



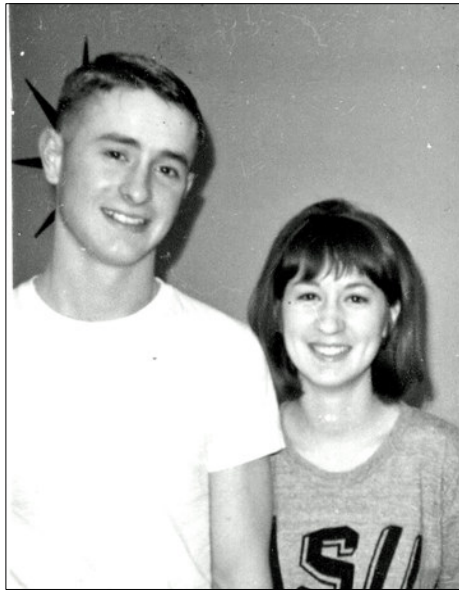
ME

TERRY ROSS



My time in Vietnam was the most surreal, mind-altering life experience of my life. I can start by saying I did not have to go into the service, I was the sole surviving son of my family, so I could not even be drafted. But because I loved my country and things were really hot and heavy in Vietnam at that time, I *thought* it was my duty to help my country. So I enlisted in the Marine Corps at age 17.

If I misspell any words or maybe not make sense sometimes, it's because I'm on a heavy dosage of Hydrocodone or Norco as it's sometimes called. I am dying as I write this of multiple myeloma, a cancer without remission and terminal. It is caused from my overexposure to Agent Orange, a defoliant used widely in the Danang area where I was stationed most of my time in Vietnam.



*Terry, age 17, with sister, Andrea Ross,
after boot camp, before Vietnam (1966)*

It was too bad they used Agent Orange because Vietnam was a very beautiful country minus the bomb craters and the barren, lifeless square miles of land with overturned French bunkers, downed fighter planes, and bombers strewn all over the place. But there were places I did find and went to as often as I could, green beautiful foliage around streams with waterfalls and very clear and clean ponds. I couldn't spend too much time at these places because if I liked them, I just might run into others that also liked them and have my little outing turn bad real fast—what a shame.

If I jump around time-wise during this little story, forgive me if my chronological order of things gets messed up, sorry. I might not have time to get it all in order.

I *have* to tell you this. One morning I was at one of my places, a dried river bed. I was up off the bed on the elevated bank on one side and heard something or somebody coming down the bed. I thought, oh shit, the V.C., and I was by myself, sitting up against the tree with my rifle by my side. I realized I hadn't heard something. I had caught a glimpse of something out of the corner of my right eye, moving to my left, down the riverbed. I saw it through foliage, then it came into view. It was a tiger.

They forgot to tell me in all my training up to that point about what to do if you come in contact with a *tiger*. They told us about elephants, water buffaloes, snakes, but no tigers. Now you have to remember I was a kid from Michigan that had never even left the state until I went to boot camp in California --M.C.R.D. San Diego. I'd never been to a zoo. The only place I saw a tiger was at the circus. We were way up in the seats, and I could hardly see them in the cage. I had no idea how large they were until that day.

As he came into view from behind the foliage, he kept coming and coming and coming. I swear he was as long as a Volkswagen, not even counting his tail. He did not walk. He strode or would stride, however you say it. He seemed to move slow, but because his strides were so long and he was so big, he covered a lot of ground as he moved. You could see his muscles in his front legs and shoulders ripple with every stride.

His head was twice as big as mine, and I have a big head. Just ask my sister. He did not make any noise as he moved down the riverbed. You'd think something that big would make some kind of noise as he strode. Nothing, absolutely nothing. No wonder they're such good hunters. He was about 15 to 20 yards down from me, and I thought if I didn't move, make any sound, I'd be OK. *Wrong!* He stopped about one-third of the way past me and *looked* right into my eyes. No looking around first, just right into my eyes. So he knew where I was, and I knew he knew where I was. He was waiting for me to move, I think.

I thought about it. But I'd have to grab my rifle, aim and try to shoot. Well ... I had a problem. I love animals. He was so beautiful, and by the time I aimed at him, he would already have been on me like white on rice. So, I didn't move except for my eyes and my sweat. It was like someone was pouring buckets of water on my head. But, he just turned his head and kept striding. About two-thirds of the way past me, he stopped again and looked back, right into my eyes again. I think he was checking to see if I had moved (which I hadn't, of course!). Then he continued out of sight. Wow!! Well, I knew sometimes I had heard hunting animals will circle back around you and come from the back to catch you by surprise.

