

**Subject:** Mohave County Chapter 975 Dispatch Volume 2 Edition 11; July 6, 2008  
**From:** "Chap Tom" <chap975@gmail.com>  
**Date:** Sun, 6 Jul 2008 16:37:32 -0700  
**To:** "Chap Tom" <chap975@gmail.com>



## "CHAPTER 975 DISPATCH"

*"Never again shall one generation of veterans abandon another"*



*"Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you,  
**Jesus Christ** and the **American G.I.**"  
~One died for your soul, the other for your freedom~*



**For Questions, Comments, Suggestions, Issues: Contact [chaplain@vva975.org](mailto:chaplain@vva975.org)**

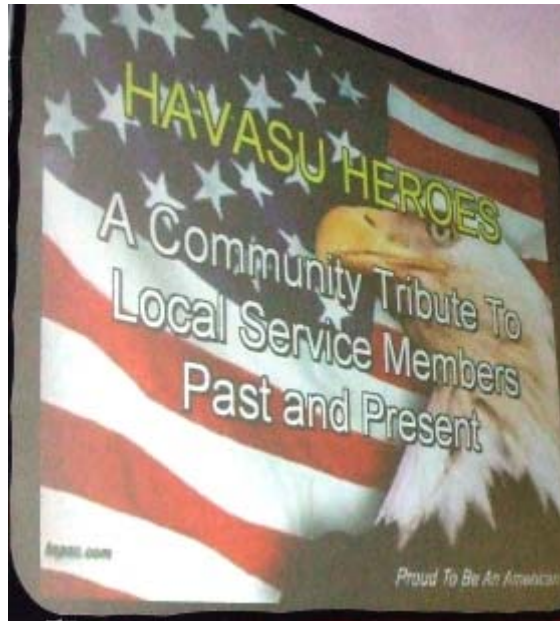


***June Breakfast Run***  
***We had our June breakfast run***



***and although our group was small we had a great time of breaking bread and fellowship together -- brothers and sisters in arms enjoying time together.***





***Lake Havasu Heroes***

***A Community Tribute to Local Service Members- Past and Present***

***Thanks to Lake Havasu Blue Star Mothers and Calvary Baptist Church for a great service and tribute to our servicemen and women and to us veterans.***







**Blue Star Mothers with Dianne Audette as she reads a poem regarding dreams, hopes, fears and joy a mother experiences while waiting for her son to return from Iraq / Afghanistan / warzone service and the day when he does return to her. Wonderful poem that brought tears of sorrow and joy to the audience.**





## **Lake Havasu Welcome Home For Spc Patrick Audette Jr.**



Print Page

### News

Soldier reunites with family in Havasu

By L.J. FRINK

Wednesday, July 2, 2008 10:33 PM MST

### TODAY'S NEWS-HERALD

Army Spc. Patrick Audette Jr. will be able to celebrate America's birthday in Lake Havasu City this year with family and friends. The soldier was enthusiastically welcomed home Wednesday by more than 100 people, after 15 months in Iraq.

After gathering at Wal-Mart Supercenter, Audette was escorted home by a Lake Havasu City Fire engine company and members of the Lake Havasu Patriots, which includes the Lake Havasu City Blue Star Mothers, Patriot Guard Riders, American Legion Riders and Vietnam Veterans of America.

Audette served with the 4th Stryker Brigade combat team, 2nd Infantry Division, which saw action in Baghdad and Baqubah, Iraq.

Tears began to fill the eyes of mom, Dianne, as she conveyed her overwhelming happiness at having her son home, safe and sound. "He's home. I'm so relieved. I will watch him sleep tonight when he goes to bed," she said. "It's good to have him home and Sunday, we will all be in church together."

Audette Jr. said he expects to be home for about a year and a half before being sent back to Iraq or to Afghanistan.



