

Lilian's June Newsletter

I have made an amazing discovery.... not being able to breathe properly will do one of two things. It either sends you into euphoria or wipes your slate clean in the middle of the word or thought.

May finally arrived, we all thought this was the time for winter to finally loose it's grip, little did we know what was to come for some parts of the country was far worse than a blizzard. Floods, mudslides and tornadoes to an extent none of us had seen before.

In 2003, while on the road filming I encountered 14 tornadoes. It was enough to change my experience with storms from joy to utter terror, each time the wind blows. Besides that, all of the towns I visited that year were partially or mostly destroyed in about a week's time in May 2011. More than 500 people lost their lives and thousands are homeless and traumatized for a long time to come. Like the month before, I was under the weather and had the time to follow the news reports and form an intelligent conclusion.

On my wall hangs a big yellow envelope. It is post marked March 31, 1998. Return address reads the Oprah Winfrey Show, PO Box 909715, Chicago, Illinois 60690. It survived the earthquake, and found a permanent home on that wall, to remind me that the path we think we want to take, and the actual road we travel on, in a strange way, takes us to the same destination. My almost appearance on the Oprah Winfrey Show came at a time when people were not ready for subjects that might have been discussed. It was at a time when many talk shows were so vulnerable, formats had to be changed and disguised. I accidentally ran into Oprah's very last show. In the announcement prior to the show I heard her mate, Stedman, say it was to be a very spiritual farewell.

I was fascinated by this woman picking up and summarizing the thoughts and feelings I experienced back then in 1998.

*People do matter.

*Some get paid and others do not, either way, when called to follow a certain path we do follow.

*Everything consists of energy and we are all connected.

*When we are born we are worthy of life, the mere fact that we are here verifies that.

*She reintegrated what Universe tells us within ourselves. Just wait, listen and KNOW.

I thought she had stayed true to herself all those years and remained the person I thought she was back than.

Around Mother's Day I ran into a small problem, deciding between heart surgery and/or throat surgery, which everyone is very leery of, due to some unusual work by a prior surgeon, I just did not get enough air. It was decided the safest action at the moment would be to have me blow into a balloon to see how much air I was getting and at what time I would flat-line.

I was referred to a sleep clinic...in case I was not breathing properly while sleeping.

Before my appointment I was require to fill out the following paperwork:

Check any of the following words that apply to you:

Ugly Unassertive Inadequate Stupid
 Useless Unloved Aggressive Life is empty
 Guilty Confused Unattractive Can't do anything right
 Evil Deformed Inconsiderate Full of hate
 Naïve Repulsive In conflict Memory problems
 Cowardly Restless Unsympathetic A nobody
 Anxious Hostile Not worthwhile Morally wrong
 Bored Agitated Not intelligent Horrible thoughts
 Panicky Worthless Incompetent Full of regrets
 Lonely Depressed Not confident Misunderstood

Check any of the following words that apply to you:

Headaches Shy with People Can't get a job
 Palpitations Fainting spells Home conditions bad
 Dizziness Suicidal ideas Can't make a decision
 Nightmares Take Sedative Can't make friends
 Feel tense Overambitious Financial problems
 Depressed No appetite Inferior feelings
 Insomnia Sexual problems Concentration difficulties
 Fatigue Memory problems Don't like weekends/vacations
 Alcoholism Feel Panicky Unable to have a good time
 Take drugs Unable to relax Bowel disturbances
 Tremors Stomach trouble Take antacids regularly (Tums, Tagamet, etc)

HELLOOOOO! I have a 3.5cm tumor in my neck!!!!!!!

I stopped at the Health Food Store to buy a bottle of liquid Chlorophyll, thinking it might put a little oxygen in my blood. I asked the clerk where it was located. He followed me around and insisted I should buy several other products to help my blood, heart and lungs. I let him show off his knowledge in what ever he thought he knew and eventually FIRMLY repeated I wanted to buy Chlorophyll. When paying for it he calmly explained to me that if I was neither overweight nor smoking I would not suffer from lack of oxygen.

