

My Cambodian Angel Saroan Miller

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Cambodia has a rich culture and history to explore.

HERE'S HOW:

Saroan suggests you go to <http://www.angkor.com/> to enter a portal to Cambodia and see one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

About the Author

Mr. Miller dedicates his story to the memory of all Cambodians who died in the genocidal killings by the Khmer Rouge. To the Cambodians who cannot speak for themselves, he says, "Your voices will be heard one day."

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The author's children cannot imagine being hungry. This story is an example of the rich legacy a MahaliTM can generate and preserve.



While most Americans cannot locate Cambodia on the world map, there is a thriving Cambodian community in Long Beach, California. In the 80's, the Cambodians of my generation came to America as refugees to escape the horrible killing fields.

People find their Angels in different ways. I found mine about twenty-eight years ago. Many children around the world today, now, go through hardship from starvation, witnessing murder, or the loss of both parents. One of those children was me from 1975 to 1979, during the communist era in Cambodia.

In 1975, a few days after the Khmer Rouge Communist took over the country, I was sent to a Khmer Rouge labor camp as a child and son. Later, I heard that the Khmer Rouge had murdered my father.

One time, the Khmer Rouge at this camp let the children go home to visit their parents for a couple hours and have a meal with them. Those of us who didn't have parents didn't get any food that day. One orphaned boy named Jong had a small bag of rice. He was starving and hungry like the rest of us, but that day he shared his rice with me and two other boys who had nothing to eat. Soon afterward, we were separated and I never saw him again. Sometime, when I am lying in bed at night and not able to sleep, I think of his generosity and tears come to my eyes. He was *my* Angel.