

That Fateful Flight

Boom! The battleship had opened fire! It was another baking hot October day in the middle of the Gulf War, and David, Erik, and Andrew were on a tracking flight in a Sea King helicopter when a sudden explosion rocked the helicopter and it lost altitude. The next thing David knew his best friend Erik was hanging onto the edge of the helicopter! "Noooo!" David yelled and ran to help Erik but it was too late: The wind had been too strong and David's best friend was falling toward the dark water of the Persian Gulf!

It started on the 23rd of August when David Moore met up with his friend, Erik, at the Halifax Harbour to board the HMCS Protecteur to depart for the Persian Gulf. They talked for a few minutes while David's green eyes scanned the harbour until they finally rested on the supply ship. They headed off, and a man helped them aboard. He introduced himself as Andrew, the man they would work with, tracking Iraqi vessels.

When they arrived in the Persian Gulf, they were informed that the most helpful place for them was in the danger zone in the Central Gulf. They commenced operations on October 1st. They made many tracking flights and risked their lives many times, but the flight David would never forget was one when he barely made it back and his friend sacrificed his life.

On that fateful October morning David, Erik, and Andrew took off in their helicopter and found the battleship they were tracking. Erik plotted where it was so they could keep track of it and estimate where it was going.

Suddenly they heard the boom of cannons and the whoosh as a shell went flying past them. The battleship had opened fire on them! They heard an explosion as their Sea King was hit. For a second it seemed to just float there, and then it plummeted!

"There must be some debris stuck in the rotor! I'll fix it!" Erik yelled and before anyone could stop him he had opened the door and clambered onto the side of the helicopter. They could see him having trouble holding on. The next thing they knew Erik was slipping! David ran to the open door and reached out for Erik but all he got was something Erik was holding up. Then he watched in horror as Erik plunged to his death. Still, in shock, he eventually noticed what Erik had been holding: it was a piece of shrapnel! He hadn't even realized the rotor was spinning again and Andrew was piloting them to safety. Erik had saved them!

David knew no matter how many medals he earned or how long he lived he would never forget Erik, the friend who saved his life in the Persian Gulf, just like the many men and women who saved the lives of their brothers-in-arms and the freedom of those at home in countless wars throughout history.