L.J. Frink/News-Herald Photo Spc. Patrick Audette Jr., center, is surrounded by family, from left, his sister Mandy Audette and her fiancé Mike Connelly; his mom Dianne Audette; niece Madisyn Audette, 5, in Patrick's arms; his father Patrick Audette Sr.; his sister Megan Holland, her husband Jason and their daughter Kendra, 1, before being escorted home for a welcome home party.



***From Mark Young:***

*From: Mark Young Sent: Saturday, July 05, 2008 9:29 AM*

*To: VVA Chaplain Tom*

*Subject: FW: Prayer Request*

***It's about as hot in Iraq as it is here. Thought you might like to read the prayer that is attached to this e-mail. Hope you & your family were able to watch the casino fireworks last night. What a nice show. Enjoy the rest of the weekend. Mark***

### ***Prayer request.***

***According to the weather reports, it is our understanding that it is 122 degrees in Iraq right now -- and the low will be 111! Our troops need our prayers for strength, endurance, and safety.. If it be God's will, give these men and women the strength they need to prevail.***

***Prayer chain for our Military..please don't break it...  
Please send this on after a short prayer.***

### ***Prayer***

***'Lord, please hold our troops in your loving hands. Protect them as they protect us. Bless them and their families for the selfless acts they perform for us in our time of need. Amen.'***



## ***From Jim Crumly:***

***Jim received this from a friend and wanted to pass it along.***

***The words of thanks and admiration for our wives and what they went through with some of us just cannot adequately be expressed. The following does some of this for us.***

### **Vietnam Veteran's Wives**

A Vietnam Veteran's Wife

I arrived early for my appointment. As I walked through the front door, I thought maybe today would be a short day. It was 8:30 A.M. I was surprised to find there were at least 10 people sitting in the waiting room. Methodically one by one the nurse appeared and called a name. Someone would stand and follow her to get weighed and their vitals taken.

Then they returned to their seat as she walked past the line of doors and dropped a folder outside one of the doors. Over and over it was repeated as she returned to her room and appeared, holding a folder and calling another name. The look on her face stayed the same. Almost like the order she continued to call names, deposit folders, and return to her room only to appear again. I wondered if she even looked at their faces, or did they just remain names. Another name that she could cross off of her list for the day.

I looked around at the people who shared this room with me. An old man in his 80's was sitting across from me. I saw him when I entered the building. He was standing in the hallway staring into a picture of a war scene that hung on the wall. He didn't move when I passed. I don't think he even heard me or knew I was there. I must have been seated a half hour before I looked up to see the elderly man appear. He was walking with a cane and moving very slowly. I wondered if it took him all that time to get here, or if he couldn't tear himself away from the images in the painting? Were they the same images he held in his mind after all these years?

He sat in his chair, holding onto his cane as if it was a part of him. I wondered how many years his fingers grasped that worn piece of wood that steadied him. He never removed his overcoat. His eyes scanned the room. His hands shook, more like a tremor, but he didn't seem to even notice or care. His eyes met mine and I smiled at him. His expression remained the same, but his hand seemed to wave to me. His eyes moved onto another person. Again his expression remained the same. Then I realized that his hand continued to move as in a wave, his lips forming silent words. His hands moved with the unspoken words. I don't think his eyes ever met mine. I don't know if he ever noticed anyone as his eyes scanned the room.

His doctor appeared and said his name. Still, there was no movement. The doctor touched his arm and he willingly followed him, slowly. As he left, I looked into his eyes. His eyes held an almost total emptiness, as if they had stopped seeing many years ago. All I could see was a look of far away. I thought as he left, he reminded me of a robot. Somewhere he found the strength to keep moving through life but not really living. His eyes were looking but not seeing. His body in this room but he lived somewhere in the past.

As each one returned to their seat, they all reminded me of programmed robots. Sometimes their seat was already taken by another. Nobody sat beside me. I almost wanted to laugh and say, "Hey I don't bite." I just remained silent. One man had no other chair so he grabbed the back of the chair beside me and yanked it over about a foot and sat down. I could hear him murmuring to himself. Once I thought he was talking to me and I looked at him. His eyes were expressionless. He wasn't talking to me, and he wasn't seeing me.

