

THE WALL THAT HEALS - EL CAJON 2024 COMMITTEE IS HONORED TO HOST:

The Wall That Heals

a mobile three-quarter scale replica of the
Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington,
D.C. accompanied
by a mobile Education Center.



WELLS PARK
1153 E. MADISON AVE
EL CAJON, CA
MARCH 21-24, 2024
FREE ADMISSION
OPEN 24 HOURS THROUGH
2:00PM SUNDAY

VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR DETAILS
ABOUT HOW YOU CAN HELP.

www.TheWallElCajon.com



VOLUNTEER



DONATE



Artist: Micheon Oklar

Touching the Past

I went to The Wall the other day,
And searched for a name for me to pray.
When a mother and her child came by to see,
She was searching for a name to make a plea.
For her father and child's grandfather's name is there.
She remembers the sadness they all had to bear.
When the news they received that fateful day,
She remembers her mother crying and knelt to pray.
It was the saddest time of her young life,
To never again see her daddy gave her much strife.
And now many years later she reaches for the name,
For she needs her child to remember the same.
To tell her child stories of her daddy in the war,
A war that was hated by so many for sure.
But she was proud that her daddy had served,
She would face up to anybody and not be un-nerved.
For she knew her daddy was proud,
He didn't have to say it out loud.
For he did the bidding of those in charge,
And stood with pride by his brothers at large.
She found his name high up The Wall,
But she was just not all that tall.
I asked if I could help with paper and pencil,
And she smiled and I made the stencil.
She gave me a hug and thanked me for my service,
I hugged her back but I was a little nervous.
For we both had tears streaming down our faces,
But we were proud to be at the wall with all of those ACES!!
AMEN!



NEVER ALONE – NEVER FORGOTTEN

*I have thought about being alone,
Thrown away like a pebble or stone.
Into a lake, never again to be found,
No one cares to see my feet on the ground.
But there is a group who will never forget,
To safeguard my memory is a sure bet.
I'm talking about my brothers and sisters,
Who walk 24/7 even with blisters.
They wear the military uniform proud,
Never a grumble or complaint out loud.
At the Tomb of the Unknown they do their best,
To watch over me as I lay there to rest.
Holding their face straight ahead,
Rendering honor to those now dead.
Rain or shine they do their walk,
I never hear one moan or squawk.
Doing the honor of remembering me,
"We do the best we can do," is their decree.
Thank you Honor Guard for giving your best,
God is looking down and you passed the test.*

AMEN!

ROTRUCK – '15