Not Terry. I waited about three or four minutes and ran to my Jeep so fast I could have won a gold medal at the Olympics. When I got to my Jeep, I had to put the fire out on my boots from running so fast! Now that's a joke, but I swear they were smoking a little bit. Not really. My sweat would have put any fire or smoke out, but I was soaked, and that is no joke. That tiger put a permanent impression on my brain, and I'll never forget him and thank him for letting me be here on my sofa and to tell you about this magnificent animal.

Just one or two other things they forgot to tell me in all my training before I left for Vietnam. They didn't tell me there wouldn't be any streetlights or 7-Elevens on the corners or McDonald's. Now, what is up with that? Maybe they thought I wouldn't go if I knew. Oh well. That's the end of that part.



*Terry, in Bellaire, Michigan
(background - military medals)*

Friday 5:30 AM November 28, 2014

My next part is longer. I love to fly. When I was in Vietnam, I had the chance to become a door gunner in our helicopter ships that were being used at that time as transport gunships, medevac, or, unfortunately, recovery. I hated medevac because no firearms were allowed, except I would take a personal piece for just me, in case of possibly being shot down and taken prisoner. I could not let that happen. So that was the only reason I carried it just for myself. I will tell you that the V.C. loved to take airship prisoners because we always knew more intel than the run-of-the-mill ground pounder. Especially gunship crews, we knew the most, and gunships were my favorite. They were a different kind of crew.

It wasn't an order but it was a responsibility to protect the pilot, copilot, crew chief, at all costs because they knew the most. I'm sorry I forgot to tell you that the crew was made up of pilot, copilot, crew chief (who kept the ship running, and took care of the crew, physically and mentally), and two gunners. One was on each side of the ship. One was me. The crew was not always the same men, but we did all know each other, so it didn't really matter. I did know that no matter what ship I was a crew member of I would carry my personal weapon, a .45 caliber M 1911 A1 semi-automatic pistol. One round in my breast pocket for myself just in case there is no way out if we were shot down. I would *not* be taken, prisoner. *Stop.*

Saturday 4:50 AM November 29, 2014.

OK, here I am again. It's different for me when I wake up in the morning. I'm not

sure at first if I died in the night because it's so dark and quiet, But as soon as I feel pain, I know I'm still alive. Then, Iggy comes over from his bed and jumps on the sofa. And when I touch him, and my hand doesn't pass through him, I know I made it through another night.

I love the darkness. At night and when I wake up. I always wake up between four a.m. and five. I do not want to die in my sleep. I'm afraid I might not know if I'm just dreaming or if I'm dead. I've been waiting my whole life to die, and I want to be wide awake when it *happens*. I want to know what happens. I want to *experience exactly* what will take place in this happening. Remember, I've been waiting a long time for this. I've heard many stories and scientific ideas also, of course, religious teachings on this thing ... dying. I want to know for myself, *awake*, and if possible, not *medicated*.

OK, enough of that. Where was I? Let me go back and see. The meds are taking effect now, so I don't know how long I can continue. I only write in the morning when my mind is the clearest.

Oh yes, I ... excuse me, We were shot down three times during my flying career, sorry.

I had a pilot – I'm leaving out names in whatever you call this thing I'm writing: “ME”. Anyway, this First Lieutenant was my favorite pilot I loved to fly with and would request whenever I could. He drank four -- that's right *four* fifths of eighty-proof vodka a day. We had a special relationship while he was there. I would go to his tent every morning and wake him up. I think I was the only person that knew the real Lieutenant from our conversations in the morning from the time he awoke until the time the alcohol started taking effect.

He was a special man with a lot of hurting mental issues, none that would affect his performance in flying our ship. They were personal issues, no bipolar psychosis psychiatric, not afraid of ghosts (joke). We, in some ways, were alike mainly loners, especially after I made Sergeant. We had a party when I got my stripes, just me and him. I couldn't drink vodka, just beer. My body has a problem with liquor.

