

Confession

I'm ashamed that I may not have killed anyone in Vietnam.

I'm ashamed that I may have killed someone.

I'm proud that I was Marine.

I'm embarrassed to tell anyone that I was in the Marines.

I grew up believing in God and country.

In Vietnam I lost my belief in God and I distrust anything my country tells me.

Vietnam was the most beautiful country I ever saw: vibrant colors, skies piled with cumulus clouds, beautiful women with silk black hair.

Vietnam was an ugly, blood drenched sweating inferno where women and children were at times weapons themselves.

Vietnam made heroes out of school-boys.

Vietnam made traitors out of scared boys who hated what they were told to do but did it anyway.

I wanted my father to be proud of me for standing up and fighting for my country.

My father never asked me anything about the War when I returned.

I missed my girlfriend and married her as soon as I got home.

I divorced my wife and for years could not father our child.

- Larry Winters