

“Memories”

*By Danny Wiggins
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*To have been a “Lurp” gives us honor and as “Rangers” we served with pride
We have a special bond we all our brothers and a void within for those who died*

*Many years have past in time but the memories are still very real
Of those events of our past that all too often control the way we feel*

*Many of those memories are very painful and all too often cause these men to weep
Many nights we lie awake and just think of events that won't allow us to sleep*

*There were many things that happen there; of some we're proud and other we do not tell
It was those years of the war in Vietnam: we often refer to as “Our Tour of Hell”*

*For years we have tried to forget it; hoping the memories might fade away
But the more we try to forget; the stronger they grow day by day*

*We seldom talk to other about it; things most people can't comprehend
You had to be there, you had to live it to understand this feeling we have within*

*We often find ourselves in trouble; we have been trained by the very elite
To seek and destroy the enemy; this was hard to change in only a week*

*Most of us try to deal with it all alone; not knowing where help to find
The bottle often seems our friend; but in the end is never very kind*

*We often think about our brothers; who is alive and how many are gone
How many of them, like us, also feel isolated and totally alone*

*How do others deal with all those memories; is there a secret we do not know
Many would like to contact a brother but are so afraid the problems will only grow*

*So most of us have learned to live with all the memories; we deal with them day by day
One of these days we'll go to sleep and all the memories will finally go away.*