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As I read the first part of Patriots the story of Roger Donlon speaks to me. I was so moved and disturbed by his account of the attack on his special forces camp. I am in the middle of reading a fictitious series about the Navy SEALs so I was already aware of some of the things in his story such as the Nung mercenaries and who they were. I was amazed at the amount of soldiers in this one place who were supposed to be fighting for the south but ended up fighting for the north. This story is the pinnacle of survival in my mind. To be so badly outnumbered and to still give all you have to protect the fellow soldiers with you is true bravery and poise. I was very moved while hearing about the love that he felt for his fellow teammates and how he described it as respect that was later understood as a deep, deep love. I enjoyed the fact that the advisor groups in the early years of the war tried to help the South Vietnamese have pride for their own country. We know now that many soldiers suffer from PTSD, so I feel that this account of someone who was in battle is very pretty accurate and credible. These memories are with soldiers for the rest of their life so to think that they misremember is almost an insult. I believe there may be some exaggeration in the amount of the task force that turned against them, but not enough to discredit Mr. Donlon.

I am disappointed and outraged at the story of Henry Prunier. How is it that American government officials and policy makers keep making the same mistakes over and over again? So In 1945 the American government decided it would be a good idea to supply the Viet Minh with weapons and specific training in how to use these weapons. Then in the 1950's they decided that we shouldn't of done that and now we needed to go in and fight them. Does this situation sound familiar to anyone? How about the Afghans fighting the Russians? Why are we training our enemies? With the feeling in the government that we should be the "democratic police" why do we keep supplying people with arsenals that will only be used against us when we realize that they are not who we "thought" they were. I do not for one second believe that our government did not know that Ho Chi Manh was a communist. This infuriates me as I read it.

The story of Luyen Nguyen pulled at my heart the whole time I was reading it. To keep such faith and loyalty to his country and his wife after being imprisoned for 21 years is an amazing story. I see goodness in this story, to see what Luyen went through and then at the end get to see how he ended up is very inspiring. It is sad to see how the CIA treated this program and to read the footnote of why the commando's were treated this way and for how long. To hear Luyen put this story into his own personal experiences and for him to part with details that he has not even told his wife and children show's an amazing spirt inside him. It brings hope to thought when you realize that he endured all this hardship and now has an amazing life with his wife and has done something amazing with his life.

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