocracy didn't think all that badly of Hitler, though his style was off-putting to some of their sensibilities. But as Winston had told his school chum in 1891, he could see "further ahead." And what Churchill saw was the power of principle over sheer utility. In the absence of parental influence, some credit for this perspective must go to his "foster-mother," Elizabeth Everest, who showed him that human nature is indeed superior to mere utility.

Years later, Churchill indicated a "partiality for Low Church principles" because of the impact of Elizabeth Everest.[17] Though he respected Britain's rich historic traditions, he had no need for pomp. After the Second World War had ended, Churchill's wife, Clementine, asked her husband what memorial he would prefer. "Oh, nothing," he replied. "Perhaps just a park for the children to play in."[18]

In 1945, after Churchill had saved civilization, King George VI wanted to induct him into the Order of the Garter, Britain's oldest, most prestigious, and highest honor for chivalry. Churchill became perhaps the first commoner to decline the high honor. The political editor of the London *Daily Mail* noted that "Mr. Churchill has always insisted that he does not wish to have a title."[19] Besides, said Churchill (who had just been surprisingly defeated in the first postwar election), he could hardly accept the "garter" from the king when his people had just given him the "order of the boot."

Finally, in 1953, when Churchill was once again voted in as prime minister at the age of seventy-eight, he accepted the Order of the Garter—though still dragging his feet. Young Queen Elizabeth II, with as much fortitude as Churchill had, told him that if the prime minister would not come to her to receive the honor, then Her Royal Majesty would have to come to him, bearing the accoutrements of the Order. Churchill's regard for the monarchy wouldn't permit such a denigrating act by the queen, so he relented and became a member of the Most Noble Order. "I only accepted because I think she is so splendid," Churchill said, in describing his change of mind.

During the Second World War, Churchill gained the respect of the British people and their allies by personifying British pluck. His engagement with the public provided a link between average people and the aristocrats in high positions of power. This was crucial in forming the strong unity that was essential for the people to keep standing during the Battle of Britain and the years of bloody struggle after that.

PURSUING DESTINY

Despite the void left by his parents, Churchill's visionary outlook was awakened at Harrow. Martin Gilbert notes that Churchill's first essay there dealt with Palestine in the age of John the Baptist.

The seed of Churchill's concept of "Christian civilization" was already present when he included in the essay the notion of "the advantages of Christianity."[20]

In 1940, as British cities were languishing under the Blitz, Churchill took his son, Randolph, to Harrow. The student choirs presented songs that Churchill had sung when he was there as a pupil. "Listening to those boys singing all those well-remembered songs I could see myself fifty years before singing those tales of great deeds and of great men and wondering with intensity how I could ever do something glorious for my country."[21]

This, then, was the milieu in which sixteen-year-old Winston Churchill made his remarkable prediction of destiny to Murland Evans. It would be easy to attribute his lofty adolescent prediction to an overwrought quest for the recognition, acceptance, affirmation, and significance that his parents had not provided, except for the fact that what he predicted came curiously and remarkably true.

The path to greatness, however, was torturous and twisted. After Harrow, Churchill had high hopes of following his father into politics, even serving in Parliament at his side. Lord Randolph, however, had other ideas. When at last he visited Harrow, he told the headmaster he wanted Winston to go into the Army Class. At one point, when Winston was a young boy, Lord Randolph had surveyed his son's toy army of fifteen hundred soldiers and asked Winston if he would like to go into the military.

"I thought it would be splendid to command an army," Churchill later recalled, "so I said 'Yes' at once: and immediately I was taken at my word."[22] Churchill assumed that his father "with his experience and flair had discerned in me the qualities of military genius. But I was told later that he had only come to the conclusion that I was not clever enough to go to the Bar"—that is, to pursue a career practicing law.[23]

It was determined that Winston would be sent to Sandhurst,

the military institute where infantry and cavalry officers were trained. But he failed the entrance examination—twice—and it appeared he wouldn't qualify for Sandhurst after all. On his third try, he gained admission, but with grades insufficient for the infantry. Undaunted, he let his family know he had succeeded, with his appointment to the cavalry.

