

STICKY RICE

PEACE CORPS THAILAND
july - august - september



From the Editor

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To my dear, dear PCV friends~

YO, yo, yo, what's up to all the kitties in the hou-se!
Hope everyone's hanging tough out at site. Great to see many
of you for the 4th. Holidays are a ripe opportunity for give'n
out and soaking in some quality peer support. With candle
festival, the new North vs. Essan soccer league, and Sticky
Rice upping to kick out an issue every two months, efforts to
take care of the volunteer psyche are in full swing.

Regarding Sticky Rice meetings, submissions, printing,
etc, the super news is that almost everything this issue was
submitted via email. Easing into the high-tech era has proved
for a few growing pains- namely a vanishing email, which
outlined meeting times. I apologize for any confusion-
apparently the force was not with me. Better luck next time
and to ensure it, I'm going to go ahead and give you the low
down right here and now regarding the next issues details.

The deadline for individual submissions for the next
Sticky Rice is September 1st - send submissions to
sticky_rice@email.com. On September 7th there will be a
writer's workshop, open for anyone to join, between 9:00 -
12:00. This is an opportunity for some of you to crank out
some joint pieces, get feedback on your own work (we can
accept revisions late, but we need drafts early), whatever - it's
what you make of it. Final submissions should be typed and in
by 1:00. From 1:00-5:00 people who can assist with computer
layout will meet to work their magic and create a hard copy of
all submissions. Sunday, September 8th 10:00- 1:00 is when
Sticky will get all pretty and made up. Anyone is welcome to
come on down to PC and doodle, pick up a pen, clip art,
cartoons, scissors, jazz it up just the way you like it!

Speaking of deadlines on September 1st - Sticky Rice
will be doing a calendar again this year, and that's the deadline
to submit photos to the new calendar. So, all of you with
photos you'd like to see in print, send them our way. The
calendars will again be used to fund 1% and GAD, but this year
we will keep a bit for Sticky Rice office supplies too, to keep
these beautiful pages coming your way.

Check out our new PVC profile, and our push to start a
book review section. If you've been reading anything you think
is worth a write up, please send it our way. Also, Sue gave us
the frame of the "Thailife Zone" - please share your doodled
perceptions of Thailife for future issues. Any comments
regarding new and old sections our always welcome. Please
send to sticky_rice@email.com. If you wish to see something
changed, please send a note to the editor - you may even get a
response! And, on the subject of change - we were happy to
see lots of submissions for "Readers Write." Thank you all.
Next issue's topic is "volunteer." We look forward to your
interpretations.

Thank you to all who made this issue of Sticky Rice
possible: Denny, Mandy, Sue, Jordan, Lara, Kelly L, Sara's J
and W, Sarah P, Nathan, Mitch, Rachael, Lori K, Scott S, Lisa
W, Barb, Roger, Cherry, Elizabeth, Devin, John G, Karen, Chris
W, Shellie, Carolyn, Mary, Randle, Lori M, Heather T.

Until we meet again my fearless friends,

© Gillian

Roger's Thoughts

You must be the change you wish to see in this world. MK Gandhi

Dear Friends,

Thank you to you fine folks at Sticky Rice for choosing the topic of change. We are eagerly awaiting this issue. Nancy and I have selected some of our favorites on this topic. Please use as many of them as fits.

As we look though these poems and quotations, we see they are about being who one is, of change coming through small steps or tweaking what exists, of having the courage to face fear, of taking risks. Big little things.

Peaceful change and love,

Roger and Nancy

P.S. I promise a newsy letter with the next Newsweek about changes and continuities in Peace Corps Thailand. R.

To Dare

To laugh is to risk appearing the fool.
To weep is to risk appearing sentimental.
To reach for another is to risk involvement.
To expose your ideas, your dreams,
Before a crowd is to risk their loss.
To love is to risk not being loved in return.
To live is to risk dying.
But risks must be taken, because the greatest
hazard in life is to risk nothing.
The people who risk nothing, do nothing, have
nothing, are nothing.
They must avoid suffering and sorrow,
but they cannot learn, feel, change,
grow, love, live.
Chained by their attitudes,
they are slaves;
They have forfeited their freedom.
Only a person who risks is free.
--Author unknown

In the middle of difficulty lies opportunity.
Albert Einstein

True life is lived when tiny changes occur. Leo Tolstoy

Life shrinks or expands in proportion to
one's courage. Anais Nin

Fixes

On back roads you can find people
who keep machinery alive. With a file,
A wrench, a hammer they scrape, twist
And pound until the old tractor wakes up
Or the plough bites again into the ground.

I've bullied rusty iron and made it
remember what to do, and once on a back road
I put out a fire under the hood of a car;

but these greasy geniuses have to conjure
miracles day after day just to keep going.

Often their audience is a customer eager to
get started again, or maybe their little daughter
watching how Daddy fixes things. And sometimes only
an old dog - wise in when to jump aside - studies
mechanics and barks when The Master says,

"There!"

- William Stafford

*We cannot escape fear. We can only transform it into a companion
that accompanies us on all of our exciting adventures. Take a risk a
day - one small or bold stroke that will make you feel great once you
have done it. Susan Jeffers*

Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss it you will
land among the stars. Les Brown

You Reading This, Be Ready

Starting here, what do you want to remember?
How sunlight creeps along a shining floor?
What scent of old wood hovers, what softened
sound from outside fills the air?

Will you ever bring a better gift for the world
than the breathing respect that you carry
wherever you go right now? Are you waiting
for time to show you some better thoughts?

When you turn around, starting here, lift this
new glimpse that you found; carry into evening
all that you want from this day. This interval you spent
reading or hearing this, keep it for life!

What can anyone give you greater than now,
starting here, right in this room, when you turn
around?

- William Stafford

INFORMATION EXCHANGE

TO P.C. & STICKY RICE:

Hello from Ubon. Hope you're well.

Speaking of CHANGE - I no longer live in Khuaengnai having moved to Amphur Muang Ubon last week. I'm going to miss that cow "mooing" in my front lawn! My 2 cats, Cali & Yeni moved to Sangtho school & village (they are learning Thai) where they'll be well cared for. Seems that the Friskies dry cat food is popular with the rest of the village cats- Mai-Pen-Rai!

Anyway, my new address is:

c/o Ramkomut
140 Jangsanit Road
Amphur Muang Ubon
Ubon Ratchathani 34000
Phone: (045) 244-280

NOTE: I'm keeping my P.O. Box #16 in Khuaengnai since I go there once a week to work with the English Teachers Club of Khuanegnai (ETC.K) so both addresses are valid. I should be getting a cell phone but in the mean time you can reach me at the above phone #.

DIRECTIONS: The house is near the Rajibhat Institute, by the Clocktower, around the corner (to the left) from Fernhut.

Peace, Love & Light, Lori-Ari-Akos, Cali & Yeni (meow)

P.S." Happy & Safe 4th of July!"

To current PCV's:

Hi. I'm an RPCV (group 109) and I'm coming back to Thailand to do more work this summer... And I'm wondering if any of you have connections that might be useful?

I am currently in medical school studying naturopathic medicine at Bastyr University on Seattle. This summer I plan to take a Thai massage course (probably in Chiang Mai) and try to work with some Thai herbalists. I have some connections from friends that I still have there but am looking for some more. I am trying to get a better understanding for some commonly medicinally used Thai herbs, dosages, history, etc... Hopefully in the future students can stay with a Thai family and retrace my footsteps.

I am also planning on doing a fast at a place in southern Thailand and maybe working there a bit.

So if any of you have learned some interesting aspects of Thai herbalism, live next to a well know herbalist, or have had an interaction with a doctor that uses a lot of herbs please let me know.

My email is bridghid@excite.com

I will be in Tland all of July and maybe all of August.

Thanks for your help!

Bridghid McMonagle

Please print my new mailing address in the next Sticky Rice. Thanks.

Cherry Hitt
102/3 Wankang Road
Mooban Petnakon
Soi 6
A. Muang
Kamphaeng Phet
62000

INFORMATION EXCHANGE

PCVs' home/mobile phone numbers

	Home phone #	Mobile phone #
Amanda Hammond	----	09-986-4206
Barbara Gosh	054-344-199/344-226	----
Cherry Hitt	----	01-707-5253
Colin Hanson	042-541-565	01-369-4048
Denny Wells	----	09-004-5941
Devin Polster	055-761-079	----
Elizabeth Vickerman	----	09-710-3755
Gillian Riley	----	09-716-2664
Heather Trubee	042-899-346	----
Ida Patella	054-630-794	----
Jean Spencer	----	01-053-0075
John & Heather Gieschen	054-521-424	----
Jonathan Morris	----	01-951-2703
Joy Jones	----	01-020-2563
Karen Downey	045-787-191	09-630-0987
Kelly Lamoreaux	053-557-204	----
Lani Eckart	042-499-282	----
Lara Kelly	----	06-179-7107
Lisa Wells	044-571-480	09-829-6301
Lori Kintz	045-203-096	----
Mary Brown	----	01-040-8528
Matt Allen	044-596-236	09-582-9032
Mitch Tappen (co-worker)	----	01-391-3740
Rachael Skolnik	042-871-095	01-546-4795
Ryan Jordan	044-606-102	----
Sara Peoples	----	01-878-7550
Sarah & Thomas Murphy	054-750-368	----
Sarah Jones	044-646-027	----
Scott Scherquist	----	01-073-3947
Shawn Green	042-483-113	----
Shellie Norris	----	01-053-0362
Susan Green	044-459-173	----
Suzanne Macdonald	053-561-110	----
Todd Cikraji	----	01-021-1973

Revised 7/3/2002

Email address updates:

Steve Blynn – hochiblinn@hotmail.com

Lara Kelly – lalaland_h@yahoo.com

Jean Spencer – pcvgrandma-jean@yahoo.co.uk

It may not feel like winter yet,
 but it's time to start planning a calendar.
 Photo deadline September 1, 2002

Hey--my suggestion for Sticky Rice--a list of websites we might be able to use--my librarian aunt sent me the following list, I'd love to hear if others have good lists of EFL/ESL websites.
 cheers--**Randall**

Meanwhile, here are some websites that have basic information:

<http://gpn.unl.edu/rainbow> is the site for the Reading Rainbow series. It has activity guides in Adobe format with detailed suggestions.

www.alastore.ala.org is the American Library Association's mega site that sells posters, bookmarks, books, etc. You can get illustrations but they don't give anything away for free.

www.highsmith.com is a library supply company. Go to "upstart" from their homepage to see their posters, etc. for themes that libraries use. No freebies.

www.wmrls.org/sum/index.html is our western Mass. regional library system's site that describes the various Mass. reading incentives this year. Win free Red Sox tickets or free movie passes by reading books.

www.joneslibrary.org You can't miss the Summer Reading Club info. Click on "Kids" for more on various summer kids activities.

INFORMATION EXCHANGE

Football (Soccer) League

"Who rocks more the North or Essan?" We all know the answer to this question however we will be provided an opportunity to prove it this year through a soccer competition at AVC. AVC dates have not yet been chosen however this conference usually takes place in November. All volunteers are invited to participate in the soccer league in any capacity they feel comfortable. You are welcome as a player, cheerleader, towel person, water person, coach, official or any other way you feel like participating. However, in order to have a great team you need to practice. You all know that practice makes perfect and although we all have our opinion about which side is already perfect, we could all use the practice or at least the chance to get together and tell the latest embarrassing story. AVC is approaching quickly and there is only time for two practices. So here is the lowdown...Essan PCV's will be attending practice in Essan, on the same weekend that Northern PCV's will be attending practice in the North. Listed is a Jangwat, date, and a place to meet (Guest house or PCV's house). Once all the PCV's have arrived, it will be up to the PCV's to arrange practices and other activities to do over the weekend. These practices will not be mandatory. If you want to attend and have time to attend please feel free to go, however if you need to be at site please use your best judgment to be where you need to be. PCV's will be responsible to pay for their part of the weekend (bus ticket, food, and accommodations). Peace Corps will not reimburse you for the weekend. If you have any questions please feel free to call or write me an e-mail.

mandalynnhammond@yahoo.com (09)986-4206

Peace - Mandy @

Schedule:

North

August 31, 2002

Lampang

Riverside Guest house
(054) 227-005

October 26

Nan

Amazing Guest house

Essan

August 31, 2002

Buriram

Scott's House
Please e-mail him if you are
planning on attending.

October 26

Korat

Pho Thong Guest house
(044)242-084

It may not feel like winter yet, but it's time to start planning a CALENDAR!

Sticky Rice will be putting out its second edition of our annual calendar, and we need your photos. We are looking for your photos from Thailand (tee-ow's in Indonesia, India or Italy don't count). Arai-go-dai, so long as it is a Thailand shot and it's yours.

Submit prints (we'll send them back) or digital photos (don't compress them before you send them) before September 1, 2002 c/o Sticky Rice Calendar @ the office, or send them to Denny @ SBA Sangka, Surin 32150. Digital photos to sticky_rice@email.com or dennyandlisa@yahoo.com. Calendars should be available by AVC ~ 200 baht.

INFORMATION EXCHANGE

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Amnesty International Thailand's Mai Thamada Group is the English-speaking group. PCVs with an interest in human rights (and that must be all of you) are invited to join this group's activities. You can:

- attend meetings (boring) about every 6-8 weeks in Bangkok.

- help work on the case of Myo Min Zaw, a Burmese student who, four years ago this September, was locked up for 52 years for 'inciting unrest', i.e. saying publicly that human rights and education in Burma were not exactly brilliant. Every 3 months or so, we go to Khao Sarn Road to collect signatures on a petition that we send to the Burmese government calling for his release. We also coordinate activities with other AI groups around the world working on the same case.

- join the Urgent Action network. You need a fairly good e-mail connection for this. You will get, as they arise, appeals from AI London for a fax, telegram, e-mail or letter on an case of urgent human rights

abuses.

- pay a membership fee to AI (hey, this can't all happen for free).

- attend other AI Thailand events, such as Light Up Nights every other month.

For more information, visit the AI Thailand webpage at www.amnesty.or.th and follow the links to "Mai Thamada (Bangkok 1)", or e-mail me at nidale@loxinfo.co.th.

Many thanks,
Alec Bamford
CUSO Director for Thailand

PS The Mai Thamada Group was started by CUSO and VSO volunteers and now includes Australian volunteers. The only way to stop them making continuous sarcastic comments about PCVs is for some of you to join the group.

