

THE **FOREIGN SERVICE** JOURNAL

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JULY-AUGUST 2018



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On the Cover: This makeshift memorial was erected on the grounds of the former U.S. embassy in Nairobi in the days following the blast that claimed 213 lives and injured 5,000. The text reads: "Together we mourn and sympathise with our fellow humans." Photo courtesy of Worley and Joyce Reed. On page 5, an aerial view of the bomb blast area in Nairobi as seen in the morning hours of Aug. 7, 1998. The U.S. embassy building is at the lower right. Photo Reuters/Gerado Magallon.

Getting Our Team on the Field

BY BARBARA STEPHENSON

If that title sounds familiar, it is because you have, as of this writing, already received two messages from Secretary Mike Pompeo bearing the same title. The first message resumed hiring of eligible family members (EFMs) so posts can begin filling mission-critical jobs left vacant during the freeze. The second message, “Getting Our Team on the Field, Part 2,” lifted the hiring freeze for the Foreign Service and Civil Service.

As I have said before—such as when Congress rejected deep cuts to our budget and restored 2018 funding to the previous year’s levels—for this, we pause and give thanks. We give thanks not simply as members of the Foreign Service whose careers have been saved, and not even just as stewards of this vital national security institution, but also as Americans who know firsthand how essential the Foreign Service is to our country’s security and prosperity.

I hope many of you joined me in feeling a surge of optimism—maybe even a diplomatically appropriate touch of swagger—when the Secretary, in remarks to a welcoming crowd on arrival for his first day at the State Department, shared this vision: “The United States diplomatic corps needs to be in every corner, every

stretch of the world, executing missions on behalf of this country; and it is my humble, noble undertaking to help you achieve that.”



Ambassador Barbara Stephenson is the president of the American Foreign Service Association.

What would it take to get our team back on the field, to get America’s diplomats into every corner, every stretch of the world?

For starters, we would need Congress to again reject deep cuts to our FY 2019 budget and provide adequate funding, particularly for “ongoing operations,” the line item in the Congressional Budget Justification that explicitly funds core diplomatic capability.

Funding for core diplomatic capability has fallen almost a quarter over the last decade; if America is to retain its global leadership role, that trend must be reversed. Remember, China increased spending on diplomacy by 40 percent over the past five years while America’s spending on core diplomacy fell by a third, from \$7.4 billion in 2013 to \$4.9 billion in 2018.

We could reverse that trend with an incredibly modest initial \$100 million dollar down payment, and make meaningful strides toward the goal of getting our team back on the field.

With the decision, supported by AFSA, to drastically cut back the number of special envoys, the mid-level positions assigned to staff those envoys should now be available to be deployed to embassies and consulates.

If we figure annual overseas support costs of \$300,000 per officer, we could move some 300 mid-level positions overseas (perhaps over two or three years) with that additional \$100 million—a modest 2 percent increase to the ongoing operations account, currently at just below \$5 billion.

We hear regularly from FS members

about the dire impact of understaffed embassies—especially those subjected to the “Iraq tax” a decade ago (losing numerous overseas positions in order to staff the Iraq posts during the Iraq War)—that have not yet been made whole again.

At many posts, with just one more mid-level officer, we could go beyond writing required reports, delivering demarches and staffing visits to delivering the kind of high-impact, high-value diplomacy described in the National Security Strategy. We could also create space for senior officers to increase mentoring by giving them time to train the next generation in the art of effective diplomacy.

One outcome of getting American diplomats back on the field could well be getting American companies back on the field with us. Those of you who heard my pitch on a recent CSIS panel—buttressed by two former State economic officers, one now in leadership at UPS, one now at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce—will be familiar with the basic outlines.

If we do our jobs leveling up the playing field, getting in place the framework agreements that make it possible for our companies to compete and thrive, we can regain territory now being lost to commercial rivals, and we can burnish the American brand.

I hope to develop this theme over the coming months and to enlist your support to make it a reality. We could do so much good with just a little extra funding and a clear vision. Here’s to getting our team back on the field and delivering big wins for the American people. ■

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Remembrance, Reflection and Resilience

BY SHAWN DORMAN

August 7, 1998: It was 3:30 a.m. in Washington, D.C., and I was on the night shift in the State Department Operations Center. Having just started a new assignment as a watch officer, I was in training at the editor's station, working with experienced watch-stander Ray Maxwell to learn the ropes.

At about 3:40 a.m., the Watch took a call from John Lange, chargé for Embassy Dar es Salaam, reporting that there had just been a huge explosion at the embassy. As I recall, he told us that he and embassy staff were at that moment climbing over a wall to escape from the embassy grounds. He would report back when they knew more.

Within moments, the call came in from Nairobi—the embassy had been bombed.

Everyone was in motion. The senior watch officer called Secretary of State Madeleine Albright (in Rome at the time) to alert her to what had happened. A task force was established immediately, and senior State officials started to gather there by about 5:30 a.m. Later that morning, when a clearer picture emerged, Ray drafted the first ALDAC cable informing posts worldwide.

What had happened was that at about 10:37 a.m. local time in Kenya

and Tanzania, nearly simultaneous bombs went off at U.S.

Embassy Nairobi and U.S. Embassy Dar es Salaam. As we would

learn, these were the work of Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaida network. In all, 224 people were killed, 213 of them in Nairobi. Twelve Americans were killed in the Nairobi bombing. Some 5,000 people were injured. In Dar, 11 Tanzanians were killed and 85 wounded.

On the 20th anniversary of the bombings, we dedicate this issue of the *Journal* to the remembrance, reflection and resilience of the survivors from the embassy communities in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam—American, Kenyan and Tanzanian. In a collection of essays, 40 survivors share their experiences of that terrible day and of how they carried on and rebuilt their lives afterward.

One thing is clear: No one who survived is untouched by the event today, 20 years later. The experience of Aug. 7 and its aftermath still resonates. Diplomats are on the “front line” of international affairs, where terrorism has now become an established fact of life.

Our focus is not on the 1998 bombings' place in the broader 9/11 and post-9/11 narrative. Nor is it about the pursuit and prosecution of individual terrorists, administrative and compensation issues, security policies and practices before or after the incidents or any of the many topics one might expect in a comprehensive history.

This collection is personal, and it's painful. It is not easy reading. After every reflection, take a deep breath, a pause to regroup. I wouldn't try to read all the reflections in one sitting. But read them we must—to understand, to

remember, to honor and to learn.

While this is a story of horror and loss, it also offers glimmers of hope that come from the strength of those who survived. The authors share what they learned about how to process trauma and how to build resilience.

There are common threads in their advice: a strong community is critical for recovery; take care of your people, your family and yourself; never be complacent; listen to your people (and Washington, listen to the field); survivors, seek out mental health support whether you think you need it or not; there is such a thing as second-degree trauma, and helpers can and often do experience PTSD themselves. Know the Ops Center phone number: (202) 647-1512.

Following the compilation of current reflections on the East Africa bombings is a selection of excerpts from the *FSJ* archive.

On a less somber note, this issue includes the first “Message from the Military” to the Foreign Service, in which Vice Admiral Fritz Roegge, president of National Defense University, offers “The View from the Bridge: Sailing in Formation with the State Department,” a look at cooperation between the War College and the Foreign Service.

I regret that we have no Speaking Out in this issue; please share your views in an opinion piece or a letter to the editor. And please share your responses to the East Africa compilation; add to the lessons learned. We look forward to hearing from you. ■



Shawn Dorman is the editor of *The Foreign Service Journal*.

Be What You Say You Are

I am writing in response to Medical Director Charles Rosenfarb's comments in the May issue (Letters-Plus). As I read them I thought to myself, my goodness, *this* is the Bureau of Medical Services I want to deal with. Where can I find this MED that wants to provide the "educational services [children] require to fully flower and grow"?

Dr. Rosenfarb suggests transparency in policies. Yet I had an in-depth conversation with one of the MED doctors, asking for a copy of the policies they were using to guide their decisions. She said she was not at liberty to share those policies. I verified that confusing comment in a follow-up email, which she acknowledged was accurate.

I am currently seeking summer services for my son but was denied the full plan provided by his Learning Support Team. When I requested references to the policies guiding that denial, I was told: "From our team's assessment ... we have ... determined what would be most likely allowable under DOS regulation."

My impression is that MED and the Child and Family Program pick and choose which laws and rules they want to follow. They hold families to the restrictions of each guideline, but fail to uphold the requirements outlined in the Department of State Standardized Regulations and the Individuals with Disabilities Education Act, claiming that because we do not live in the United States they are not obligated to protect the rights of our disabled children.

MED/CFP has reiterated through words and actions that they "function as my child's Individual Education Plan." Dr. Rosenfarb gives an example of a family



with a child who is two years behind. He says: "I can think of few things more heartbreaking than to see a child fall further behind."

Yet this is my son's story. He is two years behind, battling a number of disabilities; and when the IEP team advised

summer services to help prevent regression, CFP's response was to authorize only what is "standard" rather than follow the guidance of professional educators.

This is the antithesis of the Individual Education Plan, where educators who know and work with the child determine his or her individual needs. In the United States, if the team determines needs, it is against the law for the district to fail to follow those recommendations. MED/CFP does not know my kid and, therefore, should not be altering his education plan.

Dr. Rosenfarb continues: "Yet in our efforts to avoid outcomes potentially harmful to children, we sometimes end up at odds with parents facing difficult choices." As a parent, an advocate and an educator, I can say MED is the party cultivating the "potentially harmful" outcomes.

It seems to me, when in doubt, one should err on the side of the child/family. To quote President John F. Kennedy: "Let us think of education as the means of developing our greatest abilities, because in each of us there is a private home and dream which, fulfilled, can be translated into benefit for everyone and greater strength for our nation."

Dr. Rosenfarb, please, love our children, care for them, be everything you said you were in your article. Their future depends on it.

Lisa Stewart
FS family member
Embassy Manila

Nothing More Than PR

I read with great interest Dr. Rosenfarb's response (May *FSJ*) to Kathi Silva's March *FSJ* article that raised concerns regarding MED's lack of support to Foreign Service families who have children with disabilities. Unfortunately, his response didn't constructively address even a single specific concern she raised, and was nothing more than a PR piece.

Until MED offers more transparency, accountability and parental involvement in all areas affecting children with disabilities, the trust between MED and FS families will only continue to deteriorate. Unfortunately, Dr. Rosenfarb's article didn't inspire much confidence in that regard.

Rather than responding to the very real concerns raised by Kathi Silva, Dr. Rosenfarb provides lip service and platitudes while maintaining a condescending "MED knows best" mantra. His example of a child who is two years behind in school and faced with limited services due to parental neglect is disingenuous, at best, and fear-mongering at worst.

I have yet to meet one FS family that would intentionally put their child at risk in the way he describes, let alone act so irresponsibly as to arrive at a post only to "curtail weeks later" due to a lack of necessary services. I would be interested to see any statistics on the prevalence of this.

Dr. Rosenfarb also implies that MED is the only resource with accurate information regarding services at post, and that parents should be grateful for MED's expertise. He completely disregards the days, weeks and months spent by these families researching posts, talking to doctors and other families, and in many cases coming to different conclusions regarding the resources available at posts.

Rather than work with the families and explore the options parents have found for their children, MED routinely ignores and

dismisses their findings, insisting that its “expertise” is the ultimate authority.

It’s also probably not by accident that Dr. Rosenfarb refers to children with disabilities as “patients,” even as he apparently loses sight of the fact that we typically aren’t dealing with children in need of ongoing medical care, but rather in need of ongoing educational support.

It still strikes me as strange that State has put MED personnel in charge of supporting children’s educational needs. Despite that, Dr. Rosenfarb’s attitude wouldn’t be so bad if—contrary to previous directors—he, his deputy director and Director of Mental Health Services Dr. Kathy Gallardo didn’t regularly refuse to meet with, evaluate or talk to their “patients” when making decisions about medical clearance status or the appropriateness of educational support.

Instead, they frequently make decisions in direct opposition to the recommendations of their own MED personnel in the field, educational professionals who work with children firsthand and parents, and then refuse to provide any individual justification for those decisions.

Having personally dealt with MED during Dr. Rosenfarb’s and Dr. Gallardo’s tenure, I am not impressed by their leadership. While I believe there are many in MED who do want what is best for the FS families they serve, the current adversarial environment has made it nearly impossible for families to work with MED as partners.

*Christie Peterson
FS family member
Embassy Prague*

Confronting a Decision on Torture

The congressional hearings on Gina Haspel’s nomination to be the new CIA director, which focused on the use of harsh

interrogation techniques, took me back 50 years to when I was serving as a district senior adviser in the Mekong Delta of Vietnam as part of the U.S. military-civilian integrated advisory program known as MAC-V.

I was a 26-year-old, brand new Foreign Service officer on my first tour abroad when I had to make a decision about confronting torture.

It was unusual for a civilian State Department officer like me to be heading a 10-man military advisory team comprised entirely of U.S. Army personnel, but Vietnam was an unusual war in many respects.

I had heard the stories about the use of electric shock on the genitals of prisoners, as well as a perverse early form of waterboarding using filthy water from canals in Saigon. But such situations had not occurred in the remote rural area where my team was located, until the local South Vietnamese military unit that we advised captured a highly placed Viet Cong undercover agent, a woman.

The South Vietnamese had told one of my American officers that they were certain she had a great deal of information about Viet Cong military plans and operations that could prevent significant friendly losses.

The South Vietnamese officer in charge then abruptly asked my adviser to leave. Our interpreter told him that it was because they now intended to torture the woman. My officer quickly filled me in on what had transpired. I was suddenly confronted with the need to decide what to do.

One option I had was to do nothing and let the torture go forward. In previous conversations, my civilian supervisor had, in fact, privately said the best approach might be to not become involved and just allow the Vietnamese to

decide how they would treat their fellow citizens. I had a way out. I could just say I was following orders.

But standing there in this makeshift, sandbagged military compound, 12,000 miles from home, the lessons I had absorbed growing up in Iowa, being sworn into the Foreign Service in the Benjamin Franklin Room and learning what it meant to be an American, impelled me in a different direction. I could not turn my back. I could not let torture go forward.

I rushed to confront the South Vietnamese commanding officer with my demand that torture not be used, adding that I would report him to the highest levels of his government if it were. Taken aback by my blunt message and threat, he assured me that the torture would not take place. I commended him for his decision, but guided by the principle of trust but verify, I sent my officer back to the intelligence center with instructions to force his way in to ensure that no methods involving torture were used.

I realize now that whatever decision I had made back then would affect me for the rest of my life. The act of torturing another human being would have fundamentally altered who I was. My character, my moral DNA, would have been forever changed. I believe that a similar decision by our government, by our State Department or by another agency would have the same impact on our national character and our governmental institutions.

Fifty years ago, I felt that I had done the right thing. I still believe that. I vividly recall what one of my officers said at the time, which still makes me resonate with enormous pride: “We’re Americans. We don’t torture people.”

*Kenneth Quinn
Ambassador, retired
Des Moines, Iowa ■*

The View from the Bridge: Sailing in Formation with the State Department

BY VICE ADMIRAL FRITZ ROEGGE, U.S. NAVY

The National Defense University offers a tremendous vantage point from which to appreciate the value of America's diplomats.

During more than 30 years as a naval officer, I always had great respect for the tremendous contributions the State Department makes to protecting the American people and advancing our nation's interests abroad. In truth, those contributions have often had to be inferred, not observed directly, since I seldom had a Foreign Service officer on board during my submarine deployments or sharing my cubicle in the Pentagon—diplomacy requires more open and overt means of communication than are available from underwater or from a SCIF.

But the significant positive effects of their important work have always been just as clear as in the situations when military officers serve directly alongside diplomats across the globe, working together as we carry out our complementary missions. These partnerships evolve into strong personal bonds based on a shared sense of purpose: to serve the nation, preserve our freedom and promote our values.

In my few months as president of NDU, my appreciation of our diplomats has grown in both depth and breadth because I have been able to witness the

great work of the five ambassadors and 62 other State Department and U.S. Agency for International Development personnel assigned to NDU as students, faculty and in leadership positions.

Therefore, one of my top priorities is to strengthen the relationship with the State Department to maximize its mutual benefit as we strive together to prepare our rising leaders—whether military or civilian, American or international—to positively influence the international security environment.

Let me first describe the history of that relationship and then our recent activities to strengthen it.

A Long, Close Partnership

NDU is commonly referred to as “the Chairman’s University,” because it falls under the direction of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; but the State Department has always been our most important partner outside of the Department of Defense. Ambassador George Kennan served as the first deputy commandant and international adviser at the National War College from 1946 to 1947. Ever since, the State Department has made invaluable contributions to preparing our military and civilian students to



The audience at NDU's Foreign Affairs Day tribute to the U.S. Foreign Service on May 9. In the front row, from left: Jennifer Spande, State student at the National War College; Katherine Dueholm, State student at the Eisenhower School; former Assistant Secretary of State Eric Boswell; Amb. Beth Jones; Amb. Marcie Rise; Amb. Kristie Kenney; and Amb. Ruth Davis.

become strategic thinkers and to serve as national security leaders.

That close partnership is on display daily across NDU's two campuses, and it was especially prominent at the recent American Patriot Awards hosted by the NDU Foundation honoring former Secretary of State James Baker and former Secretary of Defense Leon Panetta. The highlight of that evening's program was when the two Secretaries shared their views on the international security environment.

I was struck that their reflections on the past and the present—through the prisms of a Republican and a Democrat, and the portfolios of State and Defense—were nevertheless consistent in acknowledging that the key to stability and security was, is and will be through diplomacy and the patient hard work that diplomacy demands.



Vice Admiral Fritz Roegge, U.S. Navy, is the 16th president of National Defense University, having assumed the position in September 2017.

We are privileged to be entrusted with the exceptional professionals State and USAID send to NDU. While I'm confident that every one of them takes from NDU the benefits of a rigorous academic experience, I would like to highlight instead what they give to us. They bring to each discussion a diversity of experience and perspective that exposes us all to a wide range of viewpoints and provides an increased awareness of the uses of all the instruments of national power.

Even for those assigned here as students, the reality is that each of them also serves as a teacher to their fellow students and to the faculty. This diversity of thought is important not only in the classroom, but also in real-world operations—because the ways in which the United States and our partners work together to improve security are joint, interagency and international.

NDU's five colleges each deliver a unique master's degree, joint professional military education or graduate certificates to about 2,000 students annually. Delivering those academic outcomes is by itself an ambitious goal, but in the new National Defense Strategy Secretary James Mattis tasked DOD to do more—namely, to use education as a strategic asset to build trust and interoperability across the Joint Forces and with allied and partner forces. A broad demographic helps us to do so.

While half of our students serve in the various branches and components of the U.S. military, the other half is comprised of civilians from across government and international fellows from allied and partner nations. Among the civilians, the largest cohort—nearly 10 percent of all students—comes from the State Department and USAID.

After graduation, they will join an extensive network of national security professionals that includes not only U.S. but

international alumni, who now number more than 3,700 from 142 countries. Even more impressive is the quality within this quantity. Because we are entrusted with our partners' best and brightest rising leaders, our international alumni have gone on to do great things for their own nations.

In fact, more than 100 have risen to the top echelon in their field, such as minister of defense, chief of service or ambassador, making this network powerful as well as extensive—a network that can help us to address the world's challenging security problems.

New Initiatives

In my introductory meeting with Deputy Secretary of State John Sullivan we agreed that the partnership between State and NDU was of great mutual benefit, and we vowed to further strengthen the ties between our institutions. One of the first new initiatives to be pursued was to have State participate in the NDU Scholars program.

Just as has previously been done with the combatant commanders, State will suggest some of the wicked problems that could benefit from a fresh perspective. NDU students can then adopt one of these problems for their thesis work and propose strategies for a way forward.

This is a win/win: incorporating real-world problems into the curriculum makes the educational experience even more relevant and meaningful, and the results can be useful for policymakers



Deputy Secretary of State John Sullivan speaking at the NDU Hall of Fame induction ceremony for Ambassadors Joyce Barr and Bill Brownfield. Seated, from left to right, are Ambassadors Barr and Brownfield and NDU President Vice Admiral Fritz Roegge, USN.

as they can consider new insights and innovative recommendations.

To implement this program and to further strengthen our teaching team, the State Department is providing additional faculty for the next academic year—seasoned practitioners who offer firsthand experience on the value of diplomacy and development work.

Another expansion of an existing practice resulted in NDU's inaugural "Foreign Affairs Day" in May. Military organizations routinely celebrate the contributions of their constituencies, such as each October when the birthdays of the U.S. Navy and U.S. Marine Corps are commemorated.

This year, on May 9, NDU recognized our diplomats' service with a birthday celebration and also inducted two Foreign Service NDU alumni into the NDU National Hall of Fame: Ambassador Joyce Barr, ICAF/Eisenhower Class of 2001; and Career Ambassador William R. Brownfield, National War College Class of 1993.

Deputy Secretary Sullivan delivered the keynote remarks, in which he recognized that "NDU plays an important role, not just in shaping the leadership of our armed forces, but also in molding our

The Civ-Mil Partnership: Building Relationships for Success

NDU helps civilians better understand the U.S. military, but it also does an outstanding job of training all its students to engage in critical analyses of past and present national security issues so that we can better serve our country in the future. Plus, NDU's program for international fellows is a diamond in a crown full of sparkling gems. An Israeli student once told me how he'd spent several hours talking to a Lebanese officer while on a bus trip to Philadelphia: 'I wouldn't be able to have that experience anywhere else in the world,' he said. 'This program doesn't just give us an education, it advances your foreign policy objectives! That's incredible.'

—Ambassador Wanda Nesbitt, former NDU senior vice president and National War College alum

As a student at the National War College, my classmates included the future chairman of the Joint Chiefs and the current COCOM for AFRICOM. I have forged lifelong relationships with classmates and have continued to serve with them, both civilian and military, in my assignments in Afghanistan, Somalia and in a number of postings in Africa. The NDU experience is unique, unmatched and important for us in playing a critical role in diplomatic relations and developing U.S. national strategic policy.

—Ambassador Don Yamamoto, former NDU senior vice president and National War College 1996 alum

Our success as diplomats is predicated on effective cooperation with our interagency counterparts, particularly as we rise to lead country teams. Being an NWC alum provided me instant credibility with our military colleagues. In times of crisis or confronting tough problems, no place prepares you better than NDU. It teaches you to think strategically, but equally important provides you a go-to network.

—Ambassador Mike Hammer, acting NDU senior vice president and National War College 2007 alum

NDU provides a critical platform for Foreign Service officers to explain the importance of diplomacy as an instrument of U.S. national power and to assist our military colleagues in appreciating the role that diplomacy plays in ensuring national security during peacetime and war.

—Ambassador Makila James, current NDU National War College faculty and alum

At the NWC, we all gained a deep knowledge of how our military and civilian counterpart organizations tick. As mission director in Iraq, I found myself planning the largest U.S. government humanitarian assistance program in Iraq since the end of the war. I was thrust in front of the media alongside my three-star military colleague to explain it all to the press. My NWC experience taught me that while I need to be the development and humanitarian assistance expert in the room, success will only be achieved when we work together.

—Sarah Lynch-Healy, USAID senior deputy assistant administrator, NDU National War College alum

Part of the National War College experience is learning not just from the professors and the readings, but also from the other students. NWC students typically have 15 to 25 years of experience in the military, DOD civilian agencies, the intelligence community, Department of Homeland Security, USAID and elsewhere, so seminar discussions are not just academic; they're deeply grounded in professional experience. It's the graduate program you've spent the first 15 to 20 years of your career preparing for.

—Jennifer Spande, NDU National War College 2018 alum

Both within and outside the seminar experience, NDU has provided numerous opportunities to establish friendships across the military services and governmental agencies that I know will last for decades to come. Nothing can replace that intuitive sense of now understanding how our military colleagues may approach an issue; and, while our perspectives may differ slightly, we have developed a mutual rapport and respect that transcends uniforms and missions and strengthens our commitment to public service.

—Brad Bell, NDU Eisenhower School 2018 alum

It is useful to examine the theory and social science behind our foreign affairs work, reading classics of international relations and having access to current cutting-edge research. It's also gratifying to know that the contributions of the Department of State are valued by our interagency partners. We see a rich mix in the faculty—professional academics and experienced practitioners from the military and the interagency add to a tapestry of viewpoints.

—Danny Fennell, NDU College of International Security Affairs faculty and alum

diplomatic leaders, such as Ambassadors Bill Brownfield and Joyce Barr. Their induction is emblematic of the strong partnership between the State Department and the National Defense University to produce a broad array of exceptional national security leaders.”

The partnership between the State Department and NDU has an important history, and an equally important future. The importance of our work together to promote peace and security around the world is well captured in an observation from former United Nations Secretary General Kofi Annan: “Education is, quite simply, peace-building by another name. It is the most effective form of defense spending there is.”

The talented and diverse group of



Left to right: Ambassadors Aurelia Brazeal, Sylvia Stanfield, Ruth A. Davis and Bill Brownfield enjoy a moment at NDU's Foreign Affairs Day on May 9.



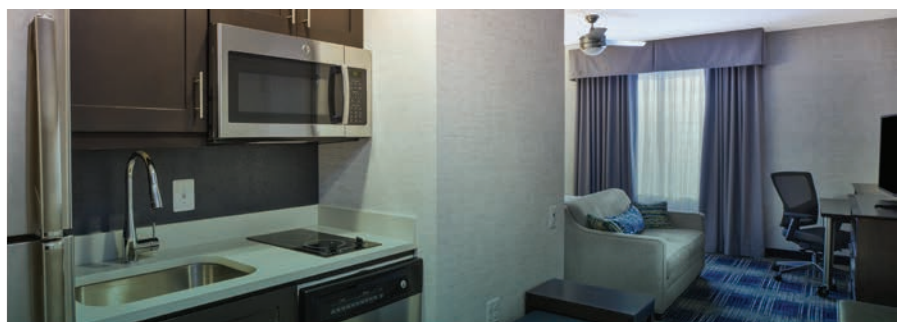
From left to right: Ambassadors Dick Norland, Tom Krajieski and Joyce Barr, with and a former NDU colleague, USAF Colonel (ret.) Christina Lafferty, at NDU's Foreign Affairs Day on May 9.

midcareer professionals assigned to NDU arrive as tactical and operational experts in their fields. If we do well at providing them a world-class education, they will leave us as strategic thinkers capable of launching ideas that could preclude the need to launch ordnance. ■



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NDU Honors the U.S. Foreign Service

On May 9, the National Defense University celebrated its first Foreign Affairs Day by inducting NDU alumni Ambassador William Brownfield, National War College graduate class of 1993, and Ambassador Joyce Barr, graduate of the Industrial College of Armed Forces class of 2001, into the National Hall of Fame. (ICAF was renamed The Dwight D. Eisenhower School for National Security and Resource Strategy in 2012.)

Deputy Secretary of State John Sullivan was in attendance and gave remarks. The ceremony concluded with a question and answer session moderated by Ambassador Ron Neumann, National War College class of 1991.

Both Ambassadors Brownfield and Barr emphasized how their education at NDU enhanced the interagency dynamic and provided them with lasting relation-



Participating in the cake-cutting ceremony at NDU's Foreign Affairs Day on May 9 are, left to right: AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson; Ambassador Mark Pekala, deputy commandant of the National War College; Major General John Jansen, commandant of the Eisenhower School; Ambassador Mike Hammer, NDU senior vice president; Ambassador Makila James, director of the International Student Management Office; and Ambassador Tom Daughton, deputy commandant of the Eisenhower School.

ships that served them well throughout their careers.

The session was followed by a reception and cake-cutting, where AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephen-

son gave remarks on the complementary relationship between military power and diplomacy. (See page 12 for a message to the Foreign Service from NDU President Vice Admiral Fritz Roegge.)

SITE OF THE MONTH: THE ATLAS OF ECONOMIC COMPLEXITY: ATLAS.CID.HARVARD.EDU

This powerful research and data visualization tool from Harvard University's Center for International Development offers users insights into the structure of national economies and their potential, based on the dynamics of global trade flows across markets and over time.

The Atlas debuted online in 2013 as a companion tool to *The Atlas of Economic Complexity: Mapping Paths to Prosperity*, a book published in 2011, and is a collaboration between CID's Growth Lab and MIT's Media Lab.

CID's mission includes working "to advance the understanding of development challenges and offer viable solutions to problems of global poverty."

The goal in building this online system was to turn complex economic equations and Greek symbols into a user-friendly platform, thereby creating a measurement tool that helps trade and economic decision-makers make better-informed decisions more easily.

The Atlas pulls its raw data, which includes goods but

not services or other nontradable activities, from the United Nations Comtrade database; the data is then cleaned by a

unique CID method that accounts for inconsistent reporting standards and presents a specific point of view of how trade data predicts economic growth and new opportunities.

The tool's last U.N. data update was 2016, including data from the previous 50 years.

From the homepage, users can explore trade data by country, products, imports and exports, as well as rankings of growth by country or product and projections for international growth. The results can be viewed in a variety of ways.

CID publications and research can also be accessed, as well as key concepts behind The Atlas and tutorials on its use. A glossary and FAQ are also available.



Time to Lock Down Your Social Media Accounts?

On June 13 *Foreign Policy* reported that Trump appointee Mari Stull, a former lobbyist and wine blogger known online as “Vino Vixen,” has been vetting the social media accounts of senior-level Foreign Service members in search of “signs of ideological deviation.”

FP reports that Ms. Stull is also looking for indications that these FS members may have signed off on Obama-era policies—which is, of course, part of the job that career Foreign Service professionals must be able to do for any administration. Foreign Service members promote and defend all approved government policies, regardless of their own political beliefs.

Ms. Stull was hired in April as a senior adviser in the Bureau of International Organization Affairs; since then, several senior officials have left the bureau.

In looking at Ms. Stull’s own social media accounts, *FP* discovered that she gloated on Twitter that “the Global swamp (sic) will be drained” after Kevin Moley was brought on in January as the assistant secretary of state for international organizational affairs. Mr. Moley is now her boss, though one unnamed diplomat told *FP* that “she seemed to outrank Moley in influence.”

FP reports that it is unclear whether Secretary of State Mike Pompeo endorses or even knows about Ms. Stull’s work to uncover allegedly disloyal employees.

“Diplomacy at Risk!”—A New TV Series Airs

A new television series aims to bring the world of diplomacy into the living rooms of everyday Americans.

Parts 1 and 2 of the nonpartisan, educational program “Diplomacy at Risk!” aired on April 26 and May 10, respectively, on public access television stations.

Contemporary Quote: A Picture Worth 1,000 Words



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bundeskanzlerin Zweiter Tag des G7-Gipfels in Kanada: spontane Beratung am Rande der offiziellen Tagesordnung. --- Day two of the G7 summit in Canada: spontaneous meeting between two working sessions. #G7Charlevoix

German Chancellor Angela Merkel’s viral Instagram post from the June G7 summit. Photo by German Cabinet’s official photographer Jesco Denze.

Retired Foreign Service Officers Diana Watkins, Stephen Watkins and Janice Bay joined forces with television editors and producers to create the series in an effort to highlight the role diplomacy plays in keeping peace, preventing pandemics and protecting Americans, both at home and overseas.

Producer Carol Loftur-Thun said she got involved in the effort after her daughter went to college at Virginia Commonwealth University and discovered that many students there had never even heard of the State Department.

With the sponsorship of the Mad Fox Brewing Company, the all-volunteer team has produced six episodes so far at a studio in Falls Church, Va. The episodes feature panels and one-on-one expert interviews covering topics such as global security, human rights, health care and international trade.

Find out more at DiplomacyAtRisk.org.

2018 PDAA Awards Honor PD Officers

The 2018 winners of the 21st annual Public Diplomacy Alumni Association Awards for Excellence in Public Diplomacy

were honored on May 6 for demonstrating creativity and flexibility in addressing the challenges of influencing public opinion in today’s global media environment.

From creating educational scholarships and producing social media platforms to training foreign official spokespersons in the art of media strategies and developing traditional exhibits, winners from our embassies in Korea, Panama, Thailand and Iraq showed that PD officers have to be flexible and creative in crafting the right strategy for the right situation.

Information Officer **Adrienne Bory** was hailed for her visionary use of social media platforms to get out accurate, positive stories about U.S. engagement in Panama. These tools were instrumental in turning around public opinion when the country’s traditional media attacked the United States over money-laundering sanctions, and when false accounts erupted that the United States planned to use Panama as a staging ground for an invasion of Venezuela.

Bory produced videos, which often went viral, that portrayed then-Ambassador John Feeley as an approachable

Continued on page 20

Diplomacy Must Lead

If we don't lead, others will. Our formidable military force, though, is only one side of the coin. You, Secretary Pompeo, have rightly recognized that diplomacy must lead our foreign policy. American diplomats serve on the front lines. We need them well-trained. I'm encouraged by the [State] Department's interest in strengthening the Foreign Service Institute. And we need sufficient funding to combat wildlife and drug trafficking, build open markets, save lives during natural disasters, and do the many other things our aid accounts support. The appropriations process will adequately fund diplomacy and development, I believe.

—Chairman Ed Royce (R-Calif.), House Foreign Affairs Committee hearing on the FY19 State Department budget, May 23.

Thank Our Foreign National Employees

Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor and thank the thousands of foreign national employees who work for United States embassies overseas supporting our Foreign Service and promoting democratic ideals throughout the world.

Many Americans may not know exactly what the Foreign Service does, but I can assure you that our diplomats are out every day promoting the interests of the United States, our constituents, our businesses and our values.

But what often goes unnoticed are the thousands of foreign national employees who work at U.S. embassies in support of our diplomats as they build and strengthen democratic institutions, create and sustain markets for American products and promote democracy in some of the most hostile, austere environments in the world.

I would like to tell you about one such unsung hero of the State Department's mission in Havana, Cuba. Olexis Lugo was born there in 1966, and worked for the U.S. Interests Section and, later, the U.S. embassy in Havana for more than a decade. Lugo, as he was known to diplomat colleagues, was a driver in the embassy's motor pool and supported countless missions with U.S. diplomats.

More than a driver, Lugo aided diplomats in understanding the nuances of Cuban culture and provided critical insight that helped our diplomats do their jobs effectively.

This past year, Lugo suddenly passed away in Havana; but

Heard on the Hill



his legacy will live on in the American lives he touched and the ideals of democracy and freedom that he helped support. I hope when it comes time to talk about our foreign affairs budget, we will remember our diplomats and the folks from foreign countries, like Lugo, who are working hard for the American people to keep this world safe for democracy.

—Floor statement from Rep. Tim Walz (D-Minn.), May 9.

Enhancing National Security

The new Secretary of State took an action this week which will enhance our national security: Secretary Mike Pompeo lifted the hiring freeze at the State Department.

This may sound like an inside-the-Beltway bureaucratic action, but its impact will echo across the world. Why?

The talented men and women of the State Department are on this country's front lines, defending our national interests and freedom around the world. If we are to effectively "marry" the "hard power" of our military with the "soft power" of diplomacy, we need the right Foreign Service personnel at the right posts now!

—Rep. Rodney Frelinghuysen (R-N.J.), in a constituent newsletter sent on May 18.

A Little Bit Too Complacent

Often people across America are under the impression that we are giving away the store with our foreign aid, when in fact it's only like 1 percent of the budget.

But, you know, I am concerned in the Western Hemisphere we sort of turn our heads, and we've been a little bit too complacent and maybe abdicated our leadership role in Latin America. And as a result, all these bad things have happened.

China is now very much present in Panama. Costa Rica and, most recently, the Dominican Republic, have stabilized relationships with a country that is very much still engaged in currency manipulation, the stealing of intellectual rights and fraud. ...

I met recently with one of the Latin America leaders, and he said to me, "Name me one major project, one infrastructure project that America is involved in investing in, as China proposes to do with many of these countries."

Frankly, Mr. Secretary, as they say in the schoolyard,

they are eating our candy. There is something that we have to do, and it's going to entail a fiscal commitment to the region as well as re-establishing our strong presence there.

—Rep. Adriano Espaillat (D-N.Y.),
House Foreign Affairs Committee
hearing on the FY 2019 State
Department budget, May 23.

Cuts—A Signal that We're Out

I want to talk to you about the consequences of some of these cuts. We regularly read reports of Russian money and influence flowing into the Balkans at rates that, frankly, we did not see before the Trump administration. They see an opportunity as we withdraw from the Balkans to essentially set up a new front ... They're buying up media companies, they're scoring contracts for oil and gas, bribing government officials and funding biker gangs, martial arts clubs, all sorts of pseudo militaries. It really looks a lot like the leadup to what happened in eastern Ukraine.

But this budget that you're presenting to us calls for governance funding cuts of 91 percent in Albania, 75 percent cuts in Macedonia, 69 percent in Serbia, 67 percent in Bosnia. These are catastrophic withdrawals of funding. And another very clear signal to the Russians that we're out. And you should fill the void.

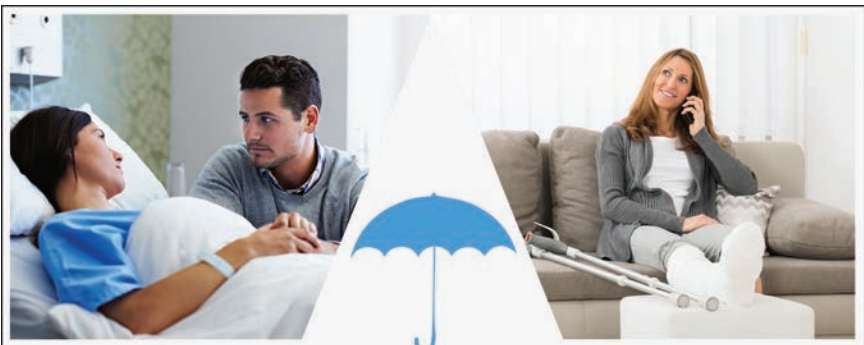
—Sen. Chris Murphy (D-Conn.),
Senate Foreign Relations Committee
hearing on the FY19 State
Department budget, May 24.

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Cigna

Continued from page 17

man of the people. She also helped Peace Corps Panama launch its Facebook and Instagram accounts, and provided regular media training to the Panamanian Ministry of Security, which has helped advance U.S. security interests in the region.

Mark Bosse, then assistant information officer in Baghdad, developed and delivered a seven-month series of trainings for official spokespersons and more than 150 media professionals from 12 Iraqi ministries, leading to positive local, pan-Arab, and international coverage of U.S. military and humanitarian efforts.

Thanks to Mark's efforts, the highest-level voices of the Iraqi government touted the outstanding cooperation between our two governments.

In South Korea, **Shim Jai Ok**, execu-

tive director of the Fulbright program in Korea, persuaded both the South Korean and U.S. governments to put up hundreds of thousands of dollars for a new fellowship designed for the 3,100 college-age defectors from North Korea. In 2018, the first five North Korean students will start their graduate school fellowships in the United States.

