The Warrior’s Guide To Insanity

According to the Walo Chronicles

Sgt. Warrior-Monk Brandi
U.S.M.C. Never Retired

And

Command Sergeant Major Russell
Medic, United States Army

Book Three


1sr Sgt. Rodriguez is a true, (blooded) Combat Warrior, and not only a Hero, but an example to all of us. Still on active duty at Camp Pendleton, California, he is assigned to The School of Infantry; training over 300 young Marines in battlefield skills and helping them with the day-to-day living in the civilian sector.

Check out the Prologue at the beginning of the book to listen to what a Combat Warrior has to say about his own personal feelings.
THE WARRIOR’S GUIDE TO INSANITY

ACCORDING TO THE WALO CHRONICLES

BOOK THREE

BY SGT. WARRIOR-MONK BRANDI
USMC NEVER RETIRED

AND

COMMAND SERGEANT MAJOR BILLIE RUSSELL
MEDIC, UNITED STATES ARMY
This book is dedicated to my fellow Warriors and those who love them.

A Life Lived By Honor, is a Life Well Lived. Live your Truth, be proud to be a Warrior, and act like it.

Know that even in the darkness, you are Never alone.

Together we Serve.

Together we shall overcome.

For Surrender is Not in our Creed.

We ARE Warriors!
Books by Sgt. Andrew Brandi

- *The Warrior’s Guide to Worlds at War: The Dragon Has Awakened* – Book Two
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In 1st Sergeant Rodriguez’s words:

From back row to front row left to right: PFC Peter Flom (with pack on and back to you) – he was one of the Platoon Radio Operators and with me when we got ambushed April 6, 2004. He lost his best friend that day and could fight like hell. Prior to this deployment, and I mean the weekend prior, I had to go pick him up from the Police in Tijuana. I don't know who is behind the clearing pit sign. Next is PFC Higinio Martinez. To his right with the strap over his helmet is PFC Christopher McCune who is currently on active duty as a Chief Scout with 1st Light Armored Reconnaissance (LAR) Battalion. I have replaced his unit on two Afghanistan tours. On each of those occasions I have patrolled out to his location just to “shoot the shit” with him real quick. Middle row left is Corporal John Embrey currently with the Border Patrol. PFC Daniel Tapia from Chicago. During that deployment he received a Navy and Marine Corps Commendation Medal with Combat Distinguished Device and Purple Heart. PFC Grimes with the SAW. Front left is Thomas Kraeszig who I saw on my last Afghan deployment. He was a Sgt. serving as a dog handler. Front right is Hays.

This photo was taken in 2004 at The Combat Outpost in Ramadi. You can see by the looks on their faces we are getting ready to step off on another big clearing operation. Everyone is kind of keeping to themselves because what the next 12-15 hours could bring is uncertain. Those operations usually brought a few engagements (cause we
were out in force), a lot of running from cover to covered positions, and a shit ton of caches and detainees. Psychological Operations (PSYOPS) would usually accompany us on these operations with a loud speaker cranking out Heavy Metal and an interpreter telling the insurgents to come out, fight, and stop being pussies.
Introduction

An historical narrative, *The Walo Chronicles* is, based on over 130 years of collective experience by two blooded Combat Warriors. The two scribes in this accounting of the struggles and successes of our Warriors, are Command Sgt. Major Billie Russell, Combat Medic, United States Army retired, and Sgt. Andrew Brandi, 0311 “Grunt”, United States Marine Corps.

Collectively they have logged in over 90 years of dealing with Combat Stress – PTSD. They have pondered the tragic impact of war, how it affects our new generation of Warriors, their influence on this nation, and how their pain may be transformed into hope for the future.

Meeting every week for nearly 7 years they have looked into their hearts and souls, into the darkness and the light to uncover the truth of who we all are – peeling back layer by layer of social and personal denial, to uncover the naked reality of what it is to be a human being.

After a tour in South Korea and four tours at Letterman Hospital, in San Francisco, during and after the Vietnam TET offensive, in 1968, CSM Russell's life changed forever. Holding dismembered soldiers in her arms as they pleaded for help, for love, for understanding, as death pulled them from their anguish, her soul was deeply wounded and her heart broken forever.

Unknown to each of them, at this exact time, Sgt. Brandi, was being baptized in the blood of battle, in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam. Russell's job as a medic was to save lives. Brandi's job as a Marine was to take life. One day many years later their paths would cross. They would join together on a mission that neither expected in their youth, a mission to help their Brother and
Sister Warriors.

With CSM Russell, being Native American, of the Lakota Sioux Tribe, the influence of the Nations was inevitable in the Walo Chronicles – Walo meaning, Warrior Love, a term she created for this new generation of Warriors, for the new era unfolding.

Come with us now, on this Journey to Becoming. Bravely step across the threshold of true understanding, and embrace the Knowing. Glimpse who we all are, and bathe in the Golden Light of Truth and Wisdom. This work is for you. It IS for ALL of us.
Prologue

1st Sergeant Damien Rodriguez
United States Marine Corps

I have been in the Marine Corps for nearly eighteen years, and all of those years have been spent in the Infantry, with exception of my three years as a Drill Instructor. I have been on 7 separate deployments, 4 of those being combat. The dates, operations, and billets I held are the following:

- 2004- Ar Ramadi, Iraq with Golf Co 2nd Bn 4th Marines, serving as a Platoon Sergeant for 3rd Platoon.
- 2010/2011- Helmand Province, Afghanistan with 3rd Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion (LAR), serving as Company First Sergeant for Company A.
- 2012- Helmand Province, Afghanistan with 3rd LAR Bn, serving as Company First Sergeant for Headquarters and Service Company (H&S).

Out of the four combat deployments, Ramadi 2004 was definitely a fuckin’ life changing experience. Prior to deploying we were training for Security and Stability Operations (SASO). We were to go over there and “win the hearts and minds.” That shit went down the shitter the first month we were in country.

Thankfully we had a great command from the top down. To this day, this was the best unit, I have ever served with. We had a great Battalion Commander, Battalion
Sergeant Major, and the best Company Commander I ever served with to this.

April 6, 2004 was the tipping point. Meaning the war was not “mission accomplished,” and SASO pretty much went out the fuckin’ porthole. How can you stabilize when the objective isn’t secured?

On this date, my platoon was ambushed by an estimated 200 insurgents, while out on patrol. Simultaneously they hit Echo Company out to our east. After that day it was kinetic just about every day for the remainder of the deployment.

The battle began at midmorning when Marine patrols fanned out across Ramadi to provide security and search for roadside bombs. Three squads from Third Platoon, Golf Company, 2nd Battalion 4th Marines set off on separate routes.

They worked their way west from a Combat Outpost to the government center, 2 miles away, where they would link-up and stand guard.

During this movement a squad was ambushed and the adjacent squads came under fire while attempting to rescue the ambushed squad. Insurgents armed with small-arms and RPGs continued to battle the Marines for nearly 2 hours before the Marines could be effectively reinforced.

It was one of the deadliest days of the war, but the Magnificent Bastards showed the insurgents that they were a far superior fighting unit. See the 2nd Bn 4th Marines History on their webpage:

www.1stmardiv.marines.mil/units/5thmarineregiment/2ndbattalion4thmarines/history

Being a Platoon Sergeant of 3rd Platoon Golf Company was definitely the highlight of my career, and has
defined who I am and what kind of Marine I am today. What I mean by that is, that there are too many leaders out there that are full of shit. They have never been in the Combat, and if they were, it was probably living it up on some big ass FOB drinking cold water and eating fucking sandwiches made by some Indian who was contracted.

They have never killed anybody (who definitely deserved it), and never saw one of their Marines get schwacked. Then they get put in charge of some Grunts and all this false leader does is revert back to his days as a Drill Instructor, cause those are the only leadership skills he has. He fucks with the Marines all day.

So what I am saying is, I departed the drill field and went straight to combat with 2/4. I was good at instilling discipline! Once April 6th happened I was changed for life. A PFC bleeds just like a Sgt. Major does! I was a better leader and always there with my Marines.

We had a great platoon with solid small unit leaders and just wanted to kill bad guys. The whole battalion did! Hell, our Battalion Sergeant Major (Sergeant Major James Booker) had the first confirmed kill in the Battalion. Taking my experiences, continuing on in the Corps, and leading my Marines without being an asshole is my sanity. I know what is important; it is killing the enemy and bringing as many Marines as you can home!
Acknowledgements

First, the Old Jar Head would like to thank Jock Embry, my “Friend”. He’s the one who not only “Did his computator Magic” creating the website (and manages it!), he also helped edit the first book, brought the second book and now the third one into print! No small task!

Jock does this work for our Troops – Active Military, Veterans and their Families, and those who support them. He’s never asked for a dime, and wouldn’t take one for all he does on a day-to-day basis. Thank you Jock! From all us Warriors.

Of course, Command Sergeant Major Billie Russell has been the vital co-author of this work, giving a depth of insight and wisdom to make it what it is. She has also supported me in the travels to Military Bases, and purchased over 900 books to give away to our Troops! She also helps support the 30 horses and cattle at our non-profit sanctuary, the Olde Windmill Farm Animal Sanctuary. Imagine, puttin’ up with a “Marine” for seven years!! Thank you CSM Russell!!

Next, I’d like to thank 1st Sergeant Damien Rodriguez, U.S.M.C., for his service (OORAH!) his photos and his input in this book. A true hero! Thank you Rod!

I’d also like to thank my fellow Jar Heads, Calvin Bockbrader, and Larry Percy for their input in the manuscript, given me shit and keepin’ me frosty. Same goes for Sgt. Tidwell and Sgt. Jason Burchard, U.S. Army (Doggies). Last but not least on the military roster is Capt. Pete Comstock, Commander of the New Mexico, Military Order of the Purple Heart. Thanks Pete for your input on the book, and for your tireless efforts in helping our Veterans!
Last but not any means least, I’d like to thank my partner, Karin Brandi. Besides the constant, difficult work with the animals, she also puts up with another Beasty – that be me. Karin has made it possible for the old Jar Head to keep his head outa you know where? Thanks Karin for helping me help our Troops!!

Alright! Enough Lolly-gaggin’ here!
Let’s get to this!!
Section One: Human is as Human does

1-1 Don’t Mess with Momma!
1-2 Closet of Bad Juju
1-3 Gotta Hole in Your Soul?
1-4 Are you Shittin’ in Your Mess Gear?
1-5 Flushin’ the Guilt
1-6 Death is Life
1-7 The Forever Toolbox

Section Summary
Mother nature gently nudges us through life or drags us kicking and screaming.

Unknown

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:
1-1 Don’t Mess with Momma!

Mama who? You ask in quivering anticipation.

How about your real Mama? You know, the one who took that superglue and stuck all them little bitty, twisted up strands of your DNA together? You can call her Mother Nature, the Feminine Creative Principle or Gaia. Don't really matter, cause whatever you call Her, this power is responsible for making us human – two eyes, a nose and balls or ovaries.

Let's not waste any time dallying around here, and get right to this sweep and destroy. Be advised you’re gonna need to stay “At the Ready!” because there's no doubt in my knarly green brain, that what you're about to read is gonna shake you out of your tree, piss you off, or have you stickin’ your head in the sand. Maybe snaggin’ a quick case of ostrich-porosis – something shrinkers call Denial.

Although this brutally honest work is focused on blooded Combat Warriors, much of its content applies to the civilian sector as well. That is, if you're human?

Let's jump right into this briefing by talkin’ about my first kill. That's because every single one of us on the battlefields of war goes through exactly the same gut wrenching, soul wounding experience. Some might say that killing human beings is the ultimate experience of power, but that adrenaline pumpin’ high comes at a price.

Unfortunately my first kills were children, and I
gunned ’em down like a scythe cutting through dried wheat. Sure, they were the evil communist enemies; sure they would have killed us if they had the chance (Why NOT?) and of course I was licensed and sanctioned by the government of the United States to give them the opportunity of dying for their cause.

Like all compassionate killers this first act of the first kill was what erupted the hole in my chest, allowing new, uncomfortable feelings and emotions to begin to fester – emptiness and stone cold numbing began to take hold.

And why?

What is it about that first dramatic killing event, that cuts right into your Soul, that haunts all of us to the end of our days? Ask any Combat Veteran and they'll vividly remember the first day they took a human life.

First and foremost on this trail of tears, we need to consider the Genetic Factor. That's right. This sequence of evolutionary order is hardwired into our genetics as a human being that, “One member of a species DOES NOT kill off other members of the same species”.

Hell, if that were the norm, there wouldn’t be any animal life on the planet! Some folks think, that the absence of human life might not be such a bad thing anyway? Guess that way of lookin’ at it, depends on how in touch you are with your own humanity?

So there you go, no matter how well you’re brainwashed in boot camp, no matter how effectively the enemy was de-humanized, when you kill another human being it goes against the Evolutionary Mandate for the Survival of the Species! No exceptions!

The twitchy idea that through operant conditioning
(brainwashing) in boot camp, you’ll be able to reduce other human beings (Enemies) to lower than whale shit is only a delusional theory. What kinda scrotum-head dreamed this shit up to begin with? Most likely someone hell bent on creating the Perfect Soldier? “Go ahead and kill ’em, they ain’t human anyway!”

Oh sure, bein’ young, dumb and full of come, I believed it; most of us do, until you pull that trigger. But something way down deep in your gut says, “You done screwed the pooch Buddy, somethin’ ain't right about this shit.”

Today, as well in my own ancient times, you keep feeding the Beast in your head with shit like, “Those gooks are animals, those Hajjis are savage and cruel to their women and children. Those maggots don't deserve to live, and so on”.

Slowly but steadily you numb off to the “Don't be killing your own species Mandate”. Slowly but steadily the hole gets bigger in your chest and you numb off to all humanity, to all life of any kind. You have no regard for plants, animals, people and most importantly, yourself. You've turned the corner and become the cold-blooded, sociopathic monster, that when viewed by others in society, makes ’em wanna shit in their skivvies.

The only exception to this numbness and distrust of all human beings is, the fellow Warrior next to you – the one you love unconditionally and would give your life for without hesitation. And as time goes on, moving through this black corridor of hate and rage, you have less and less regard for your own life. Protecting your fellow Warrior becomes your only real importance, your only purpose for survival.

The second tasty spice added to this boiling,
emotional gruel is, “What kind of upbringing did you have as a child?” You see, shrinkers and other assorted eggheads argue all the time over the Nature versus Nurture concept.

Were you born to be a Warrior, or did your mama dress your naked little ass in camos and hang an M-16 over your crib? Were your toys Whinny the Pooh like, or G.I. Joe dolls and toy guns?

Well, all that intellectual shit don't matter much when you're sleeping in the Jungles of the Nam, the Sandbox, Goat Country, or some other scenic vacation spot killin’ people and blowin’ shit up. Fact is you're there. But chances are fairly certain, that you were brought up with some kind of moral (ethical?) standards? You know, like bein’ Christian, Buddhist, Jewish, Hindu, Islam, Rev. Moon, Jim Jones? Hell something!

Some Bible toting folks claim the Ten Commandments have been twisted up over the past 2000 years. (Hello!) So when it says, “Thou shalt not kill”, what it really means is, “Thou shalt not murder”.

Somehow that makes more sense in my twitchy green brain. But like most nose-gold-miners, I grew up thinking it meant “Don't Kill” – period. So after killin’ a bunch of lower than dung-beetle-enemy, I had two things eatin’ at my gut – Big Momma, and the Beast chowin’ down.

Not that I cared much about going to hell, cause I figured as long as there were a few Marines there to drink beer with, I’d be A-OK. But to this day, it still causes me a lot of conflict and confusion over the killing I’ve done. That is, the irreversible act I committed against my own species – marginally insane human beings?

Like our Warriors now, I couldn't ever get used to thinkin’ I was protecting the kids, when the kids were tryin’ to kill me. How about winnin’ the hearts and minds of the
people we invaded, while they were tryin’ to kill us too?

This in itself caused me conflict and confusion. I mean damn! The government (O’l Uncle Sam) said it was the right thing to do. The military said it was the right thing to do. So why did I ask myself, “If it’s the right thing to do, then why the hell do I feel like it ain’t the right thing to do?” Why did I ask myself “What’s wrong with this goat rope?” Think about it.

I invaded another country, killed all the people I could, destroyed their homes and towns, then wondered why they were pissed off? No shit Sherlock! Was I brainwashed or what? Patriotic, yes, willing to die for my country, yes, but if I’m real honest with myself, none of it felt “right”. “Am I really here for freedom and democracy?” I asked. Or was I really there to make more money for the war profiteers? You decide.

Right now, this year, China Beach, which was sand dunes in 1966, looks like the Riviera, and I’m wearin’ underwear made in Vietnam. That’s right, little rice-propelled fingers are holdin’ up my nuts. Now does that make any sense what so ever? They could have had McDonald’s, fish-head-burgers without us loosing fifty thousand plus of troops! Is it anymore “right” today, than in my time?

Again, you decide.

Well anyway, at some point in my joyful tour of killing and destruction, Mother Nature was kicking my ass and I figured that God had me in His crosshairs. You know, He had missile lock on my position, with some kind of angelic-stealth-bombers (cleared hot) to vaporize my young ass with Hell-Fire lightning bolts – send me to the
land of hot beer? You know, some other kinda Hell, different from the one I was in?

Now if that wasn’t bad enough, then I had (still do) my Primal Side (Beasty) loving all the killing, the rage, the hate, guilt and loss – the intensity of war!

It wouldn’t hurt none for your green ass to understand more about your “Wonderful Savage Friend”. So check it out in the second book, *The Warrior’s Guide to Worlds at War*, Section 1, My Friend the Beast.

For now, let's just say at that time my Beast, lovingly called Oso (Bear in the Spanish lingo) was buffed up, pumped up and let out of its cage on the battlefield. Like all of us Warriors, I got hooked on the adrenaline, the power, control and the rush of killing human beings.

You beginnin’ to see how this wonderful, time-honored tradition works?

On the battlefield, the genetic conflict and moral conflict fades away after a time, as you fully become the killing machine you were trained to be. That is to say, the haunting, gut-twisting conflicts fade away into numbness.

It's only in the downtime between missions, the downtime of garrison duty and eventually when you get airdropped into civilian life, that Mother Nature and Moral/Ethical Conflicts surface once again.

It might be worth noting here that your primal side, your Beast, knows NO limit to savage brutality. It never tires of rage, hate, prejudice, or its lust for blood. It only wants you to kill more, to mutilate more – to make others suffer more. And guess who suffers right along with ’em? That be you.

When the Beast is in control as on the battlefield, it blocks out all emotions of kindness and love. This is the darkness within us, and cannot exist in that Light of Love.
And yet each of us must embrace this darkness to find our own light within once again. No small task. Only the true Spiritual Warrior dares to tread this path, to re-enter the world of the living.

So then my friends, do you see where I'm going with this?

My first years returning from war, were exactly the same as what our Troops are experiencing now. I was feeling the haunting guilt of going against Mother Nature, the moral conflict of my Christian upbringing, and the guilt over loving the kill despite both.

At some point, I don't know when, I looked at myself as a stone cold, killing monster. All trust of anyone but my fellow Warriors became the standard. And as my self-esteem plummeted, I was lost in the painful darkness of the Shadow World. There was at that time, no beacon of hope, no rest from the agony, and like so many of our Warriors today, I felt completely alone.

At no time, did I ever suspect that the conflicts raging inside of me, would have bled over into the next 45 years of my life. Little did I know, that love as I knew it, would never be a part of my life again.

For many years my only friends would be my new friend OSO, the Angel of Death (Miriam) and the phantoms that haunted my every waking hour and every sleepless night.

Great place to be ain't it?

I ask myself, “What value, what justification can possibly equal the sacrifices of our Troops in war?” and
“How can one, two, or five deployments for any reason justify a lifetime of anguish?” In pondering this, I find no resolution.

Now let's look at the consequences of these silent wounds – the wounds of the Soul – wounds that our courageous men and women Warriors now bear. What I am about to say is both painful and difficult for an old Warrior to admit, yet it must be said for you, my young Brothers and Sisters, to consider its truth.

At 18 years old I was transformed on the battlefield into another person, a person I didn't know, and yet a person I would have to understand, if I were ever to survive life.

In his works, Joseph Campbell listed five kinds of love. Like it or not, Love is critical in the physical, emotional (mental) and spiritual balance in all human beings. It's what makes us whole, complete and allows us sound judgment. When one of these three aspects is disturbed or out of balance, it throws the others out of balance as well, and we suffer.

As defined by the Greeks and beautifully explained by Campbell, there is fraternal love, romantic love, maternal love, love of God, and love of nature – plants, animals and the earth itself. (These are listed in no order of priority or importance.)

After experiencing war, the only one of these I could truly feel, was fraternal love – the unconditional love, to-die-for of my fellow Warriors. All else had little or no meaning. People were “flesh on sticks”, children were not to be trusted, and animals were an annoyance.

The solitude and beauty of nature still held a strange allurement, if people weren’t present. So like many of my fellow Warriors I sought the solitude of the forest in an
attempt to soothe my soul. Unfortunately, the Phantoms tagged along.

After 45 years, I regret to say, that I still I cannot fully love anyone with two legs, except for my fellow Warriors, and then, mostly those who’ve been baptized in the blood of battle. I still feel little or nothing for children and most human beings. At least for me, trust must be earned. Relationships are time tested and evaluated – for the qualities that I hold as a standard in order to extend trust.

And why?

It’s not that I lack the capacity to love, it is that because of war and the horrors I experienced, I choose not to love. This is because, the pain and high risk of loss that’s connected to loving, are simply too great. Clear as mud?

Here's another way of saying it: “The pain you feel is directly proportional to your capacity to love”. That is to say, the more you are attached to a person or animal, allowing yourself a complete commitment, the more painful it is when you lose that person. For some, it can be very dangerous, a very high risk to love at all.

I’m not sure anyone truly understands the impact of war on those who fight it. All I do know is, that when my Brothers died in my arms, something deep inside of me died along with them. But hell, I guess three outa five kinds of love ain’t too bad for a part time sociopath? Sure glad Uncle Sam was right? No shit, I’m just happier than a new-born cockroach, that I got to make a whole lot of money for a bunch of soft-bodied-puss-nuts, ridin’ around in private jets and such.

Well anyway, we'll talk more about love and relationships a bit later on, but for now it's important to set
the framework of these three major aspects making it so difficult for the reintegration of our Troops. There are actually more than nine other topics to consider of major impact on our Warriors and Families. Don’t you sweat it, cause we’ll get through all of ’em.

Perhaps by exploring these issues without reservation, or a scale of political correctness in mind, you’ll understand more fully, just what it is that's now causing one Warrior suicide per hour – with the rate accelerating.

Understanding their pain, is to understand their intent. Think about it.

To briefly summarize what we’ve been jacking our jaws about, let's take a 17-year-old male as an example. He joins the military, is conditioned to kill human beings, superbly weaponized, and goes to war.

Like a piece of raw metal he was melted down and reshaped into the ultimate weapon. He was sanctioned by our government to carry out his orders, his mission objectives – to kill the enemy without mercy. He did so with great effectiveness, and was cast out of society because of it – the “Welcome Mat” got pulled in the house!

Yet in becoming a weapon, he also became a sociopathic killing monster, defying the Genetic Mandate, and his own moral upbringing. His savage primal-side was fully matured, incited into rage then, let out of its cage on the battlefield.

This once gentle young man grew to love killing, to love the adrenaline-high of battle, to trust only his fellow Warriors, and no one else. He has been transformed into another human being, similar only in form to the ones who loved him. He is now a completely different, savage person beneath the skin.
Ultimately he returns to what he used to call home, but finds that everything is different now – all the things he held sacred, the things he fought to defend are gone. He is now left the hollow skeleton of what he once was.

Lost and alone, he spirals into despair – grief, guilt, and has no idea how to cope with his pain. He searches for meaning, for Honor, for the friendship he was willing to die for on the battlefield. Yet he finds no Honor, no true friendship in civilian life, and in his mind he loses all hope to live.

He thinks he stands alone in the darkness, until one day he looks around to find that his fellow Warriors stand beside him. Without hesitation, they come to his side, to guide him into his new Becoming, to lead him into his new future.

They themselves have walked his path, and with clear-sighted wisdom, will now guide him to safety. These Old Warriors, having passed through their own agony will leave no one behind.

Together young and old, now walk as one “People”, set apart from all others by what they’ve shared on the battlefields of war. My Friends, my fellow Warriors, there IS Hope in the Horror. There IS Light in the Darkness.

**You are the Light and Hope in the future of this Nation!**

In closing this briefing, you might ask yourself: “isn't genetics, moral conflict, and the primal-beast unleashed, enough to damage any living Soul, to change anyone forever?”

The answer to that is YES, you are correct. So wait till you see what else our now weaponized young Warriors are
facing. This is only the beginning of this briefing, there’s a lot more down the trail. Stand by – we’re entering a “Free Fire Zone”!

Grab your web gear! Secure that body armor!

Lock and Load!

We're heading deep into enemy territory on this next topic!

Now.– Let's move out!
Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seared with scars.

Khalil Gibran

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:
1-2 Closet of Bad Juju

“Happy Anniversary Honey!” With a mind like a steel sieve, you remembered only because you penned it on your arm with a Marks-a-Lot, and left notes everywhere you could.

Just back from Afghanistan and five years as a husband, you’ve learned through trial and error (mostly error) the days you don't forget are your wife's birthday, Mother's Day and the day you took your vows.

Ah! What a day, standing face-to-face in that magical moment when time stopped – for that moment? Looking into the eyes, into the soul of someone you love in that beautiful marriage ceremony, is something you’ll never forget.

It just so happens that on that exact day, three years back, you lost your closest friends in a small town in the Kandahar region of Afghanistan. Each year since then, the haunting memories return. Now however, a good day is mixed in with a bad one, and you can’t understand how to separate the two.

With every ounce of military discipline you control the rage, the loss, the guilt, and pretend to enjoy this “special” time with your wife and daughter Mindy – so young, so beautiful and innocent. You pray she will never know who and what you are, see the monster you’ve become.
So what's goin' on here? Can you ever be free from the torment?

**YES,** you can with a lot of hard work. I'll explain.

War anniversaries like all bad memories, are stored in the same part of your brain. They joyfully go to the primitive area called the Lizard Brain. It's called that because this is the “Primal” portion, that was developed first in our evolution toward the semi-conscious, stupidity of every adult human being.

As I've mentioned in Book Two, this lower portion of the brain looks like a shriveled up scrotum with old Chester hanging down. And this is the scenic vacation spot of your Beastie friend, who delights in all the lower-function emotions – hate, rage, guilt, loss, depression, etc.

So when you get triggered by a smell, a sound, the hot summer breeze, or whatever – you immediately fire that portion of your brain. Ya might wanna look at it this way.

Let's suppose you walk into a dark, smelly closet, holding an unpleasant box of bad-memory-dog-shit. It's **ONE** memory, but as soon as you step into the darkness and switch on the light, all the other boxes of dog shit come into view.

“Oh boy!” Does your Beastie love that smorgasbord of tasty, **stinging** treats! Now your Furry Friend can take **one** bad memory and dump the rest of ’em right in your brimming-over backpack. So one bad memory triggers all the other bad memories in your brain. That's cause they're all connected. The bundles are sorta like flashing lights at a four-way intersection, leading to different streets.

Guess what happens next? **Yep!** You “**Hit the Wall!”** And just what causes this Spaz-attack? Real simple. It’s
sorta like lookin’ at a real full glass of beer. One more drop, and the nectar flows over-the-top, and you end up lickin’ the table – much to the dismay of on-lookers.

Your brain is like the glass. It can only hold so much gut-wrenching crap, and then it spills out on the floor. Usually with you actin’ like a dumb ass and folks pointin’ fingers yellin’, “Look at the wack-job! Call Animal Control! Call 911!!”

So let’s take a look at what goin’ on in your overflowing brain housing group.

You don't have to be a land-of-fruits-and-nuts Californicator to know what a fishnet looks like – Right? So just imagine all the memory cells in your brain lookin’ like a big, smelly fishnet.

Now hold the net in your gnarly hand and look at it. Each single-strand of nylon ends in a knot. And each knot connects to another strand. In the egghead science community, (if I got this right?) these knots are called synaptic bundles. So the whole damn net is one single piece.

As hard as it is for this old Jar Head to get this, all these strands and knots hook together for miles in our thick skulls. May not be quite so far for Marines and Rangers, cause we don't have what the needle-geeks call convolutions (wrinkles). Our twisted green brains are slick as cue balls?

Guess it really don't matter much, if your brain is wrinkled or smooth as a baby's bottom, there's still no shortage of storage space in your closet of Bad Juju.

“OK! OK! Enough with the fishnet and dog shit!” You say in aromatic frustration. “So how do I get out of the smelly fishnet?”

Real simple, but real hard. And sorry ’bout that shit
(pun?) cause you ain’t getting’ out of the fish net. “You Is the fishnet!”

Be at ease my twitchy fellow Warriors, cause all this scientific geek-speak ain’t as complicated as it sounds. Pencil-neck-white-coat shrinkers call what I'm about to explain as “remapping your brain”. This ain’t an easy mission objective. Been there, done that, still am. And although you never get out of the net, you can sure as hell clean it up a bit.

It painfully works like this. You must go back THROUGH the bad experiences to a time of joyful remembrance. What I mean is, you gotta fix bayonets and move out under fire – hookin’ and jabbin’ till you get a memory you treasure – a joyful memory.

You and the friends you lost had some real good times together in war. I'll give you an example of what I mean. This is sure to convince noncombat folks that the old Jar Head is truly a demented, part-time sociopath. (And proud of it?)

For years after returning from the bloodbath in Vietnam, all I could think about was how my beloved friends had died. There just didn't seem to be any way to calm these intense flashbacks. The more I fought it with alcohol, the worse it got. Eventually, suicide seemed the only way to end the pain.

I might add here that suicide isn't selfish. Many times a Warrior believes that he or she is a threat to society. Besides wanting to end the horrific pain, many now feel as I once did, that it would make society a safer and better place, if they weren't around.

Back in ancient times (the 60s) no one told me about remapping. Hell, I was too busy dodgin’ Hippies armed with bags of dog shit. For some strange reason, don't know
why, I began to think of the great times I had in battle. The times I spent with Brothers, that I would lay down my life for.

Come to think about it, maybe it was wantin’ to flush the toilet of humanity on those septic-suckin’ tree-huggers that inspired me? Guess I shoulda thanked em?

Anyway, I remembered laughing in the firefights, burning down villages with my Bro's, watching people burn alive in napalm while callin’ them “crispy critters” and so on. Some of the times we shared were bend-over-gut-wrenching laughter! These were all the good times shared with the true friends I loved more than life itself. Fact is (to me at the time) my life wasn’t worth a baker’s dozen of fresh rabbit turds. The only love I felt was for my fellow Warriors, cause I sure as hell didn’t love myself.

Slowly but surely, after a time, my brain began to remember mostly these great, joyful times with my Bros. And slowly but surely the moment they were killed moved further and further to the outward perimeter of the fishnet.

You’re never gonna get rid of the bad memories, cause your brain never forgets. However, the more you practice remapping your fishnet, the stronger the good memories become. Eventually it's like running a grader over a bumpy road. You smooth it out, and travelin’ over the same trail becomes easier. You also begin to shift your focus to Greater Value – the things of real importance.

Here’s something else to think about. You Honor your fallen brethren, by doing something in your life that makes their death meaningful. None of them would want you to live an agonizing, painful life. They’d want you to live by the Code of Honor, to help others, and to make something of yourself.

Each time I do something that I believe to be of value
for others, I say “This is for you Bro!”, often calling out their names. It’s like Ol’ Gandhi said, “The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others”. It only takes a bit of hard work and sacrifice. Just what you’re used to as a Warrior!

How long will this fish-net-remapping take?

Took me about a year, but for non-Marines and Rangers most likely not so long. The trick is don't quit, ever. You gotta practice like bein a good sniper or brain surgeon. You know, lots of rounds and lots of slicin’-n-dicin’.

One of the problems that shook me outa my tree, was when I realized “Damn I gotta sleep sometime!” (Marines are a little slow?) Cause sleeping is when the marginal-willful control of your brain drops off – at the least for me. However, here’s some more good news!

In order to get your Beastie to stop draggin’ shit-boxes out of the closet at night, you gotta work on controlling your Hairy Friend. As I said before this is explained in Book Two, first topic. Download it free from the Sgt. Brandi website, (www.sgtbrandi.com) or I'll send you a free book – just say the word.

So the more you learn to control the primal emotions, the less you’re tormented by night Phantoms. Even more good news! This won't take long at all. Fact is, once I faced WHO I am, thanked my drooling best-friend Oso, for all he did to keep me alive in war, and made friends with my furry Dark-Side, the nightmares stopped.

This all took less than two weeks, which I remember vividly. And it was like droppin’ weight out of an 80-pound pack! I hadn't slept peacefully for years. Actually, if this
boot fits you, and you stop the nightmares, it’s gonna take gettin’ use to a good night’s sleep too. Weird ain’t it? Seems like ya gotta adapt to every damn thing?

Why does Remapping and Beast Management work? Again, real simple.

Look, I think of myself as a real fine Warrior-Monk-type human being. I love at my capacity to love (those worth loving) and fill the hole in my chest by helping innocent animals and my Brother and Sister Warriors. You can too!

When I looked at myself as a septic-sucking maggot, self-esteem was bottomed out, and I was snorkeling in the shit-brown lakes of Fly Paradise. When I looked into the Darkness of who I am and accepted it, I was then able to look into the Light of who I am and accept that as well. You gotta look at both, go deep into both, and find the balance point you’re comfortable with.

As CSM (Command Sergeant Major) Russell keeps tellin’ me, “Brandi, you thick skulled Jar head! The further we travel into the darkness, the further we travel into the Light! So suck it up and move out Marine!” Ah – the tenderness of Senior NCOs!

So with intestinal fortitude (guts) during the day, I’d work on “remapping” my fishnet. Before Lights Out at night, I’d throw Oso a nice chunk of raw meat – maybe a Rambo type movie. The nightmares also ended because I didn't want to kick my own ass all the time.

As expectation breeds disappointment, guilt breeds self-condemnation, self-punishment and pain. Remap the brain, control the Beast, and dump the guilt! I guaran-damn-tee, yur gonna feel a whole lot better. Real quick
like!

The more you resist, trying and failing to suppress the emotions of rage, hate, guilt and loss, the more powerful they become – the more you fail, the more you become their victim.

You don't suppress the emotions from a horrible experience, you accept what happened as fact (without self-pity), and then move through the torment with resolve, while cutting yourself some slack in the process.

It ain’t that the bad memories are greater than the good ones. It’s just that we spend way too much time thinkin’ about em. Forcing your green brain to think about the good times more, simply makes the bad ones more out of focus.

Now let's talk about the emotional battleground of feeling threatened. Maybe someone flips you off while driving, you wake up in a shit-shower flashback, they’re playing Middle Eastern music at the mall, or someone offers you a nice fresh slice of goat cheese? This may be civvie-land, so let’s pull back for a moment to the high threat level of the battlefield. See if this fit like a new magazine?

You’re on guard with a weapon, feeling hyper-vigilant, a slight adrenaline high, and uncertain of the outcome. Will you prevail to fight another day, or die in the attempt – die the Warrior's death you long for? Will it be of the highest honor? Will you die like a true Warrior?

These are OUR thoughts – how we feel in any heightened threat level in civilian society, longing for battle to end the threat, to finish what must be done and leave the battlefield dead or alive – either way, having lived and died through Honor.

Your whole life becomes, “On Hold”. You stop
planning. You live only in the moment preparing for the coming confrontation. There are often unfinished, loose ends everywhere. There is little collateral focus and great distraction. Like a great predator, you are completely aware of your surroundings. Nothing exists beyond the coming battle, the coming threat.

You are fixated in time, unable and unwilling to move forward. Your every sense is heightened. You don’t dare to lose your “Battle Focus”. Everything around you becomes trivial, unimportant, of no real value. Only your weapon and Honor are real. Only your training and experience are of true value. You wait.

Your gut feels compressed and twisted, your heart is pounding out of your chest, you've lost your appetite, all desire for food. Cigarettes and talking with other Warriors are the only way to distance the certainty of engaging the enemy. Your only thoughts are of killing, of ending this threat.