Vegetarian Restaurants

Friends,

I told some of you that I would put together a list of ingredients, recipes, and vocabulary to help in your endeavors in vegetarianism (or other special dietary needs). Being in Thailand, I have been following "Thai Time," thereby perhaps disappointing some of you by not producing the requested materials. However, keep in mind that I'm waiting for the others who are in on this project to produce something, as well. Forgive us. So, although the aforementioned lists have yet to be completed (or perhaps started ☺), I am included a list of veggie-friendly restaurants (which you probably won't find in the standard Thailand guidebooks) to hold you over until the other projects are finished. I believe that all of these restaurants are in Bangkok, and most of them cater to some form of vegetarianism (which may also mean that your non-vegetarian friends might have difficulties finding non-vegetarian options here, depending on the restaurant). So, the next time you are in BKK for a committee meeting or Peace Corps function, give these restraints a try, and let us know what you think.

Much Peace,
-Devin



KHUN CHURN

Sathorn Soi 10, one block south of Chong Nongsi Skytrain stop.
Daily 9.30am-2.30pm,
4.30-8.30pm
Tel [662] 236-9410
Closed third Saturday of the month

MAY KAIDEE

117 Tanoo Road, Banglampoo.
Daily 9am-9pm

MISSION HOSPITAL CAFETERIA

430 Phitsanuloke Road, Dusit.
Daily 6am-6pm
Tel [662] 181-1100.

VEGETARIAN CLUB

455/26 Soi Suan Phlu
(just off Soi Suan Phlu on Soi Prasat Court, right-hand side).
Daily 8am-2.30pm.
Tel [662] 286-8886

Second Branch

Soi Fuengfar
About one kilometre from the Chatuchak Weekend Market
Open on weekends until 2pm
Tel [662] 272-4282

VEGETARIAN COTTAGE

41/19 Soi Wipawadee 16,
Chokchauruamit 7th Intersection, Wipawadee Rangsit Road
Daily 10am-9pm
Tel [662] 691-5083

WHALE HERBS & SPICES CAFE

22-24 Ratchadamnoen Klang.
Daily 11 am-11 pm
Tel [662] 226-3901-5

WHOLE EARTH

93/3 Lang Suan Road, one block north of Lumpini Park.
Daily 11.30am-2pm;
5.30-11pm
Tel [662] 252-5574

Second Branch

71 Sukhumvit Soi 26 (Soi Aree), Phrom Phong Skytrain.
Daily 11.30am-2pm;
5.30-11pm
Tel [662] 258-4900.

INSIDER TIPS

These terms help ordering:
a-haan mang sa-wi raht — vegetarian food
raan a-haan mang sa-wi raht — vegetarian restaurant
mai sat nua sat — don't put in meat of any kind
mai sat nua / kai / muu / plaa — don't put in beef / chicken / pork / fish
mai kin nua sat — I don't eat flesh
kin jeh — I eat vegetarian foods. (Especially refers to Chinese vegetarian cuisine which omits strong flavours)
aroy — delicious



GAD Speak



July 2002 Newsletter

Scholarship Prize Available!

A 2000 Baht scholarship will be available to the winner of this year's GAD's T-Shirt Design Contest. As you may know, every year GAD sells T-shirts to raise money for the GAD scholarship fund. Last year we had an art contest, open to all mattayom students, to design the front of the T-shirt, and the winner received a scholarship. The contest was so successful that we have decided to run it again this year.

So... the theme for this year's contest is "What makes us strong." Students should submit a drawing of any

size, either black and white, or color, about personal and/or community empowerment. The contest is open to both female and male mattayom students. The winning student will receive the scholarship at the beginning of the second term. The drawings should be mailed to:

Jill Asato
ONPEC Pichai
Amphur Pichai
Uttaradit 53120

The deadline for mailing submissions is September 1, 2002.

On-Going Fundraisers:

GAD still has the following items available at the Peace Corps office. All proceeds go to either the GAD general fund or the GAD scholarship fund.

Songbooks/ Tapes – Have you ever met a Thai student that didn't like to sing? These songbooks and tapes have been very popular. These songs cover the topics of health, the environment, and social studies. The book has drawings that teachers can photocopy for their students to color.	<u>Price:</u> Songbook & Tape (set): 200 baht Songbook only: 150 baht Tape only: 75 baht	
Journals – These are blank-paged journals made from all natural paper, with a black ink design on the cover. We have them in green, white, and off-white. They make excellent gifts ... ☺	<u>Price:</u> Each journal: 150 baht	
T-shirts – We still have a few T-shirts at the PC office. They are "free size," and come in a startling array of colors: brown, blue, and gray. -	<u>Price:</u> Each T-shirt: 140 baht	

Mission Statement: The Peace Corps Thailand Gender and Development Committee exists to facilitate the development of positive gender roles within the Thai home, community, and country.



Error! Unknown switch argument.

The Honorable Robert Sargent Shriver's Remarks at Yale University's Daily News Annual Banquet

November 10, 2001

In preparing my speech for today, I looked over the last speech I gave at Yale. It was the Class Day Address to the Class of 1994.

In that speech, I challenged those Yale graduates to create a "World Without War". I said to them that such an achievement for the following years would be the greatest accomplishment in the history of the world! They were impressed. They even cheered. But now much of the world is at war again. That fact alone proves that I was not the world's most successful speaker or visionary.

Also in the speech I gave in 1994, I said that the Arabs and the Jews seemed to be getting together in the Middle East. Once again I was wrong. I also said that the Asian and Pacific nations were not threatening each other militarily. Again I was wrong.

So much for the accuracy of my crystal ball!!

But my speech in 1994 did contain a few nuggets of truth. I suggested that we lived in an era that was yet to be defined; and I believe that is still true. But I also believe we are now closer to a new definition, a definition opening to us because of recent events.

In 1994, I challenged the graduates of Yale to stand for something, which Martin Luther King had encouraged all of us to do when he said, "Believe in something so fervently that you will stand up for it till the end of your days."

Today, it has become easier to stand up for military defense and also for aggressive action against enemies of our nation, especially if you are a New York policeman or fireman, a postal worker or a mayor of any city under attack. But it may not be so easy to stand for peace in a nation darkened by conflict, and looking to war for quick solutions.

Therefore, I believe we have to ask ourselves: NOT what has served us well in the past – but, what has fundamentally changed, and how should our political, diplomatic, and service institutions behave in this radically, new world?

Because I began my public service in Washington, DC with the Peace Corps, and because the world so desperately needs Peace today, I want to make that agency part of my remarks today.

I've been asked a lot of critical questions about the Peace Corps in response to the horrific events of September 11. How is it possible that so many citizens of Afghanistan clearly hate Americans in spite of years of service from American Peace Corps Volunteers working side by side with them? Why would we want to send new volunteers to Pakistan or Afghanistan today, when terrorists and killers there would love to have more innocent Americans to kill? These are tough questions that raise good points. I certainly don't have all the answers, but I can tell you this:

The Peace Corps WAS there in Afghanistan, and virtually everywhere else in the world, and some lives were changed – both the lives of American volunteers, and lives of the people they served. Is it America's primary purpose in the world to change and improve lives, or to snuff them out? This is a question that IS relevant to the Peace Corps – but it suggests a larger, more expansive mission than the small Peace Corps our nation is financing now.

To America's young people, who listen with despair to the nightly drum beat of bad news, I'm saying: Peace is the Answer. Help us transform a new Peace Corps into a living embodiment of YOUR ideals, your sincere connection with people whose differences matter far less to you than your kinship with them. After all, we are brothers and sisters living on a tiny, fragile planet, under the same sun. To our knowledge, nothing like us exists anywhere else in the immense universe. I think today's young people get this, and they have better ideas than I do about creating a safe and healthy planet.

"...and all human beings together in a common cause to assure peace and survival for all." That is a mission worthy of a new Peace Corps, worthy of America, worthy of all humankind. This Fourth Goal must be our vision, our over-riding goal in a new Peace Corps. But how do we get there? Fortunately, a great many people, including dedicated groups of former Volunteers, have been giving this a lot of thought. I'll give you the broad outlines of their plan, just to demonstrate that this isn't pie-in-the-sky idealism

The first step is to drastically alter the programming of the Peace Corps to make the agency much more ambitious both in scope and size. Currently there are barely 7,000 Peace Corps volunteers in the field, in 71 countries. President Clinton promised, but failed to persuade the Congress to appropriate the necessary funds to bring the number up to 10,000. The current Administration could easily fill 50,000 positions within a year, if the missions of the Peace Corps were expanded with a sense of urgency. Where there is a will, there is a way. We established the Peace Corps as an agency with an Executive Order and within seven months, we had thousands of volunteers in the field, overseas.

What would new volunteers be assigned to do today, beyond the scope of current Peace Corps assignments? They could join with existing organizations in poor nations to build up societies – to ensure the fairness of local elections, organize forums, train small-scale entrepreneurs, and strengthen the ethic of service, both in public and private sectors. Volunteers could work directly for youth and health organizations in host countries. They would foster positive activities which would displace violence, fanaticism, and ignorance about the goodness of all human beings. The Volunteers' very presence and peaceful activities in the face of volatile situations would exemplify democratic values and peaceful commitment without having to preach them.

Of course we would still send volunteers, as requested by host nations, to teach in schools, to work in hospitals, to help small businesses and entrepreneurs, and fill other technical roles. But a deliberate focus on education and health would provide ample challenges for an expanded new Peace Corps.

A second way to transform the Peace Corps into a new agency would be to harness the potentials of technology. Beginning in October 2000, the Peace Corps teamed up with AOL Time Warner and the Hewlett-Packard Company to bring the benefits of information technology to more communities in the developing world. These companies have committed to providing 120 volunteers in 15 countries around the world with "Peace Packs", powerful containers of computers, modems, printers, digital cameras, and access to the Internet. We need to double and triple such efforts to spread information technology globally. We should put at least as much emphasis on delivering intelligence – and useful human knowledge – as we do on gathering intelligence to fight the enemy.

On November 10, Sargent Shriver, the founding Director of the Peace Corps made a speech at Yale University in which he called for a new Peace Corps – a vastly improved, expanded, and profoundly deeper enterprise.

► Robert Sargent Shriver's Remarks continued

A third way is to deploy the talents and dedication of the existing 162,000 Returned Peace Corps Volunteers. Now, in the nation's hour of need, Returned Peace Corps Volunteers are uniquely equipped to serve overseas again, and to inspire global leadership within our own country. Many can speak the languages that are needed. They are comfortable in settings that even our military does not accept or occupy. The Crisis Corps was founded in 1996 for just such a purpose: it mobilizes Returned Peace Corps Volunteers to provide short-term assistance after natural disasters and in humanitarian crises. While this program has been successful over the last five years of its existence, only 300 Crisis Corps Volunteers have served in 21 countries to date. We must strengthen and expand this remarkable program so that we can send Returned Peace Corps Volunteers into every country in the world.

Would any of this renewed emphasis on Service make the world any safer? It already has! Years ago, one Volunteer joined a smallpox eradication team in Central Africa. Together they vaccinated 60,000 people, and within a few years after these workings, the disease was eliminated from the face of the earth. The

Why look to the Peace Corps in a time of such extreme danger? I believe it's necessary to do so, because we're now living in a new world; and without peace, the new world will have no future, except death! Isn't this the challenge which bin Laden and other terrorist groups have put before us? "What have you got," they say to us, "that is truly worth defending? Your skyscrapers; your blue chip stocks; your luxury cars; your trade agreements; your computer networks; your flashy movies; your fast food? Stack all that up against men like ours who readily give up their lives for God, and you've got nothing, America! Nothing!"

Maybe they're right. Let's suppose for a moment that they are. What have we got that's worth defending, worth dying for? I say that peace is the answer. No matter how many bombs we drop, no matter how skillfully our soldiers fight, we are not responding to the ultimate challenge until we show the world how and why we must all learn to live in peace — until peace becomes the only permanent alternative to war.

Our present world cries out for a new Peace Corps—a vastly improved, expanded, and profoundly deeper enterprise. Why? Simply because our capacity to kill each other has far outstripped our capacity to live together. Now we live in a world of low-tech killing, where plastic knives and innocent-looking envelopes can do the job just as efficiently as nuclear bombs. There must be an alternative to this endless cycle of killing—not just for America's sake, but for all of humanity.

Peace is much more than the mere absence of war. Peace requires the simple but powerful recognition that what we have in common as human beings is more important and crucial than what divides us.

You may think these are just the ranting of an old man defending his outdated ideas. But I'm not defending the Peace Corps — I'm attacking it! We didn't go far enough! Our dreams were large, but our actions were small. We never really gave the goal of "World Wide Peace" an overwhelming commitment or established a clear, inspiring vision for attaining it. If we had, the world wouldn't be in the mess we are in. We may have only one more opportunity to get it right.

When we proposed legislation for the original Peace Corps, we came up with only three goals: (1) to provide technical assistance to poor people; (2) to promote better understanding of Americans on the part of the peoples served; and (3) to bring the world home to America. Forty years later, we could probably question some of these goals, or scrap them altogether. But I propose that we renew our vision by concentrating on a new Fourth Goal. We've struggled with words for the Fourth Goal, but let me give you the sense of it: to bind all human beings together in a common cause to assure peace and survival for all.

Words can be tricky, and I don't want to debate the meaning of the phrase I just uttered. I just want you to catch its spirit: to bind all people together in common cause to assure peace and survival for all.

Now more than ever, we depend on one another for our very existence! We are not just Americans, or Jews, or Muslims, or Catholics, or rich, or poor, or famous, or obscure. Yes, we still wear these labels today, during our short existence on earth. But we must bequeath to our children and grand-children a world of stark choices: Peace or Death. As for me, for my children, my wife, and my friends, I choose Peace.

The Call to War can only take us so far; I say what our nation needs now is a Call to Peace and to Service — Peace and Service on a scale we have scarcely begun to imagine.

Let us unleash the power of young people in all nations to see the world for what it is now, and then go out to change it for the better. Let's join in common cause with all countries to eradicate poverty and militarism. Let's create a new Peace Corps we can believe in, led by exceptional people, not afraid to tackle difficult assignments, unwavering in their dedication to living and working alongside citizens of other nations who want to create a safe and stable world. Give us a new Peace Corps worthy of a Mahatma Gandhi, a Martin Luther King, a Nelson Mandela, or a Nobel Peace Prize. Give us a new Peace Corps whose accomplishments match its ideals. Give us a new Peace Corps that doesn't merely hope for peace, but goes out and builds it, brick-by-brick, human being by human being.

