

“Disillusioned”

My father, John E. Cartier, was a reservist sent over to Vietnam. He did not want to go but he was an extremely valiant man and knew he had to go when called to fight for his country. He came back to the U.S. seeing images on television of Americans spitting in soldiers' faces. He was deeply hurt by this sight. He also suffered with PTSD terribly. On family vacations, he would be driving, and he would have panic attacks any time we drove over a hill, because he didn't know what was on the other side. He had grown accustomed to hearing the bombs go off right by his barracks, and it was going to affect him throughout his life.

My father passed away in 2009. His memories of Vietnam haunted him. He saw men killed on the side of the road while he was there, and he was horrified by what he witnessed. Many Americans were not there for him, and neither were the politicians.

My father repaired jeeps and guns in the war. He came back with huge scars-not on his flesh, but to his spirit.

—*Christopher, Rockville Centre*