
This entry isn't really a family story, it is more the thoughts and feelings expressed in a poem.

Robert Brown wrote this poem while serving in Afghanistan from January 2010 to July 2010.

Robert is an Explosive Ordnance Demolitions expert with the USAF at the time he was a TechSgt leading a team of 5 EOD technicians.

His wife and children were at his home base at Lakenheath RAF Base, England.

His parents were in Maine, Nevada, and Washington.



Family Stories



Picture taken May 2010 in Afghanistan near Kandahar by TSgt. Robert K. Brown, USAF

I walk this path

I defend those who appreciate, those who do not, those who cannot and those who will not;

I walk this path of my own free will to the face of danger where no others Stand;

On borrowed time I make my trek, the last sunset, sunrise or face I see; my brothers standing next to me

I walk this path of my own free will; my life in their hands, fate's final judgment unknown

I march with those whose only connection, a red, white and blue blanket we all bear

I walk this path of my own free will despite a distant faceless figure that lays in wait for my error

I hone this skill for those who need me most; brothers in arms, brothers in craft, family at home

The days go by as they await my return, they walk a path I cannot, anticipation, dread and uncertainty

I walk this path; I know fear, dread, anticipation and uncertainty but cannot and will not for their sake

I walk this path that few others can and many do not, cannot and will not

I walk this path so others won't have to

©2010 TSgt Robert K. Brown, USAF