Peace Corps Volunteer was one of only a hundred people doing such work — and look what they accomplished! Another volunteer set up a library, left books behind, and years later she met a young man who might have grown up to be a terrorist, but instead was absorbed by one of the math text-books, stayed with it, and is now a math professor in Toronto. Thousands, perhaps millions of such cases can be cited from the history of the Peace Corps' 40 years of effort. Imagine what a new, large scale effort could accomplish for a new World dedicated to Peace,—unanimously.

The Peace Corps now is the only agency in the United States government which makes peace not only attractive, but possible. I admonish you to empower, renew, and greatly increase the Peace Corps so that it becomes a pragmatic and dramatic symbol of America's commitment to peace, even if our nation, temporarily must defend our land and our people against contemporary, vicious, and lethal attacks.

Yes, it is obvious that the war against terrorism requires a military response. Yet it is equally obvious that a military response cannot achieve peace. If we deploy the idealism of America's citizens against the fanatical haters of America, we will see the Peace Corps become our nation's most effective anti-terrorism program, and the creator of a world finally capable of achieving the universal, cherished dream of peace.

But our goal, please remember, is not just the survival of America — it is the survival of our whole planet. When our deeds match our ideals, we will be living life as it ought to be lived. This is not just an American dream — it is a universal need. A new Peace Corps would be the living embodiment of this precept, stripped of all harmful religious and political overtones. A new Peace Corps would be the best America has to offer the world, in this hour of great need. Hopefully and optimistically, I believe that many nations and nationalities will enthusiastically join us in the creation of a "New World of Peace."

PEACE

Features

TESOL ARTICLE FOR STICKY RICE, BARB GOSH PROFESSIONAL SECTION

Last January's Thai TESOL (Teachers of English to Speakers of other Language) International conference in Chaing Mai had attendees and speakers from 23 countries. If you are interested in either TESOL or other career opportunities in Thailand I suggest you send a proposal to speak at this years conference. This year's conference will be held in Bangkok from January 23-25 and its theme is **Culture, Content, and Competency**. As Peace Corps volunteers we are knowledgeable about Thai culture and have been presenting to Thai educators. The email address for the submission of a proposal is Chal@psm.swu.ac.th. The deadline for the submission of proposal is July 30, 2002. TESOL's email address is <http://www.thaitesol.org>.

I attended last year's conference; it was enjoyable and interesting.

One notable quote was: "My project was neither a glowing success nor a glaring failure", however a really useful quote came from Business Week magazine, July 2001, that "English is as essential a business tool as a screw driver."

Information that was new to me:

Asians use English to communicate with other Asians, for example: Japanese engineers, Chinese travel agents and Thai business people use English to communicate. English is the second most used language in Thailand. In Europe, employees able to use English can expect a 20 to 30 percent increase in salary. According to research, English is used primarily in four areas: personal information, telephone, travel, and text information (fax, email and text messaging). Employers expect email messages to be in English even if employees are not native speakers of English. Research shows that most business people read 3 letters in a week and 30 email a day. Email and text messaging is increasing and uses a different style than usual expository writing. Travel represents 10% of the world wealth and is dominated by English. English language textbooks convey a stereotypical view of the world; that conversations are always formal, that people always respond quickly and politely to a request, and so on. More words were published on the World Wide Web in the last four years than have ever been published. In the next five years, we will be reacting to 50% more new technology.

English is an ever-changing language and teachers should prepare students to continue to learn. Several speakers asked, "When hearing *mouse*, do more people think computer input device or rodent?" When you use the word *monitor*, do you mean watch someone or a computer output device?" Along with words used differently, several speakers also recommended that we shy away from defining British, American, etc. language and that we accept differences such as center and centre, adver-TYZE-ment and ad-VER-tissment.

Several speakers discussed Thai culture and its affect on student performance. I am going to repeat the information from Sudakarn Patamadilok about student cultural background and its affect on student achievement.

1. Lacking reading habit (caused by the social environment in Thailand).
2. Lacking interest in reading books or searching for general knowledge (caused by the lack of reading habit and the student's interests).
3. Having copying and cheating habits (caused by copying used as teaching and the tradition of student-student helping).
4. Being quiet and passive in class (caused by the tradition of respect towards senior people in Thailand and by Thai lecturing teaching method).
5. Preferring to read short or easy literary texts (caused by inadequate linguistic and literary competencies and by negative attitudes toward the study of English Literature).
6. Attempt to gain only a 'C' grade (caused by "instrumental" motivation that concentrates on "degree" requirements for job application and by the institutional policy supporting this motivation).

The following recommendations to adjust teaching methods are a composite of several speeches. The recommendations are;

1. Trust, [i.e. there should be no threatening in class, allow choral responses rather than calling on a student by name, understand that confidence is often low].
2. Time, [i.e. give enough time for Thai students to read the literary text and/or provide answers in class].
3. Techniques [i.e. use context to teach, understand and use learning styles, use authentic and communicative language during teaching, evaluate the training, skill, and spirit of the teacher, mediate between the classroom and the outside world, encourage creative thinking, evaluate during teaching, stress communication skills, develop email and text message specific competencies, do not expect perfect pronunciation, do not correct every mistake, provide remedial practice only for students needing it, use interesting topics rather than lists of unrelated words (such as dinosaurs for young children, rites of passage for older students), expect/demand practice, teach and practice problem solving, and other student centered teaching techniques].

I have notes from these and other speeches. Let me know if you are interested.

The theme is **Culture, Content and Competency**. The email address for proposal entries is Chal@psm.swu.ac.th. I have copies of the rationale for the papers and the proposal form if you are interested. Peace Corps is doing creative teaching in Thailand and we have cultural knowledge so this is a natural for presentations by Peace Corps people.

Features

The following article was written by Jennifer Keahey, teacher trainer and PCV in Latvia. She visited Group 112 PCV Cherry Hitt in January.

A little English Goes far in the land of smiles

-Hey, where you go, Miss?

-I go.

-Good good!

I had been traveling in Thailand for a week, and had already gotten into the spirit of the language. The English language, that is. After a month, Thai will have come more easily to my lips, but in the beginning, I realized I could get by with English as long as I spoke it as the Thai do. How is that? Same, same with a few differences. For one, repetition is good. Good good, meaning very good. I doubt this rule is written down anywhere, but the longer I was in Thailand, the more I made use of it.

The Thai don't have a strong background in English. Yet, in the past twenty years, their country has gone from being a fabled land in exotic Asia to one of the hottest tourist destinations in the world. Islands that lacked electricity and plumbing just ten years ago now flaunt four star hotels and packed beaches. Whether walking down the street in Bangkok, or on a near-deserted trail deep in the rain forest, you are likely to hear German, English and French as often as Thai. Travelers are now searching out the most distant islands for that lost paradise they have been craving. As a result, an illiterate fisherman may have a stronger grasp of English than an English teacher in the North! I held a number of fluent conversations with a fisherman named Kim, who caught my nightly feast of barracuda or yellow snapper in the south. Conversely, in the poverty ridden far north, I taught English to a class of children at Cave Village School for one day. Their understanding of English was stronger than that of their teacher, who shyly handed me the textbook and pointed out the lesson I should teach. "You teach, please, please."

How have the Thai handled the recent invasion of Europeans, Aussies and Americans? With a great deal of energy, good humor and the wisdom that communication is more important than accuracy. Most Thais don't speak English very well, but they are not afraid of making mistakes. Perhaps one reason for this is that Thai people are extremely hospitable. They will often invite you to their home for dinner within hours of meeting you. If traveling alone, they will be sure to try to speak with you so you don't become lonely. One man carried on a long conversation with me while traveling by bus; the fact that he knew about ten English words did not daunt him. Children run up to foreigners with breathless questions: "Hi! I Arun, what you name? Where you from? How old you? What food you like? I like sweet sweet!" Old men stop travelers in the street to make sure they are not lost, using the ubiquitous, "Where you go, Miss?"

One of the expressions a traveler learns quickly is, "Where you go?" My first reaction was to always answer the question properly, but after some time, I learned that this is also the Thai way of saying, "How are you?". In many instances, all that is required by way of response is, "I go," which loosely translates into, "I'm just going around, enjoying life." Thus, I discovered something about the Thai philosophical approach to life, simply by observing their English usage. After some time in Thailand, I learned that this philosophy is expressed in the Thai expression "jai yen" (cool heart). Having "jai yen" means not getting upset; a Thai will sit in a heavy traffic jam in Bangkok with a smile on his or her face. There is no point in getting angry; complaints will not get rid of the traffic jam. Life happens anyway, so you may as well go around, enjoying it.

Although replete with "jai yen", I soon discovered that my English was suffering. I could no longer communicate in complete sentences. There was the disconcerting feeling that as both native speaker and English teacher, I should not be constantly mistaken as a European with a weak grasp of English. It was time to go back to school.

With the assistance of Peace Corps, I met Cherry Hitt. Cherry is a Peace Corps Volunteer who works as an English teacher trainer in Kamphaengphet, a mid-sized town in west-central Thailand. She kindly invited me to stay with her and to visit two of the schools she works with. Thus, over the course of two days, I was able to learn something of the education system in Thailand.

The first thing that surprised me was how teachers in Thailand are respected, even admired by the general population. This must explain the reverential awe a young man expressed when I casually mentioned my line of work over beer on a beach in the south. Cherry explained it succinctly: "Teachers, doctors and nurses are among the most respected people in Thailand." Quite a change from Latvia, where my friends are apt to look at me in pity, slipping one Lat coins into my purse when I'm not looking.



Features



A Little English - Jennifer K.

Perhaps, partly due to the respect given teachers, men are as common on school grounds as women. It was a shock to walk into a school and see many sharply dressed male teachers bustling their young charges about. I had a great conversation with a male physical education teacher at Tessaban School #2 in Kamphaengphet. He spoke English, and told me he had gone into teaching because he loved sports, psychology, and children. I found myself experiencing a deep sense of loss at the lack of male teachers in the schools of Latvia. Thai children certainly do not lack wonderful male role models.

Mrs. Chutharat Nawamat (nickname: Pee-Tom) escorted me around Tessaban School #2 and allowed me to talk to her English class about Latvia. There was quite a deal of confusion regarding Latvia's location, and a map, when brought in, still depicted Latvia as a part of the Soviet Union. The only explanation that worked was, Latvia used to be like China, but now is free. After sorting out location, the students wanted to know what kind of food Latvians eat. Potato, they did not understand, so I used the Thai expression, "foreigner root" and their eyes went delightfully wide with surprise.

I also enjoyed the indoor/outdoor system of classes in Thailand. At Tessaban School #1 in Kamphaengphet, there is a wonderful outdoor area with tables and benches. We held English class there. Mrs. Piyanan Makpho introduced me to two of her English classes at Tessaban School #1. Her fifth form classes had accomplished an extraordinary project that involved painting a large world map on the school wall. Each country was painstakingly drawn; even Latvia was not forgotten. The students used an overhead projector on the wall, tracing country outlines from a map. Since overhead projectors are useless in the sun, they waited until night to draw their countries. The next step for them is to write each country's name on the wall.

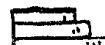
Of course, the sun and warmth makes outdoor work possible. It also makes it possible for shoe rules to be formed. Throughout Thailand, people must take their shoes off upon entering most buildings. Students are no exception; they have to take off their shoes and line them up by the door before they enter the classroom. Happily enough, teachers don't have to take their shoes off at school, doubtless one of the benefits of the respect that they receive.

Students follow rules in Thailand. They must enter the room in advance of the teacher. When the teacher arrives, students are taught to stand in unison, and in the case of English class, to recite, "Good morning teacher, how are you?" They do not sit until the teacher tells them to. The same rules apply at the end of the lesson; when the teacher dismisses the class, students stand and recite, "Thank you very much teacher, good bye!" They must wait for the teachers to exit before leaving themselves.

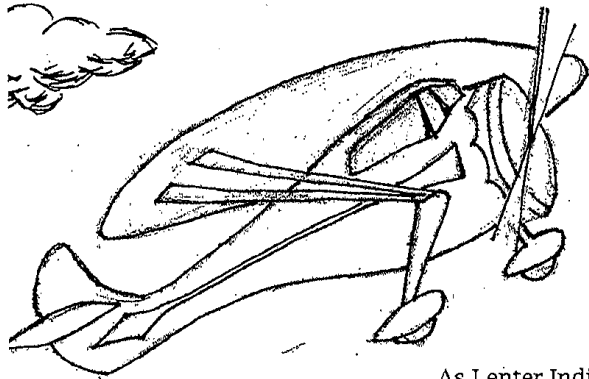
Despite well-behaved students and the respect they receive, the teaching system is not perfect in Thailand. Just as in Latvia, Thailand faces many problems. Cherry is busy training teachers how to make interactive lesson plans, as the current system is heavily dedicated to rote memorization. Change is always a struggle. So are funds. I asked Mr. Bongkot Gerdtep, the school director of Tessaban School #2, what was the biggest problem for Thai schools to overcome. Predictably, his response was money. Schools lack the funds to modernize their schools. Mr. Gerdtep for example, wants funds to buy computers and create internet access for his school. As in Latvia, schools must stretch what little they receive to go as far as possible, and it is never enough.

Another problem facing Thai schools is student poverty. Public schools are inexpensive, but many parents cannot afford the uniforms students require. Also, families cannot spare older children from food-earning labor. The result is that some students must leave school after the sixth form to start work. The next cut off point is ninth form. Only the richest or most intelligent children are able to continue on to tenth form. This creates unique problems in the English teaching field. Students begin to have a good understanding of English by age 12 or 13, just when many must leave. The sad fact shows that Thailand is struggling economically, and like Latvia, the capital city holds most of the wealth. It is common to see children in Bangkok walking through malls, busily chatting on mobile phones, but in rural villages, such affluence is rare or non-existent. I was constantly surprised at the enormous gulf between rich and poor in Thailand. In Latvia, it seems most people are still in the same boat together. Contrarily, in Thailand glittering malls and posh hotels exist alongside slums. Still even the poorest continue to smile. A fact that amazed me.

