


LIFECHANGEBOOKS

STU WEBER
— ∞ —
THE
HEART
— OF A —
TENDER
WARRIOR

BECOMING A MAN OF PURPOSE



Acclaim for Stu Weber's original, full-length book,
Tender Warrior

"Stu Weber challenges us to be the men that God intended. For the sake of our wives, our children, and our nation, I hope that every American male will read and heed this memorable book."

DAN COATS
FORMER U.S. SENATOR, INDIANA

"*Tender Warrior* provides hope for men by challenging their assumptions and shaping their convictions. Read it. Devour it. Then live it. This is the time for real men to emerge."

DENNIS RAINEY
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, FAMILYLIFE AND COAUTHOR OF
GROWING A SPIRITUALLY STRONG FAMILY

"I drank Budweiser, smoked Marlboros, and chased women... *Tender Warrior* sent me deeper into my heart and soul. When I finished it I passed it on to a (sorry) friend, who was supposed to give it back, but passed it on to someone else (even sorrier). This book changed his life. It knocked down the walls around his heart. His response: 'The most important thing that has happened in my life started when you sent me that book.'"

A READER

THE HEART
of a
TENDER WARRIOR



L I F E C H A N G E B O O K S

S T U
W E B E R



Multnomah® Publishers Sisters, Oregon

THE HEART OF A TENDER WARRIOR
published by Multnomah Publishers, Inc.

© 2002 by Stu Weber

International Standard Book Number: 1-59052-039-4

Cover design by The Office of Bill Chiaravalle
Cover image by Stockart.com

Unless otherwise indicated, Scripture quotations are from:
New American Standard Bible

© 1960, 1977 by the Lockman Foundation

Other Scripture quotations:

The Holy Bible, New International Version (NIV) © 1973, 1984 by
International Bible Society, used by permission of Zondervan Publishing
House

The Holy Bible, New King James Version (NKJV)
© 1982 Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission.

Multnomah is a trademark of Multnomah Publishers, Inc.,
and is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.
The colophon is a trademark of Multnomah Publishers, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system,
or transmitted, in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical,
photocopying, recording, or otherwise—without prior written permission.

For information:

MULTNOMAH PUBLISHERS, INC.
POST OFFICE BOX 1720
SISTERS, OREGON 97759

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Weber, Stu.

The heart of a tender warrior / Stu Weber.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

ISBN 1-59052-039-4

1. Christian men--Religious life. 2. Masculinity--Religious aspects--
Christianity. I. Title.

BV4528.2 .W425 2002

248.8³42--dc21

2002005550

02 03 04 05 06 07 08—10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0

Dedication

To Kevin Jones,
always a warrior,
a competitive son of thunder,
who discovered a tender heart and
showed us all how to face the last great
enemy of the soul with courage, tenacity, and
an uplifting smile.

*“Death is swallowed up in victory.
O Death, where is your victory?
O Death, where is your sting?”*

CONTENTS

1. Wake-Up Call	9
2. The Scout	15
3. Staying Power	24
4. Beneath the Breastplate	34
5. Under Orders	44
6. The Aloneness Fighter	51
7. Take Hold, Dad!	58
8. Real Men Stand Together	70
9. The Ultimate Tender Warrior	79
Take It to Heart	91
Notes	95

One



WAKE-UP CALL

HOW MANY TIMES can a man hear a wake-up call without waking up? Some men, I suppose, never do. This man almost didn't.

I've had two major wake-up calls at two crossroads in my life. Neither was much like the gentle ring of an alarm clock. Both were more akin to the crack of a two-by-four across the back of my skull.

The first call came in the heat and terror of Vietnam. I was the Group Intelligence Officer, serving the Fifth Special Forces Group. My responsibilities included briefing "the old man," Colonel "Iron Mike"

Healy, on the enemy situation around our A-Team camps from the Delta in the south to the DMZ in the north. Very few young captains had access to the entire country as I did. Very few could grab aircraft when needed. It was heady stuff for a twenty-five-year-old from Yakima, Washington.

My wake-up call came one spring, on a hillside. We were at Dak Pek, at the northern end of the Dak Poko Valley in the central highlands. My face was pushed into the muddy banks of a small trench at the perimeter of a Special Forces A-Camp.

