

Winds of Peace

Newsletter for Madison Quakers Projects in Viet Nam
October 2005



Issue #12

Going Back—Tet Holiday

by Mike Boehm

Chuc Mung Nam Moi: “Happy New Year.”

This mantra-like phrase is repeated often during Tet holiday by Vietnamese and their foreign friends wishing each other a happy new year, prosperity, good health, and good luck. Tet Nguyen Dan, the first day of the Vietnamese lunar year as well as the first day of spring, arrives each year between January 21 and February 19 according to the solar calendar. It is Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving and birthday all rolled into one uber holiday for which the Vietnamese prepare weeks in advance. Tet is a time for reunion, renewal and reconciliation. Debts are paid, old grievances are put aside, one's faults are corrected, others are forgiven their faults so that the new year is started with a clean slate.

More than once, Tet holiday in Viet Nam has played a significant role in my life. In 1968 I arrived in Viet Nam in late January, just days before Tet Mau Than, now known as the “1968 Tet Offensive.” Unbeknownst to me, I had arrived at an historic moment of the war between our two countries. During the 1968 Tet holiday, the Viet Cong launched a coordinated attack against more than 100 cities, including the attack and brief occupation of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon. Up to that point the American people had been led to believe there was “light at the end of the tunnel” and the end of the war was near. These attacks so shocked the American people that support for the war melted away, and the 1968 Tet holiday is now known as the turning point that led to the end of the war in Viet Nam.

I knew none of this at the time, of course. I only knew that I was in a very strange place that smelled. My first duty assignment was in Dau Tieng, a satellite base for the 25th Infantry Division, located in a Michelin rubber plantation. I remember, my first night there, laying on top of a bunch of sand bags on the inner perimeter, listening to bullets whipping through the trees above me. Coming

from a small town in rural Wisconsin, my life had not prepared me for what was to come during the ensuing year. I lived a somewhat schizophrenic existence during that year, working in an office during the day and hiding in a bunker at night while we were bombarded with mortars and rockets.

Thirty years later, in 1998, Tet holiday provided the critical breakthrough in my relationships with the Women's Union, People's Committees and other organizations in Quang Ngai Province with whom I had been working for the previous three years. When Phan Van Do and I first met in early 1995, and for the following three years, police and security forces watched us very carefully. Whenever Do and I traveled to My Lai or to any of our other projects, Ms. Hai Van, a young woman who worked for security,

accompanied us. Her job was to monitor everything we did, especially my actions, and to give daily reports to her superiors. At the end of the day the three of us would return to my hotel for coffee or tea, and then she would leave to prepare the evening meal for her family. Almost immediately, Do would leave, apologizing to me saying he couldn't be seen alone with me for more than a few minutes. And, of course, I certainly could not visit him at his home. I was not offended by any of this. I knew all too well our history with Viet Nam, and I respected the mandate of the security forces to protect their people. Years later, Do told me he always expected me to walk away. He had seen so many other NGO representatives quit in frustration that he expected me to do the same.

All of this changed, however, after Tet holiday in 1998. On the third day of Tet, Do persuaded the ranking members of the Quang Ngai Province Women's Union to invite me to their homes for a visit. After some consultation among themselves, they agreed. I immediately reciprocated by inviting all of them and their families



to My Khe beach in the afternoon. So during the morning I was taken to each of the women's homes for a brief visit and meal and in the afternoon we all piled into a passenger bus and headed to the beach. There we spent the afternoon eating, toasting each other, singing and laughing. From that time on, my relationships with the Women's Union, and especially with the security forces, changed dramatically.

Over the years I have been drawn more and more deeply into the lives of Do and his wife Ngon's immediate and extended families. The next Tet holiday I celebrated in Viet Nam, I was taken by Do to the graves of his ancestors, which we could not have done previous to the breakthrough of 1998 Tet holiday. As Do prayed and offered incense to his ancestors, he also introduced me to them as another member of the family. He then instructed me in how to offer incense to his ancestors. As I bowed to them, my prayer included my feelings of being part of their family and my respect for Do for his efforts in working for peace and helping the poor.

Ngon's extended family has become the focal point for most family gatherings. They live in Tinh Hoa village, which is located just a few miles north of My Lai. There we celebrate the joys and sorrows of the family member's lives. It was there that Ngoan, Ngon's younger brother, while talking to me about being a member of the family said, "When I fall down you pick me up; when you fall down I pick you up." It was there that Do asked me last year if I would be the godfather for his granddaughter and if I would allow them to name her after me. (Vietnamese people cannot pronounce the 'k' in Mike and so have called me Mr. Mai all these years. Mai is a name for men and women in Viet Nam.)

This year I arrived in Noi Bai airport the day before Tet and was met by Do. He had already booked our flight to Da Nang

and so, jet-lagged and sleep deprived, I continued with him to Da Nang where we hired a car and drove to Quang Ngai town. For the next three days we celebrated Tet there. As in years before, these three days were a blur, a montage of "eating Tet" with family, friends and strangers, all of whom stopped by unannounced, as we in turn stopped by their homes unannounced.

Tet holiday sets the tone for the ongoing efforts by the people of Viet Nam to strengthen relationships throughout the rest of the year. These "ties that bind" permeate all relationships in Viet Nam and are vital for the emotional health of the people. Being a foreigner, I will never enter as deeply into the lives of my family and friends in Viet Nam as I would if I were Vietnamese. But I have found over the years that I need my family there to give me strength in the face of the wrenching emotional consequences of working in Viet Nam. More than once over the years my family there has "picked me up," as I hope I have "picked them up."



Mike with god daughter Le Mai.



A Buddhist monk looks on as I "shake the sticks." My Vietnamese family has been very concerned for me over the years because I have not yet married. So, three years ago, they took me to Thien An pagoda (located between Quang Ngai town and My Lai) to pray, burn incense and then shake the bamboo sticks. Each bamboo stick has a number and symbol on it. The cup is shaken until just one stick falls out. The monk then led me to meet with the Master of the pagoda who took one look at the stick and asked me what my question was. When I asked him when I would get married, he looked at the stick again and said, "Within one year."

The efforts that Phan Van Do and I have put into relationship-building all these years has been important for better understanding between Do and I, between our various partners and in a broader sense for better understanding between our two countries. Building relations also has its practical side.

We had been receiving requests from the Tu Nghia District Women's Union for the last few years for a computer, printer, and software so they could better administer the growing number of villages with loan fund programs. Neither Do nor I are trained in computers so we didn't know what was the best solution to their request, what was the best computer, appropriate software and so on.

