

AN ARMY CHRISTMAS

An Army Christmas is something I wouldn't wish on anyone, not the one I just had. I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day walking up and down a fence. I carried a M-16 on one sholder with a poncho, canteen, first aid kit, and a pistol belt around my waist. I walked up and down this fence for eight hours, 330 Am until 1130 AM. I got off just in time to get the Christmas dinner prepared in the mess hall. It was just as good a feast as they had at home, but they had the family to chat with while they were eating. I chatted with a E-7 about to go to Korea.

Christmas time is the time of joy, but there was no joy in our mess hall that noon. Instead there was about twenty guys who ate in the quiet with thoughts of how it once was on Christmas Day. How they got up in the morning and saw their children or nephews or maybe even their parents opening their presents. How they felt the warmth and joy of giving. How they felt the pain of not seeing this on this day. These men lost something on this day. They lost the spirit of Christmas. They lost a little piece of their heart. I know I did.


Danny J. Mills