This is an essay written by Xue Vang's daughter about her trip to Laos in December 2019

Hmong American. What does it mean to be Hmong American? That was the big question I kept reflecting on and struggled with as I went to Laos for a week, with my brother, during my winter vacation. This trip was definitely eye-opening for me. I've traveled to so many countries, but this was the first time I've felt so emotionally connected to a place and felt the need to come back. This was my parents' homeland. Where they grew up. Where they escaped. Where my people lived and still do. I usually don't write long posts about my trips, but for this one, I feel the need to share my thoughts.

As a Social Studies teacher, the essential questions I posed to my students kept replaying in my mind: Why are names important? Why is culture important? When is war justified? And, how much power should the government have? As a Science teacher, I wonder what will happen to all the natural resources when the powerful, richer countries continue to exploit and take them over, the impact plastic will have on this country, and with the advancement in technology in the US, why we don't readily share that with other countries.

Growing up, I was upset that my parents didn't give me a 'white' name. Myzoom. Two English words put together. Americanized to help Americans be able to pronounce Maivzoo. Yet, so many people still struggled with it. I was envious of kids who didn't have a weird name. Growing up, my parents pushed my siblings and I to assimilate to white culture, to speak only English so we wouldn't be put in ESL, and to follow the 'American' way. Growing up, I wished I was born white. Wished to be have the same things as my white peers. Wished that I didn't need to add "Hmong" or "Asian" in front American. That I was simply just an American. However, since college, I started to embrace my Hmong culture and my identity. Now, I'm embarrassed at how basic my Hmong is. Embarrassed at how late it took me to feel pride in my own culture and identity. Embarrassed at the lack of representation we have in US history.

This trip opened my eyes to how ignorant I was about the struggles and travesty people faced during the Vietnam War and the aftermath. I've heard stories, seen pictures, watched videos, but none of that prepared me to see it in person. To see how far my parents had to travel, on foot, to escape. To realize just how much devastation the United States actually caused in Laos - things you never read in the history books or hear about. The Secret War. In each city we went to, we were reminded that over 270 million cluster bombs were dropped on Laos. That Laos is the most heavily bombed country in history per capita. That this was the equivalent to a US bombing mission occurring every 8 minutes, 24 hours a day for 9 years. Of the 270 millions cluster bombs dropped, about 30% (80 million) failed to detonate. These bombs killed about a tenth of the population in Laos. Imagine living in a country like that. Imagine not knowing when and where a bomb might go off. I had gone to a country that I knew killed my people to learn that the country I call my home killed them as well, possibly even more. Xieng Khouang Province, one of the most impoverished areas in Laos, where many Hmong people live, allies to the US, was the most bombed area. And, heartbreaking to know that the very first sitting US President to visit

Laos was President Barack Obama in 2016, 43 years after the US stopped bombing Laos.

So, what if...what if the US and Vietnam didn't disobey the Geneva agreement that Laos was a neutral country? What if the US didn't drop bombs on Laos? What if the US didn't let the fear of Communism spreading get to them? What if my parents didn't have to run to Thailand to escape death and persecution? It's sad to realize that the reason why I am American, why I have so many rights and privileges, and why I am to afford to travel and have so many opportunities is because of the Vietnam War, because the Hmong people sided with the Americans, because they were hunted like animals and became refugees after the Americans pulled out. It's sad to know that much of this history, this past, will still remain unacknowledged in US history and unknown to so many US citizens.

However, this is why I love to travel. Traveling and learning about different countries' histories and perspectives always reminds me to be grateful for what I have and that there are many sides to a story/past. I am fortunate for the life I have and fortunate that I have the opportunity to teach my students that not everything we learn is in our history textbooks. It is often the things left out and unsaid that we need to know. We cannot change the past, only educate the present to build a better future.

Overall, Laos is a beautiful country. It reminded me that you can be happy with less. You can be full with less. And, there's so much joy in nature.

The two songs that represented my trip: Shong Lee - Hmoob Zaj: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=F7g_u-zNVHE Hmong Oklahoma - Hmoob Lub Kua Muag: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WG0vFRNjJR0 #hmongpridetillthedaywedie

