Embassy Bangkok's Public Affairs Section, led by Public Affairs Officer **Melinda Masonis**, was hailed for its "Great and Good Friends" exhibition, highlighting the positive relationship between the United States



Award winners and their representatives at the May 6 PDAA award ceremony. Left to right: Bix Aliu (accepting on behalf of Mark Bosse); winner Adrienne Bory; Ambassador Cynthia Efird, president of PDAA; Lisa Heller (accepting for Embassy Bangkok); Tim Marshall (accepting for Shim Jai Ok); and Elizabeth Thornhill, PDAA Awards Committee chair.

and Thailand. PA Bangkok worked cooperatively with the Smithsonian Institution, National Archives, Library of Congress and Google to produce the event, which was covered by every national television station and viewed by millions of Thais.

A related 30-second video on the exhibit was released on 109 major Cineplex movie screens throughout Thailand. McThai—a local McDonald's franchise—even featured the exhibit on its tray mats, cups and boxes.

PDAA is a volunteer, nonprofit organization of current and former State Department, broadcast, academic and private-sector PD professionals. Its mission is to foster understanding, recognition of and support for public diplomacy through educational and social activities.

For information about PDAA's activities and a complete list of award-winners since 1993, please visit <https://pdaa.publicdiplomacy.org>.

Ambassador Tracker

The pace of nominations and confirmations for ambassadors and senior State Department and USAID positions

50 Years Ago

The Art of Negotiation

The point is that it is essential for any negotiator before he can face the other parties abroad, to know exactly where he stands at home, where he will be backed up and how far, and how much discretion he is given.

A lot of the difficulties that we encounter in the United States in international negotiations is that we tend to send our negotiators to the conference table with impossible instructions.

You must be ready to discuss what the other fellow wants in most cases to talk about, even if you don't propose to do anything about it. You should not, in most cases, fight your battle on the question of whether it gets on the agenda or not.

We have a tendency in our government for each interest or agency to try to obtain its special objectives, each of which looks quite reasonable in itself. But when you add them all up, you sometimes get a package which is much more than our bargaining power can deliver.

It is the job, first of the desk officer in the Department of State, and later, if necessary, of the ambassador in charge of the negotiation, to call a halt to this process and get us to focus on a reasonable number of priority objectives.

—Ambassador Winthrop G. Brown worked on the negotiations for the 1947 General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and was later head of the U.S. delegation at the Geneva talks that led to the revision of GATT. He also served as ambassador to Laos and Korea and as DCM in India.



picked up somewhat as spring gave way to summer.

During April and May, 14 ambassadorial nominations were sent to the Senate, while five other nominations were confirmed. Among the nations to finally receive a Senate-confirmed ambassador were Germany, Hungary and South Sudan.

At press time, AFSA was tracking a total of 42 ambassador vacancies. Vacant, in this instance, means that no one has been nominated or confirmed for the position of ambassador and the previous incumbent has left post.

As of mid-June, nominees for various senior posts at State and USAID were awaiting confirmation, including the under secretary for management, seven assistant secretaries, the CEO of the Broadcasting Board of Governors and the nominee for the deputy administrator position at USAID.

Only one of the six under secretary positions at the State Department has a Senate-confirmed incumbent following the retirement of Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Tom Shannon in June. Just 13 of 24 assistant secretary slots are filled, and only two of USAID's 11 Senate-confirmed leadership positions have an incumbent.

Notably, AFSA lists eight nominations that have been withdrawn since January of last year, which is an unusually high number. Most recently, the nominations of political appointees Edward Masso to be ambassador to Estonia and Eric Ueland to be under secretary of State for management were pulled back.

Embassies without an ambassador—in Saudi Arabia, Turkey, Sweden, Australia, Ireland, Jordan and Egypt, to name but a few—are still being ably led by career diplomats acting as chiefs of mission or *chargés d'affaires*. But foreign governments do take note when the ambassador

post in their capital remains vacant for a long period.

Hiring Freeze Lifted

Within hours of starting his new job, Secretary of State Mike Pompeo lifted the hiring freeze on eligible family members (EFMs). A few days later, he lifted the departmentwide hiring freeze as well, sending the note below to all State employees:

FROM THE DESK OF Mike Pompeo

Team,

Earlier this month, I directed that our employed family members would be treated fairly in seeking to use their skills to delivery our mission. Today, I am lifting the department's hiring freeze on Foreign Service and Civil Service and authorizing the Department of State to hire to current funding levels. This will give our domestic bureaus and missions overseas the flexibility to fill positions that are essential to promoting the department's mission and the United States' foreign policy goals worldwide on behalf of the American people.

The department's workforce is our most valuable asset. We need our men and women on the ground, executing American diplomacy with great vigor and energy, and representing our great nation. By resuming hiring of the most gifted and qualified individuals, we will ensure that we have the right people with the right skills working to advance our U.S. national interests and executing the department's mission in an increasingly complicated and challenging world.

Mike ■

This edition of Talking Points was compiled by Donna Gorman, Dmitry Filipoff, Ásgeir Sigfússon, Shawn Dorman and Jacob Borst.



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REFLECTIONS *on the* U.S. Embassy Bombings in Kenya and Tanzania

20 Years Later

Editor's Note: *In honor and commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the Aug. 7, 1998, East Africa embassy bombings in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, we asked American, Kenyan and Tanzanian survivors to reflect on that seminal event and its aftermath, and to share thoughts on carrying on after tragedy.*

With guidance from Ambassadors (ret.) Prudence Bushnell and John Lange, we posed a set of questions to as many embassy staff and family member survivors as could be found through their informal networks:

- *When the attack occurred, I was (where, when, what happened);*
- *The Aug. 7 bombings most affected me (my family and colleagues) in the following ways;*
- *This is what helped as I created a new normal for my life;*
- *Given what I have learned, I would like to pass on the following advice for those who may become survivors and helpers in the future.*

Some chose to fill in those blanks; others chose a different format. What follows is a compilation of the responses. (Light editing and some trimming of text was done as needed.)

Each author's name is followed by the position he or she held at the time of the bombing.

This FSJ collection is just one part of a collaboration between

AFSA, the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training and the U.S. Diplomacy Center to collect reflections, photos and artifacts for the 20th anniversary of the East Africa bombings.

ADST will continue to collect reflections, so we encourage those who either were not contacted or did not have a chance to respond, to submit something for the permanent Oral History Collection. Send 500 to 1,000 words in response to the questions above to oralhistory@adst.org, or call (703) 302-6290 for more information.

The USDC continues to collect artifacts for its permanent collection. To donate an item, please email a description to Associate Curator Kathryn Speckart at speckartkg@state.gov, or call (202) 472-8208.

On Aug. 6, USDC will host an event open to the public marking the anniversary. A panel of Tanzanian, Kenyan and American survivors sharing their stories, discussion and an exhibit will be featured. All attendees will receive a copy of this Journal collection. On Aug. 7, survivors will gather at the memorial marker in Arlington National Cemetery.

Thanks to all those who shared their experiences. We know that for some it is still incredibly painful to do so, while for others it is cathartic, and for many it lies somewhere in between.

-Shawn Dorman

NAIROBI, KENYA

The Practice of Leadership at Every Level

Prudence Bushnell
U.S. Ambassador to Kenya

I was into my second year as U.S. ambassador to Kenya. With two colleagues from the Commerce Department, I was meeting with the Kenyan minister of commerce to discuss the visit of an American VIP trade delegation. We were on the top floor of a high-rise building on the other side of the parking lot from the embassy. The sound of an explosion attracted many to the window; I was among the last to stand up.

A huge bang with the weight of a freight train bore through the room, throwing me back. The building swayed; I thought I was going to die. I blacked out for a moment, came to and descended the endless flights of stairs with a colleague. Only when we exited the building did I see what had happened to the embassy. I realized in an instant that no one was going to take care of me, and I had better get to work.

After leaving my injured colleagues in the care of medical help, I went to the Crisis Control Room that had been quickly set up at the USAID building. We were a large mission with competent, experienced people throughout the ranks. Colleagues had already set up communications with Washington. I saw the practice of leadership at every level of our wounded organization and community; it got us through the next 10 months, when I departed post.

Our building, our organization, our community and our neighborhood were blown up. As ambassador, I was responsible for security; and while I had pushed and pushed to get Washington's attention to our vulnerabilities, I remain keenly aware that I failed. Hours after the attack, as my attention was pulled in mul-



Commercial Officer Riz Khaliq and a nurse from the emergency medical unit at the embassy take injured U.S. Ambassador Prudence Bushnell to safety following the bombing of Embassy Nairobi.

tipled directions, I remembered the advice of a mentor: "Take care of your people, and the rest will take care of itself."

I did so as well as I could. I discovered a depth of sadness and breadth of anger I did not know I had. I also learned I could not take away anyone else's pain, trauma, anger or sadness, but I could accompany them. I could also promote an environment in which leadership, healing and achievement were possible.

Every individual in our community responded differently. The diversity of reactions created a pace that helped us both to remember and to move forward. It also caused tension between the people who felt we were moving too fast or commemorating too much.

Creating a New Normal

These are the things that helped me in the aftermath: My

husband Richard Buckley and Office Manager Linda Howard were with me from the start. Not only did they help me to cope in the immediate aftermath, but they enabled me to face new and challenging FS assignments for the next six years.

Community helped. The kindness and forgiveness of families who lost loved ones helped. The trust, competence and teamwork people demonstrated helped us literally move on from the rubble. The support of family and friends, even if far away, provided a bridge to what "normal" looked like.

Work and time helped. I had meaningful work to accomplish that built on the leadership experience from Nairobi. Better understanding and talking about what happened gave meaning, while the passage of time gave comfort.

Healthy habits for body, mind and soul helped. These included gardening, walking, knitting, reading and cultivating friendships.

Therapy helped. It was not until I retired seven years after the bombing that I tended to my symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, using somatic therapy (EMDR), which I found helpful.

People deal with stress differently. Not everyone can deal with a tragedy of this magnitude and continue to operate effectively.

—Paul Peterson

What I Learned

I would like to pass on the following advice for those who may become survivors and helpers in the future.

- Get involved in the community and help to grow teams that learn how to do things together. This will be essential in catastrophes and highly satisfying otherwise.
- Be kind to yourself, and be kind to one another.
- Take care of your people—and take care of yourself, too.
- Allow spouses, family and friends to take care of you.
- Seek professional help to stay resilient.
- To help after a crisis, be clear about your mission and adapt to reality.
- Build a bridge between “we” and “they” to create the trust that will make recovery easier.
- Don’t expect this to end any time soon. Catastrophes breed crises, and some go on for years.
- Find meaning in the event—the “treasures among the ashes.”
- Do not depend on the media or our political leaders to keep the story alive or create change; both have short memories.
- Remember, it will get better.

The Very Worst Moment in My Life

Howard Kavalier

Permanent Representative of the United States to the United Nations Environment Program

At approximately 10:15 a.m. on Aug. 7, 1998, I saw my wife, Prabhi Kavalier, for the very last time.

I told her that prior to meeting her for lunch (she worked in the embassy as an assistant general services officer), I would go to the Community Liaison Office in the front of the chancery to see if they knew when the school bus would come the following Monday to pick up our two young daughters for their first day of school at our new post. Prior to going to the CLO, I stopped into my office to save a cable that I was drafting.

On arriving at the CLO, I heard a loud sound, followed some 10 seconds later by an even louder noise. The ceiling started to collapse on us, and the chancery was enveloped in darkness. Through clouds of dust, dangling wires and debris, I searched for Prabhi where I thought her office was once located.

I could not find Prabhi, and she did not emerge from the embassy. I finally got a ride to our temporary quarters, where I told my two daughters, 10-year-old Tara and 5-year-old Maya, that in all likelihood their mother had been killed in an explosion at the embassy. That remains the very worst moment in my 69 years.

Having packed our bags, my longstanding housekeeper, the girls and I went to the home of our very good friends, Steve and Judy Nolan. Sometime during our stay, Ambassador Bushnell visited to express her condolences to me. Shortly after receiving the formal notification of Prabhi’s death, my daughters, housekeeper and I were driven from the Nolans’ residence to Jomo Kenyatta Airport, where we boarded a flight that was the first leg of our journey back to the United States.

Take Care of Your Family and Your People

Paul Peterson

Regional Security Officer

On the morning of Aug. 7, I was sitting in one of my first Country Team meetings, having arrived at post in mid-July to assume the duties of the regional security officer. The meeting was being held on the fourth floor of the chancery in the ambassador’s office. The acting deputy chief of mission was presiding, as the ambassador was out of the building for a meeting.

We were discussing the security briefings that my staff provided to incoming employees—information on Nairobi’s critical crime threat could be disconcerting to new arrivals, and the question was whether we could tone it down. A few minutes into this conversation, the windows on the back wall of the office blew in, throwing members of the country team from their chairs to the floor and showering us with debris.

In the wake of the explosion came an eerie silence, lasting several seconds. I was struggling to crawl over some of my colleagues and head downstairs to Post One to find out our status, when I heard the screaming of people in pain and horror.

As I found my way down the darkened stairwell, I realized two things: We had been seriously damaged by an apparent attack, and this wasn’t going to help me lighten up my briefings. Panicked employees, some whole, many injured, poured into the stairwell. I assisted several injured employees down the stairwell to what had been the lobby and turned them over to other employees.



Navy Seabees remove rubble from one of the many destroyed offices in the embassy building. Following the blasts, more than 40 Seabees were deployed to Kenya and Tanzania to assist with the investigations and cleanup operations.

At our heavily damaged Post One I met with the Marine Security Guard detachment commander to conduct a damage assessment, establish a secure perimeter, search for survivors, evacuate and triage the wounded and begin to address the hundreds of other details that managing a mass casualty event requires. The gunny and I conducted a quick survey of the damage and began to develop a perimeter security plan. We were trying to manage chaos.

Once our initial survey was completed, we held an impromptu Country Team meeting in front of the ravaged building and delineated responsibilities. We knew we had lost people, some of them close to us; but our priority at that point was to try to ensure we didn't lose any more, either through another attack or an accident during our rescue efforts inside the building. We spent the next 40 hours trying to make that happen.

I've realized, with perspective, that the courageous deeds and acts of kindness and compassion I witnessed far outweigh the pain and loss we had to address. I take immense pride when I look back at the many obstacles we addressed and overcame.

I trained for most of my life as a first responder, prepared to address crisis situations and other emergencies. Over more than 20 years I had acquired considerable experience addressing stressful situations, but had never given much thought to how my job affected my family. Nairobi taught me that my family paid a price for my choice of profession. Due to a bombing-related failure in communication, it was several hours before many family members, mine included, were aware of whether we were victims or survivors, injured or whole.

In the hours waiting for news, families gathered together, shared what little information was available and hoped for the

best. I later learned that, but for a last-minute change in plans, my wife would have been in an area of the chancery in which there were no survivors after the blast. My colleagues could share comparable stories.

As I created a new normal for my life, I did my best to take the positive aspects of my Nairobi experience and use them to become a better husband, father and professional. I still live with some of the negative images, but I've managed to maintain perspective. I've dedicated myself to the principle that there's nothing more important than taking care of your family and your people, and I do my best to live up to that.

The examples of leadership in crisis by Ambassador Prudence Bushnell, Deputy Chief of Mission Michael Marine and the Country Team demonstrated the highest standards of the Foreign Service and the other U.S. government agencies that were present. The political lesson: U.S. government and Foreign Service National employees deserve the highest levels of protection when representing the United States overseas.

People deal with stress differently. Not everyone can deal with a tragedy of this magnitude and continue to operate effectively. Early screening of employees by professional medical and psychiatric professionals should take place in the wake of any major security incident or other disaster, to determine how people are coping and if a change in environment would be beneficial.

Prior to 1998, the Department of State had failed to effectively address the myriad security issues that had been brought to their attention. However, as a direct result of the Nairobi and Dar es Salaam bombings, it developed and enacted new procedures, and many new embassies and consulates have been built to stricter security standards, saving lives. We must continue to fight complacency.



COURTESY OF WORLEY AND JOYCE REED

Navy Seabees shoring up damage to the underground parking area at the embassy in Nairobi.

Helping Others Gives Purpose

Joyce Ann Reed

Administrative Assistant for Communications

I was in the Communications Center hallway on the top floor, escorting a member of the Kenyan char force who was doing routine cleaning. I heard a loud crash on the roof, and then there was total darkness. I was having trouble breathing. I saw debris all over my clothes and in my hair when the emergency lights came on.

Once the door to the ambassador's office was unlocked, I took the Kenyan employee's hand and led her through it, then out of the bombed building to safety. I immediately turned our car into an ambulance, loading bleeding Americans and Kenyans to be taken to the hospital. I also helped with the triage that was being organized by our doctor, Gretchen McCoy. In the afternoon, I went to the USAID building to help with the reorganization of the American embassy.

The effect the bombing has had on me in the long term is that I do not feel safe anymore, no matter where I go. I experience painful feelings when I have flashbacks of the bombing. These flashbacks can be triggered by certain sounds, smells or just seeing or hearing about other similar events. The bombing damaged my husband's life as well, since he was one of my co-workers at the embassy. Our children's lives were forever changed.

I take medication given to me by my psychiatrist, whom I see monthly for chronic post-traumatic stress disorder. I continue to keep in touch with other survivors through our nonprofit charity, The American Society for the Support of Injured Survivors of Terrorism. This is my way of saluting the courage of survivors; helping others affected by terrorism gives me purpose.

Staffing the Hotline

Maria Mullei

USAID/Kenya Senior Agricultural Development Adviser and Senior Assistant Team Leader (FSN)

I worked for USAID/Kenya from 1982 to 2006. I managed several agricultural programs, as well as the Women in Development portfolio, and was also an election observer for the 1987 election.

When the attack occurred, I was at home. That evening, USAID Deputy Director Lee Ann Ross called to ask if I would be willing to help set up a hotline center that concerned

Kenyan families could call to ascertain the status of their loved ones—like a crisis hotline in the United States. The major difference in this case was that none of us had any idea how to run such a center, let alone how to answer the frantic questions that were coming our way. But I reported to work immediately and worked two long weeks assisting the bereaved families.

It is almost impossible to express how difficult this job was. Distraught families were calling to find out if their loved ones were alive or dead. I did not know how to answer. The only rule we were given was not to tell anyone of a death over the phone. We were told to ask each family to come to the USAID building, where we would tell them in person. Our hotline team worked under the most extraordinary circumstances.

I remember very clearly one of the difficult cases with which I dealt. A husband had dropped off his wife for work in the morning and thought nothing was amiss, even after he heard about the bombing. When he arrived home later that day and his wife was not there, he decided to check the local hospitals. When he didn't find her in any of the hospitals, he still assumed that she was fine and that she would show up sooner or later. It did not occur to him to check the mortuary.

The following day, the husband and some of his relatives came by the USAID building to check the status of our information. I took his call and went downstairs to meet the family. It was I who broke the news that his wife had died. The husband collapsed on the spot.

I am still haunted by the sights I saw, the images on the television and the job I did. I still have not gone to the former embassy site where the names of my former colleagues are listed. I have tried to avoid anything specifically related to the

bombing. Seeing the names of some of the people who were killed would bring back the memory.

Kenya had had security issues, such as crimes, carjackings and rapes—but not bombings. The entire country was shocked and did not have an emergency preparedness program prior to the bombings. Kenya has never been the same since.

On a personal level, I do not watch media coverage of bombings. I am still too traumatized to recall the events of Aug. 7, 1998. My family noticed increased levels of stress, fear and anger. I suffer from sleep deprivation at times.

Holding together as one team—Americans and Kenyans—under the excellent leadership of the most caring and skilled Ambassador Prudence Bushnell is what created a new normal for me. Working with wonderful and appreciative supervisors like Lee Ann Rose and Meg Brown normalized my life. I have maintained close relationships with them, and I feel they are a part of me, for we shared a collective trauma.

While many of the other jobs relating to the immediate aftermath of the bombing were temporary, the work of the hotline

team went on for several years; and in some cases, it still goes on today. The families of the bereaved looked to us Kenyan staff who manned the hotlines for moral assistance and support well after the bombing. I consider it one of the hardest and most gut-wrenching jobs any of us did. Building an organizational family culture is key for survivors and helpers.

Living with Unanswered Questions

Neal Kringel

Security Cooperation Officer in the Kenya U.S Liaison Office

My story is likely similar to those of my colleagues. Small, seemingly insignificant choices, statements and actions ultimately decided who lived and who died.

As an Air Force officer, I was assigned to the Kenya U.S. Liaison Office led by Colonel Ron Roughead. At the instant the bomb detonated—10:39 a.m.—I was in the ambassador’s office for a core Country Team meeting. The ambassador’s office was located on the top floor, one floor up and on the opposite side of the building from the KUSLO office. All those in my office

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were killed: Jean Dalizu, Sherry Olds and Arlene Kirk, along with Ken Hobson, who was in the adjoining office.

Normally, as the KUSLO chief, Ron would attend the 10 a.m. weekly core Country Team meeting. I distinctly remember a conversation I had with him that morning. Ron had a 10:30 meeting with the Kenyan military engineers in Thika (about a 45-minute drive north of the embassy) and was reconsidering going because he would miss Country Team. I said to him “Go to Thika; you’ve been trying to get this meeting for a while. I’ll take Country Team.” Ron agreed that I should pinch-hit.

I was still relatively junior, having only pinned on my major’s bars a week before. Normally, if Ron couldn’t go to a meeting, his deputy would fill in. However, the deputy position was gapped, with the new officer arriving in September. My fellow major, Joe Wiley, was in the United States. So, the fact that I was put in the position of attending a senior embassy meeting as a relatively junior guy was the result of multiple twists.

I was working at my desk that morning, and at about 9:55 Jean Dalizu tapped me on the shoulder and said, “Neal, you’d better head upstairs. The meeting starts in five minutes.” Those were the last words Jean spoke to me. Absent her reminder—would I have forgotten? Of course, I’ll never know.

I remember enduring the seemingly unending meeting, which was ultimately interrupted by several pops (the gun shots and grenades) and then by the glass-imploding detonation of the bomb. We all immediately jumped to evacuate the building, but I remember being drawn to the other side of the top floor—in retrospect, maybe by a divine hand.

There I was able to pull four victims out from under piles of rubble; three survived. I then made my way to the KUSLO office, where I found my colleagues—all deceased. Arlene Kirk, on her first day back from leave, was lying by the window. Those of us who remember the embassy know there was frequently some type of commotion at the corner of Moi and Selassie. And normally it was Arlene and I who would run to the window to see what was going on. I’m sure she heard the “pops” and went to look. But I wasn’t there to check things out with her that day.

Survivor’s guilt, PTSD or just living with unanswered questions—all of us who remain struggle with some or all of these. Why her and not me? Why them and not us? Why that day and not another? Twenty years later, I’ve stopped asking and simply accepted that I’m here and will make the most of the opportunity I’ve been given and remember and honor those who were taken from us. That’s all we can do.

Falling Windows

Patrick Mutuku Maweu
Appliance Technician (FSN)

At the time of the bombings, I was working in facilities maintenance as an appliance technician at the embassy in Nairobi, where I still work today. I reached the embassy building just about three minutes before the blast. From a distance of about 400 meters, I heard a big blast, like thunder, and saw window panes falling from buildings.

We helped rescue those trapped inside the building. My family never knew my whereabouts until the following morning. I found my family—wife, children, mum, dad, sisters and brothers—terrified and in shock. We had some counseling sessions in the embassy for the survivors.

My advice would be this: before rescuing others, make sure your life is not at risk. I arrived at the scene while the building was covered by smoke, dust and debris and, in shock and disbelief, never had a second thought that another blast could have gone off while we were engaged in rescuing.

A Long and Uncertain Road to Recovery

Carmella A. Marine
Spouse of the Deputy Chief of Mission

Embassy Nairobi was our ninth overseas posting, but our first in Africa. We were excited to go to Kenya, which we had heard was one of the most beautiful places on earth. Our two girls would be attending a good international school, and my husband, Michael, would be deputy chief of mission, his dream job. Our new home was lovely and large, surrounded by five acres of flowering trees and gorgeous flowers. The climate was ideal, and the air was crisp and clean. It seemed like paradise!

After a year, we went home on leave. Less than a week later, we were awakened by a 4 a.m. phone call from a friend who exclaimed, “Turn on the television; your embassy has been bombed!” We were stunned to see Ambassador Bushnell, wounded, walking with a colleague’s support, her hair all white with dust. The embassy building looked badly damaged, although the front facade seemed relatively intact. The details were sketchy, but Michael called the State Department and made arrangements to return to Nairobi as quickly as possible.

Initially, I decided to stay in the United States with my daughters, but after a few weeks, Ambassador Bushnell called and asked if I would come back to help with the healing process. My daughters were settled in boarding school, so I agreed, with some trepidation, to return.

The situation there was still chaotic. No one felt safe. A constant stream of visitors from Washington wanted to help, but often added to the stress. A reinforced platoon of Marines was providing security—featuring barbed wire and machine guns—for the working staff and visitors at the temporary embassy (in the USAID building). The rest of us stayed in our houses, not able to do much but worry. The final numbers of dead (213) and wounded (more than 5,000) were staggering.

Why had this happened? We later found out about a Saudi named bin Laden and a group called al-Qaida, but we didn't understand any of this at the time. Many Kenyans blamed the Americans for the death and destruction that had rained down on their capital city. In their view, had the Americans not been in Nairobi, the bombing would not have happened.

We held a series of dinners at our house for all those who wanted to come together to share experiences and feelings. Some people were unwilling to go out at night, but nearly 100 did come. It was a way to reconnect and to cope with our fears. We all wanted to get back to normal, but now there was a new normal: just trying to get through the day. I think many people had “survivor's guilt”—I know I did. What can you possibly say to a family that has lost a loved one? We carried on the best we could.

About a year after the bombing, on leave to see our daughters, we decided to visit a Kenyan security guard, Joash Okindo, who was still in recovery at Walter Reed National Military Medical Center in Washington, D.C. On the day of the bombing, Joash had been on duty in the rear of the embassy building, at the entrance to the basement parking garage. His bravery and quick thinking saved hundreds that day.

The terrorists had driven their bomb-laden truck up to the entrance gate and demanded that Joash open it. Unarmed, Joash calmly told them that he needed to “get the key.” Then, as they argued amongst themselves and pulled out weapons, he sprinted to a nearby gap between the building and a large generator shed. The terrorists set off flash-bang grenades, which sadly attracted dozens of staff to the windows, where they died when the terrorists detonated a massive explosion.

Miraculously, despite being right next to ground zero, Joash survived. He suffered two shattered legs, a concussion and numerous other injuries. Like many others, he was evacuated to Germany and then to Walter Reed, where he endured a long, painful recovery.

When we saw him, we were awed by his quiet grace. A handsome man, he stood with difficulty, proud and with a kind smile. I was so overcome that I started to cry and found myself being comforted by a person who had suffered so much. What a brave

Survivor's guilt, PTSD or just living with unanswered questions—all of us who remain struggle with some or all of these.

—Neal Kringel

soul! Who knows how many other victims there would have been if he had agreed to open that gate?

Even a year after the bombing, Joash still had a long and uncertain road to a full recovery, but he was clearly determined. A wonderful footnote: Joash ultimately returned to Nairobi, where he accepted a new job at the embassy.

A Day Can End before It Starts

Susan Nzii

Administrative Assistant, USAID/Kenya (FSN)

I was at work in the USAID building in Parklands, waiting for my office director to clear on a Situation Report from the Disaster Assistance Response Team (working on the Burundi disaster). We heard the first blast. The second blast shook our building, and we could see papers and smoke filling the skyline in the downtown area.

There were sirens and the announcements on the PA system. We were asked to leave immediately. My brothers were happy to see me alive; we hugged and cried and called our relatives to check on them. I returned the next day to volunteer at the switchboard or the family assistance desk—the numbers and names of our fallen colleagues were flowing in. Because the morgues were full, the USAID warehouse served as an improvised a body storage facility, the bodies packed up with giant ice blocks.

I didn't know the effect the bombing had on me until later, when I attended funerals and burial ceremonies of my colleagues. At one of these, I was nominated to read the condolence message from the ambassador—a tall order! I was the youngest in the group at this ceremony at Kangundo, in Machakos County. I greeted people in the local language and told them I was there to represent the U.S. embassy and had a letter from the ambassador. I read in English, and one of my colleagues helped me translate to the local language. Later, on my way home, I broke down and cried. I remembered the faces of the widow and the kids, who were looking at us like we would answer all their unspoken questions. It could have been me in that casket. I imagined how

my family would have been affected. I cried for all my colleagues who died and for their loved ones.

I still remember the sight of the collapsed embassy and the screams and the sirens. To this day I panic during drills and when I hear ambulance sirens—I don't like noise, and I once wet my clothes during a drill in Kabul, Afghanistan. I am more aware of my surroundings and always look for exits wherever I am.

I learned that the U.S. embassy—my employer—is committed to safety and to taking care of us; there are drills and trainings on safety, testing of the PA systems, and gas masks and all safety measures are in place. And I share this information with my family and friends: they should “duck and cover” and not run to the windows when they hear gun shots or blasts; they should keep a change of clothes and food and water in the cars and in the offices; and they should keep their travel documents and some money handy.

I have learned that a day can end before it starts. The bomb exploded at 10:30 a.m.; people were still planning for the rest of the day. They had dropped their kids at school and spouses at work; they had pending issues and unfinished business—but they didn't have time for closure. I live each day as if it were my last.

I learned to listen more and talk less; and to be there for others, especially during trying times. I have also learned to slow down, look around and savor the moment. I can be replaced in the office, but not in my family. I spend more time with my daughter and my parents—we talk about anything and everything—death, property, education, sex, everything!

Every day is a new opportunity.

Carry Lessons Forward

Gregory Gottlieb

USAID/Kenya Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance

When the attack occurred, I was with my wife and two kids in Portland, Oregon, ready to return to Nairobi. We were at Andrews Air Force base three days after the bombings, when the bodies were returned and President Bill Clinton spoke. We left that evening, Aug. 10, for Nairobi.

My job was to work with my Office of Foreign Disaster Assistance colleagues on response efforts, and for the next eight months I was the head of the recovery unit.

I struggled with the question of why men would kill kids, street vendors and bank clerks to try to get at a few Americans. There is no answer to the question, but asking it over and over left me with a nagging sense of insecurity.

Among my family members, our son took it the hardest—the parent of a friend was among the dead. He developed depression, and three years after the bombing, we left Nairobi at the

urging of the State Department psychologist. Our son still suffers from depression.

Most colleagues not in Nairobi quickly moved on from what happened. In one sense, that was all they could do. I grew closer to colleagues who stayed in Nairobi, as they were the ones who could best understand the impact that such an event has on individuals and communities.

I took time to think through the “whys” of such an attack. Later, as I went to work in other critical-threat posts, I lived my life with greater understanding of the threats and impacts of terror. I became an advocate within USAID for preparing to deal with staff issues attendant to terror attacks and living under constant security threats. Some did not want to hear my thoughts, but advocating for future victims made me feel as though I was ensuring that my Nairobi colleagues who were killed or injured were not forgotten.

It is important to stay connected to those who went through such an event with you because of a shared understanding, which makes it easier to talk about what happened. I still carry inside me considerable anger at the State Department for their dismissive and slow response to mental health issues, but talking about that tension helps lessen it.

My advice to others is to not hide from the impact of an event. It is important to see a counselor. Listen carefully to your kids and spouse to assess the impact of the event on them, and then figure out what changes in yourself or your circumstances are important. If you remain in the Foreign Service, particularly if you advance to a senior leadership position, you must carry forward the lessons concerning staff care.

Processing, Helping and Healing

Joanne Grady Huskey

FS Family Member

When the bomb went off, I was in the basement of the embassy at the doctor's office with my two children, Caroline (5) and Christopher (8), waiting to undergo their school physicals. I had unwittingly parked my car immediately next to the truck in the parking lot, where the two men who set off the bomb had watched us walk into the building. My husband, Jim, was on the fourth floor in a meeting in the ambassador's office.

One minute after we arrived in the doctor's office, there was a deafening blast that blew us all to the ground. As I regained consciousness from the sudden tremendous jolt, I found myself on the floor, dazed and confused. I realized that my children were somewhere in that dark room in the rubble on the floor. They called out for me and asked, “Is this an atomic bomb?” “No,”



A makeshift memorial was erected on the grounds of the former U.S. embassy in Nairobi in the days following the August 7 blasts. The text reads: "Together we mourn and sympathise with our fellow humans."

I said, "but it is a bomb, and we are going to get out of here."

I searched for them in the dark and gathered them to me. Clinging to each other, we crawled on the floor over cut glass and debris, groping in the dark through wires hanging from the ceiling, climbing over furniture completely in disarray as we searched for a way out.

Following the mental map I had of the hall layout, I pulled my children along the dark corridors. Still alone, we finally saw a light at the end of the long hallway. We followed the light and climbed through a hole in the wall. Entering the pitch-black garage, we ran up the ramp leading out the rear of the embassy and hit a 100-foot wall of fire, precisely where I had parked our car!

The buildings behind us had collapsed. It was chaos. I saw one Kenyan man covered in blood, without clothes, and others running around with utter fear in their eyes. We ran around the perimeter of the embassy, and my kids slipped through the iron gate into the arms of their shocked and panicked father, who had frantically run out of the building, sliding down four flights of stairs, scared to death that we were all hurt or worse.

FSO Kevin Richardson and my husband pulled apart the iron posts of the barrier with their bare hands, letting me out of the perimeter. Colleagues in front of the embassy exchanged rumors that all the U.S. embassies in Africa had been blown up. We weren't sure if the perpetrators were still there or not.

Gathering our family together, we ran away from the burning embassy as throngs of Kenyans ran toward it. My husband spotted a car with embassy plates across the median. We jumped over, and he threw us into the van, telling the driver to get us home. Saying goodbye to their father, our children cried for the first time when he went back to the embassy to help victims get out. We zoomed

through the chaotic streets of Nairobi, driving on the sidewalk until we could go no further. We jumped out of the car and ran the rest of the way home, covered in white soot, our faces blackened by bomb debris. People stared, shocked to see us.

After the bombing, we pulled together as a family and became even closer than we already were. The preciousness of our lives was ever present in our minds.

Although offered the option of leaving Nairobi, we opted to stay and help Kenyan victims. As president of the American Women's Association, I got involved in organizing a relief fund for Kenyans injured in the attack. I met Kenyans who had been blinded, deafened or paralyzed by the bomb. This had a profound effect on me; working with them helped me to heal my own wounds. We were able to fund the rehabilitation of many victims.

This event changed me forever, in that I became an active advocate for citizen diplomacy. The perpetrators of the bomb hated Americans without knowing anything about us; and we, in turn, knew close to nothing about them or why they would do this to us. From that moment on, my life's purpose has been to promote understanding between people of differing backgrounds.

It helps to stay close to those who understand or even know firsthand what you've been through. Don't stay away from someone who has suffered a trauma. Be there for them, even if you don't know what to say or do. Your presence alone helps so much.

Being able to actively respond to the trauma was healing for me. Telling my story, setting up a relief fund and refocusing my career all helped me feel less victimized, and gave me a way to make sense of the bombing and of terrorism in general. It is important to find your own way to process trauma and give yourself hope for the future.

Hold Together as a United Family

Lucy Mogeni

USAID/Kenya Administrative Assistant (FSN)

On Aug. 7, 1998, I was in Parklands, the USAID offices, on duty. I was working for the USAID Population and Health Office as I had done for 10 years. This was a Friday and, as usual, a short day. Schools were closing for their August holidays, so I was very excited to go home early to be with my children.

At about 10:30 a.m. I saw a lot of smoke and flying objects moving skyward. The black smoke increased over time, and I became curious, wanting to know where it was coming from. The first person who came to mind was my dear friend, colleague and sister, the late Cecilia Agnes Mamboleo, who was working in the Human Resources Office. To my surprise, the phone could not go through as usual, so I dialed the number at the switchboard and asked for extension 248.

To date, I have never forgotten these three digits. I had spoken to Cecilia many times each day. She had informed me the previous day that she was busy working on her handover notes, because her children were finishing school, and she would take two weeks to be with them. I came to learn that Cecilia died on the spot at the time of the bombing.

Immediately after the bombing, we were called to provide help in identifying the bodies of our colleagues who were in different morgues. I found my dear friend at Lee Funeral Home. Oohhh, no! When they began opening the drawers, I was still in denial and believed that my friend was still alive; but as they went on opening the drawers, I saw her feet and that she was wearing her favorite African trouser outfit.

That's when it sank in that she was actually gone for good. We had been neighbors, and our children went to the same school (Consolata School), so her family members were waiting eagerly in my house to hear the good news that we had found Cecilia in one of the hospitals, alive and being treated.

The date, Aug. 7, 1998, is still fresh in my mind 20 years on. I never knew how vulnerable I could be until after the bombing. My family members, who were young then, witnessed our close family friend, Cecilia Agnes Mamboleo, die; and they saw how it affected her family. It took me 15 years to go back to the bomb site at Haile Selassie Avenue. It is a place I pass by daily; yet I still never want to accept that the U.S. embassy is no more.

I realize I lived in denial for a long time, but eventually I allowed myself to find some healing by taking a walk at the site. I meditated and read the names of the colleagues who had worked in the embassy. I visited the museum and watched the bombing video, which unlocked memories that will live with me

forever. I keep praying, and anytime I remember the departed souls, Cecilia's name pops up first. Rest in peace, my dearest sister; life will never be the same again. I pray for Elvis, Sally, Teddy and Kevin, that they hold as one family and know that their mum's spirit is still in their hearts.

Talking about it from time to time with my colleagues who survived has helped me bounce back, and this has become therapeutic. I appreciate the drills that are being conducted at my workplace, and I take them seriously.

My advice is that we hold together as one united family, and pray for each other and for God's strength. We have tried to form a support group for the survivors because, though it has been 20 years, it's still fresh in our minds.

Handprints on the Wall

John Dunlop

Regional Nutrition and Food Security Adviser, USAID

I was in the Regional Economic Development Services Office Towers in Parklands when the bomb exploded less than two miles away. The shock wave hit our building, and for a moment we thought an earthquake had hit. As we went to the windows, a mushroom cloud appeared over downtown Nairobi.

We watched for a few minutes, and then a call came over the loudspeaker for anyone with medical experience to report downstairs. Just as that call came, many bits of burning and charred paper started floating out of the sky around the building.

Being a former paramedic with search and rescue experience, I headed downstairs. Four or five of us piled into a car and headed downtown. The streets were already closed by police, but we managed to get through and made it to the embassy. It looked relatively intact from the road, but a big horizontal crack running along the foundation, perhaps a foot or two above the ground, spoke to the idea that perhaps the entire building had been lifted off the ground. All of the windows on the back side were blown out.

The building next door, which had once been a sewing school, had been reduced to a pile of bricks. The bank on the opposite side of the parking lot seemed like it had acted as a chimney, directing the blast upward. While it was still standing, many of the windows had been blown out.

We went to the front of the building where people were congregating, getting into cars and vans to go to the hospital. I found one of the regional security officers, introduced myself, and we began to put together the first of two search-and-rescue teams. As we entered the building, it was clear that Post One had been devastated. Broken glass and rubble was everywhere.

