



OCT-DEC
2009



Happy Festivus



Happy Kwanzaa

From the Staff of Corpsman.com



Jan 1st through 31 December 2009, where did it go?

This is always my hardest article to write every year. I struggle to find the highs and the lows to write about. This year is even harder in that one of Corpsman.com's all-time lows brought us some of our best moments as well.

The Beginning of 2009 was good, we did not lose a Doc up until May. After that things got hot and heavy for both the Army and Navy Doc's serving in Afghanistan. We lost 6 Doc's from May through December. Every loss hits hard but 1 this year became extremely personal to Corpsman.com.

We were lucky last year to announce on our site that Ben Castiglione had made HM3. We announced it along with all the other advancements too. The one thing that we didn't expect was to also announce his death in the same year.

From the beginning when we got the notification of Ben's passing, we were involved in a way we had never been involved before. The press was helping us as well as us helping them in Michigan to get the story right. We were told about Ben's passing by his uncle Joe Petre, who let us know what had happened, before the official notification had hit the street. Ben used our site extensively and had found Corpsman.com to be

like family and had told his uncle this.

Joe let us know, as we were family, of Ben's passing on our site.

You can follow the whole thing in the blog articles as well and podcasts and in our forums. DeeDee (Corpsman.com Mother in Charge) attended Ben's funeral, and we held an online memorial that was our most watched/listened to broadcast ever. Suffice it to say a terrible thing in Ben's passing, brought a new family to Corpsman.com. Joe, his wife Jennifer, Ben's mom Carrie Petre-Castiglione and many others became a part of Corpsman.com. We all came together to celebrate and mourn Ben's passing. This was the very positive thing that happened.

Joe and Jennifer are moving back to Michigan to be with family; DeeDee, Rob and their boys are together; my son is coming home tonight from Texas.

Families are coming together all over the country for this holiday season, Happy Holidays to you all and Merry Christmas.

But please remember those servicemen and servicewomen who are not here or who were lost this year. Take a moment during this season to talk about and reflect upon them. It doesn't have to be Veterans Day or Memorial Day to remember them.

A special prayer will be said for the Castiglione's and the Petre's at the Crone family dinner this year.

They are as much our family as my own flesh and blood.

Happy Holidays to all and remember what the season is about.

Da-Chief

Corpsman.com

Good afternoon,

I have never done this before and I don't really know what is it that I'm supposed to do. But here is my interpretation of the newsletter wish email.

I would like to send best wishes in this season to one of my very close doc's HM1 Ramos, Janet who is or is going to Afghanistan. She was my LPO last year and she encouraged me to do my best always, no matter how difficult or grim the situation might seem; and I wanted to let you know HM1, we still remember your laugh, your long "mentoring sessions" and your modesty. We remember the example you set and we thank you. You once helped me out of the storm when I was going through one of my lowest times in life and for that you stand above the rest. Your ability to care for others as you do for yourself is admirable. I wanted to let you know that we are only as strong as we let ourselves be. I hope that your motivation has not gotten smaller, your thoughts dimmer or your smile faded; because as we learn from our challenges we prove to ourselves that there is nothing impossible. Thank you for inspiring me, I hope I have inspired you. Merry Christmas, we all miss you and have you in our hearts.

HM3 Romero Jamarillo (thanks to HM1)

Wishing well to HM2(FMF) Coleson my old instructor on his deployment. Happy holidays HM2

I pray for all corpsmen in harms way.
HA Chase, Michael W. USN
Camp Lejeune, NC

I would like to wish all military **healers**, doctors, nurses, medic and especially Navy Hospital Corpsmen, with those in particularly dangerous jobs on the line with the US Marine Corps -- those with an (HM) 84__ designation in the Fleet Marine Force (FMF) -- our combat corpsmen. Your feats of bravery, perseverance, honor, loyalty and an innate ability to expose yourself to incoming fire to save the lives of those around you, *Your Marines*, well then let me wish you all Seasons Greetings and no matter the circumstances of your environment, to celebrate as Americans and have a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a safe, happy and healthy New Year in 2010.

I am a former FMF platoon corpsman from Mike 3/9 in the days of olde (Vietnam). The things you do and the technology you employ amaze me. It's no longer the simple Unit One anymore. Continue to use your knowledge and training to bring yourself and as many of your Marines home to their families. Your sacrifices may go unnoticed by many, but you belong to a brotherhood with a long history of service to the Marines in faraway lands. We remember your sacrifice and wish you the best of days in the years to come.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year Devil Docs! May our proud tradition continue now and forever.

Semper Fidelis,

Larry McTernan
HM3/FMF/Mike 3/9, 2nd Platoon
RVN, April-May, 1975

I'd like to forward my greetings and Holiday Well Wishes to all Marines and 8404s still in Iraq and moving on to Afghanistan.

I got back from a split tour to both places this past September. As soon as I got to Maine, my boyfriend was traveling commercially, on his way to Al Asad. Its been a long year for us both. I'm stationed at Naval Health Clinic Corpus Christi... ~x(There have been many HMs after me on their way out there. Please keep them all in your thoughts. Happy Holidays to all the staff at Corpsman.com!

-Adria D. Miles, HM2, USN

First and foremost, I am thankful that my wife, Danielle, has completed Nursing school and has become Registered as a Nurse. Education is never wasted when it drives you towards self improvement. I am thankful, as much as it PAINS me, that my Daughter, Mia is now a High School Freshman, with a future in front of her, so vast, that she can not help but succeed.

I am incredibly thankful for Facebook, as it has help me re-connect with several important people from my past that I can not believe that I lost touch with them.

I am thankful for my close friends, Doc "Bear" Kolar and NEWLY MINTED HMC Colleran for continuing to carry the torch on the global War on Terror, overseas, while the rest of our country sleeps soundly under the veil of Freedom that they and their Brothers and Sisters At-Arms continue to provide us EVERY DAY!!!

I am extremely thankful for our United States Navy AND Marine Corps for helping to mold and shape the future leaders of our GREAT country.

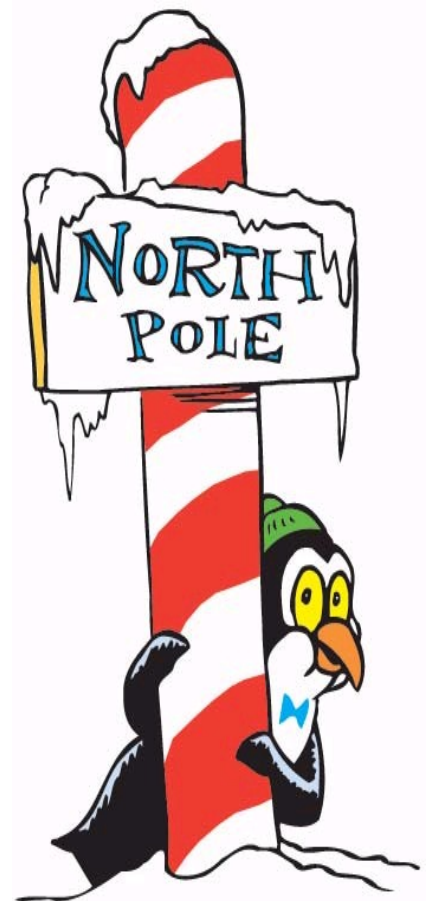
And last, but certainly not least by any stretch, I am THANKFUL for the Corpsman.com family (DC, Tony, DeeDee, Indy and quite frankly EVERYONE else) that continue to mentor and develop our "Future Sailors" and they either begin their journey towards National Service.