My granddaughter had a wisdom tooth pulled. Dentist refused to prescribe ANY pain medication to make sure she was not going to get

addicted.

I found a note on my door to remove my water-tank-planter-artwork from my yard. I was a sought after artist in years past and did not consider my art rubbish, especially in a rather run down neighborhood. I gifted the piece to a person, who owns several pieces from the 80's, he was so excited. It helped me get over the insult and anger I experienced.

May was like very little oxygen to the brain. Politics, nature...like I said: "It either sends you into euphoria or wipes your slate clean in the middle of the word or thought". Like the AT&T commercial, which aired all month. It starts out with a few pretty flowers and just keeps growing until it overruns everything and chokes the crap out of the world around it.



Love and Light
Lilian

My friend Cari Huston allowed me to share this very thought provoking Poem with you.
IT IS LONG

Memorial Day Again...But, I ask, What about Us??

The men and Brothers
puff up their chest
they pat each other on the back and
hang their heads in silence
A brotherhood gained in war
and shared each year anew
They thank each other for their Service
Identifying where they flew
They walked, they stalked, they floated or they rolled
they snuck or struck or slit the throats
blew up the air and land
they died and cried
they drink and think
and you can hear them still
My brothers who in Uniform.. came to be comrade, friend and kin
you hear them say again and yet again
remember us, remember them!
The fallen the slain, the broken and lame
we men in uniform...we played the game
Army men and Sailors, the Airmen and Marines
The brave men who were children

when first they came to slay
 freshen your minds,
 forget us not
 pity us and find compassion
 celebrate our warrior hoard
 give us hero accolade,
 provide us with due quarters
 we drink, we stink, we fight, and some still slink about at night
 we toss and scream out in our sleep
 the terrors running deep
 our families look at us and say... poor man
 oh my, what he has seen
 the enemy has done it's job
 and broken this one's rest, he stood his post
 He stood his ground
 His Brothers he stood by
 He carried home the wreckage of
 his soul and carries still
 His brothers bleeding bones
 the soldier the wounded the brave.
 Cut him slack, give him a break
 the warrior within his soul has ache
 But I ask you this kind souls...
 What about US??

You celebrate the proud young men
 many whom've grown old
 the fallen and the broken
 the twisted and the bold
 You pat their backs
 you buy them beer
 you talk to them
 and then you cheer

But, again, I ask you this, kind souls...
 What about US?

The men all decked out in the medals
 ribbons on their chests
 they know each where they got them
 they recognize the best
 They wear their hats that do declare
 their specific Veteran status
 Vietnam, or World War II,
 they wear 'em if they've got 'em
 The hats in black, blue, red and white
 to show each other where they did fight
 a badge of courage, Identify
 a bunch of brothers
 unrepentant... vanity
 They see in each other the hero's pride
 the battle scars and the conquerors might
 they jostle for the right to claim
 my gun is bigger, the better my aim
 they puff and huff
 jostle and joke
 band together to measure
 each lion's share
 each stripe or star, each dot or spot
 they cry and spy
 the risen or fallen warriors
 all the MEN who die

And I ask you this my friend???
 What about US?

The WOMEN who have served their nation
 are broken, spindled... bent
 the ones who are forgotten
 the ones you overlook

We are your daughters, your sisters
 your wives
 Your Aunties, your cousins
 and for some of you... we're your mothers.
 And yet we get no quarter
 no puffing or a ribbon
 no card to say
 good job you did
 I'm proud to know your name
 I see your faces and the places
 you've gone and come back from
 I see the years and acknowledge the tears
 when I see what it has cost you
 Memorial Day... It's only for the men
 no accolades for us
 you seem to wish we'd just disappear
 and let us see the visions
 of men and uniforms little more than boys
 marching in parade for all the world to see
 while all you women just fade away
 and let us lie in peace
 for surely all you gals
 just went and had your fun
 we called you Dike and Slut and Whore
 we let you fire a gun
 what have You to be sad about?
 you had your time out in the sun
 now please step back and let us pat
 another hero's welcome
 to the men who fought or died
 to keep our nation... welcome.
 Why are you moaning and hanging your heads?
 we are tired of your stories of
 soldiers who were cruel to you
 after all it wasn't gore-y.
 The men earned all their glory
 please just step back, fade away
 get back to work and step aside
 the men are marching through
 Memorial Day... we've jobs to do
 puff up our men who've done us proud
 would you please just go away?!
 you women cry too loud.

