

For Our Parents, for Our Children, for Generations to Come

Dear Epoch VIP,

Once again, thank you for being a subscriber this week—you've probably seen this message a million times on this very page, but I assure you it's because we really do appreciate you that much!

I'm Channaly Philipp, your editor for Life and Tradition. But not just that: I'm also the daughter of a Khmer Rouge survivor, a former liberal arts college student, and now a mother.

Each one of these identities gives me one more reason why I must keep doing what I do at The Epoch Times every day.

You see, my father, like many other fathers, has a story.

Only 45 medical doctors survived the killing fields and death camps of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, and he, Dr. Nal Oum, was the only doctor lucky enough to have escaped one of the Khmer Rouge camps.

But what he saw before he walked 22 arduous days through the jungle to Thailand, leaving him on the brink of death, left a mark on his psyche like no other: he had seen humanity at its absolute worst. He had seen what people were capable of when performing under a system that enabled their worst vices—the communist system.

The Khmer Rouge's rampage left 2 million Cambodian corpses in its wake, a faceless statistic to many. To my father, however, around 100 of them will always have names and faces, because they belonged to the sick children and infants that the Khmer Rouge forced him to abandon as they drove the populace from the city to the countryside in pursuit of a doomed agrarian utopia.

He remembers their tiny faces, their tiny beds. He remembers them every day.

At gunpoint, he was forced to leave his hospital and the lives of his patients to the Khmer Rouge, to communism—to death.

He's never forgotten what he had to do on that fateful day, and even now, he's unable to forget the pain in the eyes of these children formerly under his care.

His life now is dedicated to ensuring that the rest of the world never forgets, either.

Twenty years later, and half-way around the world, as I embarked to enroll in one of our nation's elite colleges, I was met on campus and in some classes with—what else? Socialism, cloaked in the ideals of social justice, and as an impressionable young mind, it saddens me to admit that because I was young and well-intentioned, I fell for it.

It wasn't until years later, after leaving the hallowed halls of American academe, and then becoming a parent, I realized all of it was a lie. A beautiful lie, and probably the same beautiful lie that was told to the youths who had held my father at gunpoint.

I saw how subtly the indoctrination began at my daughter's public elementary school, as early as kindergarten. Looking ahead, I could see the gears of the machine turning. Mass public schooling churning out generation after generation of youth perfectly calibrated to these new, false definitions of kindness, equality, truth, and righteousness.

This is why The Epoch Times' motto of "truth and tradition" has always spoken to me; today, it's a guiding principle for me in how I run my small corner of the paper.

In the Life and Tradition section, I aim to preserve and protect the best of what's been left to us by the generations who came before: their values, their traditions, their stories—history as our families lived and experienced it, so we that we can learn from their wisdom and their sacrifices as we create our future.

And perhaps most importantly, I want to give hope to anyone that's still looking for a beacon of light—of real truth, of real goodness—in our modern society.

It is admittedly a lofty goal, but for all the children—for those in my father's memory, for my own, and for yours—I have no choice but to at least try.

In Truth and Tradition,

Channaly Philipp
The Epoch Times



Channaly Philipp

Editor for Life and Tradition Section

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