

June 2, 2015

Never Forgotten Honor Flight
P.O. Box 1554
Wausau, WI 54402-5056

Gentlemen:

I thought you might like to see this letter written by my wife.

It was published in "The Lakeland Times" of Minocqua on June 2, 2015.

The article "The Milestone Flight" was published a few weeks ago, on their front page, and was an article with pictures about the local veterans who had just returned from Honor Flight # 20.

The article was well written and included a vivid hour-by-hour description of the experiences of the veterans - - but did not mention the parts enjoyed by the invited spouses.

Sincerely yours,



Harry Griswold
Honor Flight # 11 - - not # 22 per typo.



Letters To The Editor

A grand experience recounted

Joe Keller ©2015 neverforgotten.com

To the Editor:

Thank you for running the article and pictures on "The Milestone Flight," by Brian Jopek.

As the wife of a veteran who was on the Never Forgotten Honor Flight #22 in 2013, I would like to add a few more features of the flight from the experience of one of the attending spouses — to illustrate the thoughtfulness of the volunteer Never Forgotten Flight Board.

Arriving in the parking lot of the Howard Johnson, we were greeted by uniformed Boy Scouts who carried our luggage to the reception desk and on to our room, provided by the board. We noticed a patriotic poster made by a local elementary school student on every room door.

Before the banquet, we were invited to the "canteen" to be met by our guardian, who escorted us to our table for the banquet. Every spouse received a corsage.

The buses that took the veterans to the airport, at a very early hour, also took the ladies to see their spouses off. Pastries, fresh fruit and coffee were served at the airport. And when the plane taxied to the runway, it passed through an arch of water provided by fire trucks on each side.

Then the buses returned the ladies to

the motel where they were treated to a complete breakfast, an opportunity to go shopping (of course) and lunch and tour of the Yawkey Museum.

When the flight was due to return, the buses took us to the airport. When we arrived, the airport was filled with people, many with balloons and welcoming cards, a band, and what seemed like at least 10 color guards.

We were seated in a reserved area right next to the runway entrance, to be the first to greet our returning heroes.

It was raining, but a squad of motorcyclists escorted our buses back to the motel for a second night as guests of the board.

I would be remiss in mentioning every experience we and our spouses enjoyed was paid for by the Never Forgotten Flight Board, all of whose funds come from donations by businesses, individuals, philanthropic and patriotic organizations.

Because of the amount of honor flight news in the media lately, friends have asked my husband about his experience.

He is glad to tell them about it, and does it very well.

And the memories still brings a tear to his eye.

Mary Griswold
Woodruff



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A terrible tragedy