And again, I ask you...
 What about US?

You see the men who served our nation
 as people who rose above their station
 courageous and brave they fought and died
 a heroes welcome..... now you sigh
 Their enemies were slant eyed or round
 either way they were hunted down
 the Soviets, Germans or Gooks
 Iraqis now Afghanis too
 how brave our men in uniform are
 they keep us safe... away from harm
 The enemy was someone else
 identified by nation
 trench coated, pajama'd or furry hatted
 each identity framed and matted
 but what about US?

A hero's welcome for a Uniform
 I cannot bear to see...
 my enemy was not the same
 it lived much closer to me
 the men who beat us
 bent us
 raped us

the ones who broke our souls,
 came not afar
 not from elsewhere
 but just down left of main street
 Some of Those brothers whose back you pound
 beat us to the ground
 they tore our spirits limb from limb
 they broke the women from within
 our enemy wore uniforms
 their uniforms the same as ours
 our brothers, fathers, uncles, cousins
 all of whom you celebrate
 did purposely seek to mate us
 stating it was just our fate cuz
 we shouldn't be there anyway
 so who cared what was done to us?
 not the men who set to use us
 or the ones who stood and let them
 would you please shut up and stop your crying
 suck it up and get on with lying
 don't take it close
 don't let it affect you
 just get over it you know you liked it
 of course no means yes
 and if you scream who cares?
 not the men down the hall
 or those who gathered
 to watch their brother, brothers or others
 fold you, spindle, bend or break you

What about US???

What about the woman now,
 who cannot leave her house
 for fear of men who could be 'round
 she was a warrior once, now a mouse
 What about the one who fears
 who grasps at straws to keep from screaming
 when her baby boys now grown tall
 wrap their arms around her
 or ask a kiss of mother?
 No longer does she see her child
 but a man who could so easily beat or rape her
 her panic overrides her judgement
 as the past comes up to haunt her
 her children are affected, and now must back away
 their mother is still wounded
 no longer can she play
 she is still, again, living in the day
 when a "hero" in a uniform
 beat her with his weapon
 and other so called good men too
 stood and watched and let him
 they jostled and they elbowed
 so to improve their view
 as one of their great brethren
 split her womb in two
 some even joined in the fun
 and took their turns upon her
 and then they left her lying there
 her soldier uniform torn, worn and blooded
 a piece of just used garbage
 And yet you say
 It is again
 Memorial Day

But, I ask you... What about US?

What about the woman
 she's so much younger than I

just in her early twenties
 who cannot see past the lie
 don't worry dear you're young not old
 you've time to heal and learn
 that given enough drugs and booze
 you might un-learn
 the murder of your dreams
 The day the good old hero
 a brother in your unit
 ripped your uniform down to your knees
 and tied you up 'til helpless
 not only did he rape and beat you
 but gave you a disease
 no children will you ever bear
 your womb has been removed
 your mind once sharp... no more
 the damage did run deep
 a brilliant life cut short and changed
 because one man wanted to get off
 he took what he wanted
 and the men who he reported to
 let him walk. it was his first offense
 matters not your career is lost
 your honor and your trust
 this woman's mind no longer works
 as well as it once did
 brain damage and then HPV
 a woman's dreams torn down
 the man who was your brother
 allowed to keep his ground
 only he was transferred to a unit
 who did not know his deeds
 no jail time will he serve
 yet imprisoned in her memories
 she shall always be

Memorial Day again...
 I beg to ask you,
 What about US?