Thailand is indeed the land of smiles, and perhaps the most exciting adventure of a lifetime. Tourists who stay in the fancy tourist areas will not see much of real Thai life, but travelers, who make the smallest effort to get off the beaten track are in for a unique and thrilling experience. I recommend it to all of you once the Latvian government is able to raise your salaries to match your skills. In the meantime, I wish you "jai yen" through your busy, exam filled spring, and a happy smile as the sun and storks return home.



TRAVEL



Ode to Thailand

Perspectives from India by Cherry Hitt

Oh Thailand, how I love thee.
People who are so "jai dee."
Buddhist temples and food stands abound.
You can even get veggie food if you stand
your ground.

People say "Hello" as I walk around.
They smile and wave,
But in confrontation they do not engage.
I get so much attention,
I feel like I'm on stage.

As I enter India, I feel a change.

I am on guard.

People here are not the same.

"Madame" they say with hands outstretched.

"Give us money, for we are very poor."

Some speak English,

But they speak so fast.

I find it difficult to understand.

The food stands are fewer,

But the food shops we go to have

plenty of veggie selections to choose from.

We go to the holy city and watch people bathe.

It may be holy water,

But it's quite unclean.

From our bubble we emerge,

And walk to the Taj Mahal.

"What a magnificent sight," I think,

As I look at the tomb.

We confront the pushy people on the streets,

But at Lotus Temple we find some peace.

Money they do not want.

They just want people of different faiths to
join together.

We make our journey back to the airport,

And try to sit in the visitor's lounge.

For thirty-five rupies apiece we must scrounge.

We have no money,

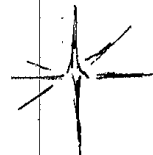
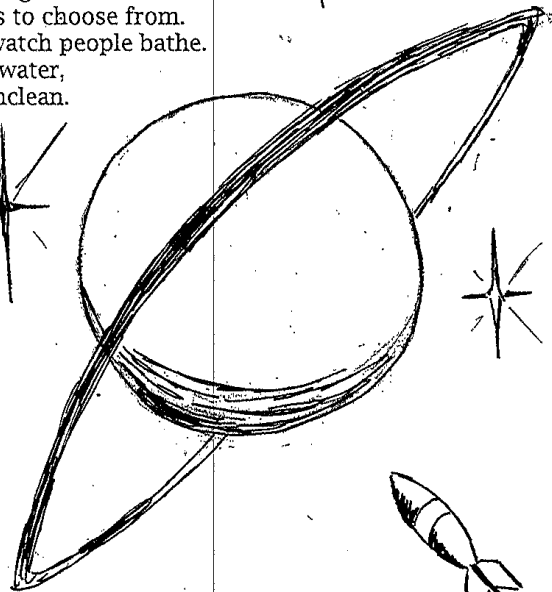
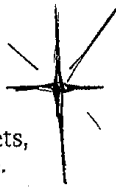
So we sit outside.

The supervisor takes pity and lets us in for
free.

Finally, back in Thailand,
We eat our noodles and rice.

It's very hot,

But people are nice.



On Coming and Going Home - Elizabeth Vickerman

Sometimes change happens fast, some times it happens so slowly you barely notice it. Last November I was in Surin at the Elephant Roundup when I had a dream about my mother. The next night she called me on my cell phone. (Yes, I do have a cell phone. It was cheaper than a regular connection.) She called me at 4am. She said she, "I just wanted to hear the sound of your voice." When I told her it was 4am, she said to me, "Are you sure?" I looked around at the other people sleeping in the room with me and whispered back to her, "Yes, Mom. I am pretty sure it is 4am here."

TRAVEL

.. On Coming & going home ..

A Thai friend just happened to give me a copy of the Bangkok Post a few days later and I saw an ad for Northwest Airlines offering an extraordinary low rate from Bkk to NY. Putting all of it together, I just knew I needed to see my parents in North Carolina. Khun Shing helped me get the tickets and I left for the States on December 1, my mother's 84th birthday.

Living here in Thailand has offered me many opportunities to travel; to another volunteer's site, to Bangkok for Peace Corps stuff, or just to see, explore, and try to understand this complex country. On all of my travels, when I return to my house, I return alone. No one is waiting for me at the bus station except the tuk tuk drivers, for which I am eternally grateful since without them to drive me home, I would have to walk two miles to my home. I am somewhat proud of the fact that I am self-reliant, that I can find ways to take care of myself without depending on other people to always be of assistance to me. I know that any of my Thai friends would be more than willing to meet me at the station whatever time I arrived but the feeling of independence is too strong. I manage to get my self to and from where ever I need to be. When I arrived in Wilmington, North Carolina, my brother George met me at the airport. As I walked into the waiting area, there he was, smiling, beaming, with his arms out stretched, waiting for me.

It has been a while since anyone was waiting for me anywhere and it felt good to be embraced by someone who loves me. My mother was not surprised by my visit. Somehow she found out and probably just as well as it was her 84th birthday. We had time to talk, visit and watch some of her favorite movies together: *Cinema Paradiso*, *The Bicycle Thief* and *Smoke*.

I took the train to New Haven CT and was met by my three children, Inga, Jon, and Sara. Another meeting of out stretched arms hugs and kisses. It was a rare opportunity for all of us to be unexpectedly together as a family. I saw my brothers George and John, my sister Cindy, cousin Johanna and respective children and spouses. I had an opportunity to meet RPCV Grace Parent who teaches my niece Emily's 2nd grade class. I spoke with her and her students about my life here in Thailand and we will be writing to each other.

My visit home was twelve days and twelve days was not enough time. It was barely enough time to decompress. Going back to America and living in American time after living here in Southeast Asia for a year on Thai time was a challenge. My trip back was long, confusing, and tiresome. Security lines everywhere. Line that went no where. Lines, lines and more lines. My plane from Seattle returned to the terminal twice for repairs before leaving and was late landing arriving in Tokyo. We were diverted because of fog, landed and spent the night in Osaka.

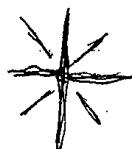
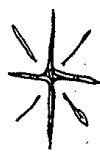
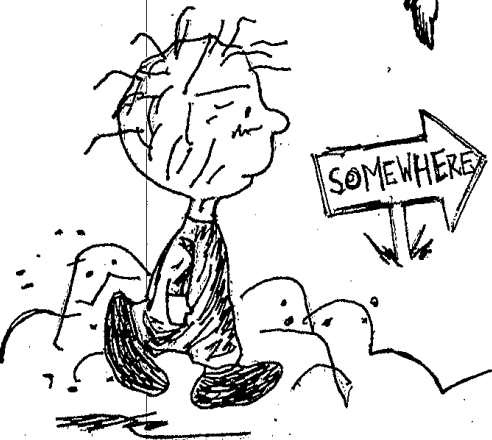
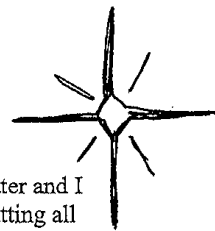
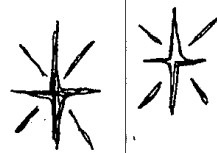
The hotel we stayed at was rather elegant and we had time to get to know each other and share stories about where we were going. I had dinner with two young Chinese men on their way home to Shanghai for winter break. During dinner they tried to eat French bread with a knife and a fork. Quite an event to watch! I met a little Chinese/American boy named "Josh" traveling with his grandmother going to visit relatives in Shanghai, a man on his way to his mother's funeral, which he missed because of our delay, a family of 5 who had saved for two years to make this visit. For this family of five our delay became a memorable event as they were given the luxury Japanese suite. People coming and going home. The next day we returned to Tokyo, all 350+ people, all going indifferent directions. Northwest failed to keep us informed of what or where we were suppose to go. It was exhausting and stressful.

I met some Thai people at the airport who were also headed for BKK and ended up hanging with them, eating Japanese food that we all agreed was, "Mai arroy". It felt good to be back with Thai people. It is a hard feeling to explain, but I really felt safe and comfortable with these Thai strangers. It took me three days to get back to Thailand. I arrived back here in Roi-Et late Saturday night and for the first time since I have been here, when I opened the door to my house, I felt like I was really coming home. This was the first time I have felt like this. The feeling prior to this was, "Oh, yeah, this is the place where I live."

So now I am back in Roi-Et where I can't read 99% of the signs so I rarely know where I am at any given time. When there is a festival going on, I don't know what it is about. But on any of my walks around town at least 5 kids stopped me to say "Hello Ajan Elizabeth." I am now sitting here thinking of all of the things I didn't do and all the people I didn't get to see. I am also thinking about how sometimes it is good to be able to get yourself where you need to be independent of others and sometimes it is wonderful to be embraced by loving arms at the end of your journey. And thinking about where home is.

In Peace,

Pzz Elizabeth



A PCV Profile

Name: Jordan Nickname: Jetarine
Where you come from: left field
Site: Non Din Daeng That would be where? soath point of the Buri-Triangle
And we should come visit you why? To see the nature reserve in my backyard.
"A farang moment" (one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)
Walking through the market one day, I randomly shouted "Khun Thai"
How you like Thai food? at someone. No one calls me "Farang" anymore at the market.
Ahhan Essan - Nam Tok Moo, Sticky Rice, and Som Tom Bock Bock.
Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?
Speaking Thai.
Favorite Thai word? Tua Fuk Yao (green bean) and Fuk Tong (pumpkin)
Free time yes ☒ no ☐ How do you spend it? Guitar, Football, and chillin' out on a hammock.
Roommates? Logan and Sara, about twice a week.
Last good movie: 'When We Were Kings'
One thing you wish you brought but didn't:
Some Mozart, Rimbaud, and a working knowledge of the Thai language.
Besides friends, families, pets, and driving what do you miss most about the states?
Golf and MGD with my father.

Ten years from now, favorite memory:

I'll always remember my first trip to Montana when I was 12 or 13. I worked on a cattle ranch for a week.

A PCV Profile

Name: Scott Scherquist Nickname: 'Play you!'
Where you come from: Queens, NY
Site: Ras: Salai That would be where? In Thailand
And we should come visit you why? Why not?
"A farang moment" (one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)
Bringing a bag of Farang to the market, & when hearing "Farang Farang" trying to
How you like Thai food? Give them a Farang
Same way I would like what I like.
Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?
Top dancing
Favorite Thai word? Fuctoowa
Free time ☒ yes ☒ no ☐ How do you spend it? Not much of it. Watch the jellies.
Make plans to rule the world after my service
Roommates? what about them?
Last good movie: Dancer in the Dark
One thing you wish you brought but didn't: My piano & all of my rubber ducks.
Besides friends, families, pets, and driving what do you miss most about the states? My piano, pet rock
and the City

Ten years from now, favorite memory:

Can't answer, don't know what will happen in the next ten years. As of now see above
"Farang Moment"



Book Review

The Master and Margarita

By: Mikhail Bulgakov

Reviewed by: Sara Peoples

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to fly naked and glowing on a witch's broom over the streets of Communist Moscow, allow Mikhail Bulgakov to enhance your imagination. Of course, if this thought has never occurred to you, you have all the more reason to pick up one of the most intoxicatingly addictive books I've ever read.

It is springtime in Communist Moscow, and there has been an accident (or was it a murder?) – the head of Mikhail Alexandrovitch, the former editor of a “highbrow literary magazine,” is now body-less, as his crown spins in a pool of sunflower seed oil. The literary world of Moscow is properly shocked at the death of such a luminary, but also engaged in a heated power struggle to replace him. Meanwhile, a witness to Alexandrovitch's death, the twenty-three year old poet Ivan Nikolayich Poniryov, is in the insane asylum raving about a man – a murderer – a foreign professor – with a strange appearance and stranger mannerisms, who knew Pontius Pilate intimately.

Rumor of the existence of this professor, and his strange companions, will spread beyond the reaches of the insane asylum and literary society and into the rest of Moscow. Along with our professor, there will be spottings of a very large black, well-spoken cat who is seen, among other things, daintily eating caviar, a tall, thin man in plaid, and a beautiful vampire, who cannot seem to keep her clothes on, and keeps showing up in the strangest places.

This book is a wild ride that takes a while to make sense, but hang in there because, as Margarita says, “one doesn't meet the devil every day!” and I believe you will find yourself agreeing with dear Azazello who responded to her excuse with “More's the pity!...Think of what fun it would be if you did!”

Readers Write Change

Change - Sara Jones

Change...as with the lovely English language change can mean several things. Moving to Thailand has changed my definition of what "hot" really is. When you are handed a 500 bhat bill at the bank and then go to the thalat to buy some dinner--it's really hard to convey this message: "Do you have change for a 500 bhat?," when your Thai is somewhat limited and there are no gestures you are aware of to demonstrate this action. Even though the woman repeatedly says 17 bhat and you hand her 500 bhat and show her an empty wallet...the concept of change is lost. Personally I avoid situations like these at all costs, even if it means buying a ton of stuff I really don't need in order to make the change making process easier.

I have had to change the simple act of the manner in which I walk through a doorway in Thailand. Being 5' 7" is not very tall except for the fact that I am in Thailand and generally tower over all women and some men. This afternoon as a matter of fact I must have forgotten what country I was in because I banged my head on the top of the doorframe on the way into the hong nam. This isn't the first nor the last time I have done this--by the time I leave Thailand I will either have brain damage or an extremely flat forehead. But hey, my PC medical coverage is there for life--so I feel very safe slamming my head against cement on a weekly basis. Being in PC Thailand has caused me to change the way I dress. Instead of being a laid back scrub in baggy shorts and a t-shirt, I'm now a prickly heat powdered laid-back scrub in baggy riap roi clothes.

Just being at the SBA for two weeks has changed my mind on what I want to be when I grow

up. I want to be an education supervisor. What other job would allow me to watch TV, play Snooker on the computer, eat mangoes all day, nap at my desk and take three hour lunch breaks?

But seriously, change elicits a lot of thought or maybe a lot of empty thoughts. I know I have changed because people have told me so, even though I cannot see the change myself. Whether it was change for the better or worse, no one seems to have an answer or they are too afraid to say it.

Being a very stubborn, pattern oriented person--I hate change. I had to deal with the change of going from high school to college; the change of losing my grandfather to cancer; the change of moving from upstate NY (where I spent the first 22 years of my life) to upstate SC after yet another change--graduating college; the change from being a student to becoming an adult with 'real' responsibilities. The biggest changes in my life have stemmed from living overseas though...it isn't something I can explain in words but something I can feel every second of everyday when I realize how lucky I am to be me.

