

I wrote a telegram to Eleanor telling her her husband was dead:

“Mrs. McBride, I am sorry to tell you that your husband has been killed in action, defending his country. I would like to say that he fell in the field of combat, screaming your name with his final breath; his comrades cursing the man who killed him. But that would be a lie. He died beneath the roof of a church, looking into the eyes of a girl. With all of her might, she confessed her innocence, but he killed her anyway. He was following orders. A soldier, if nothing more. And on that day he sustained no mortal wound, yet was shot through the heart. There was no certainty all those he killed were bad, to him they seemed like you or I. But he had to take his country’s word for it. He loved his country. And leaving this field of terror, through divine means or other, his final words must be, ‘so now they are free’. Because he never would be.”

Andrew S. McBride, Major. Charlie company, 82nd Airborne (assigned 5th special forces).”

I never sent this...