

Out of the Blue

Maxie Pierce

(c) 2018, Don Poss

Phone call out of the blue
(even though a dream: Maxie Pierce)

With the sudden KIA of our tentmate JB, Maxie withdrew in depression, then seemed okay. I'm sent RR to Japan. and upon return to Da Nang, Maxie was gone; no so-longs, no look me up, it was as if he was taken—the same feeling as when JBJ was killed—and after a few weeks, no follow up letter to anyone. I never heard from him again, despite searching now and again, for years, for answers. Decades passed, as did the time length between searches. Part of me didn't want answers to all the what-ifs, or if he had died. In the Air Force, friends can suddenly disappear for numerous reasons, mostly understandable; a few are tragic, especially during the Vietnam War.

I learnt the unfolding story about Maxie's grief during my RR and his last days at Da Nang.

I knew that I let Maxie down by going RR. Had I remained, maybe I could have done something to help him cope with the loss we all felt.

Generations later, last night to be specific, a dream better than a medal played out as the phone rang and the caller said...Hi Don, this is Maxie Pierce.... I snapped awake.

Quiet. Well after midnight. My wife of 51 years, sleeping soundly but in tune to my restless nights, reached over and patted me as she does with such dreams.

It seemed like just another one of those dreams...but somehow not.

I lay quietly, a little melancholy, wondering about Maxie's lot in life and fate, and if he was still living. And then I felt a peace. Maxie had just told me goodbye.

A dream, perhaps a voice from the other side, or a moment's thoughtful clarity wished from wherever he is.

A slow deep breath, I bade him a silent farewell... and felt a calm, comforting, peaceful parting within. There's no other way to relate it; Maxie Pearce had just said his goodbyes.

So long, Maxie.