There are two quotes I hold very dear that exemplify change in my world:

"I am not the same having seen the moon shine on the other side of the world."

--Mary Ann Radmacher, Hershey

"It was a time when the unthinkable became thinkable and the impossible really happened."

--Anindhati Roy

With that said, it is now time to change the channel--I think muay thai is on...

From Devin Polster

Being human, and perhaps especially a Peace Corps Volunteer, oftentimes requires problem solving/conflict resolution skills paired with creativity and perspective. While this story below is not exemplary in regards to honesty, I do think it skillfully illustrates that with the right application of the aforementioned attributes, we can work to ensure a resolution with every party involved for most any given set of circumstances. Simply, there is more than one way to look at a situation and certainly more than one way to resolve it. Good Luck!

From THE BANGKOK POST:

A truck driver moved to Texas and bought a donkey from an old farmer for \$100. The farmer agreed to deliver the donkey the next day.

The next day, the farmer drove up and said: "Sorry, but I have some bad news. The donkey died."

"Well, then, just give me my money back."

"Can't do that. I went and spent it already."

"Okay, then. Just unload the donkey."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to raffle him off."

"You can't raffle off a dead donkey!"

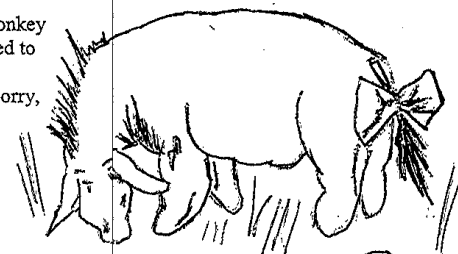
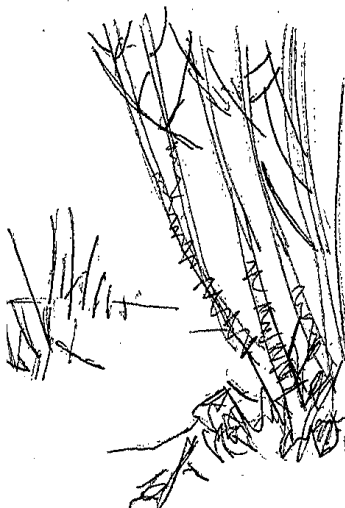
"Sure I can. Watch me. I just won't tell anybody he's dead."

A month later the farmer met the truck driver and asked: "What happened with that dead donkey?"

"I raffled him off. I sold 500 tickets at two dollars apiece and made a profit of \$898."

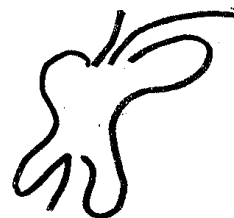
"Didn't anyone complain?"

"Just the guy who won. So I gave him his two dollars back."





Readers Write Change



Change - John G

Wheels keep turning,
Planets keep spinning,
Seasons always changing,
And I am moving again.

Never the same,
Rivers change
With every moment,
Never the same.

Concrete and granite,
Iron and steel,
Always changing
Though wholly unseen.

Continents moving,
Volcanoes building,
Oceans filling

And then diminishing.
There is no thing
Amongst us unchanging.

understood physics
With a neat solution,
Then Albert knocked it over
And even still we can't
Cement evolution.

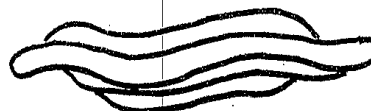
Even our religions always
redefine.
From Catholics to Baptists, a
hundred
Different understandings of
the same Divine.

There is no thing

We can hang our hats on.
No belief left unshakable,
In time always questionable.

Then our truths become half-
truths
And we stare again in the
void.
Learning and adapting
With these we endlessly toil.

The wheel must turn,
That's its' nature.
And each day with the sun
rise,
We seed our future.



CHANGE - Karen Downey

How do I handle change? Change is the only certain thing in our lives. I guess it would be a pretty important thing to take a look at. I have to look at how I want to change others, since I am in another country. Trying to change others is not a healthy thing to do. It means that I am not looking at what needs to be changed inside of myself if I am focusing on changing other persons, places or things. So how can I change myself and plant seeds? How does my behavior affect/effect those around me? How I live and what I do and the way I do it is a stronger message than words can ever be.

The pain of change is reality, the change in a person, system, country, church or whatever but so is the pain of no change when change is called for. I think we are seeing many messages of this in our world today. In spite of our desires changing others will never be an option, whereas changing ourselves takes only a decision and is a choice always available.

Most of our struggles, today as in the past, are attached to persons and situations we are trying to forcibly control. How righteous our attitudes generally are! And so imposing is our behavior that we are met with resistance, painful resistance. Our recourse is now and always to accept those things we cannot change, and willingly change that which we can. Which is ourselves. One of my favorites is the *Serenity Prayer*—god grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

Everything changes. Nothing stays the same and letting go of the way things are and NOT anticipating what they might become, frees us to live each moment more fully. There is a purpose in how our lives unfold. The ups and the downs serve our growth. I think being in another country has allowed me to really feel the extremes with no place to hide. Giving too much attention to either state interferes with our awareness of the present. The present has come to TEACH.

I have learned so much from the focus and spirit of the nuns and monks at the Wat. I have learned so much from the Thai people about being in the present. It seems as though, over the years, I have used many things to avoid the present by being busy, eating, drinking, pills, if only, thinking, worrying, looking at the past and future and thus miss the present. So I am practicing the art of living in the now, allowing the natural flow to present itself and not trying to force solutions. When I get out of the way healthy change happens. The things I spent hours dwelling on never came to pass anyway.

As change occurs it can be messy and not so pretty but change is always called for, or else we remain stagnant. So where you are right now, what do you smell, feel, see, touch and can you hear and feel your heart and breath? Change means growth. It's a time for celebration. I can feel the change after passing the half way mark in my service in Thailand— ONE DAY AT A TIME--

Some of the thoughts here have come from a little book I love by Karen Casey, *Each Day A New Beginning*.
-----KALEN aka Karen Downey

Readers Write Change

Change

...was once my addiction. The only constant. My lifetime. Kept me going. I longed for it. For the renewal. The rebirth. Refocus. Refreshment. The opportunity change gave me to heighten my awareness. To re-discover a mindfulness within. To transform myself out of a rut...I cannot recall if it was a gradual realization or a one-shot revelation, but I have come to believe that *EVERY* moment is changing. I no longer feel a pressing need or a burning desire to seek out change, to chase every adventure. In recent days, commitment has offered me a sense of stability, of familiarity. And yet with this, I now recognize an existing dichotomy and I embrace it. I try to balance it. I celebrate that in each instant exists complete stability and complete change.

Together, in harmony. rachael

From Chris Wagner:

river break

the levy- a river break
and the sun-rise, a needed rest
coffee shift, nap reborn,
a bike ride to re-open the world,
new eyes, new voice, new love in the wearing out flesh—
a friend, a lover, a sister
and this moth dying on my kitchen floor—
blue, gray and white veins in wings
a new breeze against your face
and the sound of the levy, open

new waters come through.

Change - Shellie Norris

Change is acceptance of
Freedom from fear
God's gift for us to reach higher,

To be courageous.

Change is knowing when to let loose
and knowing when to rein in your stock of
new ideas, new events, new emotions,
to produce a new you, to put "change" on as you would
a hat or a glove or friendly sweater
to move around in, settle into, wear for awhile until it becomes like you

In you.

Change is constant motion standing still
in the calm of yourself
Change is going forward, getting closer to silence
and the stillness of yourself
Change is knowing when to finally stop and just breathe.

Hello dah-lings!

*Helloeeze here, ready to dish out words of wisdom to current PCV's trying to "make it" at site. I know you are all struggling to transform your Thai abodes into cozy cottages just brimming with *sabai*. But there are plenty of obstacles in the way: mosquitoes in the bathroom, ants in the kitchen, and various creepy-crawlies on the ceiling! So I'm popping in to provide a helpful household hint or two to get us through the next couple years. But I just put the tea on, so here we go...*

*Sweeties, here is my problem: the dogs. I am sick to death of these mangy creatures roaming the streets of my village and terrorizing my rosebushes! More specifically, I am tortured daily by my neighbor's dogs. Those rabid little flea sacks jump the short wall between our properties and wee-wee all over my yard. It will be a lovely *yen sabai* morning, I'm trying to enjoy a nice cup of vanilla chamomile tea while listening to Peeps, my canary, when suddenly those slobbery hairballs are barking at me from my yard and whizzing in the begonias. Curse them!*

But one morning I was inspired by the divine wisdom of Meredith Viera, one of the fabulous female minds of the American talk show "The View." A viewer wrote in with a similar problem. The neighbor dogs were wandering into her yard and tearing up her flowerbeds. Meredith (bless her heart) suggested that the viewer have her husband urinate around the garden in order to "mark his territory." Dogs are sensitive to "marked territory" and, in theory, would avoid that area!

*Seeing as how I don't have a husband anymore (poor Merv had that unfortunate run-in with a drunken tuk-tuk driver and an irate water buffalo), and since I don't have the "convenient" genitalia that Merv had, I was forced to be more creative. So, I filled a small cup in the bathroom and drizzled it along the short wall. Oh, I know dearies, not very *riap roiy*, but goodness I was desperate!*

And what happened? Well, those odious monsters have not returned! They peer at me from their porch with the full awareness that a cupful of Helloeeze is restricting them from trespassing. (I think I will drop Ms. Viera a thank-you note for her helpful words.) But I encourage you to do the same if the dogs are getting into your gardening as well.

So, my delightful little munchkins, if you have any concerns, questions, queries, or problems, don't be afraid to ask! Further, if you have any helpful household hints yourself please send them to Helloeeze so we can share them with your fellow PCV's! Oh! I hear the kettle whistling! I must fly. Good luck to all and whatever you do, don't try to feed the tookay shortbread... it irritates their fragile digestive systems.

Carolyn Judge





A PCV Profile

Name: Lisa Wells
Where you come from: Alaska

Nickname:

Site: Sangkha, Surin
And we should come visit you why?

That would be where? Southern Essan, near the Cambodian border

If you're from Nebraska and you're feeling homesick, come on down, it'll look like home

"A farang moment" (one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)

When the students sing "If you're happy and you know it, clap your hands ---"

How you like Thai food?
cooked

Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?
eating insects (on purpose)

Favorite Thai word?

Free time ☒ yes ☐ no How do you spend it? Email, reading

Roommates? Denny

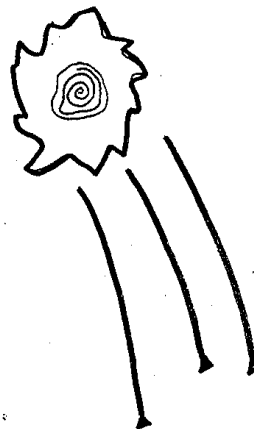
Last good movie: Star Wars

One thing you wish you brought but didn't:

My craft supplies

Besides friends, families, pets and driving what do you miss most about the states?
Mexican food, macaroni and cheese

Ten years from now, favorite memory:
Seeing all the little anuban kids after naptime



A PCV Profile

Name: Heather Trubee
Where you come from:

Nickname: Champu - it's growing on me - I respond to Trubee - willingly admit it, and happily refer to myself using it.
That would be where? J. Loel - ~~where~~ where Nort & Northeast blend.

Site: Phu Rua

And we should come visit you why?

Because I'm there, it's beautiful, and ~~it~~ cooler than most of Essan -

"A farang moment" (one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)

every moment I'm here.

How you like Thai food?

to be eaten with my hands - yeah for sticky Rice!

Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?

checking for large biting and flying bugs before squatting to pee.

Favorite Thai word?

Free time ☐ yes ☐ no

How do you spend it?

Depends

Roommates? Lizards, rats, roaches, and ~~food~~ 93 other critters

Last good movie:

~~At~~ At this point any movie is good.

One thing you wish you brought but didn't:

Besides friends, families, pets and driving what do you miss most about the states?

fall leaves and snow

Ten years from now, favorite memory:

That everything here seems so natural and yet I constantly find myself saying "Only in Thailand."





Personals



Look, Look, Look, Looking out my Office Window - Sara Peoples

It has not yet ceased to astound me how remarkable my office window is. The first, and probably the most remarkable thing about it, is that in my first job out of college, I HAVE an office window...some of the professors at my university did not even have that. Now, of course, it is not the window itself that astounds me. It is your typical wood and glass Thai window that pushes out to let the breeze and the mosquitoes in, and pulls closed to retain some of the precious air conditioning in the building (although the office door is usually left open, which confuses me). At any rate, the window itself is not atypical, but what I get the chance to watch every day has become one of my favorite parts of Thailand.

The streets that run by my Tessaban office are very worrisome to me, especially when I have to cross the rather large intersection by foot, but watching it from the cool quiet of my office does give a more peaceful aspect to the chaos below. The fumes of the song-taows are gone, and the groan of the motorcycles-turned-mini-vans struggling with their awesome loads becomes a soft, mellow sound. I have the inclination and the time to think about the possible stories of some of the people who ride by my office window, and the longing for meaningful conversation with them draws me further into my Thai language workbook.

Around 3:00 each day, my intersection begins to change noticeably. Umbrella flowers begin to pop up, and metal tables start to glitter in the sun like an offering of flowers and gold leaves to Buddha. As the umbrella flowers multiply, steam and smoke become the incense and the offering is complete. The metal, mechanical sounds of the day are replaced by the soft hum and sizzle of human noises, creating more of a chant than a drone. By 4:30, there is just moving mass of color where a street used to be. People walk there now instead of riding unthinkingly over its hot blacktop, and share their stories for the day with each other. The dirty street becomes beautiful, and the solitary riders become social addicts, craving people and life...flowers blooming in the city. It is the Thai's truest and most sincere offering to Buddha... it is the substance and the sustenance of their lives.

We have all seen some of the questions the Thai education department puts on the National English Test. Two group 113ers humbly suggest that this question, based on reality, be added to the next edition of the test under the "culture" section.

You are driving down the highway in Non Din Dang with your twelve closest relatives and friends on your motorcycle. In the distance, you see what seems to be two lines of people walking down the side of the road. As you get closer, you see that these are no two ordinary lines of people... they are some of the strangest farangs you have ever seen! You notice that the last first and the last pairs are wearing matching sets of footwear. The second pair of farangs in line are both wearing red Songkran shirts, and the third pair are both wearing bright yellow



Personals



Look -Sara Peoples

shirts with thirty-six farangs on the back. Each member of this strange party has a rather large backpack as well. These people are:

- A. longing for uniforms to better fit in to Thai culture.
- B. the new missionaries in town who decided the monks had a good idea with the free food each morning and are trying to get in on the merit making too.
- C. the CIA's really bad attempt at looking "inconspicuous" and blending in with the local culture.
- D. eight PCVs walking to the bus stop from Jordan's house in Non Din Dang - JING JING!

