

EXERPT FOR BookTrib

“Oh my God!” Stella shouted.

“Help me, Hana! What did my daddy die for? Why did I lose my daddy? And so many others lose their loved ones?”

“He led his men to fight in battles against the enemy, to bring freedom to the oppressed in Afghanistan. He played soccer with their children. He sat down to enjoy modest dinners with many Afghan families. He did it all with a fervent hope of saving innocent lives . . . and bringing his team home, alive and unhurt.”

Stella, overwhelmed with grief, collapsed, hugging the baby in her womb. Hana caught her fall. Held Stella up, and hugged her. They sobbed uncontrollably over losing, years ago now, a beloved father and uncle, a son, and a husband. Army Captain Jedediah Young, like his buddies, and other soldiers in other wars, are the ultimate fighters and patriots for America. For freedom and justice for all.

Stella looked at Hana through eyes red and swollen with tears, “The war in Afghanistan really was a wrong war! Daddy, Daddy, I love you. Daddy, I miss you so much. And Mom does, too. Our whole family. Oh God!”
She sobbed uncontrollably.