

Pointman

Not much is know of a Pointman from the Vietnam War. They were a breed of men who had instincts they developed, that kept themselves, as well as others around them alive.

They could smell an ambush or sense a trap waiting for them. It was a thankless job, not many wanted. The first bullets of a fire fight often fell on this man.

The responsibility laid upon them was so intense at times, it often followed them out of the bush.

Once leaving Vietnam, thier instincts were turned toward another foe. This foe was even better at deceit and often wore two faces. This foe was the Pointman's own kind or sometimes his family.

They were people he had grown up with or even called a friend at one time. The Pointman still had to watch out for someone, himself.

He was all alone again. This was a new kind of bush.

You see, the Pointman from Vietnam, returned home to a public that didn't approve of him being in this war.

Did they ask him if he wanted to be there? Did they ask him if he was alright after returning home from Vietnam?

At least his foe in Vietnam was up front and thier intentions were clear. They wished to kill the Pointman. The foe at home wasn't clear at thier intentions.

Now twenty-five years later the Pointman is still living with his guard up. Now twenty-five years later the Pointman is finally seeking help for his troubles of the war. Now twenty-five years later his foe at home is turning toward helping the Pointman.

The Pointman still watches out for himself though. Too many times in his past this would have ended his LIFE. Now it will end his MIND.

In Tribute to ALL the Pointmen out there.

Rick Griffith