

I now know why men who have been to war yearn to reunite.
Not to tell stories or look at old pictures. Not to laugh or weep.
Comrades gather because they long to be with men who once
acted their best...men who suffered and sacrificed...who were
stripped raw...right down to their humanity.

I did not pick these men. They were delivered by fate and the
military. But I know them in a way I know no other men. I
have never given anyone such trust. They were willing to
guard something more precious than my life. They would have
carried my reputation...the memory of me. It was part of the
bargain we all made...the reason we were so willing to die for
one another.

As long as I have memory I will think of them all...every day.
I am sure that when I leave this world...my last thought will be
of my family and my comrades...such good men.

- Mike Norman

couldn't say it any better than this:

Thanks Brother:

Ted