

What it means to be in the air force assignment

[Environment](#), [Air](#)



Silent Guardians What does it mean to you to be in the Air Force? At first I had thought that I knew that answer. I thought I was doing it just to escape the jail that my hometown had established for me. That it was my ticket out, to see the world. It wasn't until this assignment that I know realize the true answer behind that question. An answer that not only defines who I am as an airman but also a person. I would like to take you back on a cold December night during 1990. I was born to a mid-class family in the bay area. The first born son of Fabian Palazzo and Aphelia.

Cunningham (if you're wondering why I'm telling you my life story right you just have to trust me. I assure you it will start to tie in at 8th page) A coupling that defined every odd but someone how there I was born by a rare contradiction. I was a child who was afraid of its own shadow. My imagination would always get the better of me and I would always find ways to either hide or run away from my problems. Years would go by and it wasn't until I was around the 3rd grade that I soon begin to notice that schoolmates began to grow taller than I, becoming more athletic in the recess spawning a new form of obstacles in my life... Lulling. For years I was at the end of every short, small or fat joke which threw me in a spiraling depression. As cheesy as it may be it wasn't until I submerged myself in movies that I soon realized that I was going about things all wrong. I didn't have to out-muscle or out-grow anyone I had to simply out-smart them. The more I emulated the comedic relief found in my movies the more talkative and charismatic I became. My depression was over, I had a close group of friends and I felt like I was king of the world.

It's now my sophomore year in high school and I know find myself associating with a much older crowd boosting my ego turning me from a charismatic talkative kid to an egotistical, self-righteous, condescending socialite. Which in turn meant that I was now cutting classes and going to block parties with said older crowd. That's when things took a bad turn for the worst. My grades began to plummet downward and the lack of sleep would make me a far more irritable/condescending person. At this point you are probably wondering, "where the hell are these kids' parents!?!"

This kid needs a severe kick in the ass. You can definitely trust me, they did. Till this very day I have the scars and x-ray scans to prove their form of intervention existed. But the more they punished me the more I found myself distancing myself from my family. It wasn't until I caught myself bullying some small freshman that I realized that I have now become that which I hated the most. The realization hit me harder than any punch, slap, or beating that I ever received. I either had to change immediately or continue living this hypocrisy.

10 years later
Nell cocoons
Ana ten
TLS year
AT collage
I Decade a
recluse. If I weren't destroying the jagged edges of my sobriety you could find me also trying to escape via music sometimes I would partake in both. (I would usually come up with the best music when I did.) I still had a close group of friends but other than that I had no goals in my life. I was just letting my life slip by. After my first year of collage I soon realize that collage was becoming too expensive so I elected to drop out of college and simply work at my place of employment which was U-Haul at the time.

October, 13, 2011 was the day my life changed forever. It was four o'clock in the morning when I received a phone call from my father saying that my brother was involved in a potentially fatal accident. He had lost control of his vehicle and hit a tree going around 50 miles per hour. My heart sank, the world shrank and spun in circles. It was as if almost God himself stabbed me in the back. Piercing my spine and sending shock waves throughout my body traveling through every vein in my body. I was simply standing there for what seemed to feel like weeks.

It wasn't until my girlfriend at the time snapped me out of it by delivering a forceful backhand to the face. "Drive John, DRIVE!" was what she screamed at me to do and without a moment's delay I jumped into my Infiniti Maxima and drove to where my brother had the accident. It was located outside of town and what should have been a twenty-minute drive became five. I was one of the first to arrive and what I thought I was witnessing the death of my brother. Car parts covered the entire street and what once was a car now lay before me as a mangled pile of twisted metal.

I saw that my brother was in the vehicle and without a second thought began to sprint to him. It was at that moment when I was tackled by an elderly man at which point he proceeded to yell at me, "DON'T TOUCH HIM! You might cause more damage than good! What you need to do right now is talk to him and wait for the paramedics to arrive to cut him out of the vehicle." At first I didn't understand why he needed to be cut out but it wasn't until I made my approach to the vehicle. That's when the full extent of his injuries were revealed to me.

My brother's arm was completely twisted in the opposite direction barely hanging on by his skin and his leg had shattered forcing his bone to shear out of his leg pinning him against the car door. I almost threw up, I couldn't stand the sight of him but I had to endure. The elderly man began to help me talk to my brother, keeping him somewhat what conscience. It felt like I was playing tug o' war with the grim reaper for my brother's soul. Minutes that seemed to feel like hours passed by. It was probably seven minutes until the ambulance arrived.