Like it or not, and for what ever reason that brought you to our community, I consider you all family and extend my warmest and sincere Merry Christmas and a Happy and safe New Year. See ya'll in 2010!!!

Humbly and Respectfully Submitted,

Dave

HM1(FMF) D.R. Destfino
Navy Scholarship Coordinator
NRD Pittsburgh
970 E. Pittsburgh St.
Suite 196
Greensburg, Pa 15601



I'm not a doc, but I am away for the holidays. My name is GM2 (EXW) Endress. I am a member of Riverrine Unit 3 on the Tigres River in Iraq and would like to thank all the Corpsman of the US Navy. Docs save our lives.

To all Troops whether overseas or stateside:

I wish all of you the merriest of holiday wishes and for those overseas especially in Iraq and Afghanistan a safe return to your loved ones.

God Bless,
Paul Caspermeyer

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEARS, HAPPY HOLIDAYS, GOD BLESS YOU AND KEEP YOU ALL SAFE MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

TAKE CARE

STEPHEN HANSEN HM3(FMF)
DESERT STORM VET

Hi DeeDee! I want to wish YOU a Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!! I'd like to wish Doc Cooper who is part of the 1/230th ACS up in Talafar a Happy Holiday Season also. Without the docs over here we would all be hurting, literally. Well take care and Have a Safe One!! SGT DJO

My heart stands behind the doc's that are out in the field. I know it is a tough job; I also KNOW that you are the best trained medics out there. I wish you God's blessings. Know that you are never alone, your shipmates back home are thinking about you daily and giving thanks for your service to our great nation. If you are ever in doubt, look up because that is where your strength will come from. God Bless you this Christmas as always and let Him guide you as you do your job. It is the most rewarding job you will ever have. I am proud to support our Corpsman and proud to be one. You know you never really retire!

Several computer sites are available for our troops. adoptaussoldier.com also covers sailors once you get to the web site

anysoldier.com also invite of anysailor.com where we you can sign up a person from any Unit sign up to receive boxes and help distribute goods to troops.

Any field doc can e-mail me at tombangels@yahoo.com questions or just to vent. Don't be shy, you are not in this alone. I have 7 adopted soldiers that I write to and send packages to. I cannot always sent boxes myself but there are many in this area that support you and will help to see you get what you need. Our prayers and hearts are with you all. Get yourself and encourage others to sign up for adoptaussoldier.com.

This year in Wisconsin there is just a dusting of snow. Temps are chilly and all are waiting for the chance to ski, snow shoe and snow mobile. We take our "over the river and through the trees" very serious. I love getting pictures of what the area looks like and faces of our finest Navy in the world. I even have pictures of a camel crossing, thankfully I will never smell them again. God Bless you from the Veterans of Wisconsin.

Sarah Foxvog

Hello all,

I need to say that I am very honored to know some of you still out there being a DOC to the active and reserve sides of both the Navy and Marines. Know that I remain ready to assist in any way I can.

Through today, I have ridden on over 50 missions with the Patriot Guard Riders of Tennessee. Some have been in honor of our fallen, some unit send offs, and our favorite type, the WELCOME HOME rides.

Retired corpsmen don't die off, we just turn civilian. I'm currently in Paramedic School and had it not been for my past experiences, I would have quit. This school is not for the weak minded!

I appreciate your serving and sacrifices made by you and your families. I remain loyal to you all, regardless of your rank, branch of service or other things , that in peace time, we'll bust each other over.

While saying I wish you were home is a bit obvious, I sure wish I could be with you there. I feel it's where I should always be, but doing it for 20 yrs then suddenly not, well, fours down the road, it's still hard to imagine not being and doing what you all do every day.

When you come home, ask for us, and we the Patriot Guard Riders will be there.

Have as good a holiday as you can, and try to remember that even though these seem like the worst times, some day, you will look back on them and remember the bonds made with the guy next to you. Those bonds are for life. If any one of my Marines ever needed me, I would be on the bike turning wheels towards him with in 15 minutes.

You are all in my families thoughts and prayers daily and no WE have not forgotten, nor will we ever forget.

Dennis E Lee

US Navy Retired

Ride Captain - West Tennessee

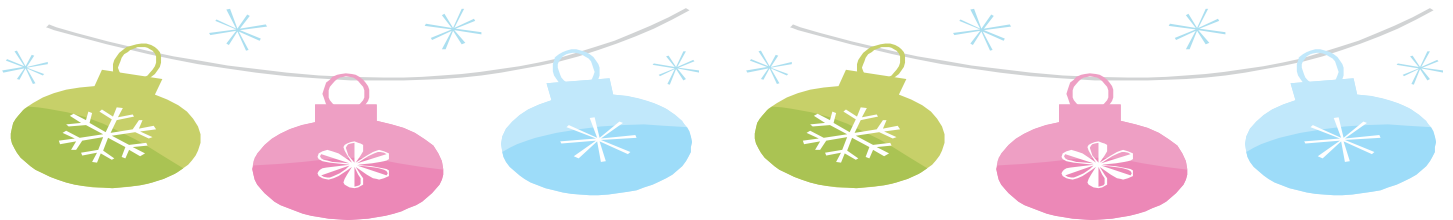
Patriot Guard Riders

Brothers and Sisters,

I understand being away from loved ones during the holiday season can be very lonesome. I may not be there with you, but I am standing proudly next to you in spirit. May your holiday seasons be blessed and this email find you safe and well. I pray that I will never meet you as patient at Landstuhl, but as a visitor. God Bless you, your families and your superiors.

V/R,

Chris Colokathis'Vinuya
Chief Petty Officer / USN
Patient Operations Chief
Deployed Warrior Medical Management Center,
Landstuhl Regional Medical Center, Germany



My very best to all the men and women serving in the military.

As a former Corpsman, I feel a special kinship to those who started out as a squid and ended up a Doc.

The conditions under which you modern-day Corpsmen operate are nothing I would want to deal with. So I give you all my best and hope you get a parade when you return.

Gary Cortese
HM2
1969

Two incidents come to mind from my service:

The kid in front of me was having trouble spelling Pneumonia. The Corpsman put his hand on his shoulder and said, "It starts with "P" the "P" is silent — as in swimming."

The young Marine turned and said, "There's no "P" in swimming!" and the Corpsman answered, "You wanna bet?"

One day I had to go to the medical building. There was an officer having his ears examined. One Corpsman was looking in one ear with a scope while the other corpsman on the opposite side was looking in the other ear and waving back.

Hey guys, I ain't no Doc. I am 70 years old and a former Marine. I just wanted to say I love you guys and hope you all have a Merry, Merry and safe as possible Christmas.

Very Sincerely,
Semper Fi !

Richard L. Marksberry

Author of: "Boot Camp and beyond"

Subtitled: "*Hijinks, hiccups and Mayhem*"

Pearland, Texas 77581

I would like to send merry christmas and happy new year's wishes to all corpsman. Both currently serving and like me, who are no longer serving and don't forget their beginnings.

Happy holidays and be careful.

Judy Simpson



Dear Fellow Corpsmen

We are all proud of you whether you are in Iraq, Afghanistan, or in the US and pray that you have a fine Holiday Season. I know how lonely it is to be away from home during this part of the year, but rest assured that we are with you. Try to remember that you have answered one of the highest calls to service requested by this nation.

