

I prefer “see you soon!”

Just last week I was talking with the girls on [Army Wife Talk Radio](#) about the experiences we have had as Army wives. We talked about our first impressions and how those impressions have changed through experiences and years. One of the things my good friend Sarah said to me when we were talking was that the best part of being an Army wife was the friends and family that you made along the way.

That got us both talking about our shared experiences back in the day at Fort Hood. She was a military girlfriend when I met her. My husband and her husband attended Officer’s Basic Course (OBC) together and ironically lived up the street from us at the time. I can’t recall the very first moment that I met her, but I do remember many great times. One of our favorite things to do was to play cards. I remember many nights when the guys were in the field or otherwise detained that Sarah and I would stay up until the wee hours of the morning playing SkipBo. We’d talk and play and play some more. I think each of us secretly worried the other one was so tired and sick of playing but really we were both thinking “one more round?” I had just given birth to Wrena, our first daughter, and Sarah and I would eat dinner, play cards, and laugh at Wrena as she lay on her boppy pillow and made funny noises and faces while she slept.

Then there was Thanksgiving. There was never a holiday that any of us spent alone even if we didn’t get to go home and visit our families. Every Thanksgiving we were at Fort Hood we stayed on post for the holiday. To this day they were the best Thanksgivings I have ever celebrated. We’d have at least ten of us together. We’d split up the food and “duties” and we’d have one heck of a celebration at our house. Since we lived so close we’d fire up all the ovens. Sarah’s husband can bake (and carve) one mean turkey! It was always a day full of laughter, fun, and football.

In the years since, we have obviously left Fort Hood. I remember standing there the day the movers pulled away and crying my eyes out because I had made such good friends there, started a family there, and loved our house we lived in. I never thought I’d ever find anything the same. Quite frankly I haven’t found the same, but I have found even more. We have wonderful friends in every location we’ve been to now. The Thanksgivings aren’t the same but other holidays can compare, and we’re always having a great time together. Friendships and families have been built and even extended because of the relationships we have already formed.

Ironically, Sarah and I lost touch for a few years in between Fort Hood and now. We just recently touched base again when she stumbled across [Army Wife Talk Radio](#) and started participating. Though I never forgot her, it is wonderful to actually get to talk to her on a daily basis again. There’s nothing like a great friend you can always relate to. I don’t get to play cards until 2 a.m. but I’m looking forward to it when we meet again. And guess what? We’re both very excited that it won’t actually be too far off.

There really are no goodbyes in the Army. As big as it is, there is always a very good chance you’ll see the same person again. I prefer to think of it as “see you soon.”