

Message received very late last night from far, far away...

Ms. Gibson

The boxes you emailed me about were received on Monday. The decision of which 10 to give them to was not difficult as I have several who receive no support from home whatsoever under my command.

During chow I pulled 10 aside and gave each a box explaining that they were sent from Michigan by a group called the Blue Star Mothers. I also read your email detailing Treasures for Troops and the community support behind the project.

Ms. Gibson, it's been a long time since I have seen joy on the faces of my men. Your group reached half a world away and gave that to 10 kids. Grown men couldn't speak or look at each other because I suspect they were afraid to let others see their tears because of something as simple as a box from someone they have never met from a state they have never seen.

I watched grown men inhale the scent of home from bags containing pillowcases and homemade watch caps. A roll of duct tape was used immediately to fix a tear in a tent that was letting in cold air. Comic books have been read and shared. Pockets have been filled with candy. Small angels have been attached to flack vests. And the cards and pictures have been passed around to everyone.

Please thank those who helped bring Michigan to this desolate place and please continue to pray for each of us. My job is to get this unit home in one piece. This week you reminded us that home isn't as far away as we thought.

Sincerely,
Lt. Michael