Sincerely,
Richard Cooper
Formerly HM2
Now: Street Doc



Having spent my share of holidays away from my family, I know the sacrifice all of you are making. The top-flight military we have wouldn't be possible without the Corpsmen and Medics who go in harm's way to save their fellow servicemen and women. I know you aren't out there to get back-slaps and kudos, but we on the home front value and admire your service and sacrifice, especially during the holidays.

Timothy R. Bonine, M.D.
Former US Navy Corpsman

We would like to extend our heartfelt wishes to everyone who is serving our country this holiday season. Our daddy will be an official "doc" on December 17th and will be home with us on the 18th.

Hoo Yah and Hoo Rah!!

Peace and Love
The Mayerschoff's



**2009 IN-MEMORIAM
OF CORPSMAN & MEDICS
WHO GAVE ALL**

AFGHANISTAN

HM3(FMF)

ANTHONY C. GARCIA

05 AUG 2009



**HM3(FMF)
BENJAMIN CASTIGLIONE
03 SEP 2009**



**HM3
JAMES R. LAYTON
08 SEP 2009**



**SPECIALIST
DAMON G. WINKLEMAN
20 SEP 2009**



**STAFF SGT
SHAWN H. McNABB
26 OCT 2009**



**IRAQ
NO REPORTED DEATHS
KILLED IN ACTION**

Double Mission: 11 / 10 /09 and 11/11/09

Hi gang,

I got up at four in the morning on Tuesday after having trouble sleeping and left Idyllwild for the ninety mile drive to Glendora at five. I arrived about seven thirty and hooked up with part of the So-Cal PGR crew led by Gunny SGT Donor. (He has helped with HNs Noble, Retmier, and Burnett)



Our mission for the day was to provide flag line and honors for ten homeless veterans from Los Angeles who were being taken to Riverside National Cemetery. The first service was done in Glendora and lasted about an hour. We loaded up the ten coaches followed by about twenty bikes and a heavy wrecker from Semper Fi Towing Company. The red truck has an awesome EGA paint job on the cab. The procession had ten to fifteen vehicles with me following last since I had amber lights on the car with a window mounted PGR flag plus I had my medical bags and phone with me.

We nearly had an accident on the highway when someone trying to cut through the procession nearly hit the car in front of mine. The procession made it safely to Riverside with a Huey helicopter flying over once we made it into downtown Riverside. The group had a flag line on each side of the Medal of Honor gathering area and honors were rendered as each veteran was passed through.

The service was given and the honors rendered before the coaches were loaded up to be taken to the internment site. During the service, one of the Honor Guard members got dizzy and almost fell out. I was pulled aside to render assistance to an 81 year old Korean Conflict Veteran who was there as part of the ceremony. He was glad to have my help and I was honored to be able to treat a veteran.

I started treating him and had AMR dispatch on my phone when someone told me of a second patient across the row. I checked her as well and divided the two between the first arriving engine company and the first ambulance. Once the patients had been transferred to the crews, I went to the internment site and helped render honors.

11 / 11/ 09

This morning on Wednesday, I am on my way down the mountain to Hemet to attend a Veteran's Day Service. The significance of this is the fact that Hemet has lost two of our brothers, HN Otto Sare and HN Marc Retmier. I have Marc's gold dog tag as part of my keychain since his was my first PGR mission. Hopefully this morning I will be able to represent the PGR and Corpsman.com again to help remember two of our fallen in their hometown. Jenna is accompanying me since the local paper has requested an article on the ceremony. Hopefully I will be able to post her article once she prints it. I will follow this up with an update on how it went once I return this afternoon. I know our fallen brothers have had their names inscribed on a memorial inside the park grounds and I look forward to the ceremony today.

On Wednesday morning Jenna and I headed down the mountain into Hemet and went to Gibbel Park where the Veteran's Memorial Wall is located. I waited just inside the gated area while she started to talk to some participants to get her interviews. An eighty three year old Marine in dress blues who had been in WW II, Korea, and Vietnam was interviewed to be included in her article.

A gentleman with a corpsman shirt walked in and I asked if he was a former corpsman. He replied that his son had been and this is how I was introduced to the father of HN Otto Sare.

I thanked him for his son's service to our country and explained to him who I was and why I was there. I gave him the information for our site and told him we would be honored to have him join our group. We talked for about five minutes and then while waiting for the ceremony to begin Marc Retmier's uncle came in. I talked to him briefly and thanked him for his nephew's service. I then joined Jenna near the front of the audience when the program started.

Two of the town officials spoke along with a chaplain after colors were presented. An Army captain was the keynote speaker followed by a music presentation from the local high school jazz band.

I have photos of the memorial itself and the section of the wall that includes the names of our fallen brothers. I am honored to be able to represent our group in the ceremony today and hopefully brought the family of one of our fallen brothers to the site as well.

The town of Hemet has chosen to remember our fallen comrades in a special way that has shown the great respect that needs to be given to our veterans for their service.

dvldocjoe



Marines and veterans make history at National World War II Museum

20091110-MUSEUM-Greenberg

Capt. Paul Greenberg
Marine Forces Reserve

NEW ORLEANS - Marines from Headquarters, Marine Forces Reserve, participated with U.S. Navy sailors and other service members in a dedication ceremony for the new wing of the National World War II Museum here Nov. 6.

The museum was completed in June 2000. The new wing features the Solomon Victory Theater, the Stage Door Canteen and The American Sector Restaurant, which serves a cuisine in a setting that harkens back to the 1940's.

The theater boasts a revolutionary "4-D cinematic experience," where elements of the show literally rise up out of the floor and lower down from the ceiling.

"This is a great day for the state of Louisiana and a great day for the nation," said Dr. Gordon Mueller, a chairman on the board of trustees for the opening. "When we opened in 2000, there were six million veterans...now we're down to two million. This museum describes and portrays the American journey through World War II. If we provide people the opportunity to learn and experience the war through these exhibits, we will be a better nation as a result."

Along with U.S. Army soldiers, coastguardsmen and a large group of sailors based in the Greater New Orleans Area, about 35 enlisted Marines based at the Naval Support Activity here served as escorts for the hundreds of World War II veterans who came here from their homes throughout the nation for this event.

"It's a little late in coming," said W.F. "Bill" Wellman of the museum's opening in June 2000 and the new expansion which was completed in October 2009.

"Unfortunately, a lot of guys never got the chance to see it," lamented Wellman, 85, referring to his World War II Marine brethren who have passed away in recent years.

"It (the museum) teaches a lot to the younger generation. This is a war that shouldn't be forgotten," said Wellman, who served as a communications specialist with the 16th Anti-Aircraft Battalion, 1st Marine Division on the Pacific islands of Saipan, Tinian and Okinawa between 1942-1945.

The best day of Wellman's Marine Corps career, he said, was when his ship sailed under San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge in June 1945, and the U.S. Navy Band played on the bridge to welcome the Marines home.

Wellman was able to witness the Marine Forces Reserve Band perform some 64 years later at the Nov. 6 ceremony.

Under the leadership of conductor Staff Sgt. Seth Gehman, 30 Marine musicians from the MFR Band played an outdoor concert prior to the dedication ceremony.

"It was great being part of something so big, to see all the local military from all armed

forces coming together to honor the service of WWII veterans,” said Gehman, 29, of Denver, Pa. “I think the Marines realized early on that they were going to be part of something important.”