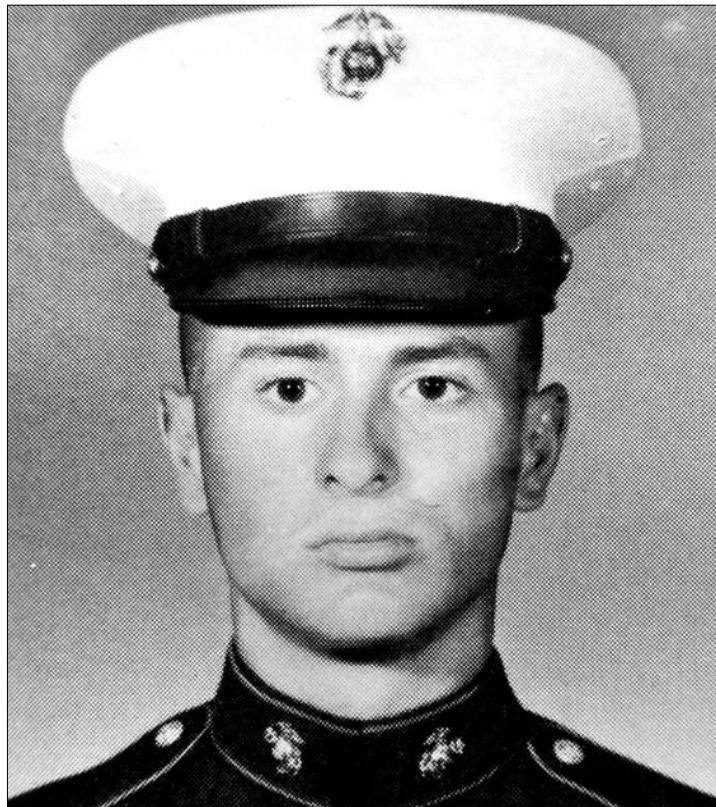
Oh, no, meds starting to take effect. Anyway, we missed the next day. Dah ...

When we flew, he would make that ship do things I had no idea it could do. Even though I knew his condition, I felt safer flying with him than any of our other pilots. Unfortunately, he was killed in one of my three downings. I was with him when he passed. I missed him a lot and still do every once in a while. No one knew he drank that much but me. You could not tell he drank that much except he'd get a little rash

on his face. He was light-complected, so it would show up a lot. He would just say it was nerves. He was a good actor—another thing we had in common.

He was very intelligent, college-schooled. He would never tell me what his major was in and or how and what his Ph.D. was for. The funny thing was I thought I knew him, but I couldn't figure out why he was so proud of his degrees and Ph.D. that he kept on the walls of his tent. He'd always tell me to sit back down when I tried to look at them and see what they were for. Why would a man with all that teaching and degrees, especially a Ph.D., end up First Lieutenant in the Marine Corp flying helicopters, one, if not the most dangerous jobs you could have or do??? When, like me, he never had to do it. Well, I never found out, never will, until I get to go also. Hopefully, I'll see him again and find out.

See why I want to be alive and awake when I die? That's all for now, maybe more later. There is still much more. Bye for now.



Next: Duane. You won't believe this one. By the way, before I go today, there was something I forgot. The last thing the Lieutenant said before he passed -- he knew he was dying -- he said, "Nice knowing you Sergeant Terry." He never called me by my first name before.

OK, hopefully 'till tomorrow, Sergeant Terry. Bye Lieutenant. Never got to tell him—Bye, Lieutenant for now.

Wow, I just got a new notebook and pens from Richie, so I switched to this book. It's a lot nicer, and so are the pens. You can erase these, so I don't have to scribble out my mistakes anymore. Richie is my brother-in-law and he has done more for me just since he's known me than any man in my life ever has. My first father, I never knew. My second one (stepfather) might as well had never been there. So, I'm super glad my only sister married him. He makes me feel really good about her because I don't have to worry about how she is, how she's being *cared* for, and I know she's happy, which I'm not sure I ever really have been except when I was Crash Ross. I was happy for about four years, and when my son was a baby, I was happy then, too.

Before I end the chapter of the Lieutenant, I have to mention a man that I've known for many years. He has been my conduit to my brain, helping me with mainly my P.T.S.D. I've been suffering this disorder from my time in Vietnam since 1974 or sooner. I can't remember exactly when. Not only that, but many other things that have bothered me since I don't know when. He has been and will be until I die, my psychologist. I will say his name in "ME." He is Dr. Mike Hayes. He has helped me with so many problems, there is no way I could ever pay him back.

