

Friday, November 11. 2005

Veteran's Day

When I think of Veteran's Day, I think of my Papa and Nana. Here they are in younger years. My Nana died last year on October 13th, and after being married to her for 61 years, you can imagine that Papa gets lonely. Last year my Papa came over to my parent's house when my brother and I were home. My brother got on the computer and looked up Papa's regiment and found a website by a very angry man. This guy had written about his bad experiences in the war. Usually, Papa does not talk about the war at all. He had a tough time of it, he got shot and got trench foot and had all sorts of heroic adventures that involved carrying people on his back through French forests. But that night at my parent's house he started remembering all sorts of things that had happened to him because of some of the stories that the website showed. One was our favorite, which really shows that Papa had a charmed life. He was in training, still in the States, and it was a dark, cold, rainy night. His A company and B company were supposed to get in a raft and cross a raging river. Papa remembers seeing logs and lots of debris in this flooded river, and getting into the raft feeling much trepidation. Then, the commanders changed their minds and wanted B company in the raft instead, so A company got out, and B company got sent off. The raft flipped over, and the poor guys were weighed down with all their gear, and I think 22 out of 23 drowned!! Papa stood on the banks with the rest of the guys, they could hear the screams but couldn't see a thing in the dark storm. They could not help. These are the stories that my kind grandfather had never told us. When one of his children could have gone to Vietnam, he enrolled them in college instead, and had a serious argument with my Nana's brother about War and the benefits or lack thereof. Maybe Papa doesn't wear peace signs, but I know that he does not believe that war is good for this country and this country's children. My grandparents amaze me. They had such a wonderful life, full of so many blessings, eleven (!!) children, 29 grandchildren, 61 years of happy marriage...If my Papa had gotten in that raft, I would not be here today. Even though Papa is now 92, he's SO sharp, he remembers so many things about all of the grandchildren--did I mention that there are 29 of us?!! Thanks Papa, Happy Veteran's day! I'll try to work for peace for you.

Posted by Mia in Ramblings at 16:18

When you think about it, it's amazing how our parents and grandparents were able survive those times. Imagine, having more than 10 children during the war!

Anonymous on Nov 15 2005, 05:20