

Carving a New Routine

George: I thought I was just doing my duty. When I got back, while waiting for my connection, I was spit on. I was ridiculed. I settled down where there was nobody around. With my PTSD, I tried drowning it in alcohol.

Name's George. Army, and I served from '67 through '70 MOS, welder, blacksmith. Went to Western University in Silver City. My intention was to be a industrial art teacher, woodworking. I was failing out. I was flunking out of school. The draft board called me up, put me in uniform. Two years in Germany, and then one year in Vietnam. I ended up at the VA hospital. This facility here in Albuquerque is outstanding. I went in open minded. I knew I had to do something. My body was shutting down. The most effective tool that the VA hospital offered me was recognizing the trigger points. I had all that anxiety built up. To me, it was important to sit in a peer group and just talk about your experiences.

Going through their initial counseling, I adapted art. That was my self-inflicted therapy. I've developed quite a spiritual outlook on life. Look for some happiness.

The sculptor was commissioned by Vietnam veterans of America. Never again will one generation of veterans abandon another. I have two daughters. We clashed for many, many years. It's now starting to heal and we can communicate honestly. And I think that's very important with all human beings. Working with a veteran is happiness for me. Having somebody saying, "Hey, welcome home," to you. "You are a human. Thank you for what you did. Now, let's move on with life."



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