BECAUSE I CARE, ASS GLUE AND THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE - Devin

Because I truly care about your safety and wellbeing, I thought that I should bring a certain product to your attention—a product that my neighbor's wife purchased for her husband's sore throat. This product is *Nin Jiom Pei Pa Koa (Cough Syrup)*, produced by the *Nin Jiom Medicine Manufactory* based out of Hong Kong. While I am certainly a fan of holistic medicine and homeopathic healing (and assuredly have no intention of slandering this product or its company), I was taken aback by a certain ingredient in the cough syrup: namely, Ass glue. Somewhere between the ingredients Ginger and Menthol (see the enclosed label), Ass glue is included (one would hope) for some reason. Now, after many a meditation and much deep thinking on Existence and the nature of Ass glue, I seemed to have come to an impasse and seemingly have more questions than when I started out on this quest for Truth and Certainty.

First, I asked myself what beneficial qualities could Ass glue have and what ailments can it potentially alleviate? However, I later realized that I was getting far ahead of myself. Really, what is Ass glue, and is it even possible for us to know? I thought back to those thinkers of a time since past.

I reasoned that Kant would most likely say that we can never really know what Ass glue is as an existing entity in and of itself, but rather, only how we perceive and relate to Ass glue.

Nietzsche would probably say that Ass glue is a will to power of an independent revolution of chaotic artistry wishing to fulfill its own existence. Closer to home, perhaps Buddha would liken Ass glue to the arrow in Buddha's Parable of the Arrow, thereby relegating the issue(s) of Ass glue to the abyss of non-edification, where such endeavors of enlightenment only exert themselves as ephemeral and non-momentary. Or, I thought that this perhaps is a long-lost Zen Koan of sorts; a luminous, clandestine master, asking us, "What is Ass glue?" "No really...what is Ass glue?"

As for me, questions still abound. Is Ass glue a glue used for one's ass or an ass used for one's glue? As for the former, why would one's ass need glue, and for the latter, what (or whose) ass could be The Ass in the Ass glue? In The End, do we all just end up as Ass glue? I shudder to think. And to make matters even worse, it troubles me that I have burdened you to bear the cross of this enigma, this vicious conundrum, and that many a sleepless night of yours will be riddled and plagued, devoted to this quandary. On that note, I wish you well and continued peace on The Path. And by the way, my neighbor's sore throat has completely healed. I think the Ass glue may have helped.



Personals



A morning run - Rachel Skolnik

...a time with god. Still in my morning fog, I drag my feet to the bathroom, as my thoughts stay in bed. I brush my teeth with my eyes closed, avoiding the sting from the rising sun. Taking a deep breath, I wish myself a "good morning" and splash water on my heavy eyes. And then the debate. I have it every morning. Go or not? I want to go.

Really I do. I know it will feel good. I know it will give me energy. Help me wit the day. And yet my legs feel like lead and my pillow cries fro my return. "Just get dressed and go," I say to myself. "once your shoes are on and you're out the door...Ah, it'll feel so good..." So, I dress, throwing on some bass-filled hip hop to get me inspired. Barely making it through half of the first song, I wonder why I bothered with the music as I lock my door and head out....

Those first few steps...so hard but so good. Then the rythmn sinks in and I want to fly. My feet dance through the street and I feel free. I thank god for the gift - the ability to use my body. My legs move me into a sweat, deep breathing and muscles burning... Morning glory at its finest.

An Unsolicited .02 - John Gieschen

I'm sitting in the office mulling things over. Anyone else feeling like a game winner one day and the game ball the next? Anyone feeling mild paranoia that everyone is talking about you, yet you're never really sure? Things certainly get easier as time runs by, but the treadmill seems kicked up a notch or two higher than I want at times. Yet, then there's the moment in a bus station when the language flows like water and someone tells you how happy and proud they are that you've come to their country.

As in golf, it only takes that one great shot on the last hole of the day for all the incredibly horrible ones you made all morning to fade into memory. I am sure there is a non-golf metaphor too, but what can I say, I even like watching it on TV.

Well, we are all working now. Though we 113ers remain a little green and wet behind the ears, we're also getting the real taste of things. Some things taste sweet while others not so much. Unfortunately for me, an aspect of my personality is drifting into anger when I am frustrated and tired. My mom says it's the Irish in me, but rationally, I think it is more simply a lack of effort. One of the Buddhist concepts I appreciate is the idea that each person is responsible for managing their emotions and responses. And, that this personal accountability and ability is the key for living a worthwhile life. It means recognizing discord and suffering at any level is a product of our response to a situation, not the situation itself. I think the way survivors of horrible situations are lauded for handling diversity and moving on productively demonstrates this idea is not just a Buddhist concept.

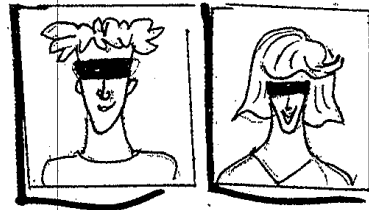
Unfortunately, I am still working on getting my responses more responsibly managed. Lately, when I have felt anger rising in situations, or after the fact, I have tried looking at its cause and manifestation and have noticed some interesting things. Scapegoating seems to be the sidekick of anger. In times when I have felt myself growing hard and combative, I realize I look outside myself for the external cause of my discomfort and scheme of eliminating it. Maybe telling someone off, or urgently exiting the situation, or maybe trying to exert some sort of control over the situation.

Yet, all of those efforts are demonstrably futile. Whether I feel I have gained the upper hand or simply beat a hasty exit, the anger and frustration only follow me home, brooding in my imagination. No matter what I try, I can't leave them back at the scene nor can I transfer them back on the offender. They simply follow me. They only finally dissipate with time and distraction, both things changing my internal condition, not the external situation.

In this pressure cooker cross-cultural situation a desire for scapegoating easily becomes projected: If only people didn't do this or that. Why is this culture so frustrating? I just wish people would meet me half way. Everyone at the office is driving me nuts.

We all deal with these frustrations, and frustration they are indeed - and not simple or trivial ones either. Each day for every few steps in the sunshine follow a few steps back from a smack down. Back and forth, up and down, the cycle is tiring.

- Personals



Unsolicited .02 - John G

It seems two methods of coping are available: endure or negate. Endurance is the model I am most familiar with: stick with it, keep your head down, set milestones, see the interim goals, get through the bad and appreciate the good. But this approach is so draining with its many peaks and valleys. It leaves me begging the question - what is the point? Why work for the good if the bad must follow? Why revel in the triumphs, only to be sent reeling in failures. Why is there so much effort, yet such flaky and unreliable results? With all the capacity of human beings, there must be some better way.

Negation seems a wiser path, yet dauntingly difficult in practice. Negation sounds, well, negative. But that is not how I intend it, quite the contrary. I mean taking control over the things that push your pendulum either way. Seeing them as they head in and deflecting them from your poise. Like a jet plane's decoy for a heat-seeking missile, an effective defense that negates the threat before impact. We all use the phrase: "he is pushing my buttons." But who is

really responsible in that situation, the button pusher or the person who made a button available to be pushed? If we don't want it pushed, why make one and then make it accessible for pushing? No matter who the pusher is, the button is always ours.

Identifying our emotional triggers can help us put aside wasteful anger. Mastering our emotions and their manifestations can help us look through an unpleasant situation and make it one for decision making, a time for reason instead of ungrounded passion. Passion has its place, but fueling anger is not one of them. Managing our reactions and emotions gives us the ability to manage the energy we expend. Instead of feeding unproductive anger and frustration, our energy could be used for dismantling more buttons and ensuring new ones don't arise. Then, we can see clearly.

Still working on implementing this myself. ;)

Just and unsolicited .02

A Letter from Devin

Dear Friends,

I was just about to leave the office when a thunderstorm began, bringing with it heavy rains. Luckily, a neighbor was close by and offered to drive me back to my house. I decided to go with my neighbor and leave my bike at the office, presenting me with the obstacle of how I would get back to my office the next day without a bike. The next morning, I decided to walk to the office (where my bike was located) and bike back to my house (as usual) that evening. The office is not extremely far away from my house, but dressed "riap roy," paired with the addition of the heat and the questionably rabid dogs, the idea of walking was never all that appealing to me (and wouldn't be to most Thais, as well, as you may have already noticed). However, it was a good walk (which I now often repeat), and an even better experience.

Walking allowed me the opportunity to observe my village more closely, more carefully, and to speak with those individuals I previously could only wave to while passing by on my bicycle. I was able to encounter those people, places, and things that I had previously only sped past. Seemingly, the more momentum I had on my bicycle, the less motivation I had to actually involve myself in that which I was passing. By changing my pace, suddenly everything became much more accessible, approachable. Also, I think that it made me more approachable, as well.

I think that we may find that it is the simple (not to be confused with the *easy*) things that yield the most significant results and allow what is most consequential to transpire, or perhaps more accurately, to inspire. For me, something more came out of the experience of that walk—some memory that lost its bearing—some metaphor that lost its way.

I realized that I might have been forgetting to remind myself of the importance, and awareness, of the journey in addition to the destination. Previously, I was oftentimes thinking efficiency: quantity (of time) in place of quality (of experience, or at least, particular experience). And, it is because I want to have quality time in Thailand that I need to remember the distinction between these two aspects. Thai people certainly have a concept of this distinction, or rather, many concepts of this. Really, what I am speaking of is indirectness, or at least a form of it.

Indirectness, as I'm sure you have observed and experienced, is part of Thai culture, and perhaps even integral to Thai culture. However, usually, when we think of indirectness, we think of our friend who asks us if we're tired, though in fact it is he himself who is sleepy, thereby indirectly implying that it is time for us to return home so that he can go to sleep. This form of indirectness is one that is difficult to adapt to and oftentimes proves frustrating, and deserves an entire piece devoted to broaching its subject—something that I won't do here. However, I would like to illumine another, oft neglected form of indirectness that, though most likely similarly difficult to adapt to, can be quite beautiful, quite inspiring.

This is the indirectness of motion, of fluidity—though not one anchored solely to the realms of physics and the mathematics of life; rather, this is the motion of cultural and existential origin. I like to think that many Thais oftentimes travel like water through their physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual landscapes. Needless to say, that can imply many things, not all of them being positive. Many of us immediately think of this as the "path of least resistance," and oftentimes it very well may be. However,

Personals



A Letter from Devin

alternatively, travelling the road of indirection may also be the "road less traveled," something that we, ourselves, may relate to and seemingly appreciate. There are many facets of these concepts of indirectness that I have already, inevitably unearthed, and I don't want to try to speak to, or distill, them all. I also think there looms a larger issue of defining and differentiating *indirection* and *misdirection*. However, again, I won't do that here; that is perhaps a personal endeavor for our own initiative.

Nevertheless, I would like to emphasize that, depending on the situation and one's intuition, it is important (especially being a Thailand Peace Corps Volunteer) to understand and allow oneself the same fluidity at times: the ability to be indirect in one's determination, resolve, and expectations. And sometimes, that even means disbanding and/or disengaging oneself from one's determination, resolve, and expectations. So, again, we're back to focussing on, stressing even, the (oftentimes indirect) journey towards our destination, and perhaps how our destination may sometimes work better initially as an *aspiration*. As water—as drops of water in vast Thai waters—we must trust the guidance of the moon (the magnetism of multicultural experimentation, adaptation, integration), ourselves (as a conduit and archetype of our individual culture and our own person), and the Thai panoramic before us (which relates to our function, being, and circumstance of our environment). We must go where we are going, knowingly or not, and where we are inevitably *becoming*. Frequently, we will travel the road of serendipity, and will consequently be the keepers of mystery, entrusted with preserving the mysteries far beyond our naming. Oftentimes, this is a road of undetermined motion.

This concept of undetermined motion is built into the Thai language as well as the culture. A good friend of mine, a social scientist, frequently used to remind me that, "Language imbues culture." There is a word/phrase in the Thai language that basically means to maintain one's present course of action, to "Keep on keeping on," in this sense. When someone asks where one is going or what one is doing, oftentimes you hear this reply. A lot of Thais are just going along for the ride, which doesn't mean there isn't a destination; it just means that there isn't a *necessary, immediate*, or even *realized* destination. Intrapersonally, this may be the journey towards spiritual and existential oneness, if not simply a shared, corroborated disposition. Interpersonally, this is seemingly a cultural condition that has been allocated to convention. And, I'm sure you've experienced this latter facet in your day-to-day exchange, be it while thinking, conversing, travelling, etc.

Sometimes, a quarter of a kilometer (walking or driving) can take an hour or two (and then a few more): time in someone's house for tea, looking at their fruit trees, talking about their children, anything, everything. Oftentimes, the walk to my neighbor's house to eat dinner (which is literally a 3-minute walk to the end of my street) can take over an hour. At first (especially before one becomes attuned to "Thai Time" with its licenses and liberties), this can be stressful. However, the sharing of stories, cultures, and time (which is particularly integral to the *journey/destination* concept), along the way to our destination, is equally important (and I even think part of our responsibility and privilege as Peace Corps Volunteers). Consequently, I especially hope that we are learning the lessons that Thailand is teaching us about *Time*, however we define it in our lives.

For most of us, we are brought up with the idea that time, categorically, is a *quantity to spend* (E.g., "I spent two hours looking for my keys." "We spent half a day at the museum."). My current experiences are helping me to remember that time can *also* be a *quality to share*. Time does not need to be the spatial definition between two points of occurrence or transpiration; time does not need to be *of* the essence, rather, time can *be* the essence itself.

After being in our villages for some time now, we may find that we are sometimes living *in* our villages more than living *with* our villages. Sometimes, we may find this true about ourselves and our own intrapersonal presence. Fortunately, there's still so much left for us to learn, experience, and perhaps most importantly, share.

Certainly, I'm not trying to preach to you or remind you of that which you already know. If anything, this is a reminder to myself. However, based on various conversations that I've had with many of you, I know that a lot of us are encountering and engaging these very issues. And that's the motivation for writing this letter, for speaking to awareness and our attendance to being aware, especially of our journeys and not solely their ends.

