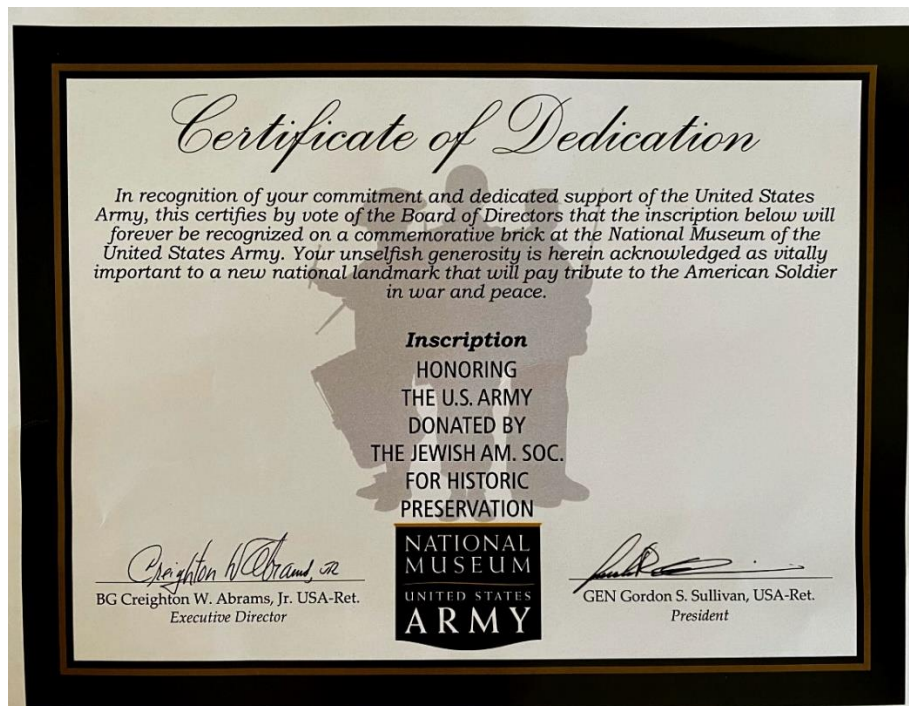


The Forgotten Thank You



We count the days of our self-imposed quarantine to fend out the invisible enemy that kills. If we are fortunate to have a loved one with us to share our anxieties, our fears, and hopes, during this period of Coronavirus mayhem, we are blessed. It makes it a bit easier.

Is the roof still over our heads? Even if the rent is late or the mortgage payment deferred, we are not out in the cold on the street in the rain, the wind or the heat.

We turn on our T.V.s. We open our computers. We pick up our cell phones. A pizza miraculously appears at the front door.

We think of those less fortunate. We think of those who bravely, with steadfast duty and dedication, have faced the enemy down, even at the real risk at times of their own lives, in the hospitals, our medical lions. Time and again, though not enough times and again, we think to say thank you with admiration to the myriads of unnamed, unknown health care workers around the country keeping our loved ones and sometimes ourselves alive from the silent enemy.

There are many we have not thanked. The obvious ones we can see, the police, the fire, the sanitation workers, the cable guy, the electric company or water company worker, the truck driver, maybe we give them a passing acknowledgement. Maybe we say a prayer with the Hamotzi before dinner for all those keeping the country functioning, or we would all go crazy.

But there is a forgotten Thank you. We don't see them; they are rarely seen on the street. They are the watchers on the wall. They are the ones, far away from us, thousands upon thousands of miles away, standing watch, far from their family, their home, doing their silent duty looking into the scary night. They stand the cold, wet wall across from the DMZ, they service the ships upon the seas and the vessels deep under. They squeeze into cockpits and fly the skies. They crowd into uncomfortable steel tanks or patrol the road with only a rifle and prayer in their hands.

They too, like us, have mortgages, families they would far prefer to be sitting next to, comforting, protecting if needed. But they don't.

While we are social distancing and awaiting all-clear to play golf with the defeat of the silent Covid enemy, they will remain on the walls watching.

The men and women, all volunteers, of our defense forces are out there for us and will remain out there for us as we socialize again at dinner in a favorite restaurant, each table six feet apart.

I, the Jewish American Society for Historic Preservation, JASHP, and many others, have added our shekels to the help our neighbors funds caught in the tragic grips of the shutdowns.

How do we say thank you to the watchers on the wall?

In our small way, JASHP is enduringly saying thank you to the watchers. At Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, Marine and Submarine Museums, places of memory, sacrifice and history, we have offered our support identically. JASHP has placed pavers of acknowledgement and recognition to the watchers on the walls who rarely are given thank yous.

All of us can do the same if we choose. The cost is not great for most. It does require effort and will.

JASHP donated a large paver to the National Museum of the United States Army. What matters someday is a veteran, maybe a veteran and their family, will see the inscription on the paver. They will know they were not forgotten by those of us behind the wall.

Inscription:

**Honoring
The U.S. Army
Donated By
The Jewish Am. Soc.
For Historic
Preservation**

**Jerry Klinger is president of the Jewish American Society for Historic
Preservation.
www.JASHP.org**