Forces

Volume 2012 Article 4

5-1-2012

Cemetery, Ft. Abraham, Lincoln Rd.

J. Allen Whiteside

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation

 $White side, J. \ Allen (2012) \ "Cemetery, Ft. \ Abraham, Lincoln \ Rd.," \textit{Forces}: Vol. \ 2012 \ , \ Article \ 4. \ Available \ at: \ https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2012/iss1/4$

 $This \ Photograph \ is \ brought \ to \ you \ for \ free \ and \ open \ access \ by \ Digital Commons @Collin. \ It \ has \ been \ accepted \ for \ inclusion \ in \ Forces \ by \ an \ authorized \ editor \ of \ Digital Commons @Collin. \ For \ more \ information, \ please \ contact \ mtom \ lin@collin.edu.$



CEMETERY, FT. ABRAHAM, LINCOLN ND J. ALLEN WHITESIDE





Our soldier boy came home to us. He'd had a lucky charm!

He been to war and back again and wasn't even harmed.

The first few days were wonderful, we gathered and laughed and ate.

There were reunions with friends and family; everything was great.

But that didn't last for very long; he was different now.

And it wasn't easy to explain just exactly how.

We'd ask him to tell about what he'd seen and the things he'd done.

But he wouldn't speak about what he did while he wore the Big Red One.

He'd say, "They told us not to tell you; civilians can't understand."
We tried our best to change his mind; we wanted to hold his hand.
Nothing seemed to interest him, not a job or school or fun.
It was almost like he was finished; somehow his life was done.

One second he'd be happy enough and then without a warning he was sad and sullen; perhaps the soldier was mourning.

Then he'd go to an angry place that we didn't understand.

And we began to realize that we didn't know this man.

What the hell were we dealing with? We didn't have a clue!

The soldier that came back was hardly the person we knew.

No one prepared us to get our boy back with a soul that had been shattered.

They processed him out. Sign this! Sign that! Was that all that really mattered?

Someone should have said to us, "Because of this awful war, here's a list of all the things you should be looking for."

And if and when you see these things (on the list we sent to you) here are the ways you can help; here's exactly what to do.

But that wasn't done; so unprepared we tried to figure out what to do. And just like that, in the blink of an eye, the whole ordeal was through.

But it wasn't really over, our ordeal had just begun.

For reasons we didn't understand we lost our precious son.

His sisters lost their little brother, the one they helped to raise.

When asked about our soldier we say, "Our boy is in the grave."