This year Do contacted our friend Ly Van Ngoan. Ngoan is the director of Dung Quat Center for Informatics Technology Training and Development, which teaches young Vietnamese students the specialized English necessary for using computers. Over the years he has asked me to speak to his classes so they could hear a native English speaker. Do and I have also celebrated Tet holiday with him and his family a number of times. All of this has helped create a close relationship with Ngoan and so, when Do called him from my hotel earlier this year to ask for his suggestions about an appropriate computer and software, he responded immediately. He was in a car when Do reached him. When he hung up, he called two of his former students to come to my hotel to meet with us. The relationship between teacher and student is very strong, so Ngoan's students dropped what they were doing, installing programs for an important Ministry of the provincial government, and came to meet with us. As they listened to Do explain our needs, they began taking notes, and by the end of the next day had bought the appropriate equipment and software and had installed it for the Tu Nghia District Women's Union.

This kind of weaving together of lives creates an intricate network where people lean on each other and call on each other for assistance. As a result of all these years of relationship-building we, the Madison Quakers, have become a part of the warp and weft of the weaving that is the structure of Vietnamese life.



Renowned Vietnamese folksinger, _____, entertains at Tet holiday gathering.

One particular Tet holiday some years ago brought out the surreal aspects of the meeting of East and West. A few years ago Do and I were celebrating Tet holiday with Mrs. Tuyet, at the time Vice-Chair of the Quang Ngai Province Women's Union, and her family in Quang Ngai town. In the next room but within view of the all of us sitting at the table was a television airing the Guinness Book of World Records program.

As we sat around the table, eating Tet holiday food and sharing traditions that were thousands of years old, we also watched television. A young man on the television show snorted milk up his nose and squirted it out his eye, another man guided a tarantula into his mouth and held it there until he had the record, and finally a young man stripped to his shorts to push his body through a tennis racket.

The TV program proved to be a minor distraction, and we all went back to our traditional Tet meal when it was over. Americans who care for the people of Viet Nam have expressed concern that the Vietnamese will be swallowed completely by their desire for western goods and western ways.

However, for more than 3,000 years the people of Viet Nam have been conquered (once for one thousand years by China), and yet they have always retained their cultural identity.

Letters

In keeping with this newsletter's purpose to educate and promote discussion, we will print not only letters which support our work, but also letters critical of this work. We request that all letters be signed by the writer.

November 18, 2004

Dear Friends:

I am writing to express my appreciation for the work you and Mike Boehm are doing for peace in Viet Nam. Several days ago I met Mike and watched his slide presentation at the La Jolla Friends meeting house (7380 Eads Ave., La Jolla, CA 92037-5034). The peace park, the loan funds, and the Sisters Meeting Sisters program are all particularly inspiring parts of your work. I was also happy to see you honoring Rachel Corrie for her sacrifice in Palestine and making an effort to help ethnic minorities in Vietnam as well—it shows an integrity and consistency in your approach.

Your work is extremely important because you are providing a model for those who have been engaged in fighting (or supporting the fighting, which includes everyone in the U.S. who pays taxes) to heal those ancient wounds. There are new wounds accruing at this moment in the new Viet Nam War in Iraq, perhaps the new My Lai in Fallujah; so working for peace is as important now as ever. I wish I had known about someone doing similar work as yours when I was younger. Reading many books about Viet Nam in the early 1980s influenced my decision as a teenager to join the U.S. Marine Corps. I served on active duty as a lieutenant during the 1991 Gulf War. Although I did not go to the Middle East, friends did, and during the buildup and early phase of the fighting, I fully expected to be sent in as a replacement. As someone formerly trained to fight, I am now striving for peace.

It is so inspiring hearing about former enemies meeting one another, becoming friends and planting trees for peace. As a peace activist, I hear a lot of bad news especially these days, so hearing the success stories is very important. Having a peace park is a wonderful idea and it is amazing to have one at the site of My Lai. I've been to the National Holocaust Museum in Washington, DC and spent a year in Germany so have seen Holocaust memorials there too. They talk a lot about never forgetting, but not as much about healing and peace. Perhaps it will take several more centuries to work through the grief of such horrible events.

You are breaking new ground on this path towards peaceful reconciliation. Your work shows how the Vietnamese are an incredible people. Mike's slides and his stories showed a part of the suffering the villagers endured, and yet they also had a remarkable resilience of spirit. To think that 300,000 Vietnamese are still MIA (missing in action) from the American phase of the war there—that's five times the number of U.S. dead, whose names are on the Viet Nam Memorial in Washington, DC (designed by Maya Lin). Furthermore, there are three million Vietnamese dead, or fifty times the number of U.S. servicemen on the Viet Nam Memorial. I look forward to the day when we have all those Vietnamese names on a memorial in Washington, and we are planting trees there. They will go well with the Slavery Memorial and Native American Holocaust museums.

It is sad and telling that the corporate media show no interest in the work you are doing. Do not be discouraged if the corporate media refuses to follow you. We know who funds the big media conglomerates: corporations such as General Electric who are complicit in nuclear weapons (WMD) production and who profit from a climate of hostility and war. May I suggest you contact DemocracyNow.org, The Nation, Zmag, and other non-corporate media outlets. There is a vital, growing progressive community who would love to hear about your positive work.

Please send me three sets of My Lai greeting cards. I look forward to sending these to friends and family for the holiday season to spread the word about your good work.

Sincerely,

Douglas T. McGetchin

11/30/2004

Ladies and gentlemen:

Please use these funds for Projects in VietNam—Loan funds. Thank you for this opportunity to make some amends for my part in the Viet Nam War. I never went in-country, but I supported the war by joining the Marine Corps and volunteering for Nam. Please tell the older Vietnamese you meet that I am sorry. Such an apology may not be appreciated. That's understandable. It is pitiful against two million meaningless deaths, and unfortunately, the meaningless deaths continue in places like Iraq. But, tell the Vietnamese there are real Americans who learn from their mistakes and who fight against American aggression for American ideals. Sincerely,

John F. Scanlon

Please send me a pack of the My Lai Greeting Cards. Thank you for all that you're doing to make the world a better place.

Peace,

Paige Alisen

Mike Boehm, Chairman

Hi. We wanted to contribute to the Tsunami Relief effort but are reluctant due to concern over efficiency and all....We fear that your program may experience lesser funding this next year due to the competing causes, so we are making our "Tsunami Relief" contribution to your program, one we believe in and feel is being run well.

Keep up the good work!

Mike Yanasak and Julie Schaffer



More Letters



Photo by M. Boehm

Bernie Duff hugs his former enemy. He is an American veteran who came back to Viet Nam this year, his first time back since the war. Earlier this year he and other veterans we was traveling with visited the My Lai PPeace Park, where they planted a tree together.

Dear Mike,
Christmas greetings!

Thank you for sending Winds of Peace. We both seem to be trying to heal the wounds of U.S. wars. I deeply admire your efforts.