Another thousand yard stare.

I looked around the room. I paused to look at each face. A thin man with a pony tail, probably about my age, was wearing a leather jacket that said SCOUT. Under it were the words, Vietnam. He talked nonstop yet nobody seemed to be listening, or at least they didn't acknowledge it. He sat for a few minutes talking and then walked around the room only to return to his seat and start talking again.

Beside him was another man about the same age. Clean shaven, handsome, and dressed so much different from the man beside him. My eyes moved to look at his eyes. They were so big, almost frozen like when you have been scared nearly to death and staring straight ahead. He didn't even acknowledge the words from the man in the biker jacket. He sat there waiting for the expressionless nurse to call his name. While he waited, he must have been visiting another place because his big round eyes made no contact with anyone in the room. He was starrng, but not seeing.

Another man was reading a book that he brought. I think he was just covering his face to shut out his surroundings. His hat lay beside me in an empty chair, it was covered with pins. I recognized the crossed rifles of the infantry. I recognized the pins that all Vietnam Vets wore. No reason to move the hat, nobody wanted to sit there anyhow.

A heavy set man appeared. I looked at him and he smiled. He sat beside the only other woman in the room. My only impression of him was that he was talkative. He started a conversation with the lady. I looked at her. She appeared uncomfortable. She returned his questions with one word answers, trying to turn away, like she didn't want him to ask another question. After a while he seemed to give up. Then he looked at her and said, "Did you serve?" She said, "Yes, Navy." He said "Welcome Home." There was only a nod in return and then her eyes also seemed to cloud over and take her to another place and another time. The man stood up and said he was going for a smoke, the first of many.

I didn't want to look around anymore. I didn't want to see eyes that didn't see and people that were there but they weren't there. I had seen it all before. I see it many times in the darkness of night.

As I sat there, I wondered if they knew I never walked on foreign soil. Never served my country. Never held my buddy while he drew his last breath, or seen more hell than anyone should ever have to witness. Did they know I wasn't one of them, or think I wouldn't understand? Is that why they chose not to sit beside me?

Then I asked myself if they knew how I did serve my country. Did they know about those who served in the aftermath? Did they know about the effects their nightmares had on the one that stayed by their side? Even with his anger raging, she stayed right there. She stayed right beside him in the darkest of nights when he returned to the hell of War, in his nightmares?

There was no answer, just eyes that didn't see and minds that were only half way home. There were young men whose memories were of times not so long ago. There were men my age who still lived partly in Vietnam with vivid scenes forever flashing in their mind. Scenes that wouldn't let them see today. There were old men whose bodies were nearly worn out, yet the scenes of long ago were so fresh in their mind; fresher than what happened this morning.

You are not so different from me, but you don't know that. I am not your brother. I didn't walk where you walked, but I walk where you walk in your dreams. I walk amongst the screams that are the result of the hell you are witnessing as if it is now. Sometimes I am the enemy in your mind in those darkest of nights because I am the only one there. The one you think may kill you if you don't kill me first, because I am perceived to be the enemy when you can't wake up from your nightmares.

I am the one who refuses to give up because I know you are doing the best you can and because I love you. No, not really, I am only

representative of the one who has loved you, stood by you, and refused to give up trying to bring you home. I didn't walk where you walked; I only walked in the aftermath. Yet I am here for the same reason, to survive the nightmares of my PTSD. I was the wife of a Vietnam Vet. Now I am a widow. An Agent Orange widow.

Yes I held one of your brothers in my arms and watched him draw his last breath. His nightmares have gone, but mine remain. You are our heroes. You are a special breed of men and women. We are a special breed too. We are the Vietnam Wives. They call our illness second hand PTSD, but it doesn't feel second hand. It feels as real and scary as yours does.

