

Who Am I?

Name: Lawrence "Kent" Hubbell
Arrived RVN: November 1966
Joined 2/22nd: April 1967
Left RVN: November 1967
Company: B--Platoon: 2nd



Lawrence "Kent" Hubbell 1945-1990

[Click here for Marci's Tribute Page for her father](#)

My dad passed at the young age of 45 from a logging accident when I was almost 16 years old. Obviously, this was a very traumatic event in my life--"life changing" as they'd say. When I hear "traumatic," however, I can't help but think of my dad's experience in Vietnam and all that he and his buddies went through while over there. To me that's "traumatic" and "life changing."

My dad rarely talked about his time in the war, possibly because young kids didn't need to hear all the details or maybe because he himself wanted to forget. Whatever the reason, he is gone now and I will never know his story. That is why I have been trying to track down those that might have served with him. I want to get a glimpse into that part of his life. This may seem strange to some, but I'm so very proud of his service and all the men who fought in the war, and I want to keep not only his memory alive but also keep the Vietnam War veterans in the forefront of America's mind. ALL veterans really.

I have pictures and slides of his time over there and the military records I had sent to me. These are great treasures, but they don't tell the stories and experiences. I think they need to be told. I believe even though it was over four decades ago it still matters. As does the World Wars, Korea, and on and on.

I'm supposed to write about what my dad meant to me or something like that. I wish I could go on about some bravery or a great battle, but I can't, and now that I write this I realize that may not even be what's important. I knew the man who was a "veteran" and tried to bury Vietnam from his life when he came home. This was a piece of my dad's life that although he tried to forget, I'm pretty sure shaped a part of him into the dad I knew...loved...and miss terribly.

It comes to me now that my dad was only one of a few people to pass in my life and many men in the war lost scores of friends...brothers...comrades. What grief to carry and from my personal experience a grief that never truly disappears. That is why it is important to have these online groups and reunions. This is still very real for many. I can't speak for any one of them as of course I was not there, but I feel a connection somehow through my dad, his memory, and the pictures I'm so lucky to have.

All I know is that my dad was a great father, husband, son, brother, uncle, and more. Many letters we received when he passed talked about all the kindness he showed towards others, helping those who were in need, always giving things away, volunteering, and being a great provider and supporter of his family. He taught me to love God, treat others the way I want to be treated, never to think I'm better than someone else, appreciate what I have and not to envy what I don't, be thankful for all my blessings, and so much more.

I loved my daddy and wish so badly that he could be here to hug, kiss, laugh with, talk to, see his grandkids, and maybe even find some of his buddies from Vietnam to talk to. I am thankful there are those who are willing to embrace me as family and care about my dad even though it was over 40 years ago he served and 20 since he passed away. It touches me to hear genuine appreciation from them, and I'm so excited to share what small things I have to contribute.

This is not just a tribute to my father but a thank you to all who served (and currently serve). You are my heroes and to me YOU are family. Keep telling your stories and sharing your lives. It IS appreciated. People DO care. This CANNOT be forgotten. Be proud. You deserve it.

All my love and respect,

Marcelle Ehrhart – McMinnville, OR