God bless us in this Christmas season and set us free, more and more from the scourges of war, fear and arrogance.

A blessed New Year,
Dean Brackley, SJ
Centro Mons. Romero
Apartado Postal 01 168
San Salvador, El Salvador
Central America

P.S. My new book is out: *The Call to Discernment in Troubled Times, Crossroad.*

Dear Mike,

“If we could love even those who have attacked us, and seek to understand why they have done so, what then would be our response? Yet if we meet negativity with negativity, rage with rage, attack with attack, what will be the outcome? These are the questions that we have failed to answer for thousands of years. Failure to answer them now could eliminate the need to answer them at all.”

That great religious leader is not even a Christian, but the Dalai Lama. The saddest thing of all is we have not learned or changed in thousands of years.

Keep up your wonderful work,
Becky Nelson

Hi Mike,

I was glad to receive the Winds of Peace newsletter again. I always read it cover to cover...perhaps because the Vietnam war era holds so many painful memories for me....seeing the lives of young men I knew destroyed or damaged—both in physical and psychological ways.

Reading about your efforts to build bridges of healing and forgiveness helps me also with my deep grief over the devastation our country wreaked on Viet Nam and its people. Thank you for all you and your co-workers are doing to improve the lives of the people.

As the U.S. embarked on the war on Iraq, I began to grieve again for all the young lives—men and women—who would never be the same, if they lived. And for all the innocent Iraqi women, children, elderly, and men who would die or be wounded, left homeless, hungry, and in grave instability.

Mike, you have shown us that peace is possible. I, for one, need that hope.

Thanks,
Barbara Sutton

11/10/04

Dear Mike,

The newsletter looks great. Thank you for publishing my poem. I enjoyed reading the articles and mourn for Rachel Corrie.

I e-tell your story to many people I meet.

In peace,
Adrian Fisher.

Dear Jackson,

Pardon my delay in sending you my heartfelt thanks for your lovely article in the October 2004 issue of Winds of Peace. It is always heartening to see spontaneous articles and reviews of the Peace Tales CD! As of today donations have reached the \$11,000 mark, so I am pleased. Enclosed is a donation to the My Lai/Viet Nam projects. I so enjoyed meeting Mike Boehm when he was here.

Sincerely,
Sarah Malone

Mike,

I found out about your projects at the Blessing of the Bock Beer Festival here in Milwaukee. (See Winds of Peace issue #10).

Please find my check for a contribution and greeting cards. I use the cards to notify the troops (in Iraq) that I'm sending them Care Packages. I include an inventory and the insurance number, in case the package doesn't make it. I get the addresses and wish lists off of the web site AnySoldier.com. A little time surfing the site shows that the morons who got those kids into this aren't any better at supplying their needs. They depend on sites like AnySoldier to pick up the slack.

Are the H're mountanyards? I was stationed at Pleiku, so mountanyards are very dear to me.

Keep up the good work,
Ralph Schmidt

New loans Set to Help Vietnamese Poor Suffering Effects of Agent Orange

For those of us who have followed the debate over Agent Orange all these years, we have seen a very familiar scenario—cries for justice which go unheard, complete denial of responsibility by the U.S. government and the corporations which produced Agent Orange, anger unleashed and uncontrolled. And this reaction is only in response to the mistreatment of American soldiers; the effects of Agent Orange on the people of Viet Nam have been virtually ignored by the parties responsible.

While it is vitally important that awareness continues to be raised about the need to address our responsibilities concerning the after-effects of spraying the herbicide Agent Orange on our soldiers and on innocent Vietnamese civilians, it is also important that the anger and grief we all feel about the victims of this abuse not devolve into pointless, mindless rage, as so often happens.

So, consistent with our approach to the massacre at My Lai, we have chosen to take the path that bypasses recrimination and anger and instead focus on what we can do for the people in Viet Nam affected by Agent Orange.

We have begun to do so this year with the family of Mrs. Nguyen Ha from Tinh Giang village, one of the villages with a loan fund program funded by the Madison Quakers, Inc.

This year we visited the home of Mrs. Ha. The household consists of three women: grandmother, mother and daughter. The husband of Ha was sprayed with Agent Orange during the war. When the war was over, he married; and, when he realized he had sired a child with severe birth defects and that his wife had almost completely lost her hearing, he ran away. He has not sent any money for support and in fact has never been heard of since.



Mrs. Nguyen Thi Ha with her mother in front of their home in Tinh Giang village.

I spoke to the grandmother when I visited because Mrs. Ha by then had gone completely deaf. She showed me around their “house”—mud walls, dirt floor and thatch roof. Then she introduced me to her granddaughter, who is 15 years old but looks about 9 or 10. She can only respond to stimulus such as light or noise; other than that, she has no sentience. One of the medical problems she has is an insatiable craving for water, and so she consumes enormous quantities of water all day long. The grandmother told me that she spends a large portion

of her day boiling water for her granddaughter. And, of course, as a consequence of drinking so much water, her granddaughter is urinating constantly. Her mother and grandmother don't know what to do for her. In a house of dirt, where can you put a child like this? They have put her on a plastic chair with slots in the seat next to a door so she can have some light. And so the little girl sits in her urine all day, day after day after day, her feet caked with mud made from her urine.



Photo by M. Boehm

Mrs. Ha's 15 yearold daughter.
Her feet are covered with mud created by her urine.

Over the years I have seen many children like her. So, after discussing this family's problems with Do, we decided to first fund a kind of house the Vietnamese call a “charity house,” a small two-room house which is made of cement and brick with a cement floor and metal roof. Then, working with the health officials, we want to have the little girl examined, because it's possible the craving for water is a symptom of a kind of diabetes. And lastly, working with the Women's Union, we will ensure the family has a reliable supply of rice each month. Initial investment would be \$1,000: \$700 for the house and the remaining expenses for food and medicine. Yearly expenses after that would be limited to food and medicine.

There is no solution to the effects of Agent Orange. The genetic damage is done and cannot be undone. But we can provide relief for the family, and that is our goal with this family and others in similar situations in the future.

New Loan Fund Programs Supported by the Madison Quakers in Remote Villages of Ba Bich and Tra Tho

Funds for the Ba Bich Loan Fund and the Tra Tho Loan Fund were delivered to the respective Women's Unions this year. The location of these villages illustrates the direction the Madison Quakers are taking to reaching out to the very poorest people of Quang Ngai province. Both villages are not reachable by conventional means, van or sedan. They can only be reached by a four-wheel drive Russian Jeep or by walking. While the trip to Ba Bich required threading our way along rice paddy dikes and fording a river, the trip to Tra Tho village was much more difficult.



The "road" to Tra Tho village.

