

MY NAME IS DOC
Penned by Tom Bubb

I am just an average man like you.

My goals were pretty much the same as yours.

Maybe I was drafted, maybe I enlisted, whatever.

After boot camp I was sent to school to become a medic or corpsman, depending upon the branch of service I was in; And then into specialties.

They call me Doc, I gave you shots, drew blood, instructed to you in proper hygiene habits, foot care etc.

I was in the clinic, the lab, front desk, ward and field.

I treated you in the field, carried extra ammo for you.

Loaded you into Dustoff and/or Medevac choppers or planes.

I unloaded you at treatment facilities, carried you into the operating room or other treatment areas.

I took your x-rays, applied casts, bandages and issued meds, as well as therapy.

Sometimes I helped you write letters or read them to you, other times I just sat there and listened, or maybe even counseled you.

Some of you I knew better than the chaplain did.

There were many times when I was just as scared as you were.

I have no angel wings or superman cape, I'm no hero, I'm just one of the guys.
Like you, I had a job to do.

Thank you for letting me be there for you. Thank you for being there for me.

It was an exercise in teamwork.

Doc.