Not only is he the best mental health provider I've ever had -- and I've seen so many I can't even remember -- not only that, he is the most handsome man I've ever seen. He dresses impeccably, and I've never seen him in the same shoes more than once. If I was gay, I'd ask him out in an instant. But I'm not gay, and I've seen him with some of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. So, I know he's not gay either. Thank you very much, Mike, for everything. I'll never forget you.

Even when I go to the other side. And remember if there is a way to come back for a visit, I will find it just like I already told you before. Thank you, Mike, for being part of this life for “ME” and maybe the next. Thank you.



OK, back to the Lieutenant chapter. I was the last left alive, and for the life of me, I have no idea why. So, once I realized I was really alive, I knew the V.C. would be there really soon because we had went down not far from where we were hit.

We went down pretty straight into the canopy covering the jungle. I don't remember anything until I woke up on the floor of the jungle. It took a while before I figured out if I was alive or dead. No fire, just smoke. We were upside down. So I got out of what was left of this ship, and that's when I found the Lieutenant and knew we were all that made it.

I've already covered what happened with the Lieutenant so, I got up knowing this was it. This is one of the times I knew for certain I was going to be captured. I could not let that happen. So I got out my .45 and was reaching for my single round of ammunition in my left breast pocket. Then I heard it. Those big blades beating the air coming towards me above the canopy.

The Lieutenant must have turned on the recovery beacon before we hit the canopy. Thank you, Sir! It wasn't long before I could hear them (the Jolly Green Giant), an Air Force rescue ship. He must have already been in the area to get there that fast. He was right above the hole we had made in the canopy, and it was almost instantly an MRR (medic rescue and recovery man) came down on a cable. I just stood there kind of frozen, until he was on the ground. I just stood there, unable to move. He realized I was in shock, so he unhooked and came running to me.

When he got to me, he flipped up his visor on his helmet, and it was *Duane!* I had grown up with him from first grade to fifth grade, and we were very good friends, very good. I'd spend weekends at his house.

His mom was a very nice woman and his dad was kind of quiet. He was wounded badly in the Korean War. And now that I know what it's like, had some mental issues he never told anyone about. Duane also had two sisters one older and one younger. That made it nice to stay there too. He could never stay at my house because we had eight people living in a two-bedroom house. So when we moved away the summer I was done with the fifth grade, he would come to our new house in the summers and spend a couple of weeks. We kind of lost touch after the fifth grade.

So when he flipped up his visor on his helmet, it shocked me again because I thought I was dead, and Duane was there to take me to the other side. So he slapped me in the face and said, "Let's get the f**k out of here, they're coming." That brought me back to reality, and we ran back to the cable, got hooked in, and up. Fast.

His skipper took off as soon as we cleared the canopy. So there we were, going up and forward, very fast. I really wasn't paying any attention because I was still staring at Duane. He finally said, "Yes, Terry, it's me!" And I said, "Am I dead?"

He just laughed and said, "If you were dead, it wouldn't be me that would be picking you up and taking you away!" True.

I heard small arms fire as we were leaving so, that was close. I'll never understand why I was the only one left in the crash, nor will I understand why Duane got there so fast and was able to extract me so fast. Maybe, when I get to the other side, I will. After Duane's ship got me home to my unit, I hugged Duane and told him I hoped to see him again under different circumstances. He said, "Oh yeah, you will. I know where you live." And he laughed.

I went through about two hours of debriefing, then I went to my tent and went to sleep. Wondering if I would actually wake up again. In this reality, anyways. Well, obviously, I did wake up. But I wonder still, to this day, if, in fact, it is the same reality. Especially the way, my life is right now. Until something happens like it just did.

I call my sister just about every day. Today I called, and Richie answered. thank you, Richie, for making me feel I'm in a good reality, even if it isn't the original one.



*Chief Master Sergeant Duane D.
Hackney, Pararescueman*

OK, back to Duane. A couple of weeks later he was waiting in my tent when I had come back from a job I had finished. It was great. We spent the rest of the day together, and then he had to leave. He had a Jeep there that looked new, and I made reference to the fact that they had pretty good transportation available. He just smiled and said, "Well, we try to make do." That was the second time he had visited. The first time he was only able to spend a couple of hours and then had to leave because it was a rather hot time. Not weather, but activity. And shortly after he had left the first time, I noticed a Jeep missing. That was one job I had -- actually on paper it was my main job ... being responsible for anything over five hundred dollars. All the other things I was involved in were not kept track of on my military records. They were kept there on secret or after I got my top-secret status, records that didn't appear on my regular military records.