Something was out there. Something big. And we knew it. All the indicators were there. We'd been picking them up for days—consistent “hostile” contact with our patrols, increased radio traffic (only “big boys” had such radios in the North Vietnamese Army), and a real upsurge in other tactical intelligence in the area. Even the informant “agent nets” began to pick up abnormal numbers of clues.

They were out there all right. And we were their target. Overrunning a Special Forces A-Camp was a prime trophy for any NVA big shot.

In some ways the waiting was almost as bad as being under attack. Just knowing that several companies of crack North Vietnamese regulars were out there on the perimeter—waiting for the right moment to come

screaming out of the forest—turned life into a waking nightmare. There in that muddy ditch—reeling from the fears and threats of imminent combat—it finally caught up to me. I finally heard the wake-up call. In that moment, I faced up to the very real possibility that I would never go home. That I might not beat the odds. My life might indeed end in that faraway place. It might not be “someone else” leaving that valley in a body bag, flying home in a silver flag-draped coffin.

I could actually die. Within hours. Possibly even minutes. As I grappled with those thoughts, a question burned its way to the surface of my mind. After smoldering in my soul for months, the question now burst into hot flame.

What matters? What really matters?

If a young captain by the name of Stuart K. Weber died in the Dak Poko Valley, what would he have accomplished during his quarter century on earth? What was life all about, anyway?

Called back to Nha Trang, I caught a helicopter out of Dak Pek, missing the worst of the battle. Our little camp was virtually blasted from the face of the planet. Eventually the siege lifted, and the NVA crawled away to lick their wounds. Our guys loaded up the wounded, collected the dead, and began to build the camp all over again. Somehow, for some reason, I'd been handed yet

one more chance to wake up and open my eyes.

And this time I did. I began rethinking my life. Again I went back to duty. But I was never the same. The spiritual roots of my childhood, long abandoned during the social and intellectual turmoil of the sixties, began to take hold in my heart. The faith of my father and grandfather sent pilings deep into my soul. I realized that Jesus Christ was exactly who He said He was. He became very real to me, and life changed from that day.

A SECOND WAKE-UP CALL

If you're a married man, you'll understand my second life-changing wake-up call. If you're still single, take my word for it: This was a moment every bit as intense as that first wake-up call in the muddy trench at Dak Pek. This one didn't come out of the sky like a mortar shell, but it did come "out of the blue." Actually, it flashed out of Linda's eyes. For the first time in our fifteen years of marriage, I saw anger there. Deep, hot anger. It wasn't like Linda, and that made it unmistakable.

It was absolutely clear—there would be changes in our relationship, or our relationship would change. Things were never going to be the same.

I began to realize some things. It seems I had been taking our relationship for granted. Looking back, I real-

ized I'd been treating her more like a trophy (conquered and on the shelf) than a companion. More like a contractual partner than a friend with whom to share my insides. The signals had been there, but...I hadn't seen them. Typical guy.

How had we come to such a morass? Why did marriage in those early days shape up more like combat than companionship? Over time I came to find out it had to do with *manliness*—or the lack of it. Finally understanding how the living God put me together as a man has helped us grow as a couple.

And—whether you are married or not—manliness is what this little book is all about. Real, God-made, down-in-the-bedrock masculinity is something men in our culture struggle to understand. Tough? Tender? Strong? Sensitive? Fierce? Friendly? Which is it? We're frustrated. Often confused. Sometimes irritable. But determined. Determined to discover our manhood and live it to the hilt.

Maybe you've already experienced a couple of wake-up calls in the course of your life. Listening to the whistle of incoming mortar shells or looking into the furious eyes of the only woman you've ever loved can certainly open a fellow's eyes.

Chances are, you won't need the kind of alarm bells it took to pry me out of slumber. As a matter of fact, our

gracious God might even choose to use a little book like this to accomplish something very big in your life, without all that trauma.

So let's just consider this your first wake-up call....

Take It to Heart:

Along the way, every one of us will find ourselves in situations that shake us to the core—and cause us to think about the critical issues of life. But why wait until circumstances crush us? *Now* is the time to wake up and seek God's help, wisdom, and direction.

Excerpted from THE HEART OF A TENDER WARRIOR
© 2002 by Stu Weber. Used by permission of Multnomah
Publishers, Inc. Excerpt may not be reproduced without prior
written consent of Multnomah Publishers, Inc.