

Dear Dad,

It has been a long time since we last talked; it has been forever since I last saw you. The past five years felt like a decade because time seems to go so slow. Every day we are waiting for you to return. Mom, brother, sister, and I are missing you very much.

I remember your pictures. You love to travel the country and took many pictures of the scenery. In my memories I only see buildings, traffic, pollution, and busy days at school. In your pictures, I see wild mountains, sandy beaches, fruit trees, and beautiful rivers. We know you love photography, and I know it is because you love to capture the beauty of everything. You gave us so many memories to keep and to reminisce. I don't think many of my friends my age have many photos of them as kids to look at. But you captured all of that for your children. In your pictures we see the love that you have for your country and its people.

You have always been an honest, gentle, kind hearted man, and you trust everybody to the point that life has become much more difficult for you. I have seen many people, including friends and neighbors, who took advantage of you. But along the way you have gained so many more friends with your kindness and your never-failing honesty.

What you have endured all this time really broke our hearts. This is the price you have to pay for your love? This is Unfair! This is Injustice!

I was naive to think that maybe things will be ok two years after they took you. I thought we would have you back in our arms again. I was looking forward to the day I get to see a picture of you again. I bought you a pair of new shoes so you could wear them to travel, because I know you have worn out your last. But you did not return. They kept you for so much longer. That was when I realized things are worse than I thought. Justice will never have its day in this country.

And time stretches its legs, one heavy step at a time. You don't know how many beats our hearts have skipped when we heard news about you or the trial, many worrisome days when we didn't know where and how you were. I had many dreams about you, and many nightmares. I am angry at the many hardships mother, brother, and sister have to go through, yet I know it is nothing compared to what you have endured, and that makes me even angrier. It doesn't feel good to live in anger, but I can't help it when there is no justice where you are.

We were all holding our breath before the trial. There were many people who wanted to come to the trial to support you. You may have heard what happened to them, the violence and nonsense action that they took upon everyone. Nothing compares to what they did to you. After all of the beating, arresting, terrorizing, heartache and tears, after all of the unspeakable things, the result of the "show" was as expected. The clowns of terror always get their way, one of them even said "F*** freedom."

Not long ago I saw your image for the first time after many years. You look much older and weaker. I saw how they put their hands on you when you tried to speak. I heard they didn't give you your glasses to read or write, they didn't give you food until it was rotten. It's hard to live thinking about my father

like that. I know you were already very weak before prison. I don't know how you cope being in there. Sister said she got to meet you for nine minutes after five years and she is afraid she will never see you again. We are all living in fear.

I know they are trying to dehumanize us, but I know you are strong. You are our hero. We miss you and love you very much. I want to see you again one day father. A few very rare dreams of mine: you come back to us and I am so happy, I just follow you everywhere you go (like when I was little) because I don't want you to get taken away again.

I know you have big dreams; they are simple really but in this situation it is as if they are big dreams. Your dream is to help the helpless, the powerless, to have their life the way it is supposed to be, lives of human beings able to survive in their own country. My dream is also simple but in this situation it is a big dream. My dream is to have our family safe, in peace, and I can do my duty as a child, taking care of my parents. I don't have much ambition, I only want a normal life which you worked hard to give me, but I want to have you in it.

You must stay strong. Brother has inherited bravery from you. He is a very grown up man. We are all proud of him, although I feel guilty that he didn't live his youth the way he should have. And he will keep our family strong. We pray and hope for the best. We have help from many friends, and we thank the miracle that brought them to us. We will continue to fight with you and for you.

I have learned to never take anything for granted, and I appreciate the beauty of life, like the moment a snowflake falls on my hand. And I want so much for you and our family to have that peaceful moment one day. I am waiting for the day I get to hug you again, so that our last hug seven years ago would not be the last. And you will have a camera in your hand again and the beautiful moments will be captured forever.

I love you

Your daughter

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