

Window to the Words, **Part III: Revelation**

On June 8, 2008, my brother Kevin was struck by an IED that was intentionally positioned to cause harm. How then can it be called an accident? I have had difficulty giving this event a name. Accident? Incident? Tragedy? What do you call an event that changes one's life forever? *Life's Detours* is a result of questioning the term for a life-altering event.

Struck by how relieving the wind felt on one particular morning, it seemed to provide just the comfort I needed. Reflecting on how soothing yet destructive one force can be, I composed *Wind*. I was captivated by how something in nature could be so calming at one time and yet so threatening at another.

Shadows came to me on a bright sunny day. Catching a quick glimpse of my shadow, I suddenly realized its importance. I began to think about shadows and their significance. Although dark and distorted, they are reassuring. With regards to the military, I thought that shadows served a greater purpose. For shadows symbolized life and existence. In the dark, shadows are lost and reality can be questioned. But when visible, a shadow (regardless of the size or clarity) reflects hope, light, and life.