We headed toward the back of the ground floor to find that the walls had been ripped away, and the entire back was open to the parking lot. A Marine stood watching as Red Cross volunteers entered the building. We moved them out again fairly quickly, as this was still the embassy and theoretically a controlled space. Controlling the chaos seemed like a good first step.

As we moved upstairs to look for survivors, it was clear what had happened: the blast had brought down the interior walls on the side nearest to the parking lot and had blown in all the windows. Much of the floor was covered with cinder block-sized chunks of concrete, perhaps two feet in depth—deep enough to hide bodies.

As we got to the ambassador's suite, I remember the destruction not being quite as bad, but debris still lined the hallways. A vivid memory for me is a series of maybe 10 bloody handprints on the wall in the hallway leading to the stairs. Someone had walked down the hallway, steadying themselves against the wall and leaving those handprints as they escaped the building.

We cleared the floors room by room, but below the top floor, the job got slower and tougher. Looking for survivors, to my recollection, we found only one person who was still alive and hadn't already gotten out.

The hard work then began as we sought to shift rubble looking for people who might be trapped or hidden. Think of the child's game made up of a set of squares that you slide around trying to make a picture. We would clear one area, maybe 4 feet by 4 feet. Next, we moved the rubble in the next 4 x 4 square into the empty one, and so on and so on, methodically clearing room after room. It was back-breaking work. Each chunk of concrete weighed about 40 pounds and we found very few bodies. This went on for two days until the Israelis eventually showed up with dogs that took over for us.

We tried to help with the sewing school, too. But it was difficult. The building was so devastated that there was little we could do.

I went home after that and slept for a couple of days.

The Sheer Extent of the Horror

Charlie Slater

Senior Financial Management Officer

Finished with a few unexpected meetings in Paris, I was in my hotel room packing to return to London to collect my son, Forbes, at his grandmother's house and fly on to my new assignment in Nairobi. A Parisian friend called: "Quick, turn on the television. But first—they said no American was killed in Dar es Salaam." My wife Lizzie was in Dar. Huh?

Embassy blown up in Nairobi. Embassy blown up in Tanzania. What?! Catch the train? I was by then so late there wasn't anything to do but run to catch the train. As I exited at Waterloo, I saw a picture of my good friend and soon-to-be boss, Steve Nolan, already on the cover of a London tabloid...he had blood on his clothes but was alive.

I decided to leave my son with my mum and rushed to catch my Nairobi flight.

I arrived in Nairobi early Saturday morning not really knowing what had happened in Dar or Nairobi, except that it was bad, and my wife was—probably—alive. The usual embassy driver and expediter weren't there to meet me, so I took a taxi. I can't remember why, but I went to the USAID building. I clearly remember walking with my suitcase into the second floor, where I was met by a whiteboard on an easel. The whiteboard was filled with rows of names: On the left were the "missing," with names crossed out apparently as they reported in. On the right was a list of the deceased. There were seven friends of mine on the wrong side of the list. My deputy's name was there, the young mother

of three small kids. I can't conjure up a word for my reaction.

That day was a blur. I learned that of my 18 staff, half were either dead or seriously injured. When Steve saw me at about 10 p.m. and asked where I was staying, I realized I had no idea. He took me home with him; I stayed for about three weeks.

I couldn't call Dar, and Dar couldn't call Nairobi. Calls could get through to the United States, so a friend relayed messages



COURTESY OF WORLEY AND JOYCE REED
During a whirlwind visit to Africa then-Secretary of State Madeline Albright visited the destroyed U.S. embassies in Tanzania and Kenya. Here, on Aug. 18, 1998, she lays flowers at the entrance to Embassy Nairobi.

between Lizzie and me. Over the coming weeks, what started as “a few scratches” on my wife’s face turned into a few cuts turned into some wounds turned into a loss of her nose and her eyesight—and gangrene. They finally convinced my wife—she of unimaginable stubbornness and dedication to her friends and country—to be medevaced to Nairobi.

Over the course of the next few weeks and months, we all worked seven-day weeks, about 18 hours a day. All my hair turned gray; my weight dropped to 122 pounds. A few days after the bombing, I took my deceased deputy’s husband, mother and three small children to the airport to fly home to the United States. We were in the departure lounge when her youngest, a 3-year-old cutie, looked up at me and asked, “Where is Mummy? Isn’t she coming with us?”

A woman I didn’t know came to my office one day—picture an 18 feet by 18 feet room shared by 12 accountants and a group of Marines—and asked to pay her phone bill. I explained that the cashier had been killed and all our records were gone, but I could see that something was seriously wrong here: the woman was bent on paying her bill. I flipped through some papers and made up a number, and she wrote me out a check. I later learned that she had lost her husband and son in the bombing, and was insisting on taking care of the usual details of departing post.

I was called to report to the ambassador’s residence—the families of the deceased Kenyan staff members wanted information on their finances. As I entered the back garden I saw more than 200

Kenyan waiting for me to explain what they would do now that their sole breadwinner was gone. It wasn’t just 37 Kenyans who had died that day; it was hundreds of Kenyans, and Americans, whose lives had died that morning. That was the day that crushed me the most, the sheer extent of the horror sitting in front of those people, who were all waiting to hear “What’s next for us?”

Fast forward to 2012, when I was once again serving in Nairobi. I was chargé d’affaires when I was called to the embassy late one night. We had pictures of a foreigner who had been killed in Somalia, and he looked just like Fazul Mohamed, al-Qaida’s reported mastermind behind both bombings. Fourteen years of searching, with a \$5 million reward, finally paid off. For my small part, I sent two FBI agents to the Mogadishu airport early the next morning, and they confirmed through fingerprints that this bastard was dead. I felt a circle had been closed.

Tears Taste the Same Everywhere

Brian W. Flynn
U.S. Public Health Service

When the attack occurred, I was on active duty as a commissioned officer in the U.S. Public Health Service where, among other roles, I directed the government’s domestic disaster mental health program. USAID asked me to come to Kenya (passing on a request from the Kenyan Medical Association) to advise on the psychosocial impact of the bombing on Kenyans. In Nairobi, I was based in the combined USAID/State Department

building, and soon became engaged in observing and consulting on the psychosocial impact on members of both of those organizations, as well as the Kenyan response.

I worked closely with all levels of both organizations, including the medical leadership and Ambassador Bushnell and her staff. Later, I worked with USAID to review and administer a mental health program for Kenyans. I also worked with other U.S. mental health colleagues to assess the mental health impact of the bombings in both Kenya and Tanzania.

Working on the other side of the world with Americans, as well as people of different local cultures, was a new experience for me. I felt an urgency to make an impact quickly and to try to



The remains of the Foreign Commercial Service office, and an adjoining restroom, in U.S. Embassy Nairobi after the blast.

COURTESY OF AUGUST MAFFRY

determine what of my knowledge and experience applied here. Candidly, I was not as confident in my abilities as usual.

I was also struck by witnessing the very personal impact on U.S. personnel who needed to lead in the midst of personal loss, as well as organizational and political upheaval.

While I was in Nairobi, my home in Maryland was robbed. I learned through a late-night call from my wife; she and our young daughter were terrified. I learned what many USAID and State Department folks know all too well—sometimes professional responsibilities must trump even powerful family needs.

I learned a great deal from my Kenya and Tanzania experience; and that, along with the experiences of those I encountered in Kenya, continues to inform my teaching, consulting, mentoring and writing. Our combined experience has helped to better prepare a new generation of disaster and emergency mental health personnel.

I would like to pass on the following advice for those who may become survivors and helpers in the future. As a helper, be as prepared as you can be, but know you can never be as

prepared as you want to be. Know and respect the organizational culture in which you work and the culture of those you serve. Understand that tears taste the same no matter the color of the cheeks over which they roll.

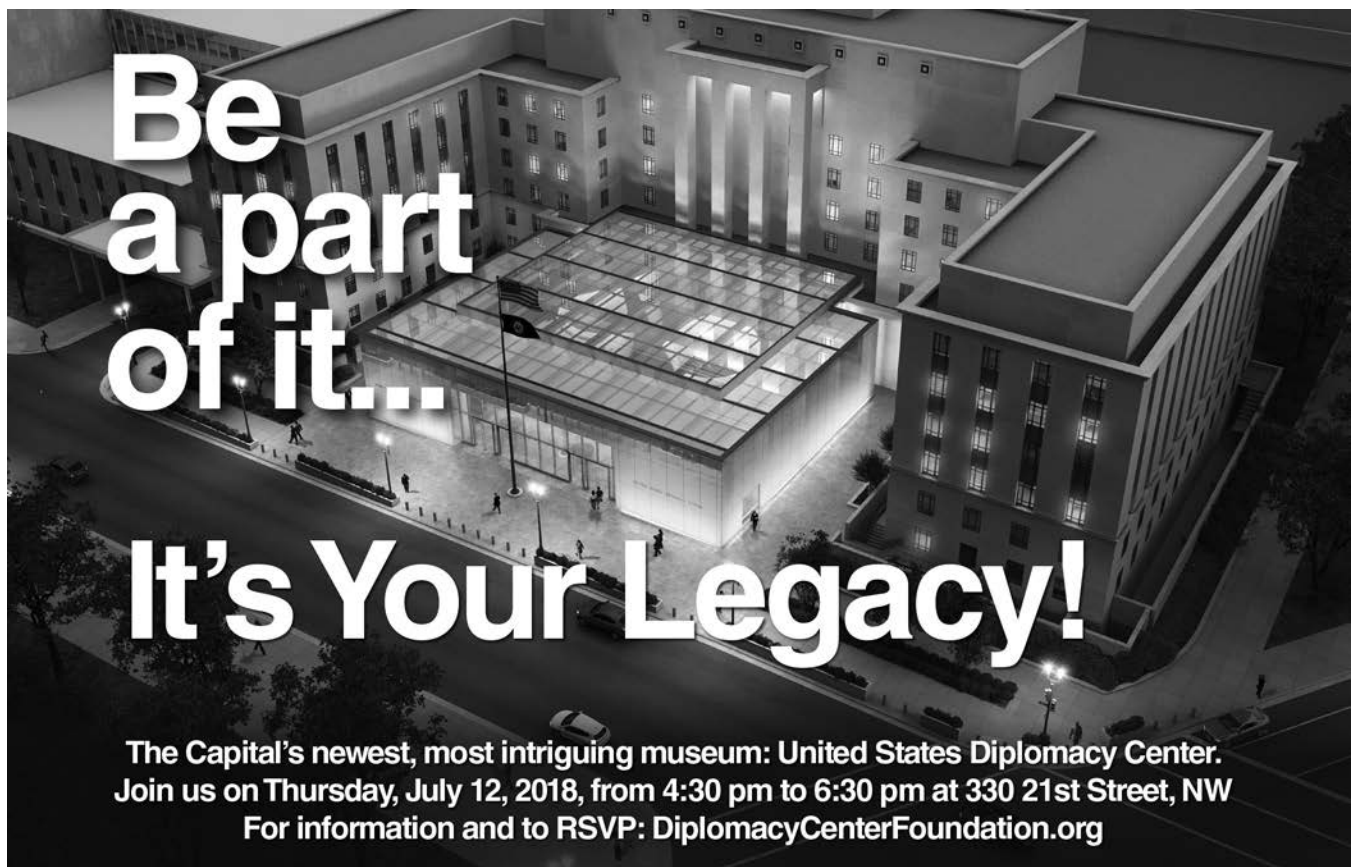
You Will Survive

Justus Muema Wambua
Warehouse Team (FSN)

I arrived at the scene 30 minutes after the blast. It was terrible. There was no light. You could not see anything in the building.

We were instructed to use flashlights, which we brought from the warehouse. When we got inside the building, it was so sad for me because I went to the location where my friends were, in the shipping department. I found all of them dead. I was shocked. The first was Geoffrey Kalio, then Joseph Kiongo, Dominic Kithuva and others.

When I saw that, my mind was confused, even my pressure went up; but God is good. I tried to put myself into another frame of mind because there was nothing else to do, and I



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August Maffry stands at the memorial to the victims, erected at the site of the former U.S. embassy in Nairobi.

gained strength and started to move the bodies from the building to the mortuary.

I have three children who were in school at that time, and they were affected very much because they saw me every evening after work. And I was working 24 hours at the embassy to make sure all the bodies were out of the building and sent to a designated place to await a burial date.

My children were worried. “What is happening to Daddy?” they cried. They constantly asked their mother where I was. She had a difficult time.

What makes me who I am is praying to God. Today, when I hear a sound like a blast, I just feel scared because of that experience.

I would like to tell friends that when a blast comes and you are not dead, take comfort in that, and you will survive the situation.

A Scene from Hell August “Gus” Maffry Commercial Counselor

9:55 a.m. My deputy, Riz Khaliq, and I met the ambassador in the embassy underground garage and headed for the Cooperative Bank Building next door—about a 90-second walk—for a meeting with the Kenyan trade minister. The ambassador’s driver escorted us. We joked that he should carry the flag, usually mounted on the limo’s front fender, high in his hand, because he and the ambassador were on foot for a change.

10:05 a.m. In the minister’s 20th-floor office, we talked for 20 minutes or so about bilateral relations and plans for the upcoming visit of Commerce Secretary William Daley.

10:35 a.m. A very loud boom stopped the meeting and brought everyone to their feet, puzzled. My first thought was terrorism, as I had heard bombs go off near the embassy in Rome 10 years earlier. Against my better instincts and training, I approached the office window to within a few feet to have a look and asked, “Is there some construction going on?”

“Well, you never know what’s going on in the railyards [across the street],” the minister observed. Ten seconds had passed since the first boom.

The next moments defy description—no words are adequate.

First, the plate glass window was silently caving toward us, imploding and coming apart in slow motion. I saw the glass separating into shards (or thought I did). I felt a terrific wind, but no sound. I remember an astonishing sense of disbelief as the whole office disintegrated in an instant amid the comic book CRRRAACCK of a massive explosion.

Dust and smoke were everywhere. Imagine an earthquake, tornado and hurricane hitting at the same time. It felt like the end of the world, a sense so many articulated that day. I lost consciousness for a few seconds, perhaps half a minute. Having been thrown across the room, I was disoriented in time and space and struggled to understand what was happening. I was facedown, unable to see anything or breathe right, and covered in dust and debris, as the whole ceiling had come down in pieces. I wondered whether I was dying or already dead.

The terror transcended fear in the usual sense—I guess that’s why they call it terror. No pain, just disbelief and acceptance. The force of the explosion was so great that I was certain no one in our vicinity had survived.

As the shock wave and sound passed, I realized I was conscious and probably alive. I got to my knees and checked that my limbs were still there. I suspected head and chest wounds but didn’t know how bad they might be. The blood and dust were blinding me; I could see only broken furniture and pieces of the ceiling.

I couldn’t see or hear much of anything, including my colleagues, but I could see the office was evacuating into a stairwell. As we descended, it was a scene from hell. I gradually realized that the whole skyscraper had been blown up, not just the minister’s office. At each landing, the doors, walls and partitions were gone. I could see daylight in all directions, all the way out through the windows on each floor, where offices now in ruins had stood. It had still not sunk in that the bank may not have been the primary target, but was merely a collateral target.

I was being swept on in a tide of humanity trying to escape the building, down the stairwell to the exit some 40 flights below.

People screamed, moaned and prayed. One woman kept repeating, “Dear Lord, if you get me out of this I swear I will never sin again.” It was raining blood; the banister was slick to the touch. I stepped over three dead or dying bodies. There was no stopping, though, just a mass of people pressing on and down, not knowing whether there would be another explosion, a building collapse—not knowing whether they would survive. The real danger, it turned out, wasn’t another bomb but panic. I kept pleading with people that if they wanted to get out of there, they’d have to remain calm and not push. There was no panic.

My office sustained 70 percent casualties: two killed and two blinded. Both surviving victims have successfully rebuilt their lives. I was determined to put our office back together and succeeded, thanks to the dedicated efforts of my remarkable U.S. and Kenyan staff. I was also inspired by Ambassador Bushnell’s leadership. After the bombing, some of us went off on medevac to the hospital. The ambassador herself, with glass cuts, shaken and bloodstained, was back at work the same day. I also remember Riz Khaliq’s presence of mind in escorting Ambassador Bushnell out of the bank building.

This is what helped as I created a new normal for my life: The South African Air Force medevac team and the medical staff at Mil One in Pretoria got me through the early days. As for later PTSD problems, my hat is off to the civilian psychologists, some at the State Department’s Bureau of Medical Services, but mainly at Walter Reed National Military Medical Center. Those military guys sure understand explosions.

I appreciate the fact and quality of life like never before. I no longer worry about something like having to get up early. It’s a thrill being able to do that, because I can. I don’t worry much about the small stuff.

Given what I learned that day, I would like to pass on the following advice for those who may become survivors or helpers in the future.

- Don’t dwell on survivor’s guilt. That was fate at work.
- Being present at a terrorist attack might seem like bad luck.

If you survived more or less intact, however, you weren’t unlucky: you were lucky. Those who perished or were severely injured, and their families, are the ones who need our support and deserve our homage.

• Think about what is really needed in an emergency. On Aug. 7 at the Nairobi Hospital emergency room, where there were 2,000 admissions in one hour, it was sandwiches for the overworked staff that were needed, more than doctors, nurses and medicines.

• Be sure to send some staff home to rest right away, so everyone doesn’t get tired at the same time.

• A word to the wise: Stay away from windows.

Bombings Were Not on Our Radar

Lee Ann Ross

Deputy Director, USAID/Kenya

State and USAID were in separate buildings about three miles apart. The eight-story USAID building became the offsite command center after the bombing, and USAID FSNs played an important role. The embassy moved in with us until they were able to set up a temporary building. We took an already crowded building and turned it into a ridiculously crowded building, yet somehow it all worked.

When the attack occurred, I was photocopying at the USAID building, and I thought a container had fallen off a lorry. Having grown up in Laos during the Vietnam War, I instinctively moved away from the windows. When I saw the smoke rising from near the embassy, I thought the Kenya Teachers Union offices had been bombed, as they were on strike and at odds with the government.

Chaos ensued. When the ambassador arrived and asked for a volunteer to manage the offsite recovery effort, I volunteered. I was the USAID deputy director at the time, and it was my second posting to Kenya, so I knew my way around town, and I knew my staff well. The fact that a USAID officer was designated to be in charge spoke to Ambassador Bushnell’s successful effort to build a true Country Team. All of us got along well. We were an embassy family, not a collection of acronyms. I doubt there was an embassy in the world that was better positioned than we were to get through this.

We got blown up. We were a high crime threat post, but a low terrorism threat post. Crime was stressful but expected. Bombings were not on our radar. No one expected this.

In 1998, there was no 911 in Nairobi. No FBI, no Federal Emergency Management Agency, no first responders, virtually no ambulances. We were on our own. At the USAID building, we started trying to figure out who was alive and who was dead. We tried to use the phone list, but that was out of date. We used the radio list for U.S. personnel, and we called the regional accounting office in Paris for the Foreign Service National payroll list.

Our Kenyan staff worked the phones, taking calls from families wanting to know if their loved ones were alive or dead. If they were dead, we asked the families to come to the office, as we didn’t want to give out death notices over the phone. At

one point someone from Washington asked if we trained folks to do this. Are you kidding?

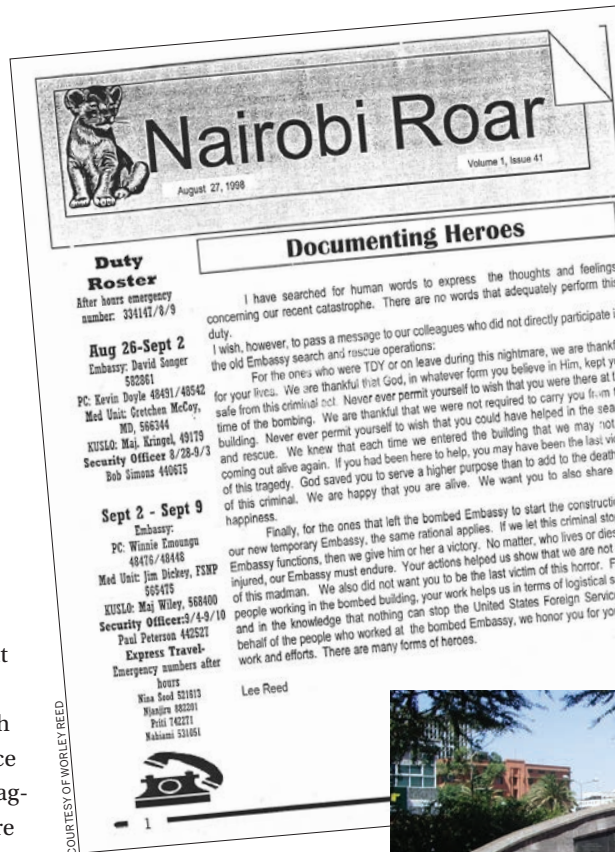
I called all the counselors I knew in town and asked them to come down. I told them I didn't know exactly what we needed, but I knew we would need their presence. Someone ordered body bags.

There is nothing normal about surviving a bombing that takes more than 200 lives, but staying together and being with folks who shared the experience helped normalize it. I can't imagine rotating to a new post where no one could begin to understand what happened. We became our own family, and we created our own normal.

On the USAID side, we received \$34 million from Congress to help bomb victims, which meant we continued to do bomb work every day for years after the bombing. This event did not go away.

Advice for those who may become survivors and helpers in the future:

- Get to know your peers, and become friends with your colleagues in other agencies. Break down the institutional barriers. Get to know and respect your FSN colleagues. They are smart, and you never know when they may save your butt.
- Each person will react in his or her own way. Don't hold their reactions against them. They did the best they could do at the time.
- The disaster tourists will come and go. They won't be very helpful. Nothing in D.C. will change because of their visits. You are not obligated to reinjure your psyche by taking them on tours of the blown-out building so you can tell them whose blood is on the wall. Take care of yourself first.
- If your embassy gets blown up, accept that all of you are on your own. If you think Washington gets it, you are kidding yourself. Washington is interested in placing blame, not in helping you. You've been told your whole career that you are among the best and brightest. For State MED, this translates into "You don't need help."



COURTESY OF WORLEY REED

(Above) An issue of the embassy newsletter published 20 days after the bombing. (Right) The memorial erected on the grounds of the old U.S. embassy in 2001.

If you get PTSD, they'll say, too bad for you; it means you are weak. But this response denies you your humanity. Guess what? You probably will get PTSD if you go through something like this. You will be on your own to get help. Do so.

- Remember: you are human. PTSD is a physiological reaction to trauma. It is normal. It is not a sign of weakness or a character flaw. What is *not* normal is for the



ZWEIFEL/CREATIVE COMMONS

State Department to deny services to its employees who, almost by definition, go around the world collecting traumatic events over a career. It is unconscionable. If you have cancer, MED will refer you to a specialist. Will they do the same if you come in with PTSD? No. Can you get worker's compensation for this? Yes, you can. Document your trauma, and apply for it.

Will you be considered damaged goods by the system? Probably. Will you be damaged goods if you don't get help? Surely. If you don't do it for yourself, do it for your family. To this day, my daughter tells me that she lost her mother due to the bombing. Don't let that happen to you.

Coincidences in Life
Stanley K. Macharia
Senior Security Investigator (FSN)

It has actually been 20 years since the bombing incident and 10 years since I retired from Embassy Nairobi. Time passes; and yet all this is like yesterday. But looking at my own children, and now grandchildren, I realize that many years have passed, and I am

without doubt getting old. At the age of 70, I must thank God that He has brought me this far and, most importantly, thank Him for giving me an opportunity to serve the U.S. government at the embassy in Nairobi.

In life, there are many coincidences. We draw many lessons from such occurrences. One of them so cardinal to my life is that in about 1994 the U.S. embassy (through a certain assistant regional security officer whose name I can't remember) approached me to help secure the perimeter of the embassy. They had tried to approach Nairobi city authorities with no success. I made it my duty as the assistant commissioner of police in charge of police operations in the city, and had it done.

It was those metal barriers surrounding the embassy that saved me four years later. It is common knowledge that had the bad guys succeeded in driving the bomb carrier into the embassy basement, I would have died, together with all those who were inside at the time. The explosion would likely have uprooted the entire embassy and affected the entire Nairobi central business district and the environs, with terrible results. That means thousands more lives would have been lost, along with an unimaginable amount of damage to property.

Much of my story was covered in detail in an earlier statement, but I can't forget to mention the second coincidence, the one that actually saved me.

This is what happened that day of the bombing. At about 10 a.m., I heard some explosions outside and decided to go and check. I headed to the rear of the building through the stairs leading to the basement. Halfway, as I was about to open the metal door to the motor pool office, something strange happened; I suddenly felt nervous, terrified, like one walking through a dark path, and all at once my instinct told me that all was not well.

I eventually and unconsciously made an about-face and started running toward the main embassy entrance. Before I exited the stairs, the bomb exploded. It was such a strong explosion that I lost control and fell to the ground. After a few seconds I gained consciousness and ran out; but before exiting, I met a lady I knew coming out of the Visa Section, and I helped her out. She was bleeding from some injuries. Luckily, I was not injured but was dusty. Later, I helped rescue the ambassador from the area and joined the security rescue teams that came to help.

As a result of this incident, the government of Kenya put in measures to combat this menace, and the security agencies are more alert than before. As a person, I learned to trust my instinct in every situation, as I continue trusting God in everything that I do.

Our Kenyan staff worked the phones, taking calls from families wanting to know if their loved ones were alive or dead.

—Lee Ann Ross

Last but not least, I wish to mention that in January 2005, I attended the Senior FSNI Seminar in Washington, D.C. One of the lecturers discussing the 1998 Nairobi bombing insinuated that some local embassy employees knew about the bombing. This annoyed me, and I protested, because as far as I can remember, there was no such information.

I end with a positive note of appreciation. After 20 years the victims of the embassy bombing have been remembered and granted compensation that extended to their entire family and made a huge impact. We are now able to complete lifetime projects that will support our families for many years to come, and I take this opportunity to sincerely thank the United States government for this consideration. It has come at the right time for those who are living and the families of those who perished in the incident.

May Almighty God bless the government of the United States of America and all those who coordinated this matter [of assistance] from the beginning to the end.

Listening for Familiar Voices on the Radio

Teresa Peterson

Co-Community Liaison Officer

I had planned to go grocery shopping with Sally, the wife of the assistant regional security officer, leaving my children with hers for a playdate. I also planned to stop by the embassy to cash a check, but at the last minute I changed my mind, feeling I had funds to purchase a few necessary items until the following week.

Sally's driver Steven took us to Village Market to shop and enjoy a girls' day out. The excitement of being in a new culture was intoxicating—my family had arrived in Nairobi only two weeks prior.

As we strolled the outdoor venue, Steven came running to me with a handheld radio and said anxiously, "Ma'am, something bad has happened—you should hear this." We quickly learned of the embassy bombing as everyone was asked to stay off the channel, now the main line of communication. As we listened we learned two things—the magnitude of the damage, and that Sally's son

was on the radio trying to find his dad. At that moment we realized the children were already aware of the event. We needed to get back to her house as quickly as possible, but the main roads were being shut down. Fortunately, Steven knew a back way.

We continued to monitor the radio in search of familiar voices. We knew that Sally's husband would be working closely with my husband, the regional security officer [Paul Peterson]. Neither voice was detected during the hourlong ride back to her house, and anxiety was beginning to build. When we finally arrived back at the compound, our children were playing, the sky was blue and it was a beautiful day. At first glance, everything seemed right with the world.

Spouses gathered in the living room of one home, and everyone placed their radios in the center of the coffee table, continuing to listen for familiar voices. The TV was tuned to CNN, which was broadcasting the aftermath of the horrific event. Hours went by, and some were relieved to hear their loved ones' voices, while others remained numb.

I decided to return home with my children and try to remain calm, keeping things as normal as possible until I learned one way or another the fate of my husband. I was angry because he had not reached out to let me know if he was safe, but I reminded myself that he was working. This is what he was trained to do, and he works best under pressure. Stopping to call me would have been a selfish act, especially given the number of casualties.

The bombing occurred at 10:30 a.m. It was after midnight before I knew my husband was alive. When I opened the door for him, I discovered a man I barely knew. He was covered in black soot from head to toe. We clung to one another for what seemed like hours. As he showered and changed into clean clothes, I made sandwiches and coffee for him to carry back to the site as he returned to work. With our children safely tucked in their beds, all I could do was cry and pray for his safe return after the loss of so many.

I later learned that everyone in the line to cash a check that morning had died. Why I changed my mind at the last minute I will never know.

Over the next week, I volunteered to sort and categorize personal items found at the blast site. Shortly after, I accepted a position as the co-community liaison officer. I felt strongly that it was within my ability to contribute to the rebirth of the embassy and community morale.

My advice for such a time is to keep the event alive by remembering and honoring those who were lost, the victims as well as the survivors. Everyone has a story. Be compassionate. Listen and offer assistance and a shoulder to cry on. Be a friend.

The "Ripple Effect" of Trauma

Sam Thielman

FS Regional Medical Officer/Psychiatrist

I was deeply involved in the private practice of psychiatry in Asheville, North Carolina, on Aug. 7, 1998. I remember hearing the news stories about the bombing on television; but frankly, I did not pay much attention to them. To me, at that moment, the East Africa bombings were just another world tragedy reported on ABC nightly news. The impact on me only began four or five months later when, during my interview for a job with the State Department as a regional medical officer/psychiatrist, I wondered why so many of the questions had to do with how I would handle the psychological aftermath of an embassy bombing.

In disaster psychiatry, there is a lot of discussion of the "ripple effect" of a traumatic event, and my family and I were certainly affected by this rippling. My first trip to Nairobi in my new capacity as RMO/P was in the latter part of 1999, some 16 months after the bombing. When I arrived, I was not only new to Nairobi, but to Africa, to overseas living and to the culture of the Department of State.

I quickly learned that I was only one of many new people in such a position. In my role as the embassy mental health provider, I soon became aware that my work was exposing my wife and children to a community that was bereaved and angry. There were many who were cynical about the disaster response and about Washington's efforts to help. We were in an environment that seemed continuously dangerous. My family resented me at times for having taken them from the beauty and safety of the mountains of North Carolina to this situation of comparative deprivation and threat.

I also became aware of the power of vicarious traumatization—the phenomenon in which people who hear stories of disaster over and over are themselves psychologically affected by the disaster. Many were skeptical about claims of psychological distress by those at the mission who, though in Nairobi during the bombing, were not at the embassy itself when the bomb exploded. But exposure to the dead bodies of friends, stories of death and destruction and pressure from all quarters to keep going took a serious toll on everybody. Vicarious traumatization was known to the disaster response communities in 1999, but was not yet recognized as a cause of PTSD by the American Psychiatric Association. This led to a lot of unnecessary instances of "blaming the victim."

The embassy community at the time of our arrival was comprised of a mixture of survivors and of those who had come to help rebuild. Both groups were hurting. I was struck by the fact that

some of those who were hurting the most were the people affected by the pain of their colleagues.

For all of us, the sense of community was especially important, a powerful force for healing. The new ambassador, Johnnie Carson, was a decisive and empathetic leader. This was his fourth ambassadorship, and he had seen the impact of the Rwandan genocide on the embassy community when he was ambassador to Uganda. He had a forward-looking focus and made clear the need to continue with the work that the U.S. government had been doing in Kenya before the bombing.

That work, which included formulating a response to HIV/AIDS, countering violent extremism in Kenya and focusing on the safety of the embassy community in Nairobi, was meaningful and inspiring. The leadership facilitated healing and restored the embassy's ability to carry out its mission.

For the Kenyans, healing came through their local communities, families, traditions and religious commitments. The American survivors, being part of the transient Foreign Service community, had no nearby relatives. Many continued to live and work in Nairobi after the bombing, while others went to other overseas assignments shortly after the bombing. The Americans, in general, had much less social support than the Kenyan survivors. Still, the remaining community, though constantly in flux, was inclusive and tight-knit.

For those who may become survivors of trauma, I would encourage taking advantage of the social support offered by work colleagues. Identify trustworthy colleagues, and give and receive emotional support when needed. Think twice before criticizing those who are helping, as this can be particularly painful for them, and responders inevitably get some things wrong.

To the extent possible, we should take responsibility for our own emotional well-being during such difficult times. At some level, we all know that the State Department is not a person and cannot "care" for us. Individual people in the department often do care, and it helps to seek out and work with those people, to be thankful for them and to be thankful for what you will learn from a difficult period in your life.



Elevators in U.S. Embassy Nairobi were destroyed in the blast. A woman was rescued by first responders from under the debris at this spot.

COURTESY OF PAUL PETERSON

Setting Up the Control Center at USAID

Michael Trott
USAID Executive Officer

Friday, Aug. 7, was our tenth day in Kenya. I was just beginning to get to know the staff and find my way around. As I sat working at my desk, I heard a very loud explosion. Someone got a call that the embassy had been hit. I realized we had nearly our entire leadership there for Country Team; and as I saw the smoke continue to billow up, I knew this was a cataclysmic event.

The USAID building was several miles away from the embassy and was therefore untouched physically. We somehow got hold of Regional Security Officer Paul Peterson, and we were both thinking the same thing: USAID would become the control room and temporary embassy.

Meanwhile, we started to set up the control room, which entailed relocating staff, setting up tables, computers, and radio and telephone stations. We got a dedicated line from the post office, and established communications with Washington. But finding the State Department Operations Center number took far too long—that number [202-647-1512] has been included in every telephone register I have created since.

We had volunteers to cover the telephones and radios. These were not easy jobs. Other teams were set up to search the hospitals and morgues. The teams were made up of one American

and one FSN to make it easier to get through any red tape and to identify staff. Except for those who were doing the actual rescues under dangerous conditions, these teams had the most difficult task.

What had been an office with 250 or so staff became a facility that housed nearly 500. As this was going on, we heard about the bombing in Tanzania and fears that there were possibly other bombs still out there. The RSO called for support from the Kenyans to help guard the USAID facility. We had already blocked off the entry to the road on both sides, with the main entry being controlled by our filled water truck. This meant that one of our drivers had to stay in the cab and move the truck back and forth for hours on end—a boring but absolutely essential job.

In the time that followed there was so much to be done. The events of that day, and the days and weeks that followed, will stay with me forever. Despite what some might believe, one does not simply move on. Even four years later, when I was leaving post, the psychiatrist and I spoke, and we figured that probably one-third of the staff were still suffering seriously from PTSD. Nothing would ever be quite the same again. I see it in myself, in my colleagues and in my kids, especially the youngest of the three.

I look back at those times and thank God (over and over) for the people we had at post, from our exceptional Ambassador Bushnell and our USAID leadership, to our U.S. and local staff across all the agencies who took on the many tasks required, some of which no one should have to endure, and for our friends at the British, Canadian and Australian embassies—as well as my exceptional FSN staff that worked tirelessly without question.

The world does not stop turning even in the direst of circumstances. At 2 a.m. on the Monday following the bombing, I left the office for the first time to see and hug my daughter before she was rushed into surgery for an emergency appendectomy. Dr. McCoy (the regional medical officer) told my wife, Wendy, that she had no choice but to take whatever surgeon the hospital could find; and, just in case the job was botched, she would put her on the list for the medical evacuation flight that the military was setting up. I could not imagine what my daughter was going through—a new country, a strange hospital and an unknown doctor—but she was courageous throughout. Fortunately, we ended up with a wonderful surgeon. Meanwhile, my eldest daughter had to look after our son while my wife was at the hospital. I was so proud of all of them.

The Things That Got Us Through

Steve Nolan
Management Officer

Memory is a funny thing. Twenty years on from Aug. 7, 1998, what sticks in my mind is not just the sound of the bomb blast or the shock wave that ripped through our embassy in Nairobi. It's that, during the Country Team meeting that Friday morning, we had been discussing the topic of security briefings and how to instill an appropriate level of awareness in new arrivals without tipping them over the line to paranoia.

Of course, we were thinking primarily about Nairobi's notorious reputation for crime rather than terrorism. Osama bin Laden was then still a relatively obscure figure, except for a 1996 interview in *Time* in which he had declared his jihad against America. Little did we know that this was just the opening shot in a protracted war.

Thus, my first thought after the blast was not "terrorism," but rather that a fuel tank for a generator or something similar must have somehow exploded. That was my management officer's mind searching for a logical explanation; the actual cause became clear as soon as I reached the ground floor.

I found myself looking through a huge hole in the back wall of the embassy to a deep crater and tangle of steel where the rear gate had been. Part of the car bomb's engine had been propelled like a cannonball by the force of the explosion through the gate, several walls and an elevator shaft, impacting directly on Post One where the Marine Security Guard stood watch.

The Marine on duty was uninjured, thanks to the booth's heavy-duty construction and no small measure of providence; but it was clear there would be casualties throughout the embassy. Time seemed to slow down, and I felt at that point as if I was entering a long, dark tunnel with no light to show where the end might be. I knew it would be a long time before we got back to anything that looked like normalcy.

The scene in front of the embassy was chaotic. A crowd of thousands had formed in the street, clogging Moi Avenue and extending around Haile Selassie Avenue to the rear of the building. Acrid smoke and dust filled the air. Mangled, burning vehicles and debris were all around. An office building next door to us, Ufundi House, was completely leveled, trapping people alive in the wreckage. Other buildings were heavily damaged, with shattered windows extending for several blocks in all directions.

Most surreal of all, a television crew and photographers had already started recording the scene and sending pictures to news outlets around the world. I'm told the State Department Operations Center learned of the bombing from a breaking-news alert,

and my family back home knew that I was all right when they saw my face flash by on CNN.

Injured and bleeding people were everywhere. The bomb was an attack on the United States, but the vast majority of its victims were Kenyans, and they had to bear the largest share of suffering.

We went into “self-rescue” mode since Kenyan emergency services were stretched to the limit coping with the rescue effort at Ufundi House. Our medical unit set up a first aid station on the sidewalk, quickly evaluating, treating and arranging emergency care for the injured at local hospitals. They saved more than a few lives in the process. The RSO was in charge of site security and recovery operations. Search and rescue teams were formed and completed multiple top-to-bottom searches of the embassy, digging the last injured person from underneath a pile of rubble just before sunset.

Everyone pulled together and got on with what seemed logical and necessary. USAID immediately created space in their office building for an operations center and an interim embassy. Over the ensuing days, weeks and months, every employee of the 14 U.S. agencies in Nairobi played a role in the recovery and reconstruction effort. Many spouses and family members made equally significant contributions.

There was no manual for how to deal with such a crisis, but we did have an exceptional leader in Ambassador Prudence Bushnell, and she never let us stop being a Country Team for a single moment. More importantly, we never stopped being a community. Indeed, those bonds only grew stronger with time, and we became more like an extended family. That mutual support, and a shared commitment to help the families of those who died and the seriously injured, provided a clear sense of purpose and, in my view, were the things that got us all through the catastrophe.

Ask Yourself What You Can Do

George M. Mimba
Information Systems Manager (FSN)

It was a beautiful, sunny morning. The embassy motor pool driver had just picked me up from my residence. I was scheduled to leave for Accra at 11 a.m. to attend the Africa Bureau systems managers’ conference, but first I needed to go to the embassy together with then Information Systems Officer Chris House.


