

April 6, 2004

Dear Moisés:

Read your letter from 3/20 where you sounded disappointed with the performance of what should be routine tasks. Nothing is simple or routine in war. It is called the "fog of war". What can go wrong will go wrong. It only takes one person or piece of equipment to mess up an operation. The beauty of the Marine Corps is that despite this fog when things get to the squad level the job will be done. Rather than be disappointed make it a point to discuss issues with the guys closest to you including the staff NCOs if possible. I believe and hope as your unit settles in to its mission that it will become the fighting machine it should be. Be patient and forgiving. Everyone is under a lot of stress especially the NCOs and Officers as it is their job to keep the rest of you alive. They may at times take their anxiety out on the troops. Help keep morale high. Look to the positives in all situations and don't dwell on the negative. Moy the news from Iraq is not good at this time. Fallujah is a nest of vermin that your fellow Marines (I hope you didn't have to go there as reinforcements) are rooting out and I'm afraid they are taking a lot of casualties. Maybe the show of force there and in Baghdad will quiet the minority that is causing all the problems. There are no easy answers to resolve this conflict. We can only hope, pray and support you guys who are putting your lives on the line. Believe me; the public really appreciates your service.

On the home front little changes except the weather that is really warm and spring-like. The land where the Red Oak and Poplar stand are located was up for lease from Pot-latch. I applied and we got it so all the hunters are happy. We can now post that forty and put more stands on it without worry of others using them. If we don't get some rain, fires will be an issue. Mama is making tons of maple syrup and still has jugs on the trees. I'm going to leave work here early to get the sap cooking for what should be the last batch. Mat is anxious to get some paint ball games organized and I am waiting to till dirt so we can plant some seeds. Moy we are a long ways apart but when we fold our hands in prayer we are united by our Savior Jesus Christ. Try to get your rest and share your care packages that we send. Love you too much!!

Love Papa

*This letter was intended to be sent in a care package the next day, however, that evening we were notified that Moy was killed about the same time as I typed the letter.*