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2019

## Dear Tommy

David Aldridge

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## DEAR TOMMY

In 2007, a friend I had previously served with called me and said he was worried about his son in Iraq. He said he was worried his son was going to sink into depression because of the deaths of some soldiers he served with. We have known each other for 30 years, so he asked me to write his son and try to help him get past all this trauma he had experienced. I have known Tommy since he was 3 years old. After we hung up, I sat and meditated a little. I wasn't sure how to approach the email I was going to send. My Inner Voice said to just sit down at the computer and it would all come to me. I typed all the addresses and salutations and then I just waited. When I was sure I had quieted my ego voice (The Incessant Chatterer) I began to type. Tommy had been particularly close to a female soldier who had been killed by the name of Block. It is exactly as I wrote it 12 years ago. I have X'ed out their family name.

From: David Aldridge

[ahnhai@hotmail.com](mailto:ahnhai@hotmail.com)

Sent: Saturday, August 18, 2007 6:10 AM

To: Tommy BXXXXXX

Subject: Warriors

Tommy,

First of all, I am so sorry your friend has been killed. I want you to know that I feel horrible that you and all who cared for her are going through this terrible experience. I have already prayed for them and I know my prayers are always heard. And now I pray also for you and your comrades and the soldier's family and loved ones who are left to grieve this senseless act.

## DEAR TOMMY

You may remember me from Germany. I was teaching at the M.P. School in Vilseck when your Father was Military Course Manager. He and I have had almost 20 years to talk about important issues in our lives and I have talked with him often about the death of my friends and the deaths of the enemy in combat. Killing others can be just as traumatic as being with your friends who are wounded or killed. It is a heavy heavy subject and I do not speak lightly about anyone's death.

I had a unique career in that I spent 9 years in the Infantry with 3 tours in Vietnam and 12 years in the Legal Field doing investigations, prosecutions, defense work, claims, legal assistance, etc. I have three purple hearts, a CIB and a bunch of other fruit salad, but I haven't even looked at my uniform since 31 March 1988 when I retired. In one day, I lost 62 of my friends. That was the Battle of Shenandoah II, otherwise known as the Battle of Ong Thanh and it took place on 17 Oct 67. You can "Google" it and you will see what one day in the life of an infantryman was like. My company commander was 1LT Clark Welch and he has been put in for the Medal of Honor for that battle. Another soldier named 2LT Pinky Durham was awarded the Medal of Honor for the same battle posthumously. I am good friends still with Clark and Pinky's brother John. I was just at the 1st Infantry Division Reunion in St Louis last weekend and saw Clark there and we were talking about this very subject of death and all of our comrades who were killed and wounded.

I am going to be absolutely truthful with you now and tell you what I have told few people during my life. I will not be offended if you choose not to believe what I have to tell you, but I can assure you what I say is true and if you are able to do so you have my permission to ask all

## DEAR TOMMY

of Heaven to verify this. Simply sit still, close your eyes and ask God: Is this true?

It still hurts us that we lost our friends. That pain will never go away, but it gets less and less. It just takes time. What helps Clark and I, and others, is knowing that death is an illusion. Life goes on and the person you knew as Block is now free of the body and has returned to her Spirit form, which is our normal condition. I know what I am talking about because I have been declared dead twice in this life and I have complete memory of my life before I entered into this life. I was simply told to return to my body because it wasn't my time yet. I have meditated for about 40 years now and I have made it my purpose to try to remember as many lives as I can while still in this incarnation and most people would be astounded to learn they have had hundreds of lives here on this Earth. I am no different from anyone else. Most people can't remember their past lives because they agree to allow the "Veil of Forgetfulness" to descend as they are being born. In my case the Veil was not part of the deal to incarnate and I was fully conscious at birth.

