

RUTH LAKKARI, is the sister of Corporal Tim Robinson, killed in Vietnam, April 19, 1968

THE POWER OF GRIEF

I am amazed at how *Iraq* is becoming a mirror image of Vietnam. I guess our government does not learn from it's mistakes. Back in the days of Vietnam, our boys were ready to go fight for Mom, Apple Pie, and the good old USA. I now wonder how the same age boys feel about it. *Ruth*

When Tim was killed, it upset me so much that we went from burying him to the church where everyone ate and you could hear laughter in the background. My sister thinks it is a healing process for the living....I, on the other hand, don't....I could not change my emotions that fast and there were so many people who said such *stupid* things to my mom....like "at least he didn't come home with a missing limb" or "at least he isn't suffering anymore."

I would have accepted my brother back without any limbs, I would have not loved him less because of it. And, as for suffering....to give up suffering, you must also give up life...as you will always have some suffering during your life...My sister insisted they said these things because they didn't know what to say....I told her when you don't know what to say and can't just come up with a simple word like "sorry" and then maybe a hug....then don't say anything at all...because if you have never watched the military fold up the United States flag and place it in a grieving mother's lap....then you do not know what the ultimate grief is and that would be in losing a child.

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Tim's life was cut short...he didn't get to say his good byes or what he was thinking or feeling.

If I was told I only had so long to live....I don't think I would live it to the fullest but I would live it to my liking. I would share

times and thoughts with each individual, and I would talk to them about how I feel about dying, I would ask them if I could take their grief with me as it would do them no good on earth....that I would rather be reminded of in a joke about something silly I did that would bring them to tears.... rather than shedding tears because they have to go

through life without me.

I have strict instructions for my death....I am to be cremated and the ashes are to be spread on top of Tim's, that I defiantly do not want a headstone...if they are to gather after my death....don't let it be in some church basement with those casseroles....go out to the pizza joint...rejoice that I am on to a n- other life....string beer cans behind your car and decorate it with crepe paper....celebrate me because I no longer suffer, I no longer am in pain....that I loved the best I did...that I gave a hug when someone needed....and remember I will always be near to your heart. *Ruth*

IN MEMORIAM

Timothy George Robinson
Born, September 20, 1945
Killed in action, April 19, 1968 in Vietnam
Machine Gunner



Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning
hush,
I am the swift upflighting of quiet
birds in circling flight.
I am the soft star that shines at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry. I
am not there. I did not die.

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