You’re lost in the “Warrior Moment”, locked into the only feelings, gripping your heart. You ache for the end to come, for it all to be finished. Each moment in wait, becomes a lifetime. Hours become days until the first shot is fired.

As the sounds become deafening, as the bodies fall, you become the true unleashed, savage killer. Your heart aches with the joy of fulfillment, as your Spirit withdraws into the shadows of anguish.

If you live to fight another day, the cycle continues time and time again until life is drawn out of you – all that remains is a hollow reflection of what you once were. Your eyes darken to a sullen stare; authentic joy is gone. Then one day, as you step back into society once again you’re left melancholy – a deep sadness of the spirit overwhelms you.
Caught in a desperate struggle to survive society, we push ourselves into one scenario after another to regain the feelings of battle, preparedness, of a time of true self-worth and meaning. And look out! Cause when the moment of awareness comes that “I am not on the battlefields of war, I am back in the society I fought to defend, a society that now rejects everything I’ve become”, shame and despair grab hold like a steel talon. You’re confused and tormented, caught between two worlds – belonging to neither.

“Was it worth it?” You ask. “Has my life truly ended? Will I ever feel joy and love again?”

The answer to this my fellow Warriors is NO – you will never be as you were. And YES – It is in fact possible to find peace and joy in life, even if only to a small measure.

As to love, that will be your choice along your journey to becoming. Intense love is intense risk and trust, a decision that may take you some time to “feel” your way through it. Taking the chances to experience the pain of loss, but the richness of time well lived with someone you respect and love is your choice and yours alone.

Fear is expensive.
Love is priceless.
Choose wisely.

Now let’s get a little Fill-o-sof-i-cal here.

Ol’ Gautama the Buddha (basically) said, “We become what we think”. If you change your thinking, you change your behavior.

Well that’s all hunky-dory and such, but for a lot of us
Combat Warriors (me included), we just don’t sit down in a “rage state”, crossed legs, a crystal hangin’ on our forehead and find our “Center Point” in a cloud of incense.

I had to reverse it. Most of us do. I had to “Behave myself into a way of thinkin”. So instead of listenin’ to flute or sitar music, I got out my throwin’ knives. And by focusing on form and balance, I was able to calm my body and eventually my twisted green brain. Concentrated, focused action (exercise) with a Twenty-eight inch Katana sword works good too. Here are some other examples of putting action first.

Let’s suppose you spot someone you really like, and wanna ask ’em out on a date. You can think about it all you want, but it ain’t gonna happen until you muster up the guts, walk over and ask. You can think about it later when you’re swappin’ spit in the shower.

How about a mission objective like runnin’ a four-minute mile? Again you can think about it all you want, but unless you’re out on the track (hopefully not in spandex-leotards) sweatin’ your ass off, that ain't gonna happen either. Get the point?

Now that I got your attention, here’s somethin’ ta really tickle your gizzard. This one takes both thinkin’ and doin’ in whatever order you choose. How about,

**Changing Pain and Anguish, into Strength and Working Wisdom?**

“What the hell is this Jar Head talking about?” you say in desperate confusion.

Well, my soon to be a Working-Wisdom-Warrior friend, I’ll explain.

Your fishnet-closet of Bad Juju has an endless
capacity to hold shit. So why not turn your closet of crap into an endless **Resource of Strength**? Recycle it into something positive.

You may already know that the raunchiest smelling shit you can imagine, makes the fanciest, best smellin’ perfume? You know, the stuff you pay big bucks for and splash all over your mug to impress someone?

What about the fact that fertilizer (Marines and Rangers: Shit) grows the best flower gardens – veggies too. You got any ideas where the tastiest mushrooms grow? If ya don’t, then just stop off at the Campbell's Soup, mushroom farm. Sometimes I feel like I fit right into the crop. You know, “Like a mushroom, up to your neck in shit and in the dark?”

Are you still asking yourself, “Turn anguish into strength and wisdom?” A tad confusing, but you got it right. Cause “The more horrible the experience, the greater the strength gained, and the more insight you receive!”

Why? Because the further you go into the darkness, the further you go into the light. Sound familiar? Here’s how it works.

When I openly and painfully look at, and accept the killing I’ve done, the atrocities I’ve witnessed (and been a part of), it “**Pushes**” me toward compassionate action and the loving **potential** of human beings. I strive to feel kindness in my life, to feel the joy of helping others in need, to give life rather than take it.

Here’s somthin’ to think about. I accepted killing long before ever walking onto the battlefield. I was conditioned to kill, trained to kill, and given the orders to kill, before actually killing. I accept that. I also accept **my choice** now to kill only when necessary, without hesitation or regret – making it my decision and mine alone. This is just how us
Warriors think.

As Joseph Campbell said, “When you give life, life responds to the giving”. Think about it. Do it! Cause this really works and it feels damn good.

The more I look at my own potential brutality, the more quiet “reserve” I feel. Of course I'll always be a Warrior, but if allowed, I choose to exercise Quiet Wisdom and Peaceful Resolve.

Real strength comes from holding back – judging wisely and responding justly.

My fellow Warriors, don't you think we’ve been violated enough, betrayed enough? So then, why betray ourselves with denial – conforming within a society where honor is most often not the standard. To “Know Thyself” means to accept yourself. By respecting yourself, you respect and tolerate others.

This is not an easy task. When I look at the horrible things I've done, it physically hurts inside. I literally shake or shutter. My heart aches. But “Pain is our Friend”. It tells us we are alive in this moment. Memory Pain tells us, “Use this pain as a lesson of what NOT to do!” in the future. It tells us how not to cause ourselves and others even more pain.

Each time you think back to a painful memory, ask yourself “What was the lesson in this, what can I learn from the pain?” You may not see the purpose of it, you may not understand why it happened, why your friends died and you didn’t, but it is as it is. You are absolutely here for a reason. If you live long enough, you’re gonna get the joke – figure it out.

Whether or not you accept this responsibility is up to
you. Whether or not you choose to learn from your mistakes and experiences is also up to you. Again, it’s not an easy task, and you do in fact have the strength to accomplish it.

Keep in mind, that during your Wisdom-Growing-Pains, remembering the past is not necessarily remembering what actually happened. Your brain fills in details, adds to the plot and twists things up like a manila rope. You think it's all accurate and such, but it ain't. Your brain borrows little tidbits from other parts of the fishnet to fill in the blanks. Ya might call it “Designer Memories”?

You gotta remember too, that when those limp-dick, loser thoughts get all tangled up in your head that say, “Gee golly, maybe I won’t succeed in this life?” just think about what you’ve already been through. Think about what you’ve already survived! Hell, there ain’t nothin’ as bad in civvie life that compares to the battlefield.

So you’ve gotta face the painful memories in your closet of Bad Juju, accept who you are, live in the moment, and detach from the past. None of these are easy but hell, you didn't join the military for a cushy life. Give what we’ve just been talking about a shot. Ya got nothin’ to lose but pain and ignorance.

I also wanna remind your green asses of somethin’ else here. Don’t go feelin’ guilty because you can’t be who you were. That just lowers your self-esteem. While yur at it, go ahead and shit can words like, “If, But, Coulda, Shoulda, Can’t, Try, I’ll do my Best, etc.” Why fail before you ever clear the wire?

You gotta let go of the past that you can NEVER return to. Keep in mind that most often, people you’ve known in the past won’t let you be who you’ve now become. Civvies cling to the past too. They deny you’ve
changed. They want you to change back, to something that makes them more comfortable.

So don’t hate ’em, “Just feel better when they’re not around”. The “I don’t give a shit attitude” works real good in these situations. Been there, done that. Cause no matter how you explain your feelings, yelp like a wounded dog, cry in your mess gear, or beat the shit out of ’em, they just won’t get it. Move on to someone who does – another Combat Warrior.

For those of you back in the land of the big BX (PX?), you’ve got the new mission objective of becoming A.J. Squared Away in your brain housing group. I don't want you young pups wastin’ 35 to 40 years like I did. Remember, you were “Reborn” in War. You’re a new and better person!

So buck up, suit up, fix bayonets and move out under fire. You act like Warriors and eventually you’ll get that long overdue R & R, in a place that brings you some well-deserved joy and peace in your life.

This briefing ain't over yet!
We're still in enemy territory!

Stay frosty!

Now board the choppers!
We’re movin’ out under fire!

“Again!”
Notes
Hope is what makes the unbearable Weight of Souls bearable.

CSM Russell

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:
1-3 Gotta Hole in Your Soul?

We'll talk more about your capacity to love in a later section, “The Warrior Monk”. We've already discussed the conflict of your genetic mandate, of the moral (or ethical) conflict of your upbringing, and the battle between the Darkness and Light in all of us – the Beauty and the Beast.

Now we’re gonna talk about somethin’ you ain’t gonna hear on the evening news, most likely nowhere else either.

In every human being there exists a balance between the Body, Mind and Spirit. Now let's go deeper, to give you a glimpse of how this all fits together, how it’s gonna affect your life for the rest of your life. Will people be blessed by your presence, or curse you for having come into their lives? Will your actions and decisions help the world, or add to the destruction of it?

There is hope for healing in all this, and it's gonna sting a bit to really accept what you’ve become, take what’s left of what you were, and make it fit altogether. It's sorta like a jigsaw puzzle with a 1000 pieces. It makes it a whole lot easier findin’ the corners and the borders first.

Unfortunately for us Warriors, the corner pieces and borders are gone. So it's just gonna take a bit more time. No sa-wet G.I., we’re use to difficult missions, and surrender is sure as hell, not in our creed. So here's another piece to our mil-spec-jigsaw puzzle. We just gotta gather enough good Intel for the fire mission, we gotta
“Oh Shit!” You say, slamming another magazine in your M-16, as we dust off!

I'm sure you've heard folks talk about the “Invisible Wounds of War”? So what does that really mean? The word trauma, that all the shrinkers talk about, means, “To wound or pierce the Soul”. But again, what does that really mean? A lot of people use a lot of words, and a lot of the time, don’t have a clue about what they’re using. So here we go!

The Body, Mind and Spirit (Same-e-Same Soul) are intimately connected. (Marines-Rangers: not bumpin’ uglies) The cells, DNA, molecules, atoms and particles, all run on electromagnetic energy. And every single bit of this stuff is powered by, and connected to what’s called the Universal Life Force. It runs your gnarly brain, body, plants and planets. It’s the electricity in the battery – you’re the battery casing.

If you look up Mind in the big book of words, the definition goes like this: “The mind is the human consciousness, perception, emotion, will, memory and imagination”. All this stuff is flashin’ around in your fishnet brain – that’s controlling your twitchy body.

Someone once said (don’t know who) “The Thoughts of the Brain, the Dreams of the Mind, the Aspirations of the Spirit” (Soul).

Now let's look beyond the mind and take a peek at the Soul, which is defined as the “Animating Vital Force”. It’s the connection to the main power supply. To wound the Soul, goes beyond the Mind and physical body – beyond all the genetics of physical life. To wound the Soul is like shortin’ out the main power supply, so yur runnin’ on three
outa six cylinders.

Just **what is it** that wounds the Soul? **How** is it wounded? And how does it heal?

You’ve gotta remember here, that even though you **CAN** heal, there’s gonna be a scar or two. And scar tissue has **no** feeling. So part of you ain't gonna feel squat shit, during and after the healing process. Once again, we gotta take what's left, adapt and move out under fire to a better life.

This is sorta like losing a mental limb. It don't mean life is over. It's like what Dana Bowman says, “It's not the disability. It's the ability!” You might wanta Google this Special Forces Hero! His life is truly an example for all of us!

Over the years, I’ve done a lot of readin’ on the subject of the Soul in all kinds of tree-hugger philosophies, twisted up religions, and from voodoo psycho-psychics. None of it hit center of mass for the old Jar Head.

So in figurin’ out how to talk about this Soul subject with you young Pups, I had to really go deep into my own **Horror**, walk in the Shadow World and be completely **honest with myself**. Ya don’t have to like it, ya just gotta do it!

No one knows just **how much** horror one individual can stand before hittin’ the wall. We’re all different, each with our own breaking point. What's about to follow is what I've found, what I believe to be truth. So suck it up, and be honest with yourself. See if this makes any sense to you?

Is the Soul in such perfect, delicate balance, that the act of killing permanently de-stabilizes, short-circuits this balance? Is taking life, especially children, “An act of violating **their** Soul” that wounds **us** so deeply? Have we
transgressed across the boundary of another’s “Soul Territory”, taking away all they will ever be – their hopes, dreams and aspirations, gone forever? Is their pain of loss, the pain we feel? Think about it.

Is this act, the most horrible transgression, the most horrible crime we can possibly commit to another being? I say, “Yes, it is”. Because in so doing, we completely wound our Body, Mind and Spirit – cutting deeply into our own spirituality, blocking our own union with all creation. We are tormented by the imbalance we’ve created.

How in the name of all that’s good, do we begin to heal from what we’ve done, from what we’ve been witness to? All I can offer you my friends is what has worked for me. Give it a shot.

We’ve talked briefly about the Shadow World in Book Two. Many of you reading this book know this darker territory all too well. Now, let's take a walk together. And be advised, I got your six.

In my early travels in this dark Spirit World, the Shadow World, I would see the mangled bodies of the children I’ve killed. Always the same, arms outstretched to me, pleading for help – for release from their own pain and suffering. I didn't know that their pain was mine as well – that we were connected in a way I couldn’t have imagined.

At first I walked alone. But after growing to love my Beast-Friend Oso, he began to walk with me. Symbolically, as I embraced both the Darkness and the Light of WHO I was, we walked together as one whole person, a partnership of sorts.

The breakthrough came one day, when I stopped on the dusty, blood-covered trail and looked into the eyes of one little girl – the one I touched on the riverbank in Vietnam after blowing her body apart.
She looked into my eyes and smiled, then lifted her beckoning arms. I walked toward her, dropped to one knee and raised my arms in return. She walked up, and in one loving embrace our Souls Touched. Time stood still. I could feel the release, the joy of a long awaited end to my own agony.

Her body, once ripped apart by my hand was transformed. She was the young, smiling, beautiful little girl she was before I took her life. As we held each other in silence, a Golden Light began to form around us. Growing more and more intense, surrounding the little girl, Oso and me. Oso touched my shoulder with his powerful, massive paw. The girl stepped back, raised her hand in farewell, then faded into the Golden Light.

The Vision ended. My life began. This loving embrace was repeated until each of the children that I’d killed, also moved into the Golden Light – out of the Shadow World and out of my nightmares forever!

Shamans and Medicine Men (women) I've talked with about this, call it a Vision. To them, we all have the ability to travel in the Spirit (Soul) World. Psychiatrists might call this a delusional fantasy. You decide.

By the way, you don’t need a vision (or delusion) for this to work. What shrinkers call this is, conflict resolution. Just think of what it is that hurts, walk up to the “Chucky-Monster-Doll” and give it a hug.

Darkness cannot exist in Light. So control your fear, offer it love, and it’ll be back on its way to Horrors-R-Us. The idea here is “Embracing your Fear”, forgiving yourself and accepting yourself for being human. Just that simple.

Personally, I don't give a rat’s ass what you call this process. It worked for me. Maybe it’ll work for you. Why? Because when you willingly and bravely go deep into the
darkness of what you've done, of what you truly are, the **Weight of Souls** is lifted.

You then begin your true **Journey to Becoming** – moving into the future of your past by living in the present moment. Hope of life without torment begins to swell in your heart, and you begin to “Feel Life” once again – as the hole in your chest begins to heal.

With determination and sad reluctance, we must accept all that we are, piecing together what's left. The veil of illusion and denial are gone forever. We are now born – a child born from the flames of war, balancing Darkness and Light, to at last feel the freedom to live.

Like it or not, you were born in war. Life began anew from the time you stepped onto the battlefield. You became another person, you began a new life.

In talking with a number of Combat Troops on this topic, some have said, “After walking off the battlefield, I lost the spirituality I once had”. They felt they had lost not only their Spiritual Connection, they believed they'd lost their belief in God – whatever that means to each of us.

Do you feel this way? If so, then I respectfully suggest, you haven't lost your spirituality, cause that's not possible. Because you see, your Spirit **is** the Vital Force that keeps you alive. You've only been wounded so deeply that you've come to deny it, maybe blocked it out a bit.

This “blocking” and numbness is only a temporary short connection to the “Prime Power Source”. It will change. **You will change**, **if you allow yourself to change**. Heavy shit to think about, ain’t it?

It’s like love. Loss-Wound after Loss-Wound closes us off to allowing love in our lives again. Soul-Wound after Soul-Wound closes us off to life itself. Love is taking a chance. Take it. Your Soul wants to heal. Allow it. Work on
these with the strength of a Warrior, because **unfaltering determination** always wins out. It’s like someone said, “The greatest risk is not taking one”. Think about it.

As a side note here for those tormented by their past. What Shamans and the Jar Head call a “Vision of Redemption” is simply a way to detach from the Phantoms. What I mean is, that the story I just described of my journey into the Shadow World is not just for Warriors. It’s for everyone. That is, anyone suffering from the torments of the past.

It’s not that your love and spirituality aren’t there, it’s just that you’re too numb to feel ’em. Think of it like a trip to the dentist. You know, when he (or she) jabs that 9” needle in your tongue.

The needle is the pain of war. The horrors and loss, is the Novocain that numbs your green ass. In time, the Novocain wears off, and you can feel your face, and not talk like a retard. Same-e-Same Battle Trauma, and the numbness it creates. Hell – you’re strong, you can do it! Just takes a bit of time and some effort.

Most people, do in fact, have a lot of strength, even if they’re not aware of it. In the right situation, with the right “**Attitude of Determination**” that strength surfaces – and watch out!! Time to kick ass!!

As Thomas Morton said, “Perhaps I am stronger than I thought”. So how you go about healing your wounded Soul is up to you. **One thing’s for sure.** In order to find peace in the present, and look forward to a hopeful future, you’ve gotta face the past. No exceptions. This takes time. Usually the more horrible the experience, the longer the process takes. Just don’t quit!

First you face the event square on, seeing yourself as “Human” to release the guilt, or the painful horror you’ve
witnessed or took part in. Then you work hard on remapping your brain, to move these memories from the Horror Moment, to a time of Fond Remembrance.

You participated in “Horror”. Now you’ve gotta participate in “Healing”!

And remember, you CAN use ALL bad memories as a resource of Strength – understanding the lessons you’ve learned, and the wisdom you’ve gained. The choice is yours and just how determined you’re willing to be.

As to the sleepless nights we've mentioned, just what do you think a nightmare is? Nightmares are your Mind and Spirit telling you there's something you need to face – something not resolved. And until you face those issues, your war driven traumas (wounds) the nightmares will definitely continue.

Sometimes sleep medication might help temporarily. It didn't for me. Fact is, it was about as useful as a screen door on a submarine. Once again, you can't ignore, deny, suppress, or forget about the traumatic events causing you pain. You’ve gotta face ’em square on and go through ’em. That is, if you’re ever gonna find some peace – if you’re ever going to feel joy in your life. I know this stings like sniffin’ ammonia, but that's just the way it is.

There’re some things in life ya just can't fix, like violating the Genetic Mandate. All you can do on that one is say, “That was war, and I'm a Warrior. I did what had to be done, when no one else would do it!” Then you suck it up, adapt and move out.

But you CAN control the primal side, and you CAN heal your Soul. As to the Moral conflicts from what you were brought up to believe in, you'll find that those notions will get “Instep” in the column as you get a grip on the
others.

Some of the things we're talkin’ about are like repelling off a rock-face without gloves. The faster you go, the more it burns your hands. You’re gonna get to flat ground eventually. Besides, “Pain accelerates strength and understanding”. It tells us, we need to make a change – a pair of gloves, or admitting “Who we’ve now become”.

So did you get anything out of this little trip to the Spirit World? I hope you’ll understand, that what you think of as “guilt” over killing has a lot more to do with our Souls recognition of the violation we've committed to another Soul.

Guilt from the genetic-violation-side and the moral-upbringing-side are one thing. This ONE is different, and adds to the gruel if we don't face it. Don't fret too much here, cause we're gonna get through all of this! Just think how “Free” you're gonna feel at the Summit of Self-Knowing!

Now don't go runnin’ naked through the forest, with silk slippers on, singin’ Cum-Bye-Ya just yet. We got a few more firefights ahead.

**Keep that body armor on.**

**Lock and Load!**

**We're fast ropin’ (with gloves?) into a hot L Z on this next topic!**

**Dustin’ Off!**

**HOOAH! And OORAH!**
Notes
The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself.

Friedrich Nietzsche

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

1-4 Are You Shittin’ in Your Mess Gear?

Are you thinkin’, “Nobody understands me. I’m all alone. I wanna return to war where my life had meeting. I hate civilians. My old friends betrayed me. My country betrayed me. I want to KAC ’em all (military slang: Kill All that Come).”

Now let's look at this a bit, because most of us coming back from war, feel all these same things and a lot more – all to the delight of your long-toothed, smelly friend – your Beastie.

When you were in a combat zone, ALL civilians were looked at as the enemy. Did the goat cheese they offered you have poison and it? Were they smiling and friendly, before vaporizing themselves while holding their children? Did the cow they calmly walked by you, have a stick of high explosives up its ass, to blow you and your friends away – so Hajji could greet his 72 virgins covered with honey?

This was and is war; trust no civilians! So what happens when you get back to the states? A lot of us “transfer” this distrust of foreign enemy civilians onto “friendly” civilians here in CONUS. Sure, there are a lot of ass-holes here, cause you’d have to change planets to get away from that one.

The civilians here ARE NOT the enemy-civilians in the Sandbox or Goat Country. They are not gonna poison
your food, or blow your green ass up. They ain’t gonna wave and smile, while pacin’ off your base camp, for the next more accurate, holy (?) mortar attack on the infidels.

Most folks here don't know much about the wars in Iraq or Afghanistan. That's because, for whatever reason (I got a few) they haven't been told much. Most civilians here are good hard-working people. They truly would care if they knew any damn thing about you and the wars!

They won't be able to understand, because they haven’t been where you were, and done what you did. Just give ’em a chance and they will care. They won't be able to help you with your pain, because that's up to you – however, a lot of ’em do in fact, want to help, if given the chance.

So I respectfully suggest that one of the first things you do is make the effort to stop hating all civilians here. Ain't no need to. That's gonna make a BIG difference in lowering your threat level and helping you gain control over your Beastie. Stay frosty, and cut yourself (and the civvies) some slack. You deserve it, so do they.

Besides, most civilian-type-humans are marginally insane anyway. Your insanity is just a tad different. This twisted up, gee-dunk eatin’ society you’re adapting to is, “Money Goal” oriented. You’re “Service” oriented – big difference! You’re a predator; many of those you’ll meet are prey – big difference! They’re still not your enemy. So deal with it.

The next bunker to take is, understanding the difference between civilian speak and military speak. Adapting your language skill-set is gonna take a bit of work – sorta remapping your tongue?

“I have Freedom of Speech!” You yell out, grabbing your M-4.
Well yeah, you do. But there’s freedom of civilian speak, and then there's self-censored freedom of military speak. That is, unless you really wanna dump a load in your mess gear.

Look, I'm tellin’ you young Warriors from my own Fly Paradise experience. We gotta be careful what we say and how we say it to civilians. They can say “I'll kill you!” while laughing on their way out of Starbuck’s and off to a movie. If we say that, we walk into the SWAT van, and off to jail.

No Shit! I know one Soldier that got eight months in jail because he said, “I will kill you!” in a VA Hospital. Go figure. “Why?” you ask.

It's because we have killed, we've done it, we're trained killers (compliments of Ol’ Uncle Sam) and we mean it. You strike a chord of fear in civilians when you talk like this, because deep down in their soft bodies, they know who and what we truly are.

In a military town like Oceanside, California, they’re use to Marines blowing off a little steam. So you just might (?) get away with harsh statements and actions. It's a different story in downtown Los Angeles, or Miami. Again, been there done that. A lot of people will be afraid of you no matter what you do, once they find out you are a Combat Veteran. Don’t give ’em that opportunity!

Why do you think the government and the VA are working 24/7 to take our weapons away? They’re afraid of what they’ve created, and unable to accept their creation. We’ll talk more about this in the last topic, Warriors of the New Dawn. But for now, let's stick to this briefing.

How about simply using some common sense? (Marines-Rangers: not community money) Around other Warriors we might say as a greeting, “How’s it hangin’ dick head?” This won't work too good when greeting your new
boss in the morning. At a restaurant, “Pass the fucking catsup!” Won't go over too good either.

All of us Warriors need to censor our language and actions around so-called “normal” folks, if we don't want to break cover. Maybe think about leaving your K-Bar tucked in your back belt, rather than hanging from it. Maybe put the 9mm in your glove box, rather than on your dashboard next to your Gurkha knife?

Sure, displaying weapons and using harsh language is part of our battlefield Mission Readiness. Here in Civvie-Fantasy-Land, you’re gonna need to take it down a notch. Believe me (again from experience) it works a whole lot better. Covert “Blending” makes other people more comfortable to be around the junkyard dog – that be you and me.

Besides, unless I’m mistaken here, when you “Blend” military speak with civilians speak, a sorta relationship builds, forming its own dialect. The two blend into a third language. Both parties become more comfortable with each other. They become Tri-Lingual?

Part of this display behavior (and language) also has to do with the fact that all of us Warriors, would like to be acknowledged for our sacrifices and our courage. That is, being acknowledged for the courage to die for what we believe in. That is, the principles of liberty and freedom.

Now let's move on to another Tingly Topic – “The Hunt for that Combat Adrenaline High!” We talked about this in Book Two. Let's just say here again, “You ain't gonna get that combat high unless you're in combat”. The closer you get to death, the greater the rush of adrenaline. Being reckless with your life (I have) not only endangers other lives, it also keeps you chasing the carrot. I'll explain.

I've talked with a number of Combat Veterans who
got strung out on heroin, meth, crack-cocaine, alcohol and other brain frying chemicals. They all agree, that the only good high is the first high. After that you’re just chasing the Dragon, while spiraling down the shit tube to Fly Paradise.

Trouble is, every time you’re in a firefight, or getting rained on by Holy-Goat mortars from heaven (?) the adrenaline high is just as good as it was the first time. Very quickly, even in the dullest green brain, you get used to that “Peak High” and all it takes to repeat it, is another good engagement.

Hell, I got so hooked on adrenaline, I'd volunteer for every patrol I could, hoping to not only get the adrenaline hit of a near-death experience, but also the “Power High” of killing. Sound familiar? When you step back a ways and look at it, ya just can't help but say, “Holy Shit! What a Combat Adrenaline Junkie I was!”

Here’s another one for ya. Given a scale for **Social Skills**, like the intelligence (IQ) scale, then most of us, post-deployment Warriors, would be ranked about 38 (retard) when we got back stateside. Now I'm not sayin’ you gotta run right out and buy a padded helmet. I'm just sayin’ you need some practice with “Blending Tools” to survive in this so-called civilized society. Hell, when I got back, my Social IQ was so low, I had to dig for it!

Oh sure, you can “Hold to the Code!” and not censor your language or change any of your behaviors, like I did for a long time. That bein’ the case, I hope you enjoy snuggling up in a nice warm cardboard box under an overpass. Maybe if you’re lucky, you’ll get use to livin’ in a beat up old car, picking up aluminum cans for food and fuel.

And “Oh Boy!” maybe you’ll even get a rare shower at
a campground? I gotta tell ya, my Friends, a regular warm shower, good chow and a porcelain toilet, feels a whole lot better while you’re in the “Adapting-to-Society” training program. Done it both ways.

Remember how it was on active duty? There was regimentation, orders of the day, you were told what to wear, and had mission objectives. You were constantly exercising, had support from leadership (?), were never alone and exercised only the will of your CO (Commanding Officer). Hell, you had a training schedule 30 days out! You always knew what was expected of your green ass. You were the “Action Arm” of your superiors’ free will. Cause it sure as hell wasn’t yours!

Once out of the military, I doubt that many of us get up at 0500, dress in sweats, run 5 miles and do PT (physical training: push-ups, jumping-jacks, etc.) Most likely the only thing you exercise is your right (or left) arm, lifting brain grenades (beers) – resulting in a couple of extra notches on your belt, and I don't mean inward.

What about free will and maturity? You may have to start from scratch on those too? Think about it. Your Senior NCOs and Officers made all your decisions, good or bad. You didn't have to like it, but you sure as hell had to do it.

When you’re discharged, you are the CO of your AO! (Area of Operation) You decide the orders of the day. You decide if you’re gonna wear civilian clothes, or Digitals to frighten the gentle folk. Like it or not, exercise (not just your arm) helps to balance your Body, Mind and Spirit.

Now let's look at “Emotional Maturity”. At 17 years old and in the military (like me) your maturity is stunted, simply because you never get a chance to develop it. The same thing goes for free will. Except for being on liberty,
when did you ever get to make a decision based on your own experience and wisdom?

Hell, your little green brain isn't even developed until about 25 or so (men longer?). And the strange thing is, according to some egg-head researchers, your body ages more rapidly once you’ve been to war. That is, three times faster than your civilian counterpart. So you got a teenager's brain in a wrinkled up old body!

And here's another horse pill to swallow. Some test-tube geeks at Wayne State University, decided they'd look in to the genes of Combat Warriors (Marines-Rangers: not their trousers). And “OH Boy!” What they found made ’em shit in their spandex-bicycle shorts.

They discovered that war-driven-trauma damages the genes, seven times greater than in the civilian sector! Not only are your genes damaged, they also break apart and attach to other genes. Maybe that's why some of us got six toes?

Now don't go getting’ all brain dead on me here – go reachin’ for that fresh bottle of Jim Beam! Just because you may be immature don’t mean you still ain’t the sharpest tack in the box. All it means is you gotta work on maturity, developing sound judgment with your own free will. Maybe shuffle on down to the store and get a new pair of blue jeans?

“How do I work on maturity and free will?” You ask in childlike wonder.

All maturity means is, taking responsibility for ALL your actions – good or bad. You may have part-time sociopathic tendencies (we all do) but it don't mean you’ve gotta be a dip-shit. It also means the world doesn't revolve around your lower air hole.
This is simpler than it sounds. Cause living by the Code of Honor, the highest standard of excellence in human beings is your model for success. And here's one more thing. You ain't entitled to every damn thing in the world either.

That means, you've just gotta work hard at finding good jobs, finding trustworthy people, loving those who deserve love, making decisions through cautious compassion and taking on mission objectives (goals) that help others. It's been said by some real smart people, “You help yourself by helping others”. You just gotta get moving on your new unselfish mission.

How about this one? Do you have a hard time holding onto money? No shit, most of us do. Ever wonder why? Once again this ain't launching the space shuttle. It simply has to do with your downrange experiences.

Since you thought you weren’t gonna live the next day, you now spend money when you've got it – like you ain’t gonna live tomorrow! We'll talk more about this in the topic of relationships. For now, be at ease. You’ll master this one like all the rest. That is, unless you enjoy eatin’ one good meal a month and Top Ramen until the Eagle Shits again – payday.

Since all Combat Warriors seem to have trouble remembering, I'll repeat this again from Book Two. If you have trouble remembering things, it only means that your brain is working NORMALLY. Everything about your behavior is normal for what you've experienced in war. You don't remember because your brain doesn't want you to remember. This safety mechanism is hardwired in, so you don't overload and blow a head gasket.

I keep two pens in my back pocket at all times. Like settin’ charges – “One is none and two is one” How about,
“One to use and one to loose”? This is so I can write on the back of my hands what I want to remember five seconds from now. I never go anywhere without a clipboard either.

When meeting someone who told me their name last week I simply say, “I'm gonna embarrass myself and ask you your name again.” Then I make a feeble attempt to rhyme it with something familiar and gross – gross shit seems to stay in my brain-housing-group a little longer?

Another thing that seems to bother people is when you say, “Excuse me”. Or “Come again”. That's because most of us Warriors are deaf on one side (or both?) of our skull or the other. This is due to our joyful experiences shooting a rifle, blowing shit up, being near artillery, or too close to incoming rounds.

I might add here, that when you pick your clothing of the day, for the mission into town, you might leave some of your “Combat Warrior Identifier” stuff in your footlocker. What I mean is, it doesn't help to keep you covert when you've got a T-shirt on that says, “Iraq (or Afghanistan) Combat Vet. Kill All That Come!” Tends to give your position away.

To this day, a lot of Vietnam Veterans display their past service on their ball-caps, T-shirts, jackets and vehicles. Those were difficult times and a lot of us from that era are still very bitter. I clearly understand that.

Maybe for me it’s remembering how it was here, when I came back from Vietnam. Maybe it's the Force Recon training. Don’t really know for sure. Yet I gotta tell ya, when I go into town, I don't want anyone aware of my past, what I'm thinking, or what I'm capable of. Then again, that's just me. You decide for yourself, what makes you the most comfortable and lowers your own threat level.
So you see, my fine un-twisting Fellow Warriors, you stop shittin’ in your mess gear when you stop acting like you're still on patrol in enemy territory. You may be insane by civilian standards, but you're perfectly normal by Warrior standards. Learn to Blend.

For a time, until you learn to adapt, just look at going into town or being around people as bein’ on a Black Op. You dress in Hajji clothing, you eat Hajji food, you act like all the other folks in the village – to win their hearts and minds?

Then you return to your own base camp and stand down. No, you don't get to call in the Cobras cleared hot, if you have a bad time at Walmart. But in time it will get better, and you will feel better about yourself. Sure, at times, you may be wound up tighter than a fishin’ reel, but just look at yourself as a “Hawk in a parakeet cage”. We’re openin’ up the door for ya here, time to soar!

Last tid-bit here. Keep in mind that you get outa the past and into the future, by living in the present moment. When you “Stay the Warrior Course, helping hands will appear”.

You are NEVER, ever alone on your Journey to Becoming. There are a lot of other Vets out here just itchin’ to help your young green ass make a success of yourself. You just GOTTA ASK!
Stay frosty! We’re still in our AO on this next topic!

Lock and Load!

We're Oscar Mike!!
Notes
Guilt is anger directed at ourselves – at what we did or did not do. Resentment is anger at others – at what they did or did not do.

Peter McWilliams

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:
1-5 Flushin’ the Guilt

We’re gonna talk about something here that chews at us like termites on old barn siding. So let’s get out the bug spray and kill these suckers in their tracks – where they live. Because ya see, guilt-mites live right there inside your thick green skull.

We're gonna cover four kinds of guilt. That is, four different ways for you to feel guilty. First off, you got Personal Guilt, then Social Guilt, Cultural Guilt, and finally, bringin’ up the rear is Inherited Guilt.

“And just what is guilt?” you ask.

Guilt is defined as, “The act of being responsible for committing an offense or crime.” But hell, with most guilt you never committed either a crime or an offense! It's just the way you look at it. So tighten up that web gear and let's get at it! It’s Battle-Rattle-Time!

Let's start off with talkin’ about Personal Guilt. Where you may have made what you think is a bad choice. Here's an example.

In 2011, in a Hot-Zone in Afghanistan, a young gung ho second Lieutenant (Butter Bar) was given orders to take his squad to an outpost north of their position. There were 10 men and two women in this unit of Soldiers. As ordered, they got into their Humvees and set out.
Thinking he was gonna save time and impress his senior officers, he decided to take a shortcut off the main supply route (MSR). This wasn't too smart in the first place, because you know Murphy's Law on this one. “A shortcut is the longest distance between two points”.

The young Lieutenant was about to shit in his own mess gear as well as his Troops. Fortunately there was a Predator Drone as well as a battle-hardened line company near the location he was headin’ in.

The LT had received Intel that this area was crawlin’ with Taliban insurgents. Yet with only three weeks in country (an FNG – Fucking New Guy), feeling “invincible”, and going against his Staff Sgt’s. advice, he proceeded into an extremely dangerous area. Engaging the enemy was a certainty – and he was bein’ just plain stupid.

Like a herd of goats in the blast zone of a 500 pounder, the unit drove smack dab into a well-planned ambush. An IED (Improvised Explosive Device) exploded under the first Humvee and all hell broke loose.

Taking a round to the head and going “black”, the next time the Lieutenant opened his eyes was in a hospital in Germany. Bad enough his reckless actions “almost” killed him. But his foolish actions did in fact; kill all of the Soldiers under his command.

