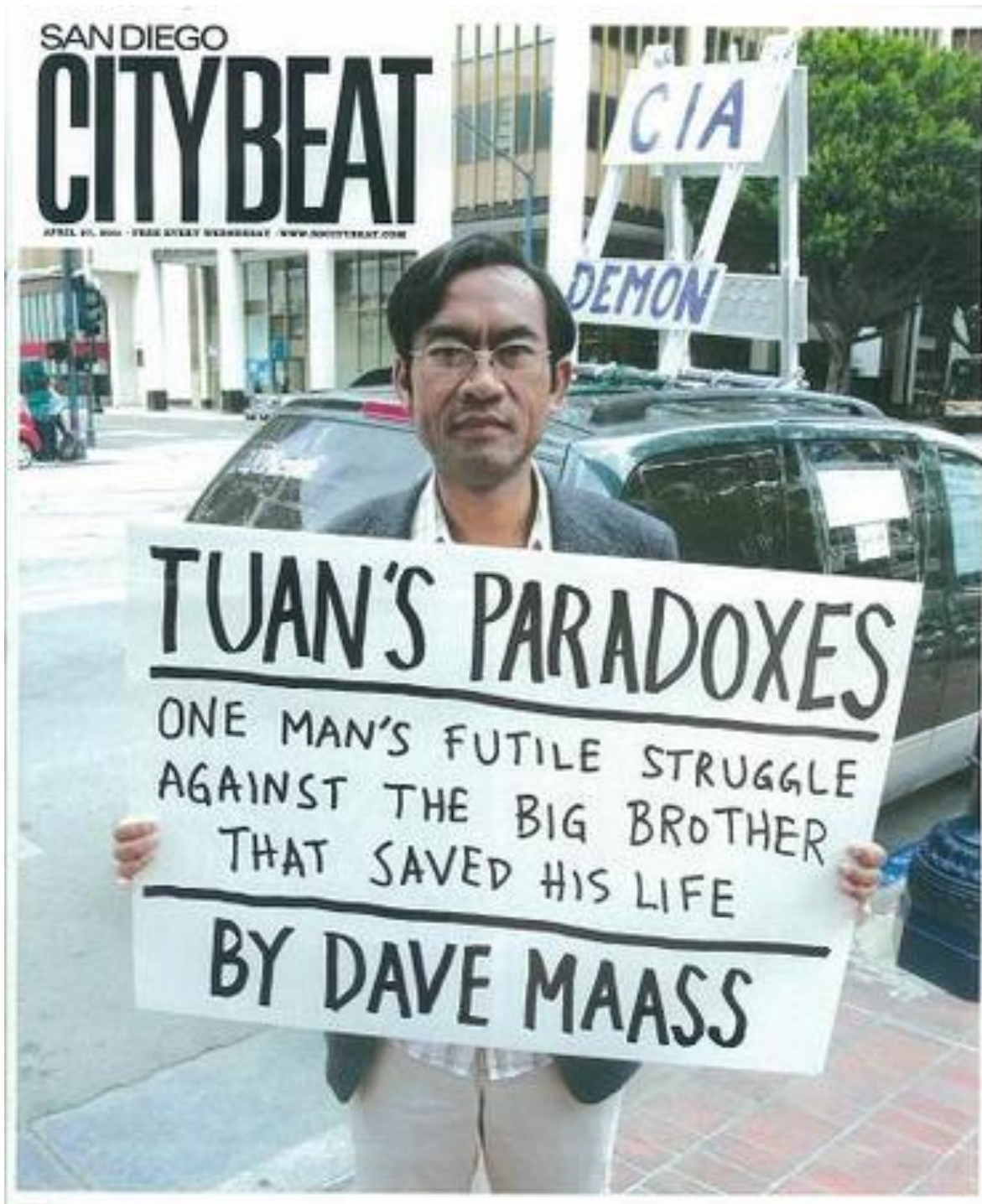


LONE SURVIVOR

(The Real Story of a Victim of Big Brother's Mind Control Program)



Mr. Dave Maass was mistaken regarding his title; Big Brother didn't save my life but rather wreaked havoc on it! It was the American healthcare system, particularly through dialysis, that saved my life.

The Day My World Stood Still

Sunday, 26 March 2006. It was a seemingly ordinary morning in Mira Mesa, San Diego, California but little did I know that the events about to unfold would forever alter the course of my life. As the sun rose lazily, casting a muted glow over the neighborhood, the air held a chill that sent shivers down my spine. With the temperature hovering below 50°F and the sky draped in a blanket of moody clouds, a sense of unease settled upon me.