Where they were kept, I do not know. Top secret, right? That's why I made Sergeant so fast because I had to be an E5 Sergeant to have a top-secret clearance. Nineteen years old, almost twenty was very young to be a sergeant almost unheard of. But that's what kind of police action, not "war" as it was called, it was. Different. *Very*.

Anyway, back to Duane's Jeep. When he left the second time, the last I ever saw of him, he told me it was my, or our, Jeep. He had not stolen but requisitioned it. I just laughed as did he, and he left. He had it repainted, and new numbers and Air Force logo put on it. It was well worth what he and his crew had done for me.

At the time I noticed it was gone, I simply wrote it up as being destroyed in a rocket attack. No questions, of course. Taken care of. After my top-secret clearance, I was never questioned about anything I did, said, or wrote. Or where I had, or I was, or had been. Nice huh? Well, at the time, it was.

Duane later became the most decorated man in the Vietnam War, or whatever you want to call it. He deserved it, and I was very proud of him. He later, after he got to go back to the states, was on the Ed Sullivan show. A variety show where Ed would have special people in the audience and have them stand up and be introduced. That also was special to me, and I hope everyone else. Of course, at that time, the war was not looked upon as a good thing, but I remember he stood up straight and proud, so was I.

When he and his crew rescued me from the jungle, it made the Flint Journal. The main newspaper of our area back home. My mother said she kept a copy for me. But I never saw it. I would have liked to have it to remember this unbelievable man I had the privilege to grow up with, as the closest thing to a brother I had and knew as a savior of my life. Thank you, Duane Hackney. He made a career of the Air Force and



TV host, Art Linkletter, with Chief Master Sergeant Duane D. Hackney, the most decorated enlisted man in USAF history.

died on base jogging to stay in shape. He died of a heart attack. Goodbye Duane, until I see you again on the other side. It would be really meaningful if he came to get me when I die. It would be absolutely wonderful if that would happen. That's all about Duane in "ME" and this reality. Goodbye, buddy, but I hope not for long.

OK. Now, my sister. Andrea or Angel. We are the only Ross's in our family. As we were growing up, there were so many things I could write about, but I don't think I have time or paper to write everything down as we grew up. But we remember, and that's what counts. I was always separated from the rest of the family because I was the only boy or another reason I didn't know about. It didn't make an impact on my life growing up because I just made my own reasons why. This continued all the way until I went in the Marine Corp. My stepfather, Walt, I really never knew except



(left to right) Walt Smith, Terry Ross, Eve Smith, Lorna Smith, and Andrea Ross (1957)

when it came for time to punish me for something I did to, I guess, piss somebody off. He'd always whip me with his belt until I cried. The problem was I never cried, so after a while, he would finally quit.

And that's the way it was. He'd whip until he either got tired or gave up, I don't know. I never had a relationship with him ... until I returned from Vietnam. Then he turned into Mr. Nice guy. I wasn't the same Terry that left to go into the Marine Corp. I don't think anyone expected me to come back from Vietnam, and when I did, I was scary I guess ... just by looking at someone I thought I might have a problem with.

It was called the "1000-yard stare" where you could look at someone with it, and it would seem to them you were looking right through them. It was scary, at least that's what I was told.

Of course, Walt got one right off the bat. I remember he actually turned white and left the room to the bathroom and threw up. That's all I'm going to say about Walt. Except he did take good care of my mother, and never hit her.



*Andrea Ross visiting Terry Ross in Columbus, Ohio circa 1969
(post-Vietnam)*

I was talking about Ange. We were estranged for about six years after I got out of the service, maybe more I can't remember. Then, we reconnected and became close until now and after I die. I will *never* forget when I was on my way to Florida with Terry, my son, (I'll cover Terry later). I was looking for work after the hurricane had hit southern Florida, I can't really remember the name I think it was in the early 90s.

