CHAPTER 1 REMEMBER ME

There was a smile on his face as he noticed the large amount of blood, leaving his body. He felt his last breaths of air decreasing. Several memories ran through his mind. He remembered the love that he had in his heart for his two sons and his daughter. He hoped that they remembered him. He also hoped that it was explained to them that he loved them. They were his pride and joy. He held some guilt over the past years because his children were taken from him at a tender age and he did not get the chance to fully show them how much he really loved them. Before his ex-wife took them away, he only asked that she would not poison their minds against him.

His chest felt heavier. Blood flowed down his arms. He heard himself gurgle. He sent up a final prayer for his three children. He wanted them to find happiness in their lives as he had found it in his. His eyes closed, as he began to slowly loose air.

CHAPTER 2 THE UNTOLD STORY

Master Sergeant Charles A. Mills, Sr. was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Everrette Mills of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and was currently the property of the United State Air force government. He lived during the time when a man of color might find it difficult to operate as a soldier in that day’s Air Force. He was a husband and a father. However, the United States of America’s Air Force Unit identified him as a soldier and considered him their property. He went through the ranks swiftly because he had the tenacity to endure all aspects of a unique situation on domestic soil or in a foreign country.

It was 1972 and many soldiers of that era took to drinking because they had been participants in wars that effected family and friends. He saw many broken families. The past wars had several women and children who no longer had husbands or fathers. Multitudes of men had been killed in many countries. He saw unexplainable cruelty in his lifetime, but he kept his faith and his mind on his purpose for each day. He did not want to fight anymore and he silently hoped that the leaders and decision makers would settle things soon with peace and democracy. Nevertheless, he was a soldier and he was going to complete his mission.

In the meantime, he was given orders for a special assignment from his superiors. He had less than one year to complete this particular mission and finalize the deal.

This is the untold story of a U.S. Air Force Master Sergeant, who worked as an undercover enforcement operative, to infiltrate an exclusive organization whose powers reached from the United States of America to Bangkok Thailand.

Due to the private nature of this particular mission, Master Sergeant C.A. Mills, Sr. never received the appropriate accolades from his fellow comrades for his achievements, nor was his family ever thoroughly informed of his extraordinary accomplishments in relations to the United States Air Force Supply Department and the International Supply and Transport Unit developed by a special enforcement agency.

CHAPTER 3 THE MISSION

At the time of his death, the records only show, that he was an honored Master Sergeant in the United States Air Force Division and his post was to head the military supply depot in Thailand. All other documents were sealed.

At that time, the records did not show the true mission that Master Sergeant Mills had been given to carry out.

He had an excellent military record and he was a patriotic soldier who accepted the missions of a covert operation, which would require him to go undercover and act as a liaison between the Thailand military transport division and a well-organized illegal trafficking business that was head quartered out of Columbus Ohio.

After careful study of all the intricacies regarding this mission, he made plans to initiate first contact into this mother-son mafia based society that had a history of suspected drug trafficking.

Not only did he study the workings of this unique institute in the Ohio area that incessantly averted attraction to themselves. He also delved into the facts surrounding the Thailand government and their international transport regulations. He realized that when he started this project, he would be quite alone, without much military contact and therefore he searched for every detail necessary to complete his task before the deadline.

When he felt confident with his ability, to speak comfortably on all issues relating to this topic, he decided that he was ready to initiate first contact with the female member in the Ohio organization.

CHAPTER 4 AM I IN LOVE?

On a breezy, sunny afternoon, Master Sergeant Charles Alvin Mills, Sr. stood across from Georgetta Harris at a Valentine’s Day Party. It was February 14, 1972 and he knew that he looked well groomed and distinguished in his light tanned, lightly starched khaki pants that had a straight lined crease right down the front of them. He chose the black pull over sweater that fit his physic in such a way that would make all eyes rest on him. His hair was particularly wavy today and he smelled like the springtime air that is just beginning to spread on the summer lakes. He looked good.

What really attracted all the female attention to him that day was those spit shined, black, patent leather shoes. They were magnificent. Anyone, who would take the time to actually polish and spruce up their foot wear, was revered as a man that would take the extra time to polish and spruce up a companion.

