



Mom, my little sister and me as a teenager....



Marnie

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We find the people are handsome, rugged, curious and hospitable. We are so far from home but find a great deal in common; we have much to see and learn. Our initial shock upon arrival has faded and we are fully engaged in this adventure in Afghanistan."

When I was ten (1966) I wrote this letter home to my grandparents:

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I don't know where to start; there is so much to tell you about rioting. Well, here they are rioting because the students of Kabul don't want the prime minister that was elected at the election. This was their very first election in Kabul. Anyway, it was terrible we don't really know how many were killed but it was between 40 and 200 students, not grown-ups, students and the king's son was shot but not really killed. Well, that's all

on rioting except that they had the Afghan army and police.

I miss you. I miss you. I miss you.

That year, I met another little girl on the AISK school bus. For the next three years, Dawn Erickson and I were best friends in this strange country, an experience we were never to forget. Forty years later, Dawn and I find ourselves living in Kabul again and working together in our foster country where our memories of childhood before the many wars give us a long-term perspective on Afghanistan. Dawn's husband, Jim Springer, a geologist who is an AISK graduate has joined her.

As we walk through our old neighborhood in Karte Se, and remember the faces of friends we have lost, we see a past that young Afghans who grew up during war time cannot imagine. It is a bitter sweet experience, as for many people