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Tom Grace was a dove. He had participated in mass demonstrations opposing the war in Cleveland, Chicago, his college campus at Kent State, and our Nation's capital. Tom was not the kind of guy who would take charge and lead others, but instead he followed. 

Following with shouts and screams fueled by his political passion. A political passion partly influenced by his father who had endured the Great Depression. Tom Grace's attitude of being one to follow changed and took a turn after the atrocities that took place on April 30<sup>th</sup>, 1970. National guardsmen shot and killed four unarmed Kent State students, wounding nine others. Tom Grace was one of the thirteen who took a bullet, luckily he only took one in his foot.

There is one scene Tom paints for the reader that I found to be very profound. In the opening paragraph he describes his friend Aquinas picking up a fallen Kent State flag during the 13 seconds of shooting, soaking the flag in a students blood, jumping up and down in the blood, then whipping the flag around spraying blood everywhere. Some may see this as a complete mental break down, but I believe Tom saw this as an act of leadership in a very wild manner too say the least. Aquinas running through M14 gun fire to pick up a fallen flag that represents who they are. This scene just being one of the many horrors Tom had to be around, according to him, "Gave me a lot more visibility." He saw a need for change in himself, to be much more proactive and lead instead of follow.

Upon the events that took place on April 30<sup>th</sup> Tom became involved in the McGovern campaign, positioned as a Democratic committeemen, and ran Jesse Jackson's campaign in 1984. All of these positions required Tom Grace to be more of a leader rather than a follower.

I asked my friends' father the other day, who fought in Vietnam for 3 years, "When did the war end of you?" He replied, "It still hasn't." What the end of a war means to me would have to be the ceasing of killings. For Le Minh Khue the ending could have been the moment she saw South Vietnamese soldiers flee the city of Danang with their uniforms thrown to the dirt. When one side surrenders then yes, technically a war ends. But those who have experienced the horrors of war know war has no end. Le Khue talks about when she hears thunder now days she needs someone to sit by her and offer comfort. The loud crackles of thunder remind her of the air raids her and the rest of the Youth Brigade had to endure on a daily

basis. The intense part about air raids is not only the casualties that come with, but the fact that it could be anybody's last breath as soon as they hear the bomb descending. The things that would go through one's head in times of a bombing are unimaginable. "Why did he or she die and not me? Is it fate or just pure luck one survives?" I imagine every inch of your soul is questioned in these times. Le Khue is deeply scarred from these events. Scars that cannot be patched up. I do believe when Le entered the liberated city of Danang it brought her pure joy and a sense of an ending to the war. Though joyous times quickly run short by the desire for the next best thing. In Vietnam's case money was the next prized possession after the war ended. There was not much of it, let alone ways to make money because the war has destroyed so much in Vietnam. In my opinion war has no end, it's destruction is lived through the lives of every survivor. There is no way to erase the past, all those can do is move forward and not dwell too much on their negatives experiences from war. One must find peace in the simplest of things. The entering into Danang in the back of a military truck gave Le peace and an end to the war, just for a moment.



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