

I love Afghanistan; their food; music; and even their bus system

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Afghani Bus

I'm really lucky to be here even though in our Family every moment is an adventure, here the stakes are really high, so also is the feeling of adventure. When we win, we will win big here. Still, everything is dependent on America. I miss not being able to fight alongside all of you. Often I wish I could be in the States to right the wrongs or be with you where the action is, but the land and people of America I don't miss. I have made it a principle to make no American or foreign friends since I've been here. I have bent that rule when it seemed appropriate, but really that principle has worked well.

Sometimes, it's easier just to sit and that with tourists, but that's not where God's heart is in this part of the world. When I finally came among a lot of foreigners in our class, I was surprised at the sharply contrasting views we held about this country. I am full of admiration for the people, their honorable and hard lives, and their happy nature. I love their food, music, and even their bus system. I respect the progress they have been striving to make. I was surprised, then, that when the foreign community gets together here, so much of their conversation is centered disparagingly upon this land -- jokes are made and they feel so superior. They are so proud. Now I realize that there are many things about Western culture which are not "high" at all but simply degenerate. When they hear my opinions they are really surprised -- but sometimes I get angry when they criticize my home and my people.