The drive to Tay Tra District took five hours, most of that time in four-wheel drive, over a road that was under construction. Along with Do and I on this trip was Mrs. Huynh Thi Thu Giang, the 34-year-old woman whom we are training to work as a translator for the Madison Quakers. The drive back from Tra Tho village will remain forever etched in my memory. This trip took almost two hours over a path that could not be even remotely mistaken as a road. As our four wheel drive Russian Jeep rocked its way over boulder-strewn streams and up the goat paths that climbed the mountain sides, Mrs. Giang would cheer the jeep up the mountain or begin singing another of her endless supply of songs. After two hours we finally reached something resembling a road. When we arrived back at my hotel late that night, she turned to me and said she thought we were all going to die in those mountains, and so she cheered and sang to keep her courage up.

While that day was a bit of an ordeal it pales in comparison to what the women who will receive the loans must endure. Since conventional vehicles cannot reach Tra Tho village, these women must ride their bicycles if they own one in order to reach the larger villages where they will buy their calves. If they don't own a bicycle, then they must walk miles to the village to purchase their calf and then walk the calf for miles back their village. This effort might seem incredible to us, but the women who receive the loans feel blessed. The effort is meaningless compared to the potential these cows will have for improving the families' lives.

The Madison Quakers established its first loan fund in My Lai in 1994, and for most of those years the format for these loans has stayed the same. But the last two years have brought a dramatic change to the way these loan funds are set up. Before, loans of no

more than \$100 dollars were given to poor women. In some villages, in order to have something to give to more women, smaller loans were given out. But time has shown these small loans end up being not much more than band-aids.

Loan periods were two years with interest being paid monthly and the principle paid off at the end of the two years. But now, with the increasing improvements in the economy in Vietnam, manifested mostly in the cities, the trickle down effect has finally had an impact on the rural women receiving loans. The price for cows has surged. Two years ago a woman could buy an adult cow for around \$100. Now the price for an adult cow is nearly \$400. This means that most women can only afford a calf, which in turn means a longer loan term. So the loan period is now three years instead of two so these women can raise a calf to maturity, have it bred and then have a calf to sell to pay back the loan. They continue to keep the cow bred and within a few years have developed a herd of their own. In some villages, the local Women's Union has recommended larger loans for fewer women so they can buy the adult cows.

None of these changes happened overnight. They came about through intense discussions between the various Women's Unions with Do and I. We are all in complete agreement now that larger loans are the only way a woman and her family can be lifted completely out of poverty.

Our own learning curve has brought us to realize that loans smaller than \$100 are not effective in eradicating poverty. And that has become our goal—eradicating poverty, not just reducing poverty.



Mrs. Giang and Mike Boehm. Mrs. Giang is being trained as an interpreter for our projects and already her skill and enthusiasm has become a tremendous asset for all of us and our work.

Portraits of H're of Remote Villages in New Loan Fund Programs



The patriarch of Ba Bich village comes to meet us during our visit earlier this year. Funding for the Ba Bich loan fund, Ba Tu district, was delivered in August, 2005. Funds for this project were donated by Jeffrey Paulson in memory of his brother who was a Vietnam veteran and who died last year. His story will appear in the next issue of Winds of Peace.



Elderly H're woman with her grandson. When I complimented her grandson as being handsome, she said very emphatically, "No, Vietnamese people are not beautiful. They don't have enough to eat. When Vietnamese people have enough to eat, then they will be beautiful."



H're woman from Tra Tho village. The Tra Tho loan fund was established in the spring of 2005.



Poet Hai sings/recites his poem "Ba Tu Nights." Hai spent years in Ba Tu district where our loan fund projects in Ba Vinh and Ba Bich are located. In "Ba Tu Nights, Hai describes Ba Tu as being so poor "even the fireflies cry."



H're woman from Trung Ke village carrying forage she had harvested in the mountains to feed her cow.



H're villagers from Tra Tho village.

All photos by Mike Boehm.

Japanese Visit My Lai Peace Park

Mike Boehm Gives Slide Presentations in Japan

"I strongly think that your project (the My Lai Peace Park Project) is very important in the sense of "giving each country a way to communicate on a deep, emotional, spiritual level."

—Professor Hiroshi Fujimoto, Chair.....Nanzan University, Nagoya, Japan.



The group of Japanese adults who traveled to Viet Nam this year with Professor Hiroshi Fujimoto of Nanzan University, Nagoya, Japan.

I first heard from Prof. Fujimoto in late summer 2003. He sent me an e-mail asking if he and a group of his students from....could attend the ceremonies at the My Lai Memorial on March 16, 2004. Phan Van Do and I arranged for their visit to the memorial and more. When they arrived, we also brought them to the dedication ceremony for the newest primary school building that the Madison Quakers had funded for My Lai. Then we took them to the My Lai Peace Park to plant their tree.

Although it was the decision of his students to visit My Lai as part of their overseas program, it was also a landmark trip for Prof. Fujimoto. In our conversations over the last two years, I found that he was profoundly affected by the American war in Viet Nam. We Americans never realized what impact that war had on other countries around the world, especially in Asian countries. In Singapore, for example, because of the intense demonstrations

against the war in Viet Nam, the students there were called the "lost generation" by their parents.

Viet Nam first came into Prof. Hiroshi Fujimoto's life when he was a high school student in Japan. In one of his classes students were allowed to choose a topic for discussion, and one of his classmates asked that the class discuss the effects of the U.S. war in Viet Nam on Japan especially in Okinawa. (Explain Okinawa) Hiroshi had never heard of this before and was very embarrassed because of his ignorance. From that point on Viet Nam the war and Viet Nam the country became powerful, integral parts of his life. He told me once that Viet Nam was his teacher. In addition to attending demonstrations he began to immerse himself in the sturdy of U.S. foreign policy and has since become one of the foremost authorities in that field in Japan.

In 1996, he was asked to present a paper dealing with the social consequences of the war in Viet Nam on U.S. society. By this time the massacre at My Lai had come to represent the whole war, and so he did an internet search for My Lai and found our web site, www.mylaipeacepark.org. and for the first time discovered the Madison Quakers projects there. He followed our progress over the years



Our friends from Japan, most of whom are anti-Vietnamese war protestors holding hands after planting their tree at the My Lai Primary School. The school buildings were funded by the Madison Quakers.

and then in the summer of 2003 sent me the e-mail that began our relationship.

This year Prof. Fujimoto returned again to My Lai, but instead of traveling with students, there were nearly 40 Japanese citizens arriving with him in My Lai. Almost all of these people were former anti-Viet Nam war protestors, so their visit to My Lai had something of the feel of a pilgrimage. As the students did last year, our friends from Japan attended the ceremonies at the My Lai Memorial, where they offered their wreath of flowers. Afterward, we again visited the My Lai primary school. A tree was awaiting them there and after planting the tree they formed a circle around the tree and stood in silence for a few moments.