“This was it”, he thought. She took one long and lingering glance over at him and she was smitten. It was only a matter of minutes and he was sitting on the edge of the sofa with his arm on the top of the chair as she was sitting nestled exactly in the right spot. He towered over her as he leaned in and they exchanged stories of time and opinions and philosophies, but more importantly, they found the spirit of laughter between them. They laughed and laughed together each day until they discovered that almost six months had passed and they could still laugh at the same things. This was important to him because he had seen so much hardship and cruelty in his lifetime. Finding someone that could laugh alongside him was just the miracle that he needed.

As the year was slowly ending, he accepted the reality that she was several years older than he was and that many of his needs were different from hers. However, his primary goal was to gain access to the family and she gave him the perfect opportunity to finally meet her son, who was a prominent local attorney at law.

Meeting her son lead him to conclude that the one reason, the military could not attach any illegal activities to this mother/ son operation in the Ohio region was the son’s ability to use the legal system in that area to avert any allegations.

He decided that he would make himself and his resources available to this family. Seven months has passed and he was growing impatient with his achievements.

Nevertheless, he felt that she was gradually softening because she was indulging him more. He eventually enticed her right into his arms and for one reason or another; he decided to give her his name and so he asked her to marry him.

By doing this, she now had the ability to travel with him into Thailand. Normally, civilian citizens would not be permitted to participate in this sort of travel. The new Mrs. Mills would not be allowed to enter onto the military installation in Bangkok Thailand; therefore, he thought all would be well with his decision.

CHAPTER 5 AFTER THE WEDDING

After the wedding and the honeymoon, he noticed that something began to change with her attitude. His wife’s letters and calls were becoming bizarre. She seemed unjustifiably jealous and possessive. She started to question his motives for marriage and demanded to join him in Thailand. No matter what he would do to try to console her, he noticed that she was continuously growing suspicious of his actions.

Ten months had passed since he made first contact with her immediate family and her extended Ohio business family. In his mind, other than a few difficulties, they were all comfortable with him and he also felt relaxed with his position in their family.

He was confident with his status. He was a United States Air Force Master Sergeant supervising the Thailand military supply depot, while working undercover to expose various trafficking services ignored by the local authorities.

He decided this was a triumph for a thirty two year old officer. If all went well, he would privately be awarded a “Metal of Honor” and he could safely return to his home in Pittsburgh, P.A.

All he had left to do was to meet with an agent represented by the Thailand family and deliver some papers listing supply flights and destinations that would finalize the drop off ports for some non-descriptive packages. He did not receive the details of who would be meeting with him, but he did receive a location for the meeting.

CHAPTER 6 UNTIL DEATH DO US PART

It was not coincidental, that on that fatal evening prior to his scheduled meeting, his wife contacted him to explain that she had just flown into the country and had registered in a local motel. She requested that he leave the military post, at once, to come and join her for a while. She assured him that she had renounced her position of anger and that she missed his touch and his laughter.

As he looked back, he remembered the days, just less than ten months ago, when they use to laugh all the time. He too missed those days. He agreed to join her, just for a little while, in order to reminisce of old times and better days. He left the post.

He felt his heart beat harder, when the cold metal bullet pressed into his chest. He had on a black pull over sweater, similar to the one that he had on when he first met her on that breezy, spring day. He heard her screaming, “What have I done, Oh my God, what have I done?”

As his heart beat slower, he had thoughts of his three children, who he loved dearly. He realized that he made many mistakes as a young soldier did in his day. He thought it was ironic, that he did receive a “metal” but it was not the, Metal of Honor, as he had expected.

It was too late. No one would know his sacrifice. He did not get his chance to tell his family, how much he really loved each one of them. Nor did he say it to his ex-wife, who was the mother of his children.

He smiled as his feelings began to leave his body. He had comfort, by the thought that he was always a believer. Yes a believer. He had a particular faith. He believed that no matter what ever a person had done in their lifetime or whatever had happened to them, **all would be well** in the end. This internal message stayed with him and helped him maintain his faith through every one of his life experiences. This he believed.

As his hearing slowly dissipated, he heard her say again, “What have I done?” He smiled a little more, as the blood began to pour from the wound. His final thoughts were, “Dear God (Really?)” and as he smiled, he closed his eyes and slept away…

IN MEMORY OF

This story is dedicated to the heirs of Charles Alvin Mills, Sr. A beautiful and blessed man, whose special influence will remain upon his seeds through love eternal; he was truly a man of God and a friend to man. From his daughter, Theresa 7/25/2012