

Twee gedichten van Gold Star Mothers:

The News

It's Monday, I am doing laundry thinking of you my dear son
I hear a car pull up and I go to the door to see
I see the two men in uniform
My heart begins to race
Thoughts of no, no, no, go away, please go away
Oh God, let it not be my son
He is so young, no I am not done loving him

I open the door and they say we are sorry...
NO NO NO I scream
They continue, the President of the United States
regrets to inform you of the death of your son

The rest of their words falls on deaf ears
I feel my heart breaking so badly
I fall to the floor saying...
my son is no more....

Kerry "Doc" Pardue

Gold Star Mom

The banner was small, but the star was large,
The color of a blue, night sky.
She hung it in the window with trembling fingers
And tried hard not to cry.
He was so young to go far away
As all soldiers have to do. She knew that danger
Lurked everywhere,
As she touched the star of blue.
The weeks went by, the months rolled on
She knew he would not die.
Her faith in God held her head up high.
In her heart she sang a song.
But the battles raged. The news was not good
Why did so many have to die? She was cold,
And she felt terribly old
As the day came that she faced with dread.
When a knock on the door
Shattered her life evermore,
And the blue star turned to gold.

Esther B. Campbell Gates, San Antonio, TX

I lost my son, combat medic Keith Allen Campbell, DSC, BSM, PH 8 Feb 1967 in Vietnam.
I will always miss him.

De "Gold Star Mothers Day" wordt altijd de laatste zondag van september gehouden in de Verenigde Staten.

Elke moeder of echtgenote van een gesneuvelde soldaat krijgt een gouden ster in de vorm van een pin, voor moeders van meerdere gesneuvelde zonen kunnen dit meerdere pins zijn.

Tot op de dag van vandaag wordt deze gouden ster uitgereikt door het Amerikaanse Ministerie van

Defensie.