While my wife toiled away at her workplace, I found myself at home, solely responsible for our four precious children. Two daughters aged 12 and 10, and twin boys, just two years old, filled our house with youthful energy and boundless curiosity. Little did I know that their innocence would soon be shattered, and the sanctuary of our home would become the backdrop for an unthinkable encounter.

Around 9:30 am, an unexpected sound echoed through our home—a sharp, piercing ding-dong that reverberated through the hallways. The children, sensing the arrival of an unfamiliar presence, gathered around me with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. Intrigued, we followed the echoing chime, their tiny feet pitter-pattering behind me as we made our way toward the front door.

Unlocking the heavy wooden barrier, I hesitated for a moment before swinging it inward, exposing us to a sight that would haunt my memory forever. In that heart-stopping instant, time seemed to freeze, and an icy chill surged down my spine, paralyzing me with fear. Three guns greeted me as I stood there, defenseless, and vulnerable.

Two policemen, resolute and unwavering, flanked either side of the doorway, their stern expressions etched with the weight of their duty. And there, a few meters away, stood a policewoman, partially concealed behind the corner of our garage, her eyes piercing and determined. Each of them held their weapons with an unwavering grip, poised to defend and protect, their actions speaking louder than words.

As the gravity of the situation dawned upon me, my body instinctively reacted, overriding any rational thought. A sudden jerk sent my whole being hurtling backward, desperately seeking distance from the imminent danger that lurked before me. Fear consumed me, threatening to engulf my very being, but in that moment, I realized I had a duty far greater than my own self-preservation.

My children, sensing the palpable tension and danger, clung to my legs, seeking shelter and protection. Their presence, their precious lives, were now at stake, and I became their shield, their guardian, in the face of this unimaginable threat. In silence, they hid behind me, their wide eyes mirroring the terror that gripped their innocent souls.

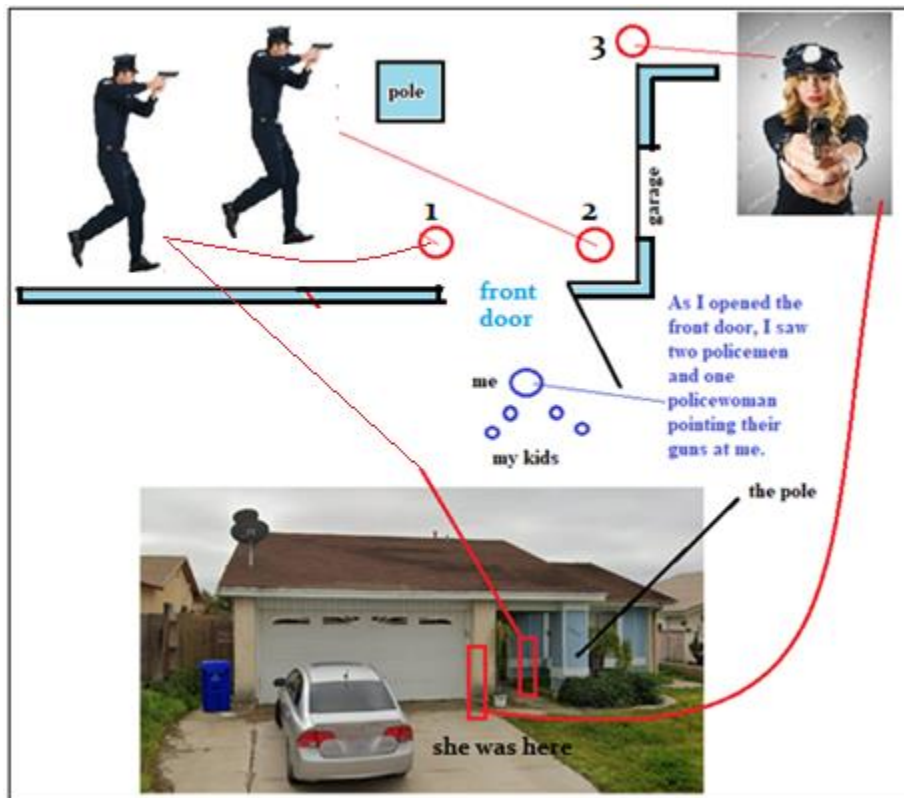
Recognizing the impact their actions had on my children, the police swiftly realized the magnitude of their mistake. With a shared sense of remorse, they holstered their weapons, a visible gesture of remorse and an attempt to restore a semblance of safety. In that fleeting moment, the air hung heavy with an unspoken understanding—a recognition that lives had been forever changed.

Little did I know that this encounter would be the catalyst for a journey of self-discovery, resilience, and redemption. My wife and children, scared by that fateful morning, would become my unwavering support as I navigated the labyrinth of my own emotions. Together, we would unravel the mysteries of that day, seeking solace and finding strength amidst the shattered fragments of our shattered lives.