The band performed a 30-minute concert of patriotic selections, many circa World War II, before an audience of more than 1,000 city and state officials, celebrities, active duty service members and veterans and their families.

John William Sweren traveled from his home in Mesa, Ariz., for the event. “I feel great,” said Sweren, who recently turned 86 and claims he is still “feeling agile.”

“This is a great tribute to those who served, and to their families,” explained Sweren. “I kept it all inside until about five years ago. This is wonderful.... I’m happy that my family could come here with me.”

A tail gunner on a B-26 Marauder which bore the moniker “Hitch Hiker,” Sweren was shot down over German-occupied France two days before Christmas in 1944. Several of his fellow crewmembers did not survive the crash.

Sweren was captured and spent more than two years in a German prison camp, eventually earning two purple hearts. Like so many other veterans, he returned home after the war and went to college on the new GI Bill.

“Remember you have a job to do for yourself and the people of America,” Sweren said, speaking to the young people serving in the U.S. military today. “Get the best education possible, and take advantage of all the opportunities.”

The young active duty Marine escorts had the rare opportunity to get to know the veterans and listen to their stories while at the museum.

“The experience was amazing,” said Marine Cpl. Corina Quesada, 21, of Corona, Calif., who escorted Nora Wimbish throughout the day. Ms. Wimbish was also a Marine corporal and teletype operator during World War II.

“Looking into her eyes while she shared her stories of our country’s history will be something I will never forget,” explained Quesada. “Words can not explain the experience. I am honored to have been able to escort my fellow Marine...the stories they share can relate to us today in many different ways.

“She shared with me that she likes our rank insignia the way it is now, continued Quesada. “Before we had no cross rifles in the center. She said for the most part the uniforms (service “A”) are still the same. As we were waiting to be seated outside, she said, ‘The Marine Corps hasn't changed... hurry up and wait!’ Its funny how something like that will always be remembered by a Marine. She even helps maintain our Molly Marine statue in the city.”

Quesada emphasized the significance of the World War II Museum being located in New Orleans.

“The Higgins boat was designed and built here,” explained Quesada. “These are the

boats that we transported our Marines and our weapons with.”

An actual Landing Craft, Vehicle, Personnel, or “Higgins Boat,” is on display in the main chamber of the museum, where guests can feel and examine the workhorse of the D-Day invasion.

“I feel a connection to this museum through our fellow Marines,” said Quesada. “I may have not been part of World War II, but our family was. We, as Marines today, continue to carry our legacy and values. As they (veterans) are part of history, we will also be tomorrow.”

Other ceremony attendees supported the war effort on assembly lines, such as Mary Belden, 86, who labored as a riveter in an aircraft factory in Racine, Wis., from 1942-1945 while her husband fought with the U.S. 7th Army in France and Germany.

“It (the National World War II Museum) is a marvelous place to go to,” said Belden. “It represents not only material things, but the spirit of the people who fought in the war and also those who served on the home front. It’s essential to have something like this so people can understand the kind of sacrifices made during the war.”

Belden was in attendance with her son, U.S. Navy Capt. Bill Beldon, who retired from the U.S. Navy in 1997 after a 30-year career as a pilot. Her grandson is now flying C-130 Hercules aircraft in the U.S. Air Force.

In spite of the family’s rich military history, it was the first time either Mrs. Beldon or her son had seen the museum.

“As an Iraq War veteran, I of course feel a connection to the museum,” said Staff Sgt. Michael Mingin, an active duty Marine who escorted World War II veteran Leonard Klock.

“A war is a war is a war,” stated Mingin. “It was a very humbling experience. The stories were both happy and sad. He (Klock) told me stories of what ‘liberty’ was like at the USO canteen shows. He described the ugly faces of war and the sight of seeing close friends die at the hands of the enemy.”

Klock, who served in the Marine Corps as an infantryman and parachutist from 1941-1945, saw action on Pacific islands such as Bougainville, Guadalcanal, Vella Lavella, and Iwo Jima.

“What you can get from this museum is a tactile representation of the war,” said actor Tom Hanks, who participated in the ceremony and stayed afterwards to serve food to the troops at the reception. “At the end of the day, a good museum will make you feel differently about what you’ve seen. It will hit you in purely human terms.”

Museum entry is free for all active duty service members in uniform. For more information about the museum or to schedule a guided tour for professional military education classes, visit their website at <http://www.nationalww2museum.org>.



Carl Hendricks (front, right), a U.S. Army Air Corps veteran from World War II, stands for the playing of the National Anthem with active duty Marines from Headquarters, Marine Forces Reserve at the National World War II Museum in New Orleans Nov. 6. Hendricks, 92, came to the “Big Easy” from his home in Ypsilanti, Mich., to take part in the dedication ceremony of the museum’s new wing. He served as a mechanic on B-24 bombers from 1942-1944. Marine Cpl.

David Lee (rear, right) and Lance Cpl. Edward Beatty volunteered to escort and assist the veterans throughout the day’s events.

Official USMC photo by Capt. Paul Greenberg

World War II veterans and U.S. Marines stand side-by-side during the opening ceremony for the dedication of the wing of the National World War II Museum in New Orleans Nov. 6. The original museum was completed in 2000. The new wing features the Solomon Victory Theater, the Stage Door Canteen and The American Sector Restaurant.

Official USMC photo by Capt. Paul Greenberg



Marine Cpl. David Lee escorts World War II veteran John C. Tackaberry across the street from the original National World War II Museum in New Orleans to the new wing nearby for a dedication ceremony Nov. 6. Tackaberry served with the U.S. Army’s 7th Armored Division in the European Theater of World War II. Lee, 21, is a Marine Corps data network specialist.

Official USMC photo by Capt. Paul Greenberg



Christmas

T was the month before Christmas*
When all through our land,
Not a Christian was praying
Nor taking a stand.
See the PC Police had taken away,
The reason for Christmas - no one could say.
The children were told by their schools not to sing
About Shepherds and Wise Men and Angels and things.
It might hurt people's feelings, the teachers would say
December 25th is just a 'Holiday'.
Yet the shoppers were ready with cash, checks and credit
Pushing folks down to the floor just to get it!
CDs from Madonna, an XBOX, an I-pod
Something was changing, something quite odd!
Retailers promoted Ramadan and Kwanzaa
In hopes to sell books by Franken & Fonda.
As Targets were hanging their trees upside down
At Lowe's the word Christmas - was no where to be found.
At K-Mart and Staples and Penny's and Sears
You won't hear the word Christmas; it won't touch your ears.
Inclusive, sensitive, Di-ver-si-ty
Are words that were used to intimidate me.
Now Daschle, Now Darden, Now Sharpton, Wolf Blitzen
On Boxer, on Rather, on Kerry, on Clinton!
At the top of the Senate, there arose such a clatter
To eliminate Jesus, in all public matter.
And we spoke not a word, as they took away our faith
Forbidden to speak of salvation and grace
The true Gift of Christmas was exchanged and discarded
The reason for the season, stopped before it started.
So as you celebrate 'Winter Break' under your 'Dream Tree'
Sipping your Starbucks, listen to me.
Choose your words carefully, choose what you say
*Shout MERRY CHRISTMAS,
not Happy Holiday!*
Please, all Christians join together and
wish everyone you meet during the
holidays a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christ is The Reason for the Christ-mas Season!

