

Coming Home...

By Marnie Gustavson

From 1965 to 1979 the American International School of Kabul (AISK) on Daruluman Road was home to hundreds of international students from first to twelfth grade. School days at our campus during the "golden years" of Afghanistan were the best years of our lives. We all grew up in a kinder and gentler Afghanistan. With its small population, clean air and vibrant economy, Kabul was the place to be. So, having lived our childhoods in Afghanistan, it will always seem like home.

Today, some of us are back...helping to rebuild the Afghan dream.

In 1965, when I was nine years old, my family moved to Afghanistan from the United States. A few months after our arrival my mother wrote home, "Gradually the strangeness of this country is becoming familiar...The mountains continue to overwhelm us with their starkness, size and beauty...the moon and stars are especially vivid in the simplicity of this country.