You are Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force. You are proud. You are a brotherhood. Sometimes we have nobody that understands what we have been through, but even alone we know that we walked the walk. We didn't walk your walk, but we walked ours. We wouldn't have changed a thing, because we love you. We are the Vietnam Wives. We are struggling to survive, to overcome, to keep on loving. Then we ask ourselves, why couldn't our love bring you completely home?

Today I will see the same doctor you see. Today I will ask the same question you ask. Why can't I stop the nightmares? Then I will ask why my love was never enough to bring your brother completely home. I tried so hard to make him forget but I never could and now I can't forget.

No, I am not from any of the branches of the military, but I served. I was a Vietnam Wife, and now I am an Agent Orange Widow. My husband served until he drew his last breath. First he served beside you and then in his nightmares. I will serve until I draw my last breath, because I cannot forget. I will always be a Vietnam Wife.

I understand that thousand yard stare much more than you think I do. I no longer have my Vet. I wonder if you have any idea what you mean to me, and the attachment I have to you. You were my husband's brother. You are my brother and I would like to be your sister. If you cannot understand then just know that I was proud to be the Vietnam wife who loved your brother.

Until I finally draw my last breath and Heaven takes away the scenes of war's aftermath, I will remain a Vietnam Wife, and I am proud.

My attachment to you is strong. My love and respect for you will never end. I hear you say "Welcome Home" to each other. Only my God can welcome me home. I never left my country, or did I? I think I did, last night in my nightmares. That is where I served my country. I was not Army, Navy, Marines, or Air Force. I served in a branch that my country never recognized. I AM A VIETNAM WIFE.

© Mary Rogers

04/20/07



***Chaplain's Corner:***



***Please pray for baby Chloe Rain, granddaughter of John "Nic" and Terry Gunther who is scheduled for kidney surgery tomorrow in Phoenix. Nic and Terry give so much of themselves to active duty and veterans and are a dear brothers and sisters in arms. Please keep them, the family and Baby Chloe in your prayers.***



***Please pray for:***

- ***Our Servicemen and Women and our Brothers and Sisters in arms who are being treated / are recovering in military and VA hospitals.***
- ***Chapter 975 & 785 members and families***
- ***Brien "Rich" Richards for the Lord's touch and care with health items***



- ***Gunny "Ooooooraaaah!" Gene Crego for the Lord's care and assistance with some medical items***



- ***Major Bill "Monsoon" Mimiaga for the Lord's care and healing***



- ***Sgt Kenny Bower US Army***



• ***PFC Garrett Kelly US Army***



• ***SPEC Ryan Smith US Army***



• ***Airman 1st Class Joshua Wages***



• ***Chief Petty Officer Gil McGillivray***



• *Spec Anthony Martinez*



• *Airman 1st Class Ralph Lopez*



• *Spec Rehta Woelfer*



• *Airman Christopher Coyner*



• ***Airman Scott Weaver***



• ***USMC Tony and Nicole***



• ***PFC Keith Stein***

•



• ***PVT Kerilyn Schwartzkopf***



• ***SPC Sidney Born***



• **Major Josef Hatch**



• **Spec Martin Carlill**

***God Bless our "Troops in Harms Way....." and God bless Those brave men and women who gave all.....***

***Email prayer requests to [chaplain@vva975.org](mailto:chaplain@vva975.org) and be sure to indicate if they are confidential or for public display in the "Chapter 975 Dispatch"***



***Well that's it for this edition, keep sending pictures and articles for the Dispatch!***

***Lord Bless and keep you until we meet again!***

***Philippians 4: 6***

***Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let***

***your requests be made known to God; 7 and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. NKJV***

***Tom Hanlon  
Chaplain  
Mohave County Chapter 975  
Vietnam Veterans of America***

**[www.vva975.org](http://www.vva975.org)  
[chaplain@vva975.org](mailto:chaplain@vva975.org)**

<b>2601351509_8ef1d33d43.jpg?v=0</b>	<b>Content-Type:</b> application/octet-stream <b>Content-Encoding:</b> base64
--------------------------------------	--