Some who’ve heard this tragic story say he should have died. Some say he learned his lesson and would become a more responsible leader. You decide. But regardless of what anyone, thinks he’s alive now, and tormented by what he did.

How is it possible to ever recover from such a mistake?
Someone once said, “Time heals all wounds”. Most likely that person wasn't a Combat Warrior. Sure, enough time can distance the initial impact of such an event, even pushing it back into your fishnet a bit. But it ain't goin’ away, and eventually you’re gonna have to deal with it.


When something like this happens, you go through a thousand “What if’s”. And “I coulda done this, I shoulda done that!”, until you reach a critical mass. Then you ask the question, “Do I commit suicide or go on?”

If you go on, you MUST accept the past experience as the past. You MUST use that experience to learn from, to make yourself a better human being, and to never make that same mistake again.

Now you ask, “What can I do with my life to fill that hole in my chest?” It's sort of an Act of Humility, in getting started on this. First you’ll need to admit you’re human, get rid of the arrogance that you can never make mistakes, and join the club with the rest of us imperfect people.

Ask yourself honestly, “How much have I ever really learned from a good experience?” Most often the greatest lessons we learn, the greatest wisdom we ever gain is through a very painful experience. That is, if we choose to make it so.

By accepting yourself and what bad choices you've made, you simply say, “Yeah – I fucked up, I'm human, I won't do that again.” Then continue on your Journey to Becoming. This same principle of “Self-Forgiveness” applies to all the mistakes we’re ever gonna make. Maybe not as dramatic as the Lieutenant’s, yet this same approach to healing, applies to all of us – if you’re human that is?
Hell, at least take credit for having the courage to make a decision (good or not so good) and act on it. Some folks don’t even do that!

Here’s one tid-bit of guilt you may not have thought about. And I’ve personally been through this, at one stage or another, in the numbing process of war.

“It’s completely natural, to not want to look into the eyes of someone you love, who’s dying”. If shrinkers got this right, this response is hard wired into our brains. Sorta like gasping for air after almost drowning. Cause you see, even if only for a split second, most of us think, “I’m glad it’s you and not me.”

This may change as you experience more and more combat. It’s like we discussed earlier, eventually, when you’ve reached the breaking point (been there) this “Glad it’s you and not me” changes to “I wish it were me and not you”. Ya gotta think about this one for it to make sense?

So then, personal guilt stems from personal mistakes – when we judge ourselves, or others judge us as having failed in some way. And besides human-mistake-guilt, there's a couple more bangin’ around in the skulls of many Warriors.

One of ’em is a baited-hook-on-a-drag-line to self-destruction called “Survivor Guilt”. Many of us Warriors have asked, “Why am I alive and my friend is dead. It should have been me”. Sound familiar? Most of us have asked that one. Hell, anyone walkin’ away from a near-death experience, while leaving a loved one’s body-bagged asks the same damn thing – Warrior or civilian. So let’s look at this a bit.

In Vietnam when we’d walk away from a firefight unharmed, watchin’ our Brothers bein’ choppered off dead, we'd look at each other, wide eyed, shaking from
adrenaline, light a cigarette and say, “Guess it ain’t our time?”

Like I just said, after enough war and killing, the normal (?) hard-wired-in response changed. When it did, we’d say, “Maybe next time! Now let’s get some payback!” And the death-wish-cycle continued until we ourselves got choppered out dead, or made it home half alive.

I gotta tell ya, that after coming back here with the dog-shit-throwin Hippies at the time, I’d of preferred bein’ dead – dying in a righteous firefight. But Damn! Here I am, jackin’ my jaws at you Young Pups. Seems like I had a mission objective I never even knew about? So do you, cause it's a comin’!

When you’re brain fried from combat you think, “It’s a Curse to Live”. Later on you realize it's not a curse, it's a Blessing to be alive so you can help your Fellow Warriors. Discovering your “Calling” is sorta like wandering in the desert and findin’ and ice chest filled with cold beer. It goes down real smooth. Helping others feels the same way. So take a sip! You’re gonna like it!

Yeah, your Buddies are dead, and you’re alive. They may be in Afghanistan right now chokin’ down MREs, while you’re eatin’ artery cloggin’ burgers at the land of the Golden Crotches. You can't change your past, but you can change your future. For example, what are you doin’ right now to Honor you're dead, to help your fellow Warriors still in harm’s way? Think about it.

You get rid of past, Personal Guilt by facing it. You get rid of Survivor Guilt by changing your life so it helps the ones you truly love – whether they’re in your face or deployed. Give ’em some hope and support. Let ’em know they’re not alone, that you’ve got their six.

Let's talk a bit more about Survivor Guilt. ’Cause for
many years this one made me feel like a snail under a saltshaker. I was tormented over the loss of my Brothers, and didn’t really know what to do about it. I didn't want to forget about 'em, yet the horrible memories of their deaths, were at times unbearable. I know that many of you, understand exactly what I’m talkin’ about here.

Thinking about this now, I asked Command Sergeant Major Russell, what her thoughts were on the subject. She’s an excellent example for all of us, in how she uses the horrors of her experiences as a Medic – to continually develop strength, insight and wisdom in her present life.

I asked her how she does it – how she honors the many soldiers that she's lost? This is what she said.

“You either Die-On or Live-On – either continue to die inside with them, or continue to live. You have great power in this choice. Do you honor your fallen comrades by having them die-on or honor their lives and yours?”

“A split second stands between life and death – life is so much more. The death of these Warriors speaks only to their bodies. You have the power to give them life, in how you Honor that part of them, the part they shared with you. Don't let the Light of their lives burnout. Give it Light and ensure it burns bright!”

“What Honor is there in taking their lives down to the split-second of death, and using the Weight of their Souls to plunge yours ever deeper into the darkness – for all to be lost in death? This is a path of Dishonor. Better to live on in the light of your lives and shine fiercely into the darkness, sending the darkness into Darkness, until it is no more.”

“Embrace their Life’s Light and bring it with you in Honor on the Warrior's Path. Celebrate their lives in life, or die in the darkness. How? Well let's shine a little light
“One way we honored our fallen was by a very old Military Ceremony called “Dining In”. We gathered together for a very formal meal in a very formal place. One table was set off by itself and was set for our fallen Brethren – no details overlooked, candles were lit on a black tablecloth. The Color Guard was present, and the Colors were Posted.”

“We were all dressed in our finest military uniforms – Dress Blues, Dress Whites. All of the Enlisted Ranks were present. No Officers, civilians or family were allowed in – Enlisted Warriors only.”

“During the dinner, except for a “Toast”, no mention was made of the fallen Heroes, yet everyone knew full well why we were there. When finished, we left in silence and the candles were blown out – a symbol of their passing from this life to the next. Their flame, their Light continues on through my life. And I will Honor them until we meet again.”

“Many Soldiers have died in my arms, and in that ‘split second’ when they passed from life to death, in that moment I honored all they had been, all they were. I now carry their Honor in my life. They live through me, through my life of Honor.”

So you see my Fellow Warriors, consider how CSM Russell carries her dead by Honoring their Lives, by carrying their Light on into her life. By doing this, the pain of loss is diminished and any lingering guilt is removed. Yet another way for you to heal, a broken Heart, and a wounded Soul.

Now let’s talk about yet another form of guilt to shit can. How about Social Guilt? You know, the so-called
social “Standards”, a Warrior is supposed to just slip-right-into, after walking off the battlefields of war. Talk about a shit-for-brains notion!

Look, you got enough conflicts to deal with. You need this one like a sucking chest wound. We all feel guilty for not fitting in when coming back from deployment. Civilians are busily bobbing along like a bunch of wine-bottle-corks in a fast-moving drainage ditch, suckin’ all they can outa everybody they can, to achieve whatever in hell the “American Dream” is – or the American Nightmare?

You didn't join the military for money – you joined to serve. Besides, making money at the expense of others doesn't bring true happiness. It just don't work that way. Think about it.

Why should us Warriors feel guilty about not fitting into a society we don't respect, a society that rejected us out of hand? Why would you wanna be friends with someone you'd like to body-bag? Keep in mind that most people in the business community don't operate on the same ethical standards that you’re prepared to die for – like Honor, self-sacrifice and the unconditional love for your Battle Buddy.

Of course, I'm not saying that all civilians would eat their own children. I'm just sayin’ you gotta be selective with the jobs you take, and the people you wanna be around. If you can’t relax, be your Warrior self, and talk shit around the so-called friends yur hangin’ out with, are they really “Friends”? Don’t think so. Guess you gotta be the judge on that one.

So what's the point? The point is, there’s no reason to feel guilty about “Not fitting in to a society that doesn't fit you!” You just gotta adapt, blend in, and make it home to
your dogs – so they get ta eat, while you clean the 50 Cal on your roof. The point is, “Don’t lower your Standards!” for anyone – period.

Damn! Here’s even one more kinda guilt, to throw “Quick Clot” on your sucking chest wound – hurts like hell. This one is sure to pass off a lot of fanatical types. We may have to set the Claymore's way outside the wire on this one?

Thinkin’ about **Cultural Guilt** takes me back to my E-tal-e-an-o, Roman Catholic childhood.

Every Sunday after church the whole family would get together for a loud meal. After at least 2 gallons a burgundy were sucked down, all the Jews, politicians, and all minorities (other than Italian) were put on a boat and sunk. Well even in my young Devil-Dog-to-be days, this sent up some flares – there were Tangos in the wire. Sure was glad to be born in the chosen race?

To top it off, at almost 17 and about to be reborn in Boot Camp, after going to mass one day, I stopped off to talk with the Catholic priest. After that wonderful conversation with the spokesperson of God, I called it the rectum-ry.

So I tell the priest (smelling like wine) that I was about to go active duty in the Corps and was gonna get to Vietnam as soon as possible – my friend Bob was already in-country. The priest makes the sign of the cross pointing at me (I guess in some sorta blessing?) And so began our short conversation.

In my pre-numb-two-all-life stage, I liked animals, especially cats. The only four-legged feline friend I had up to that point was a little guy named Smokey. So I asked the priest “If I die in battle, will my little friend Smokey be there in heaven with me?”
The priest gets this self-righteous grin on his face and blurts out “Oh no! Of course not!” (Looking at me like I’m a dumb shit) “Animals don't go to heaven!”

Instantly pissed off (Getting’ ready for Boot Camp) while standing up, I replied in true Marine Corps fashion, “Well ya know Padre, if animals ain't in heaven I’d rather go to hell. You can take this Catholic Church and shove it up your holy ass”.

Now that may have not been “Blending” into society, but I figured, “I ain't bein’ part of any damn thing I don't respect”. So while the well-lubricated priest reached for another glass of holy nectar, I shuffled out the door, and into the Corps! OORAH! Guess O’l Padre had to self-medicate after dealing with the green infidel?

“Cute story” you say, but what's the point?

Well, my culturally-guilt-ridden friend, the point is real simple. I personally don't care much, not only for the Catholic Church, but feel the same way about most 501c3, nonprofit, corporate religions.

How many wars would not have been fought, countries invaded, people slaughtered and subjugated if organized religion didn't exist?

In the Catholic Church (My favorite) how can a perfectly innocent new child, be born with Original Sin? How can pedophiles be sheltered in Safe Houses not subject to the laws of our nation? Is it because they can be “saved” on their death-bed with the Last Rights, erasing all the innocent lives they’ve destroyed with a few drops of holy water? Don't think so.

If you take the time to study a bit about all the major religions on the planet, it seems to me they are all praying
to the same God. So who's right? They’re all right! But to kill people of a different faith, because of that faith, is just plain wrong.

Seems to me, the subjugation of the masses to do what the so-called-elite insist upon, as the only true path to heaven is the greatest of sins. We'll talk more about this in Book Four, *The Warriors Guide to God and Life*.

Now maybe you don’t agree with the old Jar Head? But in my simple way of thinkin’ on it, most of time, when people say God and organized religion in the same sentence, it’s like sayin’ Military Intelligence. Real smart, book-learned-folks, call that one of them “Oxymorons” (Marines-Rangers: Not a retard gulpin’ air?).

So for the time bein’, just live **Your Truth**, pray directly in your own way to whatever or whoever you believe in, and don't feel any more guilt over what some religions claim to be as, the only path to heaven.

If there is a path, and there is a heaven, the only way to get there is by Loving All Life, and treating your Brothers and Sisters like you’d want to be treated. Reverence for all life and living by the Code of Honor is my best bet. Oh hell, what do I know? Guess I don’t really give a rat’s as, cause there’s gonna be Marines in both places? (Maybe the hot one, more than the cool one?)

OK, so finally, bringin’ up the rear of the column is **Inherited Guilt**. “Incoming!” on this one, cause it’s sure to ruffle a few of those all-slicked-down feathers! (On you know who?)

Way back in ancient times, even before my birthday in 1775, (You know, the birth of the Marine Corps?), some old guy said, “The sins of the father, will visit the son”. That means, if your father was a no good, thievin’, child-molestin’ son of a bitch, people might just look at you in
the same way – the son.

Even though you had nothin’ to do with what your father did, you’re gonna most often carry the burden of his actions – in some way, shape or form. Now does that make any sense? Nope. Kinda like suckin’ on a shit flavored lollipop?

Now ask yourself “What about the guilt of war?” That is, depending on what side you’re on? I know of a German man, let’s call him Otto, who lived in torment over what happened to the Jews in his father’s generation. And how about this one?

All modern people, living this day, are not responsible for the actions of the past. I didn’t have anything to do with the way African Americans were treated in the slave days. And I wasn’t around when Custer (deservingly?) got his ass kicked at Little Big Horn – or was I part of the genocide of the American Nations. By the way, the American Nations means, the American Indian Nations, for those of you in need of sun-block on the reverse side of your ball cap – as in charbroiled neck?

Sure, I feel strongly about the atrocities and the injustice committed under the name of justice (?) and pacification. Isn’t that the fault of the people who were alive in those times? Shouldn’t the actual criminals, who committed the crimes be punished, and not their children two generations removed?

Let’s not confuse inherited guilt with inherited prejudice here. People alive now, have learned to hate Jews, Blacks, Indians, Arabs, Infidels, Chinese, rats, mice, gold fish – Hell – the list goes on and on.

These ignorant ideas are all learned from ignorant people. Just so happens that some of them ignorant people were from the same race, religion, or ethnic background.
These are the kinda folks that think Latin Americans speak Latin, or that Red China means dishes. They ain’t the brightest bulb on the tree. So why should you as a Warrior, care one damn bit, what these septic-sippin’ maggots think?

I mean hell, people hated me because I was (still am?) Italian. They thought that everyone from Italy was in the mafia. “Let’s kick the grease-ball-Dago’s ass!” still sticks in the fond memories of my dysfunctional childhood. I had nothing to do with those folks, but got my ass kicked just the same – for somethin I didn’t do!

How about people who aren’t prejudiced and don’t wanna act the same as the assholes in the past? Doesn’t that count? I mean hell, the thought of being born with “Original sin” makes me wanna call in a napalm strike on you know who.

How about adapting to the times? Let’s get over feelin guilty about these twisted-up, distorted views, designed by a bunch of brain-dead-buffoons with a power-monger attitude. (too harsh?) OK – so what I’m sayin’ here, is real simple.

If you didn’t do it, you ain’t responsible for it.

So then, to wrap this briefing, think about the kinds of guilt you feel, and why. Then forgive yourself for bein’ a human being, and love yourself “For Who you are” – as you continue your Journey to Becoming.

Go with your gut and apply the KISS Theory – Keep it Simple Stupid? Don’t be stupid, cause you ain’t.

You wanna change things in your life? You gotta change first!

When you keep doin’ the same damn, stupid things in
your life and expect a different outcome, you’re eatin’ the wrong brand of dog food. If that’s the case, then at some point, you’re gonna get tired of shittin’ in your own mess gear, and do something about it?

Some folks call doing the same thing, over and over, expecting the results to be different, the true definition of insanity. I call it, bein’ a shit-for-brains. Don’t be. You deserve a lot more, and if you work hard at it, you’re gonna be pleased with the results.

Just give all that we’re talkin’ about, your best shot, and do no harm!
OK! Let’s wrap this briefing and head out to our next objective!

Lock and Load! We’re about to engage the enemy on this next topic!

It’s a Free Fire Zone!

Let’s Get Some!
All that we seem to concern ourselves about is that which has no effect on the future, beyond our passing.

Unknown

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

1-6 Death is Life

I'm gonna get real personal here, (so what's new?) and attempt to explain this one.

Like most of us, I learned this “Death Lesson” on the battlefields of war. It equally applies on battlefields of peace as well. When it is my time, those I love will continue on. Because when your body dies, a vacuum is created, and nature deplores a vacuum – rushing in to fill whatever is missing.

Your passing is like laying down for the last time in a beautiful field of flowers. Then pulling a blanket, woven with the same flowers over your body, face, and head. You become invisible to the mortal eye. You become one with the field of flowers, blending into the beauty that surrounds you.

Like so, when we close our eyes for the last time and are placed within the body of our Great Mother, life around us continues on. As it is said, “My greatest concerns are my lack of faith”. Faith that all will continue according to a Divine Plan – an inevitable unfoldment without your free will to alter it.

The animals I care for, my brothers and sisters of fur, claws, hooves and horns will continue on with or without me. How arrogant to think I’m the only one who can feed and love them as they are now.
My dearest human friends will continue on their own journeys as well. Perhaps saddened for a time, going on to find new friendships to fill the vacuum. Guess I've gotten a little soft, because I too am saddened at the thought of no longer sharing this life, to laugh with and love them, to spend a quiet moment in the company of those so dear to my heart.

Whatever happens to the animals after my death is no longer in my control, perhaps it never was. In those last moments, looking into the eyes of my dear friend Miriam, the Angel of Death, I will feel at ease.

Why? Because in this life I have had the absolute honor and privilege of serving my Mother and Father (Wakin Tonka, the Prime Source) I call God. I will be at ease because I have lived each day through the Honor and Strength as a Warrior, focused within the true Nobility of the Human Spirit. If you don’t already, you can and will feel the same way.

“If we do not embrace Death, how can we possibly embrace life?” Regardless of the struggles, the pain, the joys and success we experience, one day that will all be over – at least on this plane of existence.

“Freedom from Death is freedom to live Life fully”, knowing that we have given our all to make this world a little better place. That is the reward for the struggle.

This way of looking at death is not just for Warriors, it is for everyone. It's just that to be a good Warrior, we must accept our mortality and embrace death as a certainty. It makes us better war fighters.

I've seen a lot of dead human beings, most of us Combat Warriors have. When you walk up to the first corpse in this new life experience, the body appears so peaceful. It's like this person is in a very sound sleep,
silent, unmoving. When you touch their face, it seems rubbery, not real, the shell of what it once was. For this person the struggle has ended, the bond of life with this world has moved on.

In talking with Medics and Corpsman, they tell me that you go through a chemical cascade just before death. They say it's more powerful than morphine and gives you a sense of euphoria, of peace. Seems to me that who or whatever programmed this into all of us, did so as a merciful act of kindness, preparing us for yet another journey.

Since you're readin’ this, you're still on the right side of the dirt, so let's consider one possible way to make whatever time you have left on this little blue rock, a whole lot better. Maybe prep you a bit for that trip to the big BX in the sky? Maybe put a little more meaning in your life, so you don't feel like an oxygen thief?

Just what is this life of service that I've been jacking my jaws about? What is it that allows us to feel peace in our last moments in this world? As I mentioned before, “When you help others, you help yourself”. That's not to say you apply compassionate action in your life just to make yourself feel better. However you will feel better by doing it.

Here is an example of a wake-up call.

Back in the late 70s I thought it would be a good idea to apply my EMT skills overseas. Mother Teresa’s Missionaries of Charity in Haiti seemed like a good choice. So after three months of working in the clinic in Port-au-Prince, a little nun named Nicole said to me in the kindest way, “You know Andy, you're not here for the poor, sick and dying. You’re here to help yourself”.
Having run out of money and missing Mother Teresa by two weeks, I left Haiti wondering what help I had really been. What was my calling I asked? So when I got back I asked a good friend of mine named Piece Pilgrim about this calling stuff.

She looked at me, smiled and said “You’ll know what you’re calling is when you are doing it”. Sure, I felt good every day working with the sick and dying in Haiti, but what really happened, is that I realized what sister Nicole meant. Helping others helps you to help yourself, to feel you’re in the battle and not in the rear with the gear.

“How about this? The first time a mother called me and said “Thank you Sarge, for saving my son's life”. That is reward. When a Vietnam Veteran called me, having read the first book and said,” Thank you Sarge, because for the first time in 44 years, when I get up in the morning, I want to live”. That is reward. It don't get any better than that!

So what's the point? Well my anxious-to-serve friends, the point once again is real simple. Embrace your mortality to embrace life, be of service to something greater than yourself, and live in the present moment of your new Becoming.

If you were to ask anyone, from Martin Luther King, to Mandela, Gandhi, Mother Teresa (or any other person in a life of service right now), “Did you know you’d be doing this work years ago?”, the answer would be NO. They may have had a dream, but they had no clue how it was gonna come about. They lived each day thinking, “One day I'll do more.” And always, no matter how much they did, they never thought they were doing
enough. Guess that comes with the turf?

For these exceptional people, and others like them, wisdom can in fact become a burden. That's because, the more you know, the more you realize how much you don't know. There is a sadness that comes with your increased depth of understanding, because you begin to realize how much work is truly needed.

It's sorta like an Ever-Expanding-Circle. The more you move out to those in need, the more you're able to see just how much more need there is. When I look at the 22 million (many tormented) Veterans in this country, over one and a half million of which are on the streets now, from the Iraq and Afghan wars, it's overwhelming.

Like many others, I live one day at a time, helping one Combat Warrior at a time – small steps. I'm saying this to give you an example, not to pat myself on the ass. Because in my attempts in helping my Fellow Warriors, those small steps have added up to about 7000 Combat Troops and their loved ones. Maybe not a lot, but a fair start. You can do the same thing.

That is to say, if you’re a Warrior, now discharged or still on active duty, you have these same options. You can make the same mission objectives. Help Your People one at a time, and wait for the opportunity to help more. You’ll get your future mission objectives eventually. Stay frosty and just don't quit.

Death is certainly a change. So now let's talk a little more about accepting change, while you’re still not worm food. Maybe you’ll understand why living in the moment is a priority. You’ve gotta make the most of whatever time you have left, so maybe just consider what the old Jar Head is about to say?
Did you ever feel in your gut that a great change was eminent – about to happen at any moment? When we're honest with ourselves, the thought of things changing can be a little disquieting, a little unnerving.

“How do we embrace change?” you ask. Imagine it this way.

Have you ever seen a dust storm coming? It's a great wall of turbulent wind filled with very fine dust particles, moving toward you at great speed. Imagine that you are standing on the desert floor unable to escape it.

As the great front moves ever closer to where you stand, you are fixed, motionless, arms outstretched, palms up to the sun now turning red above the torrent.

Now take away the dust. The wind becomes invisible and silent. You are still able to feel the pressure wave touch you. Change is coming. You feel it in your body and Soul. It draws closer and closer. You brace for the impact. You stand motionless, in complete faith, accepting any outcome.

Suddenly it hits! In an instant, everything around you changes, being transformed into something very different than it was before the moment of impact. Looking around in wonder and disbelief, it's as if you've entered an alien landscape.

Now you're standing in a beautiful, flower covered meadow. The desert sand is gone. In the distance, people are beckoning to you, moving toward you, yet still too far away to recognize or identify. They are in your future, bringing new friendships and lessons to be learned.

Change has come, a new beginning in your life has moved into your present, beckoning you to step forward
into an unknown future. Gathering all of your strength as a Warrior, you have faith in your own ability to overcome any obstacle. You have faith, that the universe is guiding your every action. You move forward into your new becoming.

Think of it this way. The Winds of Change are now carrying you into your future. It’s as though you’ve become a swift moving ship, sails taunt in the wind, cutting through the swells of a rough sea. You’re moving ever closer toward your destination – a beautiful, lush green island of peace and joyful becomings. Embrace the Winds of Change. Don’t ask how, just allow!

The past is done, finished. You can make small changes in the present to some degree, but “It is what it is”, because of the choices you’ve made up to this point. Your greatest opportunity for positive change is in the future. How you embrace that future, also influences the present moment. By living in the moment, and accepting any outcome is what brings you peace. I’ll explain.

The reason I keep harpin’ on living in the moment is for a number of reasons. It helps you to detach from the past, brings you peace and develops your ability to focus more clearly. Here’s an example of what works for me.

On a sunny day, stand outside, no matter where it is, close your eyes and feel the warmth of the sun on your face. I’d better modify this a bit, for you Marines and Rangers, don't stand in the center lane of a freeway. Anyway, back to you standing in a quiet safe place.

As you feel the warmth of the sun on your face, calmly, slowly, breathe in the warmth, breathe in the Light and simply say. “Thank you”. Focus on that moment and that moment alone. Even if only for a few seconds, feel the peace of that exact moment.
In activities during the day, focus in that moment. When driving your car, think or say to yourself, “I'm driving at this moment.” Look at the road a short distance ahead, and focus for a few seconds, ONLY on that section of the coming road.

When having a cup of coffee, focus on the warmth of the cup in your hand. Taste the coffee and feel the warmth of it traveling down your throat. For a few seconds look into the cup and be grateful.

This process is sort of like playing baseball. You focus **only** on the ball coming toward you. A few Vets that I talk with have small gardens – container type or cultivated rows. When you're in front of a tomato plant, touch it, focus only on the plant for a few seconds – look at it, feel it, smell it, focus only on this plant and say “Thank you”.

This is a conscious, willful exercise. What it does, is to force your brain to move out of the past, and out of the future that hasn't come yet. The more you do it the more peace you’ll feel – pretty soon those seconds add up to minutes, and the minutes add up to hours. Eventually, the past moves further to the perimeter of your fishnet and the future becomes only a distant possibility.

You look at the future by saying, “What else can go right? What exciting events will come into my life, that I as a Warrior with all of my strength and wisdom can learn from?”

It's a whole different way to move into the **Becoming** of your potential for Right Action. It's a whole different way of looking at life, and **Life is Constant Change**. When you live in the present moment, openly embracing any coming change, then things usually go very well indeed. Why?
Because you ain’t throwin’ it out of whack with your own free will. You ain’t thinkin’ you can read the future. You’re just allowing it to unfold by itself. Is this as clear as mud? Let’s say it this way.

All this focus, concentration and control, takes a good bit of practice. You’re taking in information that your past experience gave you, then you’re adjusting fire to hit the mark. Once your rifle is sighted in, you’re more confident that in the future you’re gonna hit the bull's-eye – living in the moment is hitting the mark!

And by the way, when you're focusing in the present moment and say, “Thank You”, it's just an act of courtesy, respect, and gratitude that you're alive to feel that moment. Were you dead, you couldn't sip that coffee, feel that tomato, or for that matter feel squat shit.

So then, to wrap this short briefing, consider a few things. What in your life is truly of value? It's not money and the things money can buy beyond your needs. The way I see it, money is only of real value if used to relieve the suffering of others.

Are you living your life in fear of illness and death? Will you smile with confidence in the face of death, feeling peace and joy from a life well lived? Do you understand that in fact, “A Life Lived by Honor, is a Life Well Lived”? Does your life, as you’re now living it, feel full and satisfying, or is something of great value missing? Are you asking yourself, “How can I change my life in a meaningful way?”

Because you see my friends, most all of us have a hole in our chest, Warriors or civilians alike. Most of us need to fill some emptiness in our hearts, to look into our future with Confident Anticipation (Hope) and know that our life did in fact make a difference.
So then, in a quiet moment of reflection, be still and feel **who you truly are**. Consider, what good you may do to help others. Ask yourself my friends, “What can I do to help Myself?”

**The smoking lamp is lit.**

**Enjoy the downtime before this next mission!**

**We’re Operationally Mobile in 30 Mike's!**

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**Notes**
You gain strength, courage, and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face. You are able to say to yourself, “I lived through this horror. I can take the next thing that comes along”.

Eleanor Roosevelt

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

1-7 The Forever Tool Box

All right my fellow heart-and-soul-healing Warriors, we're gonna go down this pre-deployment checklist (It’s Battle Rattle time) so get ready for this Operational Intel.

We’re gonna concentrate (Marines-Rangers: Focus in the crosshairs) on just what you need, to figure out how all this stuff fits together in your brain-housing-group. That is, just what you need to do each day to stay Mission Ready – frosty!

Let's just say that you’re well on your way in the following list.
1. You’ve accepted the violation of Big-Mama-Nature about killin’ your own species.
2. You've got a grip on the Moral (Or Ethical) conflict of family, social, cultural and inherited brainwashing.
3. You've made peace with the Phantoms in the Shadow World to heal your Soul.
4. You've learned how to control your drooling, furry Beastie.
5. You're workin’ on healing the whole in your chest through Right Action.
6. You’ve flushed the guilt in all forms.
7. You’re remapping your green brain to clean up your fishnet.
8. You've accepted your capacity to Love and Trust.
9. You’re living In the Moment, not fixated in the past or shittin’ in your skivvies over what hasn't come yet.
10. You've learned not to hate and developed a real good “I don't give a shit” attitude.
11. You’re using bad-past-experiences as a resource of strength and wisdom, to make good choices with your own free will.
12. You’re setting realistic, flexible Mission Objectives. You’re the CO of your AO!

Hell, you’re feeling as slack-jawed happy as a pig and a strawberry patch, and self-esteem is at an all-time high! You’re now feelin’ like there’s real confident anticipation (Hope) for the NEW you in civvie land. The junkyard dog is free at last and found a good home with folks that truly give a shit, and Love you – as you are!

**Now What?**

Even with all these warm and fuzzy, Pollyanna feelings swishing around inside, you still need to “Be aware of your surroundings at all times” – not only in your Happy-Face-Head, but in the alien society you've been airdropped into.

How do you continue to reshape your life, your habits and behaviors to keep advancing forward, sometimes under fire? Well, I'm gonna explain to you Young Pups how the O'l Jar Head does it, and give you lots of examples. See if these fit in your backpack. Now let's take a look at the 12 things on the roster we just listed.

Oh! By the way. The question may have bubbled up in your green brain, “Why aren’t the shrinkers at the VA, and
the Warrior Transition Units in the Military covering all 12 of these points of impact?” Fact is, some are, some don’t know, and for whatever reasons, some just plain don’t give a shit. Now, let’s move out!

1. **Callin’ in an airstrike on Big Mama:**

   There is no way you’re gonna get away from this one completely, that is, if you’re honest with yourself. Like I said before, I’ve killed women, children and the enemy in war. I absolutely loved killing the enemy, some of which were women, but I did not like killing innocent children. Unfortunately they are what is called collateral damage – how about the true victims of war?

   The children part of it is what I had to deal with in the Shadow World, to begin healing my wounded Soul. Looking at the male enemies I’ve killed, (Never Enough!) once I got past the revenge, hatred, adrenaline and power side of this, something still stung a bit. Here’s the absolute truth of it.

   I will never, ever feel guilty about killing an enemy that would have taken the lives of my Brother Warriors. What I’m about to say here is, how I deal with the “Discomfort” of having killed MEMBERS of my own species.

   In true Marine Corps fashion, (No disrespect intended) I guess I gotta say to Mother Nature, “Fuck it (You?) if you can't take a joke!” I was a Warrior (Still am) in war, was weaponized as a trained killer (Still am) and did what I was trained to do at the time (Still Would).

   What I’m attempting to explain here, is that the love for my Brother Warriors was greater at that moment than any pain or consequence I would ever face in the future. Had I known then, what I know now, my actions would
have been exactly the same. Then and now, I would die to protect those I love without hesitation. And if I’m not mistaken, most all of us Warriors feel the same way.

2. Moral or Ethical Brainwashing:

   All I can say about this one is that once you really look at the Bullshit you were brought up to believe in, it’s just that – bullshit. What I do on this one is to “contrast” what it is I'm supposed to believe in, compared to the Code of Honor I do believe in. If it isn’t Truth, then it must be a lie. There’s no gray area for a Warrior. You live by Honor, or you are dishonorable. Just that simple.

   It doesn’t matter if the people doing the lying know they’re lying or not. You don't have to buy into it, you stand your ground, then advance to the rear to regroup and lick your wounds from betrayal. I felt that I was betrayed by my government, many of its citizens, the Catholic Church, and even so-called friends, who believed the lies of other liars.

   My fellow Warriors, **YOU** decide what the truth is for you. I thought I was fighting against Communist aggression. When in fact it was for corporate, economic gain (Greed). The wars in Iraq and Afghanistan are supposed to be against terrorism. Dig a little bit, and follow the money. I’ll be damned if I can see a whole lot of difference between my time and now. You decide. You’re smarter than I ever was.

3. Healing your Soul:

   In dealing with the Phantoms of the Shadow World, the phantoms in your head, I’ve explained how I worked that out. Actually all it has to do with is forgiving yourself for something that doesn't need forgiving. Again, this takes
a real good “Fuck it!” Attitude.

I could have easily justified ALL the killing I've done with hate, “They were all the enemy, they all deserved to die a painful death.” But like I said, “Hate hurts the hater”. So once you let go of that, the gentler more human side bubbles up.

I'd rather embrace those children in my mind, forgive myself, and be proud of myself for being an outstanding Warrior, than to hold on to hate and regret, for the rest of my life. It's just not that important to me now, what I've done. What is important to me now, is what I AM doing. Think about it.

Once again I'll say, use those horrific war experiences to learn from, to build strength and wisdom. Do that, and eventually, you will find the peace in your life you so deserve. I had to assign the responsibility where it belonged. It ain’t on us Warriors!

You may have volunteered like I did. And by the way, “Thank You for that!” However, be reasonable with blame. For most of us, that means, “Forgiving yourself and putting the responsibility where it belongs” – not on you!

Ask yourself, “Who trained me, armed me and sent me into battle? And for what real purpose?” Again, you’ll have to sort this out like I did. Once you do sort it out, chances are you’re gonna feel real pissed off. I still feel violated!

4. Your Beastie:

You’re gonna have to keep your snarling, hairy-best-friend on a leash for the rest of your life. Buck Up, and deal with it. Your Primal Side, the Beast, will never, ever go back in its cage.

One way to stay constantly vigilant about this blood-
lusting-side of you is, to not walk into ambushes. If you're not comfortable in crowds, then for now, stay out of ’em. Eventually you’ll come to feel less and less on “Full Alert” when going to the mall or other festively disgusting places. You'll come to realize that the threat level here is most often very low.

If you don't want a bunch of so-called friends cluttering up your life, pick a few new ones that you can trust. The trick in all of this is to lower your threat level. Because when you're threat level is high, your Beast is reaching for the M-4 and that adds up to trouble.

Sure, there are gonna be times of potential conflict that you just cannot avoid. But you’ve gotta control the rage and attempt peaceful resolve, drawing back into your strength as a Warrior. Ask yourself, “Is this life threatening?” and “Is this really as bad as the battlefield?” Chances are it won't be.

When I go into “Tango Territory” (Town?) I usually body-bag two or three well deserving civilians (In my head), get what I need as quickly as possible and head back to base camp.

All during this time, I'm asking myself, “Is the threat level here truly as high as in war?” It is not. I attempt not to make it so. Cause ya gotta keep in mind that “Once the bullet is past the muzzle, you ain’t takin’ it back” – so judge wisely.

Remember how it was coming back off of patrol? When you walked inside the wire, it felt a lot safer, you were around fellow Warriors, you were armed and protected. This same kind of “SAFE” feeling is what’ you’ll need to develop in your own hooch, your own surroundings.

Eventually you'll begin to feel more and more
comfortable venturing out into the civilian sector – always alert, with the safety on. If you share a dwelling with another person, you’ll need to carve out a space “Just for YOU!”, a place off limits to everyone. This becomes your new base camp, your safe place.

When you're feeling nervous, angry and aggressive, that’s your Beast talking. In these times just focus on your Safe-Zone-Base-Camp at home. Get there as quickly as possible, lock the door and pet your dog. It works for me.

5. Healing the Hole in your Chest:

Again, the more you help others, the more you help yourself. That may not be your goal, although it will feel good when you do it. If you don't give a shit about yourself at the moment, you will when you help someone besides yourself. Eventually you'll realize, all you’ve gotta do to fill that emptiness (we all have) is focus on Right Action. Real simple, ain’t it?

