

I miss you Papa

My dear Papa,

I remember the time when we were together in Burma, Delta region. We were living in poverty but with you in our family we were happy papa, you were our strength and you always told us to study hard and become an educated person. You worked very hard to send us to school. Papa, you were our light. But someone came and took the light and blew the light. Then the light had gone. Without any warning someone took you away from us very suddenly. I was only ten, little brother was only six and little sister was only four.

Papa it was the great loss for us. I remember how little brother, little sister, my grandaunt kneeling on the floor and praying for you. Papa, but we know that you can never come back to us. I remember how we sat beside your lifeless body, how our grannies hugged us and cried. We cried too. Papa, even little sister who was only four felt sorrow and cried. Papa, we left only Mama and two grannies. Mama had had to control herself and she tried very hard to comfort us. Our two grannies teach us to have a good discipline and good character. From then on we had to face the world without you.

I remember once my little sister went to her school and her friends looked down on her and told her that she had no father like them. Little sister came back home and cried. The next day, she didn't want to go to school because of her friends. Mama had to go with her to school and told the teachers about it. The teachers checked the other children and comforted my little sister. I felt very sorrow for her. I remember once my little sister was hanging her dress out side the window and my grand mum asked her "What do you want to do?" she said that she wanted to show her father it beautiful. She still believe in that you are in heaven and watches over us what ever we are doing.

Papa, every year on father's day, three of us always sit together in church, holding our hands. We can never hold back our tears. We refuse to go church on father's day. Papa we miss you very much.

Papa, life was very hard for us in Burma. Tuition fees were very high. Only those who had money had the change of going ahead. No matter how hard we study, we never got the chance of getting good education. If we don't attend tuition, the teachers ignore us. They do not explain well. They only teach in their tuition. Not only these things Papa, they discriminate us because we were poor and we were Karen. We were always denied good opportunity. Only rich people can get the good education. The people like us; they couldn't get a good education. Mama was also worried that I and my little brother will someday be taken by force to join the army. We had seen many actions like that. The soldiers from army took many children from our village to join the army. Mama said that we were not safe. So, Mama brought us out of Burma and we are now in Mae La Karen Refugee camp. I have now passed my high school from No. (1) High school in Mae La. When I was in High school, I saw many an amazing thing that I have never seen in my life. That was on 7th August 2008. The First Lady (Mrs. Laura Bush) came to our Mae La Camp and visited to our No. (1) High School. I have never seen her before. Papa, I was very excited. When I saw her my heart beats ran faster and faster. When she and her daughter entered in our class, we are teaching English. My English teacher called his students to make compound sentence. At first, my friend went out and wrote a sentence. After that she asked for next one. No one came out. I thought this is the great chance and I went out and wrote a sentence. I was very excited and happy. Papa, if I were in Burma, I wouldn't get this chance. After that she went to another class. She gave the presents for us.

After two or three months the Japanese from UNHCR came to our class and discuss about the camp. One of my friends asked that if the students from refugee camp could attend the university or collage to get higher education. But he answered that we couldn't because we are "REFUGEES". We have been told like that. Papa, I think they violated the human right. After all I've passed my High School. I was thinking what should I do? At last, I decided that I would attend the Leadership and Management training collage. It was established in 2006. I sat for my exam well. I could answer both written and oral test. I don't know why I was rejected. Why? Is it because I don't have my father? I could answer all the Questions, but I was not accepted. Papa, I felt that I have lost my future. But Papa I promise you I would never give up. As you always told us I will try my best to become an educated person. I love you and I miss you Papa.

Your loving son,

Saw Bar Blut (a) Eugene Sein.
Mae La Refugee camp.