I would be lying if I said I could describe the sound. It was too much for my senses. It was a big, ruthless blast that shook the entire building. I was thrown and landed on the floor on my belly. Walls started falling, ceiling and debris coming down on me. I was being buried alive in a place that was my second home. A place

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where I felt very safe, with Marines at Post One; a place I believed was terrorist-proof. I was wrong.

The choking smoke was too much. I knew I was going to die any minute. After fumbling for my badge in vain, I kept thinking how my body could be identified. It bothered me. I had no peace of mind. I could not breathe or open my eyes because of the dust and choking fuel smoke that filled up the building. I gave up and lay still.

The cries of my colleagues trapped under debris were so painful that I started moving on my belly, reaching out to those I could. I reached for one of my colleagues. His head had been shattered. By the time I reached where he was, he lay motionless. I kept moving, not inhaling too much.

Suddenly I felt fresh air, and started crawling toward it. Little did I know I was moving toward the edge of one of the windows which had been blown off! I said to myself: "If I can die outside this building, my body will be found intact, and be easily identified!" I have never understood why it was so important to me that my dead body be identified, maybe because my dad and family loved me so much that they would not have believed I was dead until they saw my body.

At the window, I saw the garden outside and decided it would be okay to die there. It was far down; but because I was going to die, I didn't care where I landed. I closed my eyes and threw myself out of the window. I did not want to survive having seen the remains of what used to be my lovely colleagues. I landed, unconscious.

I was shocked when I realized I was still breathing. I had a feeling that if the embassy had been attacked by terrorists, they would be waiting to kill the escapees. I wanted them to see I had jumped out so they could shoot me. Somehow, I was convinced I had fractured most parts of my body but because I was still in shock I could not feel it. I could see I was bleeding but didn't know where the blood was coming from. However, death was not forthcoming.

I decided to go over the perimeter fence with the help of the gardener, who had also been injured and was just lying on the ground. My fingers were bloody and too slippery to hold on to the iron bars of the fence. I managed to climb over it, jumped and landed on the pavement outside. I was bleeding, shaken and terrified.

At that moment, one of the ambassador's windows came falling down on me. At first I did not know what it was. I thought it was a chopper sent to rescue us, but it was coming down on me! I rolled under one of the vehicles parked outside embassy parking ... all this took just seconds. It fell with a big bang, and glass particles flew in all directions.

I crawled out and started toward the embassy door, drawn by the cries of my colleagues trapped inside. When I realized I could walk, I moved fast. Before I could start up the stairs, I saw an

American lady with two little girls crying for help. They were trying to run out of the fence, but there was no opening. I started toward where the kids were. Bob Godec, the economic attaché, and I lifted the little girls over the fence and handed them to Linda Coulson, the admin secretary. I do not know what happened to their mother. I still don't know whether she survived.

I started toward the entrance when one of the Marines came out with a gun: "Stay out of the building! This building will collapse anytime."

I ignored him and continued.

"George! Stay out! I will shoot you!" the Marine barked at me again.

"People are dying inside, and there is no way I am going to stay here and watch my colleagues die. Go ahead and shoot me!" I shouted back in anger. He gave up and let me enter the building.

There is one thing that has been bothering me over the years: There was a man I helped out of the building, but I do not know whether he survived. The photograph appeared in *Newsweek* and *Time* of Aug. 17, 1998. He lost so much blood. I would be happy to know that he survived. After walking this man to the vehicle, I went to recover more victims.

I managed to hang on to what was left of the staircase and reached the first floor. Because it was still smoky and dark inside the building, I started calling out, "Is anybody there? Can you hear me?" It was quiet except for the noise that was coming from outside. I felt devastated, sad and weak. I did not know who among my colleagues was still under the collapsed walls. I did not understand why those I was laughing with a few minutes ago could not answer me. I did not understand what had happened to my staff and the visitor from Kigali.

At that moment, a woman's voice called out my name: "George! George! Please help me!" Still on my knees, I moved in that direction, tapping bodies to feel any motion. "Yes, I got it!" I convinced myself. Without looking at the person I was pulling, I started for the stairs, forgetting it had collapsed. We fell, landing on top of Marine Post One! Rescuers came running and grabbed the person from me. They wanted to take me too, but I refused. I told them I was okay.

I raised my head to see if the person I had pulled out was the woman who had called to me. It was not; it was a man instead. I was happy I had saved him, but devastated. I have been waiting all these years for this woman to come and ask me why I did not help her! I still do not sleep when I think of that moment. I still hear it so clearly.

One of the Marines, who had earlier warned me not to go into the building, spotted me and ordered the rescuers to take me to

the nearest hospital. At St. James Hospital, I regained awareness. I asked one of the nurses where I was and what had happened. The nurses protested, but I insisted on going back to the embassy. I limped to the main road and took a matatu (bus). I did not know I had no money on me. Seeing how heavily bandaged I was, the bus conductor did not bother to ask for the fare. That was the first time I got a free ride on a matatu!

I alighted and started limping back to the embassy.

The same Marine spotted me and ordered that I be taken home. I was driven home in one of the cabs and escorted to bed. Still in shock, I began recollecting the moments before the blast and the aftermath. I was shivering and crying uncontrollably throughout the night.

The first person I asked for when I woke up was the late consul general, Julian Bartley. I was with Julian the night before the blast until past 10 p.m. in his office. Because it was the eve of my departure for Accra, I was trying to get pending work done. Julian used to call me every evening about email problems or just to chat. That night he had told me how he grew up, how he went to school and the challenges he faced in his career. He kept encouraging me to work hard. When he heard I was going to Accra the next day, he asked me to bring him an African mask. He told me to let him know before I left so he could give me \$50 for the mask.

The next (fateful) morning, I had called him as he had asked. He requested I wait for him in my office, that he was bringing the money. I told him he didn't have to, that I would use my per diem, and he could refund when I got back. He did not want to hear any of that. "Chief, man, I have to come and see you off," he said. But I didn't see Julian later. I never saw his body. I will never see him again.

In the following days I helped identify bodies, helped family members piece together what was left of the bodies and attended funeral services and burials in the countryside, representing the ambassador and reading her condolence message to the deceased families.

The embassy resumed operations at the USAID towers. The



Information Systems Manager George Mimba, left, and Management Officer Steve Nolan, at right, evacuate an injured staff member from Embassy Nairobi.

information systems center crew began counting the tech losses. A new computer system we had just installed eight months ago had been destroyed. My next worry, as the information systems manager, was whether the valuable information was intact. We started rebuilding the Department of State email system. Using salvaged computers and servers, we put together a network until we moved to the interim office building. Users could not believe they could read emails they had received and documents they had worked on seconds before the blast. The information was there. Our recovery plan had worked.

There is a saying that "time is the best healer," but I don't know if I will ever get over my Aug. 7 experience. To those who were taken, may your souls rest in eternal peace. This mission will never be the same without you.

To those who survived: Do not give up on yourself. Do not hate yourself as I do. God had a reason for saving your life. It is time you ask God what He has in store for you.

I came out of the bombing discouraged, a completely different person. I gave up on life, and did not want to hear about long-term plans or saving for the future. I do not park in basement parking spaces. Any loud sound makes me want to go under a table. Anytime I leave for work, I get the feeling that I won't come back to see my family.

I concluded that there is no safe place on this planet, that one can die at any time. It made me more spiritual than before, always prepared for anything. Talking about it with those who have gone through similar experiences also helped me start a new life. I always ask myself what I can do for others as long as I am still alive.

The View from Washington

C. Steven McGann

Labor Attaché

I was scheduled to depart post the week of Aug. 11, 1998. However, a request to co-chair the FSI Labor Attaché course that summer brought me back to Washington in early July. The morning of the attack, I was the only FSO at the department who had recently served in Nairobi. For some reason, I woke up at 5:30 a.m. on the morning of the attack and turned on CNN to see the news of the bombing. I immediately went to the Operations Center to begin work on the emergency task force for the next three days. I didn't leave the building again until Aug. 12.

During that period, I was challenged in ways unimaginable. Often speaking directly with Ambassador Bushnell through the single open line to Nairobi, I helped carry out her instructions through an unprepared interagency structure. There was no one to issue country clearances, prepare overflight requests or authorize deployments of military and civilian rescue teams.

I found myself making decisions far above my (then) FS-2 rank while briefing Seventh Floor and Bureau of African Affairs principals, particularly for media interviews.

Being familiar with the emergency procedures we had practiced at post gave me the opportunity to help colleagues at post who were dealing with the traumatic aftermath on the ground. Having a familiar voice on the other end of the line reassured them. During those three days, I often found myself speaking with family members of unaccounted-for embassy personnel from all agencies and the military. That was the toughest duty.

The bombings reinforced the fact that the decision to become a Foreign Service officer should not be taken lightly. Moreover, it was the guide path that framed how I would interact with colleagues for the rest of my FS career.

Should you become a chief of mission, it is critical that you demonstrate every day that the Emergency Action Committee is your highest priority.

The Spirit of "Harambee"

George Jones

Former USAID/Kenya Mission Director

I was at the Parklands Sports Complex watching the Kenyan Davis Cup team practice for an upcoming match. Having recently retired from USAID as the Kenya mission director, I was transitioning into a new position with the United States International University. This meant that I was free to move immediately to the site of the bombing to render assistance.

After a quick check of the USAID building, which was close

by, I raced to the embassy. My first encounter was with Military Attaché Colonel Ron Roughead who, still in shock, reported that his entire team had been killed. I was asked by the embassy administrative officer to head out to the Kenya National Hospital, where most of the embassy personnel had been taken. It was paramount that all personnel, U.S. and local, be accounted for, along with their medical status.

While en route, I met my former secretary, Shabyna Kolker, who volunteered to assist me with this task. When we arrived at the hospital, local police informed us that only those carrying the injured and doctors were allowed entry. Fortunately, I had a business card that named me as a doctor—albeit a Ph.D. We were allowed passage.

Together, we covered every floor, hallway and operating room in search of embassy personnel. The image of glass shards being removed from faces and upper torsos remains prominent in my memory. In addition to recording names and conditions, we were able to console and bring people up to date on the status of their friends and colleagues. We also took messages for family members, promising to pass them on.

The tragedy served to bring the American and Kenyan communities closer together. The spirit of "harambee"—pulling together—prevailed. No task or request, big or small, went unheeded.

One of the most painful tasks was to locate the body of the consul general, Julian Bartley. Receiving a report that his remains were not at the makeshift warehouse holding area, I began searching local morgues. At the first stop, the city mortuary, I was forewarned by personnel that the sights might be overwhelming and that I should reconsider entering.

Not dissuaded, I pushed on and witnessed hundreds of bodies in unbelievable physical condition, piled on tables, floors and available gurneys. After viewing about 25 bodies, I had to rush outside for air. Back at the entrance, I was greeted by USAID FSN Menelik Makonnen and his crew, who had been scouting other facilities with the same task as mine. I was obviously showing some distress, because Makonnen immediately suggested that I not go back into the mortuary. He and his team knew Julian Bartley well; they offered to complete the search.

Certainly, many suffered from PTSD as a result of the bombing and its aftermath; many also gained personal strength from facing danger head on. Moreover, it was heartening to see the embassy and USAID come together to support one another, both logistically and emotionally. I firmly believe that it was the strong leadership of the ambassador that kept us afloat. For most of us—FSNs, contractors and government employees—Ambassador Prudence Bushnell made the critical difference.



DEPARTMENT OF STATE/PUBLIC DOMAIN

On March 3, 2003, the United States inaugurated a new embassy in the suburb of Gigiri, Nairobi.

Where We Slipped

Ron Roughead

Chief of the Kenya U.S. Liaison Office

“Memories are the key not to the past, but to the future,” as Corrie Ten Boom famously observed.

I remember telling people weeks after the bombing in Nairobi that it was just like a scene from a movie. But it was actually nothing like that. It was real and it was horrific; and the memories haunt many of us to this day.

But memories are fragile things that ebb and flow over time. The bombing of the American embassies 20 years ago summons images of those we loved, and those with whom we laughed and cried. My memory of that time invokes individual auras of compassion, heroism and leadership. It also offers the sharp and cutting edge of the evil that used the bombing as a launching pad for global terror.

A Vai (Liberian) tribal proverb says: “Do not look where you fell, but where you slipped.” Where we slipped is the blade that cuts into my memories of those who died that day. This story is, in fact, a rebuke of our government’s agencies and leaders, who did not put a high enough value on lives lost—not only in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, but in other attacks on our diplomatic outposts since Beirut in 1983. It is an admonition of the recidivism of the commissions, reports, investigations and boards that, since 1983, have pointed the finger at security, policy and intelligence failures, but have failed to hold accountable the seemingly unaccountable centers of power and their decision-makers.

Time and again, after a catastrophic event the pattern begins with condemnation and a declaration of thoughts and prayers. That is soon followed by a promise: “We will get to the bottom of this travesty by conducting a thorough study, appointing a blue-ribbon commission, accountability board or a complete review.” This is usually accompanied by the promise that “We will fix what was wrong and establish accountability.” The Accountability Review Boards’ reports on the facts and circumstances surrounding the 1998 embassy bombings have disturbingly similar verbiage to the Inman Report, which was published after the bombing of the Marine Barracks and the attack on the U.S. embassy in Beirut in 1983.

In part, the Africa report states: “The Boards were most disturbed at two interconnected issues: first, the inadequacy of resources to provide security against terrorist attacks and, second, the relative low priority accorded security concerns throughout the U.S. government—by the department, other agencies in general and on the part of many employees both in Washington and in the field. Saving lives and adequately addressing our security vulnerabilities on a sustained basis must be given a higher priority by all those involved if we are to prevent such tragedies in the future.”

It continues: “The Boards did not find reasonable cause to believe that any employee of the United States Government or member of the uniformed services breached his or her duty in connection with the Aug. 7 bombings. However, we believe there was a collective failure by several Administrations and

Insist on accountability, not just words in a report from a review board.

—Ron Roughead

Congresses over the past decade to invest adequate efforts and resources to reduce the vulnerability of U.S. diplomatic missions around the world to terrorist attacks.”

The report goes on to say that while policies and procedures were followed regarding threat assessment and security, the threat had changed, rendering those processes inadequate. It “found most troubling the failure of the U.S. government to take the necessary steps to prevent such tragedies through an unwillingness to give sustained priority and funding to security improvements.” The boards then made recommendations so this would not happen again.

But, of course, it did. Even after taking blatant partisanship into consideration, the report on the events in Benghazi reveal conclusions that are disturbingly similar.

My memories of Aug. 7, 1998, created a desire to make a home inside of me for everyone touched by those bombs—survivors and casualties, Americans, Kenyans and Tanzanians. But the knife’s edge of recollection of the failures will always be there. The only way I can touch those killed that day is to place my hand on their names etched into the memorials.

For those of you now in diplomatic outposts or soon to go, I offer the following advice. *First*, if you feel safe, you are probably vulnerable. Relentlessly let that vulnerability be known. *Second*, have the courage and persistence to give voice to your observations and assessments. Do so with the purpose of protecting those near you, as well as every innocent who passes by. Commit to this before an event, even to the detriment of your career. *Third*, never forget the value of life. It is not subject to risk and mitigation. *Fourth*, insist on accountability, not just words in a report from a review board.

I have no doubt that time and age will alter my view of that day and where we fell, but I will make every effort not to forget where we slipped.

You Can Never Be Fully Prepared

Worley “Lee” Reed

Officer-in-Charge of the Engineering Services Center
for Central and South Africa

I left the embassy approximately 20 minutes before the attack to arrange an equipment shipment at the GSO warehouse. I was just leaving the warehouse when I heard a sonic boom. I radioed Post One, but no one answered. An FSN driver finally responded, “The embassy is bombed. The embassy is gone.”

I rushed back to the embassy and found my wife, Joyce, who had survived the attack. It was the longest 15 minutes of my life. We then began the search-and-rescue efforts. If I had remained in my office, I would have died in the rubble piled up eight feet off the floor.

There are experiences in this world that no human being should suffer. A major terrorist attack is one of them. The physical and mental trauma changes your life. You become a different person. I believe the odds of suffering from PTSD are almost 100 percent.

Your physical injuries will limit your ability to enjoy your previous activities. Your mental injuries cause depression, flashbacks, panic attacks and a strange sense of guilt. Your family and colleagues are directly affected, because your new behaviors affect them. PTSD is transmissible.

I specialized in counterintelligence and counterterrorism. I also have a master’s degree in psychology. Before the bombing, I thought I understood almost everything about terrorism and terrorist attacks. After the bombing, I discovered I had known little to nothing about them. As much as you may believe you understand terrorism, you will only understand the huge impact on the lives of survivors and their families by experiencing it yourself. I hope this never happens to you.

Everyone involved in a terrorist attack, including helpers, is a victim of the attack. You experience helplessness, vulnerability and a strong sense of isolation. If you are overseas, American help can be days away. In our case, the Kenyan government was paralyzed by the attack. If you survive, you become 911. The situation creates tremendous stress.

It would be easy to simply give up. You must fight to become a survivor (or warrior) by taking personal responsibility for your life and recovery efforts. While this “warrior” approach may seem strange to someone who has not experienced a terrorist attack, it is essential to personal survival. An anonymous quote states: “Fate whispers to the warrior, ‘You cannot withstand the storm.’ The warrior whispers back to fate, ‘I am the storm.’”

As a survivor/warrior, you cease being a person who helplessly watches experiences happen, and you become the person who shapes your own future.

It also helps if your spouse has experienced the same event. We will celebrate our 50th anniversary this year because we understand what happened to us and how to help one other.

As a Foreign Service member, there is a strong possibility you will be involved in a terrorist attack. There is literally nothing you can do to fully prepare for it.

A Most Difficult Job

Mathew M. Mbithi
Warehouseman (FSN)

On Aug. 7, 1998, I was an employee of the embassy in Nairobi. As a warehouseman, I was assigned to go and clean an embassy property. I had to pass through the embassy building to collect the key around 8:30 a.m. I proceeded with colleagues to the house when I found that I had taken the wrong key, so I had to return to the embassy to get the right key. I grabbed the right key around 10:15 a.m. Remember, the blast occurred at 10:45 a.m., so a delay of 30 minutes would have been a disaster for me.

I went back to the house, and just before I opened the door, I heard somebody shouting from the radio in our vehicle: the embassy had been bombed. We stopped everything and went back to see what had happened. On reaching the scene, everything was in a mess, with people crowded everywhere.

There were people trying to help the injured, and we joined in. First, we removed the dead bodies, loading them into our warehouse trucks and taking them to a temporary container at the warehouse. Then, around 6 p.m., we had to remove those bodies and take them to various morgues, due to the large crowd of people gathered at the gate to look for their next of kin. It took almost the whole night since we were also looking for colleagues who had not been found at the scene.

The next day, our work as warehousemen was to remove everything from the building. We at the warehouse continued for at least a month setting up another office for the embassy at a place called Parklands. After some time, the embassy was moved to another place, called Ole Seleni, along Mombasa Road.

We stayed there for about five years as the new embassy was

being constructed at Gigiri, near the United Nations headquarters. Then we later moved and settled there.

This tragedy greatly affected me and my family. I had to go through several counseling sessions offered by the embassy until I was able to regain the strength to continue with my normal life. It was not easy, because my family was also affected psychologically. I had to get counseling for them so they could continue normally.

One criminal was arrested and taken to U.S. court, and after being convicted he was sentenced to life in prison. Though some of my colleagues received compensation [from frozen assets of Sudan and others], not every survivor did, myself included.

It is my appeal to those who have experienced this kind of tragedy to stand firm and advocate for peace in the world so that something similar does not happen again.



President Daniel Arap Moi of Kenya, left, and U.S. Ambassador to Kenya Prudence Bushnell observe one minute of silence during a memorial service on Aug. 20, 1998, for the victims of the U.S. embassy bombing in Nairobi. Hundreds of Kenyans participated in the service.

I Have the Ambassador Here

Rizwan "Riz" Khaliq
Commercial Officer on Temporary Duty

I met Ambassador Bushnell in her office a little before 10 a.m. We departed to meet with the minister of trade, walking over ground zero just about 30 minutes before the bombings. The location of the meeting was on the 20th floor of the bank building next to the embassy. During the meeting, we heard a loud noise outside.

I stood up and walked over to the window, and as I looked outside the truck bomb exploded. I learned later that the first loud noise was a grenade, which was designed to draw people to the windows before the truck bomb was detonated, to cause maximum damage.

Once the bomb exploded, I was thrown 10 to 15 feet through the air, hit my head on something and passed out. When I woke up and realized I was alive, I went into autopilot. I looked for Gus (August Maffry, the new commercial officer in Kenya) and Ambassador Bushnell. I didn't find Gus, but I did find the ambassador passed out on the floor. I picked her up and began to find my way out of the building.

The stairwell was full of smoke and darkness, people rushing to evacuate, pushing and shoving. I will never forget the smell of death and the carnage caused by the bombing. As we exited the

building, at which point the ambassador was awake, I shielded her and ran over to the embassy where the Marines were.

I screamed to the Marine, "I have the ambassador here. We need to get inside." He instructed me to get into a car that was waiting to evacuate us from the site, but I wanted to get into the embassy. Jenny, my wife, was supposed to meet me in my office after my meeting to go to the commissary and for lunch. I was scared and desperate.

The Marine made it very clear that no one was getting into the embassy, so I took the ambassador to the car. Once we were in the car and we began to move away from the embassy, I asked the driver where he was taking us, and he said to a temporary location. I needed to know if Jenny was okay. I instructed the driver to take us to my hotel. As we walked into the hotel, I asked the front desk to send the hotel doctor to our room as soon as possible.

As we exited the elevator, Jenny was running down the hallway. I could not have been happier. However, as I said before, I was on autopilot. I handed the ambassador to Jenny and asked

if she could help her clean up and prep her to make comments to the media. If the attack was on the American embassy, we needed to show whoever did this that they did not hurt the United States. Jenny did just that.

The bombing has had a lasting impact on my life. I have had to continuously manage my PTSD. Yet it has also given me a drive that I am not sure I would have if I had not been through the experience—the drive to be a better person, to be grateful for the chance to be alive and to never be a victim.

The support from my wife and my family has been at the core of being able to create a normal life. I see the success of my life being realized through the success of my family and friends.

My advice? Focus on the fact that you are here and you are loved, and don't allow "survivor's guilt" to rob you of your happiness. You represent the greatest country in human history, so be proud of who we are as Americans, no matter who is in the White House. American values and the American spirit are everlasting and transcend generations.

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DAR ES SALAAM, TANZANIA

We Will Not, and Cannot, Forget

John E. Lange

Chargé d'Affaires, Embassy Dar es Salaam

I heard a low, rumbling sound a second before the office windows blew in over my head and landed on the people in front of me. As I would later learn, a bomb with the equivalent of 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of TNT had exploded, killing 11 people and injuring more than 85. The American embassy in Dar es Salaam was in ruins.

Our community—about 50 American employees, a few hundred Tanzanian Foreign Service National staff and all the family members—was in a state of shock. Yet we were united: in our grief for the dead, in caring for and supporting the survivors, in resurrecting embassy operations, and in welcoming the VIP visitors and hundreds of temporary duty employees who came to assist.

As I wrote in the March 2001 *Foreign Service Journal*, absolutely everyone—Foreign Service generalists and specialists, Foreign Service Nationals, family members, Foreign and Civil Service employees in Washington, and many, many others—was critical to our recovery. Everyone mattered.

Two months later, when the FBI no longer needed the bombed-out building for evidentiary purposes, we offered all employees the opportunity to return to the embassy to see the devastation they had escaped in the minutes after the bombing. Interestingly, roughly half declined the opportunity and never wanted to go inside that building again, while the other half were eager to revisit their old offices and talk to others about what happened.

Those feelings continue today: some wonder why we keep discussing that horrible day and feel it needs to be left in the past where it belongs, while others find discussion of the bombing, and the lessons we have subsequently learned, to be therapeutic.

I am in the latter category, and in the decade after the bombing I gave numerous speeches on the event and on leadership in a crisis. Once, after I addressed participants in the deputy chief of mission course, the Foreign Service Institute instructor told me that it seemed as if I was visualizing my actions minute-by-



Secretary of State Madeleine Albright at the memorial in front of Embassy Dar es Salaam honoring those who lost their lives in the Aug. 7, 1998, attack on the embassy. This photo was taken in 2006 when Albright, who was Secretary of State at the time of the East Africa bombings, made a private visit to the memorial.

minute in the immediate aftermath of the bombing. She was right.

Everyone who was in Dar es Salaam on Aug. 7, 1998—even those miles away from the embassy—heard and felt the blast, and they remember it to this day. I've had conversations in which people such as scientist Jane Goodall (who was in her home in Dar es Salaam at the time) and former Tanzanian President Jakaya Kikwete (who was foreign minister in 1998) described exactly where they were, and how they reacted, when the bomb went off.

Even for those survivors who prefer never to talk about the bombing, reminders are frequent. I still remember sitting in my State Department office with a window, years after the bombing, and hearing the low, rumbling sound of the president's helicopters—only to be reminded of Aug. 7, 1998. I once told a U.S. military officer that every time the media mention “the East Africa bombings,” I recall my experience in Dar es Salaam. He compared us to “war widows,” whose spouses were killed while in the armed forces during a war; every mention of the war serves as a reminder.

Osama bin Laden's simultaneous 1998 attacks were the Foreign Service's wake-up call on terrorism, but the 9/11 attacks three years later were a wake-up call for the United States as a nation. When 9/11 occurred, many of the Dar bombing “alumni” were very upset that bin Laden had not been captured earlier.

And many of us relived the trauma of the East Africa bombings, with some using words such as “dysfunctional” or “incapacitated” to describe themselves. At that difficult time, I was the ambassador to Botswana, and I remember my staff confidently looking to me as their leader based on my experience leading Embassy Dar es Salaam in August 1998. I did my best, even though I was emotionally devastated.

I do not know how many of us suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder, but I know that many do. Some of the people who were the most fearless in the weeks after the bombing, bravely working to restore U.S. government operations, suffered the most later. One of the most important actions the State Department took was to send psychiatrists to talk with the staff about our experiences. But many of us believe that much more needed to be done in the months and years afterward. Just as the U.S. military is increasingly aware of the large number of cases of PTSD in war veterans, the State Department and the families of survivors need to be aware of the continuing mental health needs of those who go through such a traumatic experience.

An important element has been the relentless pursuit of justice by the U.S. government. There have been three criminal trials in federal district court in New York, and several Americans, Tanzanians and Kenyans have testified. All trial defendants charged in the bombing conspiracy have been found guilty and sentenced to life in prison.

Professor Susan Hirsch, an anthropologist, was nearing the end of her time as a Fulbright Scholar in Dar es Salaam at the time of the bombing. She was in the embassy while her Kenyan husband, Abdurahman “Jamal” Abdalla, waited outside. He died in the blast. She grieved with the help of friends and families on two continents, and later witnessed the 2001 bombing trial in federal district court. Her introspective book, *In the Moment of Greatest Calamity* (Princeton University Press, 2008), examines the important role that the quest for justice can play in the recovery of survivors of terrorism.

Our Dar es Salaam group developed a bond that continues today. Annually around the anniversary of the bombing, many American and Tanzanian bombing alumni send “thinking of you” email messages to the group to commiserate and to provide family updates. As one person wrote, “Each year the pain of Aug. 7, 1998, rushes back. But longstanding ties of friendship, family and community make it bearable. It’s good to be in touch with this group every year and to acknowledge what we have all been through.”

We will not, and cannot, forget.

Anxiety Slowly Turned into Depression

Monica Stein Olson
USAID Controller

Touching my belly over my clothes, I drove to the embassy Health Unit for my first prenatal checkup. Dr. DaSilva wanted me to start early because of two miscarriages over the past two years. He was concerned that I was at risk given my age. That day, I took the earliest appointment, at 9 a.m., because I didn’t want to be too late for work. USAID was located about a mile from the embassy, and I had a meeting at 10.

I parked on Laibon Road, right in front of the Konners’ house, directly across from the embassy. I fretted that the Konners were on vacation that week, and there would be no Friday summer playgroup for my boys, 4 and 2. Normally I would drop them at 9 a.m. I hated leaving them all day with the nanny, but my husband, Steve, was traveling outside of the country. I did not know at the time, but the timing of the Konners’ vacation saved all of our children—the explosion sent a huge fireball into their home, incinerating everything in its path.

I got out of my car and glanced at the line forming for visas. I waved to the young female guard whose dream it was to work for USAID. She was taking secretarial classes at night. I could tell she wanted to talk about a job opening, but I was in a hurry. Looking back, I wish I had stopped, even for a moment. But I didn’t know that her life would be extinguished just an hour later.

About 9:45, I drove to the office, happy with the thought of finally having another baby. But my happiness ended less than an hour later, and I didn’t get it back for years. At 10:39 a.m., we heard a deafening BOOM. And then the building trembled with what I later learned was the shock wave from the blast.

For two weeks straight, we ran on adrenaline, working long hours trying to make sense of what happened. I thought about how life was so random. I was fortunate that I went to the embassy for an early appointment. What if that slot had already been taken? I was fortunate that the Konners were on vacation that day. What if they hadn’t been away? What if my husband hadn’t been on a trip and needed to be at the embassy that morning?

I started to have panic attacks. I had constant feelings of dread. I had difficulty concentrating. I was exhausted and irritable. I thought about the young female guard. Most of all, I began to anticipate terrible scenarios involving my children and became unreasonably protective of my family. I wanted the boys to push stuff up against their doors at night. I wanted them in our room at the foot of our bed. I kept imagining the boys at their playdate at the time of the bombing. And I imagined losing my



BY OS RECORDS [PUBLIC DOMAIN], VIA WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

A U.S. Marine talks with Regional Security Officer John DiCarlo in front of Embassy Dar es Salaam in the aftermath of the Aug. 7, 1998, al-Qaida suicide bombing. Eleven people, including seven locally employed staff members, died in the blast, and 72 others were wounded.

baby. I didn't—we had a healthy girl; but I was still constantly fatigued and sad, and I didn't know why.

The anxiety slowly turned into depression. In Moscow five years later, I was asked to say a few words on the anniversary of the East Africa bombings. I opened my mouth, and nothing came out. I tried to say the words, but I couldn't. They wouldn't come out.

I went to the embassy Health Unit, where they told me: "You are a working mother and have three young kids. This is normal. Go home." I knew something was wrong when, later, I met up with Ambassador Lange and, for no reason at all, began to sob. I had been depressed by then for years. By the time I got to Morocco, I could no longer function. I was constantly worried about my children, and I had lost interest in everything.

Once, when my daughter was running on the beach and a large dog began running behind her, I screamed myself into hysteria when there was no real threat. It alarmed my husband, and my emotional state began to affect my marriage and family. But things only got worse. I had nightmares about our children dying. And then our daughter became severely depressed. I needed to seek help, again, so I could help her.

Where I grew up, in the Midwest, my parents never dreamed of

going to a therapist. We were made to think that was only for weak people. But when my 6-year-old daughter was "psychovaced" from post for depression, we got her the help she needed. She got better.

But I got worse. Fortunately for me, one of the embassy FSOs had a spouse who was a psychiatrist. And she was a friend. In one of my bleaker moments, I called Susan and said, "You need to make an appointment with me right now, because I will never call back." And she did. As FSOs, we are so fearful of losing our security clearances, so people don't ask for help. Susan helped me over a two-year period. She often reminded me that my daughter and I both suffered the same trauma, even though she hadn't been born yet! Today we are both happy and healthy, physically and mentally.

Remember that we all get stressed. And we don't have to get bombed to suffer from anxiety, depression or PTSD. A study done for USAID by Greenleaf Integrative two years ago uncovered startling statistics showing that the majority of FSOs overseas undergo many of the same stressors as our soldiers in combat experience. We, too, serve in places without our families; we have crushing workloads; we have difficult or unsupportive supervisors; and we work in conflict zones.

My advice? Be resilient. Aim for work-life balance. Take vacations. Find a hobby. Focus on family. And above all, do not be afraid to seek help. We all need it at one point or another in our careers.

One more thing: As I learned the hard way, our children also feel our stress and can fall into depression themselves. Make sure that you listen to them. Did my therapy affect my security clearance? No. I am just grateful that I finally got help.

Bring Us All Together

Tibruss Minja

Mailroom Supervisor, Information Programs Center (FSN)

God is great to us every day. On the morning of Friday, Aug. 7, every one of us was expecting a nice weekend while working half-day hours. Abruptly, between 10:30 and 10:45 a.m., the embassy ground was covered in debris, fire everywhere, people running around bloodied, others holding their hands over their faces.

I will say, "Oh! It's my Lord God who makes that day for me!"

My work was in the mailroom. With one of my colleagues, Chris, we were to send our diplomatic mail pouch to Washington. We had the pouch ready to send to the airport, and we were outside by the main entrance where the car was already waiting for us to load the pouch. We loaded those bags, and Chris escorted the bags with the driver to where we prepare the freight documentation.

The car left at least five minutes before 10:30 a.m., and I was at the main gate talking to two of the guards: Mtendeje (who perished, may he rest in peace) and Mathew (who survived). I remembered that I left the mailroom door open while taking those pouches out, and the Marines usually take care of watching the door from their end. So, I told the guards, "Sorry, I have to go back to the office."

I got to the door of my office and walked several steps before I heard a big boom. The shaking went on for a minute—a really



A memorial to the victims of the embassy bombing was erected at the national museum in Dar Es Salaam. A stone memorial listing the names of the victims is located on the grounds of the new embassy.

heavy blast. Everyone was in shock. I checked the 250-pound door I used to come in and could not believe the way it was smashed. The first thing I did was walk back to my office and make a phone call to my family at Mbezi Salasala [outside of town] and ask them two questions: Are you all safe? Did you hear a boom?

The answer to both was yes. Then I told them it may have happened near to my office, I wasn't sure yet, but keep your ears on. It took me a few minutes to secure things and find a way to go. By that time a few people had gathered on the mezzanine floor to find a way out as the Marine announced an evacuation, telling us to meet at the back because the front entrance was on fire.

We decided to walk up the stairs and through the west wing door the ambassador and deputy chief of mission use to get to the office. We gathered in the backyard. But the backyard to me was not the safest place to gather. Could the building collapse? Why don't we get out of the campus completely?

We saw a ladder, which was hooked up on the barrier wall from the inside. I grabbed it and put it over the wall while someone brought another one, which we put outside the wall facing the French embassy offices. We used those two ladders to exit to Old Bagamoyo Road, and that is where most of the victims and injured ones were taken to the hospital. Muhimbili Hospital received those with critical injuries.

The fire was still heavy at the front because there were many cars parked there. The tires exploded and that made people worry even more.

This had never happened to our countries, Tanzania and Kenya! I had no idea someone like the coward and killer Osama bin Laden could land tragic twin bombs in African countries simultaneously.

The attack was very powerful and shook the city of Dar es Salaam and its districts. Groups of people gathered at every place in the city and district, with radio and television airing news of the bomb blast at the American embassy.

By the time we were struggling to get out of the campus area, I was not feeling anything besides shock. Within half an hour I was sweating and feeling a kind of headache. I was transported with others to Mikocheni Hospital where I received treatment, and they discharged me at 8 p.m. My friend lives near the hospital, and I was able to call him to give me a ride home to Mbezi Africana. No one knew my location since I had called home one minute after the explosion. That made my family contact friends, and they were focusing on Muhimbili Hospital while waiting to hear the names of those admitted or dead.

God is so great! I was home by 9:30 p.m. to find family and friends had already gathered, fearing my death had happened. They were in tears with happiness celebrating my appearance.

America, keep and bring
Tanzanians and Kenyans together
on this 20th anniversary.

—*Tibruss Minja*

"Are you the real one and surviving?" one of my sisters-in-law asked. "Oh! Thanks to the Lord! We have been grieving since we heard about the blasts, and we could not reach you. Welcome home again!" We had a long night that day.

The next day those who were not in the hospital met, and the plan was to arrange for a temporary office in the home of Public Affairs Officer Dudley Sims. Many thanks and prayers go to Mr. Sims and his family for allowing the office to relocate to their home.

A big team was sent from Washington to set up the office for business. It was great at Mr. Sims' home because the house and the yard were big enough to accommodate most of the offices. Our mailroom office was at the back, where there was also the servant quarter. I remember that we had a lot of staff arriving to volunteer and also to work with the government of Tanzania on security issues.

New equipment to run the office and so many other things were arriving every day. You can imagine how much of the pouch and mail we received and delivered. Although the mailroom was small, we worked very closely with everyone, and the business was highly successful. No complaints. Thank God.

Many officials from the Department of State were visiting. We were thankful to President Bill Clinton for paying attention to the tragedy, allowing the State Department to send various teams that also helped find a new home for Embassy Dar es Salaam. They secured a temporary place at Kinondoni area, where we moved and stayed for a long time until the new land was approved on new Old Bagamoyo Road in the Msasani area.

And then, another terror attack, this one in New York City.

I was among the staff who were able to attend one of the trials for Dar es Salaam and Nairobi, which had a hearing in a New York court in 2001. We spent our week in New York visiting the World Trade Center. We left, and about three weeks later, 9/11 happened, claiming the lives of thousands of innocent people. May God rest all in peace! Amen. That was again painful to me.

As we remember the 20th anniversary, it's time we also remember those who are not with us at this moment. And pray for their loved ones.

God bless our beloved Tanzania and Kenya; bring peace and love. Bring America closer to our country, and bless their highest efforts to help those in trouble who need to survive and live in peace and harmony.

America, keep and bring Tanzanians and Kenyans together on this 20th anniversary.

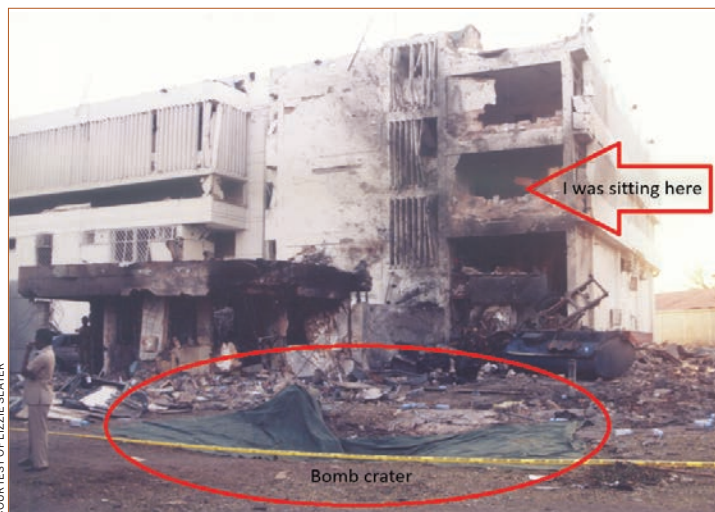
Mummy, Are You Going to Die?

Elizabeth "Lizzie" Slater

Information Management Specialist

Getting this assignment had been difficult. As a tandem couple, we had been unable to secure assignments at the same post, so we did the next best thing and picked what we termed an "African commute" by choosing two neighboring countries and an hourlong plane ride. My husband, Charlie, and our 5-year-old son were going to Nairobi, while I accepted a job in the haven of peace, Dar es Salaam. We had struggled with where our son should be, but settled on Kenya because the International School of Kenya was touted as one of the best in the world.