I picked animals first, then people. It just seemed easier for me. You can pick whatever makes your heart feel good. Hell, save the Spotted Owls, baby Seals, the whales, or help save Tibet! Don't matter much, just do somethin’. It's sorta like priming a pump to get the water flowing.

It doesn't need to be a giant life-changing effort. Maybe start with something small. You know, small steps, then see what happens. One thing for certain, once you start your path of service for the Greater Good, opportunities and choices will pop right up in front of you.

A few years down the trail, when you look back, you'll say, “Damn! I didn't know I'd be doing this!” And it’ll feel really good inside that your life has some true meaning.
6. Flushing the Guilt:

Ayn Rand said, **The worst guilt is to accept an unearned guilt.** And since most guilt is just plain bullshit, you gotta drop that load like an eighty pound backpack! The more weight you drop, the lighter the load and the better you feel. Just that simple.

The more you think about why you feel guilty, the more you will detach from the choices you think you made poorly. The more you detach from the negative influences of past brainwashing, the more release you'll feel – the more you'll flush the guilt down the tube where it belongs – into the shit-brown lakes of Fly Paradise!

It just takes some time to sort out all the bullshit. When you accept yourself as a damn fine human being, who has made mistakes in the past, and sure as hell will make more in the future, it tends to make you a little more cautious of your next choices.

It also tends to make you feel a little more human. Hell, at least you had the courage to make a decision! Some puss-sacks don’t do a damn thing. So you’re leading the way, no matter how it turns out!

As I've mentioned, you Honor your fallen Brethren by taking advantage of the life you've been given. Use it wisely and don't waste it like I did. Learn from your mistakes so you don't make the same mistakes again.

Keep your painful past memories as a Reservoir of Strength and Wisdom, to guide you successfully into what you will become. Cause one thing’s for sure, you’re gonna become something! So why not make yourself into somethin’ you’re proud as hell of?

Remember what old Mahatma Gandhi said, “A man (Or woman) is but the product of his thoughts, what he thinks, he becomes”. He also said “You must be the change
you wish to see in this world.” With selfless right action, you embrace the change, you become that change. You are “The Master of your fate, the Captain of your Soul!” Now – “Get Some!”

By the way, once you see the truth of why you’ve been feelin’ guilty, it’s gonna piss you off. You’re gonna wanna beat the shit out of someone. (I sure did) Trouble is, the Sum-Bitches that caused the damn guilt ain’t around to feel some real pain.

So to satisfy my Beastie, screamin’ for blood, I went to the Dojo, beat the shit out of a full-body bag, then beat the shit out of my martial arts Buddies. We’ve gotta transfer the violence to an object, not ourselves – bags work better than people.

We weren’t dumb-ass-shit-for-brains. We just didn’t know any better. We all drank the cool-aid on this one – guilt that is.

7. Remapping your fishnet:

You’re workin’ hard on remembering the good times in war, and pushing the bad times to the outer perimeter of your fishnet. It’s working! By remapping your brain-housing-group and controlling your Hairy-Counterpart (your Beastie), the nightmares are going away. In the process you’re learning to find real meaning from your painful, past experiences. That is, real strength and wisdom from the pain you’ve suffered.

You’re learnin’ that all of your memories will always be part of you. Also, that when you heal, there’re still gonna be a few scars. So think about this one.

The scars of your Mind and Soul, “Shout Out!” the pain you feel in your heart, validates that you do in fact have feelings! You’re a good human being! When you feel
great anxiety, it means you are capable of feeling great calm.

The more intensely you hate, means you are capable of feeling intense love. Feeling compassionate-sorrow, means you’re capable of feeling true joy. It’s been said, (As usual, don’t know who), “When you feel sorrow, give it over to Joy!”

What that really means to me, as a Combat Warrior is; focus in the Good Times with my Bros, be glad to be alive, to carry them on with Honor in my own life – to Honor those times we walked together as Brothers in battle.

It’s taken a good bit of time to learn how to survive as a Warrior. Now take the time to learn and grow from your pain. Now it’s time to learn how to survive life. And not just survive it. You can enjoy the hell out of it along the way!

What I am gettin’ at here with all the Fancy-Dan-Lingo is, you need to keep these tools in your toolbox for the rest of your life. It ain’t no big deal cause all us Warriors do it.

Listen up here! You shit-can one of these tools, and just see how long it takes before you need it. It’s sorta like condoms and weapons. “Having it and not needing it, is better than needing it and not having it.” Just that simple.

Here’s somethin’ else that works real good to remap your brain. I like to think about it as a way of “Tricking” that little-green-sucker behind your eyes. Cause no matter how much you practice living in the moment, unless you’re floatin’ cross-legged off the ground, or walkin’ on water, yur gonna flashback to the past. Why?

Because that’s how you make decisions now. It’s from drawin’ on your past! Your brain just don’t stop, or go on
hold, sittin’ there twitchin’ like a confused fly. You know, like when you’re hell bent on killin’ a fly? Unless you’re one of them kung fu, shaman-priest-type folks, it works best to use two hands.

When a pesky fly just won't stay off your beer can and lands on the table, you come at the little sucker with both hands – in both directions. And as your knarly hands, moving swift, silent an deadly close in for the kill, all the fly can do is say, “Oh Shit! I'll go left – or right, or up!” then splat – off to Fly Paradise.

Your brain don't work like that. Even the brain of a Marine or Ranger is smarter than a fly? The brain always has an alternate extraction point, usually into the past to decide what you're gonna do next, how to make a decision.

So as your panicked Fly-Brain is screamin’ down the jungle trail, or dodgin’ goats in the sand, you set up road signs to trick it into goin’ down the trail you want. I started out workin’ on this by identifying Pleasant Past Memories (PPMs) from the time I got back from the Nam. See if this works for you.

In thinkin’ about the first year I was back from deployment, instead of rememberin’ the dog-shit-throwin’-Hippies at the airport, I remembered going to Muir Woods and walking in the giant Redwoods – seeing the trees, the ferns, enjoying the smells, the sounds of the Blue Jays, and feeling the piece in that ancient forest.

You can make a list (like I did) of places, record the years, or just list the memories in some order. Here are a few on my list.

1. Being 30 feet underwater in the kelp beds off of La Jolla Cove, in California.
2. Having two harbor seals pop up next to me while sitting on the rock outcropping, again at
La Jolla Cove.
3. Walking in the redwood forest in Muir Woods.
4. Walking through the giant fern garden in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.
5. Standing at the edge of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona, arms outstretched, feeling the power of that beautiful place.
7. Sitting on the bench in the shade, in Cupertino, California, licking an ice cream cone (pralines and cream) in front of the Basket Robbins.
8. Seeing a thousand fire-flies one night in Ohio.

And so on. You see what I’m doin’?

Sure, in every place I’ve been, there were “Horrible-War-Driven-Memories” but I’ve tricked my brain into mostly remembering these truly peaceful, uplifting moments.

Journaling is another way to record the good times. I do this constantly. Here’s how this works!

In a safe, hidden and PRIVATE place, for my eyes only, I keep a journal of personal experiences. Writing things down helps “Clear your Brain”, gets things out. Sorta like flushing the toilet.

When I started this, I wrote everything down. What I mean is, I wrote down how I felt about all my feelings. And at that point in my life, most of it was real dark shit. You
can either tear-up or burn these dark-side-notes later on if you want, or like I do now, use ’em as a resource of strength – up to you.

The longer I did this, slowly but surely, I began to record only the **Good Days**, the **Good Times**! And when I look back now, over the notes of many years, I gotta tell say “Damn! I’ve got a lot of real fine things to remember!”

Just like listing peaceful, uplifting places, **Pleasant Past Memories** helps you to focus on more positive things in your past. Journaling does the same thing inside your brain. Why?

It’s because most folks don’t remember the good times. Most folks **only** remember the bad times. Don’t know why, just seems to be what most humans do? So if you **record** the Good Times, it helps you **focus** on the Good Times. You’re developing new “Habits”, new ways of looking at your past.

Try it, you’ll like it. This works for a lot of us Combat Warriors. It worked for me, and I’m gonna put good money up, it’s gonna work for you!

**8. Love and Trust:**

You’ve now learned that you’re capable of selective Love and Trust. You certainly feel **Fraternal Love** for your Brothers and Sisters, or you wouldn’t feel the pain of their absence – having lost ’em in battle, or bein’ separated from ’em now while they’re deployed.

You most likely feel a **Love of Nature**, of animals and the earth. They never betrayed you, never judged or condemned you for the Warrior you are. Even though it may still be hard to express it, maybe you still have a deep love for your Mom, Dad, relatives and **true** friends.
I might add here, that given enough time, you'll also learn to love and trust yourself!

Love and Trust are very difficult for most of us Warriors. Whenever you feel a twinge of love, even way down deep inside, unable to be expressed at the moment, this is your loving Spirit calling out to you – with arms outstretched, it beckons you home once again. Isn't it time to open your heart and Come Home?

Speakin’ about comin’ home, here’s somethin’ that may help a bit in thinking about just what that means to us Warriors. Maybe it’ll help in gittin’ a better grip on that living in the moment stuff too?

Home means something different to each of us. In the past, when people would say to me “Welcome Home” I used to stop and wonder just what that meant. The general definition of home is a place of security and happiness. So I used to think, “If I don't feel any security and I sure as hell ain't happy, then what is it?”

If that's the definition, then I guess I wasn't home for over 35 years? Let's just see, can we flesh this out a bit.

I was born here in America, but to this day I still don't feel like I belong here – I still feel misplaced, displaced and alienated. Why? Well, just consider this.

It's been difficult for me to stay in one location a very long. I was always searching for home. I've traveled over 20,000 miles in this country and lived in many states, searching for that security and happiness – searching for home.

Looking back over 45 years, at the different places where I’ve felt most comfortable for a time, there’s only one thing that makes a difference. That one thing is the people I've shared my life with. I'll explain.
I've been here in New Mexico for about 15 years, longer than any other place since returning from Vietnam. Sure, it's beautiful here in the high desert, in this peaceful Valley surrounded by mountains. But there have been other beautiful places in my life before.

The only thing that cuts the feeling of isolation in my heart, are the people in my heart. I have real friends here. Many of them are my Brother and Sister Warriors, but there are a number of civilians as well – who have earned my trust and accept me for who I am – a full-blown Combat Warrior.

Sometimes I think that if all these friends were to travel with me to any other place on earth, it would feel the same as it does here. It would feel like home. There would be the same feelings of joy and security in my life.

Some say, “Home is where the heart is.” I gotta say, “Home is where my friends is.”

The security I create with my military skill set. The joy (happiness) comes from accepting “Who” I am, and having others do the same. All of my friends know, they ain't gonna change me. They don't try. If they did try, they wouldn't be friends. And you know how us Warriors deal with non-friendlies.

Guess you could say that the joy comes from inside my heart, and from outside my heart – through the kindness given to me by those I am willing to trust and love. Love that is, in my own capacity to do so.

It's taken a long time to heal my Soul, to mend a broken and scarred heart, and to realize that if I “Kill the Demons, I kill the Angels”. And yet through all this my friends, there is now a silent strength, a quiet wisdom and a peace in my life, I've never known before. It’s well worth the struggle and pain to now feel that peace and love.
As you embrace all the things we've talked about, master your memories and emotions, this peace and joy will be in your life as well. You'll finally **Come Home**.

You'll always be cautious of extending trust, because to all of us Warriors, trust **must** be earned. And as you travel along, on your Journey to Becoming, you'll also learn to qualify people. You'll learn to “Judge Justly” those worthy the of our Warrior Trust.

Slowly but surely you'll develop true friendships. That is, if you're willing to take a chance on loving and trusting. It **will** be worth it my friends, but like always, “Small Steps”. Just remember that caution in trust makes good sense.

9. **Living in the Moment:**

You’re learning to live in the moment because you understand that, **“Life slips by you in the horrors of the past, and the pain of a future that hasn't come yet, destroys all hope and drives you into the darkness.”**

Learning to live in the moment ain't easy at first, but it's doable – just takes a bit of practice. At this present moment, I'm writing to you. Nothing else is on my mind, from the past or in the future. When in my truck, I'm focused on the road and the retards driving other vehicles – should be burros?

When I’m out shovelin’ horse-shit, I'm in that fragrant present moment – giving thanks to be alive. And I don't give a rat’s ass, if you believe in God, the Universe, or Beavis and Butt-Head. Just say “Thank You”! Who or whatever is allowing you that moment of peace will get the joke – just a tad of respect here?
However it comes, when you're feeling a moment of peace and joy, savor it, breathe it in and be grateful. Maybe you can't hold onto it, but enjoy the hell out of it as long as it lasts. Just like a banana split.

You've learned that, “Hate only hurts the Hater”. You’re practicing, “Don’t hate ’em, just feel better when they’re not around”. You know now that hate is a lizard brain, Beast emotion that always ends up the same way – you or someone else (mostly you) gets hurt. When it's over, you always end up feelin’ the same way – like dried dog shit. So why not feel all warm-and-fuzzy, and smell real fu-fu-juice like? Makes sense don't it?

As you fully develop the, “I don't give a shit” attitude you're gonna feel a whole lot better too. Like I said in Book One, when the so-called friends you have, turn out to be tangos, just say “I don't give a shit” and find new friends just like you.

In your sniper-recon-tactics to find real friends, it ain't rocket science in determining if they are Friendlies or Tangos. Just ask yourself, can you be yourself around them? Can you speak freely, even using military-speak—harsh-language? Can you talk about anything without being judged? Do they get nervous, fearful and slowly move toward the exit signs, when you open up and relax?

**If you can't be yourself around friends, then they ain't your friends.**

Here's another red flag. When your so-called friends want to “change” you, or tell you to “calm down” (I just love that one!) Then they don't really care about you at all. Calm down means, “I’m not interested in you, don't give a shit, and you're upsetting my tree-hugger calm. Go away.”
When some septic-suckin’-mucous-brain says that to me, I retort in true Marine Corps fashion with, “I got your calm hangin’ bitch” – smile and shuffle out the door for a cool one.

Here's yet another thing that might help you to understand how not to get trapped. Because us Warriors feel alienated in society, we go overboard on attempting to get along with people, while we compromise our own convictions. And when we do that it makes us feel worse about who we are.

When you meet someone you know, or someone for the first time and they want to jack-their-jaws to be all friendly and waste your time, ask yourself, “How do I feel?” when they leave.

If you know ’em, and don't like ’em, (been there) when you're being all hunky-dory-polite, you are compromising your code of honesty. And these little compromises build up very quickly. That is, these little things turn into big things.

For example, when people I know on the old dirt road I live on, pass by in opposite directions, I used to stop and be all friendly. You know, all neighborly and such. When in fact I'd rather pull the pin on a grenade and while smiling, toss it in their open window. So now I just give ’em a Happy-Face smile, wave and drive by.

Every time I stopped before, it made me pissed off at myself for being a hypocrite. So now I don't get pissed off at myself and that makes me all warm and tingly inside. Make any sense?

The point is, sure, we gotta “blend” into society, but we don’t have to compromise our Code of Honor when doing it. Yeah, even though we can’t say what we want, and sure as hell, can’t do what we think, we can remain true to
what we believe in. Once we understand who we can trust, it helps us stay in the moment and out of the past – all adds up in helpin’ our self-esteem. Why? Real Simple.

If the people around us, not only respect us, but even like us for who we are, it makes us feel good about ourselves. It makes us feel acknowledged for the sacrifices we’ve made. It makes us proud to be a Warrior!

The more we have good times like this with people we like, the more we stay in the present moment. The more we build on a positive future, because there are more good times ahead.

So for now, don't sweat the little things, cause all the intel we’re talking about here will eventually piece together. You'll do it. Just cut yourself some slack in the process.

11. Your Endless Resource of Strength and Wisdom:

OK, so while you're making a list of positive memories to remap (trick) your brain, you can make another list of brain-fryin’-shit-experiences. That is, separate the goodies and the baddies? Why?

On this list, “You’re gonna learn now, what you could've learned before”. Again, don't sweat it, cause better late than never. Guess the O'l Jar Head is an example of that? So let's get right into this.

I started my Journal of shit memories at the moment in time I was In-Country – listing all the times I should have (?) been dead, when my brothers were killed, and generally, other not so delightful times. No Shit!

Then I listed my life, year by year from when I was discharged from active duty. Again for example, in 1969 I had four jobs, all of which failed. I asked myself why?
Then, as a small, dim-green-light in my brain began to flicker, I understood!

Fact is, “I never took a job I thought I'd succeed at!” That's right, I was doomed before I ever signed on. Every job was the same before the first day of work at that job. “No one understood me, no one liked or respected me, they were all civilian puss-sacks that hated all Veterans”, etc. Now there’s a great attitude for success! I was truly a successful failure!

By the time I got up to about 20 years back and over 40 jobs, even for a dumb ass, thick-skulled Jar Head, I could see a pattern in all this. No shit! Right?

Next to all my so-called failure-jobs, I listed what I learned from each one. I asked, “What was it that caused me to fail?” And low and behold, there it was! What 70 jobs, three wives, and five major career changes had taught me was that “Success is Attitude!”

My attitude sucked! My attitude of hate, resentment and self-pity destroyed everything I approached in life. I traveled all over the country looking for a perfect place for a displaced loser. You know the old saying, “No matter where you go, there you are.”

Every time I looked in the mirror, the same high-and-tight Jar Head smiled back! Bein’ a little slow on the draw, I finally got the joke. I couldn't change the world, no matter how I bitched and moaned. I had to change myself. How?

I had to change who I was, by accepting who I am, by living the Code of Honor I believed in, and I had to stop trying (while failing) to become the people I hated. Now I don't hate 'em, I just feel better when they're not around.

The fact is, my friends, you don’t need anyone. What I mean is, you’re a whole person, in and of yourself. When
people introduce their partner as “Here’s my better half.” I wanna shuffle to the door without a chute, leavin’ a crater in the ground for the Corps! What the hell does that mean? How about “Half-an-ass”?

You choose to be with someone because they complement your life, same goals, desires, dreams, etc. You’re two whole people coming together to amplify life. Last time I remember in bone-head math, \(1 + 1 = 2\), not \(\frac{1}{2}\)? May be wrong on this – you know – high level math and all? We’re gonna talk more on this topic later on. Just hang in there, till we get there.

For now, just use ALL your memories and experiences to learn from, both the good ones and the flushable ones. None of ’em are goin’ away, so you may as well use ’em to your advantage. Oh sure, there are all kinds of fancy, head-shrinker terms for this, but us Warriors like to keep it simple.

If you make a list of your life, honestly looking at what you’ve been through, and give a 100% effort to learn from it, you’re gonna feel a whole lot better. You’re gonna be a whole lot smarter and wiser too. Your choice again.

12. Flexible Mission Objectives:

You’re setting Mission Objectives each day. Sure you gotta live in the moment, but when one moment moves into the next moment, you’ll need to know where to focus. Here’s an example.

Every single morning when I’m sitting here with a cup of Java (and a cig) I make a list of mission objectives – Orders of the Day. Remember, you’re now the CO of your AO! Feels good don’t it?

As I “Move Out!” to the first objective, usually feeding animals and picking up shit, I live in THAT moment until
the mission is complete.

Here’s a little trick I use on mission objectives that may help you.

First off, making a list of things-to-do, clears your head from trying and failing to remember what to do. Remember, (pun?) remembering ain’t easy for us. So if I know what I’ve gotta do, I ain’t worried about forgetting to do it. The list is right there in front of my face at all times.

The next trick is to be **Flexible**, about your list of tasks. It works best to prioritize them. Life comes first. So the first thing on my list of objectives is to make sure all the animals have enough water – no water, no life.

Pickin’ up shit is just like answering emails. If you don’t do it every day, there’s twice as much the next day, and it takes twice as long. So horse shit is second on the list, emails third. And the list goes on with less important things.

I make my list using a precision, Marine Corps writing instrument – a medium-tipped Marks-a-Lot pen. There may be 6 to 10 things on the list for each day. As each one is completed, I joyfully scratch it off.

If the not-so-important things don’t get done, because maybe I’m talkin’ to a Fellow Warrior, the task goes on tomorrow’s list. Or if I just don’t give a rat’s ass, it goes on tomorrow’s list, and so on.

“So what’s the point?” you ask with ink covered hands.

The point is, clear your head each day by making a list of things To-Be-Done. If you can’t get everything done, there’s always tomorrow – so fuck it!

I always reward myself for the job well done. For
example I’m sittin’ here right now havin’ a glass of ice cold wine and relaxing while talking with you. All the chores are done, I got a Netflix movie to watch and chow is almost ready. I’m rewarding myself for a “Mission Accomplished”. I earned it, I deserve it and so do YOU! Hell, we’ve earned a lot more than a movie and chow! No Shit! Right?!

Since I live “Completely in the moment”, I don’t give a damn about tomorrow. If my feet hit the deck in the morning, I’m Good To Go! If they don’t, then I guess I ain’t got a thing to worry about?

Here's a little sideline Intel for ya.

Now that I completely embrace, accept and acknowledge who and what I am, I'm at peace with myself and the world around me – for what it is, both the nobility and the demonic potential of it all.

I'm extremely proud to be a Warrior, and I'm extremely proud to be a damn good human being. Why? Because I personally believe that it's critical for each of us to represent our Brother-Sisterhood to the best of our ability – to be an example of strength and Honor in this world. I also believe that you young Warriors will carry on this same tradition as well – long after the O’l Jar Head is worm food, you know, on the wrong side of the dirt?

My fellow Warriors, I'm telling you this because when you continue the Good Fight you will feel the same way. Look at it like this. Why do you think you've been through war and the tortuous process of recovering from war? It has been said that, “Healing from war is by far harder than war itself.”

Just consider for a moment, that you've been selected for a special operation, for a great work, for great
leadership, and to right the wrongs of this world. You **were selected** to do this, because you have the **strength** to do so.

Is it easy? Hell no! Can anyone do this? Again, Hell no! Are **YOU** capable of completing your Life Mission? Hell yes! So take up the “Guide On” and move out under fire! Carry on your fallen Brethren with Honor, and **Honor Your Self** by living the Code – no matter what comes.

Someday we'll all be standing in formation on the parade deck, dressed in Class A’s, looking sharp, and our real commander in chief will say “My Fellow Warriors, my Sons and Daughters of Light and Love, you did Out-fucking-standing! Now pick your next duty assignment and continued to kick some ass!”

And so our Journey to Becoming will continue on – one day we’ll all stand together once again, for the next battle between Light and darkness.

I'm confident you will master everything we’re discussing here. My only concern is that you’ll be easy on yourself in the process. So then, stay frosty, be aware of your surroundings at all times, and watch your six on the journey ahead. Ya never know when the herd is gonna spook!
This Briefing is a Wrap!

Smoking lamp is lit!

Take 30 Mikes.

Then saddle up for the next “Tingly” topic in Section Two.
Notes
Section One Summary

1-1 Don’t Mess with Momma!

1. “One member of a species DOES NOT kill off other members of the same species”
2. This goes against the Evolutionary Mandate for the Survival of the Species! No exceptions!
3. Boot-Camp-Brain-washing don’t give you a “Liberty Pass” on this one.
4. Combat makes you Numb Off to the killing-your-own-species Mandate.
5. The killing, loss, and atrocities of war, make you Numb Off to everything and everybody, “Except” your Fellow Warriors. This is Natural – this is your brain working to save your ass, to help you survive!
6. Who gives a rat’s ass about Nature versus Nurture, when you’re knee deep in tangos, eatin’ and excretin’ MREs, and countin’ off the days till extraction to CONUS?
7. Just cause everyone (Who ain’t next to you on the battlefield) says it’s the “Right thing to do”, don’t make it the right thing to do in your genetics. How about somebody tellin’ us “Before” we go into combat, that we’re gonna have an ass kickin’ from Momma?
9. Your Moral (or Ethical) upbringing, Mother Nature, and your Beastie are kickin’ your ass. You can deal with all three, and have a good life!
10. Figure out how many of the “Five” kinds of love you feel, and work on the rest. Take your time and cut
yourself some slack!!

11. Your Physical, Emotional (Mental), and Spiritual balance, takes time to get into balance. You will figure this out! You will succeed!

12. Part of us died on the battlefield, part of us turned into a sociopathic monster. We CAN piece together what’s left, and control the monster. Look at it this way. Being a half alive Warrior, is better than bein’ a completely brain dead civilian! OORAH!

13. You were “Weaponized” into a perfect killing machine. Be proud of it, and adapt that training to civilian life. They’re gonna piss you off a lot, but keep in mind, they don’t have the Military Standard of Honor to compare their bullshit-life to a life of real meaning. You can.

1-2 Closet of Bad Juju

1. War anniversary-dates (When shit happened) can be a bitch. Mark ’em down on a calendar to get a jump on ’em. That is, until you work out what happened in your head? Once you deal with the events (experiences) you had in war, they won’t kick your ass.

2. Your slick green brain remembers everything. So one shit-bath memory triggers other shit-bath memories, adding to the joy of your pain.

3. Remap your fish-net-brain, by first going through and beyond a painful memory, to a time of a more pleasant memory – like burning down a village, and laughing with your Warrior Friends – not thinkin’ about when they were killed.

4. Killing yourself is NOT making the world a safer or better place. You make it safer and better by taking responsibility for it. If all the Sheep Dogs are gone, then the wolves will have free reign over the herd. We need
Sheep Dogs, not less. Stay alive. Guard and protect!

5. It takes time to RE-Train your brain. The more you do it, the faster it works. So work on it.

6. You won’t stop smellin’ like shit, until you get out of it. Thinkin’ “I’m all alone, no one likes me, the world doesn’t understand me, bla-bla-bla” is swimming in the shit brown lakes of Fly Paradise. So get out of it, clean up, and get on with your great life ahead. If you’re acting like a victim, you ain’t acting like a Warrior.

7. You’re not on the battlefields of war in CONUS, you’re on the new battlefields of Peace. That is, you’re battling to find peace in your life. You trained for war. Now you gotta train for Peace! Same effort and discipline!

8. Who gives a shit who and what you were before going to war. You’re far better now!! You now set the standard for everyone else. You’re a Battle-Tested Warrior!!

9. The greatest risk is not taking one. It’s risky to take a chance on love and friendship, so “Judge Wisely”. It reduces the chance of disappointment and betrayal. You’ll make mistakes. So what. You’ll learn.

10. Change pain and anguish into Strength and Working Wisdom! Use your painful memories as a resource of strength, by understanding the lessons you’ve learned from each experience.

12. To Know Thyself, means to accept yourself. That means facing who you are, accepting what you’ve done, learning from your experiences, and not making the same mistakes again. Act like a Warrior!

13. Pain is our friend. It teaches us what not to do again! Pain is weakness leaving the body and mind. Embrace the pain, and learn from it.
14. You’ve gotta let go of the past that you can never return to. By letting go of the past, it allows you to move into the future. Just that simple.

15. Hate only hurts the hater. Don’t hate anyone; just “Feel better when they’re not around”.

16. Develop a good, “I don’t give a shit attitude!”

1-3 Gotta Hole in Your Soul?

1. In every human being there is a balance between Body, Mind and Spirit. This balance is critical for you to be a Whole person.

2. There is hope for healing in all we’re talking about. It takes sustained effort and determination. The results are well worth your time.

3. Your Spirit (Soul) is what gives you life. You didn’t lose your Spirituality. You just got numb to it. It only takes a bit of time to get back in touch with it.

4. When you kill another human being, you violate their Soul Territory. Their pain is the pain you feel. So you gotta face it, face them, and release yourself from the guilt of the kill.

5. You stay out of the Shadow World, by releasing yourself from it. You do that, by accepting yourself as human, by forgiving yourself as human, and by releasing the ones you’ve killed.

6. Like the Phoenix, you are reborn from the flames of war. You have become a new and better human being, a leader – an example for others to follow.

7. Maintain an “Attitude of Determination” in all you do. Surrender is not in our Creed!

8. Change is part of life. So is healing. Allow change, and allow yourself to heal from the inside out.
1-4 Are You Shittin’ in Your Mess Gear?

1. In a combat zone, all civilians were the enemy. In CONUS they are not. Don’t make ’em so.

2. Lower your “Threat Level” by asking yourself, “Is this as bad as war?” Most often it ain’t, so don’t make it a war zone.

3. Warriors don’t talk like civilians. You gotta adapt your Military Speak to fit in. Most of the time, it only means usin’ words with more than four letters?

4. Tellin’ folks how you enjoyed killing, don’t really do much for your social skill-set. It just makes you look like a member of the Psychos-R-Us Club. Sure, us Warriors wanna be acknowledged for our service and sacrifices. However, demonstrating restraint and quiet wisdom usually makes a better impression.

5. The regimentation of active duty is gone in civvie-land. You’re now the CO of your AO. That’s gonna take a bit of gettin’ use to. Again, go easy on yourself with this one.

6. It’s OK to be stunted in maturity and social skills when you get out. We all are. This just takes time to work through too. Being mature just means taking responsibility for your actions, and making good decisions. Social skills take time to understand. That’s why it’s a good idea to shut up and listen a lot more?

7. Money management most likely ain’t your strong point. Don’t sweat that one either. Do what you can to buy enough food for the month, on the first of the month. Most of us are broke by the 2nd? Remember, that you spend it today, cause you don’t think you’re gonna be alive tomorrow. Change that attitude.

8. Remembering things is another one that takes adapting to. Carry a couple of pens in your pocket, and don’t beat
yourself up, if you forget to buy toilet paper. You’ll remember next time for sure? Keep in mind (Pun?) that you forget because your brain wants you to forget. It’s perfectly normal for a Warrior to have a “Mind like a steel sieve”. Adapt!

9. If you don’t hear too good, don’t sweat that either. I find that most of what people say ain’t worth listenin’ to anyway. If possible, wear earplugs when shootin’ your weapon now. It’ll keep you from getting’ deafer?

1-5 Flushin’ the Guilt

1. Guilt is when you think you did something wrong and feel responsible for the outcome. Chances are, you didn’t do squat shit.

2. Personal Guilt is when you think you may have made a mistake, or a bad choice. So join the human race, and cut yourself some slack. Just don’t be a dumb shit and make the same mistake over and over.

3. Survivor Guilt is Personal Guilt. That’s when you feel bad, that Brothers and Sisters are dead and you’re alive, or your Buddies are chokin’ down MREs in Goat Country, while you’re suckin’ down Mac-n-Cheese Noodles in CONUS.

4. You get rid of Personal Guilt by facing it. You get rid of Survival Guilt by changing your life so it helps the ones you truly love – like your Fellow Warriors.

5. You either “Live-On or Die-On”. You continue to Live On by Honoring your Fellow Warriors and making something out of your life, or you continue to Die-On and spiral into darkness until you kill yourself. (Been there)

6. Social Guilt is when the bullshit standards of society are dumped right in your mess gear. Why respect the
standards of people with no standards of Honor?
8. Don’t feel guilty about fitting in to a society that don’t fit you!
9. **Cultural Guilt** is what you’ve been brought up to believe in. Test it against what you know to be the Truth of the Code. Your bullshit-meter will go off the scale!
10. **Live your Truth, Stay the Course of Warrior Honor**, and don’t worry about much else, cause it don’t really matter.
11. **Inherited Guilt** is shit that was dumped on you by ancient relatives, family, cultures, religions, and the Tooth Fairy? Who gives a rat’s ass about what happened before you were alive, or what your parents did? As long as you don’t do the same terrible things, it makes no difference.
12. **If you didn’t do it, you ain’t responsible for it!** So don’t let some ass-piss-suckin’-maggot, tell you you’re responsible for what happened when you weren’t even there! Don’t let ’em confuse inherited guilt for inherited prejudice! Neither one of ’em is gonna make your life a whole bit better.

**1-6 Death is Life**
1. You’ve gotta “**Embrace Death to Embrace Life**”. Don’t think the world’s gonna stop when you go belly-up either, cause it won’t. Ain’t none of us that important.
2. “**A Life Lived by Honor, is a Life Well Lived**”.
You do that, and you ain’t got nothin’ to worry about. You can greet the Angel of Death with a shit-eatin’ grin on your face.

3. **Freedom from Death is Freedom to Live Life.** Once you accept that “Someday I’m gonna be worm food”, then you live each day as if it’s your last, and enjoy every single thing, in every single day. Even the bad shit, let’s you know you’re alive. Enjoy the pain too – it’s our friend!

4. A life of service to others (plants, animals, nature, people?) helps you feel that your life has real meaning. That’s cause you ain’t livin’ just for you. You’re helping to relieve some of the pain in this world. And Momma-come-a-dancin’, we got plenty of shit to bury before the flowers are gonna grow.

5. You’ll know what your “Calling” (Mission) is when you’re doin’ it. So just follow the prompts (Signs) and wait for the target to move into the kill zone. It will, and you’ll be doin’ something you never dreamed of in the past. Just how it works.

6. **Embrace Change**, because the only thing for sure besides Death is Change. Things are gonna change whether you like it or not, so you may as well go with the flow, improvise, overcome, and sure as hell adapt.

7. When you finally get the joke, that change is constant, say “What else can go Right!” Not what else can go wrong. Ya see, you do have a bit of control in this matter with your free will. It’s real simple – Judge Wisely = No Pain. Judge poorly = Real Pain. You choose.

8. You are in a **Constant State of Becoming**. That is, you’re moving into your own future. So why not make it a future where you’re gonna like who you are when you
get there? If you’re a dumb shit today, that don’t mean you gotta be a dumb shit tomorrow!

9. We’ve all got a HOLE in our chest. It’s just that some folks don’t know it, which confuses my Green Brain a bit. I mean hell, if you’re miserable, life’s a shit-shower, nothing has real meaning, and yur stepping in every single pile of dog shit on the sidewalk, don’t ya think you need an “attitude adjustment”? Hello!

10. Fill the emptiness with something that has meaning, and look into your own future with Confident Anticipation! (Hope) It can damn sure be a good one! Make it so.

1-7 The Forever Tool Box

1. You know how to handle Big Momma on the Genetic Guilt issue by sayin’ “Fuck it! I’d do it again for my Brother and Sister Warriors!” – and anyone else who earns and deserves my Trust and Love. So let that one go!

2. You know that a good bit (or all?) of the brainwashing of childhood is bullshit, once you contrast it with Your Warrior’s Code of Honor. That’s your gauge for truth and sound judgment.

3. You’re healing your wounded Soul by ACCEPTING who you are, what you’ve done and what you’re doing now to be of service. You’ve embraced the killing and loss. Now you’re finally accepting “I AM a Warrior”. “I’m damn proud to be a Warrior.” “I will act like a Warrior in all that I do, to Honor my fallen Brethren!”

4. You know and accept your Primal Side, your Beast. You understand that it will never go back in its cage, and you know the tools to keep it in check. Like any good animal keeper, you know how to feed it and exercise it,
to keep it satisfied. Not out slicin’ and dicin’ the gentle folk.

5. You’ve examined and exterminated all the forms of guilt. Feels like an 80-pound pack off your shoulders, don’t it?

6. By validating your feelings of hate and sorrow, you understand that you are capable of feeling Love and Joy. Your Spirit feels close to the surface again. After a lot of work, moments of real peace are coming into your life. Keep at it!

7. You’ve learned to hate no one – “Just feel better when they’re not around”. By not hating, the rage and threat level is lowering.

8. By remapping your fishnet, you’re replacing horrible memories with past pleasant memories. You go there more and more, moving past the painful thoughts that create grief and depression. You’re remembering the good times now. The more you do it, the better you’ll feel.

9. You understand the kinds of Love, and what it is you feel and don’t feel. You know that in time, you will in fact be capable of more and more Love and Trust.

10. You understand now that home is where your heart is. Home is in your heart. True friendships with animals and people, allow you to feel the peace, happiness and security that you won’t find alone.

11. Living in the moment, is becoming more and more in focus. It’s helping you stay in control and to deal with the past. That’s because if you’re not focused in the past you ain’t there. Since the present moment is all you got, worryin’ about a future that hasn’t come yet, don’t do much good either.

12. You’ve developed a real good “I don’t give a shit”
attitude. If it ain’t life threatening, it ain’t nothin’. Ya don’t sweat the little things, and most things in life are little things.

13. You’ve learned that “Success is Attitude!” Change your attitude and you change your life. Just that simple.

14. You’re setting “Flexible Mission Objectives”. You’re prioritizing tasks, and rewarding YOURSELF for completing the objectives each day. If you don’t get the list done, what’s left goes on tomorrow’s list. You’re the CO of your AO!

