

Brother Dearest... (As in the book Mother Dearest)

You are going to have to take back all those mean and nasty things you have been saying about me for I am about to become deceased.

You say you have gotten to old to fight or run away, old age do seem to emasculate you. Her Majesty was dragging me kicking and crying to the V.A. Hospital and said that I was such a cry baby that it was hard to tell if I was really sick.

I told her that she couldn't talk to 'The Great White Hunter' that way now that we were no longer married (hell we are just acquaintance now) She allowed 'The Great White Hunter' died years ago. (now that is sad, and he didn't even leave a skeleton.)

At the V.A. Hospital the high spirited Queen Mother got more than she bargan for. Did I ever tell you I was a War Veteran...Yea it was years ago, I can't remember which War it was, or who won, but I am sure I servered with valor.

I am so greatful that our son's didn't have there life up rooted and have to put on that noble uniform like we and our fathers before us all had too.

It should be required that all High School Students, when taking history be made to visit a V.A. Hospital. For they can read all the books about all the Wars but they will find more enlightenment in just a few moments in the lobby of a V.A. Ho spital.

They have a Sign over the Hospital entrance that says:

"All visitors welcome, enter through these Doors  
and see the price that was paid for your liberty"

After you sign in you go into a large waiting room lobby, where you see all these old men setting around, some in wheel chairs, some hobbling around on walkers, some with their body parts missing.

Now all the old men I know, love to talk, but the these men with holl-owed eyes, set in total silence...All men I know will raise hell if they have to wait 10 minutes for anything...These men set for two hours without complaint.

Now I see one old man in a wheel chair talking, he is having a veyy animated and indepth conversation with a Wall, he is alarmed the Wall dosen't see that their are bandits coming a two O'clock. (What the hell ever that means)

The PA system breaks the silence in the lobby and barks "Get a Doctor and two goddamn stretchers in here now!"

The one legged man on a walker had crumbled to the floor, on see this another old man fainted.

"Down went the Drummer...A Bullet was his fate...  
Down went the Drummer...And then the Drummer's Mate."

Saint Joan jumps to her feet, I have to grab her and tell her they will take care of them. She turns bits her lip, I see tears in her eyes. You can see she is trying to come to terms with the silencant drama going on around her. You start to understand what John meant when he said there are no victors on a battlefield for no one can really survive that unspeakable horror.

Joan ask "Well where are these men's family...Where are their friends ? I tell her they have none, they are all forgotten men, for they no longer have any value...They are what the Government calls a economic nuisance.

These are the men the lyrics of Peter's new song is talking about, we just heard on the Radio on the way over here..."Don't you walk away... hey, hey, I am calling to you...Don't you walk away."

Love The Colonel

P.S. I got your Alaskan Fudge, that stuff is as good as sex, it was just like Mother used to make.