What about the women who you once claimed to love
 the ones who cry out in the night
 who cannot stand to see a fight
 who cannot go out in a crowd
 because men might be around
 the women who have learned
 that although their nation they have served
 they will be honored not one wit
 for no one cares what they just did
 The women who in youth naive,
 did choose to serve with bravery
 their nation's call they answered yes
 to travel, college and ingest
 that duty, honor, country
 was their call
 the women lined up in the hall
 and raised their hands and swore their oath
 one nation under god for all
 yet when it comes down to the wall
 their service counted not at all
 for they only provoked the men... the gall
 why dare they show their face in here?
 men ask each other o'er their beer
 we should show the bitches who's the man
 teach them who has might... and plan
 to teach those whores and sluts
 and dikes and wreckers where to stand
 behind us or down under
 on their knees or bent over

the brothers in arms will show them
 what it takes to be a hero
 what it takes to be so brave
 a pack of men who hunt together
 who may not approve, but will not save her
 for to stand up and to be counted
 would lose them face
 and have them booted
 out of the club of men
 each who count as brothers

And again I ask you...
 What about US?

What about the women
 whose heads hang deep in shame
 who see themselves as failures
 'cause they just don't recover

from the pain gained in the game
 they cannot find the hope again
 or the belief that they matter
 they cannot move past being filth
 or having been served up on a platter
 an innocent led to slaughter
 they were not ever
 nor could they ever

be prepared for where they went
 Who could have told them what would happen?
 if so foolishly, naively, they joined to serve
 Perhaps the only ones who could understand
 were the women who had already been silenced
 the ones from WWII who flew
 yet no recognition or recompense did they gain
 they taught the men to fly
 and ferried planes 'cross seas to them
 not just taught them to fly those planes
 but also how to shoot them
 they drug those targets cross the skies
 for all those rookies to aim at
 and had to dip into their purses
 to cover each others' funeral payment
 for their sacrifices, their service
 to this nation
 counted not then.

Perhaps if we had known where to find them
 they could have counseled us to refrain
 from attempting to enter this dream
 that turned quickly shameful
 twisted and dark... a night mare.

But those women were already silenced.

Time was killing them off
 Warriors. Brave. Courageous

A few Sisters we knew not existed.

They might have said do it.

It might just be worth it, but then
 again, they might have seen through it
 for most men, though time marches on,
 seem not to grow up.

They are still making war
 they still fight and die,

just back then they didn't talk so much about it.

Who knows what our sister would've said,
 we knew not where to find them then to ask

Do you remember them??

Memorial day asks again

What about the women?

What about the women,
 so hurt and so searching

seek answers from any around them
 they look for a way back
 to themselves
 from wherever they've gone
 down in emotions,
 or up in their heads
 some turned to drugs or to drink
 others have shunned that
 prefer to tough through it,
 whatever "IT" is
 PTSD, depression
 Obsessive Compulsive
 all kinds of damages done
 triggers all over
 setting them off
 swinging through and back again
 Instead of compassion
 no one seems to back them
 if we are, we might not see it
 Our vision's been colored
 by losing our belief and our faith
 in MANKind and
 all that we know
 our world's now upside to down
 inside to out
 our trust perhaps eternally broken
 and... some of us keep hoping
 we partner up or marry
 raise children
 our own offspring or anothers'
 matters not where they come from
 as much as we may try
 we aren't really all there in order to act
 like the good wife, the good mother
 just your sister or your aunt
 the past keeps coming back in
 keeping us locked half away

Please tell me
 this Memorial Day
 as you remember... What about Us?