At the very last minute, Charlie was told that he had to attend consultations in Paris before going to post. That forced us to part company in London, where we left our son with his grandmother while my husband traveled. He begged me to come with him, but my sense of duty won out, and I reported to my new post as scheduled.



The markers show where Lizzie Slater was in relation to the bomb blast at Embassy Dar es Salaam.

Kissing my boys goodbye was heartbreaking, as I didn't know when I would see them again. My son asked in a small voice, "Mummy, are you going to die?" Less than 48 hours after I arrived in Tanzania, my life changed forever when a massive truck bomb detonated about 50 feet in front of me.

My first day in the office had been hectic. I was replacing the sole information management specialist (IMS), Vella Wells (now Mbenna). So much needed to be done before she departed post in just a few days. I had much to learn as a first-time IMS, and I had to do my new arrival in-processing with the various management sections. I had my security briefing with the recently arrived regional security officer (RSO), John DiCarlo, who told me that he had changed a lot of security elements in his few weeks at post, but there was still a lot that needed to be done. Jet-lagged and exhausted, I dragged myself home to my temporary residence and crashed for the night.

Day two started early. The opening procedures for a new post are a little different everywhere you go, so Vella and I got through "pulling the queue and clearing the traffic," but before getting into the more serious briefings and handover of communications security I went to attend my "Welcome to Dar es Salaam" briefing with the community liaison office coordinator (CLO), Cynthia Kimble, who was due to depart on leave the next day. On my way to her office I passed Post One and noticed that RSO John DiCarlo was standing post. Recognizing him from the previous day's briefing, I waved hello and stepped into the CLO office just down the hallway. Cynthia was on the phone, distressed and in tears, so I offered to come back another time, but she waved me in, directing me to take a seat. She smiled and said to me "everything will be all right"—and then the room went black.

I could hear terrified screams coming from Cynthia's direction. I kept asking if she was okay, but she was hysterical and seemingly could only scream. I was buried under rubble. I had no sensation below my waist and figured that my legs were gone. I actually didn't know what had happened yet, but I couldn't move and I couldn't help Cynthia. After a while, the screaming stopped. I didn't know if she was all right or even there anymore. I realized I could see the sky, which surprised me as there were no windows in her office.

Then people were scrambling around clearing debris. I felt a hand on my shoulder and said something like, "Don't move me. I think I have lost my legs." This propelled them into frenzied activity. I heard, "She is alive." Moments later there was this guttural cry, and I felt something hit the book-

case that was immediately on top of me. It dislodged, displacing everything that covered me, and I popped up like a cork in water. I was freed, and I could feel my legs. (Later I learned that it was the CLO's husband, Gunnery Sergeant Kimble, who had used Herculean force to remove the debris covering me. My other rescuers were Chargé d'Affaires John Lange, RSO John DiCarlo and WAE Consular Officer Jon Edensword, who pulled me out of the rubble and moved me to safety.)

Getting out of the building proved to be even trickier. The stairwell was badly damaged; walls were at angles. About halfway down we found one of our local staff members sitting on the stairs. "We must get out of here; it's not safe," I told her, but she refused to move, saying only, "I can't find my shoes." I took off my shoes and gave them to her so she would come with us.

As we reach street level, the chaos and devastation is surreal, it seems like everything is in flames: the vehicles, a massive tanker truck, the buildings. People are trying to decide which way to go. My gut instinct is to get far away from the front of the building, where I now know a massive bomb has just exploded. I start shepherding people around the side of the building. We come across someone who appears to be skinned alive; he is barely breathing. I know I cannot help him medically, so I keep moving, leading our dazed group to the rear of the compound. I freeze when I see another tanker truck around the back, hoping that nothing bad will happen.

Other people climb down the back fire escape, and I approach to ask if they are okay. The first person I talk to backs up, screams and runs away from me. That is when I realize that I have some serious facial injuries.

A ladder materializes, and we start scaling the perimeter into a growing crowd on the far side of the wall, where people are being whisked off in waiting vans. Before I manage to get inside one, a news reporter has his camera trained on me. My immediate instinct is to hold up my travel voucher and cover my face—I don't want my son to see me like this. It turned out to be a blessing for my siblings, who did see me on the newsfeed. For the second time that day, "She is alive" was repeated, this time with a sigh of relief.

We were all taken to the safe haven at the chargé's residence, where I was immediately assessed by the medical team. The end of my nose had been ripped off and was dangling like an old broken door barely hanging on its last hinge. It was nothing life-threatening, but it needed attention, along with the hundreds of head wounds I had sustained that were still pumping blood. I could wait.

I knew we needed to have communications with Main State,

As we reach street level, the chaos and devastation is surreal, it seems like everything is in flames: the vehicles, a massive tanker truck, the buildings.

—Elizabeth Slater

so I checked to see if we had set up a command center to connect with the Operations Center in Washington—we had. The nurse was now dragging me back to get my face attended to. She sat me down and said, "I don't know what to do with your face, let's irrigate it." Sometime later, another nurse stopped by and looked at my face. She said and did the same thing, at which point I started laughing and said, "I see the headline now: 'Bomb Victim Drowns.'" That lightened the mood in the room a little.

I was covered in blood, dust and grime. Everyone agreed that I needed to have a shower, as I had wounds covering my entire body. A kind spouse waiting in the safe haven offered to accompany me in case I passed out (everyone was worried about concussion); so I showered, but now what clothes to wear? Mine were shredded and filthy. I was given shorts and a T-shirt belonging to the chargé; I joked that I was ambitious, but thought that I would be trying to fill his shoes, not his britches!

Finally, the French embassy doctor was free to fix my face. He gently started removing the hundreds of pieces of glass embedded in my face, head, neck and shoulders and suturing the wounds, quietly reassuring me that I was going to look beautiful when he was finished patching me up. When he got to my nose, he hesitated before saying, "Close your eyes." He smoothed out the skin that was torn from the sides of my nose, and it felt like he flipped up the nose to reattach it. I was done and headed out to find Vella, the outgoing IMS.

The next several days were a blur. We turned the public affairs officer's residence into our new embassy building, where Vella and I, along with a RIMC [Regional Information Management Center] team sent to assist, worked day and night to get communications back up and running. The local telephone company managed to bring new 50-pair cabling to the house over the weekend (that took several miles of cabling installed down the road from the nearest exchange), giving us the ability to get our normal embassy phone numbers working at the new location.

I am careful about what I allow into my mind, and so I study my Bible and read motivational books.

—*Justina Mdobilu*

Our computers and servers were moved, and we installed a temporary local area network. With RIMC's help, we installed a fly-away satellite communications kit and a TERP5 so our cable traffic would be operational again. They also brought a temporary telephone switch so that we could deploy phones on everyone's desk. On Monday, Aug. 10, we opened our embassy at the new location, and people were able to get to work.

About five days after the bombing, the chargé said that he would like me to take a rest ("I am not asking you to sleep, just lay down and rest a little"). I woke up about 25 hours later. Three weeks later, while I was getting the new IMO settled in, I mentioned to him that my right leg had been bothering me the last couple of days—it was really painful. He suggested that I visit the embassy doctor, who had set up a clinic in another house.

My entire body was heavily bruised from head to toe. I pointed to the general area where I was feeling the pain, and the doctor pressed down on my leg to test where it hurt. My flesh just collapsed under his fingers, and he said out loud, "Oh dear, dead meat." I looked at him and said, "For once in my life, I wish you used a medical term that I didn't really understand."

I had received a blunt force trauma injury during the explosion that basically "killed" that part of my shin, and now it had turned gangrenous. The good news is that the doctor provided exceptional care while treating this frightening injury, and my leg fully recovered, albeit with a beautiful scar as a constant reminder.

Likewise, my nose. My husband's close friend in Florida, Dr. Ian W. Rogers, was an exceptional microsurgeon, and he had seen me on the news interview I did a few days after the bombing. Almost immediately after it aired, he was on the phone, telling me exactly what I needed to do to fix my nose until he could work on it when I returned to the United States.

My son's question still haunts me to this day. During the lead up to our separated tours, we had been explaining, "You will go with Daddy to Nairobi, and Mummy is going to Dar." He had understood that to mean: "Mummy is going to die." That almost became a reality.

Hit with Disbelief, Disorientation and Fear

Justina "Tina" Mdobilu

Translator and Political Assistant (FSN)

The terrorist attack at the American embassy in Dar es Salaam continues to affect me, those close to me and, surprisingly, those I meet daily.

Immediately after the blast I was hit with disbelief, disorientation and fear. Some colleagues and I were taken by first responders to Muhimbili National Hospital for treatment. At the registration desk, as hard as I tried, I could not remember my family name, and so they only entered my first name initially. In a specialized ward, I encountered chaos as I tried to answer questions from anxious relatives who were looking for loved ones. The nurses were particularly concerned about me because I was eight months pregnant, and they feared I might lose the child.

After a doctor allowed me to go home, in confusion, I went to my parents' house instead. There I found anxious relatives who had heard the news on the radio. After I returned to my own home, I discovered a relative had already called my family to say that I was dead.

After a few months I noticed I was becoming withdrawn and lacked confidence at the office. I was also losing interest in activities that were not strictly related to work. This was the beginning of two years of post-traumatic stress disorder, severe anxiety, panic attacks and claustrophobia. Not wanting to lose my job, I had to find ways of coping with my elevated perception of danger, like looking for seating near doors. I once asked a supervisor if I could step outside the office because I found it hard to breathe inside.

I particularly remember a trip where I escorted the ambassador upcountry by plane. I arrived at our destination with pain in my neck because of the tension of feeling claustrophobic and the fear of having a panic attack in mid-air. I later learned there were others who were suffering as I was, and that a colleague had suffered a mental breakdown.

One month after the bombing, I gave birth to a healthy boy. My husband and I named him Immanuel, meaning "God with us," and we were thankful for life. However, it was during this time that I realized that I could barely hear with my right ear, and I wondered what this would do to my career as an interpreter/translator.

I now live in the United States and work as an interpreter for Swahili-speaking refugees. I sometimes have to ask my clients to speak more slowly, to repeat what they just said or ensure that I see their faces if they are speaking rapidly, because otherwise I

may not catch everything they say. I interpreted for a client last year who became aggravated because I was having trouble keeping up with her. At one point she turned to me and jokingly asked if I was becoming deaf. I told her that my hearing was not the same after the explosion. There are times when my children will tell me that my cell phone is ringing in my purse; I cannot hear it.

I have been affected also in how I relate to others. Although I briefly contemplated leaving the embassy immediately after the bombing, I quickly realized that I was probably not the only one on the planet who felt uncertain about life and premature, violent death. When I moved to the United States with my family in 2013, I found out that one could die by similar acts of violence in a movie theater, an office, a mall, an elementary school and even a church. Admittedly, all these examples do not fall strictly under the traditional definition of terrorism, but they carry its traits, which include violence, spreading fear and targeting innocent members of the public.

Living in the United States in such challenging times has forced me to become proactive for myself and my family. My children tell me sometimes that I worry too much, or that I am becoming paranoid; but I insist that as immigrants we need to become examples of good foreigners to people who may genuinely not understand. My American friends laugh good-naturedly when I call silverware “cutlery,” a garbage can “a dustbin” and refer to the trunk of a car as a “boot.” I suppose it also helps to laugh at yourself once in a while.

I am careful about what I allow into my mind, and so I study my Bible and read motivational books. President Theodore Roosevelt once said, “Do what you can, with what you have, where you are.” I may not be famous. I do not have a Facebook, Twitter or Instagram account, but this quote inspires me to take the initiative, to boldly reach out to others in my circle of influence to understand, even as I seek to be understood, one person at a time.

I try with a friendly smile, a listening ear or even a simple hello. Over time I discover this requires patience and an ability to look at the bigger picture as I remind myself not to assume anything of anyone based on the color of their skin, their religious faith, where they come from or what I think they have done in the past. I must be willing to give others what I want to receive—that is, the benefit of the doubt.

Obviously, not everyone will respond how I would like, but I choose to focus on what I can control, and I leave the rest to God. My son, Immanuel, is a constant reminder that good happened to our family during that horrific time in 1998. And because of this, I continue to hope.



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Be Prepared, Be Lucky

Sajjad A. Gulamali
IT Specialist (FSN)

Ten minutes before the attack, I was in the embassy basement computer training room fixing some computers. I was getting them ready for an in-house training to be conducted by a local vendor the following week. I managed to fix the problem more quickly than expected, so I left the basement and headed back to my office.

Minutes later, after checking email and finalizing plans for my trip to the regional Africa Bureau systems conference the following week, I heard a loud noise that scared me. In my office dozens of monitors kept on the shelf fell down and shattered. Scared and confused, I reached for my office door, but it was already ripped off. I saw my office co-worker lying on the floor.

My office was just a few meters away from the most serious damage caused by the explosion. On entering the corridor and going toward the stairs, I saw that the whole staircase was blocked, with no way to exit. I remembered the fire drill we had had a week earlier, and I screamed at the top of my voice, "Let us use the emergency exit!"

As I went through the emergency exit and down the stairs, I saw blood everywhere, and I kept praying hard. In less than 10 minutes, I exited the building to glimpse the devastation caused by the explosion. I was not yet aware that I had been injured, with cuts on my forehead and elbow.

Still not knowing what happened, I was whisked into a pickup truck that was taking the injured to the hospital. As I sat inside, I saw a colleague from the finance department whose eyes were injured very badly. I gave him my seat and jumped to the back of the truck.

There was chaos at Muhimbili National Hospital, where all the injured were taken. I heard people saying that there had been a bombing at the embassy. I saw a few of my colleagues at the hospital, but it seemed we all were on our separate courses. I finally screamed at the nurse that my wounds were not taken care of; then someone came to look at me, cleaned my wounds and told me to wait for stitches. I told them I would go to another hospital for those.

As I sat there, I knew the next step was to inform my family of my whereabouts. A good Samaritan at the hospital offered me his cell phone, which was very new technology in those days. I called my aunt to tell her what had happened, but she already knew and told me that my sister and her husband were on their way to the embassy to look for me.

With my cuts still bleeding, I was wandering around the hospital thinking about what to do. Then I saw my sister and her husband appear at the hospital. They said they came there by chance, as all roads to the embassy were shut down and they were directed

toward the hospital, so decided to just check. Lucky for me, I was united with my family.

The next step was to go to another hospital and get my wound stitched. At around 1500 hours (approximately four hours after the explosion) I reached home only to realize that my clothes were all stained with blood from my wound.

I believe that other than all the coincidences of the day, the prayers of my mother may have saved my life. My mother is a very spiritual person who believes in the power of prayer. On hearing the explosion some 10 kilometers away and the news that the embassy had been bombed, she began to pray for me.

I was so lucky to be united with my family within hours of the explosion. Had it not been for the prayers, I would definitely be writing this story differently. Two days after the bombing, I was back at work to salvage IT items from the bombed building that could be used to set up the temporary office.

My family's support was superb from that day until my last day working for the embassy on June 21, 2017, when I decided to use my special immigrant visa to emigrate to the United States. I am currently a proud resident of Austin, Texas.

Life immediately after the bombing was very frightful. Having to go to work where I almost lost my life was daunting. Adding to the misery was going to work in a temporary building, where a desk and a chair was your whole office. And seeing military police day in and day out was taking a toll on me.

However, with time off and reflection on what could have gone wrong, I always kept positive. But it was very hard to remove the memories of that dreadful Friday morning. There has never been a single Friday that I do not remember that day and thank the Almighty Lord for giving me another chance to live.

One major life-changing decision that helped me to return to normal life was my decision to get married. I tied the knot with one of the world's most amazing people, my wife, 13 months after the embassy bombing. My wife has been a great support during the ups and downs of daily life as I recovered from the bombing.

Given what I have learned, I would like to pass on the following advice for those who may become survivors and helpers in the future. As a former Scout, I believe in the motto "Be Prepared." The embassy bombing took me by surprise, but by being prepared for the worst-case scenario and taking my fire drills seriously, I was able to remember the emergency exit in a few seconds. I would always encourage you to take your fire drills and emergency preparedness seriously; it could save your life.

Though it has taken so many years to overcome as a survivor, I truly believe meditation and prayers can overcome the most difficult challenges.



DEPARTMENT OF STATE/ELIZABETH GILLIUI

The new American embassy in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, was completed in January 2003. The design and construction of the embassy incorporated the best safety technology available at the time to ensure the security of embassy personnel.

Carry Your Radio

Adam Messer
FS Family Member

I was at the office of my internet business in Dar es Salaam, about a mile from the embassy. Around 10:30 a.m., our building leaped. Had someone just slapped all the windows? I called my wife, USAID FSO Diana Putman, at her office; she, too, had felt it. But what was it? Moments later one of my staff lunged into my office: “Your embassy was bombed.” Grabbing my security radio, I pinched a car from a friend downstairs and bolted, waving my dip passport to get me past the police barricades restricting traffic.

Vehicles smoldered outside of the embassy, where the bomb had ripped off the front of an annex. Sticky with diesel fuel and blood, and sprinkled with an emerald layer of shredded leaves, the street was unusually bright. Late morning sun poured through mangled trees, their foliage gone. My first thought was that the management officer was probably dead; his third-floor office was ripped in half.

Embassy staff had started to make sense of the shattered compound, assessing and responding. Asked to locate the wounded CLO and the officer escorting her in search of medical care, I threaded my way through traffic to the main hospital.

Muhimbili Hospital was churning with people and wails of grief. I pushed through the crowds, located the hospital director and explained my mission. He had no idea where the Americans were—every surgical theater held casualties. “OK,” I asked, “can I gown and go in?” The director assented.

Surgeons were doing everything they could to save the Tanzanians under their care, but it was clear that they would dispense a lot more grief. A doctor exhibited a metal chunk he had extracted from a victim; it looked like the bottom of a compressed gas cylinder. He handed me the pound of evidence, still warm and bloody, in a thin plastic shopping bag.

I traversed the hospital complex until I bumped into the escorting officer. She guided me upstairs to the ophthalmology ward. The chief said that the CLO required immediate surgery to stabilize a wound to her eye. She was lucky—her thick plastic eyeglasses gave some protection against the concrete fragment that slammed into her face, and a deep gouge in one of the lenses proved it.

With surgery underway, I roamed the hospital, searching for more Americans. The Peace Corps nurse, Edith Mpangala, had arrived, and together we returned to triage and visited the registrar’s office. Among the victims, it appeared that the CLO was the only American citizen.

My family and I have never forgotten that the bombing affected a much wider circle than the embassy itself.

—*Sherry Zalika Sykes*

In the halls we encountered another American, Susan Hirsch. “I’m looking for my husband,” she explained. Susan was in the chancery cashing a check while her Kenyan husband waited outside. Edith and I both realized that this story was not going to have a happy ending; she stayed with Susan, and I returned to the ophthalmology department. The surgeon had stabilized the CLO’s eye. Now we had to medevac her.

The mobile phone network was unreliable; call completion rates plummeted as everyone tried to check on loved ones. Fortunately, the IPO had sprinted to activate the embassy’s backup radio network, so we had some comms. I began coordinating the hospital component of the medevac. Venturing to the parking lot for better radio reception, I saw Susan sitting on a low, crumbling concrete curb, cradling her head while calmly talking on her mobile phone. “Jamal amekufa bom.” She was explaining to her Mombasa family that the bomb had killed her husband, their son.

By late afternoon, the medevac team Land Rover rolled onto the hospital compound. We gently moved the CLO to the airport, where she had 10 minutes alone with her husband, the Marine Security Guard detachment commander, before boarding. Waiting for wheels up, we watched evening CNN reports of the bombing in the city where we lived and worked—*weird*.

On Saturday morning, at the emergency response meeting convened by the embassy, I volunteered to assist the FBI. Having started two businesses in Dar, I had a good head for how to get things done and lots of contacts. The first FBI agent flew in from Cairo, and we scurried to find lodging for the team of 50+ agents arriving the next day.

I ultimately took time off from my company to help the FBI get in gear, and was astonished months later to receive a thoughtful commendation from them.

It sounds banal, but the bombing showed how fragile life is. One forgets.

We remain vigilant, wary of flashy hotels and restaurants in foreign lands. Dar was a soft target, as are many other locales. I

flipped one morning in Nairobi, years after the bombing in Dar, when I saw a pickup truck delivering gas cylinders to the International School—the Dar bomb was engineered from shaved TNT stuffed into industrial gas cylinders.

No matter how pissed off we may be with each other, my wife and I try to remind ourselves daily how much we love each other. Mostly we succeed.

My advice? Carry your radio. Without comms, medevacing a wounded colleague would have been tough. Mobile phone networks saturate in emergencies, or get destroyed. Though having a radio slung on my ass scales somewhere between silly and pretentious, when bad things happen I’ll be the smartest guy in the room. And maybe save someone else.

Learning from Experience

Sherry Zalika Sykes

USAID/Tanzania Private Sector Development Team Lead
(locally hired American)

The morning of Aug. 7, 1998, began like any other day, but would end with immense sadness and a lesson about our multitiered community. I was in my office at USAID, packing my briefcase for a meeting that I was due to attend at the embassy, when I felt and heard a blast and could see a large plume of smoke from my office window. I immediately thought that something I had feared would happen had occurred: someone smoking near the embassy’s gas tanks had ignited them.

Someone shouted through my door to turn on my radio. Over the airwaves, I heard an announcement that American installations were under attack in Nairobi, Dar es Salaam and possibly other locations in East Africa. My immediate thought was that I needed to get my daughters from their high school that was located directly across the Selander Bridge from the embassy—just hundreds of meters away. They were the only American children in their Islamic school. My daughters were broadly welcomed; however, there still existed an element that resented their presence. Due to the tenor of the radio broadcasts, I feared for their safety at school.

Several bloodied and injured Americans appeared in the USAID offices, and “all Americans” were called into our largest conference room. At the door of the conference room, another locally engaged American colleague and I were told, “Not you.” You see, I was not an FSN. I was not a direct-hire officer; I was a locally engaged American employee. The meeting, I was told, was meant only for direct-hire and American U.S. Personal Services Contractors (Americans on contract sent by Washington to post), so I waited outside with other locally engaged staff. It mattered not

that I had already passed the Foreign Service Officer's Test and one week later was due to take the oral exam. It did not matter that I was the lead for the USAID Private Sector Development team. It stung, but I understood.

I waited, and when the direct-hire personnel emerged, I was told that all "Americans" would be going via convoy to the alternate command center on the other side of the bridge beyond the now-destroyed embassy. I sought to join that convoy to get to my children because, at that time, it was the only direct route from the USAID building. Due to my hiring status, I was denied participation in that convoy.

I was extremely angry. This, I did not understand. I thought, "Why are the lives of my American children any less precious than the lives of the children of direct hires—who would be accounted for in the crisis?!" I had to fight my way past police blockades (using my accent, language skills and family name) to get to my children, and then across the otherwise closed bridge, past the embassy carnage and then home—all without security assistance.

Over the next six days, I learned with great sadness from the news reports that a female security guard I had become friendly with had died, but I never received notice of that from the embassy or USAID. I understood that everyone was in crisis mode, and my anger subsided as I prepared to leave for the United States. I arrived in Chicago and took the oral exam exactly one week after the bombing. To my absolute delight, I passed the exams to join the Foreign Service! But the bombing had changed me. I made the decision that rather than join as an economic officer as I had previously determined, I would join as a management officer. I felt that my experience during that crisis gave me a perspective on caring for all employees, on the value of security and on preparedness.

My family and I have never forgotten that the bombing affected a much wider circle than the embassy itself. At my daughters' school, all things made of glass exploded—lab equipment, computer monitors, the few windows that existed, etc. While no one was badly injured, everyone was traumatized. Children were still moaning and crying when I arrived. Our family was aware of the effects of the bombing on all parties and felt that the U.S. direct-hire officers were unaware of the trauma experienced by other families. And the lack of communication left the impression that they didn't care.

My daughters witnessed how their mother was excluded from information and from support in the aftermath. Now both of my daughters are professionals in the international health sector. Like me, they learned from the bombing to pay particular

attention to how policies and practices impact all staff—local and expatriate alike.

After a long and arduous clearance process, my family and I joined the 95th A-100 class. We have taken pride in being a part of a government service that learns from our experiences, making policy and culture changes along the way to improve our crisis response.

Take Time to Reflect and Breathe

Vella G. Mbenna

Support Communications Officer

I was at my desk in the Communications Center. I was expecting a call, but thought I could run a few errands before my operator processed the call and before the new American colleague I needed to train returned. However, just seconds after exiting the office, I thought I heard a phone ringing, so I returned to my desk. It was indeed the call I was expecting from South Africa. Less than a minute into the conversation, I heard a blast and saw the wall come toward me. My chair, with me in it, was blown across the floor, slamming into a rack of communication equipment. I was knocked out.

When I came to, I heard the alarm wailing: "Please evacuate the building, this is not a drill." Instead of evacuating, I immediately went to check on my colleagues and to send a message on the telegraphic equipment to Washington, asking them to stop transmitting telegrams to post because something bad had just happened. I then sanitized the Communications Center as much as I could before heading out to see what had happened.

The Aug. 7 bombings continue to affect me, my family and my colleagues in many ways.

Sometimes when I am in a crowd, I become nervous and feel the need to leave, sometimes abruptly. I often decline to attend work and personal events because I fear being in a crowd. I have a compulsion to always say goodbye to family and friends, never taking it for granted that I will return.

Because I forgot for days to call the boarding school where my son (and niece) were to let them know I was fine, I carry a heavy burden: my son still feels that I did not care about what he was experiencing not knowing if I was dead or alive. I became burnt out early in my career because I worked extremely long hours, even as a high-level manager, ensuring and double-checking on a daily basis that the embassy was communications-ready in the event something like the bombing happened again.

What helped? Being alone a lot. Thinking of the good I did that day for my Tanzanian colleagues, my American colleagues

and my country. Talking about it with anyone who cared to listen. Writing about what happened and how I felt. Returning to the old embassy site year after year on the anniversary of the bombing. Keeping in touch with Foreign Service Nationals from the embassy and letting them know how thankful and grateful I was then and still am for them.

Being kind to everyone I meet, no matter how different they are from me, has also helped. So has praying a lot and becoming stronger in my faith. Being protective and worried about my son (at the expense of pushing him further away from me), and now my grandkids, helps too.

For survivors: Do not ask “Why me?” Just be thankful. Don’t try to forget—let it play out in words and any other expressive manner. Call home to family and friends in the States at the first opportunity. Talk to others; give lots of hugs to other survivors. If you are hurt, ask to leave. You may do further harm to yourself by staying. Do not try to be a superhero and put yourself in danger or work until you drop. Take time to reflect and breathe. Pitch in and help, even if you are not an expert in that area. You would be amazed at what you can do to help in a stressful situation.

For helpers: Do not come with an “I am here to take over or save the day” attitude. Let those still on the ground be a part of helping. Listen to survivors and do not give unsolicited advice. Never criticize or remark on how a survivor is coping unless it is a medical condition—and then you should tell a medical professional in private. Be patient and understanding.

Thunder on a Clear Day

Evitta F. Kwimbere

Administrative Section (FSN)

I woke up early in the morning saying “Thank God it’s Friday,” took my breakfast, made sure the kids were okay, kissed them goodbye and left for work. It was a bright, sunny day. I had felt an uneasiness that week, but I ignored the feeling. I recall telling my daughter the previous night, “I don’t know, but I really don’t feel like going to work this week.” And she said, “Well, you could always take a day off.”

Once I got to work, I prepared my to-do list for the day. I noticed that several American employees’ passports required an extension of re-entry and exemption permits, and I made that a priority. After collecting the diplomatic notes and required signatures, I prepared my envelopes for a motor pool driver to dispatch to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and International Cooperation. I delivered the envelopes with the register book to the dispatcher on the ground floor for drop off at the ministry.

On my way back to the office, I remembered that I had booked an international call with the switchboard. I had to rush not to miss the call, passing near the gate (where the bomb went off). I stopped at the strong door on the first floor, waiting for the Marine Security Guard to open it. I heard a big blast, and the strong door hit me on my left side. I hit the floor so hard I fainted.

When I came to, it took me a few seconds to figure out what exactly had happened and where I was. My colleague, Tina—she was then eight months pregnant—helped me to stand up and informed me that there had been a bomb blast. I was too dazed, but I just followed everyone to the safe zone as directed. I smelled blood and felt blood dripping from my face. My batik jumpsuit had spots of blood all over. I realized I had big cuts on my face, on my head and on my left arm. My chest was heavy, and it was painful to breathe in and out.

When we reached the safe place, we heard another blast outside of the compound. My colleague Tibruss told me, “No, this is not a place to stay, let’s get out of this place.” He found a ladder lying in the grass, put it against the wall and helped me to climb the ladder, pushing me from the back with the help of another colleague, Michael. I had severe pain in my ribs on my left side, which prevented me from bending or moving fast. Finally, I jumped from the ladder outside the wall of the compound. A good Samaritan stopped and drove us straight to Muhimbili National Hospital.

At the hospital, it was mayhem. They, too, heard the blast—in fact, I was told later that it was heard at quite a distance from the area. My husband later told me he thought someone had banged at his office window, and his office was several kilometers away. My daughter at home said she was surprised to hear thunder on such a clear day.

I was received at reception and they laid me on a bed. I felt the pain in my chest and left side worsen.

My husband and other family members were searching for me from one hospital to another. My brother-in-law found me at Muhimbili in the afternoon and informed my husband and the rest of the family. I faintly remember seeing my husband and children in the hospital, with shock-stricken faces. To be honest, I thought I was going to die, and my heart ached when I saw them and remembered my youngest, who was then 3.

That same night I was transferred to the private ward, which specialized in orthopedics, to have X-rays and other check-ups. The medical report showed that I had multiple broken ribs—six, all in the left hemithorax; lung contusion; moderate head injury; left shoulder joint sprain and multiple cuts on my face,

forearm and arm. I was admitted for a little over two weeks. I was in a wheelchair during the first two weeks and in bed for two months.

My husband and daughter came to the hospital every day to bring me homemade food. My husband left my daughter to give me company and came to fetch her at night; the hospital, for some reason, allowed her to stay during non-visiting hours. I remember she used to help the nurses give me a cloth bath. The staff were very empathetic and nice to me, as well.

A lot of people visited me at the hospital. My colleagues, including Foreign Service officers, government officials, church leaders and even people from the street whom I didn't know, all came to give me their well wishes.

In Tanzania it was the first time a terrorist attack involved a bomb of that scale. Everyone had a different story about that day. My colleague Valerie told me that I was very lucky I was not at my desk, because the wall behind my desk fell right on it, and I probably would not have survived.

I felt extremely lucky to have survived that day. In fact, a

whole series of events saved me, starting with the timing—from the Marine's delay in opening that door, and the bomb blasting near the gate after I passed, to running for the distant phone call. Had I not been rushing, I would not be writing this note. I thank the Heavens to this day.

My heart goes out to those who lost their family members, five guards who lost their lives protecting us, two truck drivers, one cleaner, one gardener and two other public visitors. Nothing can replace a life; it is too precious, priceless.

Ten days after the attack Secretary of State Madeleine Albright visited Dar es Salaam to meet all the injured victims at the hospital. I was pleasantly surprised—this made me feel that the American government valued its employees regardless of their locality. To this day, I respect the American government for its utmost support and care.

I have valued life more from that day. I appreciate the value of having a family and friends and never take them for granted.

To those who lost loved ones in this event or any other terrorist attack, my prayers are with you. ■

CALLING ALL FS AUTHORS!

In November *The Foreign Service Journal* will celebrate the wealth of literary talent within the Foreign Service community with its annual "In Their Own Write" edition. Genres include history, biography, memoirs, issues and policy, fiction and other topics.

Foreign Service-affiliated authors whose books have been published in 2017 or 2018 are invited to send us a copy of the book, along with a press release or background on it.

Deadline for submissions is Sept. 5.

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A Day of Terror

From the *FSJ* Archive

Preventing More Needless Deaths

At Washington area Metro stations, they now play an airport-style announcement asking passengers not to leave bags or parcels unattended, due to “recent international incidents.” It is another striking example of how events abroad affect the daily lives of Americans at home. In the Foreign Service, our mission is to shape and manage those events. We cannot achieve our mission unless we can work in safety.

In the aftermath of the tragic embassy bombings in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam, AFSA has been working to bring this message to the administration, the Congress and the American people. Our central theme is: Never Again. Many of us remember how much more attention we gave security issues following the 1983 embassy bombings in Beirut. Those murders taught us that you lose the struggle for peace if you can’t protect your diplomatic troops.

As memories of Beirut faded, interest in security waned. So did funding. ...As this issue of the *Foreign Service Journal* goes to press, we are awaiting the administration’s funding request.

AFSA has one final message on impending security upgrades: focus on people. We need to invest in human capital also. That means providing adequate training for our employees so that they are better prepared to deal with security matters.

—Dan Geisler, AFSA president, from “President’s Views,” *FSJ*, October 1998.

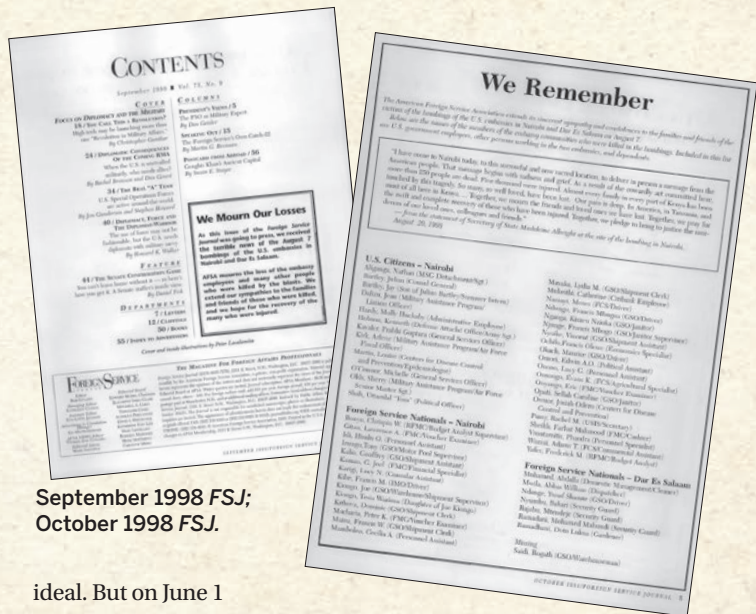
Who’s Responsible for Embassy Security?

In the wake of the embassy bombings in East Africa Aug. 7, many journalists have been asking why those buildings, especially the Nairobi embassy, were so vulnerable.

CNN revealed Aug. 13 that U.S. Ambassador to Kenya Prudence Bushnell had warned the State Department in cables sent in December 1997 and April or May 1998 that embassy security in Nairobi needed to be upgraded.

One of Bushnell’s cables said, “The location is problematic, always has been. It’s in one of the busiest streets in Nairobi, the intersection of two major streets.” In December [1997] Bushnell told Washington she needed a new embassy.

CNN reports that a team from Diplomatic Security visited the Nairobi embassy last year and agreed its location was far from



September 1998 *FSJ*;
October 1998 *FSJ*.

ideal. But on June 1 [1998], Bushnell got a written reply from Under Secretary for Management Bonnie Cohen.

CNN reports that Cohen wrote, “In light of the current threat level and comparative recent construction of the building, a new building was ranked low in relative priority to the needs of other embassies.”

—From *Clippings*, *FSJ*, October 1998.

Through Terrorists’ Eyes

On Friday, Aug. 7, President Clinton vowed to hunt down those responsible for the bombings of our embassies in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. “No matter what or how long it takes,” he said. But can we Americans—and especially the relatives of those who died in the attacks—hope that this time we will respond more effectively than before?

We should use our imagination. Put ourselves in the shoes of those who want to hurt and humiliate us. In Beirut and al-Khobar, the threats and dangers were visibly present. Our viewers, however, were unable really to see them. So it’s not just more information that we need, but rather the ability to look at it afresh, to place our data in a new series of relationships, to undergo a transposition of the mind. And I wonder: might it even be especially difficult for our carefully screened diplomatic and security professionals to apprehend, really to imagine, threats from sources so weird, so distant from their intellectual and social coordinates?

—Hume Horan, retired ambassador, Washington, D.C., from his letter to the Editor, *FSJ*, October 1998.

USAID and Terrorism

The Nairobi and Dar es Salaam attacks have taken their terrible human toll. Programs and actions are proposed by all—State Department, FBI, White House, Congress.

Still, it seems like the cowardly and inhuman attackers have stripped common sense from those who should have learned from similar terrible tragedies of the past. Reportedly, the embassy in Cairo is closing the separate USAID office and moving it into the embassy. This will result in improved security? For whom?

The very nature of USAID's work (as well as some embassy tasks) cannot be conducted from a secure fortress and to attempt to do so will hobble the agency.

The ambassador and the embassy are the symbols of our nation overseas and need to be protected. But don't, in the name of security, subject all official Americans to the same constraints and restrictions. We all recognize that some risks and insecurity are a necessary part of a foreign affairs career.

—Arthur M. Handly, retired FSO, USAID, Port Kent, N.Y.,
from his Letter to the Editor, FSJ, October 1998.

Going Home

As the flag-draped caskets of the American staff killed in the embassy bombings in Africa were carried from the Air Force plane, a military band played the "Going Home" theme by Dvorak. The music seemed especially appropriate since these colleagues were going home for the last time. Along with hundreds of others, I had come not only to mourn, but also to show how proud I was of those colleagues who had given their lives for our country.

While standing in that crowd, I thought how little those watching this event on television knew about what we in the Foreign Service do. Our work is little understood and therefore distrusted by both political parties, each of which sees us in league with the other. Yet both parties will agree that we are responsible for every perceived foreign policy blunder. We are an easy target because we have no broad American constituency.

There is AFSA, and there are our families and friends to speak up for us. As retired FSO David T. Jones wrote in a letter printed on the editorial page of the *Washington Post* on Aug. 15, 1998: "It is bitterly amusing that the only time Foreign Service personnel are noticed by the American public and Congress is when we are murdered or held hostage."

—Riley Sever, USIA vice president,
from his AFSA News column, FSJ, October 1998.

A Grateful Nation Mourns Its Dead

On Thursday, Aug. 13, President [Bill] Clinton led over a thousand mourners—members of the Cabinet, the Congress, the diplomatic community and the armed forces; friends and colleagues from America's foreign affairs agencies; and family members—in a tearful tribute to the 12 American victims of the

terrorist bombings in Kenya and Tanzania.

President Clinton and Secretary [Madeleine] Albright also honored the Foreign Service National employees who perished protecting American interests in Kenya and Tanzania, as well as private citizens of both countries who were killed.

After the ceremony, William Harrop, an AFSA board member and a former U.S. ambassador to Kenya, stated that everyone there, whether they were part of the foreign affairs agencies or not, felt a loss. He noted that more people now understand that diplomacy is a high-risk profession.

The Department of State sent a cable to all diplomatic and consular posts requesting donations to support our Foreign Service Nationals (FSNs) who suffered in the bombings. FSNs are an essential part of our foreign policy team, often risking their personal safety to promote America overseas. Many of those FSNs who died were the sole supporters of large extended families.

