

Few people ever give a second thought to the Field Medics, the chopper pilots and crews who fly the Medical Evacuation flights or the nurses and doctors who staffed the hospitals in a combat zone. We called the Med Evac flights "Dustoff" but I have no idea where the term came from, it was just there. I have often wondered just how traumatic their experiences were. They continued day after day to do a job that most of us could not have handled, and they did it with a smile. God bless them for this work.

IN THE HANDS OF ANGELS

<p>I wonder what just happened, How'd I get here on the ground? The air is filled with dust and smoke, But I barely hear a sound. -- Shock! Reality! I've been hit! An explosion put me here! I hear the sound of rifle fire, Then someone crawls up near. -- A helmet looms with cross of red. A voice comes through the smoke. A hand with gentle firmness, Checks to see if bones are broke. -- I feel the bandage pressure, As he talks so calm and clear. He tells me that I'll be OK, But in his eye I see some fear. -- Dustoff sets down close to me, Chopper blades still turn. And as they load me into it, The pain begins to burn. -- The dustoff pilot turns around, And says, "Just hang on tight." "We'll get you to the Evac, Sarge, And out of this here fight." -- My mind is dim as we set down, On Evac's chopper pad. I try to notice everything, But the pain is getting bad. -- They put me on a stretcher, And pack me on inside.</p>	<p>They try to sound all business, But concern they cannot hide. -- I must have lost reality as, They stitched the wounds up tight. Then suddenly I awaken, With an Angel clothed in light. -- What I first thought was an angel, Was a nurse with hair of gold. Her voice was soft and caring, It didn't fit my Army mold. -- She helps me up so I can sit, And eat a little food. She talks of many different things, To improve my rotten mood. -- The next few days are awful, Everything seems wrong. I've always made my way in life, And made it with a song. -- Nurses change the sheets each day, And doctors make their rounds. But mostly it's too quiet here, I'm used to certain sounds. -- At night I dream of wife and home, Of working every day. But warrior's blood is in my veins, It's a combat soldier's way. -- The nurses are the best there are, Their hearts are filled with love.</p>	<p>Voices soft, will calm our fears, Like balm from up above. -- They know the terror in our hearts, They see it every day. What is the cost within their minds? There is no way to say. -- They help us walk and comfort us, As we begin to heal. The toll it brings within their hearts, There's no way we can feel. -- The doctor says it's time to go, Back to my unit now. It's hard to leave these Angels here, But forget? I don't know how. -- In years I'll still remember them, These Angels of the war. And every time I feel a scar, I'll thank them evermore. -- The medics on the field of war, The dustoff crews who fly, The nurses, doctors, one and all, I know they sometimes cry. -- God bless these Angels of the war, Their hearts are truly bold. From morn 'til night they care for us, Their hearts are solid gold. --</p>
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