

From my heart!

I wish you could know what it is like to search for a burnt out wreck,
With families clinging to a straw of hope,
And you knowing instinctively what you will find,
Tiny, broken little bodies,
Only identifiable by DNA,
And all you can offer is some sort of closure.

I wish you could comprehend
A wife's/husband's/parent's/brother's/sister's/child's horror
When a loved one's wreck is found,
To check a pulse and none is found.
And you pray to the Lord
To give you the strength
To break the news
That will change lives forever!

I wish you could read my mind
as I respond to a SAR call,
Is this a real accident?
is it just a non-cancellation of SAR?
What was the weather like?
How many people on board
How many families
How many friends and loved ones
Will I be able to get there soon enough to find survivors?
And give them back to their families alive!

I wish you could be in the ARCC when a wreck is found,
With the broken little body of a baby girl, who will never
Go on a first date or say the words "I love you Mommy"!

I wish you could know the frustration I feel when I
Know where to find the downed aircraft, but the bad weather
And terrain, just does not allow for the quickest means of getting to it.

I wish you could feel the apprehension,
When you have precious volunteers –
Who responds every time without fail
Leaving behind families and loved ones.
Walking side by side, in dark and misty places
Hanging off endless ropes, in monstrous mountains.
Flying endless patterns, up and down,
They never ask anything – they just give!
And without them, my world is empty.
And every time they return back safely, I whisper a silent prayer.

I wish you could feel the hurt as people verbally abuse you,
Or belittle what you do – or as they express
Their attitudes of "It will never happen to me"

I wish you could realize the physical, emotional and mental drain,
Of missed meals, lost sleep, and forgone social activities, in addition
To all the tragedy my eyes have seen and my heart has felt.

I wish you could know the brotherhood and self-satisfaction of
Having saved a life, or being able to be there in time of crisis,
Or handing a downed Aviator safely back into the arms of loved ones!

I wish you could understand what it feels like to have a loved
One asking "Is he/she OK" not being able to hold back the tears,
And not knowing what to say.

Unless you have lived with this kind of life, you will never truly
Understand or appreciate who I am, or what my job really
Means to me....

I wish you could though!
Before you make that fatal mistake!

Written by Santjie White, South Africa