

To David Martin

26 September 1997

Dear David,

The following is what I have been wanting to say for 30 Years.

My dear Vietnam Veteran,

When you left for the Vietnam war 30 years ago, you were so young, so proud, so handsome. We did not want you to go, but we knew it was your duty. While we felt that we could handle things very well back here, we sort of over estimated our strength without you.

Missing you and the concern about you made life nearly unbearable at times.

Remembering Dinner invitations at family or friends, I could not eat, I felt guilty, because you could not join us and have the same good home cooked meal. My stomach would turn to knots for thinking of you somewhere in a jungle drench, hopefully still alive.

As the weeks went on, more and more Relatives, Friends, Neighbors, Husbands, Vaters and Sons were called to this "senseless" war in this far away land called Vietnam. Soon we would hear more often of so&so's Husband (your Buddy) had been killed there. While we all were in shock and sorrow, over and over again, we started hating the soil that our men fell on. We grew more tense and fearfull of losing you. We were in fear that we could never hold each other close again. In fear of you never seeing your children grow up.

As time went on, our lives and chores became more and more difficult. Our nerves became tightly wound like clock springs. We sat and prayed for you and wrote you a letter every evening to tell you all the "good" things about the day and we hoped to give you strength to hold out your tour of duty. While we (my soldier wife friends and I) waited on your letters that we so much looked forward to, we knew that you would tell us about another "buddy" falling to enemy fire. You would tell us his last words, or about the ripped off leg or arm of his. Or would we even get another letter from you ever again??

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With time we grew wearier and more and more hatefull of that "WAR" in that far away land . We really did'nt do our chores back here well at all anymore, as the fears for your life grew we started protesting . We grew angry. We wanted you home and wanted to be near you. We did not want to loose you, but, so many of us wifes did lose you in one way or another. When you came back , you were not the same. If you had your health,you had lost the sparkle in your eyes. This far away land called Vietnam, the wittnessing of your Buddy's (our friend's) mutilation and bloodshed, had changed you forever.....

We too had changed. We went through a year of pressure, fear and loneliness coupled with the lack of understanding for this "freeken" war. We grew resentful and cold . We wanted you back soo badly , but some of us just could not bond anymore.

Those of you dear, honorable Vietnam Veterans, who came back expecting , but not getting the Hero's welcome you so deserve -please forgive those of us back here-whom did'nt give it to you. We just no longer knew how to do it!

Because, this "FREEKEN" war had taken its toll.....

Love  
just a Vietnam Vet's wife  
(30 years too late)