What about the women?
 Our female warrior types?
 the Tomboys and rough-housers
 the girls
 girls we grew up with
 now women with out
 no place do they fit
 to serve their country
 how much did they pay?
 their families turn their backs to them
 tsk tsking all the way
 why can't these daughters, cousins,
 aunties, sisters, mothers
 just get on, cheer up, recover
 move on into their new life?
 the greatest honor is be somebodies wife???
 why can't they keep their tempers
 lift their heads and smile real bright
 have you been there
 when these women heard
 some someone say
 it was nothing personal
 it really hasn't mattered
 which women that were beaten,
 no matter what your name was,
 take comfort in anonymity
 you really, personally, did not matter...

boys will be boys you see
and since our heroes are all wounded
you must just cut those men some slack
for warriors must be stroked and patted.
poor woman, can't you see just how
your crying does annoy us?
why don't you please just walk away
and leave us our delusions
we wish to celebrate our heroes
and with you whining on the sidelines
its so much harder to ignore you.
So what, if you have lost your way
or you've lost the ability to earn your pay
You've lost your jobs
you've lost your wombs
your self respect... a bomb that blew
no true love do you have to hold you
for most men just seem to scold you
treat you as though you are only broken
no more than a child, a bitch, a thing, a token
no matter what you are or aren't
it truly doesn't matter
he only thinks he owns you
just do as your good men all have told you
suck it up, lay down and shut up
step aside, or push the vacuum
be a good girl and don't whimper
just get over it and for god's sake
don't lose your temper
bite your tongue and learn to smile
put on your mask and paint your face
go on with life
and put down that mace!
take good care of the men around you
especially those poor warriors too
it matters not what happened to you
who wants to hear it??
please just shut up
Walk away, get on with life
stop creating so much strife
you claim we did not write you letters
that we did not care
we care not still
you should have known
what you'd just got into
We'll keep on saying
You women should've known better
just what did you expect
you're just women,
of course you failed
when you tried
to be worthy like the men...
and now you're fried?
You're all just women
the weakest of the sexes
you did not belong there
you got your lesson
it goes to show you
if you're bothered
you didn't get it... you just aren't welcome
Discrimination, brutality and butt of jokes
crudity and cruelty surrounded you
what did you think when you did enter
to serve your country
to make life better?

and I ask you
What about us?

Memorial day... for those remembered
 I suppose you cannot just include us
 for you never did take notice
 that we honorably entered service
 with pride and naivete that youth project
 we thought to give all that we could offer
 our talent and potential, our intellect
 our pride, our joy
 we didn't know about the "good old boy"
 we didn't understand
 what it would do to be a target
 it wasn't in our plan
 we thought, in our youth
 just like the men
 we had everything to give and gain
 to earn the right of freedom
 Did you think to be Objectified
 Ostracized or bent?
 Crushed out
 snuffed out
 into a spiral sent
 a living hell no warning bell
 no notice from where it comes
 yet you're supposed to pick yourselves up
 brush it off
 move on
 but come on now sister
 stand up and fight for honor
 your brothers to defend
 hot zone cold zone cold war real war
 keep society
 free to do the things it does
 no questioning what that means
 did you really think at all
 that the freedoms were meant for thee?
 They say they could not trust you
 only men would have their back
 in the foxhole
 sea or air
 no breathing room for you to share
 when did it truly first sink in
 that they'd not be there for you
 you're just a novelty to them
 a notch upon some belts
 not counted, ranked or valued high
 an asset, did you think?
 something to be talked about
 as each they lift their drink

 So I ask you this Memorial Day...
 What about us??

What about the woman
 a nurse, her profession
 her dream, her talent
 in her delusion that youth did bring
 she entered service to help the maimed
 now she cannot sleep at night
 the horror of the unforgettable sights
 the soldier who at his demand
 his hand she held napalm still smoldered
 the meat fell off into her palm
 as she swallowed her bile
 and in his eyes did gaze
 giving him comfort while her world
 crumbled away
 She cannot undo the stench
 the sights

