

REUNIONS...

Our reunion at Fort Walton was smaller than normal, but a large success. Below is a short paragraph on the meaning and importance of reunions (author unknown). Also attached is a link to the video shown at the banquet. It highlights the reunions we have had for the past twenty years. It is bound to cause a few tears to flow, as it did at the reunion. We hope you enjoy watching it as much as we had making it. If you would like a DVD of our First Twenty Five Years video (donations accepted), give Everett Sprous a call at (520)528-9444.

Roy Davis
AC-119 Gunship Association/VP

The Reunion

Autumn leaves, rustling together to the appointed
place, the old warriors come.

Pilgrims, drifting across the land they fought to preserve.
Where they meet is not so important anymore. They meet and that's enough
for now.

Greetings echo across a lobby. Hands reach out and arms draw buddies close.
Embraces, that as young men they were too uncomfortable to give, too shy to
accept so lovingly.

But deep, within these Indian Summer days they have reached a greater
understanding of life and love.

The shells holding their souls are weaker now, but hearts and minds grow
vigorous remembering.

On a table someone spreads old photographs; a test of recollection. And
friendly laughter echoes at shocks of hair gone gray or white, or merely gone.

The rugged, slender bodies lost forever. Yet they no longer need to prove their
strength. Some are now sustained by one of "medicines miracles," And even in
this fact they manage to find humor.

The women, all those who waited, all those who love them, have watched the
changes take place. Now, they observe and listen, and smile at each other; as
glad to be together as the men.

Talk turns to war and planes and foreign lands. Stories are told and told again,
reweaving the threadbare fabric of the past. Mending one more time the
banner of their youth.

They hear the vibrations, feel the shudder of metal as propellers whine and
whirl, and planes come to life.

These birds with fractured wings can see beyond the mist of clouds, and they

are in the air again, chasing the wind, feeling the exhilaration of flight, close to the heavens; the wild and blue yonder of their anthem.

Dead comrades, hearing their names spoken, wanting to share in this time, if only in spirit, move silently among them. Their presence is felt and smiles appear beneath misty eyes.

Each, in his own way, may wonder who will be absent another year.

The room grows quiet for a time.

Suddenly an ember flames to life. Another memory burns. The talk may run to other wars and other men, and of futility. So, this is how it goes.

The past is so much the present.

In their ceremonies, the allegiances, the speeches, and the prayers, one cannot help but hear the deep eternal love of country they will forever share.

Finally, it is time to leave. Much too soon to set aside this little piece of yesterday, but the past cannot be held too long for it is fragile.

They say, "Farewell...See you next year, God willing," breathing silent prayers for one another.

Each keeping a little of the others with him forever.

[FIRST TWENTY YEARS VIDEO](#)