15. You were selected for a “Special Operation”, and special “Life Mission”. Take up the Guide On, and move out under fire!

16. Honor yourself by Living the Code. Honor our Fallen Brethren, by carrying their Honor and sacrifices into your life. Live-On!

We’re gonna “Get the Goodness” in this next Section!

Battle Rattle time again!

Watch that tree line for Tangos!

Let’s Move Out!
Notes
Section Two: Paradise in Hell

2-1 The Warrior Monk

2-2 All Aboard the Re-Lie-Shun-Ship!
   $1 + 1 = 3$

2-3 Four Legged Therapists

2-4 The Goddess of War

2-5 Warriors of the New Dawn

Section Summary
Courage is not simply one of the virtues, but the form of every virtue at the testing point.

C. S. Lewis

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

2-1 The Warrior Monk

Like it or not, all us human beings are wrapped up in the same enchilada. We all argue with each other, hate and love each other, and do wonderful or horrible things to each other.

In this briefing, we’re gonna take a look at just how us Warriors measure up to the so-called standards of human behavior, worldwide. Some folks say people are human; some folks say we’re inhumane. You decide. But it don't really matter what people say, it's what people do that counts.

Let's start off this intel-gathering-recon mission with the Seven Virtues. That is, the goodie-two-shoes side, of what some call the noble human actions. We're gonna contrast these socially approved (?) virtues from the Jar Head perspective, comparing us Warriors to the civilian sector.

Oh boy! We may have protesters out in front of the recruiter’s office on this one? Or just maybe, we'll have the new generation of Flower Children, throwin’ rose petals in front of you while you're walking off the base on liberty?

To set the concertina wire around our perimeter on this, let's list the Seven Virtues as written down by a guy named Prudentius, way back in the Middle Ages (Marines-Rangers: not someone 40 years old?)

Humility.

1. Chastity

**Chastity:** The practice of courtly love and romantic friendship; cleanliness through good hygiene; to be honest with yourself, one's family and toward humanity; the ability to refrain from being distracted or influenced by hostility, temptation or corruption.

Us Warriors do pretty good on this one, except when we’re on liberty after payday. But puttin’ that one aside, we do stay clean (at least a helmet bath every day?), We attempt to control our rage (most of the time), we constantly sacrifice our needs for the needs of others (if they’re not maggots) and we sure as hell fight against corruption when possible. (Steel Rain would be my first choice?)

In the civilian sector it seems to me that most politicians don't do real good with the honesty-corruption-temptation side of this one – same with mega corporations – organized religions included.

What **chastity** really means to me is, living by the Code of Honor. That is, living by truth, real justice, and respect for your fellow human beings. Think I heard a real smart guy, back about a couple thousand years ago who said, “Love thy Brother as thyself”.

So if that's right, and we treat other folks with honesty and respect, like we'd like to be treated, then the whole damn world of humanoids wouldn't be shittin’ in their mess gear right now.

So minus the booze (intoxicants) I figure we got about a 4 outa 5 Star Rating on Chastity. You decide. Not a bad start!
2. Temperance

**Temperance:** Constant mindfulness of others and one's surroundings; practice of self-control and moderation; prudence and judgment; proper moderation between self-interest versus public interest, and against the rights and needs of others.

We're startin’ out real good with this one too. I mean, shit-me-out-blind, bein’ aware of our surroundings at all times, is how we survive war and civvie land! And Breathin’ and Squeezin’ is a damn fine example of practicing self-control.

To the best of my recollection, prudent judgment is what we do at checkpoints and on patrol. As to self-interest versus public interest, well no shit Sherlock, that's why we joined up! Just how many civilians do ya figure would die for public interest?

We sure as hell evaluate the rights and needs of others. Us Warriors constantly evaluate this one. For example, in war we decide if someone has the right to live. If they qualify, we can say, “You’re now alive, because I’m allowing you to live.” Not much difference in the civilian sector except our actions aren’t condoned by Uncle Sam.

When thinkin’ about Chastity and Temperance, all I gotta do is, to think how I would treat my fellow Warrior on the battlefield. What I mean is, Warriors are honest with each other, cause we like it “straight up!”, no games, cover-ups (bullshit) or surprises later on. That's because we ain't afraid of conflicts or confrontations. That’s more than a lot of folks here in CONUS?

And that's one of the things that just pisses me off about so many people I meet here. How about grow a pair? Maybe we can even hope for a backbone along the way too?
3. Charity

**Charity:** Generosity; self-sacrifice, and extending love unconditionally.

We’re gonna have to chew on this one a bit. Because in my life, most of the time, people have misunderstood my “Kindness for Weakness”. Cause you see, most “Blooded” Warriors I know would literally give you the shirt off their backs. But as I see it (and I may be wrong?) you gotta stay frosty with this charity thing, cause it can be good in theory, but sometimes, not so good in practical application. Here’s an example:

When I wasn't aware of **Who** and **What** I am, while trying (and failing) to fit in with people I didn't respect, I did everything for everybody. That was as effective as a screen door on a submarine. The more I gave, the more people took. If “I” needed help, no one was around. Things have changed now, cause most of my “Friends” are blooded, Combat Vets. I figure it’ll be about the same for you eventually.

In my little green book, of who’s who in humanity, it seems to me, there are only two kinds of people in this world, “Givers and Takers”. Somehow, “Ass Kickers and Ass Kissers” fits in here somewhere too.

So I would have to say, qualify **Charity** like you qualify **Love** and **Trust**. There are a lot of real smooth “takers” out there in the civilian ranks, just waitin’ for some guilt-ridden Veteran to ditty-bop down the trail. Once again, we’d do anything for our fellow Warriors, but as you may have already learned, even some of our military brethren are not true Warriors (POGs?) and need to be vetted.

It feels real good to give, but it don't feel good to be cheated and violated for what you think is helping others.
So remember, “Cautious compassion with the safety Off!” This just takes a bit of practice to master.

So if you take the less than 1% of the population who are Warriors, compared to over 300 million civilians, I figure we're doing outstanding when it comes to generosity, self-sacrifice and extending love to those who deserve it. Guess you can put another smiley-face on your refrigerator for this one too.

4. Diligence

**Diligence:** Decisive work ethic; steadfastness in belief; fortitude and the capacity of not giving up.

Do ya see how many of these Virtues you've already got sacked up? We naturally hold fast to the mission objectives we’re given, and “Surrender is not in our Creed!” – We don't quit! We’re also “Self-Starters” and don't need someone looking over our shoulder once a task is assigned. Fact is, that might be a little hazardous to their health if they do?

**You Warriors are way ahead of the curve on Diligence!**

5. Patience

**Patience:** Forbearance and endurance through moderation; resolving of conflicts and injustice peacefully; accepting the grace to forgive; creating a sense of peaceful stability and community rather than suffering, hostility and antagonizing.

Guess O’l Prudentius was a “Person-Other-than-Grunt” (POG) and had a pretty cushy life, cause he sure as hell was never in a war. What he said here just smacks me right upside the head. Here's where we gotta go with the
gut and not accept bullshit as truth, no matter who or how many people say it’s so. You know, “If 10,000 flies eat shit, they can’t all be wrong?”

When you’re blowing the shit out of another country, there is suffering, hostility and antagonism. But here again my Fellow Warriors, holding to our Code of Honor wins out again. No matter what anyone says!

As to forgiveness, when someone moderately violates my trust, I can certainly forgive ’em for being human. But I ain't gonna be swappin’ spit in the shower with ’em either. If they really piss in their canteen, and violate the trust that I’ve extended to ’em, they no longer exist in my life. Why? Because, you only get to fuck me once. Most other real Warriors I know feel exactly the same way. And if you continue to let people take advantage of you, then I guess you deserve it?

As a Warrior Monk, you make the choice, (if possible) to resolve things peacefully, although you do in fact have the violence-option. The Warrior Monk (you) can lovingly and tenderly pet the bunny. Yet if necessary, for a just cause, you can also gut the bunny and eat it, for you or others to survive.

All life is sacred to us, never to be taken without just cause. The Warrior understands that at times, even though a last resort, killing is necessary. We choose to do this ourselves and take full responsibility for the act. I wonder just how many vegetarians there would be if they had to kill the cow, lamb or chicken on their table? Think about that on the next Turkey-Genocide Holiday.

We do love and trust, those worthy of that love and trust. But once trust is violated, that's it! You never get it back the way it was, ever – Warrior or not.

As to patience, our natural-born-sniper-mentality
allows us to be unusually patient. But even at that, there comes a time to “Take the Shot!”, and extract. We can be patient to a point with ignorant people, but here in society it's not often, that we can Opt-Out with violence and not expect to do jail time. A thousand septic-suckin’ maggots ain’t worth one Warrior destroyin’ his or her life. Think about it.

Advancing to the rear most of the time, seems to have worked out better in my life. But it's still possible to tactfully stand your ground and live your truth – while controlling the rage. Just takes a bit of practice.

That way the Warrior Monk (You) can go home, sharpen the bayonet, clean the M-4, and feed the dog. There’s at least one friend whose gonna appreciate you not bein’ in the slammer! Besides, it’s always good to be back at base camp with some real friends – two or four legged that is.


**Kindness and Humility:** Let's lump Kindness and Humility in the same ammo can here, then get on to figurin’ out what all this Virtue stuff means.

Basically what both kindness and humility means is, unselfish love and compassion – without gettin’ a big head about doin’ somethin’ nice for someone else. We've already talked about love and we're gonna discuss more about friendship when we cover relationships a bit later on.

So let's just say here that unconditional, battlefield-love of our Fellow Warriors once again sets the standards of excellence. When you’re attempting to figure out love, (When not on the battlefield) compare it to loving your Fellow Warrior **on the battlefield.** The same goes for Kindness, Humility and Selfless Actions.
So you see my friends, you already KNOW how to act and what to do, if you contrast everything in civilian society with your military experiences. Are you startin’ ta get a little tingle inside? You know, a little twinge of excitement over the qualities you have, and the potential that's bubbling up? You should, cause you got it all!

What I'm getting’ at here with all this “Virtue” stuff is, take stock of Who and What you are – a Warrior! You have a gentle-ferocity in you. And if you're paying attention to what we've covered so far in this briefing, you can see that your standards of military discipline and Honor are the highest standards in society! And that means in the entire world!

The Compassionate Warrior, the Warrior Monk, is what everyone aspires to become. You already are what everyone aspires to become! So acknowledge who you are! Look in the mirror and be proud of who looks back. Just don’t get carried away and cramp up yur face smilin’ at who’s lookin’ back?

And as General Schwarzkopf said, “Stay the Course”. If you keep at it with the self-awareness, self-forgiveness tools in this book, you'll be leaping tall dumpsters in a single bound!

Keep in mind, that even beyond the Seven Virtues, Warriors have another dimension of qualities above and beyond civilians and POGs. All gained at the most extreme intensity possible, what sets them apart are their collective experiences of Heroism, discipline, combat effectiveness, self-sacrifice and the Weight of Souls they bear.

These intense, Battle-Trauma-Experiences teach us responsibility and respect for life. That is to say, we live life to the fullest, take nothing for granted and respect the
lives of others. Along with this, we fully embrace our own mortality, and completely accept, that all life itself is finite – coming to an end for all of us.

These elements of experiential-uniqueness are what dramatically set Warriors apart from their civilian counterparts in the diagnosis of PTSD. The Seven Virtues and the Seven Deadly Sins are a defined set of acceptable and unacceptable human behaviors. War driven trauma can shape these behaviors toward their Angelic or Demonic expressions – being beneficial or destructive to society.

Now since we’re talking about all these virtues and such, let’s talk about one of the results of Right Action – that is, feeling a little Joy in your life. You know, that warm and fuzzy feelin’ you get when you done good, when you know you’ve earned your beer that day?

A lot of humans scurry about, twitching with anticipation over that next tasty piece of cheese. But anticipation breeds disappointment. What about when the gorge is over and you’re reachin’ for the bottle of Pepto-Bismol?

What happens after you turn off the new plasma TV after watchin’ Battle: Los Angeles, and the kids are hidin’ in their foot-lockers with the latest massacre-all-life video game? What then?

For the moment, your Beastie’s happy, the Little Beasties won’t get in your fur for a bit, but before you know it, the movies are over, the chow is gone, and the kids are back at you like stink on a bear. So it’s off to the mall next payday, to start the quest for satisfaction all over again. “The American Dream?” Or “The American Spiral into apathy and emptiness?”

As you’re runnin’ through the maze, looking for more
gut clogging, brain-numbing pacifiers, did you ever think about **real** joy? You know, real happiness, or perhaps something to fill that burning emptiness in your life? I mean hell, how many chocolate Sundays can you eat before pukin’?

Cause you see, most of the things people “think” are real important, ain't. That is to say, “The value people place on most things is of no real value!” Are you living just for pain avoidance, for that tasty treat, the more-money-new-job, or the next violent Holy-Woody movie to pacify your primal urges?

So where's the joy in your life? Oh sure, for a Warrior returning from Down Range, joy can be a porcelain toilet, a warm shower, an endless supply of beer and baby wipes, but this is fleeting too.

“OK! OK! So what *is* Joy?”, you ask while preening your cheese-covered whiskers.

Ah yes, my fine twitching friend, this ain't as complicated as it seems. Because if you look in the Big Book of Words, Joy is defined as: Intense and especially ecstatic or exultant happiness.

For Marines and Rangers (in no order of priority?) Ex-ul-tay-shun means, it's payday, you’ve got a Liberty Pass, and your fly is down. Ecstatic (Ecstasy): Not a Drug.

Although joy to a Warrior might mean, ridin’ in a Black Hawk, a sighted-in M-4, or a Liberty Pass with cash in your pocket, it ain't no different from the civvie at the mall.

Cause eventually you’re gettin’ off the chopper, you’re gonna bang the shit outa the scope, and the cash in your cargo-pocket ain't gonna last long with Momma-san hangin’ on your arm. That fleeting time of joy (?) is gonna end. Then what?
It's the 2nd of the month, you're bumin' smokes, and you're in the Rec-Room watchin' reruns of NCIS. Where's the joy now? You see my fine twisted, Warrior friends, and our civilian counterparts, you haven't formed your “Battle Plan” for feeling Long-Term Good.

You've gotta stay on the MSR (Main Supply Route) in your AO. You've gotta take that hill of Joy!! I'll explain.

Joy begins inside of you, not outside of you. In cum-bye-ah speak; the feeling of joy makes your heart sing! It makes you wanna drop-down and knockout 50 for the Corps or the Screamin' Eagles! Joy makes you jog in place, makes you walk around with a shit-eatin' grin on your face. Joy is good, just like pain.

Shrinkers say that the “Joyful State” is kinda like a schizophrenic crackup – sort of a trance state. Some say it is the Dance of Life. It's like a damn good beer on a hot day – hard to take just one sip. You're gonna want more, just like after taking your first sip of joy.

So how do you snatch some of this Joy in your joyless life?

This ain't rocket science, and you don't need to sit in some shrinkers office every week for the next 10 years – renewing your prescription from the legal drug cartel to do it. Lasting joy is developed in small steps, one thought, one day, one experience at a time. You change your attitude and O'l Murphy won't be able to get you in missile-lock.

You figure out what makes you feel good inside yourself. You write down, think about, and talk about the things that you suspect will make your heart tingle. Then you test the waters, sample the Double Dutch Chocolate Cake, to see what happens. You test it to make sure
Murphy didn't throw in a bit of Ex-Lax.

Usually acts of kindness, compassion and love-toward-others, starts the ball rollin’. You know, it starts you moving upward toward the Summit of Knowing, it builds upon your strengths, knowledge and wisdom, and it prevents you from being sucked into the spiraling darkness of the Shadow World.

But you can't hold on to that moment of joy when it comes. You feel it, allow it to flow into and through you, and you let it go. Then you work through Right Action to bring another moment of joy into your life. Let's see if I can explain this in another way.

Attempting to hold on to joy is like attempting to fight the forces of change in your life. You’ve gotta relax and flow with the power of it. Life at times is like being caught in an undertow. Here's an example.

Back in my reckless, youthful days and being a Californicator, I did a fair bit a body surfing. When your head is at surface level, a 12-foot wave looks like Mount Fuji! You know there’s some real pain comin’ your way, and your skill-level is what’s gonna keep you from dying. But Ah! The rush of adrenaline is all your Beastie is after. So you swim like hell, catch the curl, and enjoy the moment, until you’re pounded into the sand.

Anyway, once and a while you get sucked into the undertow of the waves. When that happens you don't stiffen up and fight the power of the surf, anymore then you stiffen up and fight the power of life's changes. As soon as you relax (this takes extreme discipline) you pop up to the surface, and gulp air like a carp at feeding time.

“So what's the point?” You ask.
The point is, you’ve gotta relax, release, and allow to the power of change. You **must** embrace the force of change and when you feel joy, suck it up like a carp, gulping air. Breathe it in, let it flow out and wait for your head to break surface for the next gulp.

Joy is what allows you to get through the surf. Joy is what helps you breathe in life – to feel alive at all. No breath, no life. No Joy, no life. Without joy and love in your life, you’re nothing but “flesh on a stick”, and of no value to anyone, much less yourself. Been there done that too. Here’s an example.

In an attempt to feel joy in my life, I decided to be a goody-two-shoes-spiritual puss-sack that wanted to help everyone. There were in fact fleeting moments of joy in helping others, until my ass-hole got sore. As I said before, people often misunderstand kindness for weakness.

I was so spiritual (?) I was of no earthly good. It didn’t make sense, that I was helping others and feeling like dried-dog shit! Being a Jar Head, it took a while to get the joke, and being brain-fried from Battle-Trauma, I figured that I deserved to be punished for the so-called evil I had done. Wrong!

What I was doing was **not judging wisely**, and not vetting (qualifying) where right action was gonna do the most good – who was truly in need of help at the time. In attempting to find peace and joy in my life, life became more and more painful, and people became more and more disappointing.

So when I had all the **joyful betrayal** I could stand, I advanced to the rear, regrouped, an attempted another path. Thought I could flank the enemy stronghold and take that bunker of joy with a new battle plan?

One thing you Warriors have gotta remember is, that
if you're gonna feel any real joy in life, you’re gonna need to accept **Who** and **What** you’ve now become. You know, since returning from deployment in the scenic Middle East, or other delightful vacation spots?

I mean hell, if you’re way off center-of-bubble, guttin’ the Easter Bunny, and drooling over a fresh box of ammo, you ain't gonna do much for your “Joy Quest”! So let's get you back on the right trail – no booby traps!

It might help just a tad if your environment (Hooch/Base Camp) is in a state that joy is possible. That is, if your hooch looks like it just got ransacked by some meth-head lookin’ for a fix, the cat-box is overflowin’, and you’re side-steppin’ piles of dog shit on the floor – no joy! Police the barracks!

So let's just say, you've befriended your Beastie, learned how to identify its longing-for-blood-lusting emotions, and accepted all that, as your Warrior Baggage. You’re getting used to the **new you**, and working through the guilt and moral conflicts.

You've scraped off the bumper sticker on your truck (Humvee?) that says, “Iraq/Afghan Vet. Please fuck with me!” and you've gone black op into society – not dressed in Digital's. You wanna move on to “Get the Goodness!”

**How?**

Let's start these new battle tactics off with a bit more about judgment and trust. On the battlefield, judging is life-and-death critical. Same-e-Same in the civilian AO. So you start out by practicing what I mentioned before – “Cautious Compassion with the Safety Off!”

“So where's the joy in that?” You ask, while slamming a mag in your M-4.
Simple. Judging and cautious compassion lowers your threat level. You’re still vigilant, but the possibility of eminent danger lessons. You're able to think in the higher part of your brain, not the lizard part. You’re now willing and able to make the first step toward feeling joy.

For example, your first step toward feeling that tingle of joy might be a moment spent with a cat purring on your lap (after you’ve fed it?). Or maybe it's greeting your rescued dog with its tail wagging. Could be, it's that walk in the woods, or sitting quietly as a bird lands right next to you.

Maybe it's giving a couple of bucks to a homeless Veteran, or sending a care package to a Buddy in Afghanistan. Could be a phone call or a visit to a Battle Buddy or that most welcomed hand-written letter to a friend down range.

It could even be helping a deserving neighbor through a tough time, or bringing a bag of groceries to a friend in need. And the list goes on. Because once you start to look for situations and places where you truly can help out, you'll be surprised how much you'll be able to accomplish, how much potential joy there is out there for you to snatch up!

Each time you do one thing, it's one small step forward – one small step to feeling better about yourself and about the world around you. It's your world, so take charge of it. It's your brain, so take charge of that too. I mean hell, if it ain’t your world, you’re in the wrong place?

Small Joy Steps lead to strides, and eventually you'll understand how cautious compassion and qualified trust will put you more and more at ease, make life richer, and bring that long awaited peace and joy into your life.

Here are a few things to keep in mind during your
shake-down cruise toward Joy Island.

Any compassion you feel is OK. It's just how you act on your feelings, that makes the difference. In other words, if you want to help out in a situation, think about why you want to help out, and what you can really do. Is it better to be anonymous, or not, to jump right in or go slowly? Are you threatening another with your military aggressiveness? You'll wanna think about this kind of stuff.

When you're in a social situation, and doing the best behaving you're capable of, you get instant feedback. You can tell if you're being too pushy, and you can tell if you're being too aggressive with your “Kickin’ Ass and Takin’ Names” approach. As you learn how to blend, you can put these lessons in your “Social-Survival Tool Box”.

As I've learned the hard way, you also gotta be willing to fail in your attempts at mastering these social skills. And if you don't know what to do, don't do anything. It's OK to admit you're not sure, and to ask for help and guidance.

I mean hell, at Jump School; they don’t just throw your ass in a plane and out the door at 2900 feet. You gotta learn what to do, and when to do it before making your first jump – same with any new job or situation. You gotta go to school to get your MOS. You don’t learn to defuse the IED by steppin’ on it!

Another thing I've learned through PME (profound-multiple-errors) is that if you're not willing to give something a 100% effort, then stay home. Because this just sets you up for failure, and usually excessive, unnecessary pain comes tagin’ along for the ride. I mean, no shit, why fail before you get out the door? Don’t make much sense, does it?

Developing successful social skills, was very difficult for the old Jar Head. So in attempting to find joy in my life,
I started with animals. They give you instant feedback and constant love.

It don't make any sense for me to ask you young Warriors to do what I wouldn't do myself. So when one of my little cats died, from some unknown disease, I buried her, remembered the great times we shared together, and set out to find another cat in need of a home – in need of help.

I needed backup that day into hostile territory, so CSM Russell came with me to town, ridin’ over-watch on the 50 Cal. We walked into a Pet Smart, where they had cats from the Humane Society, and stopped dead in our tracks!

There, in a corner-cage was a cat with her head down, pressed against the bars. She looked like she had given up on life itself, and it made me flashback to times when I felt exactly the same way.

The sign on the cage read, “4-year old female, foster homes, doesn't get along with people or other cats.” I looked at CSM Russell, then called out to the clerk “I'll take this one!”

Claire as I call her (Named after St. Francis’ girlfriend) was abused and abandoned, in hopeless despair, and I had a chance to make a difference in her life. That little cat slept by my side the first night, and hasn't left my side since entering the base camp. It took her a while to adjust to the other cat and two large ranch dogs, but now she's finally “Come Home”. Sound familiar?

Like most Warriors and most people, all this cat needed was to feel loved, accepted for who she was, and to be allowed to be what she was. Turns out she was part Bobcat! For one small act of kindness and acceptance, little Claire has returned far more love to me than I can possibly
express in words. Fact is, she’s on my lap right now as I'm writing this to you.

So this my friends, is what I'm talking about, small steps. I wanted to do something good for someone and it turned out to be my newest best friend, a cat. Maybe I should've called her Joy?

As a Warrior Monk you have the choice of helping to relieve some of the suffering in this world – or you can add to it. That choice is yours and yours alone.

I say, use your Gentle Ferocity for the good, for the Greater Good! Be the example of Honor Well Lived, and demonstrate the virtues that everyone aspires to be. You ARE the leaders of tomorrow! The Warrior Monk is on a Mission!

Now Saddle UP! Lock and Load!

We’re dustin’ off for a HOT LZ on this next topic!

HOOAH! And OORAH!
Trust is to human relationships what faith is to gospel living. It is the beginning place, the foundation upon which more can be built. Where trust is, love can flourish.

Barbara Smith

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

2-2 All Aboard the Re-Lie-Shun-Ship?:

\[1 + 1 = 3\]

Alright, my Fellow Companion-Seeking Warriors! In this briefing we're gonna talk about ways to keep you Frosty, maybe even keep you from shittin’ in your own mess gear? When it comes to relationships, that is.

At some point in your NEW life, you may get tired of suckin’ down brain grenades, cleaning your M-4 three times a day, and you may even get tired of Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters?

Eventually, you may even decide to recon that target rich civilian sector for some real companionship? So how do you do that with an emotional-sucking-chest-wound? You will succeed if you listen up, put the tools we’re about to discuss in your backpack, and charge on with confidence – take that bunker of Love and Trust!

But to complete this mission objective you've gotta be prepared for battle, judge wisely, and believe that “Victory is Mine! Sayeth the Warrior!”

Let’s start off with you thinkin’ of yourself as a “Whole” person. That’s right, you’re independent, wise, intelligent (?) and confident as hell – with humility. No Balloon heads allowed. You’re on patrol in tango territory, looking for a “Friendly”, someone with a backbone, maybe even a good looker to boot.
You’ve finally gotten over your “optically-rectumized attitude”. You know, when your optic nerve crosses with your anal sphincter? (Marines-Rangers: asshole) In other words, you don't have a shitty outlook on life, and you wanna find someone as positive as you’ve now become.

Friendship and Trust are the foundations of any good relationship. The word Friend means “Someone you Trust”. And the word Trust means that you have confidence in the reliability, integrity and character of another person.

You trust not only their actions, but their words as well. This is built up over time, when people repeatedly prove their integrity by living the Code of Honor. You see my Friends, we need to learn to “Trust” someone to be exactly who they are, and they must trust us to be exactly who we are. Pretty damn simple, but pretty damn hard for some to do.

Sure, when you're young and brimming over with Hunter-Seeker-Hormones, you're physically attracted to the opposite sex. And in men, that little dangling brain is most often the Commander in Chief.

But for you guys out there, don’t get yur bowels all-in-an-uproar over this, cause you got a real good excuse. Men were Hard-Wired in that way by O’l Momma Nature. You know, all that survival of the species stuff?

So once you finally do hop outa bed, having screwed like a couple of minks, what's left then, what’s next? Well, my young pro-creation-driven friends, what's left is what you’re gonna be sittin’ across from at a Denny's restaurant, or starin’ at in the morning with a hangover. What’s next is up to you.

What you see, is what you get. And you wanna be sure that what you see, is what you like. Cause eventually, the
honeymoon is over and day-today life sets in. You don't wanna ever say to yourself, “Oh Fuck Me! What did I get into?” as you’re reachin’ for your “Go Bag” in a flight reaction, low crawlin’ to the front door, then screamin’ down the trail. (Been there) And by the way, shrinkers say that the average honeymoon lasts about six months. So enjoy it while it lasts?

As a little sideline here, (for you men) CSM Russell thinks that the way to a woman's heart and trust is to come to a platonic place with her – not a sexual, but rather a mental relationship. If you develop a psychological relationship, the physical relationship will come. She'll be far more receptive, because this acknowledges she's more than just a piece of ass. Think about it.

So back to you as a whole person, finding another whole person. When two complete people, find, like, and love each other, they enter into something very unique and very special. Sure it's rare, but if you take your time and judge wisely, you will find it! For men, you gotta think in the Big Brain, not the little one.

In this new and exciting relationship, two complete people develop a circle of trust and friendship, that takes on its own identity. It sorta becomes its own third person. So $1 + 1 = 3$. One whole person, plus one whole person, becomes the third distinct entity.

Each of you lives by the Code of Honor in your actions toward one another. That means you are courteous and respectful at all times. You don't try (and fail) to change your partner into something you want or desire. If you didn't like everything about 'em when you met 'em, you ain't gonna change what you didn't like after making a commitment.

I've listened to a lot of shit-for-brains whiners
(weeners?) making statements like, “OH! I thought I could change him when we got married!” Wrong! Hell – double Wrong!

Of course, there are gonna be a few things that might irritate you just a tad bit with your new partner. That's just bein’ human, cause nobody’s perfect. And besides, those little things really don't matter much unless you make the little things into big things. So put the cap on the fucking toothpaste, and don't throw your shit-lined skivvies on the kitchen table – Courtesy!

Since most of us ain't voodoo-mind-readers, if something does in fact irritate you, simply talk about it. If your partner respects you they'll usually comply. If they don't know what you're thinkin’, how in hell are they gonna know what’s eatin’ at you – what to change?

If this circle of trust idea has confused the small, slick brains of Marines and Rangers, just look at it like a Charlie Brown head. You know, that POG cartoon character in Peanuts? He's got a big-ass-balloon head with two ears stickin’ out of it. You and your partners are the ears, and the new circle of trust is the head.

In spandex-leotard-geek-speak, they call this a Venn diagram – where circles overlap. With you as one circle (ear?) and your partner as the other, a third circle, (the one you're building with trust) connects both of you. And as you trust each other more and more, you move closer and closer (spiritually) toward one another in this third circle of trust – without losing yourself.

Clear as mud?

In an attempt to keep this simple for those fuzzy brains out there (Guess who?), let's put it this way.
Suppose that two Warriors are on individual recon missions deep in enemy territory. They happen to cross paths, like each other's battle tactics and decide to team up.

The more time they spend together on common mission objectives, the more they develop a bond of trust and friendship – the more they think as a unit. So by working together, they become a unit, trusting and allowing the other person to remain exactly who they are. In fact, they count on it. Two individuals have now created a new, third identity. Make sense?

“OK! OK! Enough with this Circle Shit!” you say in ear-scratching frustration. “So how do I build Trust and Friendship with someone I like?”

Ah yes, my young and anxious friend. How you do all this ain’t killin’ a fly with a sledgehammer, but it does take some effort, if you are gonna succeed. So let's look at all this through the Jar Head perspective. You know, get it in the crosshairs!

Suppose you’ve finally caught “The One” you’ve been looking for in your live-trap, and you as a Combat Warrior wanna keep him/her once you open the cage door. At this point, your covert-op-tactics need to go on standby. You’ve gotta take a chance on exposing yourself. (Marines-Rangers: not zipping down your fly. Female Warriors: not flashin’ cleavage to your belly-button)

What I mean is, you’ve gotta open up a bit. And that don't mean you telling your partner how you love “The Kill”, takin’ ears, and all your bloody combat war stories. It means allowing him or her inside your perimeter, inside your special place, to help them understand how you truly feel about things.

And by the way, your “Special Place” is NOT your
“Sacred Place”. The sacred place is your safe place, for your eyes only. It’s a place where I keep the most private memories and feelings of my entire life. To talk about those, requires complete trust in another person. You’ll need to be real careful on that one. Here’s a well-worn example. (Mine)

In the many relationships I've had in my checkered past, the more successful ones were when I held back the “Joy of killing” comments. It works out much better when you simply describe how your experiences in battle, have caused you to act like you do now.

Instead of saying “Damn! I love killing those little rice-propelled-maggots and cutting a USMC in their dead-heads”, I'd say (when asked) “I had to take life, as a Warrior in war, and it still causes me uncomfortable feelings”.

You see, you temper your comments. That way you instill compassion, not fear in the ones you're talking with. It’s better to come on gently with your partner, slowly revealing who you are, what makes you tick. Save the bloody war shit for when you're around your Battle Buddies.

With someone you care about, when yur revealin’ private-touchy-topics it’s sorta like sippin’ a glass of beer, not chuggin’ a pitcher? Better to go slow?

I learned the hard way (Marine way?) that even if you don't respect the people you’re talking with, then respect yourself and other Warriors, by not looking like a sociopathic monster. We may in fact be that, but only other Warriors need that classified Intel.

With someone you love and respect, you’ve really gotta be careful not to damage the relationship with fear and uncertainty. That is, uncertainty in your ability to
control rage and violence. But here's a snag in your body armor.

In your new $1 + 1 = 3$ circle of trust relationship, you **MUST** maintain your own individual identity! Sure, you'll want to please the other person but you don't compromise your convictions along the way. Here's an example.

Coming back to CONUS after a delightful tour in the land of beetle-nut-teeth and “Yo-Numba-Ten!”, I was looking for the security (?) of anyone who would love me. But in my quest for acceptance (Having not accepted myself) I failed miserably in my first marriage. Why?

Because I gave away my identity and I gave away my power. I compromised my convictions and pretended to be who and what I wasn't. If the young Devil Dog was a pizza, then I had about four out of six slices missing. No surprise. I didn’t know who I was!

There was a “Hole” in the “Whole”!

Now, all the slices are back and even though I still suffer from Jar-Head-itis at times, I’ve figured out what works. Cause ya see, in any relationship when you trust and allow your real feelings to bubble up, there's always a chance you might feel some real pain – if betrayed.

But that's where good judgment comes in. You judge how much to say and just what to reveal, little bit by little bit. It don't work real good to be a diarrhea-mouth and dump your guts on the kitchen table all at once. (Been there.) ’Cause all your gonna get out of that is, ass holes and elbows scramblin’ out the door to get away from the junkyard dog.

Now let's talk a little bit about courtesy. And if you're a guy, think about this one. For example, maybe your
partner doesn't enjoy all the “Boys” getting’ drunk and puking on the carpet every football Sunday? Or throwin’ shit everywhere in the cage and expecting her to clean up. How about constantly cleaning the hooch, pickin’ up after a shit-bird-crud? Hell, I’m sure the women folk can make a list as long as you know what? But hey! This goes for women as well as men.

And keeping this in the male perspective, you know damn well in your gut, there are gonna be things that make your partner uncomfortable. How about ignoring her around your buddies, drooling over another woman with her present, or calling an old girlfriend without her knowing?

These types of things are a violation of trust and not living by the Code of Honor. It is not demonstrating responsibility in your circle of trust. You keep that shit up, and I guaran-damn-tee you’ll be back to the hand parlor and the “I’m so alone” roster. That’s because shit-head acts nurture suspicions!

It's like telling a kid “Take a couple of pieces of candy out of the jar whenever you'd like.” Then when you're not on over-watch the little nose-miner empties the jar. The kid knew damn well in his or her gut that this was wrong. It was taking advantage, but the damn jar got emptied anyway. The kid broke the trust bond forever. So don't be an immature retard and blow what may well be the best candy you've ever had.

And being respectful to one another, doesn't mean controlling one another. If you don't communicate your feelings how the hell is your partner ever gonna know what not to do? So like I said, talk it out if you got something to talk about. I like to keep in mind, that “If it ain't life-threatening, it ain't nothin’.”
OK then, since you know this book is focused a lot on you Combat Warriors, let's throw Battle Trauma into the gruel to spice things up a bit. And again this is the old Jar Head’s take on things.

Thinkin’ about all the topics we've covered so far, how do you fit all that into a meaningful relationship? You’re gonna have days, or parts of days when the war is gonna nail your ass to the tarmac. If you're living with someone, give them the courtesy and respect of letting them know how you’re feeling, and give it some time.

A blooded Combat Buddy of mine sometimes gets up in the morning feeling like a pan-fried-dingle-berry, and says to his wife, “Honey, this is a bad one.” Then he goes for a long walk in the woods to sort things out. She understands, gives him some space, and appreciates his honesty.

He comes back home when he’s in control of his Beast, his guilt and the loss of his Brothers. This couple has been successfully married for many years. Why? The wife doesn't try to change the Warrior, but rather she accepts him for who he is, for what he's been through without judgment.

And she loves him more and more all the time, because of his Honorable Actions – and his respect and courtesy toward her. It requires great courage and great risk on his part to be open about his feelings. But after a long time, he’s learned to trust that his wife will not judge him, and gained her trust through honesty.

He has slowly but surely eliminated the “What if” stressors in his relationship. He’s slowly built “confidence” in himself and his partner – she accepts him without judgment. He can stop judging himself. He can relax and be himself.
Another couple I know (Warrior husband, Civilian wife) has been married for over 30 years. Same-e-Same. They have built their circle of trust and friendship through honesty and communications. They maintain courtesy and respect for each other at all times and constantly plan the future together – same goals, same desires to help those in need.

