

Dear Patti,

I apologize for being so late in responding to your request for a picture. No excuse, I am just getting older and don't do things as quickly as I did a year or two ago.

In 1965-1966, I flew in Vietnam, for a year. The aircraft I flew was the largest the Army had assigned since WW-II. Unfortunately, our legislators, in their infinite wisdom, decided the airplane should be assigned to the Air Force **NOT** the Army. I completed my lonely year in Vietnam and anxiously awaited my return to family life with my young family. I was home for less than a year before the Army decided they had an urgent need for my Infantry Airborne Aviator combat experience. They assigned me to return to Vietnam and fly an experimental airplane. The concept for the use of the airplane was to apply its innate silent capability with a dark colored paint to be near invisible at night. I was to fly this experimental airplane at very slow speed and very low attitude in search of enemy forces. It was very dangerous but, if it worked as **hoped for**, we could call for artillery fire and **NOT** be seen or heard by the enemy located.



As a husband of a wonderful wife and father, at that time, of 4 great children, I prayed a lot that God would watch over them and me. God saved my life on my very last 9<sup>th</sup> combat mission. I found a large group in an area where there was to be no one. I requested artillery fire and, after a very long wait (fuel was very low), the first round was fired. I saw the artillery round hit and explode. I saw bodies being blown upward. I told the Artillery Controller to fire a full barrage and I turned to leave. Oh, my God, fog had moved in and I could no longer see the ground! God guided me as I said this little prayer: "Dear God, please let me see my wife and children one more time before You take me."

Very soon after the prayer, I saw a very small hole in the fog off to my left side. There was a small blue light (a sign of an airfield). Without hesitating, I pulled open a device on the airplane that made it fall straight down like an elevator! All of a sudden, it occurred to me: **When do I close the spoilers? All I see is the fog around me?** Somehow, the spoilers closed and I was directly over the approach end of an airfield. I landed the plane and rolled out. There was my airfield hangar! I was home safely. That was around 3.00 AM; I was shaking like a leaf in a tornado. I knew I was going to die but God had other ideas ... another mission someday. I went to my quarters around 3:30 AM. I was still shaking uncontrollably. A few hours later, I went to my office. One of our aircraft maintenance chiefs came to me. He said, "Sir, do you know how much fuel that airplane took to refill the tank?" I said, "I don't know but the gauge read "empty"!!! He responded, "Yes Sir, it took more gas than the airplane handbook says it will hold."

I said: "That's impossible! How could you put more fuel in the tank than it would hold?" He responded to me: "Sir, the Lockheed Technical Representative said: You must have not only emptied the fuel tank but also the fuel line to the tank. The airplane was **BONE DRY.**" I was re-assigned the next day to Headquarters U.S. Army, Vietnam to be the Project Manager for the follow-on airplane. Our two airplanes were returned to Lockheed, Sunnyvale, CA, two days later.



I felt bad for days. God saved my life after I killed all those people. I was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Bronze Star for my actions. That was the 9<sup>th</sup> time that I am aware of that God had saved me from sure death.

The 10<sup>th</sup> time was in 2005 when I encountered encephalitis. I spent 13 days in a coma and was not expected to survive. A Lady's voice called to me, "Please get up and do something **PRODUCTIVE.**" I concluded that Our Blessed Mother wanted me to do something for her. I am still doing that something = making Rosaries. In fact, a couple of weeks ago, I completed my 14,000<sup>th</sup> Mission Rosaries made, prayed and donated to Catholic Charity.

God bless the Universal Living Rosary Association and ALL who support it!

< Major Andrew Bringuel (USA Ret.), A Soldier of God and Country >

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