

children. I was still in the hospital and the Air Force was about to pick me up and transfer me to the airbase. Then, I would fly out to Washington and receive a humanitarian reassignment to the base nearest my hometown.

Meanwhile, my arms ached for my children. My heart and my lap were empty filled with nothing, but pain, physical and emotional brokenness. My life was now broken twice with no one to love or to hug. I had nothing, but a cold pillow and a hospital bed. Alone, hurt, broken, hiding, and fighting back the tears of despair, I was sinking deeper into the pit of emotional darkness. This flood of darkness filled my mind, and darkness was my only true friend. I was left with many unanswered questions. I was on a treadmill of life that had no end. I could not find a way to step off and get out of all this pain. The pain inside was so tremendous that when I was little, I had to cap it off, and build a strong wall around it in order to survive. This is all I did for many years to follow. I survived. My son and I had gone to the store early that day to buy some goodies for the long journey, which was ahead. We walked hand and hand, enjoying each other's presence. We usually played ball, read books, and I would give him his bath each night. My son, my only begotten son, had fallen asleep upon my right shoulder. He thought he was asleep in the safety and the presence of his dad. His little heart had

The night of the accident, now many years ago, he laid his head down for the last time only to find death waiting for him at the