But they also support those goals that are not common to each other. What I mean is, if your spouse plays ice hockey and you don’t, would it kill you to attend a game? If your kid’s in a play and you don’t show up at the performance, what does that say to the kid? It says, you don’t give a shit – you don’t respect what the kid is doing. Same-e-Same with a relationship.

As a little guideline here, “If you’re standing on an anthill, and gettin’ your ass ate up”, you might think about moving? In other words, if what you're doing right now isn’t workin’, then you might think about changing what you're doing? It's sort of like bein’ at a baseball game. If you can't see from where you're sittin’, then change your seat.

If what you're doing now is not allowing you to meet the right person and maintain a relationship, then you need to consider changing your battle tactics. If you can't see the target, you may have to move to a different position.

And here’s just a little heads up for when you’re in the Beast Mode. To help things out when you’re back, all calm and collected from actin’ like a shit-throwin’ gorilla, during your drooling episode, choke back the cheap shots at your partner that your Beastie joyfully brings up. Cause you’ll hear ’em all on your next disagreement. This don’t help build trust and respect!
And I'll repeat one more time. No matter who you find, no matter how much you love someone and no matter what you’d do for ’em, **do not give up your identity.** The closer you become with another person in your circle of trust and friendship the more vigilant you’ll need to be to **NOT** change who you are.

Keep in mind, that the other person fell in love with you, **for who you are,** not **for who you’d become.** You change that, and you become someone else. And just maybe, your partner won’t like that other person? Not only have you changed, you’ve become a fraudulent partner.

So then to wrap this briefing on relationships for you young Warriors, all you gotta do is **use common sense,** **go with your gut,** and live by the **Code of Honor.** Simple ain’t it?

You have the strength, life knowledge and wisdom to have a good relationship, feel the joy of being loved, and return that love and trust in like kind. And all along the way on your Journey to Becoming, you can be exactly who and what you are – a true Warrior, leader, and an example for others to follow.

**I believe you will succeed!**

**Now GET SOME!!**
Notes
Until one has loved an animal, a part of one’s soul remains unawakened.

Anatole France

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:
2-3 Four Legged Therapists

There was once a hospital (Guess who ran it?) back east, where a bunch of Combat Vets, were having a delightful time. You know, where they got Three-Squares-an-a-Rack every day – lots of hugs and drugs. You guessed it – a lock-down-psych-ward, run by SS-arm-band POGs.

Well anyway, all these men and women Warriors were suffering with severe Battle Trauma (PTSD in shrinker speak) and the geeks were gettin’ nowhere fast.

So one fine day, the head nerd of the herd, had a brain-breeze – a vision of sorts? (LSD?) He decided to bring a dog into the ward. He wanted to see how that would work with some of the Closed-Off, Numbed-Out patients there – how they’d respond.

The idea, based on other successful animal therapy programs, was to develop the Human-Animal Bond with the Troops. You know, to help them feel something warm and fuzzy toward “Anything” that was alive. (Been there!)

When you come back from war, you’re a stone cold killing machine, that wouldn’t piss on a human to put out a fire – no feeling or connection toward any living thing with two legs. At least that’s how I was. Suspect I ain’t alone?

Anyway, when the enlightened (?) shrinkers, brought in a beautiful, four-year old, Golden Lab, there were some wide-eyed Troops “assuming the position”. The Lab’s name was “Honey” and she was an instant success!

Even the most calloused, weaponized Soldier
immediately bonded with the doggie. Why? No shit Sherlock, she had four legs, and could be trusted. She didn't have a satchel of pills and needles hangin' off her ass. And she sure as hell couldn't ask, “How are we feeling today”. Talk about wantin’ to puke!

As time went on, the Soldiers began to sit on the floor with Honey and spill their guts out. The Troops were improving! The human-animal-bond approach was working. Yet back in the shadows of ego-driven shrinkerdom, ears pulled back and whiskers twitching, sat the envious scrotum-head therapists – not happy campers.

The Soldiers would tell Honey ALL the things they felt, that brought them pain – the killing, guilt, loss, and their agonies from war. Like a lead balloon at a birthday party, when the therapists asked, “How do you feel?” (Again, don’t’ ya just love that one?) the Soldiers acted like they were on their way to Gitmo for water-boarding.

You can imagine, it didn't take long for the D.C. Politician-Philosophy to set in, “If it works, it must be wrong”. You can also imagine what happened next.

Yup! Honey hit the door. She was deemed “No longer an important part of the program”. Sounds a bit like “Combat Ineffective” to me? (Been there too) So after the blood-letting insurrection by the Troops, all returned to hugs and drugs – all real progress stopped.

Why did such a gentle little dog make such a difference to the Warriors?

This don't take no Albert Einstein brain to figure out. The dog (God spelled backwards?) could be trusted. She didn't say, “You’ll be all you can be, till you can't be no more, then we'll shit can you”. She didn't say “Sign here,
drink the tasty Kool-Aid, and we'll take care of you, until you need us back in CONUS”.

Honey just gave the Soldiers unconditional love, no judgment, and no conditional friendship. You know, “I’ll be your friend as long as you act like all the rest of us insane civilians.” How about, “If you don't conform to what I want you to do, we’ll lock your ass in a padded cell, and pump you up with Thorazine until you do”.

What was it about Honey, a beautiful loving dog, that reached into the Soul of these Blooded Combat Warriors? What was it that briefly pulled them out of the darkness of the Shadow World? They had finally felt a glimmer of acceptance, and unconditional love in their lives. And love is the key factor here.

So let's dig a little deeper in the UCMJ of Love.

It's different for everybody, however, when a lot of us get back from deployment, we only feel one kind of love – Fraternal Love for our fellow Warriors. After a time the peace, solitude, and beauty of nature creeps back in. And during this de-numbing time, we’re all struggling to find acceptance in our lives.

Now you can't go off frolickin’ through the woods, cuddlin’ up to a Kodiak bear, for acceptance and love. That’s why a dog just might make better sense? Besides, it's the love we’re all after, in the woods or in our lives in general. So “What is love?” you ask. Let’s take a look at that.

If what I gotta say here is even halfway in the blast-zone, it’s gonna make you think a bit? Anyway, this is what the Jar Head has learned about Love. We’re gonna talk more about this in Book Five, The Warrior’s Guide to God.
and Life, but for now, check this out. See if it makes any sense in your knarly green brain.

Now I ain’t getting’ all Bible-logical here, yet in corporate-religion-speak, they talk about the Trinity (Marines-Rangers: A Triangle) of the Prime Source – God in whatever fashion you believe It/She/Him to be.

Once you get past all the jibber-jabber, they say that on one point of the triangle is the Prime Source, the Commander in Chief. It's the Will of Prime Source that directs the operation – all the mission objectives. It's sorta interesting, that since men made up all this Intel, at a time when women were basically slaves, the churches refer to Prime Source as “God the Father”? Smell a rat in the cheese somewhere?

Anyway, on the next corner of the triangle is the Goddess, Pallas Athena (Greek Speak). She is also called Gaia, Maia, (Maya), Mother, “Sophia”, the Holy Ghost, or the Holy Spirit. Her mission objective is to carry out the “Willful” orders of the day from the Four-Star General.

I kinda like callin’ Big Momma, Sophia – cool name. She’s the creative force of the Triangle, the creative force of all creation – not just this little bitty planet, with all these wack-jobs runnin’ loose, killin’ each other and blowin’ shit up.

“So how does Sophia create?” you ask in awe and wonder.

Ah yes, my fellow Warrior Monk, after Sophia gets her Orders, she heads off to the BX, and gathers up all the supplies she needs for the stew. Now, to start cookin’, she’s gonna need a fire under the kettle. Right? .

So when she turns on the burner, guess who pops
out? You Got It! Cause this third point of the triangle is the **Love Energy**!

It takes a good bit of cogitatin’ to get over thinkin’ about love as an ooey-gooey-touchy-feely thing, compared to what it really is. And what it is, is a kick-ass power, a force that “Binds all Creation”. It's the Jedi, “Force be with you!” stuff, the glue that holds everything together. That is, **Love Energy** is what holds you, me, animals, plants and planets together. It makes the universe go around.

This Force is called the Chresto, Christos, and The Christ Love of Creation. It’s the impersonal, unbiased, non-prejudice Universal Force that Jesus wielded like a sword. By the way, Jesus of Nazareth was a Warrior just like you and me. He sure weren’t no soft-bodied Wimp! He showed all of us how to use this Love Energy.

And by the way again, that’s one of the reasons why Jesus was killed. Scum-bags back then, didn't want this “Classified Intel” gettin’ out. You know, “Self-Knowledge, love and Wisdom makes for independent thinkers?” Can’t have that shit goin’ on when yur tryin’ to control folks and make a profit! Anyway, back to our topic.

When you feel love, you're feeling the **Energy** of Love – it feels real good, and it makes you want more. That's why animals excel at making you feel good. They love you without hesitation, without discrimination, and make you want to return the goodness – the love. As CSM Russell says, “Love is affection beyond friendship”. Think about that one for a bit. Animals do this naturally, so we'd better copy them big time! You know, make them our teachers on this training session.

Emotions produce energy. When two people are swappin’ spit, and the emotions accelerate to jumpin’ each other's bones (Marines-Rangers: Sex) the “peak thrill” of it
all, is Love Energy transferring back and forth. Think about how close you feel to another person at that moment. I mean, if it’s someone you truly care about.

That transfer of Love Energy can in fact be overwhelming at times – even make you say things you might regret later? Keep in mind too, that sex without love, isn’t of much value to anyone – it’s only mechanical.

So ya see, when two people (who care about each other) become physically intimate, they aren’t making love; they’re transferring love energy. ’Sides, you can’t “Make” love energy any more than you can make electricity – you can only draw on the source and use it. And the more you use it, the more you like it. Why?

It’s because in a moment of complete, unconditional love, whether it’s a pure human friendship or an animal-bond-relationship, Love Energy touches your Spirit. It makes you aware of your connection to all life. It makes you feel wanted and accepted. It makes you feel that another being thinks enough of you, just as you are, to love you.

This is why Warriors will die for the ones they love. They feel the Spirit-Connect of Love Energy toward another human being. This is why we never “Take life” without just cause. Our Spirit-Connect to our Brethren, is the Spirit-Connect to all living things. Life is sacred to a Warrior. This is what confuses a lot of people. Here's an example.

A few years back, I was talking with an Army Ranger – 10th Mountain. He was explaining to me how his wife constantly accused him of loving their dog (Sally) more than her and the kids. While talking, I could hear the background chatter of the family. So the Ranger gets up, and walks outside for a cigarette – I could also hear a beer
So he lights up, takes a long drag, and says to me, “Ya know Sarge, she's right.” I replied, “That's OK, you’re OK. Cause after four deployments in Iraq and Afghanistan you're just numbed out. Don't be too hard on yourself or the family, cause what you're feeling is perfectly normal for what you’ve gone through.”

After six years, four-15 month deployments away from his family, the family didn't know who he was anymore. The wife was tired of being a single Mom. And the kids pulled away emotionally (that’s normal too) from a man who was scarier each time he returned home from war.

That little dog, Sally, was the only constant source of love in his life. He went on to say, “I'm about to deploy again, and when I’m gone, I’ll think of Sally more than anyone else”.

There was no substitute for Sally's love of this Warrior. She was the only source of acceptance and unconditional love in his life. His family had all but given up on him.

He did not make it home from his last deployment. This Soldier died in Afghanistan, surrounded only by the love of his dog. Sally was all he had left. I suspect they’ll meet again one day.

Unfortunately, I've heard many stories like the one just described. When each of us finds love in our life we must embrace that love, as we must embrace what measure of peace we find as well. Animals have saved my life, and healed my Spirit. I hope they will help you feel love again in yours.

When you're feeling alone, like all of us Warriors, you’re in need of the same kind of unconditional love in
your life as on the battlefield. I respectfully suggest that you bring a dog into your life.

There is a caution in this. When you take the responsibility of an animal you do so for the rest of its life. It's a “Forever Home”. If you're not in a place mentally and emotionally where you’re not able to control the rage (The Beast) then bring NO ANIMAL or PERSON into your life. That is, until you have the control to DO NO HARM. There is already far too much human-animal abuse and cruelty in this world. Don't add to it.

It may work for you to use the thought of a dog, or a future human relationship as your mission objective – a future goal, during your time of gaining control. I truly wish someone had said this to me after deployment. Because now I have the haunting memories, of how horrible I was to people and animals. You don’t need that shit dumped on you too.

Keep in mind, that an animal is just like a human child. They’re gonna have accidents, may shit on the floor, and are gonna get sick. You don’t take your kid to the pound and have ’em killed when you get tired of ’em. Unfortunately, from the overworked folks at Children Services, a lot of asshole parents would like to. So don’t be another asshole like them. Wait till you’re sure you’re in control, and then enjoy the hell out of people and animals.

It’s our job as Warriors to be the Protectors of Life. And as it’s been said, “When you give life, then life will respond to the giving”.

There’s one more thing about animals that needs to be stated here. Actually it's a question. From a Warrior perspective, besides feeling love, why is it we feel so close to animals? This is just my way of thinkin’ about it so take it for what it's worth.
To me, it's the innocence that I recognize. The innocence of animals is like the innocence of young children – everything is a new adventure, everything is new and exciting, a wonder to behold. And like many Warriors, the innocence of animals is the innocence of the children I've killed. It’s damn hard for me to separate that.

Like so many of us as Warriors, we will defend the innocence of animals and children to the death – ours or other deserving souls. And in so doing, in living our lives as the Guard Dog, we may find some small measure of consolation for the actions of our past. I hope this perspective will help you as well.

So then, to wrap this Briefing, think about the kinds of love you now feel. Work on the ones you don't feel yet. Allow yourself time to get in touch with that Love Energy, and cut yourself some slack while it's happening.

You haven't lost your Spirit-Connect to love; it's still there. You just got numb. If you work at it, that feeling of love energy we'll be right in your backpack again. And that ain't a hard load to bear! You will succeed in all you do. Hell, you can't help it. That's because you’re a Warrior!

Saddle UP!

It’s asshole-pucker time on this next topic!

We’re gonna meet the Goddess of WAR!

Let’s Move OUT!
There are two powers in the world; one is the sword and the other is the pen. There is great competition and rivalry between the two. There is a third power stronger than both, that of the women.

Muhammad Ali Jinnah

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

2-4 The Goddess of War

This briefing is to acknowledge the women of the world, to give them their fair share of credit. We’re gonna look “At and Into” their place within society, their contributions, their qualities and their strengths.

If you men out there wanna remain dumb-shits, then stop readin’ right now.

First off I gotta tell ya, no matter how smart a man thinks he is, piled higher-and-deeper with all sorts of fancy-Dan diplomas, unless he’s a woman (which he ain’t) he don’t understand everything there is about bein’ a woman. Just that simple.

Since this book has Warriors in the crosshairs, we're gonna talk about the differences between men and women Warriors in general. You men are gonna have to “Suck it Up!” cause women Warriors have the advantage over us knuckle-draggers in a lot of ways.

There are all kinds of famous Women Warriors in history. Do a bit of diggin’ on the Internet, and Google “10 Bad Ass Women Warriors” to see what I mean. These women leaders are the icons of their time. And since in this so-called “Man’s World”, where most history was written by men, is it any wonder why women never got the recognition and respect they deserve?
Most everyone has heard about Joan of Arc. Talk about loving-ferocity (ferociousness). She was a Kickin’-Ass, Woman Warrior in France (leading from the front!) and won many victories over the English in the Hundred Years War.

One you may not have heard of was Queen Boudica. She lived back in the days before Scotland was called Scotland, and led her army of one hundred thousand troops against the Romans. She killed over 70,000 Roman soldiers in battles and demoralized the Roman Empire. Zenobia of Syria kicked some Roman ass too.

In more recent times, other women have stood out in history. There was Calamity Jane, the frontierswoman and Annie Oakley to name just two. O’l Annie would have been hell to beat on the rifle range! How about this one? Did you ever hear of a woman Warrior named Tah-en-a-mani? She was the one who led the attack on Custer at Little Big Horn.

And the list goes on in the history of Brazil, Central Asia, China, Japan, etc.

“So what’s the Point?” you ask.

The point is, that just because male historians didn't popularize women Warriors, don't mean that women weren’t just as fierce in battle as men. They've been leaders of armies from the time armies began, and kicked ass all over the world!

Goin’ way back in time, even before Marines and Rangers were doing Black-Ops with swords and spears, women have gotten a bum rap. I mean hell look at the story of Adam and Eve!

Ancient-book-geeks blame the woman (woe-to-man,
to them?) for the “Fall from Paradise” – in some organic
garden somewhere? Yet if you check out the Intel (other
than in the Bible) it explains that Adam and Eve finally
recognize their duality – being two different kinds of
human beings. That is, opposites of sorts? Guess Ol’ Adam
wasn't a Jar Head, cause he’d of checked out Eve long
before that?

Anyway, that “Apple” the geeks talk about, was the
Symbol of the “Knowledge of Opposites”, of the duality
between man and woman. Eve didn't trick Adam into
anything, and that Serpent scuttlebutt, had nothing to do
with snakes that crawl around on the base at Ft. Polk,
eatin’ rats. Again, these are all symbols – the serpent
represents knowledge, immortal energy and so on.

Yet once again, women got the blame for somethin’
they didn't do. Some religions (won’t say who?) claimed
the “Fall” was corrupt, sex in itself is corrupt, and “Look
Out!” females are the corrupters of the whole goat rope!
Don't think so. What I do think is that these boys, done got
into a bad batch of mushrooms?

“Man cannot exist, if it were not for the woman”. She
gives him life. The woman is the symbol of life. She is the
Mother Goddess of Creation! Hell, if it weren’t for women,
ain’t none of us would be fast ropin’ outa choppers. Even
worse, (the thought terrifies me!) there’d be no Marine
Corps!

Here’s somethin’ else to think about. There’s a quote
by someone, don't know who, that says “And God created
Man in his own image/likeness”. Well, as the old Knuckle
Dragger understands this, what it really means is that first
off, you’ve gotta forget about the Man-Image part of it.
Because in Truth, Prime Source created all us humans
and animals in His/Hers/It’s form as Spirit, NOT FLESH!
In other words, our likeness to Prime Source is the Spirit Form, not some old guy, with a long white beard, sitting on a cloud somewhere. Anyway, think about it.

That being said, let's look into the qualities of this

**War Goddess of Peace and Love.**

When you ask yourself, “Why are many women superior Warriors?” then look closely, you can't help but come up with some of the following qualities. Here are just a few:

1. Women have an extremely high tolerance to pain. They need this to give birth to children. Endurance fits in here too. The pain-tolerance, endurance, concentration and determination transfers directly to war fighting.
2. Women have a natural tendency toward self-sacrifice. They will sacrifice themselves for their children and sacrifice themselves on the battlefield.
3. Women have natural leadership abilities. If you don't believe that, then you go raise a passel of nose drippers. Women have to prioritize, organize and dictate authority in the family. Obviously from history, they do a damn good job in the military as well. Freud might have said (?) “Due to the imprinting of children onto the mother, there would be a tendency to copy the mother’s behavior – to follow the mother anywhere.” (Into battle?) You figure that one out?
4. Women have the ability to be kind, gentle and loving, yet vicious and protective. Family safety is the key in this attitude. The ferocity comes when defending life, (The ones they love) at home or on the battlefield.
5. Women tend to have a greater respect for life, because they’ve brought life into this world. This is yet another
point of conflict in Women Warriors. Not unlike Corpsman and Medics whose job it is to save life and not take it, woman create life. It is not their “Directive” to take it. In both categories, this has changed from the Vietnam era on.

6. Women are usually more adept at details than men. That is, an exactness for details in any task given. This is a prerequisite for family planning along with battle planning.

7. Women are skillful, graceful hunters, of people or chow for the cubs – human or otherwise.

There are a lot of really interesting quotes about women. (Check out “Brainy Quotes” on the web). This one sorta fits in here: “You can liken the love of a Mother to a force of nature. A force of nature that not only gives life and nurtures it, but will also take life to protect it.”

OK, so besides famous kick ass Women Warriors in the past, (and present) there have been female Goddesses like Pallas Athena (Greek), Kali (India), and Bast (Egypt), in philosophies and religions throughout history. So even with all this, why are so many women treated so disrespectfully by so many men? Think about it.

Besides suffering the indignity of generations of prejudice and the impact of war (like men) women in the military also bear a number of deep emotional and mental burdens.

The Parents-of-Warriors side of this is no small matter either – that is, being a parent of Warrior. One mother I talked with is a devout Catholic. She said, “If I had known that my two sons (both had multiple deployments in Iraq and Afghanistan) would become the
Living Dead, that their lives would be shattered by war, I would have gone against the Catholic Church and not have had children. She now calls her mission, “The Mother’s Battle Cry!”

Imagine, this mother would have gone against her strong faith, against the Pope's decrees, and against the Catholic Church, because of what her sons have now become. She is tormented, but resolved to inform others of her pain and the pain of her children. To this mother, her children were lost to war. A lifetime of love and nurturing is gone forever.

On the Active-Military-Mom’s side of this, here’s what one female Soldier told me – there have been many. It was in an auditorium, on a major military base. In front of over 800 fellow Soldiers a female Warrior got up, grabbed the microphone and said,

“I have been deployed twice in Iraq. During deployments, I feel like I've abandoned my two children – they are three and five years old. They don't understand why Mommy has to go away, and felt that if I really loved them, I wouldn't leave.”

“Each time I got back, I didn't sleep for months. At first I’d check on them four or five times a night. Now I have to sleep in their room. They wake me up calling ‘Mommy! Mommy!’ And all during this time, I'm now worried that when they grow up, they may go into the military and become what I've become – see and do what I've seen and done. It's a living nightmare.”

Another female Soldier told me, “It sounds horrible
Sarge, but I don't have the same love for my children that I had before I was deployed. And each deployment makes it worse. I don't love them the same anymore. At times, I don't love them at all. It makes me feel so guilty.”

Why? It's because Mommy never came back from war – no one does. She's a completely different person now. Her life, goals, desires and life-perspectives have changed forever.

The tragedy here is that besides any moral or religious conflict, many women are in conflict over the Prime Directive of Procreation. That is, they may not want children after going to war. Why? It's because, how can they justify bringing a child into this world, to grow up, join the military, and experience the horrors of war?

How could they accept that the child they lovingly raised would become a monster? How could any mother accept that even if their child wasn’t physically wounded or killed, they would be changed forever from the horrors they’d experience?

The latest figure I've heard is that 300,000 women have served in Iraq and Afghanistan – 40% of them have children. If the average woman has two children, that translates into nearly three quarters of a million Americans who will suffer from these wars in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Besides the children and parenting issues, let's take a look at what women have to deal with in our active-duty military – deployed or in Garrison. This ain't in some foreign damn country either, it's right here in the good old U.S. of A.

One female Soldier said to me, “You have to be a bitch or a whore to make rank and survive in the military. I was a bitch and still got raped.”

Another female Soldier said, “I was the best mechanic
in my unit. I had to be so I could fit in. Yet I was pulled out from under a truck, while a fellow Soldier was attempting to pull my pants down.”

Yet another Soldier said. “I had to sleep with my M-4, locked and loaded, on my chest at night, because I was afraid of being raped by my fellow Soldiers in Afghanistan.”

**What the hell is wrong with this picture!?!**

I’ll be damned if this isn’t a Leadership problem! There is absolutely no excuse for this except for no balls or a backbone. The stories I’ve heard about Senior NCOs and Officers covering up these criminal acts makes me wanna take ears! (Slowly!)

I've said to many Women Warriors, “As a man, in my time, I would have killed anyone who violated me or who violated the Code of Honor with such disgraceful actions.”

The replies from these women were pretty much the same. They said, “Sure I wanted to kill ’em, but even if I reported the rape or sexual harassment, I’d be immediately transferred out of my unit. My career would have been over in the military.”

Many of the Women Warriors I’ve talked with, were made to feel guilty about being raped. They were made to feel. “It was their fault!” Does that piss anyone else off beside me? Is it any wonder why women have a hard time with men? Is it any wonder why women have such a difficult time in establishing meaningful relationships once discharged?

I’m only mentioning a few of the dishonorable actions I’ve heard about, taking place right now in our military. Wanna know what I think? I’m gonna tell ya anyway. I
think that any man, military or civilian, who rapes a woman, needs to be castrated – with extreme prejudice – period. First option? The woman who gets raped gets to do it! And if it's military, the Officer in charge needs to grow a pair while he’s still got ’em. Real simple.

It's safe to say that most women internalize trauma differently than men do. Women tend to hold it in and process traumatic events in ways that truly, only women understand. This is one reason many Vet Centers have established a Women Veterans Group only. Only women are present and if possible, a woman counselor conducts the group discussion.

Fear diminishes our ability to trust. The lack of trust diminishes our ability to love. Why? It stems from our fear of betrayal. And by betrayal I mean disloyalty, treachery, treason, and unfaithfulness.

For Warriors, this also has to do with our perspective of **Loyalty**. To us, loyalty means allegiance, devotion, and steadfastness. It means that if you give your word of Honor, you will keep your word of Honor. It means that “I can depend on you, put my life in your hands, and you will always be there to watch my back.” Is it any wonder why us Warriors are disappointed with the society we now find ourselves overwhelmed within? Think about it.

Going back to the comment of a Woman Warrior, regarding her lack of love for her children, let's clear that up a bit. First of all, her feelings are completely “Normal” for what she's been through – normal reactions to Battle Trauma.

For many Warrior Moms, they haven't lost the love for the children they cherish, they’ve simply gotten numb – unable to express that love, and have become confused. That is, they’ve become confused by the torrent of
emotions cascading in their minds. There is hope in this, and with the right tools, they’ll feel that love again. They’ll learn to love intensely, yet in a different way.

Added to all the topics we’ve covered in this book so far, women must also deal with generations of prejudice, condemnation, and the genetic responsibility to perpetuate the species – no small matter.

In closing this briefing I would say to women, be Proud to be One. Men have a lot to learn from you, and for those of us men willing to learn, please be willing to teach us.

Both men and women have a tremendous amount of work ahead – to change this world. To change it into that which affords our children, a life of love and happiness – a life of dreams fulfilled. In so doing, our children will find a place in their hearts to come home, and people in their lives to call friends.
It's a brave new world, and only the brave will survive in it.

Grab your gear and **Saddle Up**!

It’s a “Free Fire Zone” on this next topic!

Almost to the Summit!

Let’s Move OUT!
A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles.

Christopher Reeve

CLASSIFIED BRIEFING:

2-5 Warriors of the New Dawn

Standing on the Summit of a great mountain, the radiant Light of Wisdom and Self Knowledge excites every fiber of your being – promising you a bright future not yet lived. The path ahead is now the path of hope, the path upon which you will walk with strength and Honor as a Warrior – confident, poised for any challenge ahead.

In this moment of pure enlightenment, you realize, “I am the Power, Strength and loving-ferocity of all Warriors before me. I will pick up the Guide-On of Legions lost. I will Honor those of the past, by carrying their Honor into my own life. They will Live-On through me!”

It has indeed been a long struggle, a long uphill journey my friends. Yet the past has ended, giving you the strength you now hold. Your new journey has finally begun. How then will you carry on the Honor? How will you fulfill the potential for the greatness now burning in your heart?

The answer to that is “To Be Yourself, To Know Your Self”. You will now pierce the darkness with your own Light – with the Light of Truth, Love, Wisdom and Honor.

Take stock in who you are, and develop the Love in your life at your capacity to do so. Shed the injustice of guilt to heal your Soul completely. You’re now moving through each day into your future, your New Becoming.
Hold steadfast to the Code, 
and the Code will hold you steadfast.

You now fully understand that true strength comes from holding back – violence is your last resort. You also realize that true wisdom comes from challenging your own beliefs, and the beliefs of others.

War gives us Superior-Life-Knowledge. That's why you get so frustrated (pissed off) at the meaningless, selfish, narrow-minded actions of so many you meet in this American society – a society that is to every Warrior, a living insanity.

You're making your life simple, yet meaningful and productive. You realize too, that money is only as valuable as the good it may do to help others. Now that doesn’t mean you’ve gotta dress in burlap bags and wear tire-tread-sandals. It doesn't mean you go without. It simply means, be sensible about material things. That’s because if you're hungry, dirty, tired and pissed off, you ain't likely to be of much good to anyone, especially yourself.

So then, with your new perspective on living your life, let's now take a stride forward to examine you as The Warrior of the New Dawn.

Joseph Campbell, a very wise man once said, “Thou art That.” In the Warrior perspective, this means that in a crisis situation, like on the battlefield, you are driven to compassion and self-sacrifice. Keeping this in mind, and looking at the civilian sector, ask yourself, “Why would a perfect stranger jump into a burning vehicle to save someone they’ve never met?”

It's because in “That Moment” they are that other person. You become that person in crisis. A surge of
compassion overwhelms you. There is no thought of self, and you “Rush in where Angels fear to tread” – “Thou art that person!”

This happens many times on the battlefields of war. The only difference is, you’re even more driven to help the ones you truly love. In these life and death moments, your own safety is pushed even further back – of less importance.

Whether it be stranger or friend, too few humans will respond this way. Warriors on the other hand, will always respond this way. This is who we are. Take stock in that profound noble quality.

Think about this. If you truly didn't have love and respect for yourself, however numb or burned out you might be, you wouldn't help anyone. You'd be a complete sociopath.

So you see, even if you think you didn't love and respect yourself down range, you did. Fact is, **you do care about yourself right now**. Otherwise, you wouldn't have done the things you did to help and save your fellow Warriors.

That means, you wouldn't have cared about them in the past, you wouldn't care about ’em now, and you sure as hell wouldn’t give a rat’s ass about ’em in the future. Think about it. Cause that’s just the way **you** as a real human being works. No bullshit! Kinda cool – ain’t it!

People think there are consequences to taking action. This is true. Yet there are also consequences for no action – doing nothing. As Edmund Burke said, “Evil will only triumph so long as good men (women) do nothing.”

You as a Warrior of the New Dawn, the **Dawn of Honor**, will be faced with many challenges. You **will do outstanding** in confronting every obstacle, and solving
every problem, in your life – no matter how difficult they appear. This is because you are not afraid of conflict, confrontations (peaceful or violent) pain, suffering or deprivation (going without).

Keep in mind that the greatest difficulty you’ll ever face is recognizing and accepting those situations where there is no resolution. In these cases, you simply move on, coming to your own resolve – accepting that you did all that could be done, it is out of your control and power to change.

You've been trained to improvise, adapt and overcome in all situations. When many others would simply give up, you charge on because, Surrender is not in your Creed.

I find it ironic here, that the military for years, has been attempting to create the “Perfect Soldier” for the battlefields of war. Well no shit Sherlock, you all know about military intelligence? Right?

What these shit-for-brains don't realize is that they’ve done it! That's right, we're all in fact, the Perfect Soldier. We just ain't limited to war. We are all completely Operational in the civilian sector AO – in the peace-time society that we got dumped into.

When you take your military skill set, experiences, wisdom, problem solving ability, leadership skills etc., and use them in civilian society, look out! Even beyond the seven virtues we've discussed, Warriors have another dimension above and beyond their civilian counterparts.

It's the Collective Experiences of Heroism, discipline, combat effectiveness, self-sacrifice and the Weight of Souls, that teaches us responsibility and respect for life – to live life to the fullest and take nothing for granted. We fully embrace our own mortality and accept
life as finite, coming to an end.

All these things are learned in and through the most extreme intensity possible. This is what dramatically sets civilian trauma apart from the Battle Trauma of Warriors. This is what makes the Warriors of the New Dawn the leaders of tomorrow.

I mean hell, would you rather be with a platoon of Warrior Monks designing a new Corporation, or 60 shit-for-brains POGs, afraid of their own shadow? Instead of diplomas and happy-face plaques on the wall, you can just hang your M-4. Picnics could be at the rifle range – OORAH!

Those who rise to greatness, do so by the power of courage – the courage of conviction along with tenacity. These great people act on what is needed, not on what is wanted. As we discussed, wanting and needing are two different things. When what you want and what you need, become one and the same thing, you have crossed a critical threshold – you have entered Warrior Monkdom. This is a place of complete self-awareness. It’s where we all belong.

Let's face it, my generation of baby-boomers bears most of the responsibility, the burden of how screwed up the world is right now. It's been the “Greed of a nation, against the legacy of a nation”. We have exhausted the moral and material wealth of America. What are we leaving our youth, the next generations to come?

It's damn sure time to change all that! And I completely believe that you young pups are gonna do just that. Ya know why? It's because you can! Not only are you sick of the bullshit; you're trained, disciplined, organized, and fully capable of bringing America back on her feet! You're capable of making this nation greater than it's ever
been in our history.

If you don't think this is true then dig a little bit on the Internet and follow the money, follow the fear. You've already got the colony in Washington twitchin' and shakin' over their cheese blocks. Why?

It's because they've trained what they perceive of, as a monster they can't control. They’re just biding their time before they gotta scrap the private jets and the five mansions. The Warrior Monk Divisions are movin' out with a peaceful (?) Battle Plan for Change. The plan is to install, Truth and Honor as a focus of American policy, and American reality both at home and abroad.

Of course the Twitchy-Whisker-Clan is gonna put up a fight, feeble as it may be. For example, in the month of August 2013, Pentagon doctors claimed that military suicides were not related to combat. You believe that shit?

They said that depression and alcohol abuse are the causes, that our childhoods were to blame – we weren’t center of bubble before we joined up. Some are even saying that “More War builds more resilience!”

Of course, this study was funded by the Defense Department. Gee, I wonder if the major military contractors had anything to do with this? Go figure. I gotta tell ya here (biting my tongue bloody), that the people who come up with this shit, need to spend a year in Afghanistan in a “Hot Combat Zone”. Then tell me that war has nothing to with battle trauma (PTSD), suicide and substance abuse.

Comments like these are far worse than denial. These comments are money-lies – follow the money. Coming back from the battlefield, of course you’re depressed and want to self-medicate, in that order – war, then depression and then drugs. Any retard would know that when you kill human beings, watch your friends get vaporized, and live
in the horrors of war (atrocities, guilt, killing, loss) you’re gonna be affected. No shit! So why would the Defense Department publish such an act of profound betrayal? You decide.

Not to get too sidetracked here, but here’s still another question you gotta ask yourself. “Is the whole gun control issue to protect citizens? Or is it because there are 22 million Veterans in this country, most of which are armed and pissed off?”

That translates into about 2200 Light Divisions of Troops at 10,000 per Division. That's greater than the standing armies of China, Europe, America and so on, combined. This doesn’t even include the 30 to 50 million “Hunters” in this country! Now that’s an Army of Citizen Soldiers!

Do ya think all these happy hunters and drooling Vets just might have a little somethin’ to do with the fear and paranoia of the people raping this country, and taking away our rights? You decide.

Well anyway, regardless of who is resisting the winds of change, now becoming a tempest, threatening “those dishonorable among us”, change is happening as we speak. You Warriors have the strength and capability to make this change for the Greater Good. The time is ending for those who strive to continue the exploitation, and their greed-based attitude – the present attitude of so many, in control of way too much.

One thing that confuses my old green brain is when I ask myself “Doesn’t anyone study history?” Doesn't anyone remember that for thousands of years it’s been, “Feed and pay the Soldiers, and fear nothing”? Now CSM Russell and me ain’t advocating violence as a “Resolution”. We’re just pleading for SANITY! Guess
we’re all gonna see how this works itself out? Us Warriors just gotta stay Frosty while it’s happenin’.

Regardless of what branch of the military you now serve in, or have served in, you are “The Perfect Soldier”. Be proud to be the Warrior Monk! Refuse to be driven into the shadows of society. Proudly step into the Light and live the Honor you are.

In these briefings, you have learned to embrace your Virtues, how to release from guilt, and to Live-On by carrying the Honor of your fallen Brethren, into the Honor you now live each day.

By judging wisely and living the Truth, through your heart, “Your life will be well lived”. By contrasting false beliefs to the Code of Honor, you’ll never be deceived or betrayed. Your standard of excellence will guide you into your future, into your New Becoming, that you may demonstrate Quiet Wisdom and Right Action. You are the example of Strength for all to follow.