Lord Randolph was unimpressed. In fact, with his mind by then wilting under the effects of what his physicians had diagnosed as syphilis, he disparaged his son without mercy. Winston's failure to get into the infantry, his father said, "demonstrated beyond refutation your slovenly happy-go-lucky harum scarum style of work."[24] The elder Churchill told his son that he was second- or third-class at best. In fact, his father wrote to him, "if you cannot prevent yourself from leading the idle useless unprofitable life you have had during your schooldays & later months, you will become a mere social wastrel, one of the hundreds of the public school failures, and you will degenerate into a shabby unhappy & futile existence."[25]

Churchill's admiration for his father, however, was undiminished. Aspirations of serving with him in Parliament lingered in his mind until Lord Randolph died in 1895. Even then, the thought never quite left him. One evening in 1946, when Churchill was once again a member of Parliament and leader of the opposition, he sat with members of his family in the dining room at his home, Chartwell. His daughter Sarah glanced at an empty chair and then at her father. "If you had the power to put someone in that chair to join us now, whom would you choose?"

"Oh, my father, of course," Churchill replied immediately.

He then told them a story that would later become the seed of his little book titled *The Dream*.

"It was not plain whether he was recalling a dream or elaborating on some fanciful idea that had struck him earlier," Churchill's son, Randolph, would later say.[26] Churchill penned the story in

1947, when he was again feeling the disdain of the political party in power and of a sizable portion of the British public. Yet, suggests historian Richard Langworth, perhaps it was the disdain from his own father that Churchill, now at the age of seventy-three, had not overcome.[27]

In *The Dream*, Churchill said he was in his art studio at Chartwell. He had been given a portrait of his father from 1886. The canvas was badly torn, and he was attempting to make a copy. As he concentrated intensely on his father's image, his mind "freed from all other thoughts except the impressions of that loved and honoured face now on the canvas, now on the picture, now in the mirror," he felt an "odd sensation."[28] He turned to find his father sitting in the red leather armchair across the studio.

"Papa!" he exclaimed.

"What are you doing, Winston?"

After Churchill explained his project, the conversation continued.

"Tell me, what year is it?" Lord Randolph asked.

"Nineteen forty-seven."

Lord Randolph asked his son to tell him what had happened in the years since his death. Churchill gave him a broad outline and then spoke of the Second World War. "Seven million were murdered in cold blood, mainly by the Germans. They made human slaughter-pens like the Chicago stockyards. Europe is a ruin . . ."

"Winston," replied Lord Randolph, "you have told me a terrible tale. . . . As I listened to you unfolding these fearful facts you seemed to know a great deal about them. . . . When I hear you talk I really wonder you didn't go into politics. You might have done a lot to help. You might even have made a name for yourself."[29]

In the "dream," Lord Randolph did not know, and his son would not tell him, that Winston had indeed gone into politics. Military service, as we will see, was part of the path that got him there.

At age twenty-one, with that storied encounter with his father still decades into the future, Churchill was only a few months from being commissioned into the Fourth Hussars cavalry regiment. It was in this moment that his life's purpose changed, and though a tinge of youthful arrogance remained, everything he did until the day he entered Parliament was with the singular purpose he expressed in his book *My Early Life:* to pursue Lord Randolph's aims and vindicate his memory.

Despite his father's gloom at his being a mere cavalryman, Churchill looked forward with exuberance to graduating from Sandhurst and "becoming a real live cavalry officer."[30]

> At Sandhurst I had a new start. No longer handicapped by past neglect of Latin, French or Mathematics. We now had to learn fresh things and we all started equal. . . . I was deeply interested in my work, especially Tactics and Fortification.[31]

Suitably engaged, Churchill soon discovered that he "could learn quickly enough the things that mattered."[32] He graduated with honors from Sandhurst, finishing eighth in his class of 150, and thus was launched "into the world."[33]

He plunged into living and working with excitement and anticipation: "Ups and downs, risks and journeys, but always the sense of motion, and the illusion of hope," he said.[34]

Yet there was a disappointment: The world was at peace. A cavalry officer needed to stay in the saddle, so it seemed the best thing to do was play polo. Lord Randolph had died two months before Winston was commissioned as an officer in the Fourth Hussars, and Churchill's income was reduced to a relatively small allowance, which he exhausted on polo ponies.

