

NORMANDY

Excerpts

“Are you trying to kill’em” Sgt. Nichols screamed in anger. “That’s what we are here for....to kill or be killed” Pvt. Griffith replied.

“You may not be an agent but I’m convinced of one thing” Guy said. “What’s that” Earnest asked. “You, my man....were sent by God”.

“Earnest didn’t come to St. Andre and overnight decide to be who he is. That happen a long time ago. He’s the man, he was born to be” said First Sgt. Johnson.

“I went into Captain Donnelly’s office today and told him to his face, that if anybody lays their hand on my mama in South Carolina, he can have his damn army, orders or no orders, I’m going home” said P. F. C. McDonald. “I’ll be right behind you. My fight ain’t here in France. My fight is back home....in the states....in the streets....with King” said P. F. C. Haynes.

“For me....this part of France will always be America. It’s known as Normandy, home of the brave and land of the free. I’m proud and I’m sure Medgar (Evers) was proud to be a part of the Normandy Invasion during World War II” said Staff Sgt. Levander.

“Just think about it. They find Crowley dead in a hotel in Paris. A farmer finds Boatman’s body spread up and down railroad tracks and six of our guys are facing murder charges for killing Airman First Class Padgett” said Specialist 4 Vic. “Let’s not forget Medgar Evers” Earnest added. “Oh yes....he was part of the Normandy Invasion during World War II....landing right where we are standing....goes home and in less than 20 years, gets shot to death for something that was his birthright....freedom got damn it!

“Talk to me. What’s wrong” Earnest asked, bending over Amster. “They didn’t have to kill those little girls” Amster replied, looking up at Earnest with tears in his eyes. “He’s talking about the little girls in the church in Birmingham” Bradford added. “All I want to do is go home man. I don’t want to be here anymore” said P. F. C. Amster Meeks.

Earnest drove off towards the St. Andre base, completely overwhelmed by what had just happen. So much so that he pulled off to the side of the road. He wept and began thinking....I had to travel 3,500 miles for someone to refer to meas an American....not colored or black....but an American.

“Where’s he? Got dammit! Where is he” the sergeant asked. “How was I to know something was wrong with the jeep” Earnest asked. “I told you months ago that they were out to get you. This....St. Andre is their little playground. These white folks ain’t going to let you tear it down” he replied.

“Based on what you told me, I’d like to commend you on the way you’ve helped your fellow comrades” the captain said. “Thanks” Earnest replied. “It seems to me that you are a man with a mission, doing what a C. I. D. agent would do, without actually being given the assignment” said the captain. “This is something that just fell into my lap” Earnest said. “I don’t know about that. This could be something that God wants you to do” said Captain Cecil Moore, U. S. Air Force.

“Knowing what I know, there will definitely be a Balm in Gilead” the captain said, smiling. “I’m in total agreement sir, replied Earnest.

“I’m going home to the states. My services are no longer needed” Earnest replied. “Good! Perhaps they are needed by Dr. Martin Luther King” John said, smiling. “Perhaps” Earnest replied. “I wish the two of you well” said John, the French Coffee Shop Manager.

“From the first day Earnest set foot in St. Andre, the commander was suspicious of him. They had me and Guy Lee probing into his background” Sergeant Smith said. “What were they looking for” Ross asked. “Something, anything that would prove to them that Earnest was a C. I. D. agent. They couldn’t believe that he took it upon himself to expose their asses. Now they are talking about closing the base and moving the entire operation to Germany” Sergeant Smith said.

“Truth never damages a cause that is just” Mahatma Ghandi