By living the Code, you live the Nobility of the Human Spirit. The Tools you carry each day, for the rest of your life, will be your Peaceful-Weapons to overcome every problem, every obstacle.

As the Warrior Monk, your Gentle-Ferocity and Discipline will mark you as a leader. Carry this Guide-On with pride and Honor – be the living Embodiment of Honor. It is your Special Assignment, your Special Mission to change this world for the Greatest Good.

You were reborn in the Flames of War, reborn into a new, stronger, and wiser human being. You are a Warrior, set apart from all those having never walked off the battlefields of war – hold that Truth with pride, in who you've now become.

Love at your capacity to do so, those worthy of your
Love and Trust. As you learn to love others of all forms, you learn to love yourself – you learn to look into “The Light of WHO you truly are”.

Be grateful each day for the blessings that Life brings into your life. Be grateful each day to be the Warrior you are. It has been your Honor to Serve in war. Now it is your Honor two Serve in Life.

And Know, my Fellow Warriors, that you are never, ever alone on your Journey to Becoming. All Warriors walk the same path as all those Warriors before us. We walk together in the battles – past, present and future.

We will Overcome, for “Surrender is not in our Creed!”

My greatest Love and Respect to each of you on your trail ahead.

Stay Frosty and “Watch your six at all times!”

Most Respectfully,

Sgt. Brandi, United States Marine Corps

HOOAH! and OORAH!.......OUT!
Notes
Section Two Summary

2-1 The Warrior Monk

1. The Seven Virtues are the standard of human behavior for every human, in every nation on the planet.
2. They are Chastity, Temperance, Charity, Diligence, Patience, Kindness, and Humility.
3. Chastity means treat other folks like you want to be treated. Warriors do outstanding on this one! It’s what we do naturally!
4. Temperance means use good judgment at check points and in civvie life, and evaluate the rights and needs of others. Put a “Happy- Face” on the frig for this one! We done good again!
5. Charity means self-sacrifice. So guess who does an outstanding job on this one? You got it!! It’s our Creed! Another bull’s eye!
6. Diligence means accomplishing the mission objective. Well no shit Sherlock, another center-of-mass shot here! Damn we’re good!
7. Patience means resolving conflicts justly. It’s our “Sniper’s Creed” to do just that. Yet we only take life for a just cause.
8. Kindness and Humility are easy for us Warriors. We hold to the battlefield standard of unconditional love to die for.
9. Ya gotta say, that all us Knuckle Draggers got a Superior Rating on the Seven Virtues!
10. We all gotta work on finding Real Joy in our lives. And it ain’t at the mall!
11. The value people place on most things, is of no real value. And “things” don’t bring us any real joy in life,
just more things to eventually shit can.
12. Joy begins **inside** of you, not outside of you.
13. Figure out what makes **you feel good inside**, then do it.
14. You can’t hold on to Joy, so you savor the moment, then start huntin’ for more. The more you do it, the more you like it, and the better it feels.
15. **Joy smoothes out the waves of life.** Makes you wanna get up in the morning and do PT!
16. Lowering your threat level increases Joy in your life. Exercise **Cautious Compassion** and **Qualified Trust** to do just that.
17. Small **Joy Steps** lead to strides. Start out with small steps first, and cut yourself some slack while you’re learnin’ to run the Joy-athon!

**2-2 All Aboard the Re-Lie-Shun-Ship!**

1 + 1 = 3

1. Think of yourself as a “**Whole**” person in any relationship. Hell, think of yourself as a whole person anyway!
2. **Friendship and Trust** are the foundations to any good relationship. How about any relationship at all?
3. **Trust is earned**, but ya gotta trust someone to be exactly who they are to make that happen. No surprises down range.
4. **What you see is what you get** in a relationship. You ain’t gonna change anything by getting’ married. And you ain’t gonna pretend for too long, cause the Honey Moon is gonna end eventually.
5. One Whole person plus One Whole person makes a **Third Circle of Trust**, a new person – so to speak.
6. You most likely didn’t meet a “mind reader” so
communicate the things on your mind. This goes for both warm and fuzzy things and shit things that stick in your craw.


8. Temper your “Wild Side” comments to everyone. If they ain’t been down range, you’ll be ridin’ in the back of an Animal Control truck – in one of them white cages with the slits cut in the sides.

9. Remember that you have got to **Maintain Your Own Identity** at all times! Otherwise, you give away your power, and become a Go-for.

10. Treat your partner with the standards of the Code of Honor, and you won’t go wrong – respect, courtesy, honesty, and responsibility.

11. Don’t be a dumb shit. If what you’re doin’ right now ain’t workin’, then you might think about changing what yur doin’. Don’t be completely insane?

### 2-3 Four Legged Therapists

1. Animals can be trusted because they have four legs. **They will love you unconditionally** – no matter what you look like or smell like.

2. **Love Energy** is powerful stuff, like electricity or an Abram Tank. You gotta learn to use it with care and respect it.

3. **Emotions produce energy.** So when yur swapin’ spit in the shower, the water ain’t the only thing movin’ around.

4. **Love is affection beyond friendship.** So make loving someone more than a mechanical act, or back away with your Beastie.
5. The **Spirit Connect** is what we feel toward another living being. It’s what binds us all together.

6. Unless you’re in control of your Beast-Rage, **don’t** bring an innocent animal or person into your life. Wait till you have a grip on the emotions. You’ll just hurt them and yourself.

7. **The Innocence of Animals is the Innocence of Children.** Cherish it, and protect it with your life. This is what Warriors do. Don’t violate the Code.

8. Be the **Protector of Life**, be the **Sheep Dog** to keep away danger from the innocent.

9. **You haven’t lost the Spirit Connect to Love; you just got a bit numb.** It will return with a little effort – no bull sh**t!

**2-4 The Goddess of War**

1. Most men don’t know much about women. Some men don’t know squat sh**t.

2. Women have been the leaders of armies throughout history. You don’t know about ’em much, cause a good bit of history was written by men?

3. Women have gotten a bum rap from the times of Adam and Eve. Yet men wouldn’t be here if it weren’t for women. Or should I say, “How’d they get here if it weren’t for women?”

4. The high degree of pain-tolerance, endurance, concentration, and determination in women, transfers directly to military capabilities.

5. Women have natural leadership capabilities as well as organizational skills. They can be kind, gentle and loving, along with ferocious.

6. Being parents of Warriors is very difficult. Consider how they feel when losing their children on the
battlefield, or by watching them struggle with life-after-war.

7. Being a Mother Warrior is more difficult than most realize. They have all the same Battle Trauma problems, on top of family issues – issues that only a mother could understand.

8. Woman Warriors are harassed, and sexually abused in our military. This is a Leadership problem that needs to be changed now!

2-5 Warriors of the New Dawn

1. Be Your Self and Know your Self!
2. Hold steadfast to the Code, and the Code will hold you steadfast.
3. War gives us Superior Life Knowledge.
4. In a moment of compassion, you become another person in crisis. You “Art That” person.
5. You’re making your life simple, yet meaningful and productive.
6. If you truly didn't have love and respect for yourself, you wouldn't help anyone. You'd be a complete sociopath.
7. There are consequences to taking action. There are also consequences for no action.
8. Recognizing and accepting situations where there is no resolution, is extremely difficult because you do not like things unfinished.
9. You are the Perfect Soldier!
10. Warriors have another dimension above and beyond their civilian counterparts. It's their Collective Experiences – Heroism, discipline, combat effectiveness, self-sacrifice and the Weight of Souls.
11. Those who rise to greatness, do so by the power of
courage – the courage of conviction along with tenacity.

12. Our new **Battle Plan for Change** is to install, **Truth and Honor** as the focus in America.

13. “Feed and pay the Soldiers, and fear nothing,”

14. By judging wisely and living the **Truth**, through your heart, “**Your life will be well lived**”.

15. By contrasting false beliefs to the Code of Honor, you'll never be deceived or betrayed.


17. Be grateful each day for the blessings **that Life brings into your life**.

18. Be grateful each day **to be the Warrior you are**.

19. It has been your Honor two **Serve** in war. Now it is your Honor two **Serve** in Life.
Section One Summary: War is Our Business and Business is Good

1-1 The Death of Innocence

- The war changed your life forever. You will never, ever be the same again.
- There’s nothing wrong with your feelings, you are supposed to feel emotions.
- It’s going to take some time, and help, for you to feel better.
- You have the Strength of a Warrior. You can do it, so cut yourself some slack.

1-2 From Videos to Killing Kids

- Only other Combat Vets will understand what you are feeling. Only those with like experiences will have a clue what you’re talkin’ about. Don’t waste your time with those who don’t. It will just frustrate you more.
- Parents, old friends, or family members who have not shared your same experiences will not understand you. Find other Combat Vets, or someone that will.
- You will need some alone time to process your thoughts. Check out the Veterans Outreach Center in your area, for some friendlies.
- Surrender is not in your Creed.
1-3 Taking Life, Changes Life

- You will never be the same person you were, so get on with making your New “Life Plan”, your New Mission Objectives!

- You are not alone! All of us old Warriors are with you, watchin’ your 6 o’clock.

- You fit in somewhere, just decide where that is, and start workin’ on it.

- You’re going to change civilian friends, maybe you’ll have to re-think family, or maybe you’ll just need to live alone for a while? Your call. You’re the CO of your AO. Get Some!!

- Whatever you decide, is the right thing for you. You’ve earned it! Start feeling comfortable with not trying to fit into everyone’s expectations of how you should be. Just be you.

- You are a good Human Being, or you wouldn’t feel squat shit. Start “feeling” your way into your new life, your new future.

1-4 What is Reality?

- You are not like everyone else. You never will be. So deal with it! Get on with your new “Life Plan”. Actually, you’re better than everyone else!

- Plan your future, but live one day at a time. It’s all you’ve really got.

- “Don’t sweat the little things, and if it’s not life threatening, it’s a little thing!”

- Remember, the “I don’t give a shit” attitude! It will help you with the “little things”

- It hurts to be rejected; it feels good to be accepted. Find other people who accept you, and start feeling good about you.
• Don’t hate’em, just feel better when they’re not around – no shit!
• The only problem you have, is being a Human Being. That’s Good! Feeling good about yourself, is good enough for a start. You can save the world later.

1-5 A Warriors Job is to Kill

• Killing is your job. You don’t have to like it, you just have to do it. When you are a civilian, you can choose what you want in your future.
• The act of killing is final. You can’t change what you’ve done. If you are now a civilian, at least that much is over.
• Do not be ashamed to kill in war. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t be here right now.
• No training on earth could have prepared you for killing, so cut yourself some slack!
• How could you ever know what killing was like, unless you did it?
• You are supposed to feel. That’s what makes you a good Warrior, and not a murderer.
• You will always be a Warrior, so find other Warriors, and get on with your life.
• Use your Strength as a Warrior to guide you. Live by a code of Honor, and allow yourself to tolerate those who do not.

1-6 Hardening to Loss

• You can’t be in war, and not feel loss. In fact, you can’t live at all, and not feel loss at some time in your life.
• It’s good to feel; that means you are capable of Love.
• **Numbness is normal for a time.** So give yourself some time to move out of it, if you are.
• You know the true meaning of “friendship”; use it wisely.
• The feeling of loss never completely goes away. It just gets easier to deal with.
• Grieving takes time. The waves get less and less each time they hit you.
• Find some kind of active release; a ride, a movie, a conversation with another vet. This helps keep your mind out of the re-wind mode.
• You get on with your life, by finding something that makes you feel a little better, and doing it.
• **Be glad you’re alive, with your whole life ahead of you.**

1-7 **Friendship and Survivor Guilt**

• You know the true meaning of “Friendship”.
• You know what “Trust” is.
• You know what “Loss” is
• **Your friends thought you were worth dying for, Don’t you think you’re worth living for?**
• Remember your friends for the rest of your life: the good times, the hard times you shared. Carry their Honor into your own life.
• Use the friendships of “Trust” and “Honor” as your standard – your **Standard is Excellence!**

1-8 **Burn Out and Short Timer’s Fear**

• It is “normal” to feel burned out in a war.
• You may feel burned out with life. War does that too. Just that simple.
• Give yourself some time, to feel like there’s something of value to live for. It takes a while.
• There’s **nothing wrong with you**, if you don’t give a shit about anything right now. It’s the brain’s way of surviving. You’ve just reached your limit. So cut yourself some slack! You’re acting **NORMAL** for what you’ve been through!!
• Listen up! You may not have come home. You may have just come back to the States. So don’t sweat it! You Ain’t Alone! We’ve got a plan for you.
• **Feeling betrayed is normal.** It sometimes goes with the turf of being a warrior. No one **except** another person with your experience will understand **your Code of Honor**. Don’t expect ’em to.
• It may have been a culture shock and a life shock coming back to the States. But the States is about the same as you left it; **“You are Not!”** Accept the fact that you have changed, and get on with your new life. It ain’t so bad. In fact, it’s damn right good.

**Section Two Summary: Home is Where the Heart Was**

**2-1 Oh Shit! I’m Home**
• The American public “now” likes the Military – at least most?
• You’re back, and like it or not, **you ain’t the same person that left.**
• Get through the “welcome homes” and all the disappointments, then get on with your new life.
• Friends and family may not be the same toward you – no shit!
• Find new friends to talk with about your feelings; others with similar experiences.
• You “will” make it through the transition; you’ll have to choose how soon.

2-2 Hi Honey, Who Are You?
• Adapting the new you to family life can be very difficult.
• You’ll have to carry all of your war baggage, and the family stress of raising a family as well.
• You’ll have to decide if it’s possible to live in a family.
• Get some professional help, as long as its someone with similar experiences. And talk to Battle Buddies!!
• Sometimes loving each other isn’t enough to live with each other.
• Stay Honorable in your actions.
• You are NOT who you were! It may be difficult for your spouse or partner to love who you have now become.
• It’s no one’s fault. You are just human. War does this to people.

2-3 Spouses/Partners: Jealousy and Anger
• It was very difficult for you as a spouse and/or partner waiting for the “death notice”.
• It was also very difficult for you as a spouse and/or partner to deal with how your warrior had changed so much.
• Your Warrior has had experience that you cannot possibly understand. So cut yourself some slack.
• Your Warrior Loves you more than ever, and
wants to protect you more than ever.

- Your Veteran needs time to “process” his or her experiences, “space to space out”.
- Veterans having experienced severe trauma need some kind of a release for the stress, or it will turn into anger and rage.
- Don’t feel guilty with yourself if you can’t talk about the war with your warrior spouse.
- A good relationship will last this period of adjustment. Be honest with your feelings and with each other.
- Do not be concerned if your Warrior needs to talk to other Veterans and they happen to be of the opposite sex. He or she just needs to find someone with common experiences.
- Live with HONOR. No one is to blame. War does this to everyone.

2-4 An Old Warrior’s Esteemed View on Women

2-5 The Pain Inside

- You’ve got a problem. Face it, and deal with it. Start talking about it with others who have had the same experiences.
- If you start the healing process now, it won’t destroy your whole life.
- Start hooking up with the Veteran’s Outreach Centers in your area.
- “DO NOT WORRY” about being ashamed or embarrassed to walk into a Veteran’s Center for the first time, “WE ALL FELT THAT WAY”. You don’t have to like it, you just have to do it. So do it!
- You are not helpless, and it is not hopeless.
Surrender is not in our creed!

- Deal with the issues now, and it won’t take you so long to figure out “where” you are going and “how” your life will be in the future.
- If you think you are a danger to your team members, then consider leaving the team. Your life and theirs far more important than pride or ego. There’s no shame in being a human being that has reach the limit.
- **You “WILL” make it through all the shit.** You have the strength of a Warrior to win this battle.

**Section Three Summary: Which Way Back to Base Camp?**

**3-1 On Patrol at the Mall: Snipers on the Roof!**

- Being aware of your surroundings, at all times, is good!
- If your tactics for survival worked in war, they’ll work in peace.
- It is normal for you to be vigilant.
- You act different because you ARE different.
- Remember the “I don’t give a shit” philosophy.
- It’s better to be Brain Fried, than Brain Dead.

**3-2 Lock and Load: We’re Takin’ the Kids for a Ride.**

- You can’t hide from yourself. Deal with it, you’ve got a problem to overcome.
- Your family is more important than your ego, or your bullshit macho attitude.
- Communicate with your kids! If you can’t or don’t
know how, then find some professional help that does, and do it quickly.

- Traumatic events have traumatic effects on you. It’s “normal”, and it’s OK to feel what you do.
- There are hundreds of thousands of you right now in the PTSD Boat. Don’t let it sink!
- This country needs to face the consequences of the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq right now! Not repeat the apathy and denial of Vietnam.
- Children come “First” in the family. They are just small adults. They understand your “actions”, not necessarily what you say. So don’t act like an asshole.
- Moms will protect their kids first. Show your ass and you’ll be out on the street.
- If you don’t get professional help, the relationship is history. It may already be too late.

**Section Four Summary: Can Anyone Hear the Pain?**

4.1 Psychiatrists: Full of Help, or Full of Shit?

- Find professional help with “like” experiences.
- Stop in at the Veteran’s Outreach Center in your area.
- Counselors can save your life, and get you started on your new one.
- There is no shame in having a traumatic stress disorder – Battle Trauma. It’s being human.
- **Feeling pain is normal.** Deal with it and it will get less intense; ignore it and it will get worse.
4-2 I’ll Just Kill Everyone Who Pisses Me Off

- Innocent people are not the enemy. You are your own worst enemy.
- If you put yourself in a dangerous situation, you may just pull the trigger.
- Don’t transfer killing in war, to innocent civilians that piss you off. It isn’t the same, so don’t make it the same.
- There are thousands of Veterans with PTSD. You are not alone, and now there is help.
- Your life is worth more than anyone who you “think” deserves to die.
- Killing is necessary in war. Don’t make it murder at home.
- Staying in one place a long time seems to help many Vets. Get to know your neighbors, and if you can’t stand being around people, maybe adopt an animal or two.
- Pick the times you want to be around people. Don’t get over-loaded with stress by being too sociable if that’s not what makes you feel better about you.

4-3 Suicide and Homicide, or Honor and Love

- Suicide is a quitters way out, and homicide is just plain murder.
- Live by a Code of Honor (respect) for yourself, and for other good people.
- You have a Right to live a good and productive life, and to experience happiness.
- Your “Friends” did not save your ass so you could blow it away.
- Everyone makes good and bad decisions, and
everyone does the best they can at the moment.

- **Each day of your life is an opportunity.**
  Don’t just throw that away. Give it a chance, because with the right attitude, life can be better than you ever dreamed.

**Section Five Summary: When the Going Gets Tough, the Tough Get Going!**

**5-1 A Tribute to Nurses and Doctors: Heroes All**

- Non-combatant medical personnel have as much if not more traumatic stress than those in combat.
- If you are in this group of Heroes, you’ll need to get into the PTSD program as soon as possible.
- If you can’t find a group session with “like experience” Veterans, maybe you can find a “Friend” from your unit, or range of experiences.
- You will need to “process” all the same emotions that we’ve talked about in this book.
- Don’t deny yourself a good life, by denying you have a problem that needs addressing.
- Help is available now, and professionals have had a long time to work with Veterans like you.
- It’s perfectly “normal” to feel what you do, but these problems “don’t” just go away. They’ll be with you for the rest of your life. Better to deal with them now.

**5-2 Post Traumatic Stress for Civilians**

- Civilians have exactly the same symptoms that military personnel have.
- You will need to follow the exact same steps as combat Veterans.
Your traumatic experience or experiences are just as intense for you as any veteran.

We all have equally heavy back-packs.

Do not deny you have a problem, it can be destructive and fatal if you try to ignore it.

If you seek professional help, try to find a counselor with similar experiences. No one can understand how you feel, unless they feel the same way.

It’s perfectly natural and normal to react to a traumatic experience and have that experience change your life.

You will never be the same as you were before the traumatic experience, so deal with it, and get onto planning your life accordingly. It “will” be different.

Remember, you don’t give in to it, and you don’t get rid of it. You just allow it to be a part of your life that doesn’t ruin the rest of your life.

5-3 Why Do I Have a Post Traumatic Stress Disorder?

Doesn’t matter why or how the PTSD arrow is stickin’ in your ass, you’ve got to deal with it.

Go down the list of possibilities of what “may” be troubling you. And be honest.

You can keep the truth a secret for a time, but find someone with your same experiences and eventually, talk about it.

When you’ve come to terms with the problems you have, seek out the Veteran’s Outreach Center in your area, and run it by a professional.

You are under “NO” obligation to simply talk
things out a bit. So what do you have to lose?

- Remember, you are not “Alone”, and others have been right where you are right now.

**5-4 The Gift of War**

- If you’ve had your “wake up call”, don’t sweat it, you’re not alone.
- You’ll have to decide the “whys” of the war.
- You’ll have to eventually deal with “reconstruction” after the war, and why you were there in the first place.
- You were fighting or are fighting for your fellow Warriors and Honor.
- There still are a few good politicians; don’t forget to vote.
- You’ve learned the meaning of “Honor”.
- You’ve learned what “True Friendship” is all about.
- You have been proven and tested as a Warrior.
- You have seen the very best and the very worst that Humanity has to offer.
- You live each moment, and one day at a time.
- You take nothing for granted, and enjoy the little things in life.
- You have learned to be vigilant at all times.
- You respect and cherish all life.
- And you now have the “Knowing”. You can never not know again.
A Second Review for Marines and Other Like Minded Troops

Section One: Baptized in Blood

1-1 My Friend the Beast

- You were conditioned in Boot Camp to bring out the absolute worst that Humanity has to offer – the Primal Side, better known as the Beast. Something no one likes to admit they have – but we all do.
- Once your Beasty is out of its cage, it ain’t goin’ back in – ever! You can’t put it back. And the more you try, the more you fail. It’s like tryin to put a full grown Pit Bull in a cat carrier after a dogfight.
- When your Lizard Brain is in full control (where your Beast joyfully lives) you are a deadly killing machine – no shit!
- You are NORMAL for how you’ve been conditioned. The Primal Side (you the Beast-Part) is **Hard Wired** into every single human being on the planet – no exceptions!
- The one single mission of your Beast is to keep you alive.
- If you are going to survive War, you must become War. And your Beasty Loves it! Oh Boy!
- The Beast **Part** of you loves killing the enemy, loves killing women and children, and will delight in killing anything that walks or crawls on the face of the earth. This includes enjoying acts of
mutilation, torture and the worst shit you could dream up. It makes a Freddy Kruger movie look like Winnie the Pooh.

- You can never ever satisfy the blood lusting of the Primal Side. But your Beast-Part is kind of a dumb shit, because it doesn’t know it can burn your brain out and shut you down. It will love the ride, right up till the time you stick the gun in your mouth and pull the trigger.
- The Beast not only loves killing, it also loves rage, hate, guilt, loss, depression, dominance over others, and truly lusts after the opiate Adrenaline!
- This **Dark Side** in all of us also likes emotions such as envy, greed, selfishness, prejudice, racism; and will dehumanize anyone, anywhere in order dominate or kill’em – most often both.
- You MUST get your animal under control, or it will rip your life apart – eventually killing you and all too often, kill others as an added bonus. The more misery, the more it likes it.
- The first step to controlling your Beast is: You gotta admit you’ve got one! No shit! And everybody does, so you ain’t real different.
- The second step is: You gotta make friends with it – thank it for saving your ass down range. Maybe it brought you back a little off center-of-bubble, but it brought you back. Be grateful.
- Next thing is to transfer all of your **GUILT**, over all you feel from War to your Beast Part (maybe we should say Part-ner?) It is only a **Part** of you and not the **TOTAL YOU**! Deal with it.
- The Primal Side, your Beast Part, did all of the killing, and it fully enjoyed the atrocities that you
either took part in or watched happen. It was **Not**
your **HIGHER SIDE** – the Higher Part of you.

- You must not only learn to like the Beast Part of you, you must also learn to **love it**. If you can respect and love that part of you, then it is possible to learn to love yourself.

- If you love yourself as a damn fine human being, who kicked ass and took names, then you’ll learn to love others. That is, Humans as well as animals. If you only love animals, then just picture humans walkin’ on all fours – many are real fine folks.

- You must feed your Beast and care for it like any good animal keeper. Feed it just a little emotion by **thinking** about killing, but **not doing it**. You can feed it a violent movie and then move on to something else when you both feel better – and you will.

- Your Beast can be your best friend and protector not only in War, but in civilian society as well. It ain’t goin anywhere. It’s right by your side, so the two of you may as well enjoy each other’s company – if you’re livin’ in the bush, you most likely smell the same anyway.

- If you control the Primal Side, the Primal Part of you, even if you’ve lost touch with your Humanity, you will soon feel it again. You’ll be able to live without hating everything and everyone.

- Remember, “Don’t hate anyone. Just feel better when they’re not around.” That way you won’t be tempted to take a few ears.

- When you learn to control your Beasty, life may not be a perfect, bullshit Pollyanna fantasy, but at least it won’t be a continual shit bath.
Learn to Identify where the Emotions are coming from – either the Angelic Side or the Demonic Side.

**Demonic Emotions:** The Primal Side; the Beast, living happily in your Lizard Brain

- Rage (intense anger)
- Hate (to feel intense hostility, animosity)
- Loss (endless bereavement cycle)
- Guilt (including survival guilt)
- Selfishness (unreasonable egotism, self-centeredness)
- Prejudice (hating because of race, color, creed, ethnic origin, etc.)
- Dehumanizing all humans (fits right in with prejudice)
- Desire to Kill, yourself or others (suicide and/or homicide)
- Desire for Adrenalin (the closer you get to death the greater the hit)
- Desire to violently dominate another (rape, child abuse, family abuse, road rage, etc.)
- Lust for power and control (forcing others to do your will)
- Greed (avarice, mongering at the expense of others)
- Extreme Cruelty (inflicting pain and suffering on another)
- Contempt (scorn, distain, disrespect)
- Unreasonably harsh judgment

**Angelic Emotions:** Higher Brain
Love (in the sense of feeling the bond between you and all life)
Honor (living the Nobility of the Human Spirit)
Compassion (empathy, kindness)
Tolerance of others (acceptance, patience, allowance)
Unconditional love (to love someone or something so strongly, you’ll die for them)
Unconditional Friendship (complete Trust of another)
Unselfishness (giving without expecting anything in return)
Self-sacrifice (giving up your comfort or safety for another)
Forgiveness (who the hell is perfect, cut folks some slack)
Fair judgment of those weaker than you
Reverence for life and all creation

So who would you rather be?

Think about it.

1-2 To Feel the Kill

• War can destroy you or make you stronger. The choice is yours. You have the strength of a Warrior – use it.
• You must kill to survive War and win battles. There is no other choice in the matter. If you don’t fight, and if you don’t kill, then you and your friends get body-bagged, or worse.
• Killing another human being violates the mandate for the survival of the species. A species doesn’t
• Of all the species on earth, “Human Warriors” are the only group that systematically plans and carries out the slaughter of one another. This is called War – usually for profit.

• Killing touches something deep inside of you, and there ain’t no way to get rid of it. You must learn to feel it and go on with the mission of gettin’ your shit together.

• Killing changes you for the rest of your life. No goin’ back to the way you were – ever. You become another person – no shit!

• The more you kill the enemy, the more you like it and the more you want to continue it. Don’t make excuses so you can waste an innocent victim for your Beast.

• With enough killing, you lose touch with humanity and with your own humanity. You live through the eyes of the Beast.

• Killing and the loss of True Fiends makes you Emotionally Numb. In other words, you don’t feel shit about the pain and suffering of anyone or anything. Fact is, you like it.

• When you return from War, you’re still in the survival mode and the killing mode. You’ve gotta get in control ASAP, or you’re gonna screw the pooch – big time.

• Our Afghanistan and Iraq Warriors have done more killing and have seen more combat than anyone in our history – 20+ times more than in WWII and 10+ times more than in Vietnam!

• No one truly returns from War. The dead may have seen the end of it, but the living endure it for
the rest of their days.

- We must respect those Heroes who have sacrificed their very lives for what they believed in, and for those left alive to bear the pain of it.

1-3 Death Before Dishonor

- The Warrior’s Code of Honor includes dying for those **WHO** you believe in – battle tested friendship.

- All Combat Warriors have faced death, have come to terms with death and expect death, right around every corner.

- It’s damn hard to plan a long-term life when you don’t expect to be around to walk Kujo. Vacations, savings, 401K’s, retirement, and such things as four year degrees, don’t have a lot of real meaning when you’ve just survived being down range. You gotta re-train your brain-housing-group to think about that long range shit. And that takes a bit of doin’.

- Suicide may be the tragic result of feeling that you have disgraced the Code – you have become dishonorable in the eyes of your fellow Warriors. This is often misplaced self-judgment. When it’s **your time**, you’re gonna get your permanent liberty pass, and no one is gonna outrank the Real Commander-in-Big Chief!

- Suicide often results in the darkness, when the Warrior forgets that he or she is **not alone**. They forget there are lots of us knuckle draggers watchin’ their six. They also forget their well-earned, Battlefield Strength – as the elite of society.
• Sometimes suicide results because you’re just too
damn tired of the pain, the struggle and the horror
in your head. Sometimes Honor doesn’t enter into
the picture. This is when you’ve gotta have a
Vision for your Future – something to get past the
shit bath of the moment. Anything will work!
• In War, you are near death (up close and
personal). You are the cause of death. You are the
messenger of death. Hell, you are DEATH! Is it
any wonder why we think the way we do?
• The reason Warriors do not expect to live a long
life, comes from being in the constant life-and-
death experience in War. This kind of sustained
trauma permanently changes your thinking. In
shrinker terms, it “remaps” your brain.
• The more combat the Warrior is in, the more he or
she is resigned to death. That’s just the way it is.
That’s just what War does. Ain’t no getting’
around it.
• Warriors die without hesitation to protect the ones
they love – their true friends. My advice? Make
friends with a Combat Hardened Warrior – no
shit!
• You’re gonna get burned out in War. No way out
of it. But burnout depends on your own level of
mental self-defense. The new buzz-word these
days is resilience. Sounds more like the coil spring
on my old truck than somethin’ in the old skull.
But I guess you get used to almost anything?
• Your mental “springin’-back” level depends on a
bunch of things. Could be you were a disturbed
nose blower, had Charles Manson for a father,
lived in a war zone neighborhood, had Mommy
Dearest for a nurturing role-model, or maybe you just got pissed off at life before age 10? Who knows? Don’t matter.

- When you signed up to be all you can be, you found a purpose in life. You found Honor, discipline, self-sacrifice and true friendship. You even got to go to exotic places, blow shit up and help people die for their country.
- Honor yourselves and your Brothers and Sisters who died by your side. Live your life until you’re called to the final roster. Don’t deny you’re a few cans shy of a 12 pack. It’s OK! There’s a lot of us just like you!
- And one last thing. It’s OK to receive a Purple Heart when your ass gets wounded. You don’t have to lose a limb or die first. It’s a medal for VALOR! Not a measure of the degree of suffering you go through. You earned it. Pin it on!

1-4 Between Two Worlds

- In battle, we are baptized in the blood of our fellow Warriors, our Brothers and Sisters in Arms. That changes us forever. You ain’t goin’ back to who you were – so deal with it.
- From the time we make the passage (the Right of Passage) on the battlefield, we live in two distinct Worlds at the same time. And you ain’t getting’ out of this one either, so grab another magazine and a grenade or two.
- Combat Warriors live in two distinct worlds at the same time. There is the Warrior World of black and white, of honor, discipline and self-sacrifice. And then there’s the gray wishy-washy civilian...
world of little or no honor that we hate, or at best tolerate. It’s like tryin’ to get used to pukin’ after every meal – not that easy.

- Warriors tolerate civilians. We especially tolerate those cake-eatin’ politicians. That’s because we know that nothing in civilian society is as bad as War – nothin’.
- With all their hearts Warriors desire to re-deploy. This is because there isn’t a whole lot here in the land of the big BX to compare with a life of honor, true friendship and real meaning.
- Warriors get depressed and confused when they get stuck between the two worlds. It’s kinda’ like your truck breakin’ down in a bad neighborhood at 2:00 am and you’re out of ammo.
- When we do in fact get stuck, we must learn to turtle. That is, get the hell out of Dodge. We need to force ourselves to do something, anything that makes us feel better!
- Remember! You are normal for what you have been through! War changes us forever – no exceptions. It ain’t a bullshit movie.
- You have survived War. Now you must learn to survive life. And you do that not by pretending to fit into a society you hate. You do that by adapting your military skill set to civilian society, overcoming problems and redirecting your mission objective at all times.
- “Don’t” pretend to be who you are not. Be proud to be a Warrior and act like it – living by and through our Code of Honor!
- At times you’re gonna feel rage. All Warriors do. Use that anger energy constructively. It is a
powerful emotion. Tap into it and express it without harming others.

- You know the true meaning of life. It is a state of constant change. Adapt to it and overcome obstacles by using your strength as a Warrior – your military skills and discipline.
- The Two Worlds don’t mesh, so don’t try (and fail) to “fake” living in one and while denying the other. You are who you are – a full-blown Combat Warrior.
- Remember always, you are not alone. You are normal in what to you has become an abnormal world.

### 1-5 Death is a Calling

- The Angel of Death is the Friend of the Warrior – ever watchful and waiting to take your hand in the final passage from this world.
- Warriors feel cheated when their friends die next to them. They long to be with them and watch their six – just like in life.
- It is impossible to describe the feeling, the emotions on the battlefield to those who have not been there. So don’t try. You’ll just scare the shit out of most people.
- Warriors do not fear death. We do not fear life. We live in the moment, and we enjoy what small measure of peace happens our way at times. Feelin’ good is good enough.
- Remember your feelings of death are, again normal for what you have experienced.
1-6 Home is Where the War Is

- Warriors feel more comfortable in war – not in the shit bath, but in the unity and friendship they experience. Well, maybe some of the shit bath, too.
- Warriors are only comfortable talking with other Warriors about War – but even then it’s painful to remember some of the horrors.
- Remember that killing shapes our behavior, guilt shapes our behavior, and loss shapes our behavior.
- You don’t feel comfortable talking about things that make you uncomfortable.
- Being armed makes Warriors feel comfortable. Most of us like talking about the weapons of war and what those weapons can do.
- Most Combat Warriors feel very comfortable talking about killing. That is, killin’ those maggots who definitely qualified for extinction. We would like to flush the toilet of humanity for a lot of those deserving souls – child molesters, rapists, and other such scum.
- Warriors live by feeling their way through life – through their heart, always evaluating the threat level at all times.
- Those who have not been in battle think (intellectually?) through their lives. Again, Warriors do not.
- Warriors barley tolerate the constant “bitching” by civilians about what is most definitely NOT life threatening.
- As Young Pups, Warriors looked just like all the other little nose blowers. War changed all that.
They were reborn into who they are now – after walking off the battlefield, that is.

- Most Warriors don’t like the holidays – they miss the good times in War, the true friendship and the Warrior Brother/Sisterhood.
- It’s OK to love your dog more than people – for a starter. At least it’s loving something alive. Eventually, you can transfer that love to other (two legged) living beings.
- The unconditional bond of loving friendship far outweighs the comforts and shallow relationships in civilian society.
- Your own children can be difficult to trust, if children tried to kill you, and if you killed them – even in self-defense. That’s a normal reaction that eventually you’ll learn to overcome.
- Warriors completely understand the true meaning of love to die for – we lived it.
- Learn to bring the best parts of War to the front of your thoughts. Remember the good times, not the horror. It takes a lot of practice, like becoming an expert sniper.
- Take the best of both worlds and mix them together with what makes you as a Warrior feel comfortable.
- If people don’t like you as a Warrior, they lose. Don’t worry, you’re gonna find lots of others who aren’t center-of-bubble just like you.
- If it rings true, listen to the old Knuckle Draggers who have walked down the same booby-trapped trail before you. We’ve learned to spot the tripwires real good. Fact is, we set off a few in the process.
The Warrior Trust Bond

- Battle Tested Warriors live by what is absolutely the purest code of human behavior possible.
- "Proof is in Actions not Words." A Battle Tested Combat Warrior has to be in battle to become one. You gotta jump in the shit with other Warriors to smell like one.
- The more combat you’re in with other Warriors, the deeper the Bond of Friendship becomes.
- The Warrior Trust Bond is established on the battlefield. Ain’t no other way.
- Warriors live by Honor, discipline and self-sacrifice. That is very difficult for many to understand, let alone live.
- Warriors die without hesitation for those we love.
- The relationships you establish in combat sets the standard for every relationship you’ll ever have for the rest of your life – no exceptions.
- No matter what the reason, to be removed from the Military Family Unit is the worst possible thing that can happen to a Warrior.
- Warriors feel they have let down their family unit if they break down emotionally. Fact is, they have seen too much War, done too much killing and experienced too much loss. They may feel they have dishonored themselves and the Warrior Clan. They have not! They are simply pushed beyond the limits of human endurance. That’s a different place and level for every one of us.
- Survivor Guilt is intensified in Combat Warriors. Their sense of wanting to protect their fellow combatants goes far beyond their desire to protect
themselves.

