

DRAGON PULSE



What's your favorite part of the autumn season?



"Playing golf, I play all year round."

— Ricky Hairston
Family member



"The weather and color of the leaves."

— Ramona Tolver
Family member



"A good fall means a mild winter."

— Edward Benton
Retiree



"Cooler weather."

— Pvt. Anthony Baney
2nd Bn., 82nd CAB

Salute to Patriot Joseph Perry — a poem

by Steve Stollenwerk

Special to the Paraglide

There are no moments in life worse than when a foreign strife takes away a loved one of ours.

Remembrance must be more than flowers.

Like many young adults, Joseph Perry found deciding what life to lead scary, but the national need settled his mind.

From 9/11 he was a sure patriotic kind.

Despite skill with music and DJ work, he discovered a duty he could not shirk — to serve his country, his beloved nation.

To that end he enlisted with elation.

From San Diego, he went to Leavenworth, to get and give his training strong girth.

As a military police officer he worked... grew out of any frivolities that lurked.

To his duties he applied himself direct, so his youthful indecision could correct.

Successful, never regretting enlistment, he became a new

patriot, heaven sent.

His sacrifices, and dutiful endurance, for bravery gave more than one chance.

A Bronze Star, for saving his squad, and a Purple Heart, none thought odd.

He deserved even better, and stayed...duty being stronger than being afraid.

He felt alive, and in a worthwhile task. In the glory of which we should all bask.

Training Iraqi police officers their job, to turn them professional from the mob, gave Joseph Perry a deep satisfaction.

To history, there must be no detraction.

We grieve for his mother, brothers, all...especially because his was a mean fall.

Cowardly, afar, a sniper took his life. And to our hearts it feels like a knife. The country needs more like Joe Perry.

Such responsibility no man can carry without the sure support of us all.

Joe Perry, even in death, stands tall. We acclaim and praise his life and name, hopefully to give all such

some fame, for sacrifice and duty are priceless.

Pride in our servicemen we must confess.

For his fiancée Christina, who waited, we sorrow she should be so cruelly fated.

With his mother Kirsten, and Aunt Karin, we grieve he should suffer a foul sin.

For brothers Tyler and Devin we feel hope they will upon their hearts seal pride for what their brother became.

For his parents we have nothing more than to express what we have in store for those who strengthen our belief that from sorrow there may be no relief but within our hearts there is strength to cherish forever, time without length, those who protect and defend us abroad.

Joe was a good man and true patriot.

*Joseph W. Perry, 23
killed in action in Baghdad
Oct 2
21st Military Police
Company,
16th Military Police Brigade,
XVIII Airborne Corps*



photo illustration by Stacey Avian Robinson/Paraglide

*"The tree of Liberty is refreshed with the blood of patriots."
Thomas Jefferson (1762-1826)*

Drawing strength from all generations eases hardships

by Kamryn Jaroszewski

Fort Richardson PAO

Deployments are a drag, and I'd be hard-pressed to find someone willing to argue against that.

With that in mind, I've been building my "wish" list for my husband's trip back to Iraq.

• I hope they have a decent phone center.

• I hope his job will allow him to use the computer every two or three days.

• I hope they have Web cameras.

• I hope the shower facilities are set up near his sleeping quarters. Apparently, there's nothing worse than taking a shower and getting covered in Iraq's powder-like sand on the way back to your tent.

• I hope the food is decent for him.

• I hope the mail runs quickly.

• I hope the digital video tapes we plan on mailing back and forth don't get damaged.

And then I stopped and looked at how selfish my list is. How can I look at all the negatives of a deployment when we have computers and phone centers?

The longest Jared and I have ever gone without talking during a deployment was 10 days. Ten days.

Does anyone remember how long World War II wives went without talking to their husbands? Or how long it took to get mail to Soldiers in Vietnam?

That is, if they were lucky enough to get mail.

Military spouses didn't have high-tech opportunities until as recent as 1991.

They didn't have e-mail. Heck, even snail mail was spotty.

I've heard stories of wives getting letters in the

mail months after their husbands came home. And I find myself complaining because Jared may be sent to a place that only has a handful of computers, instead of the super-duper communications center set up at Camp Victory.

We all complain about deployments, but there are more fast food restaurants in some locations in Iraq than in rural towns across America.

Soldiers can now relax — as much as one can in a place like Iraq — in Morale, Welfare and Recreation tents. They can watch movies and waste hours of downtime on Play Stations. If crowds aren't their thing, they can catch a flick on a portable DVD player from the comfort of their own bunk.

I'm not trying to paint a rosy picture of deployment — there's nothing easy about any of it. But if you watch movies like the "Band of Brothers" series, it's clear the military has made advances in making combat tours more bearable.

At least through digital pictures and Web

cams, my husband will be able to keep up with our daughter's milestones.

Because of my cell phone, I'm not tethered to the house waiting for Jared to call.

And when I'm sad or lonely, I can call my family. I can hop in my truck, drive to a friend's house and watch a movie. I can surf the Internet.

I won't be able to get back the 12 months Jared will be away. We can never recreate the events that happened in his absence.

But I can document it and show him. I can still keep him involved so Lilah knows who her daddy is.

In the next year, I will throw pity parties from time to time. I will gorge myself on chocolate and cry in my Diet Coke. I will also remember the generations of strong military wives before me.

A few precious letters were all that linked a Soldier to his wife in 1942.

They made it through the war, and so can I.



PARAGLIDE

A CIVILIAN ENTERPRISE NEWSPAPER PRINTED EVERY THURSDAY BY FAYETTEVILLE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Commanding General.....Lt. Gen. John R. Vines
Chief, Public Affairs.....Col. Billy J. Buckner
Sergeant Major, Public Affairs.....Sgt. Maj. John E. Brenci
Deputy Public Affairs Officer.....Tom McCollum
Chief, Command Information.....Sandy Aubrey
Managing Editor.....Stephenie L. Tatum
News Editor.....Sgt. David Foley
Focus Editor.....Lucille Anne Newman
Sports Editor.....Spc. Jeremy D. Crisp

Life Editor.....Stephenie L. Tatum
Layout/DesignMichelle Butzgy
Photo Editor.....Casey Nelsen
Graphic Illustrator.....Stacey Avian Robinson
Staff Writers.....Spc. Jeremy D. Crisp
.....Spc. Matthew Clifton
Volunteers.....Bessie L. Dietrich
.....Nicole Lord

Editorial Office: Public Affairs Office, XVIII Airborne Corps and Fort Bragg, N.C. 28310-5000, Telephone (910) 396-6817 or 6991; DSN 236-6817; Fax 396-9629; E-mail Address: braggparaglide@onus.army.mil. Office located on the first floor of the XVIII Airborne Corps Headquarters Bldg. 1-1326. Subscriptions are available at (910) 323-0701. Circulation is 25,000 copies.