The call to awareness is everywhere: in the people we meet, the meditations we do, the poetry we write, the roads we walk. This simple call to being seems oftentimes our most seductive temptress, yet that which is perhaps most evasive in the wake of how we value (and have been taught to value) this life. There is a poetry and wisdom around us, within us, and even it asks us to honor, that which at great speeds, we may hastily consider prosaic. The Buddha urged us to be "lamps unto ourselves." I hope the light you shine will illuminate that very poetry and wisdom undoubtedly adjoining your path.

These are just some thoughts I wanted to share with you. For as we were recently reminded,

"[I]t is important that awake people be awake, or a breaking line may discourage them back to sleep;
the signals we give yes or no, or maybe—
should be clear: the darkness around us is deep."

—William Stafford

Still, I think that we will find that the capacity of light can penetrate an even greater depth...
Peace to You on Your Journey, Friends - Devin



Chicken Scratch

... Grains From the Yard ...

Hour Approaching

My gut is curdling
...maybe I'm sick

Truth-

I don't want to go back in that room
All those dark-eyed faces
staring up at me

Expecting, waiting, anticipating
For the lift off
This is my job
Launch them to the sky
Soar through possibilities
Curiosities delight

But making that spark...
How...

What can I do?
What if I they laugh at me?
Or worse,
What if they don't?
What if I bore them to tears?
I can't control them- those 32 squirming
bodies

Each one deserves three of me
I am a mother with too many mouths to feed.

Tightrope tally

I've just sort of figured out what it is that I do
Day divided though none quite the same
Each a delicate balance of time
work too little
work too much
Is it ever quite enough?
Yes.

Yes I say
And then I say no
when it's asked "oh and could you just..."
Each day after day
One more class turns to Three
Tutor monks, kids, teachers- sure
NO time for me
Tee-ow, tee-ow hip-hin hoo-ray
But oh
to be alone
For a just one day

Balance
Yes, it is the walk of the gods
And while I'm no such god
I pray for the grace
To lay down the line
And still save face

Education

Who's in command?
Two little hands
Mind for a motor
Thoughts for a map

Curiosity is the fuel
Interest at the wheel
Turn left
Turn right
Go straight

But...

My choice is not
Your choice

Dragged down a road
slow strangling
the drive
Stripped bare, naked
No more lust for life

So who's in command?
of the unraveling
mysteries of the mind
Your mind
My mind
Give back the
Power

For each to set upon his journey
For each to lay his own tracks

"waiting"

A year...

... More than a year

A culmination of my upbringing and a
delicate adaptation to circumstances that
surround
Melding

An appreciation for the unfamiliar

And a quest to fit in

An intimate relationship stems

Out from soils of strangeness

Unexpectedly, grains are no longer foreign

Unconditional

love evolves

Intentions tailor

A shift

in Aim

effectiveness moves

to Attentiveness

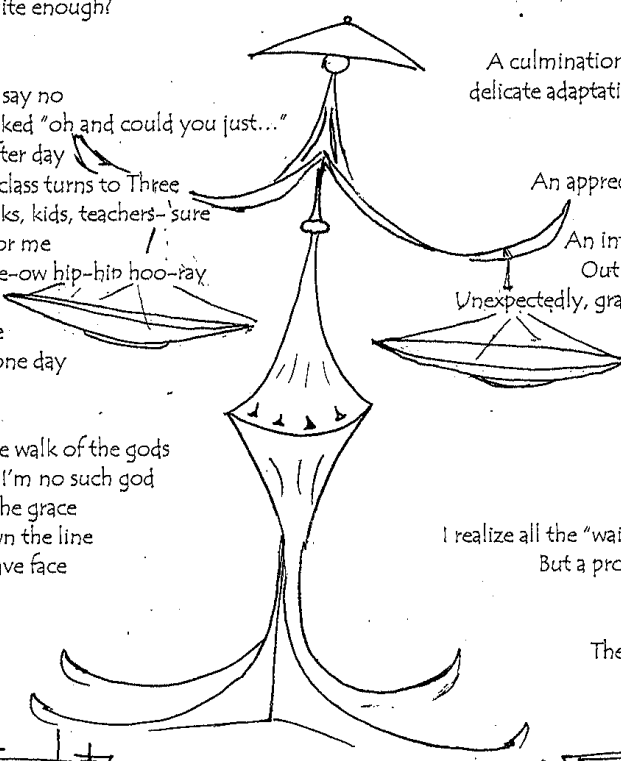
I realize all the "waiting" wasn't waiting at all

But a production in it's own right

A frame, a foundation

Culture in context

The fitting of the 500 pieces





DEAR FANGDEEDEE,

Dear Fang Dee Dee,

Children are coming to my house 24-7 wanting to play. They stand outside my house and yell my name morning, noon and night. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't think. When I close my eyes to try and sleep, I dream about children shouting my name. Please help me so I can rest easily again.
-Frazzled

Dear Frazzled:

Unlike mosquito bites which go away when you ignore them, Thai children have been known to stand outside a farang's house for a record breaking six and a half years. You have several options at this point, but first you must decide if you want them there *at all*. If you enjoy playing with the neighborhood children, just not all the time, here's a trick that works every time. Talk with the children, and agree upon a time when you will play with them. When the children show up early (and they will), tell them that you cannot play until your house has been cleaned. Then invite them in, and give one child the broom, one the mop, one the duster, one the sponge and pinesol, etc. It's a win-win situation for you, either they go away, or your house gets cleaned for free.

If you don't want to play with them at all, Ms. Fang Dee Dee suggests using the "scary farang" technique. This is simple to implement, as Thai children are easily frightened. They are especially frightened by the English language, so your number one line of defense is to speak rapidly to them in English, and then look expectantly for an answer. However, some children may be unusually persistent, launch the counter-measure "giggle and swoon" and remain firmly planted on your doorstep. It's then time to introduce your second weapon, the "rabid dog impersonation" technique. (Self-explanatory). The advantage of this one is that you get to listen to the most interesting rumors about yourself in the market for at least a good month or so. If the children *still* don't go away, there's always the voodoo approach, but I don't recommend its use by untrained professionals. (My neighbor once snipped a lock of hair from her cheating boyfriend, but the only thing to die was the timing belt in his Ford. Puhh-lease. A Ford? I call it *good* luck if that's the only thing that breaks.)

If you are more of the passive-aggressive type, I suggest closing all the curtains, and turning up the stereo until you are no longer aware of the children. I won't guarantee that the children will go away, but it'll help your sanity. Your other option is to create a diversion. Yes, something that is even more exciting than a farang. And what could that be? According to the 4th law of thermodynamics, *the attraction between a child and a mud puddle is equal to the age of the child times the square root of the volume of water in the mud puddle*. Ms. Fang Dee Dee understands that some of you may not be near a big open field of dirt. In which case, "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Ms. Fang Dee Dee recommends Ultimate Frisbee, as this wears them out the fastest. Contrary to popular belief, children's energy levels are actually finite. If you engage them in a four-hour tournament, chances are good that both you and the children will sleep very well that night.

Dear Fang Dee Dee,

Why do the Tookay's droppings have that little white thing at the end?

Thank you very much,
-Tookay dropping-picker-upper

Dear Droppings:

FYI, Tookay droppings are approximately 1-3 inches long; $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, solid black and omit a foul odor. The size of the drop being determined by the size of the dropper. Geckos on the ^{other} hand deliver tiny turds with accenting white endings that are the urine of said dropee. As you may have noticed these have a tendency to adhere themselves to the drop zone and removal may quite difficult if left unattended for too long of a period. Immediate picker-upper skills are recommended to avoid white areas on tile floors.

Ms. Fang Dee Dee's quote of the day:

"Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines."

For Ed - John G

Spotlight.
Contrary Questions
At the wrong time.
The benefit's self-evident
Coming from my mind.

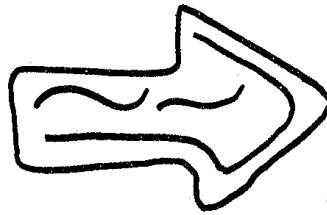
Holding forth my words
On a gilded platter,
Swatting away yours,
Pseudo-sensical clatter.

Did that hurt?
Well, some eggs must break,
The omelet comes first,
The chef will dictate.

Close Curtain.
Without my words,
Without my thoughts
I'm disarmed and
I'll be caught

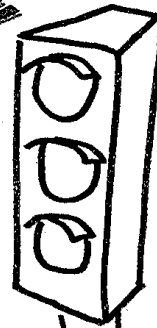
In a space uncomfortable,
In a vacuum of attention,
Thoughts in suspension
I'm roving for distraction.

Alone in the moonlight,
Looking for the spotlight.
Standing with no audience,
Speaking with no consequence.



Hello Kitty

Creative Corner



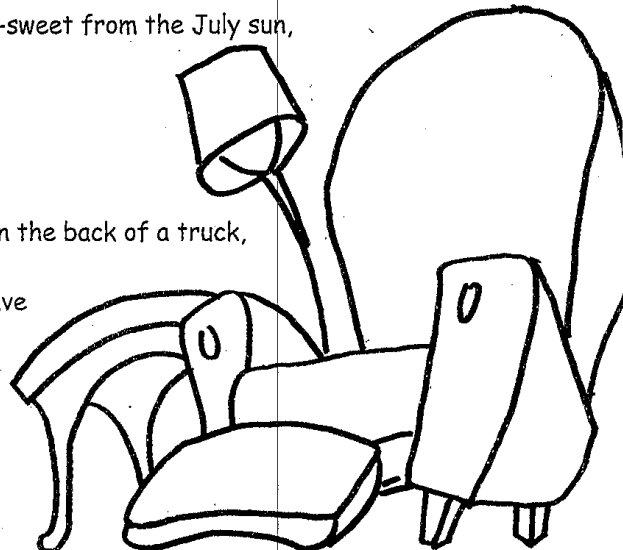
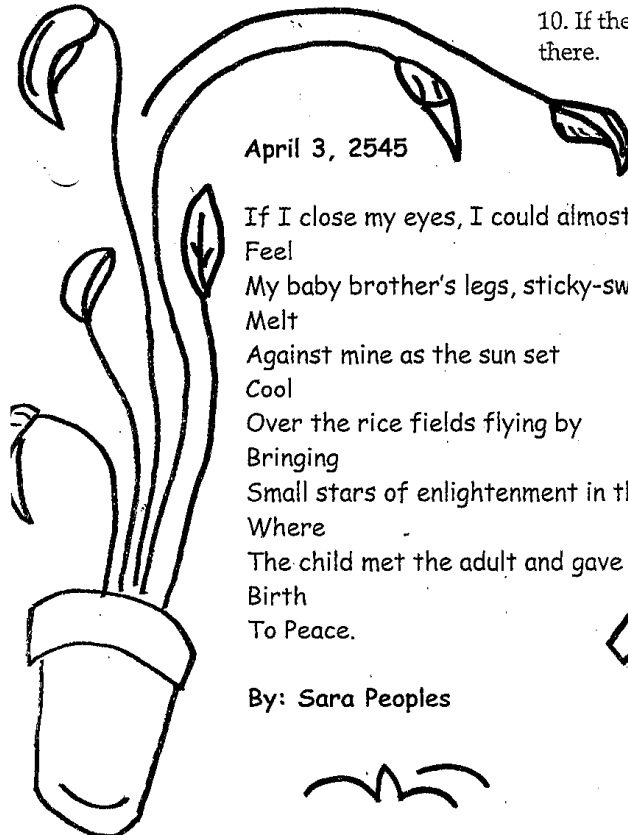
Mitch-isms

1. Everyone believes the crap I say, but no-one believes me when I tell the truth.
2. What you train people to do can bite you in the ass.
3. Pocatello, Idaho is not a place for the mentally fragile. Or it may be THE place for the mentally fragile.
4. Cool friends are more important than cool places.
5. Popularity makes you soft.
6. Nice guys are just guys who haven't had the opportunities to be bastards.
7. Road trips should be for only two people, three tops.
8. I want America to have 86 states and 15 colonies.
9. Love and lust are not fair.
10. If there is a heaven, I hope you can poop up there.

April 3, 2545

If I close my eyes, I could almost
Feel
My baby brother's legs, sticky-sweet from the July sun,
Melt
Against mine as the sun set
Cool
Over the rice fields flying by
Bringing
Small stars of enlightenment in the back of a truck,
Where
The child met the adult and gave
Birth
To Peace.

By: Sara Peoples



A series I wrote during my vacation in San Francisco October
2001 - Chris Wagner

san fran art institute

student-big-speak-easy
on top of san fran-art-institute--
retro-star-trek, a perspective and dialogue
while diego rivera dies in the forum.

san-fran-greek-city opens to the sea
her forgotten lore, intellectuals, open space
who is keeping up?

these are the generations
for the making up of time
but most of this is non-sense, artists
in full bellies with pop's money

where is the sense of time-less-ness
to make the art dance and sing
with any kind of earnestness.

they're at tables, smokes and headphones,
someone must be paying attention,
these are the real guys, the city, the time—
i know I'm making rash judgments,
someone please be rash—
who's in charge
who's giving the grades?

1st and 2nd loves in san francisco

she has light brown freckles
her irish accent hangs on each word
then the end of each sentence
she is beautiful.

her arms thicken where her sleeves roll up,
shit, I even find it hard to talk to her—
i can't eat half my angel hair pasta,
though I've ordered another beer to go
and will take the last two rolls with me.

i'm with you jack reading
bums again under ancient berkley trees
and I apologize for what I said
about you drinking yourself to death
and going back to the church.

i didn't realize how hard life can be.

tomorrow I go to muir's woods to tromp
over snyder's fallen logs and this afternoon
i'll go to ginsberg's house,
brochure say it's where he wrote HOWL
hell, I don't want to miss that picture!

she's back again, says she also likes dark beer,
of course she does, I'm never clever...

i've fallen in love again today for the second time,
you were the first and now an irish girl,

and i've never been in love with an irish girl.

taoist butterfly buttons x • x •

from coit
tower- quiet
body exhausted, on top of
thoughts, clear and heart pounds,
man sitting next to me silent
sewing buttons on his flannel—
our "know words" acknowledgment,
just sit, write if I want, meditate,
quiet breathing in the sweat-stuck-shirt
cold in the breeze where this part of the city
feels different, expansive, a jumping off point
to the bay and muir's woods tomorrow—butterflies
descend
dance in gold-yellow-burned orange against
black skeleton edged skin loop around
each other in spirals a taoist would take note of

and nod.

from the jumping off point:

i really can't say it's lonely-
it's really more of a sad tick,
knowing i'm here alone-

my other self would be inconsolable
without you by my side—

and now I am here—
and there comes a sincere wish
we could share this together—
play witness to the bay and butterflies
and be lovers in silent san francisco fog—

it all lets me know I could always awaken to more—
and there of course is the rub.

because of this I know I will love again—
and love well the next time a moon rises!
and moons rise! a partner presents a self
and the cycle of shared space, another perspective,
kisses and smells, stories and shopping habits—
the sitting quiet and silent messaging begins again—
yes,
yes, all of this is well, because I am well,
if not a little aged and romantic in order
to know the beauty again and get over the hump.

i'm visiting america's ports like
some kind of Whitman—
content to attend the poetry reading
alone, alive, and well

while knowing
you would like it too.

