

Where Bouncing Betty's and Elephant Grass Still Silently Grow

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The white and purple orchids bloom at night in the bright jungle moonlight but beneath the fields of tall elephant grass, still lurks the deadly bouncing betty and the cannons have been silent for the past thirty-some years, but those echoes still ring in many old soldier's ears.

In the middle of the night, sounds of rockets, bombs, and claymore mines return to the maimed, blind and psychologically damaged minds.

The names and faces of young combat buddies stay anew to this aging soldier from a war long past but forever so true. My war, our war, the war...will always be with you and me even though there were those who protested and disagreed. You and I answered the call and we shall never be ashamed, for one and all stood proud and tall!

Those who were there know...

Those who were not...shall never know!