But the damage had been done. The innocence of childhood had been shattered, leaving behind fragments of trust and an indelible mark upon their tender hearts. The scars of that moment would forever etch themselves into the fabric of our lives, a constant reminder of a morning steeped in unfathomable anguish and the fragility of our existence.

What the heck was happening?

And so, dear reader, as I recount the events that led to that chilling encounter on a cool March morning, I invite you to join my story.



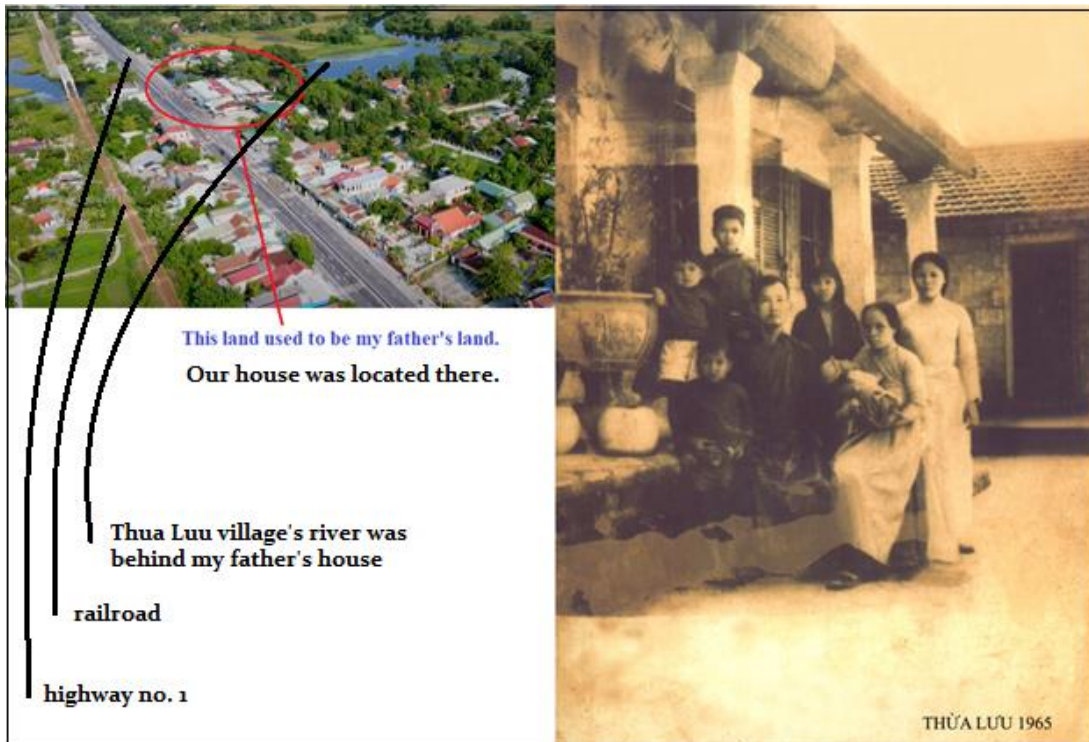
CHAPTER I

A Tapestry of Roots

In the year 1965, in the serene embrace of Thua Luu, a tranquil village nestled just thirty miles south of the vibrant city of Hue in Vietnam, I made my entrance into this world. This idyllic hamlet, where the heartbeat of existence reverberated with the rhythm of the land, was home to a community predominantly composed of diligent farmers, their hands eternally entwined with the soil.

Within this backdrop of simplicity and resilience, my father, a valiant soldier who had once fought under the banner of the South Vietnamese government, found his place. Bound by the bonds of duty, he had stood shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, braving the tempest of a protracted civil war that pitted the forces of his nation, aided by the United States, against the relentless might of the North Vietnamese, bolstered by Soviet and Chinese support. Yet, the price he paid for his unwavering loyalty was etched upon his body—a wound that claimed his left arm, a constant reminder of the sacrifice he had made upon the altar of his convictions.

Retiring from the battlefield, my father sought solace in the familiar embrace of his ancestral soil, returning to the embrace of Thua Luu. Reinventing himself as an elementary teacher, he bestowed upon the young minds of our village the gift of knowledge, nurturing their fledgling dreams and hopes.



Our family abode stood as a testament to our resilience, a resplendent dwelling nestled amidst nature's majesty. Nestled beside the national highway, its foundations anchored by Thua Luu's ancient bridge, it held court within a verdant oasis. A lush garden enveloped our abode, lovingly nurtured by my father's hands, adorned with an orchestra of fruit trees that painted our lives with a vibrant kaleidoscope of flavors. Bamboo trees stood tall and proud; their slender forms woven together to create a tapestry of protection around our haven.

