

It's February 13th 1945, it's been a little over two years, I think in my head after waking up from the cold, damp night. At this point I am ready to call it quits and go home but I know it's not time yet. I keep telling myself just one day at a time. It won't be much longer and I'll be back home in my bed, with all my friends and family around the fire. I miss seeing that big smile on my mom's face that is slowly fading away from me, but pulling out that picture of her and I when I was younger both so happy, always brings it back to me. Ah those were the days, I think. I hear the sound of bombs, guns and artillery being shot off while taking a deep breath and inhaling a lot of smoke. My heart skips a beat as the noises seemed to get louder and louder; you would think I would be used to it by now, but I still have those moments where I get really scared and just try not to show it.

After stuffing down some beans and a cup of warm coffee it is time to head out, just like any other day. It is cloudy but surprisingly mild so I'm not as layered as I usually am. As I kiss my little red stoned heart that I keep in my pocket and check to make sure I have my pictures and special note I always keep on me, I start making my way to the M10 to load the gun. By no surprise there is heavy mortaring and a lot of infantry in the area. When we leave the sight, all I can think about is that there is something wrong, something about today just doesn't feel right.

When I am just about done cleaning the gun, I hear a quick booming sound. There is an echo for about 5 seconds after and I then realize a bazooka had been shot off. It seemed like it was right beside me because it was so loud, yet on the other side of the field was Sargent Roy Middlemass on the ground, who had been hit. In my head I was ready to drop everything and go help. For one of the first times since being here I shed a tear, knowing one of my best friends could be dead. I got so sick to my stomach. I hop off the tank and was just about to sprint over to help, when suddenly my corporal steps in front of me, putting his hand on my chest, pushing me back towards the tank and demanding: "Let's go, we're going to find out where that came from; for Roy." I take his order and rush back to the tank as I am told.

Once everyone is in the tank, we head over to this old, abandoned house. I'm nervous now, knowing they aren't afraid to fire at any time. My heart is racing, but what else is new? We seem to be getting pretty close to this house, almost too

close I thought. All of a sudden a German tank appears from behind the house; I knew something was up. Everything started to get really loud, screams and demands coming left and right; I just keep telling myself to keep calm and don't panic, keep calm and do not panic. I've been through worse; I can do this. And before I know it we had already fired at the Panzer. I quickly peek my head up to see if we had struck their tank.

Private Guy Francis Wilbur MacKnight was born on January 18th, 1921 in New Jersey, New Brunswick. His bright blue eyes and short dark hair really shined through his good looks and great personality. Even though he was shy at times he was capable of just about anything. He was smarter than most, even after dropping out of school at 14 years old. His father, Frank Joseph MacKnight, inspired him and showed him a lot of what he was good at like fishing, farming and lumbering. But when his father died on November 20th, 1929 Guy and his half-brothers; Douglas, Walter and Earnest kept the love of his hobbies going within the family. The person he looked up to and respected the most was his mom, Ellen Elizabeth MacKnight. She was this everything and more. But when his love and passion for the army took over, before he knew it he was fighting to create peace.

On that day, February 13th 1945, at the exact moment he looked up to see whether they had hit the German tank, a mortar bomb directly hit the gun shield where he had looked up. Guy's life had flashed before his eyes and his short life abruptly ended serving his country. May he rest in peace and let his young soul never be forgotten. (Lay picture down on grave)