

T H U R S D A Y , M

Moving Poem and Testimony of Vietnam Vet



Diamondhead Memorial

I have sat on the sidelines watching this mess as it unfolds, and wondered what it was going to take to make this "Change We Can Believe In".

Count me in.

I am 62 and a Vietnam Vet with a shitload of combat time, and a pile of medals, that don't mean much.

I love this country, and I want it back like when I was a kid. when soldiers had respect and were respected, and your mother and father taught you the values to live by.

I too took the oath to defend the constitution from foreign and domestic enemies, and to me it looks like the pile of them is growing both inside and outside this country.

I feel it is time, to do what is necessary to put a stop to this insanity and do what the constitution says as it is "We The People", that are the only ones who can give us that "Change We Can Believe

In"

The Other Things We Carry

By-Ron Leonard

**It's been 35 years since a Huey's whine
And midnight missions in the nick of time
It's been 35 years since a claymore mine
And ground attacks so clear in your mind.**

And only yesterday it was 69

**We carried Ammo, and Rockets,
and beer, and mail
We carried body bags that would
make you wail
We carried friends in our arms,
as we turned pale
We carried buckets of water to
wash out blood stale**



**We carried medals of valor for feats unbelievable
We carried purple hearts for wounds we received**

But most of all we carried each other

**Today we carry other things, some real, some
imagined**

**We carry cancer of every kind known to man
Agent Orange poisoning,
and malaria,
and Lymphomia,
and Diabetes,
and Hepatitis C,
And many still have PTSD.**

**We carry arms with no hands,
and legs with no feet,
and scars both mental and real.
We carry crutches and walkers,
and wheelchairs and canes,
with honor its no big deal.**

**We carry horror stories of the Veterans
Administration,
of six months waits,
and lack of funds,
and shoddy care,
of indifferent employees,
and crummy food,
and broken promises
and downright lies.**

But we still carry each other

**We carry memories from the past,
and pictures of our youth,
and through it all still have our dignity.
For many it is all we have.
Now and then, there are times when panic will set
in
and we have hideous dreams,
And people squeal, they twitch and make moaning
sounds,
and cover their heads and say "Dear God",
and hug the pillow and cringe and beg for the
dreams to stop,
and make stupid promises to themselves and God
and their wives, hoping they will all go away, but
they don't.**

But we still carry each other.

**We carry the weight of shattered dreams,
and broken marriages,
and deformed children with insidious wounds,
and twisted faces,
and deformed legs,
and broken spines, lost for all time.**

**We carry the thoughts of the future, of honor and
duty, and pride, and tradition.**

**We carry fear for our children in far off lands,
The outcome can only be in Gods hands**

**The midnight runs as the Huey whines,
The rescue missions in the nick of time,
The muffled blast of a claymore mine,**

And only yesterday it was 69.

But we still carry each other

Ron Leonard

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