I was blessed with the gift of siblings—three elder sisters and three elder brothers—who, like the branches of a family tree, flourished alongside me. I, the youngest member of this spirited clan, found myself the recipient of boundless love and a tapestry of shared memories. My father, ever the visionary, invested his hard-earned savings into parcels of land, predominantly rice fields, which he generously leased to our kin. It was a time of prosperity, a pinnacle where the sun seemed to shine most radiantly upon our lives.

As I reflect upon those halcyon days, it becomes evident that the threads of our story were woven with equal parts struggle and triumph, resilience, and dreams. These early years of my life, bathed in the simplicity of rural existence, would come to shape my identity, anchoring me to the very essence of my being—a son of Thua Luu, cradled by the rich tapestry of a village rooted in the harmony between man and earth.

However, the tumultuous backdrop of war cast its shadow upon our lives. The South Vietnamese Army, driven by strategic needs, deemed our family's cherished house to be sacrificed for the construction of a military port, for its special location held undeniable allure. With heavy hearts, we watched as our sanctuary, brimming with memories, was reduced to rubble by the relentless machinery of progress.

Faced with this irrevocable loss, my father, ever the pillar of strength, made a difficult decision for the sake of our family's future. He resolved to relocate us to another village named Lang Co, situated thirty kilometers south of Thua Luu. In this new chapter of our lives, we found shelter within the walls of an apartment within the school building where my father dedicated his days to educating young minds.

This humble abode, though lacking the familiarity of our former home, became a sanctuary in its own right. Within those walls, we forged new bonds and adapted to the rhythm of a different community. The corridors echoed with the laughter of students by day and the whispers of family unity by night. It was a place where dreams continued to flourish, despite the winds of change that had blown us from our roots.

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the harmony between man and earth. And now, in this new village of Lang Co, our family, though uprooted, continued to find solace.



My Father Canh Nguyen



Thua Luu Catholic Church

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Lang Co, 1970 – Five years old

When I was eight years old, a glimmer of hope emerged amidst the upheaval that had defined our lives. The South Vietnamese government extended a generous offer to my father—a new apartment within the Apartment Complex for Wounded Warriors, a sanctuary for those who bore the physical and emotional scars of war. Apt #25, nestled along the storied Ba Trieu Street in Hue City, became our New Haven, a place where healing and resilience converged.

As my father continued to impart knowledge at Ngu Binh Elementary School, I embarked on my own educational journey at Ly Thuong Kiet Elementary School, which was closer to my house. In the vibrant embrace of Hue City, I discovered a world beyond the familiar boundaries of village life. It was a realm where friendships blossomed, and the joyous laughter of play echoed through the narrow streets. The Apartment Complex became a vibrant tapestry of camaraderie, a community that thrived on shared experiences and the innocence of childhood.

Meanwhile, my elder brothers, guardians of their own aspirations, pursued their high school studies at Quốc Gia Nghĩa Tử Huế—the esteemed Hue National School of Martyrdom. Their determination and commitment echoed the unwavering spirit that permeated our family's collective pursuit of a better future.



Trường Trung Học QGNT Huế



Trung Học QGNT Huế



Amidst the ebb and flow of our lives, my mother, a pillar of unwavering strength, remained the guiding force within the walls of our newfound home. As a housewife, she embraced her role with grace and dedication, ensuring that the threads of family unity were woven tightly together.

My father, ever resourceful, managed to provide for our family through a multitude of sources. His earnings as a teacher, supplemented by his army pension and the income derived from leasing the farmland in our cherished Thua Luu, ushered in a sense of stability and prosperity. This convergence of fortune and opportunity bestowed upon us a respite from the struggles of the past, a respite that allowed us to bask in the warmth of contentment.

During this chapter of our lives, the symphony of stability and progress orchestrated a harmonious melody that resounded through our days. We reveled in the simple joys of familial togetherness, a chorus of love and shared dreams. This was a time of abundance, a time when the seeds of our hopes and aspirations found fertile ground to take root and flourish.

As I reflect upon these moments, I am reminded that the tapestry of our existence is intricately woven with threads of resilience, courage, and the indomitable human spirit. It is within the embrace of our new abode, amidst the Apartment Complex for Wounded Warriors, that our family's story continued to unfold, marking the beginning of a new chapter filled with promise and the anticipation of what lay ahead. And within the walls of our apartment, we found solace and the unwavering conviction that brighter days were yet to come.



Hue – 1975 – Ten years old