Finally, we went to the My Lai Peace Park where we all planted



Students at My Lai Primary School doing their morning exercise to music.

trees together with survivors of the My Lai massacre and then went to My Khe beach for lunch. Over lunch Professor Fujimoto and I finalized plans for me to travel to Nagoya and Gifu, Japan, to give a series of presentations about the Madison Quakers projects in My Lai and elsewhere in Viet Nam.

I arrived in Nagoya on May 3. Although I was not scheduled to give a presentation for another two days, interest by the media in Japan was so strong that I met and was interviewed by them almost immediately upon arriving in Nagoya. Before the delegation from Japan arrived in My Lai, Professor Fujimoto and his colleague Professor Kan had come to Quang Ngai a day earlier to visit some of our loan fund projects in mountains. Neither had ever witnessed poverty like this and was moved by our help for the poor. Prof. Kan told me that he has donated to humanitarian organizations in the past but was never sure where the money went. That day he said for the first time he saw the direct results of funding and was impressed. Professor Fujimoto briefed the Japanese media on these projects and the My Lai Peace Park Projects, which is what stimulated their intense interest in the Madison Quakers projects. Then they heard me, a veteran of the war in Viet Nam, speak of “breaking the chains of hatred” and were very moved. Nearly ten articles were written and two television programs were produced covering the presentations



Professor Hiroshi Fujimoto, right, talks with Mr. Imabayashi Tamotsu.

Mr. Tamotsu, now 80, had volunteered to become a Kamikazi pilot.

Fortunately, there were no longer any planes for him to fly. He came to hear Mike's slide presentation, “Hope rises from the ashes of My Lai” after seeing a flyer in the subway station. He said, “This is very important, so I must come to hear the presentation.”

and the messages that came out of them. Over and over again during the week I was in Japan, the people I met seemed shocked that this message of “breaking the chain of hatred” was coming from a veteran of the war.

The venues where I gave presentations were very well organized and well attended. More than 180 people came to the presentation in Gifu, organized by Tatsuo Iwama, far more than have ever attended a presentation here in the U.S. Young Japanese felt compelled to work for peace after seeing the presentation. Older people had the same reactions as people here in our country, that a beacon of hope had suddenly appeared through the darkness/bleakness of the death and destruction occurring throughout the world today.

The students organizing the last presentation at Nanzan University were impressive in their commitment, organizing skills,

and the passion they felt for these projects. They were able to gain cooperation that had been unheard of before. For example, they wanted to post flyers on the walls of the subway system. Rules absolutely forbid such activities, but when they approached the Station Master and told him what this event was about, breaking the chain of hatred in My Lai, Viet Nam, he agreed immediately to allow the flyers to be posted.

The students, led by Sachiko Ota, divided the presentation into four parts and assigned four different young women to translate each segment. I worked with these students over a period of two days, sitting down with each one and telling them exactly what I was going to say during the introduction, during the showing of the photos (via PowerPoint) and in the conclusion. They then translated this and the meaning of the concepts behind the photos into Japanese. Every move was choreographed so everyone knew what to do and where to be at all times. Very impressive!

Some of the questions afterward were very interesting. The war in Iraq was very much on their minds, and I was asked if the people of the U.S. wanted the people of Japan to fight with/for them in the war in Iraq. Another question was: “Do the people of the U.S. want to forget the war in Viet Nam or do they want to reflect on it?”

When we think of Japan, we think of war. We think of the horrors committed by the Japanese during WWII, as well as those committed on the Japanese—the fire bombing of Tokyo and the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. What we have lost track of is that it has been more than 60 years since Japan was in a war and, except for their elders who experienced WWII, they have forgotten what war does to people. They have no idea what war does to the children sent to war, the emotional, spiritual destruction of the warrior and the intense, destructive hate it engenders. Japan has a conservative government now and, under pressure from the U.S. government, they have been trying to overturn Article 9 of their constitution. Article 9 forbids the Japanese from ever having a military. The U.S. government wants that article overturned in order for Japanese soldiers to help us fight in our various wars.

I used the question about hatred to address this constitutional crisis and told the people that, if they allow this, their children will then be destroyed by war and they will carry that destruction back with them to infect their own people.

I left Japan feeling validated. Here were a people that “got it.” They understood the value of creating relationships and moving beyond hate. And I left Japan knowing I would return. I have been invited back to give more presentations, talk to high school students in Japan, and to meet again with officials of the Hiroshima Peace Park to further discuss the possibility of a relationship between the Hiroshima Peace Park and the My Lai Peace Park.

At one point, one of Hiroshi's students watched Hiroshi and I together talking, and she said we looked just like brothers. So, I am looking forward to returning to Japan to see my “brother” again.

Hope Rises from the Ashes of My Lai

Japanese Students Respond to Mike Boehm's Presentation

Hello! Mr. Boehm, I'm Sachiko Ota, a member of Fujimoto teacher's seminar. How are you? It's a week since our big event, and it was a good time for me to reflect all the things that happened last week. So I am e-mailing you to tell what I thought.

First, I really want to thank you for coming to Japan and giving us a lot of lectures! We could search about the Vietnam War, or about you by text and Internet, but they don't have reality. And it's not enough to have enthusiasm for studying hard and thinking deeply. But you came and your stories had strong power to me, because you had actually experienced war and suffering and grief of war. I feel anger against the US, which doesn't consider the situation of other countries' people. So I want to think how to make the world peace. And you made me think this way. Thank you very much.

Second, I think what you did, which is giving a lecture to many people, had a big meaning. You gave them a chance to think about wars and peace. I'm studying about foreign affairs, so I sometimes talk to my family about it. However, they don't try to listen to it seriously. I want them to think about it so that something's going to change, but they don't think, because they are not concerned in the problems at all. We are living peacefully, far from war. It's difficult to think about it...

Then last week you, who have experience of war, came to speak about the experience and many people were stimulated by your speech. I knew it by questionnaires, which I read. I hope more and more people know what's happening all over the world now.

I was glad to see you and go to Hiroshima with you. Thank you very much!!

Yours sincerely,
Sachiko

Following are other comments made by students after Mike's presentation. The students did not sign their names because...

I remember the phrase you said in the lecture: "Moving beyond hatred." There is hatred in the relationship between Japan and other Asian countries. The message gives us the power to confront the problem and live together with those Asian countries as a member of the world.

The phrase "Hatred and sorrow can be changed into love and peace" moved my heart. I am working to establish communities for Brazilian and Japanese people to live together. My activity is not so big like yours, but your phrase encouraged me to work hard. I will always have hope in mind and try to change hatred or sorrow, discrimination or prejudice into peace and harmony.