As a child I knew what kind of life I had contracted for and what it was going to be like. Harsh and abusive are good words to describe my early life. At the age of three I decided to kill myself to try to get out of the misery and I drank a bottle of kerosene. I went through a multicolored tunnel-like area and I remembered what to do next because, of course, we have all done it hundreds of times. I approached a Great Being of Light and I knew this Being. The Being knew me, intimately. And He said very plainly, "David, you must go back. It is not your time yet." He (It seems like a male energy so I say He) said this repeatedly and just beyond Him I could see hundreds of people that I knew and loved. And without a doubt, I knew that they loved me, unconditionally. I was overwhelmed by their love and by the love that emanated from this Great

## DEAR TOMMY

Being of Light. Love poured off this Great Being like giant waves of Light. I could see my brothers and sisters from my past life, and I could see the children who were still to be born into my life in the future. So many friends and relatives were there. We all belong to the same Soul Group. I will simply say that there are many people in each Soul Group who incarnate together and play different roles in our lives that are all pre-agreed upon. We plan our lives before we ever set foot on this great Earth. We plan the hardships and the relationships. There are no accidents. That's one thing that Freud got right.

The one purpose behind each Soul's choices as to who shall we marry, or who shall we give birth to in this life, or what sort of life should I make if I am given these persons and these circumstances is this: Soul Growth. What is it that will urge me forward and stretch my consciousness so that I can make the maximum progress for my eternal Soul? If I live my life as a beggar will I be able to learn the maximum in one lifetime about generosity and compassion? If I live my life as a prostitute will I be able to learn about overcoming abusive relationships and being a spiritual being regardless of what I do with the body? If I live my life as a victim of rape will I be able to learn the supreme lessons of forgiveness? You would be surprised how much planning goes into each incarnation. Time and space are illusions so you can choose to be born in 17th century America as a Native American. Or 16th century France to experience the great Black Plague. It doesn't matter when. What matters is "What have I learned?" and also the most important question after every lifetime, "How well did I love?"

Death is also no accident. It seems like it is, but that is an illusion. Each death is engineered to bring the maximum growth to the greatest number of beings, with only the highest good held in

## DEAR TOMMY

the intent of the Over Soul of each person. Did you ever wonder why a 2 or 3-year-old child has died? Many come into this life merely to open the hearts of their parents to love. Look at the people who grieve after such a death. If you ask them, they will tell you that they never really loved anyone as completely as they loved this child. That she or he was like an Angel. And this is very true. That child knew its days would not be long on this earth and it came anyway to assist the parent and others in their Soul Growth. What seems like a great tragedy actually will have them weeping with thanks as they leave this life.

And you would be surprised how much planning goes into each person's death. I know that the world believes that people just die ... some of disease that they never asked for, and some by "accident" and some of "natural" causes. None of that is true. Each person's death was already planned. The Over Soul decided to remove the energy that animated this particular body and it looked to the whole world like they died in a car wreck, or of Meningitis, or of Septic Shock, or of shrapnel from an IED. Jesus has explained this to me this way when He said: "We are sovereign and Holy Sons of God and no one in the whole Universe can take your life against your wishes." Just as He already proved that death has no hold over him or anyone else (that was supposed to be the lesson!) there are many others who have gotten up from the Morgue tables and in my case the Post Mortem bed where I scared the hell out of 6 Doctors who had already pronounced me dead and were in the process of examining the corpse. I did this at 3 and again at 27 years old. Again and again I have been told it is "not my time." When it is your time there is not a power or healer or machine on this earth that can hold you here. You will not leave one second earlier nor one second later than you are supposed to leave. That may sound cruel and uncaring, but I say that with the greatest amount of love and compassion. Your friend is doing

## DEAR TOMMY

what billions before her have done, she is telling you gently and lovingly that she is not in pain and that she is alright so please do not weep and do not be sad. We just can't seem to hear them, so it seems like they are gone and lost forever. That is not true and will never be true. Why do you think that it was so hard for the Apostles to believe that they were actually talking with Jesus after His crucifixion? Because the world finds it hard to believe that we are Great and Holy Spiritual Beings having a physical experience. It seems like this is all there is. But that is far far indeed from the truth. It would blow your mind to know just how Holy and Magnificent we truly are.

Grieve and weep if you must, Tommy. That will help to loosen up any blockages you have in your heart. And then sit still in a quiet place where you won't be disturbed and close your eyes and simply breathe into your heart. Not fast and not too slow. Just breathe into your heart by following the breath through your nose, and then down your throat and into the lungs and heart region. Just sit and think nothing (absolutely ZERO) and let the Peace of God reassure you that your friend is just a breath away and she sends all the healing love of the universe right to you and everyone else who grieves for her.

