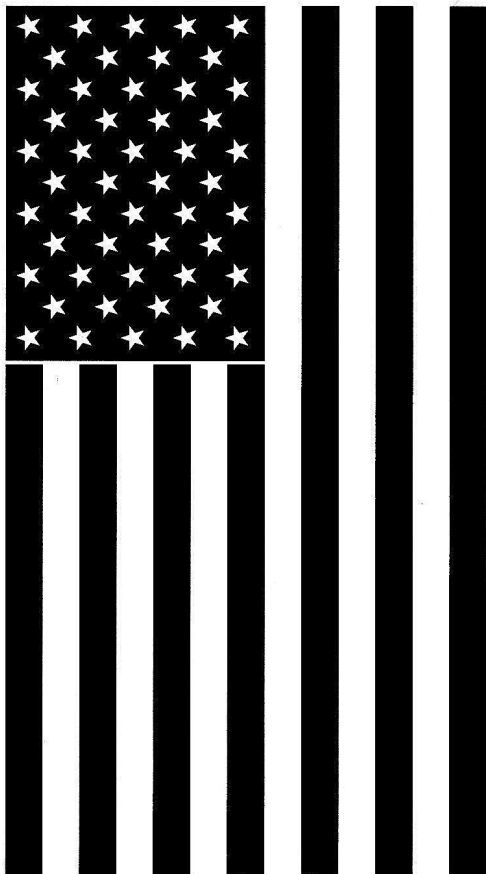

Sgt James W Reonas, 826 Sq

Sgt James William Reonas, 826 Sq. James William Reonas, Sr. was born February 10, 1923 in LaFayette, Georgia, the son of the late William Mack Reonas, Sr. and the late Charlsie Bernice Tinney Reonas. The family moved to the Mississippi Delta near Cleveland, Mississippi, when James was about 6 years old. He lived there until he joined the Army Air Force when he was 17 years old in 1940. He stayed in the service all through WWII serving as a Crew Chief on a B-24. He married Katie Mae Green in Mississippi on July 20, 1942. After the war they moved to Rome, GA where they lived until their deaths. Katie died on May 20, 1980. They are survived by three sons, SMSgt. Ronald Gene Reonas (Ret.) of Cocoa, FL, James William Reonas, Jr. of Riverdale, GA and Larry Douglas Reonas of Riverdale, GA. He also has 5 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. In the early 1980's he married Charlotte Mewborn of Rome, GA and they adopted two children. Charlotte preceded James in death in January, 1997.

He retired from General Electric in February of 1987 after having worked there for 33 years as an inspector of transformers. He also got his private pilot's license around the age of 50 and was very involved in the Civil Air Patrol in Rome, GA, and worked with young recruits in the CAP. He passed away on April 8, 1998. Cause of death was cardiopulmonary arrest due to gastrointestinal bleeding and myocardial infarction.

Sincerely
Sandra M Reonas



A Boy Meets God

From: RJA Tarheel via the Internet

This poem was found on the body of a nineteen-year-old American soldier in Vietnam.

Look God: I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say, "How do You do."

You see God, they told me You did not exist;
And, like a fool, I believed all of this.

Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky;
I figured right then they had told me a lie.

Had I taken the time to see the things You made,
I would know they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You would shake my hand;
Somehow, t feel that You will understand.

Strange, I had to come to come to this hellish place.
Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I am sure glad, God, I met You today.

I guess the zero hour will soon be here,
But I am not afraid since I know You are near.

The signal - well, God, I will have to go;
I love you lots, this I want you to know.

Looks like this will be a horrible fight;
Who knows, I may come to your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly with you before, I wonder,
God, if you would wait at the door.

Look, I am crying, me shedding tears!
I wish I had known you these many years.

Well, I will have to go now, God.
Goodbye - Strange, since I met you,

I am not afraid to die.