I was really touched that you are trying to face up to suffering and grief through the project in spite of the opposing opinion about the Viet Nam War in the U.S. I realized that we can create hope in whatever ways, and that I have to think about it more. Thank you for your precious lecture.

Smiling faces of children of My Lai in a slide was so impressive for me. You experienced various feelings, loss of humanity and the meaning of life, and despair. I think all of them made your project stronger, and they are giving the world a ray of hope.

A conflict after the Viet Nam War has not been finished because of hatred between America and Viet Nam. I thought that we, young people, had to follow the projects by Mr. Mike Boehm to dissolve the hatred.

Though people have been losing their memory for the Viet Nam War, it was good to listen to valuable speech by Mr. Mike Boehm who is working steadily for Vietnamese people. His speech caused me to think about whether Japanese worked like he did for the people in China, Korea and Southeast Asia after the Japanese-Chinese war and 2nd World War. It might be real regret and apology.

I learned the difficulties in knowing each other and realizing conciliation. How wonderful it would be if more and more people would have the courage, which would make hatred change into peace and love.

I thought you were a very great person because you have done so many things for people in Viet Nam. And you also have devoted your life to help poor people. I respect you so much.

I have never known an American like you. I learned that we can change hatred into hope and it is important for us to regard each other as a person with dignity.

Japanese Students continued

You said "To prevent wars in the future." I, as one young person, want to know wars in the past, follow the memories, and do something for peace in the future.

I think Mr. Boehm is a person with a warm heart. I am glad to see a good American like you.

I learned that the way American people reflect on the experience in the Vietnam War is the same as the way Japanese reflect on the experience in the WW2. I began to realize if a minority took actions with belief it can change public opinion afterwards. That gave me hope.

His projects are really great. I hope more and more people will gather from all over the world to join these projects. At the same time, some people still consider that the war was right. How to let them think about peace is a big problem.

His story is real and very sad, but I'm so interested in his lecture. I think history will be forgotten someday. It is our task to tell people in the future how important peace is.

Mr. Mike's existence, as making peace and hope from My Lai, which has a tragic past, is very important to make peace all over the world, not only the relationship between Viet Nam and America.

Because Mr. Boehm had been released from the past as a Viet Nam veteran and found the way to live, his face was very shining.

I was so impressed by his presentation that I cannot put my thoughts into single word. What impressed me most was that "We can change the horrible past into new and bright future." As I saw him, who could get over his bitter experiences in the past by doing that, and listened to him I could not suppress my tears. I shed tears not only because I was moved by his activities, but also because I felt his idea was excellent. I realized that it is important never to repeat past failures but to create peace with hope.

When I heard from him that America is still divided and there is a controversy over the legitimacy of the war in Viet Nam, I felt pity that the still continuing war in Iraq is going the same way as the Viet Nam War 30 years ago.

I came here because of my teacher's recommendation, and I didn't know much about the Viet Nam War, and of course didn't know anything about My Lai massacre until now. Even now war breaks out all over the world. I hope your activity will lead this situation into a better one someday.

Hiroshima Peace Park



Peace Candles at the Hiroshima Peace Park. Visitors were invited to write their wishes expressing their visions of peace on the paper wrapped around the candles which would then be lit at night.

Shortly after I arrived in Nagoya I was taken to Hiroshima to visit the Hiroshima Peace Park. Upon hearing about the My Lai Peace Park, one member of the staff at the Hiroshima Peace Park notified the local press, who came with me during my time there. This was difficult for me because I was still pretty raw emotionally after spending three months in Viet Nam. Then, to visit the Hiroshima Museum and see all those terrible photos of the atomic bombings was almost too much to bear, and I struggled not to break down in front of the press.

Still, they were very receptive to the idea of the My Lai Peace Park and at some point the possibility of a future relationship between the Hiroshima Peace Park and the My Lai Peace Park surfaced. As we explored the similarities between Hiroshima and My Lai (as representing the whole war in Viet Nam), the obscene horrors committed in each, we began to realize that from each of these horrible killing grounds hope has arisen. From that realization came the idea of the potential that a relationship between the Hiroshima Peace Park and the My Lai Peace Park could have not only for our countries but also for countries around the world.

A few days later Hiroshi and his students, one of whom, Frank Dhont, was from Belgium, were discussing atrocities. Frank angrily denounced the Japanese for their atrocities at Nanking and elsewhere. I stepped in and said that no one is innocent of atrocities, that when you go to war, atrocities are inevitable. And if we continue this finger pointing, then we will once again be locked in a closed cycle of hatred and recrimination. I talked about the beginning of the conversation necessary for a future relationship between the Hiroshima Peace Park and the My Lai Peace Park. Then I asked, what if a delegation of Japanese from Hiroshima visited Nanking to develop a relationship between them on behalf of their two countries? Could anyone predict what the linkage of Hiroshima, Nanking and My Lai would do for promoting peace around the world? This led to considerable discussion about the potential of a relationship between Hiroshima and My Lai to become example for peace loving people around the world.

Next year, when I return to Japan, we hope to move this potential relationship closer to reality. With the world situation what it is today, peace-loving people of the world must unite.

Viet Nam and Alaska celebrate the 30th anniversary of the end of the American war in Viet Nam

Recently I gave a slide presentation to a group of veterans belonging to a Vietnam Veterans of America chapter in Marquette, Michigan. During the question and answer period that followed one woman asked why, if the Vietnamese have been able to move on from the war, haven't the American people done so as well? For the last thirteen years that I have been facilitating these humanitarian projects in Viet Nam on behalf of the Madison Quakers, I have encountered this dichotomy over and over. I saw it again this year as the 30th anniversary of the end of the American war in Viet Nam was approaching.

For the Americans there seems to be no consensus as to why our country is still divided over the war in Viet Nam. One factor is that we have never come to terms with our responsibility to the people of Viet Nam and to ourselves as a result of the war. Another factor is the vast gulf that exists between the people of Viet Nam and the U.S. in the context of our two countries' cultural histories. Our country is less than 230 years old, while the country of Viet Nam is over 3,000 years old. What does that imply? Can we even begin to comprehend the wisdom and maturity gained by a country over a period of more than 3,000 years? And is it possible we could learn from them?

Above all else, however, is the pragmatism that pervades Vietnamese society and prevails in the Vietnamese people's response to war and relations with former enemies. Two events this year, both commemorating the end of the American war in Viet Nam and the reunification of the country illustrated to me that blend of romanticism and pragmatism unique to the people of Viet Nam. The first event was the 30th anniversary of the end of the war in Quang Ngai province; the second event was the Celebration of Peace and Reconciliation in Homer, Alaska.