One thing I wanted to say about the "1000-yard stare" before I continue about Ange. It really only works best on people that feel they have wronged you in the past. It's like looking through their eyes and brain and out the back of their head and continues on. Regular people just feel creepy and uneasy. Sometimes even ... I don't know, scared somehow. OK, that's enough about that, back to Ange.



Terry Ross, Andrea Ross circa 1952

It's kind of funny she has three names. Andrea, Angel, and Ange. All the same, really neat person. My sister, forever. Anyway, my son and myself were on our way to Florida, and we left Michigan with only \$91. We got to Kentucky, and the battery went out. We didn't have enough for a battery, a motel room, and food. Let alone for gas the rest of the way. I was never so scared because I had Terry with me, and I, for the first time in my life, did not know what to do. So we got a motel room, and a little food and I started making calls to borrow

some money. I made three calls and no luck, so I called Angel because the way it worked out, she was my saving Angel.

I'm sorry. I have to break in for a minute. I talked to Dr. Payne yesterday about my cancer, and he was the first doctor I've seen in the past year since I was diagnosed. He told me for the first time how I was going to die. I'm still having a hard time wrapping my mind around this. I guess I thought I would kinda die rather fast, but it's not going to be that way. I think this will be the last I write about my problem.

I'm sorry things keep coming to me while I'm writing. I've never really written anything before, and I'm trying not to sound like I'm not schooled at all except for high school and a semester and a half of college.

I've never written letters, cards, except for one time in my lovely tropical vacation in Vietnam. My mother, because I wasn't writing letters home, only saw in the Flint Journal about Danang, where I was most of the time was being rocketed, attacked, so forth, and she was not hearing from me. (By the way, I was not intending to put this in here until I told Richie, and he said I should.)

So my mother contacted the Red Cross and told them she was worried because I hadn't written and in her eyes, Danang was being destroyed. The Red Cross is a very powerful organization and got hold of my commanding officer and told him. Then I got worried he wanted to see me in his duty tent ASAP. I thought, "Oh my goodness, what did I get caught doing?" His name was "Bulldog" Keller. Oh no! He was a Lieutenant Colonel and didn't even have to carry a big stick, he was the stick.

So I went to his tent and stood in front of him and identified myself (he already knew who I was, of course). You did not look superiors in the eyes, you stared at the wall over his head, until he said, "At ease, Marine." You still didn't look in his eyes until he started to speak to you. Then, he said, "We've got a problem." I thought, "Well, here we go." He said, "Why haven't you written home since you've been here?"

I said, "Too busy, sir."

He said, "Bullshit!"

So I said, "I didn't want to, by mistake, compromise my location and put my fellow Marines in harm's way." I think I heard that in a war movie once.

Again, "Bullshit!" He said, "For the next seven days, *you will* come to my tent after hours and write home." I just stood there waiting for more, and he just said, "*Do you*

understand, Ross?"

I said, "Yes, Sir," and he just said, "Dismissed!"

So, for the next seven days, I did what he had ordered. It was kind of neat because the first couple days he said nothing. Then he started to open up a little. As time went on, I got to know him just a little. I did learn he was not a man to be messed with. After the seven days were up, he told me to write at least once a month, or he'd be seeing me again, and it wouldn't be so nice. Nice? I would not ever want to see him mad. That is for sure! Wow!

OK, back to Ange. Anyway, there Terry and I were stranded in Kentucky, and Ange sent me money! I don't remember how much, but it was enough to get a battery and enough for gas and food until we got to Florida. She saved my life and, more importantly, my son's.

Anyway, when I get back to Michigan after Florida, I moved to Bellaire, Michigan, and started talking to Ange, pretty much every day. And still do. She is holding me together in this very hard physical and mental time. I did have two stepsisters, but Lorna always had problems and I really never knew her. Shari, the youngest, I really never knew because she was so much younger than me.



Terry Ross, Andrea Ross circa 1951

They were always different because they were Smiths. Ange and I were Ross's and I feel we were always treated differently. Andrea may feel different, I really don't know

because, again, I was the only male in the family and may think differently. I've got one sister and she means more to me than I know how to express. I love you honey. Well, I have to quit now. I've been writing for five hours, my hand is cramping, and my back hurts. So, more later.

