

**From my heart! By Santjie White**

**I wish you could know what it is like  
to search for a burnt out wreck,  
With families clinging to a straw of hope,  
And you knowing instinctively what you will find,  
Tiny, broken little bodies,  
Only identifiable by DNA,  
And all you can offer is some sort of closure.**

**I wish you could comprehend  
a wife's/husband's/parent's/brother's/sister's/child's horror  
when a loved one's wreck is found,  
To check a pulse and none is found.  
And you pray to the Lord  
To give you the strength  
To break the news  
That will change lives forever!**

**I wish you could read my mind  
as I respond to a SAR call,  
Is this a real accident?  
is it just a non-cancelation of SAR?  
What was the weather like?  
How many people on board  
How many families  
How many friends and loved ones  
Will I be able to get there soon enough to find survivors?  
And give them back to their families alive!**

**I wish you could be in the ARCC when a wreck is found,  
With the broken little body of a baby girl, who will never  
Go on a first date or say the words "I love you Mommy"!**

**I wish you could know the frustration I feel when I  
Know where to find the downed aircraft, but the bad weather  
And terrain, just does not allow for the quickest means of getting to it.**

**I wish you could feel the apprehension,  
When you have precious volunteers –  
Who responds every time without fail  
Leaving behind families and loved ones.  
Walking side by side, in dark and misty places  
Hanging off endless ropes, in monstrous mountains.  
Flying endless patterns, up and down,  
They never ask anything – they just give!  
And without them – my world is empty.  
And every time they return back safely – I whisper a silent prayer.**

**I wish you could feel the hurt as people verbally abuse you,  
Or belittle what you do –  
or as they express  
Their attitudes of “It will never happen to me”**

**I wish you could realize the physical, emotional and mental drain,  
Of missed meals, lost sleep, and forgone social activities, in addition  
To all the tragedy my eyes have seen and my heart has felt.**

**I wish you could know the brotherhood and self-satisfaction of  
Having saved a life, or being able to be there in time of crisis,  
Or handing a downed Aviator safely back into the arms of loved ones!**

**I wish you could understand what it feels like to have a loved  
One asking “Is he/she OK?” not being able to hold back the tears,  
And not knowing what to say.**

**Unless you have lived with this kind of life, you will never truly  
Understand or appreciate who I am, or what my job really  
Means to me....**

**I wish you could though!  
Before you make that fatal decision!!!**

**When last have you.....by Santjie White**

**"When last have you.....**

**Slept 5 hours in 6 days**

**Because you were worried sick  
About precious missing Aviators**

**When last have you .....,**

**Missed proper meals  
Because you felt so guilty to have food  
Not knowing if your missing Aviators  
May be hungry and/or thirsty.  
And not making time to eat or drink  
Because time is of the essence.**

**When last have you.....**

**Had crews flying endless patterns  
And spotters getting sick to the stomach  
But never giving up.**

**When last have you.....**

**Flown thousands of search kilometers  
Without success and being  
Ripped apart by the armchair experts.**

**When last have you...**

**Prayed all night because you are  
Just so scared for the crews  
And just so sad for the families involved.**

**To some - this happens once in a lifetime.....**

**To us.....**

**When last have you?"**