

## 05-03-07 Our Trip up the River to Burma - Spring 2007

We had a very interesting day last Thursday, May 3, 2007. We went to Burma (Myanmar) with the pastor of the church here in [Mae Sai](#), Thailand, another young pastor, the pastor's daughter and Daeng, my girlfriend.



We drove to the [Golden Triangle](#), about 50 KM from [Mai Sai](#), where we stay. Then, we took a very fast Long Tail River Boat up the [Mae Khong River](#) about an hour to a little village that the only way to



get to it is by boat.

The village people live by growing some food but most of their income is from growing the "[Poppy](#)" up in the mountains. Of course, some of the adults smoke Opium but the bigger problem is becoming the "vitamin".

The drug is called the "vitamin" because they can stay up longer, do more work and eat less. Yes, you guessed it the real name for "vitamin" is [Methamphetamine](#)!

These folks do not read or write and have no written language, see "[Akha Tribe](#)". The children do not have any way to learn except from their parents and they don't read or write, just get high, work in the poppy fields, eat and sleep.



There is a small, open air church that was built about 9 years ago.



We looked at the plot of land next to the church to build a little school that would house about 200 kids from age 6 to 17 from there and the villages across the river in Laos. I have attached a picture of the cleared area for the school along with other pictures of the trip.



All the older adults eat together. The middle aged adults (ages 15 to 60) were in



the mountain taking care of things.

I eat crocodile for the first time and it was great! Tastes just like chicken!

After I shook hands with every man, women and child in the village and even kissed



one of the pigs

for good luck.

We got into the boat again and went down the river a little ways to another



village.

It was pretty quiet coming



to this village. That was not like the first village where the kids came running to the river smiling and laughing as they were happy we were there.

We climbed the hill from the river to the village and as soon as we got to the edge of the village the pastor that knows the people, said: "Get back to the boat!" The six of us started to leave and two men showed up with 45's in their hands. The sixth person was the pastor of the local church who opened the big bag of Oreo cookies (about 50 small packages) that we had brought for the kids. She gave them hands full of packages saying that we came to give the kids a treat.

They put their guys away so they could hold on to the cookies and said okay but get out of there as the Burma Police were there due to a drug related killing a few days before. We all ran down the hill to the boat, got into the boat and said "Hallelujah".

Yes, Oreo cookies are better than guns!



It rained hard on the way back.

The rain felt like pins hitting our faces as the boat goes over 50 miles an hour.

On the way home, we saw a lot of big river boats



full of cargo from China as this river runs from Tibet thru China, Burma, Thailand, Laos and Cambodia.

It was nice to get back onto Thailand soil. We all talked about the wonderful day we had on the way home in the car.

I'll keep in touch with more fun from the "Golden Triangle".

Love,

Terry & Daeng

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