Submitted by one of our members

This Time of Year

There's something 'bout
This time of year
The feeling that it brings
That swells within
My beating heart
And makes me want to sing
To see within
A stranger's face
The joy brought by the season
To feel the love
From man to man
And Christmas is the reason
Be it the birth
Of Jesus Christ
Or love for fellow man
We all just show
A bit more love
Act better, if we can
We lend a hand
We give a smile
To everyone we see
We are for just
A little while
The people we should be
So I will strive
To be that man
I always thought I could
Give of myself
Open my heart
Do the things I should
I hope that these
My actions show
The goodness of my heart
God can work
His will through me
A man, but it's a start

--Stephen J. Cook



Fantasy Football

Regular Season of Fantasy Football is over, the standings are as follows:

Rank	Team	W-L-T	Owner
1.	Ping Jockeys	12-2-0	sonarmark
2.	Bombed_Squad	8-6-0	bobby knoxville
3.	Devil Docs	7-7-0	kahuna210
4.	Bat Fastards	6-8-0	indy
5.	D/C's Boneheads	5-9-0	da-chief
6.	Pardue's Pirates	4-10-0	doc_pardue

Championship: Ping Jockeys vs. Bombed_Squad.

Third Place playoff: Devil Docs vs. Bat Fastards.

Thanks to all who participated this year.

Doc_Pardue's Pages

aka:

Band-Aids for the
Corpsman/
Medics
Soul

Editor's Note:

All items on the following pages were submitted by Doc_Pardue

I am beginning to write another book and it is about women who have served during war. The women who served in Vietnam are the forgotten ones and not considered to have endured any hardships, many are closet Vets. I want their stories to be told and shared as our generation is beginning to go away. This book will be about women who served during the Revol War to the current situation in Afghan and Iraq. From Rosie the Riviter to the nurse to the air traffic controller, to the donut dollie. Each of these has certainly paid a price and paid their dues with their blood, sweat, tears, and their hearts and minds. I would also like to include something from a woman who lost a husband or parent, or a child that lost a parent.

So dear one, I need your story, your photo back then to one that is current, your writings, your reasons for becoming one, your experiences how was that time for you, how was your homecoming, your memories now of how the guys treat you, your regrets, your losses, and would you do it over again or not. What happen to you after you came back to the world. What do you want other women to know about you and your service? I know that I am asking a lot but it will be an important work, most of the proceeds will be donated to the Vietnam Womens Memorial for education. Please consider being a part of this work and please send this on to your network of women that you know have been a part of serving their country during war-time and peace. If anyone has any questions please have them contact me at kerrypardue247@yahoo.com or 480 250-6021 (cell phone). I would like to have everything in by March 1st so that I can begin to work on the material and putting it together. I have set a goal to have the book released on Veterans Day 2010.

Morning ladies

I trust that you are all well and doing okay. I am a bit under the weather but this soon shall pass. I was glad to see some of you at the Wall over Veterans Day. I have been thinking (I know that is a dangerous thing-a man who thinks)...

I am collecting items (writings, paintings, stories) and putting together a book about the women who served...I have a number of things that I have written, I know that some of you have as well. I know that you know of others who have written about their service. I have a publisher (which would be of no cost to the contributors) who is very excited about this project. You could order copies at discount and sell them when you speak. If you all decide that you want a portion of the sells to go the Vietnam Womens Memorial we can do that. The mark that women played in their service is an important aspect that has not been fully told. We are getting to the age now that we should do something to preserve that history and tell our own stories...I also see this as a way to help bring healing to some of the women who served and suffer from PTSD.

If you decide you would like to become involved I would need a photo of you while in the military and now, a bio., and copies of your work you want to have included in the book. Please also send a release giving me permission to include your work into the book so that any copy writes are honored and preserved.

Let me know if you have an interest in this project and any ideas for the content, form, title of the book, and artwork for the cover. Please feel free to pass this message on to other women that you know who have served and have written about it and have them contact me. Thanks for all that you have done and continue to do in serving others...

**Kerry Pardue
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Chandler, Arizona 85224-1807
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If I could catch a rainbow
I would do it just for you
And share with you its beauty
On the days you're feeling blue.

If I could build a mountain
You could call your very own;
A place to find serenity,
A place to be alone..

If I could take your troubles
I would toss them in the sea,
But all these things I'm finding
Are impossible for me.

I cannot build a mountain
Or catch a rainbow fair,
But let me be what I know best,
A friend who's always there.

Author Unknown

Link to page to pre-order copies of the book,
[HEART OF A MILITARY WOMAN](#),
contains two of my poems honoring women...



This is a short film that has a very special message for all...many of us have so many gifts that we don't even know that we have much less use...yet, God knows that we have them, sometimes we have to stretch ourselves beyond what we think we can endure to discover them and the belief comes and we become someone more to others as we share them...may we always be open to new discoveries...

[http://www.thedoorpost.com/hope/
TheButterflyCircus/](http://www.thedoorpost.com/hope/TheButterflyCircus/)

**OPERATION ORDER 12-06 FOR OFFICIAL
VISIT OF LIEUTENANT GENERAL CLAUS**

1. An official staff visit by Lt Gen Claus is expected at this base on 25 Dec. The following directives govern activities of all personnel during the visit:

a. Not a creature will stir without permission. This includes Officers, Warrant Officers, Staff Non-commissioned Officers, Noncommissioned Officers, and mice. Marines may obtain special stirring permits for necessary tasks through the Battalion S-1 Office (See Company Office for PAR).

b. All personnel will settle their brains for a long winter nap no later than 2200 hours, 24 Dec. Uniform for the nap will be: pajamas -- cotton, light-weight, general purpose, olive-green; and cap -- battle-dress, utilities, DCU or ACU pattern. Equipment will be drawn from supply prior to 1900 hours. While at supply, all personnel will review their personal hand receipts and sign a Cash Collection Voucher, DD Form 1131, for all missing items. Remember that this is the "season of giving."

c. Personnel will utilize standard "T'-ration sugarplums for visions to dance in their heads. Sugarplums are available in "T'-ration sundry packs and should be eaten with egg loaf, chopped ham, and spice cake to ensure maximum visions are experienced. "T'-ration sundry packs can be picked up at the Medina Dining Facility (MDFAC) from 0800-1800 24 Dec. The S-4 will coordinate the acquisition and distribution of the "T'-ration sugarplums and accompanying items.

d. Stockings -- wool, cushion sole, olive-green -- will be hung by the chimneys with care. Necessary safety precautions will be taken to avoid fires caused by carelessly hung stockings. Platoon commanders will submit stocking handling plans to the S-3T, Training Chief, prior to 0800 hours, 24 Dec. All Platoon commanders will ensure their subordinate personnel attend mandatory stocking-hanging safety classes and are briefed on the safety aspects of stocking hanging by the Safety Officer. Stocking Safety will be taught 18 Dec at 1900 in the conference room of Bldg 321. Stocking Licenses will be issued at that time. Stockings will be issued out of the pebble shack on a first come first serve basis from 1400 - 1600 on 19 December.

e. At first sound of clatter, all personnel will spring from their racks to investigate and evaluate the cause. Immediate action will be taken to tear open the shutters and throw up the window sashes. On order, Operations Plan (OPLAN) 7-01 (North Pole Contingency), para 6-8-A9(3), dated 4 Mar, this office, takes effect to facilitate shutter-tearing and sash-throwing. Platoon Commanders, Platoon Sergeants, and all Marines of the Guard will be familiar with procedures and are responsible for seeing that no shutters are torn or sashes thrown in the barracks prior to the start of official clatter.

f. Prior to 0001 hours, date of visit, all personnel possessing Standard Target Acquisition and Night Observation (STANO) equipment will be assigned "wondering eyeball" stations. The Sergeant of the Guard will ensure that these stations are adequately manned even after shutters are torn and sashes are thrown.

g. The Company Training Chief, in coordination with the U.S. Transportation Command (CinC-Trans) and Motor T, will assign one each Sleigh, Miniature, M-24A3 and eight (8) reindeer, tiny, for use by Lt Gen Claus. The assigned driver must have a current sleigh operator's license with rooftop permit and evidence of attendance at the winter driving class stamped on his Department of Navy Form 348. Driver must also be able to clearly shout "On, Dancer! On, Prancer!" etc.

