

Ron Frankum

From: Ivory5041@aol.com
Sent: Thursday, October 05, 2000 4:30 PM
To: lirbf@LIB.TTU.EDU
Subject: Good to hear from u !

Nice to hear so quickly from you Ron ... Guess its called efficiency >smile<
Yes,... Ron - please use the letter as part of the History - As a matter of
fact ... Thank you ... on behalf of many wife's of then!

I will alert Fernando to Steve Maxners (sounds German) Questionnaire
Gosh it would be nice to see you in Lubbock If not -- then in DC for
sure. F & I are going to a 317th Spurs (which he too was part of) mini
reunion in DC in November for Veterans Day ... I will send u a copy of one of
their sites FYI...in a separate mail!

Take good care & good luck in your endeavors ...
Stay in touch Ron

Here is the letter again-in its entirety I hope!

Warm greets from PA

Sincerely,

Renata

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 -- we could not eat. We
felt guilty, because you could not join us and have the same home cooked
meal. Our stomach would turn to knots thinking of you somewhere in the
Jungle, hopefully still alive.

As weeks went on more and more relatives, friends, neighbors husbands,
fathers and sons or daughters were called to this "senseless" war,
in this far away land called Vietnam. Soon we would hear more and 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 and Woman fell on.

We grew more tense and fearful of loosing you. We were in fear that we could
never hold you 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 arm or leg of his ... Would we even get another letter from you
... ever again?

With time we grew wearier and more and more hateful of that "War" in that
faraway land. We really didn't 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 as so many of us wives we did loose 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 witnessing of your buddies (our friends) mutilation and bloodshed had changed you forever ...

We too had changed. We went through a year of pressure, fear and loneliness with the lack of understanding for this "Horrible" war. We grew resentful and cold. We wanted you back so 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 that you so deserve -- please forgive those of us back here -- whom didn't give it to you. We no longer knew how to do it -- Because this Far a way War ... had taken its toll...

THANK YOU! With Love ...
Just a Vietnam Vets wife...
(30 years too late)

Renata S. De P.