You can talk to me about anything, Tommy. What I have told you tonight freaks most people out and some people violently object because it does not fit what they were taught, but I have only touched the surface of this subject. I think you are mature enough to know you can be open to this and a whole lot more.

Take care of yourself and never be afraid or embarrassed to tell your Father your deepest cares

## DEAR TOMMY

and feelings and pains. I mean both of your Fathers...your Heavenly Father and your earthly Father. They both love you with a love that is astounding.

Dave

REPLY FROM TOMMY

From: [robert.l.XXXXX@us.army.mil](mailto:robert.l.XXXXX@us.army.mil)

To: [ahnhai@hotmail.com](mailto:ahnhai@hotmail.com)

Subject: RE: Warriors

Date: Sat, 18 Aug 2007 12:25:14 +0400

Mr. Aldridge,

First off, I want to thank you for your time and the time it took to write probably the most inspirational, truthful, faithful thing I have ever had somebody write me. I truly enjoyed reading that. May come as a surprise to you but sometimes I have thought some of the same ways and things you wrote to me. They have all been experiences over here too. I think my journey began the night I was sitting at the dinner table with my dad and Jennifer and the girls. The phone rang as it does a lot and CSM BXXXXX's house ha-ha. It was the Colonel. They want to send 1 of our MP co to Iraq. It hit me all of a sudden; I was like Dad you have to let me go. I really want to go. I don't know why or what possessed me to go or ask but I just felt something inside saying Tommy you need to do this.

So here I am 15 months later. I am a grown man now. I have seen the difference between life, death, religion, enemy and allies. It's been rough though I won't lie but it has also been a joy to



## DEAR TOMMY

touch lives over here. I took life when I had to and it was the right thing to do and I know somewhere in my heart god was assuring me that it was my duty to end evil and that plain and simple to me. The things you say about how people were brought to earth and for no matter how long their life maybe it was to bring joy to somebody's heart. That's same thing happen to me just in a gruesome way. I had to pick up a 9-month-old baby once because its parents were Sunni so Shitte militiamen beat it to death. I sat there and held that baby for about 30 mins and didn't want to let it go. I thought to myself this baby came here and god decided that this place was not the place for it that it deserved a better life so it took from this place.

I truly believe everything you have said though. I have feelings when I was in a few tight spots ion fire fights or in hairy shit and I had this feeling above me always saying "Tommy your safe and you will be alright" "It's not your time to go yet and everything will be fine" I always hear voices when bullets fly. I have even caught myself asking my driver hey did you say something 1 night when we got into a hairy situation. I asked him hey man did you say my first name or hey who the hell is talking to me. It's kind of funny though. You have to become kind of sick in the head and a little out of the norm when you get into that stuff and just make a quiet laughter. I'm sure you know exactly what I'm talking about. You're getting shot at and you return fire and you just have to make it fun to break the tension and spread it to the others. It has worked on occasions. To me though I felt that I was born for this. I love what I do. I love walking the streets and being looked at with fear but also with love when you see people run out and hug and tell you thank you and kids always asking your name and the littlest thing as taking my patch off and giving it to him puts the biggest smile on their face or you hold their hand while you do a walking patrol. I have learned so much tactically and also personally in my heart as a person

## DEAR TOMMY

doing this stuff in Iraq with the people and the population. I needed this as a person and I think god had that plan for me and I carried it and will till it is my time. I feel like Iraq is my place but now it is time to come home but I will miss it though. I mean just like you in Vietnam I'm sure there were times were you were like shit this is all I know and you learned to love it.

You know, when I tell people or friends some of those things they think I'm crazy. I used to volunteer to go out on my off days but not to get into shit I just didn't want to miss the chance to touch somebody's life cause at the same time they were going to touch mine also and I just grew to love that feeling. It is a wild feeling to be halfway around the world in another country and a holy 1 at that and be able to share the kindness and love with some of the Iraqis. It just blows my mind sometimes.

Well, Mr. Aldridge, I have so much more I would like to hear about your beliefs and experiences cause here and my friends they just don't think about what we do and think as deep on life and why we are here in war like I do and maybe you do. I really enjoyed reading that email. It helped a lot to get me back on track and to keep humpin it out and finish strong. Thank you for your time and hope to meet you again someday and we can sit down and talk about this in person.