2. Lt Gen Claus will initially enter Bldg 302 through the front entryway. All buildings without chimneys will requisition Chimney Simulator, M6A1, for use during the visit. Request chimney simulator on Department of Navy Form 2765-1, which will be submitted in four copies to the Company Gunnery Sergeant prior to 20 Dec. Personnel will ensure that chimneys are properly cleaned before turn-in at the conclusion of visit.

3. Personnel will be rehearsed in the shouting of "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!" or "Merry Christmas To All, and To All a Good Night!" This shout will be given upon termination of the visit. Uniformity of shouting is the responsibility of the Senior Enlisted Marine.

FOR THE COMMANDER (Signed)

Several years ago, I found a book, ***THE WAY OF THE WOLF***, by Martin Bell...in his book, he talks about the Wolf being a sign of the Holy Spirit. There is a story in this book about Christmas that is one of my favorites. I would like to share it with you for this Christmas...it is about discovery and families...Merry Christmas.

Barrington Bunny

Once upon a time in a large forest there lived a very furry bunny. He had one lop ear, a tiny black nose, and unusually shiny eyes. His name was Barrington.

Barrington was not really a very handsome bunny. He was brown and speckled and his ears didn't stand up right. But he could hop, and he was, as I have said, very furry.

In a way, winter is fun for bunnies. After all, it gives them an opportunity to hop in the snow and then turn around to see where they have hopped. So, in a way, winter was fun for Barrington.

But in another way winter made Barrington sad. For, you see, winter marked the time where all of the animal families got together in their cozy homes to celebrate Christmas. He could hop, and he was very furry. But as far as Barrington knew, he was the only bunny in the forest.

When Christmas Eve finally came, Barrington did not feel like going home all by himself. So he decided he would hop for awhile in the clearing at the center of the forest.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. Barrington made tracks in the fresh snow.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. Then he cocked his head and looked back at the wonderful designs he had made.

"Bunnies," he thought to himself, "can hop. And they are very warm, too, because of how furry they are."

(But Barrington didn't really know whether or not this was true of all bunnies, since he had never met another bunny.)

When it got too dark to see the tracks he was making, Barrington made up his mind to go home.

On his way, however, he passed a large oak tree. High in the branches there was a great deal of excited chattering going on. Barrington looked up. It was a squirrel family! What a marvelous time they seemed to be having.

"Hello, up there," called Barrington.

"Hello, down there," came the reply.

"Having a Christmas party?" asked Barrington.

"Oh, yes!" answered the squirrels. "It's Christmas Eve. Everybody is having a Christmas party!"

"May I come to your party?" said Barrington softly.

"Are you a squirrel?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A bunny."

"A bunny?"

"Yes."

"Well, how can you come to the party if you're a bunny? Bunnies can't climb trees."

"That's true," said Barrington thoughtfully. "But I can hop and I'm very furry and warm."

"We're sorry," called the squirrels. "We don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but we do know that in order to come to our house you have to be able to climb trees."

"Oh, well," said Barrington. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," chattered the squirrels.

And the unfortunate bunny hopped off toward his tiny house.

It was beginning to snow when Barrington reached the river. Near the river bank was a wonderfully constructed house of sticks and mud. Inside there was singing.

"It's the beavers," thought Barrington. "Maybe they will let me come to their party."

And so he knocked on the door.

"Who's out there?" called a voice.

"Barrington Bunny," he replied.

There was a long pause and then a shiny beaver head broke the water.

"Hello, Barrington," said the beaver.

"May I come to your Christmas party?" asked Barrington.

The beaver thought for awhile and then he said, "I suppose so. Do you know how to swim?"

"No," said Barrington, "but I can hop and I am very furry and warm."

"Sorry," said the beaver. "I don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but I do know that in order to come to our house you have to be able to swim."

"Oh, well," Barrington muttered, his eyes filling with tears. "I suppose that's true-Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," called the beaver. And he disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Even as furry as he was, Barrington was starting to get cold. And the snow was falling so hard that his tiny, bunny eyes could scarcely see what was ahead of him.

He was almost home, however, when he heard the excited squeaking of field mice beneath the ground.

"It's a party," thought Barrington. And suddenly he blurted out through his tears, "Hello, field mice. This is Barrington Bunny. May I come to your party?"

But the wind was howling so loudly and Barrington was sobbing so much that no one heard him.

And when there was no response at all, Barrington just sat down in the snow and began to cry with all his might.

"Bunnies," he thought, aren't any good to anyone. What good is it to be furry and to be able to hop if you don't have any family on Christmas Eve?"

Barrington cried and cried. When he stopped crying he began to bite on his bunny's foot, but he did not move from where he was sitting in the snow.

Suddenly, Barrington was aware he was not alone. He looked up and strained his shiny eyes to see who was there.

To his surprise he saw a great silver wolf. The wolf was large and strong and his eyes flashed fire. He was the most beautiful animal Barrington had ever seen.

For a long time the silver wolf didn't say anything at all. He just stood there and looked at Barrington with those terrible eyes.

Then slowly and deliberately the wolf spoke. "Barrington," he asked in a gentle voice, "why are you sitting in the snow?"

"Because it's Christmas Eve," said Barrington, "and I don't have any family, and bunnies aren't any good to anyone."

"Bunnies are, too, good," said the wolf. "Bunnies can hop and they are very warm."

"What good is that?" Barrington sniffed.

"It is very good indeed," the wolf went on, "because it is a gift that bunnies are given, a free gift with no strings attached. And every gift that is given to anyone is given for a reason. Someday you will see why it is good to hop and to be warm and furry."

"But it's Christmas," moaned Barrington, "and I'm all alone. I don't have any family at all."

"Of course you do," replied the great silver wolf. "All of the animals in the forest are your family."

And then the wolf disappeared. He simply wasn't there. Barrington had only blinked his eyes, and when he looked—the wolf was gone.

"All of the animals in the forest are my family," thought Barrington. "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies can hop. That's a gift." And then he said it again. "A gift. A free gift."

On in the night Barrington worked. First he found the best stick he could. (And that was difficult because of the snow.)

Then hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. To beaver's house. He left the stick just outside the door. With a note on it that read: "Here is a good stick for your house. It is a gift. A free gift. No strings attached. Signed, a member of your family."

"It is a good thing that I can hop, he thought, "because the snow is very deep."

Then Barrington dug and dug. Soon he had gathered together enough dead leaves and grass to make the squirrels' nest warmer.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop.

