

Monday Maritime Matters

Description

Just a short one today.

This is about the sea, but in a different way. [Neptunus Lex went to sea with a "Band of Bloggers."](#) He flew in the back of a C-2 Greyhound "COD"™, as their guide around a very foreign environment to them.

But that's not the point.

When he returned, he put up [a one line post](#). In the comments, FbL wondered how his return "home" was. Response from others, those who has spent a life at sea, flowed, not even from Lex. The most pertinent one, in my opinion, was from "Mongo":

12 Mongo says:
May 30, 2009 at 10:07 pm

Rooted ever so deeply in amongst the heart strings, never to be extricated from the depths of the soul, are the memories of such a large portion of one's lifetime.

However gray the hair atop one's head, the memories remain as black and white as they ever were!

Yeah, Tim, someone else has the watch now. But let them turn their head for even a second and we'd be back in the game. Forever in the blood!

Well said.

The longing doesn't leave, that of a vocation that became an avocation and later, a passion, somewhere along the way, and the thought of sailing no more, on a ship, across the wide oceans, while heading somewhere with deadly purpose, or returning from a mission to the home ashore, is something many prefer to pretend it doesn't have to come for them or me, as was the case. And once that time comes, many will also stand ready, to answer a call to return, for it is a longing that is a pull unlike many others.

Category

1. Navy

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