Thanks again for your inspiration and your kindness.

SPC XXXXX, Robert

# DEAR TOMMY

From: [robert.l.XXXXX@us.army.mil](mailto:robert.l.XXXXX@us.army.mil)

To: [ahnhai@hotmail.com](mailto:ahnhai@hotmail.com)

Subject: FW: Warriors 2nd email

Date: Sun, 19 Aug 2007 14:40:05 +0400

From: David Aldridge [[ahnhai@hotmail.com](mailto:ahnhai@hotmail.com)]

Sent: Sunday, August 19, 2007 7:30 AM

To: SPC XXXXX, Robert

Subject: RE: Warriors

Tommy,

Please call me Dave. Thank you for the compliments. I speak straight from my heart.

Before I forget, do you prefer to be called Robert, Bob, or Tommy? I have always referred to you as Tommy but maybe you have outgrown that? Please let me know.

As Jesus says so often “For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.” What he meant was people who are open minded will be able to understand what He talks about and what He shows them. If you think you understand this world already and there is “nothing new under the Sun” then you have closed your mind to any new experiences that differ with your “world view.”

This world is upside down, Tommy. Nothing is as it seems. All the great Holy Men of this world have said that it is a vast illusion and they have called this illusion Maya. To really discover what lies just beneath the superficial surface illusion takes real determination and fortitude and a real

## DEAR TOMMY

desire to know.

There is a spiritual law at work here in this Universe. It goes like this: What I give I will receive. What goes out will come back to me. This is the belief in Abundance. It is an affirmation of the Great Source of all the Universes and All That Is: GOD.

The world believes in the opposite. The whole world thinks: What I receive I can then give out ...to whoever I might think is deserving in my “all-knowing” estimation. The world thinks that if they give something away then they don't have it anymore and are now poorer than they were before. That is called the Belief in Lack. It is Poverty thinking and it is why so many people struggle every day to “make a living.”

Most people think: What I see I will then believe. Jesus was always chastising people who requested signs from Him that there really is a God, or that He could perform miracles just for their benefit. Remember the one person he healed when the guy said, “Then please heal my unbelief.” Jesus saw that the man had enough faith in himself to bring about a healing without any effort on Jesus's part whatsoever. Jesus was also impressed with the man's honesty and desire to be healed.

So the world thinks it has to see to believe, but the way it actually works is: What I believe, I will see. If you believe in God, Angels, Avatars, Elves, you will see evidence everywhere and every time you turn around. Your life will be fuller and richer than you ever thought possible. The person with a closed mind who doesn't want to know anything different from what they already

## DEAR TOMMY

“know” is in a very sad condition indeed. They have usually hardened their hearts against anything that might disrupt their little worlds. That is why these Great Angelic Beings volunteer to be born to a particular family and to bring the living light of God into their spiritually stale and sometimes stagnant lives. They volunteer even if they already know they will only be on Earth for 2, or 3, or 8, or 9 years, or even 6 months. When they leave the Earth, it is such an emotional shock that it literally forces the grieving parents to seek answers from God. Maybe they will even entertain the idea for the first time in their lives to contact a Medium who can talk with the departed Souls. This is being done more and more. I have done it myself dozens of times to seek clarification about certain experiences I have had and messages I was receiving.

Most people do not go ahead and try to ask God questions because they are simply afraid. They believe everything they were ever told in Sunday School about the big, mean wrathful God that destroyed whole civilizations and Sodom and Gomorrah and turned Lot's wife into a big pile of salt, and don't forget, if you fuck up even a little bit in this life you are going to be thrown into a fiery lake to burn forever and ever, etc, etc.