He laid the grass and leaves just under the large oak tree and attached this message: "A gift. A free gift. From a member of your family."

It was late when Barrington finally started home. And what made things worse was that he knew a blizzard was beginning.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop.

Soon poor Barrington was lost. The wind howled furiously, and it was very, very cold. "It certainly is cold," he said out loud. "It's a good thing I'm so furry. But if I don't find my way home pretty soon I might freeze!"

Squeak. Squeak. . . .

And then he saw it—a baby field mouse lost in the snow. And the little mouse was crying.

"Hello, little mouse," Barrington called.

"Don't cry. I'll be right there." Hippity-hop, and Barrington was beside the tiny mouse.

"I'm lost," sobbed the little fellow. "I'll never find my way home, and I know I'm going to freeze."

"You won't freeze," said Barrington. "I'm a bunny and bunnies are very furry and warm. You stay right where you are and I'll cover you up."

Barrington lay on top of the little mouse and hugged him tight. The tiny fellow felt himself surrounded by warm fur. He cried for awhile but soon, snug and warm, he fell asleep.

Barrington had only two thoughts that long, cold night. First he thought, "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies are very furry and warm."

And then, when he felt the heart of the tiny mouse beating regularly, he thought, "All the animals in the forest are my family."

Next morning, the field mice found their little boy, asleep in the snow, warm and snug beneath the furry carcass of a dead bunny.

Their relief and excitement was so great that they didn't even think to question where the bunny had come from.

And as for the beavers and the squirrels, they still wonder which member of their family left the little gift for them that Christmas Eve.

After the field mice had left, Barrington's frozen body simply lay in the snow. There was no sound except that of the howling wind. And no one anywhere in the forest noticed the great silver wolf who came to stand beside that brown, lop-eared carcass.

But the wolf did come.

And he stood there.

Without moving or saying a word.

All Christmas Day.

Until it was night.

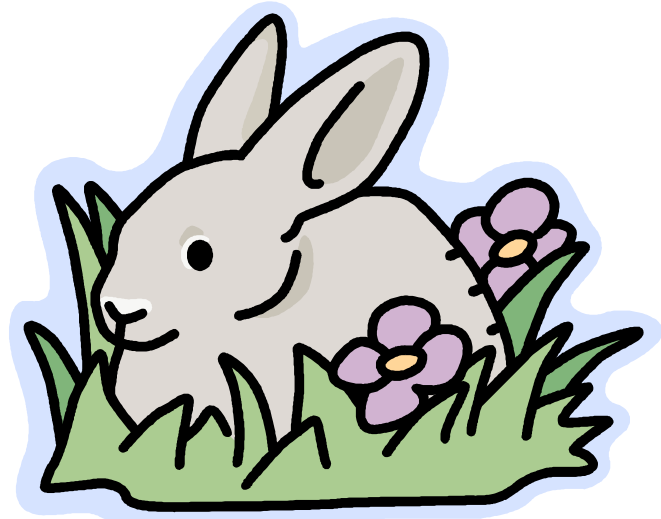
And then he disappeared into the forest.

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Friday Mornings at the Pentagon

By JOSEPH L. GALLOWAY McClatchy Newspapers

Over the last 12 months, 1,042 soldiers, Marines, sailors and Air Force personnel have given their lives in the terrible duty that is war. Thousands more have come home on stretchers, horribly wounded and facing months or years in military hospitals.

This week, I'm turning my space over to a good friend and former roommate, Army Lt. Col. Robert Bateman, who recently completed a yearlong tour of duty in Iraq and is now back at the Pentagon.

Here's Lt. Col. Bateman's account of a little-known ceremony that fills the halls of the Army corridor of the Pentagon with cheers, applause and many tears every Friday morning. It first appeared on May 17 on the Weblog of media critic and pundit Eric Alterman at the Media Matters for America Website.

"It is 110 yards from the "E" ring to the "A" ring of the Pentagon. This section of the Pentagon is newly renovated; the floors shine, the hallway is broad, and the lighting is bright. At this instant the entire length of the corridor is packed with officers, a few sergeants and some civilians, all crammed tightly three and four deep against the walls. There are thousands here. This hallway, more than any other, is the 'Army' hallway. The G3 offices line one side, G2 the other, G8 is around the corner. All Army. Moderate conversations flow in a low buzz. Friends who may not have seen each other for a few weeks, or a few years, spot each other, cross the way and renew.

Everyone shifts to ensure an open path remains down the center. The air conditioning system was not designed for this press of bodies in this area.

The temperature is rising already. Nobody cares. "10:36 hours: The clapping starts at the E-Ring. That is the outermost of the five rings of the Pentagon and it is closest to the entrance to the building. This clapping is low, sustained, hearty. It is applause with a deep emotion behind it as it moves forward in a wave down the length of the hallway.

"A steady rolling wave of sound it is, moving at the pace of the soldier in the wheelchair who marks the forward edge with his presence. He is the first. He is missing the greater part of one leg, and some of his wounds are still suppurating. By his age I expect that he is a private, or perhaps a private first class.

"Captains, majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels meet his gaze and nod as they applaud, soldier to soldier. Three years ago when I described one of these events, those lining the hallways were somewhat different. The applause a little wilder, perhaps in private guilt for not having shared in the burden ... yet.

"Now almost everyone lining the hallway is, like the man in the wheelchair, also a combat veteran. This steadies the applause, but I think deepens the sentiment. We have all been there now. The soldier's chair is pushed by, I believe, a full colonel.

"Behind him, and stretching the length from Rings E to A, come more of his peers, each private, corporal, or sergeant assisted as need be by a field grade officer.

"11:00 hours: Twenty-four minutes of steady applause. My hands hurt, and I laugh to myself at how stupid that sounds in my own head. My hands hurt. Please! Shut up and clap. For twenty-four minutes, soldier after soldier has come down this hallway - 20, 25, 30.. Fifty-three legs come with them, and perhaps only 52 hands or arms, but down this hall came 30 solid hearts. They pass down this corridor of officers and applause, and then meet for a private lunch, at which they are the guests of honor, hosted by the generals. Some are wheeled along. Some insist upon getting out of their chairs, to march as best they can with their chin held up, down this hallway, through this most unique audience. Some are catching handshakes and smiling like a politician at a Fourth of July parade. More than a couple of them seem amazed and are smiling shyly.

"There are families with them as well: the 18-year-old war-bride pushing her 19-year-old husband's wheelchair and not quite understanding why her husband is so affected by this, the boy she grew up with, now a man, who had never shed a tear is crying; the older immigrant Latino parents who have, perhaps more than their wounded mid-20s son, an appreciation for the emotion given on their son's behalf. No man in that hallway, walking or clapping, is ashamed by the silent tears on more than a few cheeks. An Airborne Ranger wipes his eyes only to better see. A couple of the officers in this crowd have themselves been a part of this parade in the past.

These are our men, broken in body they may be, but they are our brothers, and we welcome them home. This parade has gone on, every single Friday, all year long, for more than four years.



Department of Veterans Affairs will study Woman Veterans who served during the Vietnam War

Department of Veterans Affairs
Office of Public Affairs
Media Relations
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November 18, 2009

Secretary Shinseki Announces Study of Vietnam-Era Women Veterans *Comprehensive Study Will Help VA Provide High-Quality Care*

WASHINGTON -- Secretary of Veterans Affairs Eric K. Shinseki announced the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) is launching a comprehensive study of women Veterans who served in the military during the Vietnam War to explore the effects of their military service upon their mental and physical health.