The end of the war in Quang Ngai province came on March 24, 1975, more than a month before the fall of Saigon on April 30, 1975. On March 24 this year the 30th anniversary of the end of the war was celebrated in downtown Quang Ngai city. It would be expected that the Vietnamese, proud of their victory 30 years before, would emphasize the military in their parade. This was not the case in Quang Ngai city. There was a brief parade of soldiers with rifles but by far the major display was of progress.

Float after float came down the streets highlighting the strides the



One of many 30th Anniversary parade floats celebrating the progress in Quang Ngai since the liberation.

Vietnamese have made in telecommunications, medicine, fisheries, and construction – efforts that show they are now becoming part of the world community. The atmosphere was relaxed and festive with people lining the streets while the floats passed by, interspersed with delegations of representatives of the ethnic people from the mountains, youth groups, Buddhist monks and others. Looking to the future, not dwelling on the past was the theme that was promoted over and over in this commemoration and others celebrating the end of the war.



The celebration of Peace and Reconciliation in Homer, Alaska. On the final day, people from around the world were given incense to burn at this altar made of driftwood in memory of all the victims of war. As people came up to the altar to pray and place incense, Mike Boehm (off to the side) played Ashokan Farewell on his violin. Photo: Courtesy Michael Armstrong and Homer News.

able to participate in a very moving commemoration of the 30th anniversary on the other side of the world from Viet Nam. Veteran Mike LeMay of Homer, Alaska, conceived this event, the Celebration of Peace and Reconciliation, with support by the community of Homer. The purpose of this event was to “promote healing and forgiveness among all Vietnam veterans and their families through participation in shared activities, dialogues and discussions in a nurturing, harmonious and joyful environment where there is a



Standing in front of Kachemak Bay after releasing the block of ice composed of water brought from Viet Nam and from around the U.S. Photo: Courtesy Mike LeMay.

commitment to promoting an understanding of our cultural differences and shared humanity.” Recognizing that any healing, any path leading away from the war and into the future, must include the participation of the people of Viet Nam, Mike invited a delegation of Vietnamese veterans to join us in this important ceremony. The Vietnamese understood the spiritual nature of this event very well and put much thought and care into the choices of whom they would send to Alaska. The delegation consisted of three veterans from the three important areas of Viet Nam: Mr. Nguyen Hien, from the north; Mr. Tran Van Sang, from Hue; and Mrs. Le Thi Thanh Liem from the delta region of Viet Nam. Also part of the delegation was Hoang Cong Thuy and Bui Van Nghi, representing the Vietnam Union of Friendship Organizations.

Water was gathered from the three regions of Viet Nam, first mingled together in Viet Nam and then mixed with the water brought by participants from Alaska and the lower 48 states. The water I chose to bring with me came from the Yahara River in Madison, WI. The mingling of these waters was the spiritual kickoff for the weeklong activities. As we poured our water into the common fountain, we voiced our thoughts about what we hoped would come from this ceremony. Louis Block, a veteran from California, said, “I offer this in peace, that we may be unified as brothers and sisters for all time.” Mrs. Liem, formerly a captain in the People’s Liberation Army in the Mekong Delta said, “It is our hope that our veterans can reach hands, so that our children and grandchildren can lead a peaceful life.” Although there were a number of scheduled events over the next few days, including fishing for salmon and halibut, the unscheduled events proved at times to be the most powerful.

Most of us American veterans were housed with the four men from Viet Nam in the Good Karma Inn, the Bed and Breakfast owned by Mike LeMay. In the evening we would gather around the kitchen to talk more informally. One evening General Hien was giving us the history of his 40 years of fighting in wars against the French, Americans and Chinese. To give an example of the scope of his wartime experiences, he said he had been wounded three times 15 days before the battle at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, the battle that defeated the French and forced them to withdraw from Viet Nam. Later in the evening he was telling us of the different tactics they would use against the American forces. Fighting an army like ours, which had such overwhelming firepower, they had to be innovative in order to fight effectively. He began telling us how he and his units would come in close to tanks and place charges on the treads to blow them and immobilize them. As he described one battle he and his units had fought in Quang Tri province, Louie

Block, now wheelchair-bound, leaned forward and started asking him specific questions about the date and exact location of this particular battle. As the general answered his questions, it became clear they had fought in the same battle that day. Louie said, “That was you who blew up my tank.” At that point the general lost his formality, came to Louie, and both hugged each other.

The week’s events finished with all of us gathering at the tip of Homer Spit. An altar made from objects gathered from the beach, driftwood and a container of sand, was set up near the water. After passing out incense sticks to everyone present, Mike LeMay asked all of us to remember and pray not only for the soldiers who were killed in war but also for the innocent civilians who were killed also. Then we all bowed to the altar and placed the lit incense sticks in the sand. Finally, we gathered at the water’s edge to sing and pray, as the block of ice made up of the water all of us had brought with us floated out to sea, the same sea that connects both of our countries.

We Americans have a choice: we can stay locked in the past, captives of hatred, or we can re-engage ourselves with the people of Viet Nam and create a new future together in peace.

My own family illustrates the split that exists in our country over the war in Viet Nam. Many years ago, my brother Dan, also a Viet Nam veteran, stopped speaking to me because he felt the work I am doing to help poor people in Viet Nam was treason.

Our tours in Viet Nam during the war overlapped, and so I arranged to have an in-country R&R with him in Da Nang. This photo was taken at one point in our stay together. I’m holding a sign, which says 7 days, meaning I had only 7 days left of my tour in Viet Nam. Danny’s sign said 335 days.

I look at this photo now, and I’m almost overcome by the poignancy of it. Neither of us knew then what was in store... not only in our future relations with each other, but also, for Danny, the combat trauma that would change him forever.

Response to Mike Boehm's Slide Shows and Speaking Tour

Visit of Mike Boehm to Olympia Friends Meeting By Meera Shanti*

Since this last election, I have been thinking a lot about the state of our world, what it's been like in the past, what it is now, and what it's going to be like in the future. I guess I had been struggling with trying to figure out how to make a difference in the world, even when the contribution I'm making is proportionately small.

A couple of nights ago, I had the opportunity to listen to Mike Boehm talk. He spoke about his experiences in the Vietnam War from 1968-1969. He said that serving in Vietnam was a life-changing experience for him, and is what brought him to do the work that he does now. This work still involves Vietnam, but in a different way.

Mike does work in My Lai, which is about 200 miles north of Ho Chi Minh City, called the My Lai Peace Park Project. Quakers in Madison, Wisconsin, undertook the My Lai Peace Park Project at the request of the Women's Union of Quang Ngai Province and the Quang Ngai Province People's Committee. The Peace Park, in and of itself, is supposed to represent hope for a peaceful future between our two countries, and I think it truly does. At the park, people come to plant trees in memory of veterans of the war, and people who were killed in My Lai.

