

What Shipmate Meant This Morning

Description

Something beyond being “friends.”

It was the every other week opportunity to hang out with history. Being the “junior” one, I made a point to head out, despite the rain, to make sure I wasn’t the one walking in late. Turns out, arriving on time, I was the first one. Sat with coffee as a companion, watching them set up for breakfast, and then they began arriving. I asked the Admiral if he had considered it “below minimums.” he chuckled and about that time, more showed up.

The USNA Grad who invited me to this set of meetings, the other “Shoe” of the group showed, and after shaking hands around, asked where Rut was. Comments “not sure if he’s coming, maybe he met someone at a bar last night. Dick pulled out his cell phone and called. No answer. Dick looked concerned, then said “I’m heading over there.” One other noted “Maybe my joke about the bar wasn’t appropriate.” We (the group) isn’t a bunch of young, invulnerable LTs any more...some not by a lot, but, we can dream. So, the “normal” (only my second meeting) chatter begins, the orders are taken.

My cell rings: “his car is here, I’m headed to his door. Sat and Friday papers are here. Hang on...going in....no one here. Place is clean as a whistle....oh, crap....” Dick then described some evidence in the bathroom that things might not be so wonderful. Out the door, asked the security (gated community) guard if there had been any ambulance calls...not that I recall. then he told me he was calling the VA.

Dick walked back in about the time the breakfasts were arriving, and said. Yep...he’s at the VA. Drove himself, Dick admitted he had mis-IDed the car, and that the doctors had no idea what was wrong.

Short story, but it’s about reacting to that funny feeling, when your shipmate needs your help. Dick was eating, then was headed to the VA for support.

Anyhow, as I drove home, it sunk in. Few would have thought it out of place to pass it off as just sleeping in on a rainy day, but your shipmates know that you make that meeting, or tell them you won’t be there, so they head your way to find you. Change the venue, the story is the same.

That’s what “shipmate” has really meant to me, but this morning, I saw it in action, and I can put words to it.

Category

1. Navy

Tags

1. shipmate

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