

that I was an evil sinner who had broken His law and rebelled against Him. He showed me that I was wicked and deserved Hell. But then... He showed me something that completely shook me up... God showed me, in His Word (the Bible) and then in my heart, that He loves me. He loves me SO much that He actually became flesh (Jesus) and paid the penalty that my sin deserves. Then, He rose from the dead, and He has offered me life! Eternal, never-ending, wonderful life! Oh, how precious that is! There, in a bombed out building in Iraq, I gave up on Jason Butte and I surrendered all to Jesus Christ my Lord. I laid down my ambition simply to please my self and to somehow patch things up with God through my own efforts. God helped me to see that Jesus Christ has paid it all. Jesus alone is my Savior. I look to Him! "Nothing in my hands I bring....simply to His cross I cling...!"

The Big Step

Dear Friend, may I tell you.....God loves you also. Jesus died for your sins also. Oh how I hope you have seen the marvelous riches of love and grace that are in Christ Jesus! There is coming a day when every one of us will step out of this life. The fact is that every one of us is trusting in something as we look towards that day. For the atheist, they are trusting in their hope God does not exist. Others are trusting in a false god they have created in their minds. Others are trusting in something they have done to contribute to their salvation. Each of these will take this step and will find that they will fall into the depths of hell. God has said in His Word that He will save those, and only those, who are willing to make that crucial step trusting solely on what the Lord Jesus Christ did for them on the cross. It was there that He bore the wrath that you deserve because of your sin and He satisfied the justice of a Holy God. Jesus was raised from the dead and God points to His Son and declares that all who will look to Jesus—trusting in Him alone as their Savior will receive everlasting life. Are you ready for that final step? I plead with you! Jesus said, "...If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever

will lose his life for My sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Matthew 16:24-26). Friend, look to Jesus! He will save you! Surrender your life and trust all to Him!

Thank You

Thank you for taking the time to read this account. I pray that you will give earnest attention to God's offer of salvation. Whether you realize it or not, you are moving towards a day when death will visit you. This life is short. It will soon pass. You have no assurance that you will live another day. Will you repent and begin to trust in Jesus today?... I pray that you will turn from your self and your sin and will look fully unto Him. I pray that God will bless your heart through His marvelous grace.



SOWING THE WORD

Contact me via email at:
SowingtheWord@gmail.com

Visit our ministry online at:
www.SowingtheWord.org

© 2009 / www.sowingtheword.org

CONFRONTED WITH DEATH IN IRAQ



A PERSONAL ACCOUNT by Captain Jason Butte



GOD BLESS YOU!

True Story

First, I want to thank you for taking time to read this pamphlet. I also want you to know that I sincerely hope today will be a day of blessing and encouragement to you. My name is Jason Butte. The account you are about to read is a true, first-hand account that took place while I was in Iraq. I would count it an honor if you take the time to read this short account in it's entirety.

Off to Combat

I entered the Army in 1997 as a soldier serving in Somerset's Army National Guard unit. In 1999, I commissioned as an officer and entered the active duty Army as an Aviator. After flight school, I was trained to fly the UH-60 Blackhawk helicopter (picture on front cover). I was then stationed in Fort Campbell, Kentucky and assigned to the 101st Airborne Division as a flight platoon leader. In January of 2003, our unit received orders to deploy to Kuwait to potentially engage in a war to remove the Saddam Hussein regime from power in Iraq. By the end of February, I was on my way overseas. Then, in March of 2003, the war in Iraq went hot.

My First Mission

My first mission when we got the green light to invade Iraq was to insert some special reconnaissance troops behind enemy lines near the city of Karbala. There were two Republican Guard Divisions (Iraq's most elite units) in and around the city. My mission called for me to conduct two false insertions (landing my aircraft and pretending to be dropping troops off to confuse the enemy). The mission called for me to do one false insertion on a hilltop in the plain view of the enemy; then, insert the actual troops down in a washed out river bed; and finally, conduct a second false insertion on a hilltop as I departed the objective area.

There was also a known radar-guided anti-aircraft missile system within a few kilometers of my objective. The morning we received the "go" to launch into Iraq I was informed that the missile system was active and was just

given a word of assurance that the air force had plans to engage and destroy that target prior to my mission time later that evening. My mission was under the cover of night.

Add all of this together with the fact that landing in sand (you have no visibility outside the cockpit) and at night (with your vision restricted by darkness and night vision systems) – and this was a very tense moment in my life. I actually thought this could very well be my last day on earth. It was a dangerous mission. I began to think seriously about where I would go when I died. Events progressed too quickly and I never came to know the answer to that question prior to the mission....

The battle plan at that time consisted of three consecutive refueling bases that would be used as we progressed towards Baghdad. We would seize these three bases and sort of leap frog towards the nation's capital. The first refueling base, near the city of Tahlil, was secured only a matter of hours after the invasion was launched. As soon as the first base was established for refueling operations, another portion of my unit conducted an air assault operation to insert an infantry battalion to secure the second operating base. My mission called for me to advance from the first to the second base. Then, I would link up with the reconnaissance troops there and that evening would insert them in the vicinity of the third base.

After we flew across the border (I flew with a group of four Blackhawk helicopters), I linked up with our battalion which had been delayed at the first refueling point. The second base was still being secured at that time. During that stop I received word of the first casualties. I later found out that one was my next door neighbor. He had been killed in the attack. Another was an officer by the name of Terry Bacon. He was one of my best friends in flight school. He survived but was seriously wounded. The horrors of combat had become very real...

Give Me a Heart Attack!

When we received approval to continue to the second base, our battalion commander decided that we would fly

as one large formation of Blackhawk helicopters. Since my platoon had a special mission planned for that evening, we were required to have our radios set up with a different encryption. The problem was that we would not be able to communicate with our commander – or anyone else in this massive swarm of helicopters. Knowing this would be an issue, our commander had us join in at the very end of the formation. We departed the refueling point flying about 50 feet off the desert floor. We knew that being at the end of the formation would leave us vulnerable because a wise enemy would wait until the swarm went by, and then pick off those who were at the end. Knowing this, my flight crew was being very diligent in scanning the area for the enemy. That was when it happened..... The dust from the desert floor began to kick up all around us! We were obviously receiving a heavy barrage of machine gun fire. We immediately began to initiate evasive maneuvers. Hard left! Hard right! Up! Down! Anything we could do to keep from getting shot up. Our adrenaline was pumping. But we weren't being engaged by the enemy..... What was happening? The rest of the aircraft in our formation had decided to test fire their machine guns one last time. We did not know about it because we could not communicate with them.... What a way to start your first day in combat! I about had a heart attack!

Later in the Tour

Later in the tour my concerns and soul-searching concerning eternity came full circle. Though I claimed to be a Christian, said the "sinner's prayer", was baptized, joined a church, and had been "religious" earlier in my life, I knew that I did not really have a relationship with God. I couldn't truly say that I loved Jesus. I was not really bothered about my sin (thoughts, deeds, or lusts), except for the consequences which they brought. I really did not have any affection for other Christians and I certainly never went out of my way to be around them. Serving God and following Jesus was not an important aspect of my life at all. This reality that I was not truly a Christian was something that had eluded me for many years. It was during this time at war, that God graciously helped me to know