I'm sorry but everything I've written has been after my appointment with Dr. Payne one week ago, Wednesday the 17th of December. Thursday, I had a very hard time because of what Dr. Payne said. He told me how I was going to die, and it kind of pulled the rug out from under me. The handle I thought I had on the cancer thing, it was terrible and took me by surprise. He was the first doctor to tell me this, and because he is an oncologist, he must have felt he should tell me. I'm not going to say what he told me in "ME". That Thursday the day after, it hit me really hard, and I spent all day wondering just what the heck I was going to do. It was a long time ago, when I was diagnosed, I was going to die here in my apartment.

But after my appointment with Dr. Payne, it seems things may have changed. I talked to Dr. Hayes that night at 8:00 PM for about an hour, Friday morning, and Monday morning. I think I'm starting to get a grip again with this new information and feel a little better mentally.

Doctor Ochs, here in town, said he would go over the three MRI's Dr. Payne ordered, so I don't have to see Payne again.

6:00 AM December 29, 2014

I haven't written in a while because I needed a break to try to digest what Dr. Payne had told me. I talk to Mike this morning at 11:00 AM, and I'm looking forward to it, so I think I will continue after I speak with him.

3:00 PM January 7, 2015

OK, I made it to another year. I haven't written again in a while. It seems every time I think I'm getting things kind of together, something else happens. I'm not going to talk about this one, though. Angel, Richie, and Mike know about it, so I'm going to leave it at that. So to finish with Ange for me, she will be in my journals for sure, but I think I've said enough here.

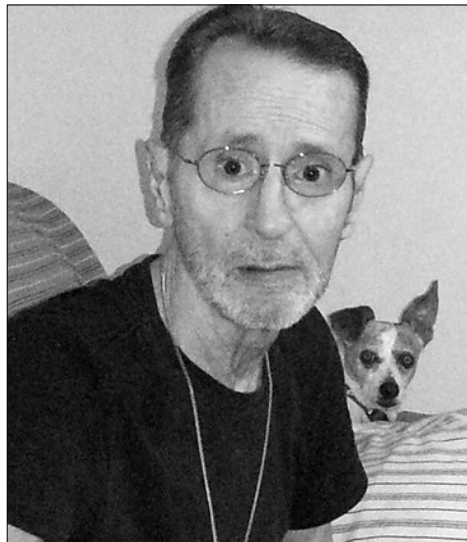
Dr. Ochs has increased my daily dose of Norco today. But that doesn't mean I have to take them all, although I probably will. They not only take some of the pain away, they do affect me mentally as well. So my spelling may be affected as well as my writing.

Let's see ... What else can I cover ... I'm not going to say anymore about my wanna-be parents because there really isn't anymore I want to say. Maybe Andrea will write something like this, I have tried to do, to express myself. So, maybe after I take the last ride, Ange may look at it and pick it up and read some or all, just to remember me by.

Ange and Dr. Hayes are the only two people to get a copy. Angel will get the original, and Mike, a copy. I hope Mike isn't disappointed because actually, I'm just another one of his people he sees and tries to help. I hope he also knows how much he's done for me all these years and how much I appreciate him being in my life until now and as long as I can hold the phone until I leave this reality and on to the next, and finally get answers to all these questions I have in my mind. And after I leave, I told Mike and my sister if there is any way to contact them somehow, I will for sure. You know I told Angel and Mike I would know when "ME" will end.

I think it's time now. I'm going to leave Terry, my son, out of "ME" and just pick him up in my journals. It's not that I don't love him, and he does mean a lot to me, but it's kind of personal to me, and I just don't want to share that part of my life in "ME."

But before I end this, I can't leave out Iggy. He's been more than just a dog to me. He's been a friend and companion to me. He never cares if I'm in a bad mood or



unhappy, he's always there for me, laying right next to me on the couch, which has kind of been my place I spend most of my time, and bed and where I will probably die if everything goes alright. Our ashes, after he goes to the Chamber of Fire after he passes, and mine, after I go to the COF, will be sent to my sister, of course, who I

feel is the other side of me, the good and kind side. She is going to keep one, or the other whoever goes first until the other is sent to her until we are there together, then put us both into the Pacific Ocean together. So now, I think it's time to end "ME" and start my journals. Thank you for listening, or reading, I guess, so until we all see each other on the other side.

The End.

I always wanted to write that, The End.

Bye,

Terry

I've changed a lot since I started this, for the good. Thanks to Dr. Hayes, Andrea, and my friend Richie. Thank you all.



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c/o richstim@gmail.com



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SGT USMC
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