

“Pain”

My father was a Marine and served in Vietnam from 1968 - 1970. I was born when he was overseas. He met me for the first time when I was almost a year old. I didn't know that he served in a combat unit until I was well into my 30s and protesting against the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. My father suffered from PTSD and it had a profound impact on my childhood, though no one ever spoke about it. The war gave us generations of pain that we continue to experience to this day. After he died in 2013, I listened to recordings of taped messages he sent to my mother from the front. It was an incredible experience for me to hear him try to reassure her that he wasn't in danger, statistically. I am grateful that my father returned home from Vietnam, but he returned home an irrevocably changed man.

— *Corinne, Troy*