These families do not have the survivor benefits available to American victims. Contributions qualify as a charitable deduction for federal income tax purposes.

—Frank Miller, USAID vice president,
from his AFSA News column, FSJ, October 1998.

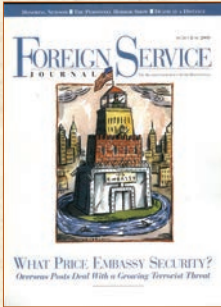
Protecting Americans Overseas

After the bombings, the Secretary of State convened an Accountability Review Board to investigate the bombings and make recommendations for improving essential security for overseas missions. Chaired by former Ambassador and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Adm. William J. Crowe, the ARB reported a "failure by several administrations and Congresses over the past decade to invest adequate efforts and resources to reduce the vulnerability of U.S. diplomatic missions around the world to terrorist attacks." It stated the United States must spend \$1.4 billion per year for the next 10 years to upgrade facilities and training.

The ARB made clear in its report that the security situation is getting worse, not better: "The emergence of sophisticated and global terrorist networks aimed at U.S. interests abroad have dramatically changed the threat environment. In addition, terrorists may in the future use new methods of attack of even greater destructive capacity, including biological or chemical weapons."

The administration should commit itself now to meeting Adm. Crowe's recommendations, and the Congress should support it.

—Marshall P. Adair, AFSA president,
from "President's Views," FSJ, November 1999.



Eyewitness to Terror: Nairobi's Day of Infamy

The rough outline of what happened is easy to relate, but how can one render the texture of the events? All

those who lived through the bombing own their own piece of the hell that called on us that day—a compound of the specific sights, sounds and smells each of us had seared into our memories, and of the emotions they stirred.

With the first rescue operations set in place, I walked to the rear of the building where the bomb had gone off to assess the damage there. It was a scene Dante might have conjured for his *Inferno*. The whole back side of the chancery was rubble. In the back parking lot the wrecks of several vehicles were ablaze. Charred corpses, black and shriveled, their hands outstretched in what looked like a last, futile supplication to ward off their demise, were strewn about. Hundreds of survivors were struggling out of the towering Cooperative Bank building behind the chancery. All that was left of a smaller building that flanked it was a heap of concrete slabs. One man staggered by silently, the left side of his face ripped away, strips of flesh hanging from his bones. ...

How does it appear to me today? Muted pain lingers on. You carry on, absorbed by the kaleidoscope of daily life, but part of you cannot forget. The memories force themselves upon you when they choose.

It would be untrue, however, to claim that my memory of August 7, 1998, is entirely a shade of black. Tinged with the sorrow is pride, as I recall the extraordinary spirit our mission members, Kenyans and Americans alike, few of whom had any preparation for such a disaster, displayed in the face of danger and death. The examples are almost innumerable. Who can forget the teams of volunteers who went repeatedly back into the blasted building, by then a death trap, filled with blinding and, we feared, poisonous smoke, littered with live wires, with gaping holes where elevator shafts once were? Ignoring the danger that the wrecked chancery might collapse, they worked tirelessly to remove the wounded and the dead.

—Lucien Vandembroucke, political counselor and acting DCM in Nairobi on Aug. 7, 1998, from his article by the same title in the “Focus on Embassy Security,” FSJ, June 2000.

Tribute

Names can fade over time for tomorrow brings new victims and villains.

Yet we will never forget the impact made through your service.

The tears of a shocked nation shed in honor to you—

Our precious sacrifice to a cowardly aggressor.

May God embrace you as you return home with the prayers of a grateful nation.

—Daniel Fowler, AFSA associate member, Old Orchard Beach, Maine, from FSJ, October 1998.

Memorial to East Africa Bombing Victims

A headstone-sized memorial now stands at Arlington National Cemetery in honor of the 221 Americans, Kenyans and Tanzanians who were killed in the August 7, 1998, embassy bombings in Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, the chargés from the embassies of Kenya and Tanzania, and some 100 others, including representatives of all the federal agencies that lost employees or family members, participated in the May 19 dedication at Arlington. John Naland, AFSA State vice president, and Frank Miller, AFSA USAID

vice president, also attended the ceremony.

—From AFSA News, FSJ, September 2000.

Horror and Heroism

Lucien Vandembroucke's account of the Nairobi terrorist bombing (FSJ, June 2000) accurately described the horror and heroism of “Black Friday.”

We, the survivors, are doomed to relive Aug. 7 every day of our lives. Let's not let the bombings suffer from the same “old news” syndrome that prevented us from fully implementing the Inman proposals in the 1980s. I suggest that future discussions on security and openness include at least one survivor from a major bombing as a reality check.

I am also proud to be a member of the Foreign Service community, which reflects the ideals of America overseas. On Aug. 7, 1998, Ambassador Prudence Bushnell offered immediate evacuation to any direct-hire American employee in Nairobi. No one departed.

—W. Lee Reed, security engineering officer, Nairobi Search and Rescue Team leader, Embassy Pretoria, from his Letter to the Editor, “Eyewitness to Terror,” FSJ, November 2000.

Crisis Response, the Human Factor

In the period since the Aug. 7, 1998, embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania, much has been written about security at U.S. embassies and consulates. There is one element, however, that seems to be underestimated in many of the discussions of improvements in crisis manage-



ment and embassy security: their fundamental link to personnel recruitment and retention.

Foreign Service personnel frequently talk about the need to recruit the best and the brightest from a diverse group of Americans, and there have been numerous efforts over the years to improve the hiring process (making the written examination a better test of skills actually used on the job, shortening the lengthy hiring process, etc.) in order to win the war for talent. There is no simple solution, but our experience in Dar es Salaam shows how much having the right team in place matters.

The foreign affairs agencies can spend lots of time debating foreign policy, formulating mission performance plans and drafting emergency action plans. But perhaps the single most underrated function within those agencies, from which all else follows, is to recruit and retain the very best people available. When a crisis occurs, we cannot manage with anything less.

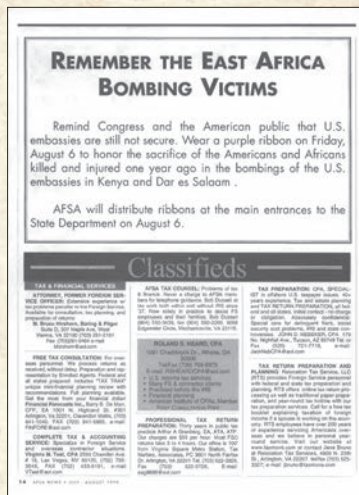
—John E. Lange, *chargé d'affaires at Embassy Dar es Salaam on Aug. 7, 1998, from his Speaking Out column on the same title, FSJ, March 2001.*

Reflecting on the Unthinkable

In 1998, it was a scene of implausible devastation. Today, it is a place for quiet contemplation. But at its dedication on the third anniversary of a terrorist bomb that killed 219 [sic] people and injured more than 5,000, the August 7 Memorial Park—on the former site of the U.S. embassy in Nairobi, Kenya—was the focus of both reflection and frustration.

Thousands gathered to remember the 207 [sic] Kenyans and 12 Americans who died in the bombing, for which four followers of Islamic militant Osama bin Laden were extradited to New York and convicted. The official dedication ceremony, led by Kenya's president, Daniel arap Moi, went off without a problem, but when Moi and his entourage left, the crowd—too large to be accommodated within the park—surged forward against the fences, temporarily trapping U.S. Ambassador Johnnie Carson. Carson was pulled to safety as the crowd trampled over the security barriers.

Moi was joined at the ceremony by Prudence Bushnell, who was U.S. ambassador to Kenya at the time of the bombings and is currently ambassador to Guatemala. He said that the bombing demonstrated “in a most crude and violent manner” that peace is a fragile entity that should not be taken for granted. For her part, Bushnell acknowledged the frustrations that still exist: “I want to



July-August 1999 AFSA News.

say to you again, as a fellow human being, *pole sana*—Swahili for “very sorry.”

The U.S. government has provided more than \$42 million in indirect aid—primarily school fees and medical care—to victims and their families. The aid is soon to end, though, and that angers Kenyans who feel that Washington should take responsibility for the attack. “We suffered because of America,” one man who lost an eye in the blast told *The New York Times*.

—From Clippings, FSJ, October 2001

On Mary Ryan’s Role after the 1998 Embassy Bombings

It is with great fondness that I read Edward Alden’s article, “Remembering Mary Ryan,” in your June issue. I felt, however, that it did not do full justice to this incredible public servant. So I would like to offer an additional perspective on Ambassador Ryan’s response to the 9/11 attacks, as well as her role following the August 1998 embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania.

Though Alden’s article makes a passing mention of the 1998 bombings, it does not show the true impact this dreadful moment had on our Foreign Service and our institutional family, including Amb. Ryan.

In the immediate aftermath of the bombings, Amb. Ryan, then assistant secretary for consular affairs, flew to Nairobi, put on a hard hat and climbed through the rubble, asking for the name and background of each victim, American and Kenyan alike. She carried these moments with her to the day of her passing—whether working nonstop in the aftermath to improve the security of our embassies worldwide; demanding a more compassionate outreach to the department’s most valuable assets, its employees; or testifying to Congress on the need for more information sharing within our own government.

I was the financial management center director for Embassy Nairobi at the time of the bombings, and I lost nine of my staff on that dreadful day. Mary Ryan did not know me before that ordeal, but she put her arm around me, literally and figuratively, to help me cope with this life-changing tragedy. She showed similar concern for my colleagues, including Foreign Service National employees. And she worked tirelessly to prevent another attack. So when 9/11 occurred, she was enraged.

—Michelle L. Stefanick, *Foreign Policy Adviser, Marine Forces Europe and Africa, Stuttgart, Germany, from her Letter to the Editor, “For the (Congressional) Record,” FSJ, October 2010.*

USAID in Afghanistan: What Have We Learned?

A retired Senior FSO presents lessons from the largest USAID program since Vietnam, a 17-year engagement that has pushed the agency's capacity to the hilt.

BY WILLIAM HAMMINK

It was November 2013. Our chopper, carrying U.S. National Security Adviser Susan Rice, flew low and fast over the rooftops of Kabul on our way to the American University of Afghanistan. Launched with a grant from the U.S. Agency for International Development in 2005, AUAF opened its doors to students in 2006. A private, accredited Afghan institution, the university is still dependent on USAID and State funding. Rice spent several hours there hearing from Afghan students, especially young women, about their hopes and plans, both for themselves and their families, and for Afghanistan.

Less than three years later, in August 2016, the university was under siege. Two expatriate professors, one American and one Australian, were seized by the Haqqani network, an insurgent Afghan guerrilla group currently based in Pakistan; days later, terrorists attacked the university with a car bomb and gunmen, killing 17—including seven students—and injuring more than 50. The university closed, temporarily. The professors are still, as of this writing, being held hostage. However, in March 2017



William Hammink is a recently retired Career Minister in the Senior Foreign Service who has 36 years of experience working with USAID, including as mission director in Afghanistan, India, Sudan and Ethiopia, and assistant to the administrator for Afghanistan and Pakistan. This article is based on a lengthy study by the author, "USAID in Afghanistan: Challenges and Successes," published by the U.S. Institute for Peace in December 2017 and available at bit.ly/USAIDAfghanistanLessons.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF WILLIAM HAMMINK



A plaque commemorating the opening of a new girls' high school in Kabul, and students at the dedication ceremony.



AUAF reopened and now has more than 2,000 students, some 50 percent women. Eleven percent of graduates become Fulbright scholars, the highest percentage in the world.

AUAF is typical of the projects and programs launched by USAID in Afghanistan since 2001. Is it a development success story preparing leaders for Afghanistan's future, or mainly an unsustainable terrorist target? As a forceful example of the difficulties faced by donors and the Afghan government, what do such projects tell us about trying to carry out sustainable development in a war zone?

One of the Largest USAID Missions in the World

Since returning to Afghanistan in 2001, the U.S. Agency for International Development has been tasked to do many things: bring peace and stability to areas still in, or recovering from, conflict; repair institutions and infrastructure and establish function-

ing government services; and build for the long term. Some have called it stability operations; others, nation-building. Whatever it is called, it has been the most extensive USAID program since Vietnam—and an effort that has pushed the agency well beyond its traditional boundaries and operational capacity. It remains today, after 17 years, one of the largest USAID missions in the world, in terms of both budget and staffing.

The challenges of trying to do long-term development programs and build government institutions and capacity while also helping to stabilize an insecure and fragile environment are varied and complex. How best to integrate programs to meet urgent political and security objectives with long-term development goals within a framework of ever-changing strategic priorities? How best to carry out critical but sometimes conflicting political, security and development operations

The political demands on USAID were so high that the agency shifted an increasing part of its development effort into short-term, quick-response, quick-impact programs in conflict areas.

and planning in a whole-of-government effort that coordinates agencies including active military? And then there are questions of money. Just how much can money buy; how to account for it; and how much oversight is enough?

It is not that we haven't studied these questions. Numerous studies have sought to capture the lessons learned from the Afghanistan experience, and the learning process is far from over. USAID's work in Afghanistan continues: so does the learning. This article summarizes a few thoughts based on more than three years of involvement, first as mission director in Kabul and later as head of USAID's Office of Afghanistan and Pakistan Affairs.

I have seen firsthand that money is not enough; enduring development results will always be difficult to achieve in an active war zone. Progress is complicated by the continuing lack of security, the fragility of government institutions and a lack of agreement—between the government and its supporters, donors and their constituents—on what can be achieved and in what period of time. And it is my experience that whether it concerns the broader interagency, a four-star general or the White House Special Representative, USAID needs to be clear about realistic timelines, sustainability issues and risks. Expectations must be kept reasonable, especially in complex environments.

The Issue of Expectations

The expectations for what USAID, a relatively small agency, could do to support the Department of Defense and State Department's work in a high-conflict region were unrealistic in terms of what might be achieved, the available time and the resources required. In 2002 Afghanistan was just starting to rebuild from scratch after decades of civil war, poor or nonexistent infrastructure, a lost generation, millions of refugees, extremely low literacy and limited government.

The George W. Bush administration asked USAID to design

and implement hundreds of millions of dollars of stabilization programs in direct support of U.S. troops in key terrain districts. This required surging its staff quickly from 100 to 400 American development personnel, who would be posted to provincial reconstruction teams (PRTs) across Afghanistan. USAID then had to push its programs directly through nascent government systems, in essence making a government known for its corruption responsible for up to 50 percent of a multibillion-dollar program. In short, USAID was asked to undertake a range of work it would normally *not* undertake—all on an urgent basis and with

extraordinary scrutiny from several U.S. government inspectors general and from Congress.

Despite the unrealistic nature of the demands, much has been accomplished. Millions of Afghan children, including millions of young Afghan girls, are in school today. Primary health care has expanded across the country, significantly reducing maternal and under-5 mortality. Life expectancy jumped from 41 years in 2001 to more than 61 years by 2011. Highways, secondary roads, irrigation systems, schools and clinics now exist in much of the country. Electricity now reaches almost 33 percent of the population, up from around 5 percent in 2001. The country's media are active and vibrant. Last and scarcely least, a functioning government has carried out five elections.

Development takes time. At USAID, we had to constantly remind ourselves that our work has always been more a marathon than a sprint—and not always consistent, unfortunately, with the timelines of our DOD and State colleagues.

The Cost of Surges

Rapid changes in commitment, in terms of budget and staffing, carry costs. In December 2009 President Barack Obama announced a major increase of U.S. troops and civilian employees in Afghanistan. Although the military surge may have had some success, the civilian surge accompanying it was problematic.

USAID was asked to play a major role in the civilian surge by rapidly placing American development and stabilization experts on PRTs, on district support teams and in the regional commands around the country. Because USAID simply did not have enough direct-hire career staff to fill the requirement, the agency had to recruit large numbers of non-U.S. government and development experts quickly from outside of USAID. Because of the urgency of getting civilians into the field, there was no time to adequately train these new employees; many lacked knowledge of USAID and its systems or experience in government. They were generally



PHOTOS COURTESY OF WILLIAM HAMMINK

Author William Hammink, left, at a meeting with Afghanistan's Minister of Agriculture Asadullah Zameer in 2015. Below, a cold storage facility funded by USAID is filled with Afghan fruit bound for export.



unable to play the role they could have played with more time and training.

The surge was massive, and it was short-term. By 2011 USAID had 323 direct-hire Americans in Afghanistan, just above 20 percent of the agency's staff worldwide. But it was only temporary. Even as the surge in the field peaked, the Obama administration decided to begin quickly decreasing the number of civilian staff, especially outside Kabul. The timetable for the military-led closures outside of Kabul dictated a steep withdrawal of USAID and other civilian U.S. government agency personnel. By the end of September 2013, the number of USAID direct-hire Americans had fallen to 217. The decrease continued, and two years later the count was approximately 100—all in Kabul.

Given its whiplash nature, with the pullout of the surged civilians almost as fast as the buildup, it is hard to see any enduring benefits from the civilian surge.

The expectations for what USAID, a relatively small agency, could do to support Department of Defense and State Department work in a high-conflict region were unrealistic.

Stabilization and Counterinsurgency: Necessary but Not Sufficient

Stabilization programs are necessary but not sufficient to help communities recover from conflicts. They need to link closely to diplomatic and security efforts to build and maintain peace, to increase citizen and community support for the government and decrease support for insurgents. To work, they need a reasonably secure environment; but they do not have the power to impose security themselves. Despite measurable and meaningful successes in education, health, energy—and even governance—the idea that USAID projects could stabilize a district or counteract armed insurgency has proved aspirational.

Although USAID's first stabilization program in Afghanistan was launched in 2002 (and managed by the agency's Office of Transition Initiatives), the 2009 military and civilian surge, with its focus on counterinsurgency, led to a significant expansion of stabilization programming. The agency funded stabilization programs to support the U.S. military's "clear, hold and build" approach to counterinsurgency in areas designated key terrain districts. The political demands on USAID were so high that the agency shifted an increasing part of its development effort into short-term, quick-response, quick-impact programs in conflict areas.

Four examples stand out: the multi-hundred-million-dollar **Stabilization in Key Areas** programs, the **Afghanistan Vouchers to Increase Production** program, the **Afghanistan Social Outreach** program and the **Strategic Provincial Roads Southern and Eastern Afghanistan** program. The final reports and audits of these programs were not encouraging. A 2015 Center for American Progress study of the U.S. civilian surge reported that many short-term gains were temporary; that the building of Afghan government functions was unsystematic; and that USAID and other U.S. government civilians in the field were often used to support military tactical efforts rather than to produce strategic shifts in governance or development

policy or programs.

A 2016 USAID-funded quantitative assessment on the impact of stabilization programming in Afghanistan found that stabilization programs generally had only a modest impact on violent conflict and other key outcome measures, and that smaller projects were better targeted and less likely to fuel instability and corruption ("Aid and Stabilization in Afghanistan: What Do the Data Say?" USIP, 2017).

The Risks of Going On-Budget

Pushing to deliver assistance through the host government before it is ready carries risks. At the 2010 London Conference for donors aiding Afghanistan, the United States made a political commitment to work toward providing half of all its development assistance on-budget—meaning through Afghan government systems. The intent was to increase the Afghan government's capacity to carry out its own development programs, decrease the costs of such programs for donors and emphasize local solutions to local problems. These are all worthy objectives. However, this occurred at a time when corruption was rife—in 2013 Afghanistan was tied for last place on Transparency International's Corruption Perception Index.

USAID Afghanistan had an annual budget of more than \$1 billion at the time. To move half of these funds, on top of the on-budget multidonor trust funds, through government-to-government programs was not only a major challenge institutionally and operationally; it was also very risky. USAID staff in Kabul worked within the agency's internal accountability rules on host-government financing, negotiating an agreement with the Afghan Ministry of Finance to establish strict safeguards for government-to-government programs.

USAID put in place several on-budget programs, including in health, education, mines and petroleum, as well as for the national electrical utility and the civil service commission. Expenditures were tracked extremely closely; entire teams in USAID were assigned to oversee each program. Systems were put in place to ensure accountability.

Because the programs were labor-intensive and required constant direct support and oversight, USAID and the government looked for additional approaches. In early 2015, USAID and the Afghan government came up with a better way, an incentive program called the New Development Partnership. The NDP made a substantial part of USAID's budget available to support the government's key actions and reforms that showed clear

results. Through September 2017, the Afghanistan government had earned \$330 million from 17 NDP programs promoting fiscal accountability, good governance and poverty alleviation. The approach has the benefit of increasing government ownership of its own reform agenda and rewarding development successes without the risks of funding government agencies directly.

Strengthening Government Institutions

One overriding objective of the international community in Afghanistan was to help build a sustainable, legitimate and representative government. This would be no small feat after almost three decades of civil war. In late 2001, Afghanistan labored under weak or nonexistent state institutions and a lack of trained civil servants. Significant support was needed to build or rebuild state institutions; to establish rules, systems and procedures; and to train Afghans at all levels to carry out essential governmental functions.

Initially, donors, including USAID, had limited success in helping the Afghans build a skilled civil service workforce because the central government lacked the political will to address issues of patronage and corruption, to introduce reforms or set up a process for hiring employees based on qualifications. Today the political will exists, but donors need to do their part by harmonizing salaries, ensuring that remaining Afghan technical expert contractors are accountable to ministries and using clear metrics for judging performance.

Good Afghan leadership is critical. A big part of the explanation as to why public financial management progressed far further and more quickly than civil service reform, why public health was more effective than agriculture and (in the early years) energy, was Afghan leadership. Better-performing ministries were better led and managed. Donors and technical assistance can do only so much if the government agency is corrupt or ineffective.

In conflict and post-conflict countries, donors and governments need to focus more on the core business functions of government (i.e., human resources systems, financial management, procurement and independent internal audits), support reforms and keep the pressure on the government to be transparent and accountable.

Oversight and Accountability

Accountability is key in a country such as Afghanistan, with difficult travel, an ongoing conflict, huge donor aid budgets and a broad array of programs. That is one reason why Kabul has hosted multiple U.S. government oversight bodies. At one point, at least four oversight agencies had offices in the U.S. embassy

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It is vital that USAID officers involved in planning future interventions review and take to heart the lessons being learned from Afghanistan.

compound: inspectors general for USAID and State, the Government Accountability Office and the Special Inspector General for Afghanistan Reconstruction.

Also, Congress understandably wants a level of confidence that USAID knows what is happening on all its projects across Afghanistan, accounts for funds, safeguards investments, tracks results, resolves implementation problems when needed and makes changes to increase impact.

In late 2012 and 2013, as the number of American direct-hire employees shrank and provincial and district coalition bases closed, USAID began working on an expanded monitoring program. This work evolved into a multitiered approach that is now fully operational, though the effort to expand and improve continues. Today, the agency relies on a variety of monitoring actors and data points to gather and analyze monitoring data. Each project manager then triangulates the data to ensure confidence in the reporting, and uses the results to make or recommend programmatic decisions.

Continued high-level attention from the Department of State and USAID senior management is needed to ensure that the multitiered system works bottom-up and top-down, and that decisions can be made in real time to change or de-scope programs quickly to maximize impact, adapt to changes and manage risks.

In addition, in conjunction with other embassy sections and agencies, USAID has established a robust vetting process for all proposed contracts worth more than \$25,000 to a non-U.S. entity in Afghanistan, to ensure that there are no links between potential contractors and known terrorists or insurgents. This program works. From May 2011 until May 2017, USAID vetted some 7,883 requests worth close to \$4 billion and determined that 347 contracts worth more than \$692 million were ineligible, thereby denying support to insurgents and terrorists.

Looking Forward

USAID will no doubt be asked again to move well beyond its normal comfort zone as part of another U.S. intervention in

pursuit of urgent national security objectives. It is vital that USAID officers involved in planning these interventions review and take to heart the lessons being learned from Afghanistan. While USAID showed it could successfully carry out challenging and difficult U.S. policies in Afghanistan (e.g., stabilization, on-budget support and a short-term civilian surge), its efforts carried high costs and high risks. Here are a few things we should keep in mind for all similar efforts going forward:

■ **Do not try to do everything.** More staff, including huge civilian surges, does not mean better programs; and more money cannot address political corruption or structural, systemic, historical and cultural impediments to development in the short term. USAID needs to be more selective in crisis countries, even with multibillion-dollar budgets.

■ **Stick to proven development principles.** As much as possible, proven development principles—such as local ownership, local systems, sustainability, evidence-based design and implementation, strong monitoring and evaluation, country ownership, and focus on institutions and local capacity—should be maintained and the requisite analyses carried out up front.

■ **Flexibility and adaptability are key.** Mechanisms and approaches should be in place to maximize flexibility for the agency and for the host government—for example, in shifting funding, narrowing activities and moving them to different geographic areas—given constant changes and fluctuating opportunities. Headquarters needs to fully support any new flexible arrangements.

■ **Expect and plan for high levels of oversight.** Develop an agreement with the various agencies' inspectors general, GAO and congressional staff, when possible, on monitoring and risk mitigation. In a high-risk, political and conflict-driven environment, develop and ensure constant senior-level attention to a robust monitoring system that also tracks security incidents. Management systems should be set up to make real-time decisions on project activities.

In summary, what, in fact, do we learn from the American University of Afghanistan and other USAID projects in Afghanistan? At a minimum, we see that U.S. assistance can make a difference in individual lives, and that we can develop institutions that are positioned to make a difference over the long term, although sustainability remains a major issue. We also learn that our work to improve lives involves huge risks. Just as the potential gains from programming civilian assistance in a conflict zone should not be exaggerated, neither should the risks and costs be underestimated. ■

AFSA Foreign Service Day Activities Accompany State Department Homecoming Event

On May 3, AFSA held a series of events for members visiting Washington, D.C., to participate in the May 4 Foreign Service Day “homecoming” and AFSA memorial ceremony at the State Department.

AFSA hosted an all-day open house at the headquarters building on E Street. During the open house, photographer Joaquin Sosa was on hand to take professional head shots of AFSA members that they can use for resumes, social media sites and outreach on behalf of AFSA and the Foreign Service.

Janeen Shaffer of Shaffer Coaching and Consulting spoke to a packed room of 50 people about how to construct the perfect bio. She discussed the differences between mini-bios of one or two sentences, 200-word short bios and longer one-page bios, explaining how to arrange the information in an eye-catching manner. A video of the event can be viewed at

www.afsa.org/video.

AFSA staff members Christine Miele and Julie Nutter conducted a seminar for Foreign Service retirees on how to advocate for the Foreign Service within their local communities (see p. 89 for more).

Ambassador (ret.) Vicki Huddleston gave a Book Notes talk on her newest book, *Our Woman in Havana: A Diplomat's Chronicle of America's Long Struggle with Castro's Cuba* (see p. 88 for the story).

For the third year in a row, AFSA asked our retirees to send letters to the editors of their local papers on the occasion of Foreign Service Day explaining the importance of diplomacy to others in their communities (see p. 87 for more on that story).

Throughout the day, attendees were able to order barbecue or enjoy ice cream sandwiches from the food trucks parked right outside. ■



Photographer Joaquin Sosa took professional headshots of more than 200 AFSA members. Pictured are retired FSO Eugene Bird and Harriet Mayor Fulbright.



Captain Cookie passed out free ice cream sandwiches to attendees.



AFSA employee Perri Green and her spouse Terry catch up with FSO Dan Martinez at AFSA's homecoming reception.



Views and opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the AFSA State VP.
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Deferred Maintenance

I recently took the time to have heart surgery. Not the open-heart kind, but still, heart surgery. I first started feeling a kind of jerky heart beat a few years back, when I was struggling to learn Kurdish in advance of heading out to Erbil as the political/economic section chief. I chalked it up to stress. It wasn't.

Here's the thing about health care in the Foreign Service. We often ignore warning signs, delay check-ups and hold off on tak-

ing the actions needed to ensure we'll be around—and healthy—for a long time to come. The combination of our workaholic culture, our joie de vivre and our mobile lifestyle means there just isn't enough time to do everything we need and want to do, so we put our own needs last and set aside our health concerns.

And whether overseas, serving in Washington or training at FSI, there seems to be no good time to focus on your health. When we're

If you're overseas, take advantage of the fact that MED has knowledgeable, English-speaking, American-trained physicians spread across the globe, waiting to help you.

overseas, we hold off on seeking routine (or not-so-routine) medical care for any number of reasons.

Maybe the host country's health care system isn't the best. Maybe the knowledge that medical discussions will take place in a foreign language is enough to cause folks to hold off. Perhaps it feels awkward talking to the doctor at post about intimate health issues when we know we're bound to see him or her at a social function later in the week.

Plus, the frenetic pace of work often means we don't feel we can afford to take the time off to get things checked out, especially if it's not urgent. When we do take time off, isn't it much more fun to explore the local sites rather than visit the local medical facilities?

Similarly, when we're in the United States on home leave or R&R, the last thing we really want to be doing is visiting the GP, the dermatologist, the dentist, the eye doctor, the cardiologist—or even the astrologist—about those nagging little issues we're aware of, but generally prefer to ignore.

And somehow, even when

serving in D.C., the time seems to slip by. Precious time off is spent reconnecting with parents, siblings and friends, not the doctor. Over a career of 15, 20, 25 years, all that deferred maintenance can build up.

Maybe I'm just making excuses for my own inaction, but I've been talking with friends in the Foreign Service, and I'm surprised by how many of us seem to approach our health in the same way—just ignore the problem, and it'll probably go away. Sometimes, though, it doesn't. Sometimes we need to stop and listen to our bodies.

If you're overseas, take advantage of the fact that MED has knowledgeable, English-speaking, American-trained physicians spread across the globe, waiting to help you. When you're in the States, remember you have access to the specialists and facilities you might not have overseas, and take the time to visit them before your problems worsen.

And if your heart is beating to the beat of a different drum, have it checked. ■

CALENDAR

July 4
Independence Day –
AFSA Offices Closed

July 13
AFSA/FSYF/AAFSW
Youth Awards Ceremony

July 18
12-1:30 p.m.
AFSA Governing
Board Meeting

August 7
AFSA President
Ambassador Barbara
Stephenson speaks at the
Chautauqua Institution

August 8
AFSA/Smithsonian
Associates: "Inside the
World of Diplomacy"

August 16
12-1:30 p.m.
AFSA Governing
Board Meeting

September 3
Labor Day –
AFSA Offices Closed

September 7
7:05 p.m.
Third Annual Foreign
Service Night at Nationals
Park: Nationals vs. Cubs

September 9-13
AFSA Road Scholar
Program
Washington, D.C.

September 19
12-1:30 p.m.
AFSA Governing
Board Meeting

September 23-27
AFSA Road Scholar
Program
Washington, D.C.

October 10
4-6 p.m.
Annual AFSA
Awards Ceremony



Views and opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the AFSA USAID VP. Contact: jlevine@usaid.gov | (202) 712-5267

We Have Urgent Work to Do

USAID Administrator Mark Green testified back in April before both the Senate and House Appropriations Committees on USAID's 2019 budget, saying that "at USAID, we have urgent work to do."

Later, he briefed Congress on USAID's transformation plan, Executive Order 13781, improving the efficiency, effectiveness and accountability of the executive branch. For USAID, the fallout for FSOs from these and other new policies may be bad or good, threatening or helpful. As the saying goes, the devil is in the details.

FSOs—both current and retired, and not just at USAID—should hear this as a call for engagement with AFSA.

As FSOs, we cannot leave the details of these issues for others to decide, because any changes made will affect our careers and our families.

These initiatives and their implications for us fall within the scope of AFSA's bargaining agreement, and therefore within AFSA's ability to negotiate. To do so effectively, though, AFSA needs FS members to engage, giving weight to AFSA's efforts on your behalf.

"We have urgent work to do" has many implications for the long-term institutional well-being of FSOs at USAID. AFSA wants to recognize and thank those FSOs leading Transformation Teams, as well as those participating in "Community of Stakehold-

ers" feedback groups for both the Transformation and other USAID initiatives. But, I'm sorry to say, it's not enough.

Recently I was asked by a colleague "Is it true that AFSA really is just about helping FSOs with their grievances?"

Not at all, I explained.

AFSA will always safeguard the interests of FSOs, but our larger purpose is to serve as an advocate for the long-term health of the Foreign Service as a profession, mitigating the need for grievances.

AFSA's bargaining agreement with State, USAID and others allows us to negotiate the impact and implementation of policies that could affect the well-being and careers of our FSOs. But AFSA's voice is only strong when you participate.

What's the urgency? Back in May, Administrator Green went to Congress with final reorganization plans. Reorganization will have implications for D.C. assignments at a time when both Senior Foreign Service and mid-career FSOs are being "encouraged" to do a tour in Washington, D.C. Reorganization will have implications for missions overseas in terms of strategic priorities, resources and technical assistance. The other Transformation initiatives, such as HR Transformation, will have implications for assignments, evaluations and promotions.

Thanks in part to AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson and her

team, the 2018 budget held the line on international affairs funding. By painting a clear picture of the importance of core diplomatic capability, AFSA ensured that the Foreign Service was front and center in Congress' conceptualization of any potential budget cuts. The 2018 budget maintained appropriation levels for FSOs. Budget cuts would have drastically reduced the scope of USAID's work. Congratulations, though, are short lived, as AFSA is already engaging with Congress on the FY2019

budget and beyond.

For me here at AFSA, success in the coming year will be measured in large part by how this "urgent work" plays out for USAID FSOs. Our success will be measured by how few grievances result from the work being done today.

The example USAID FSOs set, one way or another, will also play a part in how these changes affect all FSOs and our core diplomatic capability.

The work is urgent, and so is the need for your engagement and your voice. ■

AFSA President Meets with Representative Nita Lowey



On May 24 AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson and the AFSA advocacy team met with Rep. Nita Lowey (D-N.Y.) to discuss the \$4 billion budget cut to the State Department budget in Overseas Contingency Operations funding set by the February Bipartisan Budget Act.

AFSA/ERIKA BETHMANN



Views and opinions expressed in this column are solely those of the AFSA FAS VP.
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TIC Tock TIS Talk—We Need to Fix Our Broken Clock

“State Department’s TIS clocks are longer than ours, and our system is unfair to early high performers,” an FAS colleague told me years ago.

He’s right. State Department Foreign Service officers’ Time-in-Service (TIS) timelines are not only longer than ours, but they also stop their clocks more often. Further, while State FSOs all face the same 27-year TIS clock, FAS FSOs have different TIS timelines based on their individual commissioning dates. FAS FSOs who were commissioned quickly face clocks that are as much as three years shorter than others who entered the Service at the same time.

Why does this matter? Because FAS’ shorter TIS clocks have ramifications for staffing and succession planning.

The Foreign Service utilizes an up-or-out system. State Department generalists who enter the Foreign Service at the FS-4 level (equivalent to the FAS entry level) are subject to a 27-year TIS limit calculated from date of entry until they must reach the Senior Foreign Service or take mandatory retirement. State Department officers must be commissioned within five years, but their TIS clock is not connected to their commissioning date.

In contrast, FAS FSOs have a 22-year TIS clock that begins after commissioning, which must be achieved within five years. At first glance, yes:

5+22=27. But most people are tenured in fewer than five years, and this means that very few FAS FSOs have 27 years to reach the SFS.

Our system effectively punishes high performers who are commissioned quickly, as they have a shorter overall timeline in which to reach the Senior Foreign Service. In fact, due to the timing of FAS commissioning and promotion boards, FSOs who are commissioned in their final board at the end of the five-year limited appointment generally end up with three extra years to reach the Senior Foreign Service than those who were commissioned on their first try.

State Department FS employees can stop their clocks for 16 different reasons, as laid out in 3 FAM 6213.5, including many not authorized by FAS, such as hard language training and other long-term training, or for serving in certain hard-to-fill, critical-needs or historically-difficult-to-staff positions at high-differential posts.

While FAS previously allowed for TIC/TIS extensions for service in Iraq and Afghanistan, there are currently no FAS posts with this entitlement. In addition, as FAS FSOs reach more senior levels, many choose to forgo long-term language training—even if they recognize its importance for their positions—because they feel they cannot sacrifice a year of their clock.

The differences between

our systems mean that an FSO at the State Department might see the 27-year clock extend beyond 30 years, while an FAS FSO may only have 25 years.

With less time to reach the SFS, FAS FSOs must be increasingly strategic during their careers to ensure that they meet the qualifications to be eligible for the SFS and that their positions make them competitive against their peers. FAS currently has a shortfall of FSOs at the FO-1 and FO-2 levels, with both grades understaffed by roughly 30 percent—which means that we already have difficulty filling positions at grade.

When you combine the dearth of mid-level officers with their strategic paths toward promotion, it makes some posts much harder to fill,

even if the positions are otherwise attractive. Correcting our TIS clock may encourage FSOs to step up for these positions, as there would be reduced urgency for promotion.

By adopting the State Department’s 27-year TIS clock, FAS FSOs would enjoy greater fairness and predictability in their careers, while facilitating staffing worldwide. We should also explore expanding the use of clock-stopping during training, as the State Department does. Increased training opportunities will improve the effectiveness of our officers and their work abroad.

By fixing the problems with our TIS clock, we can improve equity and effectiveness as well as the long-term health and sustainability of our Foreign Service. ■

NEWS BRIEF

CHANGES TO THE OVERSEAS SUMMER HIRE PROGRAM

The Overseas Summer Hire Program provides an opportunity for FS dependent children visiting overseas posts to gain work experience in the embassy. Many parents and college students make summer plans based on eligibility for this program.

In March, parents learned that the department had reduced the upper age limit for OSHP from 24 to 21. AFSA protested, as did many parents; so, for 2018 only, the department reversed its decision and reverted to the previous upper age limit of 24.

AFSA is not aware of any solid legal basis for the proposed upper limit age reduction, and we will continue to advocate for the higher age limit of 24. Members may wish to make known their opposition to this future change by emailing “DG Direct” at DGDirect@state.gov. ■

Leveling the Playing Field for U.S. Businesses

On May 18 AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson joined an expert panel hosted by the Center for Strategic and International Studies on “The Business Case for Fighting Corruption.”

Other panelists included Laura Lane, a former Foreign Service officer and current president of global affairs at UPS; Kendra Gaither, also a

former Foreign Service officer and currently the senior policy director of the Americas program at the U.S. Chamber of Commerce; Nancy Boswell of the American University Washington College of Law; the World Bank’s Stephen Zimmermann; and Daniel Runde, chair and director of the Project on Prosperity and Development at CSIS.

Panelists discussed the rationale behind U.S. government work to combat corruption and support the rule of law. They debated the best ways to level the playing field for U.S. companies operating overseas, allowing them to stay competitive while complying with

both international standards and U.S. regulations.

Amb. Stephenson told the crowd of more than 100 about the role Foreign Service officers play in promoting American businesses overseas, from fighting to protect intellectual property to helping foreign governments implement their

own plans to improve legal frameworks to attract investment.