They pushed me to the side and told me to stand by my vehicle. I almost went back to my brother's vehicle if it weren't for the elderly man. He calmed me down for the next twenty minutes and said that he was the one that called in the accident. He had seen it from his house. Eve never shook a man's hand so hard or violently before. I was Trotter In Nils toot at wanly teen en toll me not to worry tout It Ana Degas to comfort me some more. Thirty minutes pass by until they finally cut my brother out of his vehicle, loaded him into an ambulance, and begin transporting him to the hospital.

I followed them to his hospital and waited for anyone to give me any information about that status of my brother. My family then shows up and we simply waited for nine hours. Fortunately the surgeon was able to put my brother back together and told us he will be able to walk with a little help from physical therapy. The biggest weight was lifted from my shoulders and once they put him on morphine I made my way back to the elderly man's house. Once I arrived to his house he invited me in and finally introduced

himself. His name was Mark Johnson and he was a single man living on his own.

We began to just converse until we began talking about the accident. The crash was right in front of his house so he took action right away. He began redirecting traffic while talk to my brother trying to keep him conscience. I then began to ask him where he received the ability to not only dive before looking but the instinct to help others. He then goes into his closet and pulls out his Air Force service dress uniform. He then pulls out a book and in the front he introduced me to the air force three core values and pointed to the second one. Service before self.

The more I talked to Mark the more inspired I became. I wanted to have that instinct to help those without reward or any regard for myself. I then signed up for the Air Force the following day and never looked back from then. It took more than a year to finally go to basic but the pride that I felt from my family gave me the strength to go chase this dream. I went in as open general so I had no idea what Job I'd be receiving. But as luck had it they assigned me to security forces. A Job that entails defending those in trouble whenever the situation should arise.

I now had a new purpose a new goal in my life. I was going to help as many people as I could and aspire to be a hero like Mark Johnson. I began to dive into militaristic literature a read up on inspiring quotes. As inspiring as they all were there was one sausage from Ronald Reagan that stuck with me one I would like to share, " if we look to the answer, as to why for so many years we achieved so much prospers as no other people on earth, it was because

<https://assignbuster.com/what-it-means-to-be-in-the-air-force-assignment/>

here in this land we unleashed the energy and individual genius of man to a greater extent that has ever been done before.

Freedom and the dignity of the individual have been more available and insured here than any other place on earth. The price for this freedom at times has been high. But we have never been unwilling to pay that price. Those who say we are in a time with no heroes, they just don't know where to look. The sloping hills of Arlington national cemetery, with its row upon row of simple white markers bearing crosses or stars of David they add up to only a tiny fraction of the price, that has been paid, for our freedom.

Each one of those markers is a monument to the kind of hero I spoke of earlier. Their lives ended in places called Delaware, the Argonne, Omaha beach, Iwo Jima, and a way around ten world Pork icon Nell ten cozen reservoir. In one hundred rice patties and Jungles in a place called Vietnam. Under one such marker lies a young man, Martin A. Treetop, who left his job in a small town barber shop in 1917 to go to France with the famed rainbow division. There on the western front he was killed trying to carry a message between battalions under heavy artillery fire.

We are told that on his body was found a diary. On the fly leaf under the heading my pledge, he had written these words, " America must win this war, therefore I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure. I will fight cheerfully and do my most as if the issue of the whole struggle depended on me alone. "- We must realize that no arsenal or no weapon in the arsenal of the world is so formidable, as the will and moral courage of free men and

women, it is a weapon our adversary in today's world do not have. It is a weapon that we as Americans do have.

Let that be understood by those who practice terrorism and prey upon their neighbors. As for the enemies of freedom those who are potential adversaries they will be reminded that peace is the highest aspiration of the American people. We will negotiate for it, sacrifice for it, we will not surrender for it now or ever. We are Americans" So now the question comes up again, " what does it mean to you to be in the Air Force? " I can tell you it means more than just an escape. It means sticking up for those who can't fight back.

To defend what's right and just in the world. It means the ability to stare Armageddon straight in the eye and keep one's convictions that has been built upon Integrity first, service before self and excellence in all we do. It is who I am and who I aspire to become still. A goal that will force me to grow as a better person now and forever. To me, being an Airman is the closest thing to being a hero as one can become. Being in the Air Force means the world to me... Knows the time you ask yourself, what does it mean to you?