

## A Chaplain's Experience Coming Home

- For 18 months, I was surrounded by men with guns. When I came home, I felt vulnerable without them, even in church.
- For 18 months, I suffered the indignities and depravities of military life in a combat environment with a core of friends. When I came home I felt lonely without them, even when surrounded by family or other friends.
- For 18 months, I kept a constant watch on my surroundings and the people all around me. When I returned home, I could not break the habit but remained hypervigilant outside the walls of my home.
- For 18 months, I studied every piece of garbage or discarded junk along the road. When I came home, I couldn't stop. Riding in the passenger seat always made me nervous when someone would drive over a piece of trash.
- For 18 months as a leader of soldiers, I had to keep my emotions in check. When I came home, people told me I was distant and withdrawn.
- For 18 months, I shared common goals and values with others upon whom I depended literally for my life. When I came home, I found dishonesty, hypocrisy and malevolence in people who claimed to be my friends and share common values.
- For 18 months, I had no choice about what to wear, what to eat, what to do or when to sleep. When I came home, I was overwhelmed by choices, sometimes to the point that I was unable to make decisions.
- For 18 months, I dealt with issues that were literally life and death, ones eternal in their scope. When I returned home, I found people worried about matters of no consequence at all.

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