

## **Radney Foster**

# **"Breaking News"**

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### Breaking News

You pick him up, brush him off, wipe his tears, hug his  
cheers. Then one day, all too soon, this  
boy stands up and confidently speaks those words  
'Duty, Honor, and Country'. I wonder where  
he learned those words, a knowing parent proudly  
smiles; For now God controls his future miles.  
A boy, almost man, proudly wears his new wings as he  
flies his C130 to Afghanistan. A parent  
waves a weak-kneed good-bye too proud for words, I  
can not lie.

Minutes become hours, days become years and  
months an eternity. An occasional satellite call  
from the Middle East just to say "hello" and "I'm all  
right". These few minutes spent creates such  
a bright light.

The flicker from the computer monitor dances on the  
ceiling; oh, it must be 3 am again, what a  
feeling. Get up to check for breaking news; 2nd time  
tonight, that's not so bad. And I'll bet I'm  
not the only worried Dad.

What's this I read; a skirmish in Afghanistan? Not much  
detail; I'll have to wait. No sleep tonight -  
it would be late. A Texas based cargo plane misses the  
airdrop zone; no one knows why; no one  
blames. The pallets splash down in the river; there are  
no flames. With a heavy heart the  
commander reacts; must retrieve those pallets; we  
must all act.

I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go too. Three fine young boys,  
almost men; and one brave young girl,  
someone's daughter. These four brave heroes depart  
on their fateful mission. Rapidly swept  
downstream, too far to have known. They crossed that  
invisible line where the hostility has  
grown. Gunfire rings out; all are wounded; rescue team  
needed; Secure that area with extreme  
caution heeded; More gunfire and several combatants  
are lost; all enemy insurgents - their  
ultimate cost. The commander announces a priority  
mission; retrieve our wounded and get them

safe. Get in get out; use the quickest route.  
I'll go, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go too. Four young boys, almost  
men; prepare their C130 to fly across  
that invisible line. Loaded with nurses, medics and  
special forces too, they land on a newly  
acquired airstrip, looking everywhere for a clue.  
Load up the wounded; three young boys, almost men  
and one brave girl, someone's daughter.  
Job well done; God's speed out; come on C130 - hurry  
the pace- the pressure is on, it's a life  
saving race.  
But the master plan is sometimes mystifying; all four  
wounded heroes lose their battle for life.  
Their bodies land fine and heroes they are; But God  
takes their soles on a journey afar  
This C130 crew, now four strong men, are back in  
Bagram and in their canvas den; And on the  
phone you hear - can't tell you anything Dad - but check  
the news. We are all safe; all our crews  
But four sets of parents got that horrific news. And it  
occurred to me how much they too must  
hate that Breaking News.  
God Bless our Heroes

written by Jim Portale, Sr May 2010  
In honor of our men & women serving their country  
past, present and future

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