the gore
 the touch
 the sounds
 of boys called men
 who all around
 begged this mere woman
 to save their souls
 to help them remember
 that they have been loved
 the touch of a woman
 the gentleness held
 as they lay dying
 with her at their side
 She smiled so sweetly and to their faces
 using comforting words
 she lied
 to calm them and dress them
 her mind quietly
 firmly
 unfurling
 the woof and the web
 all coming apart
 deep down,
 within
 Again, and again
 she wrote their last letters
 and promises she'll mail them
 while she struggles to keep it together
 somewhere inside her
 she seems to remember
 that just a few days before
 these men who now need her
 that demand her as savior
 who depend upon her heart and soul
 called her a whore
 as her clothing they tore
 some threw her down
 with their cocks
 they ripped at her innards
 and laughed while they tore her apart
 now laying there bleeding, burning or dying
 expecting her pity, compassion, her deed
 reaching out to her in Their need

What about the women
 who broke down the barriers
 who opened the doors for now?
 the ones who entered
 in the beginning of timing
 to tasks before that were closed
 they truly were not free
 the pilots, mechanics
 parachutists and rangers
 crew chiefs and door gunners?
 Pioneering for those that will follow
 our victories seem hollow
 as no accolades did we earn
 we bare' kept our heads up
 as the swamp it did rise
 those brothers, those men
 came and despised
 What about Us?
 we put on our uniforms
 we fought for our honor.
 we learned to dig foxholes
 and march
 we took all the training
 along side our "brothers"
 yet still came to realize late

we were targets
 just bait
 when boys will be boys
 you find men all around
 they're tall and they're strong
 moustached and or hairless
 but cowards and bullies
 they'll take down the lesser than they
 They'll watch out for each other
 cover backs,
 cover asses , recover
 blame the women and let walk the men
 for whose fault could it be
 if you walked in where he be?
 he will take what he wants
 anyway
 his company commander
 his wing leader his buddy his brother
 will cover his back and dismiss all the charges
 if prosecution is sought for the deed
 know that only if damaged so severely that they
 will finally charge them with
 government property damage did he.
 Not rape nor assault
 not murder attempted
 only bending some government tool
 ship her off out of sight
 put her out, do not fight
 whistle blower will only get worse.
 Memorial day... hhhmmm
 they will say
 proud to have served,
 yes the men
 but
 What about US?

Privileges on post some may have earned
 shopping where our dollar will stretch
 some have fought through their doubts
 gotten help when they finally reached out
 and argued for disability pay
 but for many who cannot
 and will not come forward
 they may never be seen
 for what most may not realize
 or perhaps just don't care
 that our uniformed men
 those heroes those warriors
 those good american men
 are our greatest enemy
 the cause of our fear
 While yes
 Some have grown old
 yet the VA they do haunt.
 Some slower, some wiser and grayer
 but they still hunt in packs
 target women
 just facts
 sniggering as they swagger
 elbowing each other as though
 they have something worth prizing
 molly coddled, protected
 for it seems
 poor men must be cared for
 excuses be made.
 as the women who may brave the halls
 keep their backs to the walls
 so that no man can come up behind her
 taking stairs, not elevators

cause they can't get out
 when the men crowd the way
 some men stand and shout
 they holler quite loudly with pats on the backs
 as they shout recognition of brothers
 Kosevo, Panama
 Germany, Italy
 Vietnam and Iraq
 puff their chests and their heads
 and ignore the bare sights
 of the panic the women choke down
 so many of us cannot brave the day
 to come in for help at the VA
 those men who destroyed us
 will all have their say
 they have groups... go on forever
 yet the women ten weeks
 if you're lucky, not get cancelled
 you may get counselled one day
 hope to spill it all in just 30
 'cause you'll get not a minute more
 have the floor fall from under
 your feet as you fall,
 still no counselor will help find your wall
 you're still on your own
 even though gray you have grown
 the men still protected
 behavior glossed over
 the drunks, the depraved and the addicts
 you're still of no value
 the men who won't rape you,
 won't even protect you
 'cause Sister
 nothing has changed
 if they are not threatened
 by the perverts and prowlers
 they'll not stand between them and their prey
 suck it up, just get over it
 stop men bashing
 love yourself
 get past it
 and get on with life
 no one to relate to
 but other women who have
 at one time
 in their youth
 naively
 served.

