

An Afghanistan Vet

By Anna Von Reitz



Of all the horrible correspondence I get, the talks and letters from veterans and prisoners (who are often veterans) are the worst.

This week I got one from an Afghanistan veteran, 44 years old.

He was “dropped off” two hundred kilometers from a base camp and he and his buddy were left to “crawl home”.

His friend didn’t make it. He described the death and his own ruminations.

It only takes seven days for a man to die from starvation and thirst. Seven days to create and seven days to die. That is the time frame and scope of our existence — whether we realize it or not.

Within that span of days, that time allotted, we live or we die, the world is born, or it fades away. In that short span of days, Empires rise and Empires fall.

Then he scribbled his name and his rank and his serial number.

I was taken aback. It seemed like there should be something more— some further comment. So I dug back into the brown envelope this letter came in and found a note from his wife.

This soldier didn’t make it home. He died in a cave in Afghanistan. His remains and that of his buddy were found side by side. This letter wasn’t written to me. It was written to his wife, forwarded through whoever might find his remains.

I sat down in the middle of what I was doing and cried until I couldn’t cry any more, until I was wrung out and dry as his dear bones — and I thought, my God, my God— what madness is this?

That we have sent our sons and daughters to places like this, to suffer and die for no good reason, on the False Presumption that this ever had anything to do with protecting America?

May those responsible for his innocent death and the misery of his wife and children suffer the fullness of their debt and know the cause of their suffering.

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