

# “Memories”

I lived in Saigon, Vietnam, in 1974-75 as an eight-year-old child, daughter of a CIA employee. It had been decided after the 1973 cease-fire, that the city was "once again safe for families." Looking back, it was anything but that. A Vietnam Veteran friend once told me that "that was the most dangerous time to be there--there were no American troops guarding the city." A chill ran up my spine at that simple statement. It brought back a question I had asked my mother as a teen, "Why did you take us there?" She had said that no one knew what was going to happen, and I guess that's true enough; no one sees over the horizon of time. But there were clues.

In 2012, I decided to begin writing about everything that Vietnam meant to my family. The only problem was that none of my siblings had any cohesive memories and both my parents had already died. Luckily, they left a treasure trove of letters and notes. My father had even left written documentation of his last-minute effort--and a triumphant effort at that--of getting nearly 1000 South Vietnamese out of harm's way.

The story is too long to relate here but know that I am hard at work, living in the past, writing from another time, striving to bring you the what-was, the memories that might have been, and that which will change your perspective on the Vietnam era forever.

—Kat, *Round Lake*