

A Sad Moment in Time

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While walking down a crowded street, on a hot humid day in the year of nineteen sixty five in a place then called; Saigon.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed a small woman dressed in black silk attire.

She was kneeling, holding a very small baby and through her desperate tears, she begged for money. The baby's eyes reflecting a silent death stare.

I asked my friend if he understood what she was doing. He replied that she was trying to get enough money to bury her dead child.

A sad moment that forever will remain indelibly in my mind from a far off... war torn place and time.