Memorial Day...
 But, What about Us?

What about the woman
 at a pow wow one day
 something new to experience
 did go
 natives proud celebrate
 warriors parade
 a drum beat-ed dance round the grounds
 all those she was with
 got up from the bench and
 joined with their brothers in arms
 Native browns, and some whites,
 all standing tall in their height
 and she sat all alone on the bench
 her spouse finally turned back round
 and said why aren't you come down
 this dance if for you to do too
 she sat thunderstruck

and not understanding
for in all of her days
never once had a soul
spoken words just to say
You were a warrior too
I am honoring you
Thank you for all that you gave

The woman broke down
with an ache so profound
as she joined in the warriors dance
she couldn't imagine
what to do with the kindness
or accolades shown her that day
no one spoke to her personally
just one of a group
yet in sorrow she almost drowned
for a group of people
whom she had not met
had finally said
thank you
for all that you are
and for all that you did
yet
they knew not Her story
knew not of Her pain
yet saw in Her veins
the difference that had always been there
the courage and honor that drove her to serve
a light with a difference
the power of women...
feminine and fair
with a heart brave, strong and true
the strength owned by women
yet she must be told
as the posters will show
that Women are Veterans too
they don't understand
that their sacrifice
and their broken plans
earned them the right
to be honored as one of the few
for they each have learned
that the years that they served won't
mean anything to anyone anywhere
so many women have served
who will never receive
compensation or even kind words
they are all moved aside
as the men in their pride
puff their chests, lift their heads
and stride by

so I'll ask you again...
What about Us?

What about the women
whose daughters and sons and sisters and brothers
thank their fathers, brothers and husbands
they thank the men who have served
fought and died or were maimed
yet they walk past their mothers to get there
you're still living they say
no one shot you or aimed
a gun at your face or your back
suck it up, quit you're whining
drink a beer or champagne
just get up past your pain.
It's all in your head,
please don't talk, you just bore us

it's easier to deal with the men
 they wear hats and their ribbons
 join clubs and tell stories
 they compare weaponry and their aim
 while you women just whine and complain
 that they're hurt or are lame
 so they shouldn't have entered the game
 step aside I say
 it's Memorial Day
 wave a flag, pat a soldier
 have a picnic... a parade
 salute all the men
 honor their service, their pain
 come on now, move over
 it's Memorial Day.

I ask it again...
 What about Us???
 and the broken young girl inside
 someone's daughter, sister, cousin
 wife, mother or friend
 in a trembling voice
 finally
 quietly
 asks...
 but,
 what about me?

written on May 27th 2011

by

Cari Marie Huston

Senior Aviator

Chief Warrant Officer 3

United States Army

Initially Enlisted in the Women's Army Corp (WAC)

1975-1984 Active Duty

Individual Ready Reserve Roles- present time

1st Female Combat Assault Helicopter Pilot

UH-1 D & H models

173rd Combat Assault Helicopter Co., 11th Aviation Battalion, V Corp

Fliegerhorst Kaserne, West Germany

D Company, 24th Aviation Battalion, 24th Mechanized Infantry Division

Hunter Army Airfield, Savannah Georgia

UH-60A (1st Female Blackhawk pilot)

Charlie Company, Combat Assault 24th Avn. Bn.

Hunter AAF Savannah, Georgia

Disabled American Veteran - for the rest of my life

I was honored and privileged to be the first woman to pilot the Sikorsky UH-60, while still in Flight School at Ft. Rucker, Alabama in 1977.

I later became the first Female Warrant Officer, and 2nd Woman, to transition into the UH-60A, Cpt. MaryJo Carr, May She Please Rest in Peace, being the first woman as a Maintenance Officer of E Co. 24th Avn Bn., to receive the Blackhawk transition.

Proud to have supported the 1/75th Ranger Bn.

And yes, that egotistical little asshole damned near killed us that day in Dahlenega.

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