Our embassies problem-solve for U.S. companies

overseas, Amb. Stephenson explained. “Sometimes airport slots get taken away, sometimes shipments get held up at the port or airport. Sometimes an American company has made a big capital investment and, after a

change of government, faces enormous pressure. Embassies need enough staff to be available to those businesses to hear them out—and to cultivate the relationships that can focus attention on the unfair treatment the companies are facing. Our economic conditions need to be restored.” ■



Panelist and former FSO Kendra Gaither.



AFSA President Amb. Barbara Stephenson responds to an audience question. Nancy Boswell is to her left.

AFSA Welcomes Members to New Online Community

In June, AFSA transitioned to a new platform to host its online community for members. After detailed research, we chose Yahoo as the new platform because, first and foremost, many members of the Foreign Service are familiar with using Yahoo groups from other online communities, including Livelines (hosted by the Associates of the American Foreign Service Worldwide).

Additionally, the Yahoo platform has functionality and features similar to the previous Open Forum, includ-

ing an easy-to-use interface that allows users to follow ongoing discussions, receive a daily digest of all new posts and easily create posts of their own. Users are able to choose to respond directly to the sender of an email or to add to the public discussion. And, finally, the Yahoo platform is free, whereas our previous platform was costly.

AFSA will make ongoing efforts to alert members to the creation of this online community to ensure that members are aware of it and are able to join. Our goal is to make the

Foreign Service Online Community a dynamic platform serving all AFSA members who want to participate.

Our online community is what we make of it. AFSA is committed to providing an online space where members can get in touch with each other to share ideas, interesting articles, professional insights, retirement questions and tips, or any other related content that is constructive and of general interest. Have you read the latest think tank report or *Foreign Service Journal* article on the state

of diplomacy? You can share your perspective. Travelling to Istanbul? Post on the site and potentially get in touch with colleagues for local recommendations or a chance to meet for coffee. The Foreign Service community is unique in its shared identity, experiences and richness. We hope that our online community will reinforce and sustain our professional bonds.

Please visit www.afsa.org/community for more information on how to join and participate in the Foreign Service Online Community. ■

Meet the 2018 AFSA Merit Award Winners

Founded in 1926, the AFSA scholarship program awarded a record \$349,000 this year. In need-based Financial Aid Scholarships, \$220,000 was divided among 59 students. In Merit Awards, 41 awards totaled \$129,000.

Below are the 2018 AFSA Merit Award winners. Recipients will be honored at the annual Youth Awards Ceremony on July 13 in the Marshall Center at Main State. Winners received \$3,500, Honorable Mentions \$2,000, and the Best Essay \$1,000. AFSA thanks all of the judges and donors who made this year's Merit Awards possible.

Academic Merit

Max Barte – son of Peter (State) and Deanna Barte, graduated from the International School of Beijing, Beijing, China. Plans to attend the University of Virginia to study political science.

Svenya G. Braich – daughter of Kirninder (State) and Andria (State) Braich, graduated from the American School of Paris, St. Cloud, France. Plans to attend Stanford University to study chemistry. Received a Joanna and Robert Martin Academic Merit Award.

Julia Burleson – daughter of Edward (State) and Namiko Burleson, graduated from the American School of The Hague, Wassenaar, The Netherlands. Plans to attend Johns Hopkins University to study public health.

Emmaline Calhoun – daughter of Robert (State) and Alice Calhoun, graduated from Seoul Foreign School, Seoul, Korea. Plans to attend the University of Virginia to study biology. Received the John and Priscilla Becker Family Academic Merit Award.

Daniela Carney – daughter of Brian Carney (USAID) and Maria Farinha, graduated from Walworth Barbour American International School, Even Yehuda, Israel. Plans to attend Brown University. Also received a Community Service Honorable Mention Award.

Gabriella Chu – daughter of Elaine Tiang-Chu (State) and Martin Chu (State, retired), graduated from Seoul Foreign School, Seoul, Korea. Plans to attend the University of Virginia to study foreign affairs and linguistics.

Cora Deininger – daughter of Heather Schildge (USAID) and Erwin Deininger, graduated from Washington-Lee High School, Arlington, Virginia. Plans to attend the University of Vermont to study biology/health and society.

Talia Enav – daughter of Cari (State) and Doron Evav, graduated from Lake Brad-dock Secondary School, Burke, Virginia. Plans to attend Virginia Commonwealth University to study engineering. Also received the Art Merit Award.

Forest Evanson – son of Katherine (State) and Paul (State) Evanson, graduated from Walworth Barbour American International School, Even Yehuda, Israel. Plans to attend Boston University.



Max Barte



Daniela Carney



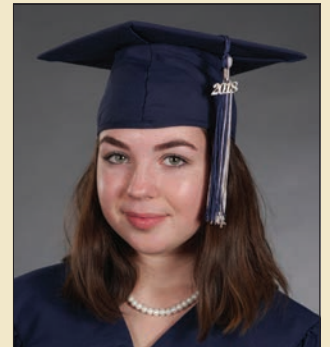
Svenya G. Braich



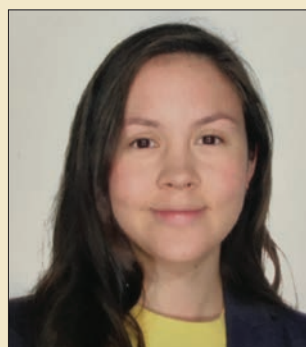
Gabriella Chu



Julia Burleson



Cora Deininger



Emmaline Calhoun



Talia Enav



Forest Evanson



Leah Macht Kleinberg



Maxine Anna Forder



Alexander E. Knapper



Madeleine Leilani Hand



Alina Joan Kramp



George Alexander Kent



Abigail Macy

Maxine Anna Forder – daughter of Kenneth (State, retired) and Sylvie Forder, graduated from Lycée Français Magendie, Bordeaux, France. Plans to attend McGill University to study psychology.

Madeleine Leilani Hand – daughter of Katherine Munchmeyer (State) and Henry Hand (State), graduated from Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Virginia. Plans to attend Colby College.

George Alexander Kent – son of George (State) and Velida Kent, graduated from Pechersk School International, Kiev, Ukraine. Plans to attend Harvard College to study international relations.

Leah Macht Kleinberg – daughter of Scott Kleinberg (USAID) and Alisa Macht, graduated from George Mason High School, Falls Church, Virginia. Plans to attend the University of Virginia to study biology. Received a CareFirst BlueCross BlueShield Academic Merit Award.

Alexander E. Knapper – son of Mark (State) and Suzuko Knapper, graduated from St. Albans School, Washington, D.C. Plans to attend Northwestern University to study international relations and journalism.

Alina Joan Kramp – daughter of Eric (State) and Kyoko Kramp, graduated from Cranbrook Upper School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Plans to attend Yale University to study theater.

Abigail Macy – daughter of John (USAID) and Amy Macy, graduated from Cincinnati Hills Christian Academy, Cincinnati, Ohio. Plans to attend Carnegie Mellon University to study violin performance. Also received an Art Honorable Mention Award.

Clara Matton – daughter of Richard Matton (State) and Nancy Fisher, graduated from George Mason High School, Falls Church, Virginia. Plans to attend Cornell University to study computer science. Received the Turner C. Cameron Jr. Memorial Academic Merit Award.

Meghan Murphy – daughter of W. Patrick Murphy (State) and Kathleen Norman, graduated from George Mason High School, Falls Church, Virginia. Plans to attend Brown University to study international relations. Received the Donald S. Memorial and Maria Giuseppa Spigler Academic Merit Award and the Linda K. Fitzgerald Memorial Community Service Award.

Sophie Nichols – daughter of Brian Nichols (State) and Geraldine Kam (State), graduated from Colegio Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Lima, Peru. Plans to attend the University of Pennsylvania to study philosophy, politics and economics. Received a Joanna and Robert Martin Academic Merit Award.

Kristian Noll – son of George (State) and Kim Marie Noll, graduated from Korea International School, Seoul, Korea. Plans to attend St. Olaf College to study political science. Also received the Best Essay Award.

Ravi Patch – son of Christopher (State) and Gretel Patch, graduated from the American School of Bombay, Mumbai, India. Plans to attend Brigham Young University to study actuarial science.

Ewan Pratt – son of Adrian (State) and Margaret Pratt, graduated from the American School of The Hague, Wassenaar, Netherlands. Plans to attend Northern State University to study international relations.

Yasmin Ranz-Lind – daughter of David Ranz (State) and Taly Lind (USAID), graduated from Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School, Bethesda, Maryland. Plans to attend Syracuse University to study acting.



Clara Matton

Kayla Smith – daughter of Mary Ellen (FAS) and Matthew Smith, graduated from St. Johns International School, Waterloo, Belgium. Plans to attend Boston College to study biochemistry.



Ravi Patch



Peter Smitham

Peter Smitham – son of Thomas Smitham (State) and Alexandra Maduros, graduated from Walt Whitman High School, Bethesda, Maryland. Plans to attend the University of Maryland to study computer science.

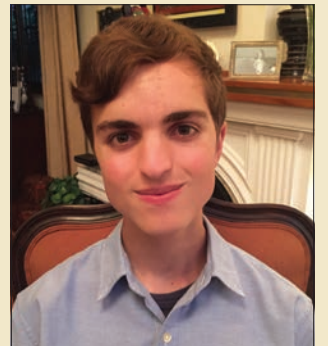


Megan Murphy

Alexander Toyryla – son of Kendra (State) and Michael (State) Toyryla, graduated from the International Community School, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Plans to attend the College of William and Mary to study physics.



Ewan Pratt



Alexander Toyryla

Herbert S. Traub IV – son of Herbert (State, retired) and Ulrike Traub, graduated from the American International School Vienna, Vienna, Austria. Plans to attend Boston University.

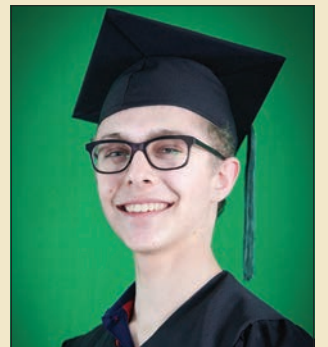


Sophie Nichols

Colin L. Vanelli – son of Mark (State) and Jane Vanelli, graduated from the International School Bangkok, Bangkok, Thailand. Plans to attend Corpus Christi College, University of Cambridge, to study history and politics.



Yasmin Ranz-Lind



Herbert S. Traub IV



Kristian Noll



Kayla Smith



Colin L. Vanelli



James Villemarette



Liam Webster

James Villemarette – son of Joanna (State) and Raymond Villemarette, graduated from Flint Hill School, Oakton, Virginia. Plans to attend the University of Delaware to study computer science.

Liam Webster – son of Jonathan (State) and Patricia Webster, graduated from Washington-Lee High School, Arlington, Virginia. Plans to attend Cornell University to study mechanical engineering. Received a CareFirst BlueCross BlueShield Academic Merit Award.

Best Essay

Kristian Noll – see biography and photo under Academic Merit.

Art Merit

Talia Enav – see biography and photo under Academic Merit.

Art Merit Honorable Mention

Mary Byrnes – daughter of Heather (FCS) and Michael Byrnes, graduated from the International School of Herzen University, St. Petersburg, Russia. Plans to attend the Rhode Island School of Design to study illustration.

Guenevere Rose Dunstan – daughter of Edmund (State) and Augusta Dunstan, graduated from Episcopal High School, in Alexandria, Virginia. Plans to attend Boston University to study communications.

Hannah Renee Feeken – daughter of Scott (State) and Jennifer Feeken, graduated from Colonial Forge High School, Stafford, Virginia. Plans to attend Christopher Newport University to study English and drama education.

Abigail Macy – see biography under Academic Merit.

Community Service

Megan Murphy – see biography under Academic Merit.

Community Service Honorable Mention

Christian Reed Beckmeyer – son of Charles (State) and Angela Beckmeyer, graduated from South Lakes High School, Reston, Virginia. Plans to attend Christopher Newport University to study business.



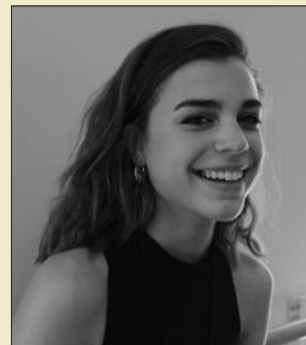
Mary Byrnes



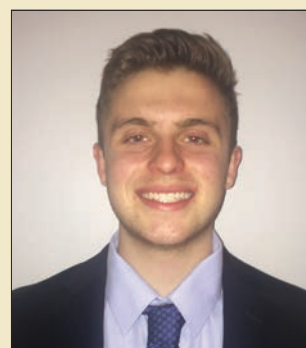
Hannah Renee Feeken



Bethany Harker



Guenevere Rose Dunstan



Christian Beckmeyer



Asa Nugent

Daniela Carney – see biography under Academic Merit.

Bethany Harker – daughter of Bradley (FCS) and Megumi Harker, graduated from the Western Academy of Beijing, Beijing, China. Plans to attend George Washington University to study nutrition and public health.

Asa Nugent – son of Eileen Kane (State) and Richard Nugent, graduated from Parkmont School, Washington, D.C. Plans to attend Northern Virginia Community College to study engineering. ■

Speaker Spotlight: Retiree Outreach in the North Star State

Since retiring from the Foreign Service in 2007, Bill Davnie has become a regular on AFSA's speaker circuit.

When he retired, he and his wife moved to Minneapolis, Minn., with no particular plans for staying active in the Foreign Service community. Within days of arriving in his new hometown from his final posting in Baghdad, however, Davnie read a "staggeringly naive op-ed piece about Iraqi refugees" in the *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*.

Infuriated, and with what he calls the "street cred" of having just come from Iraq, he sat down and wrote a response. When his letter was published in the *Star-Tribune* the following week, it showed him a channel for deploying his experience in a new way and a new place.

Davnie was happy to keep his AFSA membership as a retiree, but he wasn't aware that there are FS retiree groups outside of the D.C. area. Through a contact at Global Minnesota, a local world affairs council, he learned of an AFSA group in Minnesota that was actively working with the International Visitor Leadership Program and other exchange efforts, as well as supporting the Great Decisions network, which coordinates public discussions of foreign affairs topics.

Davnie got involved in that program as a speaker, and soon met other retired FSOs in the area. The group

gets together for luncheons with speakers several times a year.

Davnie says they hosted Career Ambassador (ret.) Thomas Pickering when he traveled to the region, and they hosted former Vice President Walter Mondale, who lives in Minneapolis and served as ambassador to Japan.

Several other non-career ambassadors also live in the region, and often join the group.

Through the retiree group, Davnie met other retired FSOs, including Brynhild Rowberg, who joined the Foreign Service in 1944 and tells fascinating stories about travelling to her first posting, in Vienna, by following U.S. troops as they moved north through Italy.

Other area retirees include Ambassador (ret.) Robert Flaten, who served as ambassador to Rwanda, and retired FSO Mary Curtin, who currently teaches human rights issues and diplomacy at the Humphrey School of Public Affairs. Both the Humphrey School and Global Minnesota invite FSOs to a variety of events, utilizing the real-world experience these retirees bring to their programs.

One of the most interest-



AFSA/CHRISTINE MIELE

Bill Davnie (on the right) with FSO Tom Hanson and AFSA President Amb. Barbara Stephenson.

ing things Davnie has done in retirement has been managing a local census office for the 2010 census. The Census Bureau was looking for people who had managed multilevel organizations and who understood something of how federal systems operate. Davnie's prior experience as a deputy chief of mission fit their needs, and in September 2009 he went to work as the manager of the Minneapolis census office, overseeing five assistant managers. By the following May, he says, "we had hired, trained and deployed over 1,000 office staff and field enumerators, and then by October 2010, we shrank ourselves down and shut the office."

Davnie is an active participant in AFSA's Speakers Bureau, giving 10 or more talks each year to community and church groups or to participants in Global Minnesota.

He encourages recent retirees who are interested in speaking publicly about their Foreign Service experiences to consider their own background and interests in developing topical presentations, to check in with AFSA for facts and background information about the Foreign Service and to reach out to local church groups or organizations such as the Rotary Club or Lions.

"Let people know you're willing to speak and invitations will follow," says Davnie. AFSA has materials on its website for preparing presentations, as well as a template for a letter to introduce yourself to community groups that might be interested in hosting you.

Unsure whether there's an FS retiree group in your area? AFSA has a list of retiree groups on our website (www.afsa.org/retiree-associations). If there isn't a group nearby, consider starting one. AFSA would be happy to send out an email on your behalf to people in your area. You can also check with the closest World Affairs Council, or call up the political science or international affairs department at your local university, all of whom, says Davnie, are "likely to know of a retired FSO or two in your area."

For more on how AFSA can help with your outreach efforts, contact Retiree Outreach Coordinator Christine Miele at miele@afsa.org. ■

Retirees Spread the Foreign Service Message

For the third year running, AFSA encouraged Foreign Service retirees to send letters to the editors of their local newspapers on the occasion of Foreign Service Day on May 4.

In their letters, retirees shared information about the Foreign Service with their fellow citizens in every corner of the country, from California to Maine; Texas to Minnesota. As of May 25, at least 36 letters from retirees had been published in 18 states.

Newspapers including the *Auburn Citizen*, the *Vero Beach Press Journal*, the *Gainesville Times* and the *Tennessean*, as well as those in the graphic at right, featured letters from retired diplomats, explaining what the Foreign Service does for the nation and why it is important to our national security and economic prosperity.

We hope that all AFSA members will continue to help us tell the story of the Foreign Service. ■



Results from AFSA's Retiree Engagement Survey

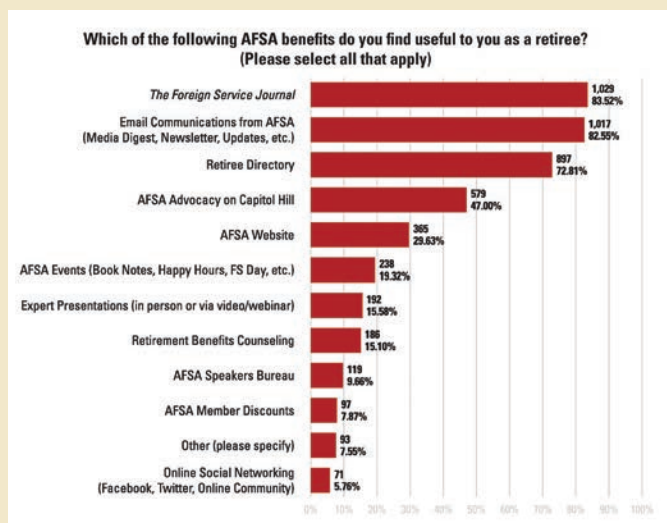
Over a third of all retiree members—37 percent—filled out the AFSA Retiree Engagement Survey in May.

The results clearly show that you consider *The Foreign Service Journal* and other communications from AFSA—the *Daily Media Digest*, the *Newsletter* and *AFSAnet* updates on our efforts to defend and promote diplomacy and development—as your primary member benefit.

One question asked what type of programming you'd like AFSA to offer. We received more than 500 responses! While we have long had the Federal Benefits Series and this year offered programs on

Reviewing Your Retirement Plan and Long-Term Care, your responses gave us great ideas to continue to expand these types of programs. We are committed to acting on your suggestions and bringing you top-notch information.

We also heard that engagement is important. Some of you would like to be more involved in advocacy, others in community outreach, and still others are looking for local opportunities to get together with other retired members. These are programs we are working on, and we will look to work with those interested to facilitate more local engagement. In addition, we



will continue to offer events at our headquarters building in Washington to bring retirees together for professional development events and informative sessions,

as well as networking and socializing.

Look for a detailed report in September's *AFSA News*. ■

BOOK NOTES: OUR WOMAN IN HAVANA

U.S. Ambassador Discusses Her New Book about Diplomacy in Cuba

On May 3, as part of its Foreign Service Day activities, AFSA welcomed Ambassador (ret.) Vicki Huddleston to discuss her new book, *Our Woman in Havana: A Diplomat's Chronicle of America's Long Struggle with Castro's Cuba* (The Overlook Press, 2018).

Amb. Huddleston served under Presidents Bill Clinton and George W. Bush as chief of the U.S. Interests Section in Havana from 1999 to 2002.

The description of the book on Amazon states: "*Our Woman in Havana* chronicles the past several decades of U.S.-Cuba relations from the bird's-eye view of State Department veteran and longtime Cuba hand Vicki Huddleston."

Amb. Huddleston did indeed have a bird's-eye view—she told the audience that she frequently stood on the balcony of her office in Havana, which overlooked the Malecón. From there, she said,

she could see 100 years of history stretching out before her and, on at least one occasion, she looked down on Fidel Castro in the open-air amphitheater below, so close that "I could've thrown a rock at him" as he led a protest against the American presence.

Amb. Huddleston discussed what it was like to serve in Cuba. Until 2014, she said, "the media said we weren't there," when in fact the United States had the largest diplomatic presence in Havana, issuing 20,000 immigrant visas a year.

"It's a huge tragedy what's happened to our embassy," she said, explaining that in her view the recent "sonic attacks" on diplomats in Havana were politicized.

"The injuries are real," she said, but they shouldn't have been used to roll back our policies on Cuba. "Now we're in an unhappy place of having a policy that is

against the interests of the Cubans, the Cuban-Americans and against our own nation's interests."

Amb. Huddleston spoke of the outsized influence that Cuban Americans have on our nation's politics, explaining how the Elián González custody battle led directly to the election of President George W. Bush.

Audience members questioned her about the success of student exchange programs, which she lauded, and the reasons Guantanamo Bay remained in operation for decades despite its uselessness as a military facility.

Amb. Huddleston decided to write the book, she said, after meeting a group of Cuban schoolchildren who asked her to take them to the United States. "Their future



Ambassador (ret.) Vicki Huddleston.

should be in Havana, not Miami," she explained. She closed her talk with the hope that relations between the two nations would normalize as a new generation takes power in Havana.

Amb. Huddleston wrote about her experiences in Havana for the June 2014 edition of *The Foreign Service Journal*. Her May 3 talk was recorded and can be viewed at www.afsa.org/video. ■

AFSA President Meets with Maryland and D.C. Retirees



AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson joined lead host and retired Foreign Service Officer Tex Harris (pictured at left) at a meeting of the Foreign Affairs Retirees of Maryland and D.C. on May 15 in Chevy Chase, Md.

Amb. Stephenson and Mr. Harris, a former AFSA president, spoke to more than 70 retirees about the work AFSA has done over the past year to engage members of Congress and the media on the important role of diplomacy and development and our focus moving forward. ■

Advocating for the Foreign Service in Your Community

As part of its Foreign Service Day programming, AFSA welcomed members to participate in a workshop, “Advocating for the Foreign Service in Your Community,” on May 3.

Facilitated by AFSA staff members Christine Miele, Julie Nutter and Erika Bethmann, the workshop provided retirees who are active in speaking to organizations in their communities with key messages that AFSA has found to be successful at the national level for communicating the work of the Foreign Service.

Many retired members of the Foreign Service volunteer their time to share their area or regional expertise with both large and small community organizations—both independently and as part of AFSA’s Speakers Bureau.

AFSA encouraged the

more than two dozen workshop participants to leverage these speaking opportunities to educate the public about the role of the Foreign Service in promoting and protecting the interests, values and security of the United States.

Taking the time to do this not only helps to build awareness of the Foreign Service as an essential American institution, but helps to dispel stereotypes and misperceptions that can alienate us from the constituency we serve, the American people.

The workshop also focused on how stories from the field can be transformative, offering a tangible understanding of the critical work of the Foreign Service. Workshop participants shared examples from their careers, which they use in presentations to illustrate

You are our eyes and ears beyond Washington. We need you to speak out in your community.

how the work of the Foreign Service benefits all Americans.

AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson presented an overview of AFSA’s work over the past year with members of Congress and the media to create a national conversation about the role of diplomacy in preserving U.S. global leadership. With members of Congress delivering a bipartisan rejection of proposed State Department budget cuts and a call for normal hiring and staffing numbers, and with the arrival of the new Secretary, AFSA is eager to look ahead.

Amb. Stephenson thanked participants for advocat-

ing for the Foreign Service locally, ending with a call to action: “You are our eyes and ears beyond Washington. We need you to speak out in your community, to show Americans that a strong Foreign Service serves the U.S. national interest.”

Presenters used the workshop to introduce the resources that AFSA makes available to assist speakers in preparing presentations, and asked participants for feedback on what additional information would be helpful.

Based on the positive response to the workshop, AFSA plans to offer this workshop again soon to aid members interested in community outreach. ■

AFSA Welcomes 30th TLG Intern



Clarke Jackson with AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson

AFSA is pleased to welcome Clarke Jackson, the 30th student to be selected as the AFSA/Thursday Luncheon Group intern since the program began in 1992.

A native of Finksburg, Md., Clarke is majoring

in romance languages and sociology at Spelman College in Atlanta, Georgia. She has spent time in Yaoundé, Cameroon, and Paris and Montpellier, France, studying French and francophone culture.

Clarke will spend the summer working on the Nigeria desk in the Office of West African Affairs.

The AFSA/TLG intern-

ship program selects accomplished minority college students for a summer-long internship at the Department of State. Both organizations provide a stipend for the student. AFSA also collaborates with the Hispanic Employees Council of Foreign Affairs Agencies and the Asian Americans in Foreign Affairs Association on similar initiatives. ■

AFSA Sponsors Long-Term Care Workshop

On May 1, Jeannie Singleton of Long Term Care Partners LLC, came to AFSA headquarters to talk about the ins and outs of purchasing long-term care insurance, and the Federal Long-Term Care Insurance Program in particular. One among many long-term care insurance policy options, the FLTCIP is offered to federal and U.S. Postal Service employees and annuitants.

Ms. Singleton told more than 30 participants that the first thing to do is decide who they want to take care of them should they need help

as they age, and then start a dialogue with that person about what they hope this care will look like. There are online tools to help start this dialogue, she noted, including agingwithdignity.org and gowish.org.

She recommended starting early to put together the pieces needed, including developing a power of attorney and a living will. People of all ages need these forms, she said, pointing out that even your own spouse cannot act on your behalf in certain situations unless you have

legally chosen them to do so.

Ms. Singleton talked about the cost of long-term care in various parts of the country—such care is cheaper in places like Arizona and Florida, where there are more retirees and therefore more competition to care for them.

Seventy percent of Americans age 65 and older will need long-term care during their lives. On average, people need 2.7 years of care, which can be paid for through long-term care insurance or by self-funding.

Government programs

such as Medicare and Medicaid will not fully cover such care; neither will individual health insurance plans. FLTCIP, Ms. Singleton stated, will pay for care in your home, in an assisted living facility or in hospice, and it will pay for the caregivers whom you have selected in advance—a friend, neighbor or adult child can be paid a stipend to care for you.

You can work through the scenarios and cost-of-care calculators yourself at LTCFEDS.com. For more information, contact info@ltpcpartners.com. ■



AFSA Governing Board Meeting, May 16, 2018

Management Committee: It was moved that the Board appoint a Governance Committee to research and propose a best-practice governance structure for AFSA. The committee will provide monthly updates to the Governing Board and report its final recommendation to the Board by Oct. 17. The chairman will be Secretary Tom Boyatt and the members will be Vice Presidents Ken Kero-Mentz and Dan Crocker, Chief Operating Officer Russ Capps, Retiree Representative Al La Porta and Mr. Roy Perrin (currently a non-board member). The motion was adopted.

It was moved that the Governing Board adopt the following policies:

When a member calls AFSA and asks for retirement advice of a financial nature (e.g., when to begin taking Social Security or whether to enroll in Medicare Part B), it should be standard operating procedure for the AFSA employee assisting the member to guide the member to the most recent expert presentations on the matter, recorded and on our website. If the member persists in pressing for individual advice, he or she should be informed that AFSA cannot provide financial advice, as it subjects the organization to a sizable risk.

When a retired non-member calls AFSA member services (or retiree services) and asks for assistance, it should be standard operating procedure for AFSA staff to inform them that we can only offer counsel to members and offer to send them a membership application. The staff person should also inform the non-member that there are quite a few resources posted on the AFSA.org website.

The motion was adopted.

Board resignations: By unanimous consent, board members Lawrence Casselle, Martin McDowell and Tricia Wingerter were excused from duty effective May 16. By unanimous consent, board members Josh Glazeroff and Anne Coleman-Honn were excused from duty effective June 20. All are State representatives.

Board appointments: The following individuals were appointed to the Governing Board: Lily Wahl-Tuco, effective May 16, 2018; Roy Perrin, effective May 16, 2018; Karen Brown Cleveland, effective May 16, 2018; Deborah Mennuti, effective at the close of the June 20, 2018 board meeting; and Don Jacobson, effective at the close of the June 20, 2018 board meeting. ■

AFSA Welcomes 16th Consular Fellows Class



AFSA/DONNA GORMAN

On May 8, AFSA welcomed 61 members of the 16th Consular Fellows class for a luncheon at the association's headquarters building.

AFSA President Ambassador Barbara Stephenson hosted the luncheon, and AFSA Governing Board member Ambassador (ret.) Tony Wayne, Labor Management Counselor Colleen Fallon-Lenaghan and other AFSA staff members were on hand to speak with the new Foreign Service members and answer their questions about AFSA and the many ways the association can assist, protect and advocate for them. More than 80 percent of the participants chose to join AFSA at the event.

Above, members of the class talk to AFSA representatives at each table about the functions of AFSA in its dual role as a professional association and labor union. ■

NEWS BRIEF

CALLING ALL FS AUTHORS!

In November *The Foreign Service Journal* will feature its annual "In Their Own Write" issue to celebrate the wealth of literary talent within the Foreign Service community. Genres include history, biography, memoirs, issues and policy, fiction and other topics.

Foreign Service-affiliated authors whose books were published in 2017 or 2018 are invited to send us a copy of the book, along with a press release or backgrounder on it.

Deadline for submissions is Sept. 5.

For more information, please email journal@afsa.org. Send your materials and new books to the attention of:

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■ **Dana Romalo Andrews**, 92, a fiber artist and wife of the late Foreign Service Officer Nicholas G. Andrews, died of congestive heart failure on April 22 in Solomons, Md.

Born in 1925 in Romania, Mrs. Andrews was raised in Bucharest and in Sinaia, the mountain resort and then summer home of the Romanian royal family. She spent the years of World War II in Bucharest, where her family home was commandeered by the Russian Army during its occupation.

Mrs. Andrews studied linguistics at the University of Bucharest until her marriage in 1946 to Mr. Andrews, whom she had known as a child. The son of a Standard Oil executive, Mr. Andrews spent his early years in Romania before returning to the United States, where he attended Milton Academy and Princeton University. In 1945, he returned to Bucharest with the U.S. Army to serve in the Allied Control Commission.

One of the last Romanian war brides permitted to leave the country before it fell under Soviet influence, Mrs. Andrews recalled sailing from Europe to the United States on a crowded American troop ship. Although she spoke three languages at the time, Mrs. Andrews spoke no English when she arrived in the United States.

Mrs. Andrews developed her career as an artist while she served with her husband during his three-decade career in the Foreign Service, which included postings in Germany, Australia, Turkey and the former Yugoslavia. Mr. Andrews also served as director of the Office of Eastern European Affairs and did two tours in Warsaw, Poland, including a stint as chargé d'affaires.

Mrs. Andrews studied painting at the Ozenfant School of Fine Arts in New York and at the Hochschule für Bildende Künste in Berlin, where she also studied

tapestry weaving. She had a studio and exhibited her work wherever she and her husband were posted, including at the Corcoran Gallery of Art and the Renwick Gallery in Washington, D.C.

Her art has been exhibited in solo and group shows around the world and is featured in numerous collections, including that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Several of her pen and ink drawings also appeared in *The Foreign Service Journal* in the 1950s and 1960s.

Life in the Foreign Service helped to shape her art. When transporting easels, paints and her giant loom from post to post became too difficult, Mrs. Andrews turned to stitchery and other textile art forms, for which she became known. In 1986, Mrs. Andrews won a National Endowment for the Arts grant for her work in that medium, and she was selected for international competitions into her 80s.

After her husband's death in 2010, Mrs. Andrews moved from Newport Beach, Calif., where they had retired, to Asbury Solomons, a retirement community in Maryland, close to the beachside cottage on the Chesapeake Bay where she and her husband often vacationed.

Mrs. Andrews was predeceased by her husband and a son, Benjamin Andrews. She is survived by her brother, Dan Romalo, of Bucharest; her children Suzanna Andrews of New York City, and Gregory Andrews of Dallas, Texas; and grandchildren Amelia, Eliza, Nicole, Sarah and Ian Andrews.

Donations in her memory may be made to Calvert Hospice, 238 Merrimac Court, Prince Frederick MD 20678; or World Vision, P.O. Box 9716, Federal Way WA 98063.

■ **Robert Lynn "Bob" Brown**, 87, a retired Foreign Service officer with the U.S. Information Agency, died on March 18 in

Cedar Hills, Utah, from complications of multiple myeloma.

Mr. Brown was born on Jan. 24, 1931, in Chandler, Ariz. He graduated from Brigham Young University with bachelor's and master's degrees in Spanish literature and linguistics. An accomplished musician, Mr. Brown sang with various choirs and was a soloist at St. Anne's Cathedral in Jerusalem.

After graduating from BYU, he taught high school English and Spanish for 10 years in San Manuel, Ariz. Mr. Brown married Jennie Hadlock in 1953.

Mr. Brown entered the Foreign Service as a binational center grantee in 1966. He served in binational centers in Baghdad, Bogotá and Jakarta, and later served in cultural affairs assignments in Brazil, Mexico and Nicaragua.

His Washington assignments with USIA provided him with opportunities to give seminars in Argentina, Ecuador, Mexico, Brazil and Vietnam. He retired in 1995.

An accomplished poet, Mr. Brown published a book of his poems, *Rhymes and Reason*, in 2011. He was named Senior Poet Laureate for the State of Utah that same year.

Mr. Brown and his first wife had six children: Robert LeRoy, Paul Christian, Cheryl, Earl Roland, Aaron Lynn and Jared Jamal. Jennie Hadlock Brown died in 1997.

Mr. Brown married Donna Peterson Clarke in 2001. Together they served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Madrid for 19 months.

Mr. Brown's descendants include 32 grandchildren and 39 great-grandchildren. He is survived by five of his six children; son Earl Roland predeceased him. He is also survived by his wife, Donna, and her children from a previous marriage.

■ **William Joseph Cunningham**, 92, a retired Foreign Service officer, died of cancer on March 16, a few hours after he attended the funeral of his wife, Patricia.

Mr. Cunningham was born in Santa Monica, Calif., the oldest son of Dr. and Mrs. William Cunningham. The family soon moved to a small alfalfa farm east of Lancaster, Calif., where he grew up.

While at Antelope Valley Joint Union High School, his interest in politics, diplomacy and government first became evident when he won admission to the California Boys State session in the summer of 1943.

Mr. Cunningham was sworn into the U.S. Navy in 1943, beginning his military career in the Navy's V-12 officer training program at Washburn Municipal University in Topeka, Kan. In 1944, he transferred to the U.S. Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps at the University of New Mexico.

As a commissioned naval officer in 1946, he served mainly on sea duty until released from active service. He returned to the University of New Mexico and completed his undergraduate and graduate degrees.

Mr. Cunningham began his 32-year diplomatic career in 1949 in Prague, in the former Czechoslovakia, during the early years of the Cold War. He was assigned to Paris in the spring of 1950.

But wanting to be "where the action was," he requested a posting in Seoul, arriving just before Thanksgiving at the height of the Korean War. He was suddenly evacuated to Japan when the Chinese communist army invaded the southern tip of the Korean peninsula.

He served in the U.S. consulate at Sapporo in Hokkaido from 1951 to 1952. In 1952 he was stationed in the former Saigon (now Ho Chi Minh City), and in 1954 he was transferred to Phnom Penh.

After returning to Washington, D.C., he

met and married Patricia Ann Sloan, who had her own international career in Peru and Italy. The couple had five children during their 61-year marriage.

A 1957 assignment to study Chinese at the Department of State's Chinese Language School in Taichung, Taiwan, sent the couple to East Asia for five years, where Mr. Cunningham gained his official commission as a Foreign Service officer.

Following his studies in Taichung, he became director of the school and later gained a position at the American Institute in Taiwan in Taipei. He then returned to the China desk in Washington, D.C., before taking a year's sabbatical to study at Columbia University in New York.

In 1968 Mr. Cunningham began his final overseas assignment, as first secretary in Tokyo. While there, he received—and realized the underlying significance of—a message from the captain of the American Table Tennis Team, then competing at an international match in Nagoya, Japan, informing him that the People's Republic of China had invited the Americans to an exhibition match in Beijing.

Mr. Cunningham knew that cultural and athletic exchanges were exempt from the long-enforced ban on travel by U.S. citizens to the People's Republic of China. He correctly sensed that the government of mainland China was seeking a way to make peaceful contact with the United States.

He delicately negotiated the matter through governmental bureaucracy, later learning that the Nixon administration was also seeking a back channel to communicate peacefully with the Chinese.

The exchange gained the famous label, "Ping-Pong Diplomacy"; Mr. Cunningham's work was credited in Henry Kissinger's memoir, *White House Years*.

Mr. Cunningham's last decade with

the State Department was evenly divided between service in Washington, D.C., and New York, where he became counselor to the U.S. Mission to the United Nations.

On his retirement in 1982, Mr. Cunningham began a second career in Houston, as director of the recently established Center for International Studies at the University of St. Thomas.

Mr. Cunningham was preceded in death by his wife, Patricia; his parents; his infant sister, Anne-Marie Cunningham; and his adult sister, Mary Ann Reilly.

He is survived by his brother, Carl Cunningham of Houston, Texas; children Anne (and her husband, Ralph) Hedian of Cheverly, Md.; Theresa (and her husband, Padraig) Doolan of Riva, Md.; Marie-Claire Cunningham (and her husband, Earl Rix) of New York, N.Y.; Peggy "Pegeen" Bush of Corinth, Texas, and William Joseph (and his wife, June) Cunningham Jr. of Millersville, Md.; three nieces and a nephew; eleven grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Catholic Relief Services; the University of St. Thomas' Center for International Studies' Distinguished Diplomat Program; or the University of St. Thomas' Ann Q. Tiller Endowed Scholarship in International Studies.

■ **Robert K. German**, 90, a retired Foreign Service officer, passed away on March 11.

Mr. German was born on Aug. 27, 1927, in Sherman, Texas, and lived on the family farm near Whitewright until moving to Bonham for third grade.

He graduated from Bonham High School in 1944, then took the train to Austin and enrolled in the University of Texas, where he completed a bachelor's degree in 1947 and a bachelor of laws degree in 1952.

Before completing law school, Mr. German worked at the U.S. embassy in Moscow from 1948 to 1950. After finishing law school and passing the bar exam, he began a 35-year career as a Foreign Service officer, interrupted by four years of service in the U.S. Air Force from 1952 to 1956.

Mr. German served in Moscow two more times, from 1962 to 1964 (during the Cuban Missile Crisis) and from 1978 to 1980 (during the Russian invasion of Afghanistan), when he was counselor for political affairs.

Other assignments included tours in Yokohama and Tokyo; the U.S. Army Russian Language School in Oberammergau; Oslo; Berlin and Bonn; and Washington, D.C.