Another project Mike initiated with the Women's Union is a loan fund. This project helps provide loans for poor women, mostly war widows, without collateral. The women use the money to start small businesses like raising pigs, or cows, making fishing nets, or processing flour.

Mike also helped start a project between the kids at the Marquette Elementary in Madison, Wisconsin, and the kids of the My Lai Primary School. It's a way for the kids in both countries to express love, friendship, and concern for each other through artwork. When Mike started with this project, he would collect the art work from the school in My Lai when he was there, and he would deliver it to the kids here when he came back to Wisconsin. Now, the project has expanded to many different schools, both here and in Vietnam. He also said there are now some Girl Scout troops participating in this art exchange.

Listening to Mike Boehm speak made me a lot more aware about lots of different things that are going on in the world right now, but also helped me clarify that with which I had been struggling. I realized I was right. My contribution to the world really isn't very large proportionately to the big problems in the world like world hunger, AIDS, or homelessness. However, when I think about all the little problems that bring about these big problems, my contribution seems a lot bigger. If I don't do anything or express my opinion about what is going on, it seems ten times worse than just making the smallest effort to try and help someone or a group of people even if I fail. I hope I help in a little way whether it's by giving money, holding up a sign, going to a meeting, or doing a piano recital.

No matter what the contribution is, and even if it feels like you're not doing much, or it gets tiring, it's good for you, for someone else, and for the world.

Olympia Friends Meeting's Right Sharing Fund is a sponsor of the My Lai Loan Fund Project, and I encourage everyone to contribute to this project.

*Meera Shanti is the 14 year-old daughter of David Albert & Ellen Sawislak.

Dear Mike,

This is a belated thank you note. Thank you very much for coming to Illinois Wesleyan last fall to talk to my students. Several students told me that it was the highlight of the semester for them.

I respect deeply for the meaningful work you do. I am sending you best wishes, soft clouds and warm sunshine.
Shu-chin Wu

Dear Mike,

It was a year ago that you came and spoke here in Fremont, MI. I always am deeply moved by Winds of Peace newsletter and I am so grateful for your work in Vietnam. Thank you, thank you!!

Sincerely,
Phyllis Jansma

P.S. I am glad (underlined twice) you planted a tree in the (My Lai) Peace Park in memory of Rachel Corrie. Her memory is precious.

On Nov. 5, (2004) Mike Boehm presented a wonderful picture of your work in Viet Nam to the Reedley Peace Center. I wish to thank you for finding a way to spread friendship and peace instead of hatred and war.

Blessings to you all,
Catherine H. Ratmeyer.



A surreal example of East meeting West. The American Statue of Liberty is superimposed on a bust of Ho Chi Minh in a Vietnamese market stand.

Mike's Fall 2005 Speaking Schedule

Mike Boehm will be traveling throughout the eastern U.S. this fall, giving slide presentations about the humanitarian projects in Viet Nam sponsored by the Madison (Wisconsin) Friends. This is a one-hour slide presentation, and if there is interest and time, he will show the award-winning Vietnamese documentary film, *The Sound of the Violin in My Lai*.

If you would like to have Mike do a presentation in your area, contact him at 608-244-9505.

October 16 Harrisburg, PA Friends Meeting
Contact: Ken Woerthwein kwoert@suscom.net

October 17 York, PA
Contact: Ken Woerthwein kwoert@suscom.net

October 25 Washington, DC Fellowship of Reconciliation
Contact: Bobbie Stewart theStewarts@erols.com

October 27-28 Ithaca, NY Cornell University
Contact: Maria Nguyen dn45@cornell.edu

October 30 Queens, NY Society for Ethical Culture
Contact: David Reis david.m.reis@verizon.net

November 8-9 Clinton, NY Hamilton College
Contact: Diane Fox dnfox@hamilton.edu

November 13 Raliegh, NC Raleigh Monthly Meeting
Contact: Martin Hubbe hubbe@ncsu.edu

November 15 Atlanta, GA Atlanta Friends Meeting
Contact: Sue May sdmay@mindspring.com

November 16 Black Mountain, NC Swannanoa Friends Meeting
Contact: Anne Morrison bobwe12@charter.net



Photo by Barb Michaels

Mike with Vietnam veterans and their wives outside the VVA Chapter building in Negaunee, MI, after a slide show presentation and discussion in June 2005.

Winds of Peace

Newsletter for Madison Friends Projects in Viet Nam
Mike Boehm, Project Coordinator
Phan Van Do, Project Coordinator in Viet Nam
Terri Smith, Newsletter Design

“The people of Viet Nam are looking forward to the winds of peace blowing from America.”

Please send letters, questions, or written contributions to:
Winds of Peace c/o Mike Boehm
 2312 E. Johnson St., Madison, WI 53704
Phone: 608-244-9505
Fax: 608-255-1800
e-mail: tinhkhe@yahoo.com

Visit our web site on the Internet at:
www.mylaipeacepark.org

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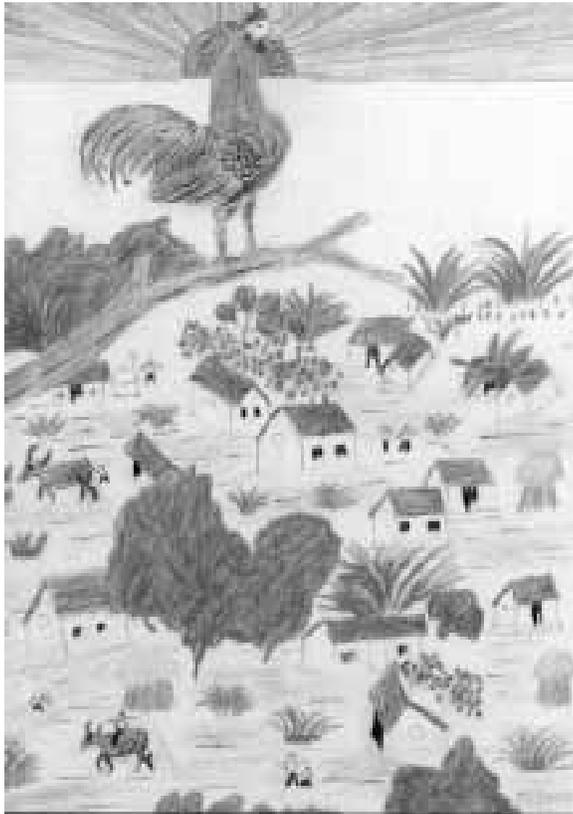
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Greeting Cards

featuring the artwork of the children of My Lai

These drawings were made by the children in My Lai as part of an art exchange with children in Madison, WI.

Sets of six different drawings, in full-color on 5 x 7 inch recycled stock, with envelopes: \$8.00
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