

In The Line Of Duty

They Did Not Die... They Were Killed... In The Line Of Duty

By Duane Graham, EarthWalker

11 September 2011

The sun bore down on a battle wary collection of souls, standing quietly, remembering as they gazed upon the inverted M-16s, thrust bayonet first into the earth. Wind swirled sand swept the heartache from around the empty pairs of boots that were neatly placed in front of the seven silent rifles. Camouflaged, steel pot helmets, crowned these hallowed standards, as if protecting the souls of the fallen.



Silently wondering why these brothers passed into the next world, we stood at attention, feeling less alive in this world and closer to them. Why am I still here and they are gone, is the most guilty question we all ask, as we ponder if our next truthful moment, will lead us into the same oblivion as our brothers, that shall lay in this ancient sand.

A salute and a moment of silence to honor the valor with which they fought is infinitely pressing a deep burden into our being as we pay our respect and vow never to forget... yet a shameful relief pours over us for surviving. Yes, we made it through hell, one more time but we all know tomorrow shall never exist and the past shall fade because it is now, that we have and the only this moment that matters.

I feel the hot sun on my skin, the breath of the wind caressing my sweat, cooling me in the brightness of the day. My heart is torn between the depths of sorrow for my brother that lay in the memories of our earthly deeds and still I feel the subdued joy of being alive.

Standing there quietly, reverent and honor bound I salute their actions and I pray their passing rids them of their pain and suffering. I pray for them to now live in a peaceful place where no one walks this path of war.

Isn't War To Create Peace, The Mission All Wars?