In Washington, D.C., he served as director of the Office of Soviet Union Affairs (the “Soviet desk”), director of the Office of Analysis for the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and as dean of the School of Area Studies at the Foreign Service Institute.

He also graduated from the U.S. Naval War College.

After retiring from the Foreign Service as a minister counselor, Mr. German worked for a year with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and twice held a visiting professorship at the Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Affairs in Austin, Texas.

He and his wife, Jean, retired in her hometown of Austin.

Mr. German’s wife of 57 years, Jean Wesley German, passed away in 2012. He is survived by his daughter, Elizabeth.

■ **Donna Hartman**, 89, widow of career FSO and former ambassador Arthur Hartman, died on Nov. 16, 2017, at home in Washington, D.C., of complications from Alzheimer’s disease.

Mrs. Hartman was born Donna Ford in

Camden, N.J., and moved to Washington, D.C., in 1958. During the 1960s, she taught at the Washington School of Ballet. She also managed a landscape architecture company.

She accompanied her husband, Ambassador Arthur Hartman, to posts including Paris, where he was ambassador from 1977 to 1981, and Moscow, where he was ambassador from 1981 to 1987.

Amb. Hartman died in 2015.

■ **Roy E. Hylaman Sr.**, 87, a retired Foreign Service staff officer, died on Feb. 12 in Saint Cloud, Minn., of complications related to interstitial lung disease.

Mr. Hylaman served in the U.S. Army and was stationed in Germany during the Korean War before returning to his hometown of Sauk Centre, Minn., and interviewing for a position in the Foreign Service.

He was assigned to the embassy in Pretoria, South Africa, in 1955 as a code clerk. In 1956 he was assigned to temporary duty at the consulate in Salisbury, but soon returned to Pretoria as a communications and records clerk.

While at his first posting in Pretoria, Mr. Hylaman met his wife, Genevieve, a Foreign Service secretary from Chicago. They were married in Pretoria on Nov. 2, 1957, and their daughter was born there in 1959. Together they spent more than half of their 52 years of marriage raising a family in the Foreign Service.

In 1960 Mr. Hylaman was assigned to Prague as supervisor of the communications and records section. He and his wife were both working at the embassy when their son, Roy Jr., was born. Despite the challenges of living and working behind the “Iron Curtain,” Mr. Hylaman received several commendations and a Meritorious Service Award for his contribution to the mission.

From Prague, Mr. Hylaman transferred to Karachi in 1962 as a communications supervisor. While there, he also served two temporary duty assignments in Rawalpindi.

In 1965 the family returned to Washington, D.C., where Mr. Hylaman worked as a communications specialist. During this time, he participated in the congressional investigation of the communications breakdown related to the Israeli Air Force attack on the USS Liberty during the Six-Day War in 1967.

In 1968 Mr. Hylaman was again posted to Pretoria as a communications and records officer, returning to the State Department in 1971 as deputy chief of the Communications Center. In 1974 he became the regional communications officer for Far East Asia, based in Manila.

Mr. Hylaman returned to Washington, D.C., in 1977 as manager of the telephone program and chief of the training division at the Office of Communications, before moving to Paris in 1979.

He retired from the Foreign Service in 1982 and became an archivist with the National Archives in Washington, D.C., retiring from that position in 1996.

In 2012, shortly after his wife, Genevieve, passed away, he returned to his hometown of Sauk Centre, Minn.

Mr. Hylaman was preceded in death by his wife; his brother, William; and a sister, Laura May. He is survived by his children, Mary Hylaman-Barragan of San Diego, Calif., and Roy Hylaman Jr. of Alexandria, Va.; and his sister, Mary Ann Gilyard of Sauk Centre, Minn.

■ **Larry J. Ikels**, 74, a career Foreign Service officer with USIA, died suddenly at his home in Bethesda, Md., on Feb. 28.

Mr. Ikels was born in 1943 in New Braunfels, Texas, to the late Walter and Wanda Kuhn Ikels. He graduated from

Southern Methodist University in Dallas. While a graduate student at the University of Texas in Austin, he was selected for the Foreign Service.

Mr. Ikels served for 31 years at overseas posts that included El Salvador, Colombia, Venezuela, Mexico, Brazil and Greece.

Mr. Ikels is survived by his spouse, Judy Ikels, of Bethesda; daughter Catherine Celestino and her husband, Carlos; son David Ikels; and grandsons Benjamin and Samuel Celestino.

Contributions in his name can be made to the Educational Theatre Company, the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the Foreign Service Senior Living Foundation of the American Foreign Service or the Sophienburg Museum in New Braunfels, Texas.

■ **Herbert Kaiser**, 94, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on March 30 at his home in Palo Alto, Calif.

Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1923, Mr. Kaiser's early years were marked by the plunge from prosperity to poverty that so many Americans experienced after 1929.

After attending the Yeshiva Ohel Moshe and James Madison High School, Mr. Kaiser worked briefly in the Brooklyn Navy Yard building the battleships Iowa, Wisconsin and Missouri, before joining the U.S. Navy in January 1942. A submariner, Mr. Kaiser served on the USS Dragonet (SS-293), and completed two combat patrols.

In August 1945, Mr. Kaiser and his shipmates were in the Sea of Japan on lifeguard duty just offshore from Hiroshima and Nagasaki when the United States dropped the atom bombs there. Apart from the aviators involved, the Dragonet was perhaps the nearest U.S. unit to those events.

Following the war, and thanks to the G.I. Bill, Mr. Kaiser attended Swarthmore College, where he earned a bachelor's

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degree in history, with honors. While there, he met Joy Dana Sundgaard; they married in 1949.

Mr. Kaiser joined the Foreign Service in 1950 and served in Scotland, Yugoslavia, Austria, Poland, Romania and South Africa.

Between these overseas assignments, he held a variety of posts at the State Department in Washington, D.C., and studied at Harvard University and the U.S. Army War College.

Mr. Kaiser was fluent in Serbo-Croatian, German, Polish, Romanian, Afrikaans and Yiddish. Among his achievements were successful efforts to aid persecuted Jews behind the Iron Curtain—working closely with Rabbi Moses Rosen, Mr. Kaiser helped secure exit visas for tens of thousands of Romanian Jews.

An out-of-area assignment to Pretoria and Cape Town from 1969 to 1972 was to have profound consequences following his retirement from the Foreign Service in 1983.

While in South Africa, Mr. Kaiser contracted and was cured of a malignant melanoma. Reflecting on the imbalance between the health care he received and that which was then available to persons of color in South Africa, he and his wife decided to start a foundation to assist the training of medical personnel in that country.

In 1984, Mr. Kaiser and his wife founded the nonprofit Medical Education for South African Blacks. Over the course of 23 years, MESAB helped educate thousands of doctors, nurses and paramedics.

With the end of the apartheid regime, and with the support from luminaries such as Nelson Mandela, Desmond Tutu and George Soros, Mr. Kaiser's and MESAB's efforts continued and expanded, even as the HIV/AIDS epidemic swept through the country.

By 2007, when MESAB was shuttered, the organization had helped create an 11,000-strong cadre of South African health care professionals of color.

Mr. Kaiser was subsequently recognized for his work, receiving honorary doctorates from the Medical University of South Africa and Swarthmore College; the Albert Schweitzer Award; and, most significantly, induction as a Member of the Companions of O.R. Tambo (silver), South Africa's highest honor for a foreigner.

Mr. Kaiser is survived by his wife, Joy; his children, Timothy, Paul and Gail; son-in-law, Mark Anderton; daughters-in-law Katheryn DeGroot Kaiser and Margaret Darmanin Kaiser; and his grandchildren, Natalie and Nicolas Kaiser, Alice and Jane Kaiser, and Claire and John Anderton.

■ **David Klein**, 98, a retired Foreign Service officer, died in San Diego, Calif., on March 3.

Mr. Klein attended City College in New York. However, weakened by scarlet fever, he finished his bachelor's degree closer to home, at Brooklyn College, in 1939.

He went on to earn graduate degrees from Columbia University in 1941 and, later, the Graduate Business School of Harvard University.

Mr. Klein taught for a short while in Rye, N.Y., before joining the U.S. Army, where he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in 1942. Mr. Klein later joined the Army Reserve, retiring with the rank of colonel.

In 1951 Mr. Klein was selected for the Soviet Area and Russian Language Program at the Foreign Service Institute. After studying at Cornell and Columbia Universities in 1952, he was posted to Moscow, where he served as an aide to Ambassadors George Kennan and Charles (Chip) Bohlen, and as a consular and economic officer.

In 1955 he was assigned to Berlin as an economic officer, and then to Bonn as a political officer in 1958. Returning to Washington, D.C., in 1960, he was a Soviet desk officer and member of the Berlin Task Force before being seconded to the National Security Council under National Security Adviser McGeorge "Mac" Bundy.

Mr. Klein graduated from the National War College before returning to Moscow in 1966, where he was an economic adviser. He then returned to Berlin as political adviser and deputy chief of mission of the divided city.

During six years there, he was a key player in the Four-Power Agreement on Berlin (the "Berlin Accords") and left with the rank of minister counselor.

Mr. Klein returned to Washington, D.C., to serve as assistant director for international affairs at the U.S. Arms Controls and Disarmament Agency, leading the U.S. delegation to the first Non-Proliferation Treaty Review Conference.

In 1975 he retired from the Service and moved to New York to become executive director of the American Council on Germany. Mr. Klein was awarded the Commander's Cross of the Order of Merit and the Distinguished Knight Order of the Cross of the Federal Republic of Germany, and the Order of Merit of the city of Berlin.

Active in politics, Mr. Klein headed the Democratic Party in Princeton, N.J., from 1979 to 1981. In 1988, he completed the graduate degree he started at the Harvard Business School in 1946, graduating as a Baker scholar, with the distinction of being the eldest in the class.

He and his wife, Anne, retired to La Jolla, Calif., where he taught political science at both the University of California at San Diego and the University of San Diego until 2004.

Mr. Klein wrote *The Basmachi: A Study in Soviet Nationalities Policy* and, with

the late FSO James Sutterlin, co-authored *Berlin: From Symbol of Confrontation to Keystone of Security*. He was a member of the Council on Foreign Relations, the Century and University Clubs of N.Y., the Harvard Business Club of San Diego and the 1230 Club of La Jolla.

Mr. Klein is survived by Anne Klein (née Cochran), his wife of 65 years; his children, Steven (and wife, Marie), John (and wife, Trish), Barbara and Suzanne; and grandchildren Ruth, Michael, Matthew and Vincent Klein. He is predeceased by his sons, Peter and Richard, and his brother, Dr. Lester Klein. He will be buried in Annapolis National Cemetery.

■ **William H. Lindsey Jr.**, 90, a retired Foreign Service officer with the U.S. Information Agency, died on March 4, after suffering a severe stroke six weeks earlier.

Mr. Lindsey was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 6, 1928. He attended—and played football for—Louisiana State University, then transferred to Spring Hill College in Mobile, Ala.

He served in the U.S. Army in Korea, was sent to the Officer Cadet School at Fort Sill and then assigned to Bamberg, Germany.

After leaving the Army, he moved to Mexico to study at Mexico City College, where he earned a master's degree in Latin American history.

Mr. Lindsey joined USIA in 1963. During his 30-year career, he served in Chile, the Dominican Republic, Uruguay, Mexico, Colombia, Sri Lanka, New Zealand and Sierra Leone.

He met his future wife, Susan, in Uruguay, where she was teaching at the British School. Their son, Lee, was born in Mexico.

Mr. Lindsey retired in 1993, but returned to government service in 1997

when he joined the Federal Emergency Management Agency as a reserve officer. During the next 18 years, he was involved in disaster relief efforts in California, Puerto Rico, Michigan and Louisiana.

After a professional career spent largely overseas, this second career gave him an opportunity to travel throughout the United States and explore many regions of the country. He retired for the last time in 2015 at the age of 87.

In 1997 Mr. Lindsey and his wife moved to Wicomico Church, Va., to live on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.

He is survived by his wife, Susan, and his son, Lee, and daughter-in-law, Mary, of Charleston, S.C.

■ **Steve A. Nielsen**, 89, a retired member of the Foreign Service, died on March 20 in Bentonville, Ark., after a brief illness.

Mr. Nielsen was born in Winside, Neb., to Carl Jens and Anna Marie Miller Nielsen. He graduated from high school in Le Mars, Iowa, and attended Westmar College in Le Mars. After college he served in the U.S. Army for four years.

Mr. Nielsen served overseas in Sudan, Honduras, Vietnam, Congo, Mexico, Afghanistan and Liberia, in addition to assignments in Washington, D.C.

While in Afghanistan, he met Foreign Service Officer Thelma Walters of Lamar, Mo. They were married on Dec. 6, 1968, in Afghanistan.

Mr. Nielsen retired in 1978, and the couple settled in Hinton, Iowa, before moving to Bella Vista, Ark., in 1984.

Mr. Nielsen is survived by his wife of 49 years, Thelma; a brother, Ed Nielsen of Fargo, N.D.; a sister, Lorraine Lake of Sebring, Fla.; a sister-in-law, Edith Walters of Lamar, Mo.; and numerous nieces and nephews, great-nieces and nephews and great-great-nieces and nephews.

■ **William Richard "Dick" Smyser**, 86, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on March 20 in Bethesda, Md., of complications of heart disease.

Mr. Smyser was born in 1931 in Vienna, where his FSO father was posted, and spent his childhood in Europe. The family moved to Elkins Park, Pa., after World War II.

He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1952 with a bachelor's degree in economics, and later received master's degrees in public administration and government, from Harvard and Georgetown universities respectively. In 1976 he received a doctorate in political science from George Washington University.

Mr. Smyser joined the U.S. Army after college and was stationed in Munich.

In 1954 he joined the Foreign Service. His first posting was Algiers, during Algeria's war for independence from France.

His next assignment was Berlin, where he served as assistant to General Lucius D. Clay, President John F. Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin from 1961 to 1962, during the Berlin Crisis.

After a tour in Saigon, Mr. Smyser served as a member of the U.S. delegation at the Paris talks to end the Vietnam War in 1969 while working for National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger at the White House.

Mr. Smyser accompanied Mr. Kissinger on his secret mission to Beijing in 1971, where their meeting with Chinese Premier Zhou Enlai opened the way for negotiations to restore diplomatic ties with China.

He then served as political counselor in Bonn, and went on to direct the State Department Bureau of Refugee Programs.

From 1981 to 1986, Mr. Smyser served as assistant secretary-general to the

United Nations and deputy U.N. high commissioner for refugees in Geneva.

Following his retirement from the Foreign Service, he became the founding executive director of the Conrad N. Hilton Humanitarian Prize in the early 1990s.

From 1997 to 2015, he was a professor at the BMW Center for German and European Studies at Georgetown University's Walsh School of Foreign Service.

A leading American historian of modern Germany, Mr. Smyser wrote 10 books and numerous articles for publications in the United States and Germany on politics, history, economics and humanitarian issues, including *Kennedy and the Berlin Wall* (2009) and *From Yalta to Berlin* (2000).

Mr. Smyser is survived by his wife of 49 years, Sally Horner Smyser, sisters Helga Smyser and Joy Olney, and brother Lair Hamilton. His son, Cameron, predeceased him in 1998.

■ **William P. Stedman Jr.**, 95, a retired Foreign Service officer and former ambassador, died on March 25 of congestive heart failure.

Mr. Stedman was born in Baltimore, Md. He received a bachelor's degree from the University of Maryland in 1943, and then served in the U.S. Navy in the Pacific as a lieutenant from 1943 to 1946.

In 1947 he was awarded a master's degree from Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies.

Mr. Stedman joined the Foreign Service in 1947. He specialized in Latin America and in economic affairs. He served in economic, consular and political posts in Argentina, Costa Rica, Germany, Guatemala (on loan to the USAID mission), Mexico and Peru (as USAID deputy director and chief of the economic section).

He also served in Washington, D.C., from 1968 to 1973 as office director for Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay affairs and office director for Ecuador and Peru affairs.

During this time, he was selected for the Senior Seminar, an advanced program of study offered by the Foreign Service Institute to an elite group of foreign policy officials.

Mr. Stedman was appointed U.S. ambassador to Bolivia in 1973 and served until 1977. He then served as deputy assistant secretary of State for inter-American affairs until his retirement in 1978.

After retirement, Ambassador Stedman embarked on a second career promoting Latin American leadership and development as senior policy adviser for Partners of the Americas, where he directed its fellows program from 1984 to 2009.

He served on the board of directors of the Bolivian Power Company and on the board of governors of DACOR. He was also treasurer of the Senior Seminar Alumni Association.

Amb. Stedman ran the speaker program for the Ford Latin America Group for many years. In 2006, he received the DACOR Foreign Service Cup in recognition of his extensive activities in foreign affairs over the 25 years since 1981.

Amb. Stedman was predeceased by his wife, Jay (Janet A.), in 1994.

He is survived by their children Diana (Donaldson) of Glenside, Pa., James Stedman of Silver Spring, Md., and Lawrence Stedman of Vestal, N.Y.; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

■ **Robert W. Weise Jr.**, 100, a retired Foreign Service officer, died on Feb. 1 in Uniontown, Pa., of atherosclerotic vascular disease.

Mr. Weise was born in Golden Valley, Minn., on April 10, 1917, the only child of

Lillian Kuhnert and Robert Walther Weise.

Mr. Weise received a bachelor's degree from the University of Minnesota in 1937 and a master's degree from the London School of Economics in 1940.

He joined the State Department Foreign Service in 1941 and served in Chile, Panama, Bolivia, Italy, Spain and Washington, D.C.

Mr. Weise also served in the U.S. Navy Reserves from 1944 to 1946, retiring as a commander.

After his retirement from the State Department in 1965, Mr. Weise went to work for the Department of Health and Human Services from 1966 to 1979.

A charter member of Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Bethesda, Md., Mr. Weise sang in the choir for more than 20 years. He was a member of Minneapolis Lodge No. 19 for 72 years.

He was also active in his community garden club and was a member of the Bethesda Country Club. He was a philatelist and numismatist who also enjoyed reading, golf, bridge, opera, gardening and travel. He spoke Spanish, French, Italian, German, Portuguese and some Swedish.

Mr. Weise was predeceased by his wife, Ingrid B. Weise, and son Carl Weise.

He is survived by his partner, Mary Lou J. Resko of Rockville, Md.; his son, Robert W. Weise III of Kent, Conn.; and granddaughters Jennifer Weise of New Market, Md. and Angela Sandberg (and her spouse, Eric) of South Jordan, Utah.

If you would like us to include an obituary in In Memory, please send text to journal@afsa.org. Be sure to include the date, place and cause of death, as well as details of the individual's Foreign Service career. Please place the name of the AFSA member to be memorialized in the subject line of your email. ■

Economic Warfare

War by Other Means:

Goeconomics and Statecraft

Robert D. Blackwill and Jennifer M. Harris, *The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press*, 2016, \$19.95/paperback, \$15.44/Kindle, 384 pages.

REVIEWED BY HARRY W. KOPP

American foreign policy, says this wise and provocative book, has lost the art of using economic tools for political ends. Our rivals are more adept. In a strategic contest with China, or with Russia, the United States is at a disadvantage—we rely too much on high-risk military instruments that are potent but expensive, while we neglect low-risk economic instruments that are inexpensive and readily available. Goeconomics—the use of economic measures for geopolitical purposes—is almost wholly absent from our national security strategy.

The instruments of goeconomics include trade, investment, finance, monetary policy, energy, commodities, foreign aid, cyber offense and defense, and sanctions. For the United States, sanctions are a go-to device, but other tools are rusting in the shed. “While many states are repurposing economic tools for geopolitical use,” the authors write, “the United States is moving in the reverse direction,” ordering its international relations to benefit its domestic economy.

The authors do not dispute America’s need to use foreign policy as a force for economic renewal, but they warn that ignoring goeconomics leaves the country vulnerable to the machinations of others.

War by Other Means, a Council on Foreign Relations book, dates America’s reluctance to engage in goeconomics to the 1970s. At least since the Richard Nixon administration, bipartisan wisdom

has held that global prosperity advances and America benefits when trade and capital flows are free from political interference.

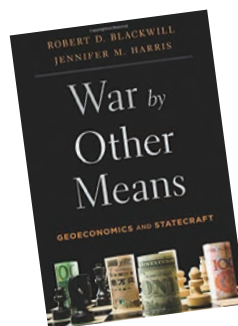
At the end of the 1980s, the International Monetary Fund and other multilateral financial institutions adopted a set of interdependent free-market policies—the Washington Consensus—that the United States urged on their borrowers without regard to geopolitical considerations. This rigid attitude toward reform sometimes produced calamitous effects, as in post-Soviet Russia; but the United States remained unwilling to think in goeconomic terms.

In stark contrast to the U.S. approach is China’s aggressive use of economic measures to advance its interests. In the goeconomic arena, Beijing has advantages the United States lacks. Its poli-

A future strategic test between the United States and China is likely to be goeconomic, not military.

cymakers can act swiftly, without the need to build legislative coalitions or follow due process to resolve disputes. They have tools unavailable to their American counterparts: they can direct investment to favored places and projects; control capital flows; regulate, case by case, foreign access to the domestic market; steer consumer preferences among competing suppliers; and harass or facilitate all manner of commercial and financial transactions.

China, together with Russia, is the source of “the overwhelming share” of the world’s cyber attacks. And China’s government has plenty of money: citing Australian China expert James Reilly, the authors assert that “never in history has one government controlled so much wealth.”



Goeconomics, say the authors, allows China to pursue “a soft but unstoppable form of economic domination” across its region and around the world. Beijing deploys its economic arsenal to isolate Taiwan diplomatically, entangle it commercially and (through constant cyber attacks) undermine it strategically.

In North Korea, Beijing uses assistance, oil exports and market access to retain a position of exclusive foreign influence. In Southeast Asia, China employs infrastructure investments, trade and finance to become an essential economic partner, while it presses ahead with a military buildup in the South China Sea.

“In many instances,” say the authors, “Chinese goeconomic coercion has proven costly” but still effective. Chi-

nese aid and investment in Africa, often in unprofitable or only marginally profitable ventures, buys political influence.

And goeconomics is growing as “a preferred medium of influence” in the complex triangular relations among China, Pakistan and India (where Blackwill served as U.S. ambassador)—in part because Chinese economic activities are less likely than military ventures to draw a U.S. response.

A future strategic test between the United States and China is likely to be goeconomic, not military, if only because economic conflict is less expensive and, at least for China, easier to conduct. For this contest, the authors say, “the United States is well-equipped but ill-prepared.”

Well-equipped, for example, with

financial and monetary leverage, such as intervention in currency markets, that we once used to great effect but find unthinkable today.

Well-equipped, too, with the capacity to offer grants, loans, debt swaps and similar concessions for political advantage—except that deep skepticism in Congress about reaping the promised gains is likely to stifle any sizable aid-based initiative.

And well-equipped, thanks to fracking, with energy resources that can raise U.S. gross domestic product, reduce Russian leverage in Europe and strengthen our hand in negotiations with allies and rivals alike—if deployed with the will and skill that have so far been missing.

War by Other Means was written before the 2016 U.S. election and before the United Kingdom's referendum on remaining a member of the European Union. Its discussion of trade agreements already provokes nostalgia. "Even granting their shortcomings," the authors write, the Trans-Pacific Partnership and the Trans-Atlantic Trade and Investment Partnership are "of central importance to the future of U.S. power projection."

President Donald Trump killed the former in his first days in office, and the Brexit decision rendered the latter moot for the foreseeable future. For those who see the United States as already engaged in an economic struggle with China, the abandonment of TPP is a self-inflicted wound, an own goal. Beijing's exclusion from the TPP, according to an analysis by Ashley Tellis that the authors cite, would have "cost China \$100 billion in lost annual income and exports."

The authors propose to bring geoeconomic considerations into future negotiations. For example, trade agreements with allies could include "explicit commitments to joint responses to economic

coercion." Reauthorization of NATO budgets could require the Secretary of State to certify (subject to a presidential waiver) that the European Union has made progress toward diversification of its energy supplies.

New legislation could give private firms a right under U.S. law to seek trade remedies, such as tariffs, quotas or embargoes, when they are victimized by foreign cyber attacks. These are ideas that could attract bipartisan support.

The book suffers from a few deficiencies. The treatment of China will remind some readers of America's awestruck, panicky regard for the briefly triumphant Japanese economic juggernaut of the late 1970s. The problems of demography, environmental degradation and public corruption that could undermine China's ability to execute its geoeconomic strategies are all ignored.

The book's many numbered lists (e.g., 5 points, 4 lessons, 6 changes, 7 tools, 4 endowments, 20 prescriptions) imply more precision than the analysis warrants; and the clunky, sodden prose for which the Council on Foreign Relations is famous appears too often. There are nearly a hundred pages of notes, but no bibliography.

Yet these shortcomings are minor next to the power of the authors' arguments and the creativity of their proposals. *War by Other Means* offers new ways to think about national security at a time when new thinking is sorely needed. It deserves a wide audience.

Harry W. Kopp, a frequent contributor to The Foreign Service Journal, was deputy assistant secretary of State for international trade policy in the Carter and Reagan administrations. He and Robert D. Blackwill, co-author of War by Other Means, were in the same June 1967 Foreign Service class.

When Brothers Fight

Civil Wars: A History in Ideas

David Armitage, *Vintage Books*, 2017, \$10.37/paperback, \$14.99/Kindle, 359 pages.

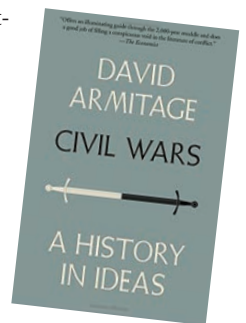
REVIEWED BY KEITH W. MINES

I recently visited Gettysburg with one of my adult sons, compensating for my guilt at his having learned American history overseas. Across what is now a placid landscape raged three of the bloodiest days of our history—yielding 7,000 dead and 30,000 wounded. There was a simplicity to the contest—Would America be one nation or two?—even if embedded in that question were a host of moral and historical issues.

Today internal conflicts are on the rise; they are lasting longer, and they are increasingly influenced by outside powers channeling their disagreements. They have made a living hell of entire countries for decades. We often misunderstand both the wars themselves, as well as our place in them.

David Armitage's *Civil Wars: A History in Ideas* takes on the topic from a fresh, if challenging, perspective. Using the same technique as in his *The Declaration of Independence: A Global History*, he covers a concept not "of ideas" but "in ideas"—how an idea, in this case civil war, traveled and evolved and was internalized, and how it influenced the course of civilization.

It is in some ways odd to see civil war treated as an idea and not a series of acts. But one of the book's main themes is that "attempts at precision are as



doomed as they are illusory, for the simple reason that civil war is an essentially contested concept.”

Contesting Definitions

Between the restrictive definition of two historians who only allow for five true civil wars in history (the English, American, Russian, Spanish and Lebanese) to looser definitions that call the period from 1914 to 1945 a European civil war and the Cold War a global civil war, the concept is often defined by the victors.

Armitage points out that had the American Civil War been won by the South, it would undoubtedly have been known as a “war for independence” or “revolution,” as it still is in parts of the South. (That definitional contest was finally decided by Congress in 1907.)

And the definition is not merely academic. It leads to legal and political issues that play out not just in the hearts of the contestants but in the laws of war, the treatment of civilians and combatants, and the means for reconciliation.

Ideas, Armitage believes, have consequences; he dedicates 20 pages to Henry Halleck and Francis Lieber’s efforts to create a legal framework around the American Civil War.

As Romans defined civil wars, they also grappled with what sparked them and whether there was “some fundamental flaw in the Roman Republic that gave rise to them.” Historians sought answers in morals (Augustine), material corruption (Sallust) or the simple and unavoidable contest to define citizenship (Florus/Lulan). Says Armitage: “If the Roman writers on civil war had taught anything, it was that the cycle of civil war, once begun, was likely to continue unbroken.”

As Armitage enters the modern age, the topic becomes more familiar and immediate. He frames the debate by

The very debate over the concept of civil war reveals, says Armitage, “a great deal about the way we define our communities, how we identify our enemies and how we encourage our allies.”

citing a Syrian who “lamented that the high ideals of the uprising against Assad—freedom, equality and the protection of Islam—had been replaced by sectarian violence. ... It had gone from revolution to civil war.”

Syria is also an extreme case of foreign intervention into civil conflict, which has lately become even more nonchalant than during the Cold War. According to Georgetown Professors Lise Morjé Howard and Alexandra Stark, “civil wars are lasting longer and are increasingly likely to end with a one-sided victory rather than a negotiated settlement.” This contrasts with the period from 1989 to 2001, when most civil wars ended in negotiation.

Tribal Discord Isn’t Foreign

As I walked the field where General George Pickett led 12,000 men across a mile of open ground into canister and rifle fire, I heard a range of foreign voices and wondered how our civil war was interpreted by non-Americans.

I once rode in the back of a pickup truck in Somalia with an African American and remember the look of incredulity from one of our Somali partners that two individuals from such obviously distinct tribes could be on such friendly terms. They were having a devil of a time closing ranks between the Habr Gedr and the Abgal.

On another occasion, my Sunni interpreter presented the core beliefs of Shi’ite Islam before I made a trip to Hillah, Iraq, his effort to ensure I was not seduced by such transparently false teachings. It made it easy to dismiss these conflict-ridden places as simply prone to fighting.

But seeing the heroic statue depicting

the Virginians ready to charge across that open field, could Germans and Koreans exploring those fields in Pennsylvania have thought anything different of Americans?

Armitage touches on this, concluding that the very debate over the concept of civil war reveals “a great deal about the way we define our communities, how we identify our enemies and how we encourage our allies.”

What is perhaps missing from his book is a discussion of the institutions—the judiciary, legislature, media—that help channel conflict and keep it in the realm of non-violence, preventing its breakdown into civil war.

For several years U.S. non-intervention in the Balkans conflict was reportedly driven by a belief, held in particular by President Bill Clinton, that civil conflict was simply the natural state of things for “them.” Then the astute and skilled application of force and diplomacy created a new institutional reality that allowed the warring sides to live in relative peace.

Over and above his contribution to intellectual history, Armitage perhaps offers even more when this book is understood as a simple cautionary tale for societies seeking simple answers to complex problems through a weakening of their own institutions and a reckless stirring of tribal discord over unity. ■

Keith Mines is a senior FSO currently serving as director of Andean affairs in the State Department. His pertinent service includes Colombia, Somalia, El Salvador, Sudan, Haiti, Iraq and Afghanistan.

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When the Going Gets Tough: Moscow

BY ANNE GODFREY

Things have gotten tough in Moscow—again. In early April, we had the second mass expulsion of American diplomats from Russia in eight months. I could write a book about the resilience and sheer bloody-mindedness of those of us leading this Foreign Service life.

It's difficult to describe the shock we felt as the names rolled in one at a time. Neighbors, friends, senior diplomats, bright young officers, families—whole sections of the embassy, all given seven days to pack up and leave. I sat in a neighbor's house wearing, I'm sure, the same expression of dazed disbelief as everyone around me at the implications for us as a community.

Many outside the community asked me how we got through this for a second time in less than a year. Sixty percent of our embassy and consulate employees were kicked out in August 2017. How would we manage to keep going again, after the loss of so many more? There is no easy answer to these questions, but one thing I can say for sure—the extraordinary community we have here, both professional and personal, is one I have not experienced anywhere else in 20 years of Foreign Service life.



Anne Godfrey is a teacher at the Anglo-American School in Moscow. She and her husband, Embassy Moscow's deputy chief of mission, have three children. Anne is Irish, and has lived and taught elementary school in seven countries. She has been a Foreign Service spouse in Croatia, Armenia, Turkey and Russia.



CHARLES STARR

Deputy Chief of Mission Anthony Godfrey stands alone on the tarmac, watching the plane pull away with 60 diplomats, their families and dozens of pets aboard.

A Bureaucratic Miracle

In the week that followed the announcement of names on the list, as the community considered the enormity of the loss—60 of the finest officers and their families—we faced a staggering task. To get everyone packed out on time, the community had to perform a bureaucratic miracle. Departing diplomats continued to do their jobs while they completed a to-do list, one that is usually spread over months, in just one week.

That list included never-ending check-out requirements. We set up seven desks in the community room, staffed by every available officer and volunteer. Paperwork was completed by four or five different departments, keys and radios turned in, packouts scheduled, seats on the charter flight confirmed.

The list included checklists for exporting pets: certificates of health, up-to-date

rabies shots and airline-cleared pet carriers for 39 pets.

The list included explaining the situation to the children—some with just 11 weeks left in the school year, including high school juniors immersed in their first year of the International Baccalaureate diploma. None could be given a satisfactory answer to the question of how they

will complete the year, or where they will be next school year.

Those of us who would be staying behind cooked for friends and arranged play dates to get little ones out from under the chaos. We walked dogs. We sent our teenagers to carry bags and boxes. We made things up as we went along, dealing as best we could with a situation for which none of us had a frame of reference.

On the morning of departure, the compound stirred earlier than usual. At 4 a.m., suitcases were stacked outside. Pet carriers stood ready. People moved around in the freezing morning—some with purpose, firing off orders through walkie-talkies; others anxious, waiting for the buses.

Departing military officers in dress uniform almost undid whatever composure we had left.

We held it together until the buses appeared, signaling our final moments



Flags line the street on the Embassy Moscow compound in the days before departure.

together. Hugs and tears and determined whispers not to say goodbye, but “until the next time.” Entreaties to keep the heart of the community beating, to keep moving forward with the work.

Then they were gone—60 of our colleagues and their families. The rest of us dispersed reluctantly to pick up the pieces of our day. We had proven our resilience and strength in the way we performed the miracle of getting everyone out on the same flight, with all their pets, and with their household goods and cars following closely behind.

Moving Forward

After a relatively quiet departure from Sheremetyevo Airport in Moscow, the plane was met on arrival at Dulles with balloons, welcome home signs and the familiar faces of former Moscow officers and their families, many of whom themselves had been forced to leave last August.

A continent away, the Moscow community kept working. New social media platforms were formed to keep everyone in the loop. As our former neighbors landed at Dulles, photos of kids waving flags on the plane and reunions at Dulles were shared. Parents of jetlagged toddlers and babies met under the cherry blossoms in the D.C. dawn hours. Those same toddlers slept where they fell at morning information sessions arranged by our beloved CLO, who was determined to keep doing her job

for the community from inside her living room at the Oakwood.

They are no longer front-page news, but those who were forced to leave continue to demonstrate extraordinary resilience. In their temporary D.C. apartments, they worry about an uncertain future. Personal effects may begin arriving, but many still face weeks without a future assignment, in some cases separated from family members still in Moscow. Tears have been shed, sleepless nights have been spent, and anxious conversations held.

There is nothing, it seems, that can keep this community down for



ALIA HARRIS

Back in the States, jetlagged children fall asleep without warning while their parents attend a meeting.

long. We have survived not one, but two expulsions, and could write the manual on resilience, on how to survive separation and loss, on how to roll with the punches. Our community continues to thrive, to be a source of support and strength for those who are a part of it. There is no pretense in the courage of its members, playing the hand they have been dealt with dignity and grace.



THOMAS BRUNS

Children of expelled diplomats wave an American flag during their flight out of Russia.

On the Monday morning after the departure, our ambassador, Jon Huntsman, reminded those of us left behind of the need to link arms and carry on the work. Officers asked to take on the roles of their departed colleagues stepped up without complaint, determined to keep the embassy not just functioning, but moving forward.

The ambassador has stressed the importance of public diplomacy, of reaching out to the Russian people and seeing in them an echo of ourselves—the importance we all place on family, education, cultural identity and pride in country. These relationships we build will mend bridges between nations and rebuild political relationships.

More than one departing friend said that it would have been much easier to leave if they had hated Moscow. The truth is, we who live here love the city. That is also one of the strengths of the mission.

We are moving forward.

That is what we do. ■

call this picture “Diving Suzie’s Bommie.” Just 15 kilometers from Port Moresby, and only 30 minutes from Loloata Resort, Suzie’s Bommie is one of my favorite dive sites in Papua New Guinea.

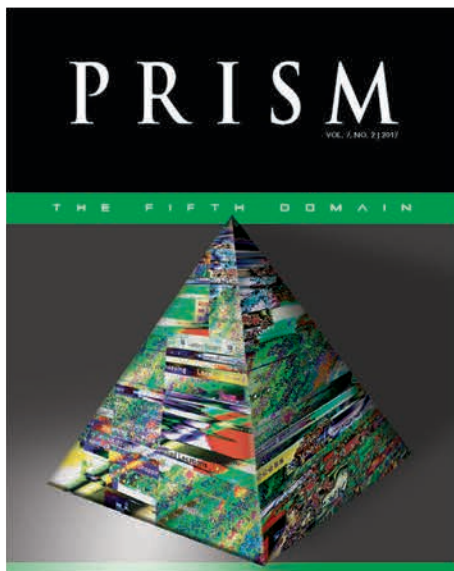
It is hard to believe that such good diving can exist so close to a capital city, but when the conditions are right, Suzie’s Bommie offers world-class diving! ■

Gergana Batkova is an FS family member at Embassy Port Moresby. She and her husband are passionate divers and underwater photographers, so they feel very lucky to be posted to Papua New Guinea. She took the photo on May 10 with an Olympus TG-TRACKER, 1.60mm, 1/100 sec at f/2.0, ISO 160.

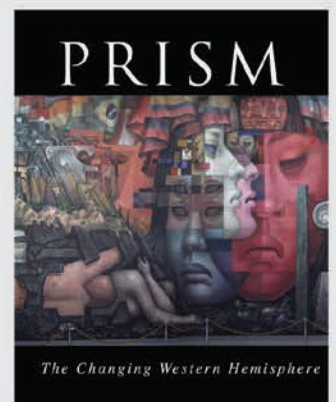
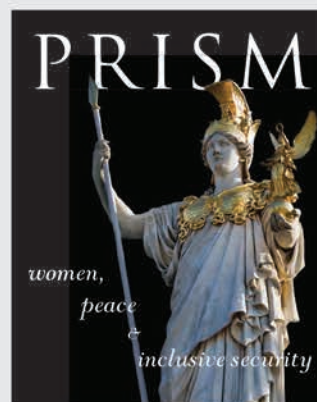
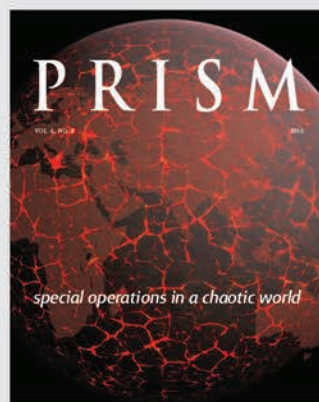
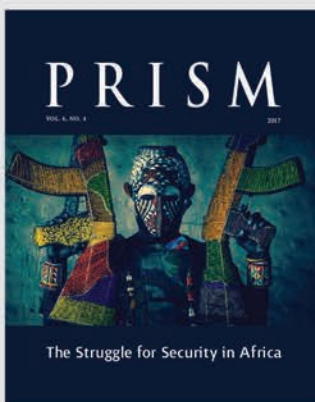


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