

## PTSD . . . I thought I was stronger than that.

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I thought I was stronger than that.  
I thought I could put it in a box.  
I thought I didn't need anyone.  
I thought no one understood.  
I thought I could handle it.  
I thought no one cared.  
I thought it would go away.  
I thought I could forget.  
I thought I could forgive.  
I thought I wouldn't be missed.  
I thought I couldn't stand it anymore.  
I thought I was alone.  
I thought about asking for help.  
I thought they would think me weak.  
I thought I would say goodbye.

You are strong . . . *but not invincible.*  
You can put it in a box ... *for a time.*  
You may not need anyone . . . *but you are needed.*  
You can meet hundreds who understand.  
You can handle it ... *let your brothers help.*  
You know they care ... they've been there.  
You know it will never go away ... *We can face it together.*  
You can forgive . . . *but need not forget.*  
You still miss those who fell ... *they are safe now.*  
You can stand with those who know the burdens.  
You are not alone.

There are no dust offs for wounds of the soul... but they are waiting . . .  
*As am I.*

You can ask at any hour for as long as there is life . . .  
You are not weak ... *just human* ...  
and have seen what mankind was not meant to see.  
You can say 'I need to talk' and brothers will say, '*Welcome Home*'.  
Awaken from your dream . . . *I AM stronger* ...  
We will make it . . . together.

*Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder – I wondered why so many Vietnam veterans have PTSD and I did not. Decades passed, the dreams began, guilt, anger, sleeplessness. PTSD... a wounded heart, tormented mind, abyss without languor, cannot be overcome alone . It is a solitary path that bears no healing salve, bandage, or cure, flows to darkness, and consumes the soul. Walk with us, brother. We will listen. We will understand. We will be there for you. Don Poss.*



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