"One of my top priorities is to meet the needs of women Veterans," said Secretary Shinseki. "Our Veterans have earned the very best care. VA realizes that women Veterans require specialized programs, and this study will help VA provide high-quality care for women Veterans of the Vietnam era."

The study, which begins in November and lasts more than four years, will contact approximately 10,000 women in a mailed survey, telephone interview and a review of their medical records.

As women Vietnam Veterans approach their mid-sixties, it is important to understand the impact of wartime deployment on health and mental outcomes nearly 40 years later. The study will assess the prevalence of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and other mental and physical health conditions for women Vietnam Veterans, and explore the relationship between PTSD and other conditions.

VA will study women Vietnam Veterans who may have had direct exposure to traumatic events, and for the first time, study those who served in facilities near Vietnam. These women may have had similar, but less direct exposures. Both women Veterans who receive their health care from VA and those who receive health care from other providers will be contacted to determine the prevalence of a variety of health conditions.

About 250,000 women Veterans served in the military during the Vietnam War and about 7,000 were in or near Vietnam. Those who were in Vietnam, those who served elsewhere in Southeast Asia and those who served in the United States are potential study participants.

The study represents to date the most comprehensive examination of a group of women Vietnam Veterans, and will be used to shape future research on women Veterans in future wars. Such an understanding will lay the groundwork for planning and providing appropriate services for women Veterans, as well as for the aging Veteran population today.

Women Veterans are one of the fastest growing segments of the Veteran population. There are approximately 1.8 million women Veterans among the nation's total of 23 million living Veterans. Women comprise 7.8 percent of the total Veteran population and nearly 5.5 percent of all Veterans who use VA health care services. VA estimates women Veterans will constitute 10.5 percent of the Veteran population by 2020 and 9.5 percent of all VA patients.

In recent years, VA has undertaken a number of initiatives to create or enhance services for women Veterans, including the implementation of comprehensive primary care throughout the nation, staffing every VA medical center with a women Veterans program manager, supporting a multifaceted research program on women's health, improving communication and outreach to women Veterans, and continuing the operation of organizations like the Center for Women Veterans and the Women Veterans Health Strategic Healthcare Group.

The study, to be managed by VA's Cooperative Studies Program, is projected to cost \$5.6 million.

"25 Reasons I Owe My Mother"

1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.
"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. My mother taught me RELIGION.
"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL .
"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
4. My mother taught me LOGIC.
"Because I said so, that's why."
5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.
"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.
"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."
7. My mother taught me IRONY
"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."
8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.
"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.
"Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.
"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."
11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.
"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."
12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.
"If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!"

13. My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out."

14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.

"Stop acting like your father!"

15. My mother taught me about ENVY .

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

"Just wait until we get home."

17. My mother taught me about RECEIVING .

"You are going to get it when you get home!"

18. My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.

"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to freeze that way."

19. My mother taught me ESP.

"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"

20. My mother taught me HUMOR.

"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."

21. My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT .

"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."

22. My mother taught me GENETICS.

"You're just like your father."

23. My mother taught me about my ROOTS.

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

24. My mother taught me WISDOM.

"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."

25. And my favorite: My mother taught me about JUSTICE.

"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"

Letter from Jesus about Christmas --

It has come to my attention that many of you are upset that folks are taking My name out of the season.

How I personally feel about this celebration can probably be most easily understood by those of you who have been blessed with children of your own. I don't care what you call the day. If you want to celebrate My birth, just GET ALONG AND LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Now, having said that let Me go on. If it bothers you that the town in which you live doesn't allow a scene depicting My birth, then just get rid of a couple of Santas and snowmen and put in a small Nativity scene on your own front lawn. If all My followers did that there wouldn't be any need for such a scene on the town square because there would be many of them all around town.

Stop worrying about the fact that people are calling the tree a holiday tree, instead of a Christmas tree. It was I who made all trees. You can remember Me anytime you see any tree. Decorate a grape vine if you wish: I actually spoke of that one in a teaching, explaining who I am in relation to you and what each of our tasks were. If you have forgotten that one, look up John 15: 1 - 8.

If you want to give Me a present in remembrance of My birth here is my wish list. Choose something from it:

1. Instead of writing protest letters objecting to the way My birthday is being celebrated, write letters of love and hope to soldiers away from home. They are terribly afraid and lonely this time of year. I know, they tell Me all the time.

2. Visit someone in a nursing home. You don't have to know them personally. They just need to know that someone cares about them.

3. Instead of writing the President complaining about the wording on the cards his staff sent out this year, why don't you write and tell him that you'll be praying for him and his family this year. Then follow up... It will be nice hearing from you again.

4. Instead of giving your children a lot of gifts you can't afford and they don't need, spend time with them. Tell them the story of My birth, and why I came to live with you down here. Hold them in your arms and remind them that I love them.

5. Pick someone that has hurt you in the past and forgive him or her.

6. Did you know that someone in your town will attempt to take their own life this season because they feel so alone and hopeless? Since you don't know who that person is, try giving everyone you meet a warm smile; it could make the difference.

7. Instead of nit picking about what the retailer in your town calls the holiday, be patient with the people who work there. Give them a warm smile and a kind word. Even if they aren't allowed to wish you a "Merry Christmas" that doesn't keep you from wishing them one. Then stop shopping there on Sunday. If the store didn't make so much money on that day they'd close and let their employees spend the day at home with their families.

8. If you really want to make a difference, support a missionary--especially one who takes My love and Good News to those who have never heard My name.

9. Here's a good one. There are individuals and whole families in your town who not only will have no "Christmas" tree, but neither will they have any presents to give or receive. If you don't know them, buy some food and a few gifts and give them to the Salvation Army or some other charity which believes in Me and they will make the delivery for you.

10. Finally, if you want to make a statement about your belief in and loyalty to Me, then behave like a Christian. Don't do things in secret that you wouldn't do in My presence. Let people know by your actions that you are one of mine.

Don't forget; I am God and can take care of Myself. Just love Me and do what I have told you to do. I'll take care of all the rest. Check out the list above and get to work; time is short. I'll help you, but the ball is now in your court. And do have a most blessed Christmas with all those whom you love and remember :

I LOVE YOU,
JESUS

Some sent this to me and I wanted to share it as so many of us have had a loved one suffer from this disease...and they wonder will you love me when I grow old and I don't know you anymore...

It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80s arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry.

The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I inquired as to her health.

He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease. As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late.

He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised, and asked him, 'And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?'

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, 'She doesn't know me, But I still know who she is.'

I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought,

'That is the kind of love I want in my life.'

True love is neither Physical, nor romantic.

True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.



Adopt-A-Doc

IF YOU ARE DEPLOYED OR KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS DEPLOYED

Please email me mailing addresses and a wish list that I can forward to a member who wants to send out packages.

Senders - please email me your name and mailing address

Recipients - complete mailing address (including return date) & wish lists should be emailed to me at this address - deedee@corpsman.com

Please use the subject Adopt-A-Doc and either *Sender* or *Recipient* so I know where your message belongs

Looking forward to an overflowing inbox

DeeDee

Editor Scuttlebutt



Have a web site you would like to share?
Have something/someone you are looking for?
Have a special talent you would like to tell us about?

C'mon email me - editor@corpsman.com
I can make sure it gets into the next edition of Scuttlebutt