

*February 27, 1966*

*Dear Don,*

*We had hoped to get one more letter, from Jimmy, but we didn't. Some of his other friends wrote real nice letters too. We had the minister read part of your letter at the funeral, the part about his always being happy and smiling and being a good Christian. Your Company Commander (Dad says you call them Squadron Commanders in the Air Force) wrote a very nice letter. It didn't sound like he knew Jimmy personally, but I guess it was difficult for him to write anyway. Colonel Phillips' letter arrived first, and repeated what the two Air Force Sergeants had already told us about his dying in a mortar attack at Danang.*

*Dad and I went to the slumber room at the chapel, the night before the funeral, and just sat there. Jimmy looked so peaceful, so, truly at peace. He even had his usual slight smile,*

*and I thought of your letter then.*

*Dad went over to see him, and then went outside. He's having a hard time accepting his son is gone. We all are. I sat alone for a while and re-read all of the letters you boys wrote to us. I went over to Jimmy by myself. I know they say he died quickly and did not suffer (mortars: aren't they little bombs?), and I closed the slumber room door and something just came over me and I began running my hands all over his body. My hand went down his right leg, and I stopped. I just had to know how badly he had been hurt. No one had told us he had lost a leg. I never told Dad.*

*I will treasure the letters from you and his other friends. They are comforting, and it is nice to know that Jimmy had such friends with him. We love him, and miss him so much.*

*May God bless, and keep you safe,*

*Mr. & Mrs. Jones*

**[Letter retyped by Don Poss]**