

Editor's Blog

Today it rained.

If felt cold from the early morning Colorado late summer downpour. The patriotic music played on the Peterson Air Force Base outdoor speakers. Although they let the U.S. flag fly 24/7 on the base, revelry and retreat remain symbolic here for the start and end of the workday. On this morning, like most, many people walking to their offices stopped to pay tribute while some others continued to walk.

I stood still not only because that is my peacetime Army training of 23 years, but it seems a small thing to pause and think about our men and women in uniform fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan and other places. It seems odd to me that our life pace goes on here in America as we deal with our own daily issues, while great Americans fight so hard for military objectives while being in harm's way. It's not a criticism of mine, just a thought.

I thought of my daughter – an Air Force lieutenant – serving in Iraq with 10th Special Forces Group from nearby Fort Carson. She was born on Carson and, when she was little, she played on a swing in Iron Horse Park. Her mother and I took her from Army posts in one location or another as she grew up to attend the Air Force Academy and now serve.

Men have died in that Army unit on this deployment. My daughter has experienced a reality of war that her father can vaguely understand – as have thousands of young Americans serving in this generation. She gives her heart and professional service. Every mission brings with it a heavy real-

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Note:
Dedicate the ASJ Summer
Edition to the men and
women serving with the
10th Special Forces Group!



ity that I can barely comprehend.

Here are photographs of my daughter and the sandstorm she deals with - an Air Force officer leading with the men and women of one of the Army's foremost units doing work for America in Iraq. One of her Soldiers took them last spring so she could send the photographs home for Mother's Day. It's not her weapon in her hands - the Army boys thought it'd send the wrong message for her to have a dinky pistol. To her parents, she somehow looks like a little girl dressed up for Halloween. In reality, we know, she's not playing dress up. She'll come out of Iraq in a few months with knowledge of this world we will never have.

Today as I dry off from the rain to put this summer edition of the Army Space Journal to bed for printing, I've broken a rule by running a photograph of somebody in my family in a publication I edit. I haven't stretched the rule in nearly 30 years of doing this business - and doubt I'll do it again in another 30 years. I do it today to show there's a human side to this war.

Every parent and loved one of the men and women dragging combat boots through the sand of Iraq knows it. Because of this, we dedicate this edition of the Army Space Journal to those serving with the 10th in Iraq. They are symbolic of the many doing a job few of us can fully appreciate. It is not difficult to connect the dots between these professionals and our own service in bringing Space products to the fight.

As always, the blog is open. If you have any thoughts, please send them along.

Mike Howard
Editor-in-chief