Hello Kitty
Creative
Corner

A PCV Profile

Name: Sue Green

Nickname: Greenie, Madame

Where you come from:
Green Bay Wisconsin

Site: Amphur Khong

That would be where? 1 1/4 hr from Khorat North

And we should come visit you why?

Close to Khorat w/ Mail, Big C, Lotus, Farang Food

"A farang moment"

(one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)

Judging an English contest in Khorat w/ the Drug Cheerleaders and a song about drugs written into the speech.

How you like Thai food?

Mia behat

Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?

Looking for insects w/ a flash light biting my body

Favorite Thai word?

Free time ☒ yes ☐ no

How do you spend it? reading

Roommates? 3 tockays, 20-30 geckos, 2 honking spiders

Last good movie:

One thing you wish you brought but didn't:

Movie camera

Besides friends, families, pets and driving what do you miss most about the states?

English Language, spoken fast and being understood, slang

Ten years from now, favorite memory:

I'll tell you in 10 years

A PCV Profile

Name: Mandi, Hammond

Nickname: Which one: Mami, Mambo, Romania,

Where you come from:

Amara, Fukuyao, Mammu

Site: Chuenmuan, Phayao

That would be where?

- Way North

And we should come visit you why?

Mountains, National park, Waterfall, and Me!

"A farang moment"

(one of those times when your laughing and no one else is, or vice versa)

Which one?!?

How you like Thai food?

Spicy! Aroy! Lum! Sep ele!

Weirdest thing you started doing here that you never did before?

Wai (ing) people - Weird why don't they shake hands, hug, kiss!?!?

Favorite Thai word?

Free time ☒ yes ☐ no

How do you spend it? Volunteering

Roommates? Snakes, Lizzards, Rats, many bugs, spiders, Sometimes people! U

Last good movie: Count of Monte Cristo

One thing you wish you brought but didn't:

I brought it all! - Even the universal sink stopper!

Besides friends, families, pets and driving what do you miss most about the states?

Sarcasm!

Ten years from now, favorite memory:

Friends and Family from Thailand and all of our adventures!

HAIR APPARENT**

BY RUTH PODEN

Pictured below are the distinctive heads of hair (including, in some instances, beards, mustaches, and eyebrows) of 11 famous individuals, past and present. Can you provide the keys to identify these looks?

Answers, page 160



JULY 4 HOMECOMING**

BY R. H. DRAKE

The Clarks were looking forward to July 4, when their six sons, and their sons' wives and children, were coming to their Utah home for a holiday celebration organized by their son Ron. Everyone was due to arrive July 3. Each couple had one, two, or three children. From the following clues, can you match the sons with their wives, determine how many children each couple had, deduce their time of arrival, and figure out where each family lived?

- One couple crossed no state or national borders in getting to the homecoming.
- The couples arrived July 3 at 8 A.M., 10 A.M., noon, 2 P.M., 3 P.M., and 5 P.M.
- The couples from Germany and Japan have the same number of children.
- George has only one child, a boy; Eileen has only two girls; and Carol has only one girl.
- The son from Texas arrived at 10 A.M.
- Pat, who hails from Wyoming, has three children and did not arrive either first or last.
- Frank flew in from Germany and arrived after noon, two hours after his brother from Japan.
- Bert and Bob don't have the same number of children. The son from Texas has one less child than the son from Wyoming. The son from Arizona has one more child than Frank.
- Wendy arrived after Jill, who arrived after Linda. But Linda arrived before Eileen, who arrived before noon.
- Keith drove all night and arrived before 10 A.M. with his three hungry children.
- Bert packed his wife and two children into the car that morning and arrived three hours after Frank.

Found on *Batman: The Animated Series* Armor Set Halloween costume box:

PARENT: Please exercise caution—mask and chest plate are not protective; cape does not enable wearer to fly.



Parent: If your child believes that a polyester sheet enables flight, you should probably examine that Halloween candy more closely.

TRAVEL FEVER LOGIC PUZZLES

CALENDAR



JULY

	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

July:

- 8- Lisa McCabe's Birthday
- Susan Green's Birthday
- 17- Shawn Green's Birthday
- 23- Akiko's Birthday
- Roger Harmon's Birthday
- 28- Porntip's Birthday



SEPTEMBER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

September:

- 1 G.A.D. t-shirt contest submission's due.
- 2 Labor Day
- 7 Sticky Rice Meeting/ Writer's Workshop
- 8 Inspector General Leaves
- 9 Cherry Hitt's Birthday
- 11 John Daige's Birthday
- 13 Ida Patella's Birthday
- 21 Foreign Service exam
- 22 Sara People's Birthday
- 29 Melissa Davine's Birthday

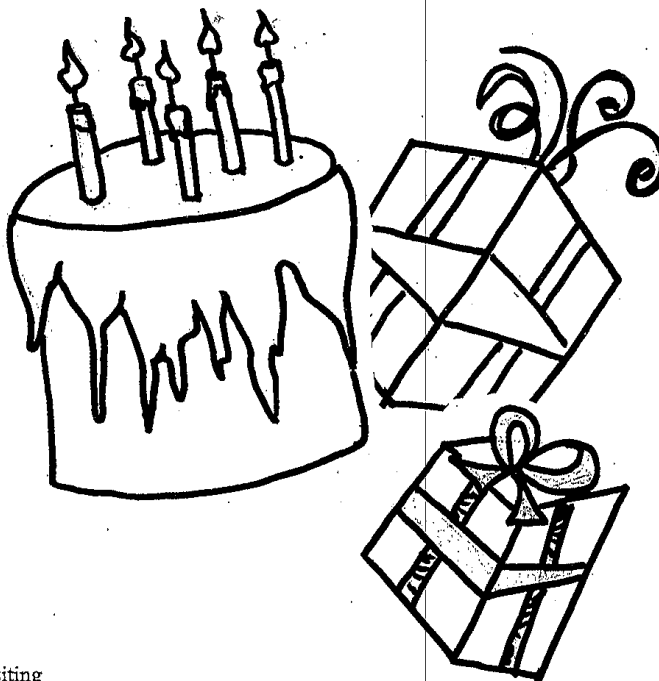
AUGUST

				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

August:

- (1-2) Staff Retreat (they will be out of the office)
- (1) Joy's Birthday
- (4) Tom McCabe's Birthday
- (5) AOL PEACE PACK PROPOSALS DUE!!
- Deadline for the Foreign Service Exam [112]
- (12) Her Majesty the Queen's Birthday
- (17) INSPECTOR GENERAL ARRIVES
- Scott Renker's Birthday
- (28) Rachael Skolnik's Birthday
- (29) Lara Kelly's Birthday

Beware: there will be an Emergency Procedure test



ords for the wise...

- *Who is the Inspector General?*
The Inspector General will be visiting Thailand to review the Peace Corps Program. He will be visiting, roughly, 15 sites during his stay.
- *Those PCV's from 112 COS-ing in April pay attention!!*
Those interested in Department of State Foreign Service register for the exam online.
www.state.gov

horoscopes

Libra (September 23rd – October 23rd)

You may want to think thoroughly about matters of the heart. Think again before you act. The consequences are bigger than assumed. Your attitude is positive and strong, everyone wants to be around you superstar!

\$- There is no hope.

Love- Careful, it may bite.

Work- Do you like songs and games? I like songs and games.



Scorpio (October 24th - November 21st)

You're on an emotional high. Things are changing in your life—but for the better. Make sure to keep all people close to you informed—you never know when they could lend a hand.

\$- Sorry Charlie—Pom/Chun bpen assasamack

Love- Love is blooming—but remain cautious.

Work- My water has dirt in it...what you can do to fix that?



Sagittarius (November 22nd – December 21st)

You're constantly on the go—but loving every minute of it. Your go with the flow attitude affects everyone around you. Be sure to make time for your jolly self.

\$- No way Jose.

Love- Groovin'

Work- There is a lot of love in teacher trainings.



Capricorn (December 22nd – January 19th)

Work is top priority. There will be a few roadblocks but your persistence and optimism keeps you in balance. Correspondence from home is abundant and won't stop soon.

\$- In about two years, maybe?

Love- Someone at the office?

Work- So...your co-workers teeth are falling out...what can you do for that?



Aquarius (January 19th – February 18th)

Your mind and heart are whirling. A change of scenery is going to be drastic, but your cool attitude allows you to come out ahead. Good times with good friends are surrounding you every freakin' day!

\$-Who needs money!?

Love—Interested in a cross-cultural exchange?

Work—Who loves to teach English? You do, you do!



Pisces (February 19th – March 20th)

Your imagination soars, but it may take time to convince others of your quirky ideas. Others confide in you, stick to your words. Zip the lips.

\$—Time to ask the fam.

Love—Need some lovin'?

Work—What does Thailand need?



horoscopes



Aries (March 21st-April 19th)

You've never been more of a social butterfly. You may want to tone down some of that Thai enthusiasm. You will undoubtedly be overwhelmed with invites; be sure to keep your boundaries in check. The emotional roller-coaster is headed your way: Deep Breaths.

\$- You just ain't got it.

Love- It's on the rise.

Work- Well..... you're in the Peace Corps

Taurus (April 20th- May 20th)

You are full of great ideas and meeting all the right people. Finding the right words to get the message across is the challenge. Your patience and moods are struggling to stay in balance- don't get frustrated too easily...take it one day at a time.

\$- Nope, none for you.

Love- Time for friends ☺ ☺

Work- interested in an English camp?



Gemini (May 21st - June 20th)

You are surrounded by tons of support and you need it right now. Keep asking all those questions, it will open many doors for you. Be cautious of two friends wanting more than usual.

\$- Ha! Not likely!

Love- Your heart ain't in it.

Work- Planting a garden?

Cancer (June 22nd - July 22nd)

Following your instincts in those tough situations will yield in great results. Keep tabs on the home-front—they need you. Your mind and heart tell their best stories on paper—let it out.

— You may win the lottery—doubtful.

Love- Your current relationship just keeps getting sweeter.

Work- How about a giant world map painted on a school?



Leo (July 23rd - August 22nd)

You keep smiling even though you are facing some rough days. Your energy is flowing but in every which way. Talk to close friends or your sweetheart—their advice will help.

\$- Wham! Broke again?

Love- A friend will turn lover?!

Work- Have you ever thought about being an English teacher?

Virgo (August 23rd - September 22nd)

Slow down and smell the fresh air. You are walking away just as the fun starts. Next time stay a little longer. Your social life is on the upswing. Accept with a grin and have fun.

\$- Volunteers don't have money

Love- Couldn't be happier

Work- Think soap....



The Vegetarian

This list of superlatives for Green, Mary Brown, and Extender list was composed by consulting a

group 113 was written by Sue Randall Beisecker. The 112 & ouija board.

Most riap riay - Joy
 Best posture - Peter
 Most likely to give everyone at site a Clinique make-over - Carolyn
 Most enlightened - John
 Most maternal - Todd, Heather
 Nicest eyes - Lara
 Most wanted to be stranded with - Jean
 Most likely born to rock - Sarah Weaver
 Best moves - Sean
 Most likely to read every book in the Peace Corps library - Diana
 Most likely to swim under the moon with bats - Randall
 Most likely to become an international couple of mystery - Michael and Melissa
 Vegetarian most likely to eat pepperoni - Lisa
 Most feared by scorpions - Tom
 Most likely to score - Jordan
 Most likely to visit every country in the world - Rebecca
 Best appetite for fruity milk - Kelly Lamoureux
 Most likely to name her dogs 'Scabby' and 'Labies' - Sara Peoples
 Most likely to open a noodle stand outside the SBA - Sara Jones
 Most likely to be writing poetry about his testicles - Chris
 Most likely to empathize with zoo animals - Nathan
 Best hair - Kelly Dixon
 Nicest smile - Ida
 Most resilient - Suzanne and Scott
 Most lovable - Logan
 Mango Man - Matt
 Grandma - Sue
 Most likely to give a "unicorn" girl - Mary
 Most likely to be administratively separated for riding a motorcycle - Mitch

Foxiest - Shellie
 Most likely to return to the US with an adopted Thai child - Jessi
 Folks we dearly miss - William and Lezlie
 Most likely to teach the Kuhn Yai's to set up their own website - Denny
 Most likely to be on ITV promoting Thai curriculum - Gillian
 Most likely to stop a meeting with her gum chewing - Rachael
 Most likely to write a Thai vegetarian cookbook in Thai - Anne
 Most likely to wear a halter top and daisy dukes to the S.B.A - Barb
 Most likely to be the next Anne Landers - Tom
 Best Spaghetti - Sarah
 Most likely to discover the use for ass glue - Devin
 Most likely to teach the Thais to surf - Lani
 Most likely to never remove his good luck strings - Colin
 Most likely to sell her jewelry on the shopping network - Lori K
 Most likely to write a book about Thai words never to use at the S.B.O - John M
 Most likely to still work in Thailand in 2044 - Jessica
 Most likely to be the Director of Dental Health in Thailand - Lisa
 Most contagious giggle - John D
 Most likely to become Peace Corps Director in 2044 - Heather
 You speak Thai don't you - Jill
 Most likely to become a talk show host - Cherry
 Most likely to write a book about "Simple Living" - Elizabeth
 Most likely to knock out a child with a clipboard - Scott
 Most likely to negotiate 4 beer Changs for 100B instead of three - Steve
 Most likely to teach massage at Wat Pho - Karen
 Most likely to leave Peace Corps and join a Hill Tribe - Lori