There is nothing further from the truth. Religions have used FEAR to control the masses for thousands of years and they continue to try to do that. That's why I used to get physically sick and nauseated every time my earthly Father would drag me to church when I was young. My family was Southern Baptist and there was “Hell Fire and Damnation” in every sermon! I would simply say, “It's not true.” And my Father would just come unglued and get purple in the face, “You're going straight to Hell when you die!” His veins would stand out like huge ropes and his eyes would bulge out. I told him I had already died and I know what it's like and then he said he

## DEAR TOMMY

was going to put me in the Nut House. The fun just never ended around our house:-)

My Father and I battled right up until the last time I saw him which was January 1, 1973. He told me for the first time that he loved me while he, my wife at the time, and I, were standing in a parking lot outside of a Honkey Tonk Bar he was going into in Costa Mesa, California. We hugged and told each other we loved each other and I turned around and got in the car in tears and my wife and I drove away. I went to Germany 2 days later and my Father died December 7 1973 at the age of 54. He literally drank himself to death and had a massive heart attack in Tucson Arizona.

My Father has since changed his mind about every belief he ever held in his last life. That is another story.

While I was in Vietnam I heard my Inner Voice. It saved me probably a hundred times from certain death. I cannot stop thanking God and the Holy Spirit for doing that for me so that I could continue my life after Vietnam. Listen to your Inner Voice. If you are told to stop, then stop! If you are told to go left, do not go right. I obeyed my Inner Voice 100% of the time and I am still here. Vietnam wasn't the end of it either. God will talk to you everyday if you wish to carry on a dialogue. There is nothing He likes better. Because then He can dispel all the strange beliefs we have accumulated throughout our lives and other lifetimes. He loves helping us simply Awaken. That Voice you heard was your own Inner Voice. I too would look around and ask people "Who said that?" And they would say, "What are you talking about? Nobody said anything!" And they would look at me like I was losing it completely. When they would ask me how I knew a well-camouflaged booby trap was there in our path I would be honest with them and say "A Voice told me it was there." And they would look at me like I was totally nuts. Disregard all that bull,

## DEAR TOMMY

Tommy. Keep listening and you will hear Him. In order to listen you have to shut up the ego voice that is constantly chattering away in our heads. Once you can shut that off then there are no obstacles to hearing God's Voice. That's the best advice I could ever give to anyone going into harm's way. That and keep good intent as you go about your work. Some people call that "keeping a pure heart" but it is actually setting your INTENT to do what is proper and right under the circumstances. You may still have to shoot someone. It is regrettable but you are still in War. If so, then so be it. Hearing God's Voice doesn't make you invisible, invincible, or less hated by the enemy who is trying to destroy you and your friends. When you get a chance to, do as Jesus suggested and pray for your enemies. Hatred has no place in a true Warrior's heart. No one should ever glorify having to kill others, no matter how misguided or mistaken our enemies have been.

Take care, Tommy, and I pray you and all your comrades come home safely. God Bless You!

Dave

## **Army Spc. Kamisha J. Block**

### **Died August 16, 2007 Serving During Operation Iraqi Freedom**

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20, of Vidor, Texas; assigned to the 401st Military Police Company, 720th Military Police Battalion, 89th Military Police Brigade, Fort Hood, Texas; died Aug. 16 in Baghdad of injuries sustained from a non-combat-related incident. Also killed was Staff Sgt. Paul B. Norris.

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# DEAR TOMMY

Southeast Texas soldier killed in Iraq

The Associated Press

VIDOR, Texas — A Southeast Texas soldier has died in Iraq, the Department of Defense announced Aug. 21.

Spc. Kamisha Jane Block, 20, died Aug. 16 in what military officials called “a non-combat-related incident.” But her family told the Beaumont Enterprise that she died in a friendly fire incident.

“She was shot in the chest by friendly fire,” Block’s aunt, Kathy Byerley, told the newspaper. “They haven’t told us anything else — the rest is under investigation. We just want to know the truth about it.”

When asked whether Block had died in a friendly fire incident, Paul Prince, a spokesman for the U.S. Army III Corps and Fort Hood, would only say there was an ongoing investigation into her death.

Block, a Vidor native, joined the military in July 2005 as a military police officer and was assigned to the 401st Military Police Company, 720th Military Police Battalion, 89th Military Police Brigade, since January 2007. She was deployed to Iraq in May.

Block’s military awards and decorations included the National Defense Service Medal, Korea Defense Service Medal Global War on Terrorism (Service) Medal and the Army Service Ribbon.

Block was described by family members an outgoing person who always wanted to help.

“She loved people,” said Block’s uncle, John Stuckey. “She was out to help people with whatever she could.”

Block had plans to pursue a career in law enforcement, her relatives said.

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