Then he heard there was war in Cuba. Rebels there were battling the Spaniards. If he could not go as a soldier, he determined to travel to the battlefield as a correspondent. He soon found that

the *Graphic* would pay him five pounds for each report. After a lengthy voyage, which he greatly disliked, Churchill peered out at Cuba from his ship as it approached the island:

> I felt as if I sailed with Captain Silver and first gazed on Treasure Island. Here was a place where real things were going on. Here was a scene of vital action. Here was a place where anything might happen. . . . Here I might leave my bones.[35]

In fact, he almost did. In Cuba came the first of those seemingly miraculous survivals that would occur several times in Churchill's life. A bullet passed a foot from his head, and another pierced the thatched hut where he slept but left him unscathed.

In the winter of 1896, when his assignment to Cuba was completed, Churchill sailed to India with the Fourth Hussars, and they were based in Bangalore. He and two of his comrades lived in what he described as "a palatial bungalow, all pink and white," set on two acres and "wreathed in purple bougainvillea."[36] There they were tended to by three butlers. There was still no war in which to exercise his military craft, so he resumed playing polo. It occurred to him that there might be other, perhaps better, pursuits—namely, that of learning.

Back in England, someone had told Churchill that "Christ's Gospel was the last word in Ethics."[37] This was a theme he often spoke about in later years, but in his young adulthood he scarcely understood the meaning. "This sounded good," he wrote, "but what were Ethics? They had never been mentioned to me at Harrow or Sandhurst. . . . Then someone told me that Ethics were concerned not merely with the things you ought to do, but with why you ought to do them."[38] With no one in Bangalore to instruct him, Churchill ordered a wide array of books.

From Darwin to Macaulay, from Gibbon to Malthus to Plato and Aristotle, Churchill read voraciously during the long, hot

subcontinental afternoons as his comrades napped.[39] The religious ideas sown into him by Elizabeth Everest and others were greatly challenged by what he read. When he read *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe* and *History of European Morals* by William Lecky, an Irish historian and political theorist, Lecky's arguments induced him to briefly settle his mind on a predominantly secular view. Reflecting in later years, he said:

> If I had been at a University my difficulties might have been resolved by the eminent professors and divines who are gathered there. At any rate, they would have shown me equally convincing books putting the opposite point of view. As it was I passed through a violent and aggressive anti-religious phase which, had it lasted, might easily have made me a nuisance. My poise was restored during the next few years by frequent contact with danger. I found that whatever I might think and argue, I did not hesitate to ask for special protection when about to come under the fire of the enemy: nor to feel sincerely grateful when I got home safe to tea.[40]

That "poise" would be tested sooner perhaps than Churchill had imagined. During a trip home to England in 1897, he learned there was action on the Northwest Frontier of India, and he managed to get there as a war correspondent. Out of that experience, he penned his first book, *The Malakand Field Force*.

As the Indian conflict was winding down, Churchill heard that war had broken out in the Sudan in North Africa. He tried to get into the battle there, but his efforts were met with resistance from none other than Sir Herbert Kitchener, the commander of the Egyptian Army fighting in the Sudan. Churchill managed to get the backing of Prime Minister Salisbury, but even that was rebuffed. Kitchener had all the officers he needed, and any vacancies would be filled by "others whom he would be bound to prefer before the young officer in question."[41]

Churchill later happened to hear through a friend that Sir Evelyn Wood, the adjutant general of the British Army, had expressed resentment of Kitchener's approach to selecting officers. Sir Evelyn felt strongly that the War Office ought to be able to choose the makeup of the British Expeditionary Force. Churchill got word to Sir Evelyn that his attempts to join Kitchener's army had been refused. "This move was instantly successful," writes Violet Bonham Carter. "Sir Evelyn Wood became his *deus ex machina*."[42]

Within days, Churchill was en route to North Africa and another giant leap towards his destiny.