- Warriors strongly desire to replace the Trust Bond with something as meaningful when they are forced to leave the military. This is not usually possible and life becomes confusing. They long to return to battle to fill the emptiness.
- Suicide sometimes results in the overwhelming feelings of loss of status from a time when you had purpose and true friendship.
- Warriors “live” unconditional love (to die for), trust and true friendship. This only happens in a life-and-death bond. A time when you trust your life in the hands of another.
- Warriors desperately search for honor in civilian society – it is rare, but it can be found.
- Joining a violent gang to get the friendship and the adrenaline rush you crave ain’t the answer. This is not the down range battlefield. Peaceful clubs and organizations can give you the friends you seek. There are many Veterans in peaceful, community service type organizations. And you don’t end up dead or in jail.

1-8 The Dragon Has Awakened

- You joined the military and your very own, blood lusting Beasty is out of its cage and on patrol – lookin’ to make an ear necklace.
- Your desire is very strong (the Beast) to continue killing the enemy. But you ain’t sure just who that is. Don’t matter. Anyone will do.
- You live in two separate worlds at the same time – the Warrior World you love and the civilian world you hate.
• You miss the real Trust and Friendship of War.
• There was little or no de-briefing when you got back to society. You got no tools to control your rage and resentment, which fueled your sense of betrayal.
• You hate everyone and everything.
• You’re havin’ one hell of a time adjusting to civilian society because you can’t find any honor in it.
• You check for snipers on the roof of the store, shop when few people are in town and can’t stand crowds of more than a few people at a time.
• You sit with your back to the wall in restaurants (if you even go?), checking for exits and the enemy.
• You’re afraid to drive your car for fear of ambushes and IEDs.
• You trust no one, especially if they are Arabic.
• You may be blacking out from extreme Combat Stress and/or Concussion Injury (TBI). You know, from gettin’ your ass blown out of a Humvee, gettin’ mortared, rocketed or havin’ a 500 pounder go off a hundred feet from your fire team.
• You’ve been through more combat than anyone in history – over 20+ times more than WWII and 10+ times more than Vietnam.
• Anything can trigger you into a flashback. Might be a sound, the wind, the temperature, a smell, or a haunting memory. Maybe some asshole makes the usual stupid comment and “BANG!” Your ass is back in the sandbox or on goat mountain.
• You scare the shit out of civilians by talking too much about what you did. And they should be scared.
• Your old, so-called friends don’t get the joke. In their minds, you ain’t the nice, come-over-any-time person you were before killin’ Haji and blowin’ shit up in a foreign land.
• Your family is afraid of you too. They think you don’t love ’em anymore ’cause you won’t talk about the War. They think you ain’t center-of-bubble. And you ain’t.
• Living in the mountains with other Veterans sounds better than pumpin a septic tank or flippin’ burgers – no shit!

Section Two: Life on An Alien Planet

2-1 You Ain’t Who You Used to Be

• After goin’ to War, you ain’t the little kid that used to mine for nose gold in the classroom when the teacher wasn’t lookin’. You’ve been Reborn! You’re a Full Blown Combat Warrior now! So get used to it, ’cause you’ll never, ever be like you were. And why the hell would you wanna be?
• You were trained to kill the enemy. You did a damn good job of it in Iraq, Afghanistan, and other shit holes around the world. That makes you a trained killer. Get used to that too, and be proud of what you did for Freedom, for yourself, or just for the hell of it!
• Your family and Pre-War friends will expect you to be the same warm and fuzzy person as you were before goin’ down range. They’ll expect this because they don’t know squat shit about what you went through and what it’s like on the battlefield. Try means fail. If you try to explain War to any of ’em, you’re gonna fail. Your stories
will only make them afraid of you.

- You’ve seen shit that other people couldn’t make up. You’re gonna have to keep your stories to yourself until you meet up with another Combat Vet or a Combat Counselor.
- You’ve been livin’ on adrenaline and MREs. Your brain and your Beasty have gotten to like it. In other words, you’re lookin’ for the same adrenaline fix in civvie land that you had in enemy land. You’re not gonna find it here in peaceful activities. Deal with it.
- Remember that you are NORMAL for what you’ve been through. But normal for you, ain’t what most so-called civilized folks stateside think of as normal for them.
- The killing you did has changed you. The loss of Friends has changed you. The constant threat of death has changed you. Being witness to the atrocities of War has changed you. So how the hell could anyone expect you to be the same as you were? Go figure?
- The word Trauma means to wound or pierce the Soul. War pierces the Soul, big time! So even if you didn’t get hit by bullets, RPGs and other such rapidly flying shit, you were emotionally wounded. That’s called the Invisible Wounds of War. No way around it. (Marines: You’ve got a round jammed in your brain chamber.)
- The longer you wait to get help with the horrors of your battlefield experiences, the more deeply the experiences take root in your thick skull. That means you have a much harder time getting your Beast and emotions under control. That means the
longer it’s gonna take to stop havin’ the nightmares and waitin’ for a mortar round to go off every time you deploy to the supermarket.

- Loss of memory is NORMAL for Combat Warriors. It’s the way your brain protects you from the painful past. So adapt to it. I’m gonna tell you how shortly.
- Talking to your Battle Buddies is great, like on Facebook, Twitter, emails, and other such comm-links. But, this is not the same as you processing your battlefield experiences with a well-trained, boots-on-the-ground, Combat Trauma Counselor. You’re gonna have to deal with the demons at some point in your future. Why not now?
- If it don’t feel right in your gut, then don’t do it! Don’t matter who you think is givin’ you good advice. You wouldn’t volunteer to be ambushed. So why walk into one if you can flank the enemy and kill their asses? Same principle applies here without the killing.

2-2 Predator and Prey

- In my way of thinkin’, there are three groups of people in society. There are common people (sheeples), there are predator wolves, and there are the Watch Dogs of freedom. Warriors (that be you) are the Watch Dogs that keep the predator wolves under control.
- Warriors are the thin Green Line standing between freedom and the wolves taking over.
- Warriors are the predators that are willing to sacrifice their lives for the Greater Good, for Liberty and Freedom for all. We don’t need to be
thanked, but it would be nice once and awhile.

- **Warriors are never** victims in their own eyes. If they’re in a situation they can’t control (dominate), they just get more pissed off, regroup, flank the enemy, and plan for another assault.

- **Warriors do not** like weakness or being bullshitted. They also tolerate most of civilian society. That’s because they know that nothing here is as bad as War.

- **Young Warriors** are calm and controlled one second; and then with any feeling of a threat, turn instantly into full-blown, combat-adrenaline, raging monsters. They had to be in order to survive War. This has carries over when they return home without the proper debriefing.

- Be glad you’re a Warrior Watch Dog. Be proud of it, lift your head, and walk in society feeling the Honor you hold as your standard.

### 2-3 Normal is as Normal Does

- **Without getting some good counseling**, you may develop a lifestyle that is comfortable for you but terrifying for everyone around you. In other words, what you think is comfortable is very uncomfortable for most of the civilians around you.

- **You will most likely not even think** you have a problem. You’ll think it’s just that everyone around you is an asshole? Don’t think so. Been there, thought that. And I was wrong, big time.

- **Your identity does not have to be permanently fixated in some past battlefield event or events.** You can still be proud to have served down range,
but you don’t have to look like it. That is, wearing body armor and Kevlar to the supermarket in hope of some recognition of who you are.

- You don’t need to prove jack shit to anyone. You’ve earned your place among the Warrior Clan; the Eternal Brother-Sisterhood of Warriors. Feel the pride in your membership, and feel the Honor of walking with those who have shaped the course of history.

- In order not to get fixated in the past, you MUST live in the present moment. Have a short-range, battle plan (mission objective) for the future. Then work for that goal, but don’t waste the present moment worrying about how to reach your objective. I’ll explain how to do this in 3-1, Your Journey to the Summit.

- You had your hunting-humans-adrenaline-rush down range. Now you’ve gotta replace that with something that fits a little better in civilian society. You do have the strength to improvise, adapt, and overcome any problem or obstacle here. I’ll explain how to do that shortly.

### 2-4 Adapting to an Alien Landscape

- Life is like a Journey up a long trail to the summit of a great mountain. We learn as we go, and we get better at solving problems as we go ahead. Think about how you were on your first day down range. Then think about how you were after your tenth month? I’d suspect you were a lot more experienced and a lot more in control. Damn right confident. That’s just like it is in civilian life!

- There are gonna be others that know more battle
tactics than you do. And there are those who are newbees (FNGs) who you can help get squared away. Warriors helping Warriors.

- A lot of us older Warriors will help you any way we can, so you don’t screw the pooch like many of us did. It’s not weakness to ask for a rope, when you’re up to your neck in a shit hole.
- Life is what you make it. If it’s a shit bath, then you need to rethink your battle plan. Maybe you don’t even know what to do, so talk to someone who is a Warrior and has his or her shit together. Copy them for a time, then make up your own mission objective.
- If you ain’t doin’ a damn thing to make your life better, then it won’t get any better. You’ll be swimmin’ in the brown, shit lakes of Fly Paradise until you check out for the final patrol.
- Compassion replaces adrenaline! Try it, you’ll like it. It’s a whole lot better than droolin’ at the mouth while cleanin’ your weapon and countin’ every round in your stash of ammo all the time.
- Compassion takes practice like being a good shooter. You don’t learn to shoot a new weapon with one round. You gotta practice. And the more you do it, the more you’ll get good at it. Same with doing something for another living being. Besides, your M-4 doesn’t wag its tail when it sees you, or lick you on the face after a good cleanin’.
- Take a chance on loving someone again. The loss of friends and loved ones sucks. But that doesn’t mean your life is over. It means you’ve gotta adapt to the absence. Just that simple.
- When you figure things out, you really start to live.
That’s reaching the Summit of Knowing. That’s when you drop your backpack and really plan some meaningful missions.

- When we understand and feel our strength, we understand that we can overcome any problem we face. By using your military training and adapting those skills to overcoming any obstacle, you will succeed! Guaran-damn-teed!

- Some kind of community service might make you feel better about yourself and maybe even help you feel better about others. Hell, you’re a Warrior, so help those who need a Warrior’s hand to help them up the mountain!

- Fear triggers your Beast into action. Be aware of what makes your furry friend happy. Then don’t do it.

- **Adopt the Attitude of Adapting!** Change is great! It’s part of life. Roll with it and enjoy the excitement. It ain’t adrenaline, but it’s damn good!

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**2-5 Mean and Green Don’t Mean Stupid**

- Terrorism is a real threat. You kicked Al Qaeda’s ass in Afghanistan and Iraq when you got there, you’re doin’ it now, and you’ll continue to do it in whatever country they’re slitherin’ around in.

- All Muslims are **not** radicals out to kill the Western, Infidel-Satan-Spawn. They’re just partial to the teachings of Mohammed, like others are partial to the teachings of Jesus or the Buddha. Ain’t that what freedom is all about?

- We went into Afghanistan to help stabilize the country and prevent the Taliban from getting Pakistan’s nukes. We didn’t have enough troops to
start with, and we’re runnin’ out of money now.

- We’re gonna pull out of Afghanistan, and most likely the Taliban will gain control of a good bit of the country again. The ANA will do what they can to protect as much as they can.

- Our young Warriors understand all the political rhetoric (bullshit) they hear, and they also know full well that some folks are making a ton of money on War. Does it piss ’em off? Hell yes! Will they keep fighting the bad guys? Absolutely!

- OIF means Operation Iraqi Freedom and applies to the conflict in Iraq. OEF means Operation Enduring Freedom and applies to Terrorism.

- Our Troops are restricted by political protocol from political diplomats. This is dangerous for our Troops and is not an effective way to win battles. But then again, politicians don’t fight in Wars, do they? Wouldn’t that be warm and fuzzy?

- Warriors long to return to War. The Beast pulls on one side for the darkest of emotions, and the Spirit pulls on the other side for the absolute purest love human beings can experience.

- Your worst enemy and best friend are not in the world around you, but within you.

- Walk with pride through a life of Honor, a life well spent, and always be proud to call yourself a Warrior!
Section Three: A Mission for the Future

3-1 Your Journey To The Summit,
Warrior Tools for Survival

First Tool: Adopting the Proper Attitude
Second Tool: Being Aware of Your Surroundings at All Times
Third Tool: Learnin’ Not to Hate
Fourth Tool: Learning to Turtle
Fifth Tool: Controlling the Desire to Kill
Sixth Tool: Being Honest with Yourself
Seventh Tool: Dealing with the Opiate, Adrenaline
Eighth Tool: Understanding Future Relationships
Ninth Tool: Understanding Loss and Grief
Tenth Tool: Understanding Guilt/Survivor Guilt
Eleventh Tool: Maintaining a Mission Objective
Twelfth Tool: Adapting to the Effects of War; Dreams, Memory Loss
Thirteenth Tool: Holding on to a Job?
Fourteenth Tool: An Ivory Tower Education?
Fifteenth Tool: Don’t Forget your Big, Hairy Friend: Your Beasty
A special thanks to Sgt. Rocco (Rock) Matta, Sgt. Jason Burchard and Sgt. Charrnessa Tidwell for updating the Old Knuckle Dragger on the new Lingo! I left the old terms in here for the old Warriors to chuckle at.

A

ABDUs. Army Battle Dress Uniforms.

Air Thief. Someone who is using up good air; has qualified for extinction.

Affirmative. This means YES, understood.

A. J. Squared Away. Someone who is anal about organization, or just plain organized.

AMTRAC. A large tracked vehicle used to transport Marines.

Angel of Death. The Beautiful Round-eyed Woman that takes you to the Big Base Camp.

AO. Area of operation. Where you blow shit up.

Army. Ain’t Really a Marine Yet.

ARTY. Artillery. Also called Steel Rain.

ASS. Used as a slang for a weapon system, “We’re rollin’ with a lot of ass today.” (Fire Power)
Ass-piss. The shits, Hersey Squirts, diarrhea

Asshole. Uptight, critical; generally an annoying person.

Ass-in-the-grass. Someone in the field., usually a Grunt.

AT4 Rocket. A shoulder fired anti-tank rocket good for blowin’ shit up.

Assume the Position. Drop down and get ready to feel the Goodness; that is, Pain

B

B. Street. Used to be a street in Okinawa filled with bars and fine looking women (now called escorts?).

Baby Wipe Wars. What Troops call the Iraq and Afghan Wars.

BDUs. Battle Dress Uniform. Military clothing you wear into the bush. Marines called them Utilities, the Army called them Fatigues. Don’t know why?

Belt-Fed. Rounds linked together for a machine gun. Or, “That guy is a belt-fed son of a bitch!

Big Book of Words. What Marines call the Dictionary.

Black Hawk. A helicopter used in the Iraq and Afghan Wars.

Blue on Blue. Friendly Fire. Being shot at by your own Troops.
**Body Armor.** Also called a flak jacket. A heavy vest that might (?) protect you against shrapnel and some small arms fire.

**Boom-Boom.** Screwing, in Vietnamese slang speak.

**Boonie Cap.** A soft cover field hat. Marines call their hat, a cover.

**Boot.** Someone new to the military, usually in Boot Camp. Or someone just new in the unit.

**Bouncing Betty.** A kind of landmine, that jumps up out of the ground and blows your balls off.

**Bradley.** An M-2 or M-3 tank used to make the day unpleasant for the enemy.

**Brain Fart.** Bad output from the brain-housing-group to your mouth. Bad choice of words.

**Brain Grenade.** Usually a beer, but anything capable of joyfully killing brain cells.

**Brain-Housing-Group.** The small, cluttered human brain. Green colored substance in a Marines’ head.

**Briefing.** An explanation of something you need to know.

**Buck up.** A term used to make Troops bear their pain.

**Buffalo.** An IED resistant (?) vehicle used in Iraq and Afghanistan (costs about $700,000)

**Bug Fuck.** Small, intense, overly active. Also, something driving you crazy.
*Bullet magnet.* Anything that draws enemy bullets to your position.

*Burn the Shitters.* A 55 gallon drum, cut in half, and filled with shit. Burning the shit was done with diesel, over long intellectual conversations.

*Bush.* Usually means out on patrol in the landscape. Or it can mean a bush, vegetation.

*“DIRTIES- aka Hajji, A-Rabs, and many other colorful names.* But me and my buddies call em’ dirties ’cause they were simply dirty fucks.” (Sgt. Rock)

*C*

*Cake Eater.* Usually a soft-bodied, self-involved Politician.

*Camel pack.* A backpack filled with water. You suck on., through a small tube.

*Carpet Bombing.* B-52 air strike that makes the landscape look like the surface of the Moon. Unpleasant to the enemy and all life.

*Case-Evac.* To evacuate a casualty.

*Cautious Compassion.* Exercise cautious compassion with the safety off! Marine diplomacy on the battlefield?

*Chin up, head down, and one round in the chamber, in case you stick the bayonet.* A catchy Marine saying, used by Wise and Knowing Sergeants. Means to be prepared, alert, and ready for the unexpected.
**Chinook.** A twin-bladed helicopter used to transport Troops and supplies.

**Chow.** The especially tasty food of Marines and Soldiers. Usually just like Mom used to make, only she didn’t shit in it.

**Chow Hall.** The Gourmet Kitchen of Marines, serving only the finest of foods, and staffed by world renowned chefs.

**Cleared Hot!** Incoming support, cleared to drop ordnance (bombs) to make our enemies meet Jesus.

**Cleared Hot.** Permission to fire your weapon.

**Click.** One click is one kilometer (1000 meters).

**Cluster Fuck.** Nothing’s working right, Murphy in complete control.

**Cobra Gunship.** The AH-1 Cobra Attack Helicopter. No shit, Death From Above!

**Code of Honor.** Rifleman’s Code; Living Honorably.

**Combat Jack.** Exercisin’ old Chester in the field – masturbation.

**Condition One.** To put your weapon on Red Con One. That is, to chamber a round and get ready to **Get Some!**

**Corpsman.** A Navy person, medically trained who saves Marines in combat.

**Cover.** What Marines call a hat.
**Crabbing.** Walking on all fours, as low to the ground as is possible.

**C-Rats.** C-Rations. 12 delicious selections of canned and boxed food, complete with a tasty desert and 5 cigarettes.

**Crotch.** What “only” Marines may reverently call the Marine Corps.

**Crotcher.** A Marine.

**CRS.** Can’t Remember Shit. Common to all Combat Warriors.

**D**

**Danger Close.** When an air strike or Artillery is close enough to kill your ass.

**DCUs Desert Camouflage Uniform.** Yet another military way to name your battlefield clothes.

**Death before Dishonor.** A Code of Conduct that Marines live by. Means you die before you turn to chicken shit and wimp out.

**Dee-Dee-Mau.** (Misspelled) Vietnamese for “get the hell out.”

**Devil Dogs.** Marines. Our mascot is the Bull Dog.

**Digitals. Also called Diggies.** Your battlefield clothing that comes in wonderful blending colors.

**Dinky-Dow.** Crazy in Vietnamese, used by Vets from that era.
**Ditty-Bop.** Means to walk casually.

**Donkey Dicks.** Usually a radiator hose or anything resembling the “little brain-housing-group”. You know, Old Chester, a dick, a penis.

**Down Range.** Meaning to be deployed in a **Combat Zone**.

**Dry Firing.** Practicing firing your weapon without ammo.

**Duffle Bag.** Same as a Sea Bag. A large green canvas bag to stuff all of your life’s possessions in to get beat to hell in travel.

**Dust Off.** When the choppers lift off.

**E**

**Eagle Shits.** Payday in the Marine Corps. Comes from the Eagle on the Marine Corps Emblem.

**E-Tool.** A small folding shovel used to dig holes for shitting and sleeping.

**Extraction Point.** That’s your exit point, how and where you’re gonna leave a location.

**F**

**Field Strip.** To partially break down your weapon and clean it.

**Fire Mission.** Calling in an air strike or artillery.

**Flush the Toilet of Humanity.** Someone needs to meet Jesus right away.
Fly Paradise. A brown, shit covered world where some people, who make poor decisions, go to visit. Some stay a long time.

FNG. Fucking new guy. Usually someone just “in country”, or new to a unit.

FO. Forward Observer. Someone way up front callin’ in bombs and gathering intelligence.

Foot Locker. A small green box that you hope no one inspects, and where you hide your contraband. Usually kept at the foot of your rack.

Foot Mobile. A person on foot.

Forty Mike-Mike. Refers to the millimeter of the round that is fired by the Mark 19. This is a rapid-fire grenade launcher. A wonderful weapon!

Frag. A fragmentary hand grenade, with about a seven second fuse. A life time to wait.

Free-Fire Zone. Everybody is the bad guy. You can kill’em all. Oh boy!

Friendly Fire. This is also called Blue on Blue. It means you’re gettin’ shot at by your own side.

Frosty. Means staying alert.

FUBAR. Fucked Up Beyond All Reason.

Fuck. Noun, pronoun, verb, adverb, adjective, etc. One of the two most useful and often used words in the vast Marine vocabulary.
**Fucking A!** Marine term for Yes! Right on!

**Fungly.** Fuckin’ Ugly

**G**

**Garrison.** The dreaded assignment to a base stateside. No one likes garrison duty, unless you’re a POG.

**Get Some.** Meaning to fire weapons, blow shit up, and kill the enemy.

**Get the Joke.** Are you understanding?

**Ghillie Suit.** Also called a Bush Tux. Brushed burlap covered clothing that makes one almost invisible in the bush. Used by snipers. (And crazy Old Marines just for fun)

**Gig Line.** Making sure you shirt, belt buckle and fly line up.

**Goat Country.** What Troops call Afghanistan.

**Goat Fuck.** Something bad happens.

**Green Weenie.** Old Marine Corps saying. Usually referred to as being fucked by the Green Weenie.

**Ground Pounder.** Usually a Grunt. The Infantry.

**Grunt.** A Marine Rifleman. Use to be M.O.S. 0311.

**Gyreen.** A Jar Head
H

H.O.G. Hunter Of Gunmen. A school trained Sniper, who slays the P.I.G’s in his platoon to prepare them for sniper school. (Sgt. Rock)

Habudabi. Another name for Arabs.

Hajji. The respectful term for someone who has made the trip to the holy land. It’s what you say before and after it that changes the meaning. Like fuckin’ Hajji, or Hajji asshole.

Hard Ball. The blacktop pavement of a road.

Hardback. A tent having a wooded frame and a wooden floor. First class housing.

HE. High Explosives.

Head Call. Using the toilet or taking a dump.

Hesco. A large wire cage filled with rocks and dirt to protect the Troops from incoming rounds.

Hit the Wall. A new expression for breaking down emotionally.

Hookin’ and Jabbin’. Hand-to-hand combat with bayonets.


Hot LZ. A landing site that is under enemy fire.

HUA. An Army slogan meaning, Heard, Understood, Acknowledged. Pronounced HOOAH!
**Hummer, or Humvee.** A jeep like-vehicle used by U.S. Forces.

**Hump.** To walk, most often with a pack and combat gear.

**I**

**I glassed it.** Scoping it out through binoculars or rifle scope.

**I’ve got your six.** I’m watchin’ your back.

**IED.** Improvised Explosive Device. The chicken shit bomb used by the enemy in Iraq and Afghanistan, rather than a stand-up fight.

**Improvise, Overcome, and Adapt!** Marine attitude toward any obstacle or situation.

**In-Country.** To be deployed in a foreign country, or the foreign country you are in.

**Intell.** Intelligence (?)

**Interrogative.** Said before you ask a question on the radio. Don’t know why.

**Intestinal Fortitude.** Guts.

**It’s All Good.** Used by Troops to say “It Ain’t Nothin,” or, I’ve got it handled.

**J**

**Jackin' Your Jaws.** Talking.
**Jar Head.** Referring to the bald Marine head, with a starched cover, resembling a jar or jug.

**Jerk Off.** A waste of air, someone worthless.

**Jibber.** Another name for the natives in Iraq, since they speak jibberish.

**Joe.** The slang used between Army Troops, as in G.I. Joe.

**Jug Head.** Same-e-Same as Jar Head.

**K**

**KAC.** As in KAC ’em. Kill All that Come

**Kahuna.** Hawaiian Sea God. (Mentioned in Book ONE)

**K-Bar.** A wonderful Marine Combat Knife, and my friend.

**Keep ’em Forward.** Keep your weapons toward the enemy at all times.

**Kevlar.** Usually what Troops call their helmet, made from Kevlar.

**L**

**LAV.** Light Armored Vehicle. A tracked vehicle, like a small tank.

**Lean, Mean, Fighting Machine.** A well-trained and conditioned Marine.

**Leatherneck.** A Marine.
Liberty. When you get to go off base and mix with the civvies.

Lifer Juice. Coffee.

Lifer. Someone who stays in the military for 20+ years.

Light ’em Up! Or to get lit up means to get fired on or to fire on the enemy.

Limp Dick. Someone usually spineless, worthless, and afraid of salt.

Lock and Load! Put your safety on and cram a magazine of ammo in your rifle.

Lolly Gaggin’. Sitting around, wasting time.

Low Crawl. Crawling as low to the ground as possible, and very slowly.

LZ. Landing Zone. A place where helicopters land.

M

M14. A wonderful, .308 caliber rifle, that I love as my own child and cherished friend.

M16A2. A full length rifle with the M203 Grenade Launcher. Another standard weapon of our Troops.


M249 Automatic Rifle (Machine Gun) also known as the SAW. That stands for Squad Automatic Weapon.
**M4.** A carbine with the M203 Grenade Launcher. One of the standard short barreled weapons of our Troops.

**M79 Grenade Launcher.** The Vietnam era way to reach out and touch someone. It has a 79 millimeter round.

**Maggot.** Usually a Marine in boot camp. A generally worthless person.

**Make My Bird.** Get out of this place. Fly away.

**Marine.** My Ass Rides in Navy Equipment.

**Mess Gear.** Metal, fold-up plates that you don’t want to shit in.

**Mikes.** Minutes

**Military Alphabet.** A=Alpha, B=Bravo, C=Charlie, D=Delta, E=Echo, F=Foxtrot, G=Golf, H=Hotel, I= India, J=Juliet, K=Kilo, L=Lima, M=Mike, N=November, O=Oscar, P=Papa, Q=Quebec, R=Romeo, S=Sierra, T=Tango, U=Uniform, V=Victor, W=Whiskey, X=X-ray, Y=Yankee, Z=Zulu.

**Military Intelligence.** You figure that one out?

**Military Time.** From 12:00 midnight until 1:00 pm it’s the same, except we say, for example, ten hundred, instead of ten o’clock. One o’clock is 1300, (thirteen hundred), 2 is 1400, 3 is 1500, 4 is 1600, 5 is 1700, 6 is 1800, 7 is 1900, 8 is 2000 (twenty hundred) 9 is 2100, 10 is 2200, 11 is 2300, and it goes up to 2359 and turns back to zero one hundred.
**Mind Fuck.** Common term in the Marine Corps. Means you are confused, or you’re being confused by someone or something.

**Mission Critical.** Absolutely important to the success of the mission.

**Mission focus.** The intent of the mission without deviation.

**Mission Objective.** What it is you are going to achieve.

**MK-19.** Known as the Mark 19, a 40 millimeter (grenade launching) machine gun, capable of 325 rounds per minute. WOW! Makes us old Knuckle Draggers drool!

**MOPP Suit. (Mission Oriented Protective Posture) pronounced as “mop”.** A hot miserable suit you wear when you think you’re gonna get hit with chemical or biological weapons.

**MOS.** Military Occupational Specialty. What you are best qualified for without screwin’ up.

**MREs.** Meals Ready to Eat/Excrete. Foil wrapped food that makes you constipated if you eat it dry. Also called MRPs, Meals Ready to Puke.

**Murphy.** A being that waits for you to make a mistake, to make things worse. Usually flies on the back of a Great Eagle that shits on your head.

**N**

**Napalm.** Dropped from aircraft in air strikes to convert Communists to our way of thinking.
No Salute Zone. In the field when you don’t salute officers. So the enemy doesn’t know who the officers are?

Non-Hacker. Someone who quits, and drops out pukin’.

NVGs. Night Vision Goggles. They’re the ones that fit on your helmet and swing up and down.

O

O Dark Hundred. When it’s dark. Also called Zero Dark Thirty or Zero Dark Hundred.

OEF. Operation Enduring Freedom. The War on Terrorism.

OIF. Operation Iraqi Freedom. A tour might be called OIF One, or the second assault might be referred to as OIF Two. This will vary.

One is none. Two is one. If one of anything can go wrong, it will. Two gives you a better chance. This is especially true in setting explosive charges or depending on military equipment.

OORAH! A Marine word that comes from the Turkish word that means Kill. Marines use this a lot. It is what we say when another Marine says Semper Fi. The response is OORAH!

Ordnance. Explosives, usually dropped from an aircraft.

Oscar Mike. Operationally Mobile. This means you’re movin’ out!
**Outside the wire.** Means you’ve left the safety (?) of base camp.

**Overwatch.** A position that offers protective fire for a base of operation.

**Oxygen Thief or Bandit.** Someone who is a waste of good air and needs to be flushed down the toilet of humanity. Seems to be a lot of ’em?

**P**

**Pain is Good, Now Feel the Goodness.** A favorite saying of Drill Instructors about to make your body, feel the Goodness. You know, like in “drop down and give me a thousand!”.

**Paint Me, or Paint the Target.** To shine your gun sight laser on the target to shoot it.

**PIG.** Professionally Instructed Gunman! Also someone new to a sniper platoon who is slayed like a pig when he screws up. (Sgt. Rock)

**PLF.** Parachute Landing Fall. A five point landing that’s supposed to take up most of the shock of impact when your ass hits the ground.

**Podunk.** Candy, Twinkie-like crap filled with sugar.

**POG.** Person other than Grunt.

**Police Action.** An undeclared war, like in Vietnam and other delightful places?

**Police up.** To clean up or correct something.
Politics. Poly, meaning many. Ticks, meaning blood suckers.

Precision Guided Whoop-ass. Incoming artillery or an air strike.

Predator. The MQ-1B Predator. An armed, unmanned Drone used to gather intelligence and blow shit up. There are a number of these, like the MQ-9 Reaper and RQ-4A Global Hawk, but most folks know them as Predators. Who thinks these names up?

PTSD. My definition is, Psychological Training for Superior Discipline. In shrinker speak it means, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. That D at the end, sure sounds a lot like disease to me?

Puss Nuts. Someone real stupid or asking dumb ass questions.

PX. Post Exchange. A Store on a Naval Military Base. On an Army and Air Force Base it’s called the Base Exchange (BX) Don’t ask me why?

Q

Qualifies for Extinction. Someone needs to put this person out of his misery. A waste of good oxygen, an oxygen thief.

R

Rack. Your wonderful Marine Corps bed.

Ranger Grave. Sleeping holes dug to prevent gettin’ hit at night by mortar fire.
**Red-con-One.** A loaded weapon with a round in the chamber, safety on.

**Ripped Fuel.** A brand name for stimulant pills banned by the military, but in still in popular use.

**ROKs.** Korean Marines from the Republic of South Korea. Wonderful fighters, and greatly appreciated by U.S. Marines in Vietnam.

**RPG.** A rocket propelled grenade. Not real accurate but effective. US military doesn’t use this weapon.

**S**

**Saddle Up!** Means to get up off your ass, get your gear on and get ready to go Oscar Mike.

**Same-e-Same.** Vietnamese saying meaning “the exact same thing.”

**Sand Bagger.** Someone lazy, or trying to skate. Mostly used in this context, “You sand baggin’ son of a bitch, get your lazy ass out there and help with that working party.” (Sgt. Rock)

**Sand Pit.** What some Troops call Afghanistan.

**Sandbox.** What Troops call Iraq, among other things.

**SAPI Plates.** Twelve inch square ceramic plates worn in the front and back of your body armor to stop the AK-47 round.

**SAW.** Squad Automatic Weapon. The M249 Automatic Rifle.
**Scoop, or Skinny.** Information, the latest news.

**Screw the Pooch.** You’ve made a big mistake.

**Scum Bag.** Someone fully qualified for extinction.

**Semper Gumby.** “Means, ‘Always Flexible!’ for two reasons, cause the word changes and you need to accept that, and so that your ass ain’t tight when the green weenie plugs it.” (Sgt. Rock)

**Shit Bird.** Generally, anyone with a poor attitude.

**Shit Tube.** A direct drop or shortcut to Fly Paradise.

**Shit.** Second most common Marine word, taking the place of most parts of speech.

**Shit-for-Brains.** Someone who cannot think clearly; easily confused.

**Shrapnel.** Small bits of bombs that travel freely through your body.

**Sit-Rep.** Situation Report. What is happening at this moment.

**Skater.** Someone who comes up with creative ways of getting out of the field or out of working parties. In context, “you skatin’ bitch!” (Sgt. Rock)

**Skivvies.** Your under ware.

**Snap To.** To get your shit together and deal with it.

**Snappin’ In.** Dry-firing your weapon, or paying attention.
**SOP.** Standard Operating Procedure. The way it’s usually done, even if it’s wrong.

**Spineless Maggot.** Someone worthless, having no backbone, and having a great fear of salt.

**Splash Down.** When the arty or incoming air support ordnance hits the ground.

**Spotter Round.** In the old days, it was usually a White Phosphorus round that marks the spot for a napalm strike. White Phosphorus is a delightful substance that sticks to you and burns like hell until it’s gone.

**Squad Bay.** The barracks that Marines call home.

**Stay Frosty.** To stay alert and on guard at all times.

**Steel Rain.** Artillery.

**Step Off.** To move out on a mission.

**Suckin’ Wind.** You’re dog-ass tired.

**Surrender is Not in Our Creed!** Marines do not surrender, do not quit, or give up.

**Sweep (or Search) and Destroy.** The public relations policy in Vietnam, to make better friends and neighbors

**T**

**Tango.** Usually referred to as an enemy.

**TBI.** Traumatic Brain Injury / Totally Brainfried Individual.
**The Stan.** A name Troops use for Afghanistan, other than Goat Country.

**The Suck.** A name only Marines use for the Corps.

**Thermite Grenade.** A hand grenade that produces tremendous head, and can melt through an engine block.

**Thousand Yard Stare.** The spaced out stare of a Combat Warrior, thinking about his her traumatic experiences.

**Tracer Round.** A bullet that when fired is visible, especially at night. Only problem is, the enemy can also see it and where it’s being fired from.

**T-Rats.** Pre-manufactured military food usually served in the chow halls of forward units.

**Triggers.** What sets you off emotionally.

**Two is one and one is none.** One charge is never enough to be sure. The same way with anything, you need a backup to be sure.

**U**

**Unfuck.** Adverb, noun, adjective, verb. The process undertaken to organize a cluster fuck. It may also be used in this way, a senior enlisted Marine may say, “Hey squad leader, go unfuck that cluster fuck,” or, “Go unfuck that private, he’s all fucked up.” (Sgt. Rock)

**Utilities.** What Marines call their BDUs, the clothes they wear in the field.
V
Victor. A vehicle.

VIED. Vehicle Improvised Explosive Device

W
Wheels Up. Usually means when your aircraft is taking off. Sometimes it means taking off to be deployed down range.

When conditions are at their very worst, people are at their very best. This is when the tough get going!

When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Applies to all non-quitters.


Y
Yellow Jugs. A yellow jug that is filled with explosives, used by the enemy.

You don’t have to like it, you just have to do it. No quitters, no wimps and no whiners. What we all have to do at times and make the best of it.

Young Pups. Young Marines, Young Devil Dogs.

Z
Zero Dark Thirty, or Zero Dark Hundred. Night.