

TROUTVILLE Tidbits



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Volume 1, Issue 9

November 2008



"A Humble Hero"
In Memory Of Our Dad - Roscoe H. Duncan
September 1, 1922 - August 4, 2008

Most residents of the town of Troutville knew our Dad as a bib-overall wearer, good neighbor, friend and one of the Hardees regular gang. Little did they know they were in the presence of a "True Life American Hero."

Dad enlisted in the Army when he was 16 (yes, he fibbed about his age). He left Floyd, VA to see the world and find a career. Dad met our Mom, Kitty, when they were very young. There was a seven-year age difference between them, and at that time he thought of her as a little girl. When he returned from World War II, he saw our Mom and asked her out on a date. After a two-week courtship, our history and a 49-year marriage began. Mom was taken home to our Lord on June 28, 1998; Daddy lost his best friend.

Growing up as an "Army-Brat" can be rough. Sometimes we moved more than seven times a year. Some of us children went to 15 different elementary schools; there were too many address to name. I have to say Dad always made sure we were happy wherever we lived, and had all that we needed. We saw more as children and young adults than most people see in a lifetime. He always stopped to show us historic and important places in our country and foreign ones. We traveled from the famous Route 66 to Germany's Autobahn.

Dad was our hero. It didn't matter to us that he had many medals, awards, and honors - Silver Stars, Bronze Stars, WWII Victory Medal, Five Purple Hearts - the list goes on and on. After Daddy passed away, we found pages and pages of honors he never even mentioned. He was a humble hero. He was in the 11th, 101st and 82nd Airborne. But he was most proud of being a member of the Special Forces, receiving the highest honor of the 187th Rakkaasan Shimban Combat Jump Unit. This was the unit he was with during the night raid of Bataan - he helped rescue 500 prisoners of war.

Our Dad had many combat wounds during his Army years. He never complained about his job; he considered it an honor to serve his country. He loved his career, easy or hard. But our Dad loved the more difficult path during his Army career...he loved being a soldier. And all of us (his children) loved the Army life also. Mom was definitely an Army Wife; she would follow Dad anywhere.

He was our "Daddy" - our hero with or without awards or medals. He didn't need to wear them on his chest for us; most of us didn't even know all he did for his country until later years. In the last few years, he started talking about his past. The tales he told us - some made us laugh and others made us cry.

Dad never thought of himself as a hero; he was a "good-old country boy" from Floyd, Virginia. He helped and provided for his family, neighbors and friends with all he had.....the biggest heart that we have ever seen!

As a father, no one could have been better. When we succeeded, he rejoiced with us. And when we failed, it didn't make him love us any less; he knew we had the strength to move forward after heart breaks. I can hear him saying now, "Move on and be happy."

On this Veterans Day, think of "Our Greatest Generation", and all they sacrificed for our country. Veterans Day is not about politics, politicians, gas prices or elections. The day is about our families - our military families.

Thank a Veteran for their service. Keep them in your heart and prayers, because they are all "American Heroes".

We love and miss you Daddy!!!!
Memories Compiled by the Duncan Children
Written by Jill D. Crofton

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