



Myanmar

Introduction



My flirtation with Burma began 14 years before I touched down in Rangoon, at a time when even the sound of her name was romantic and before less-elegant titles like Myanmar and Yangon were instituted. I admired her from afar when wandering Burmese monks in India suggested I enter Burma with a student visa to undergo meditation training at one of the country's Buddhist monasteries. I never applied for that visa, but my wistful visions of courting this untouched country, strewn with ancient temples and populated by happy, peaceful people, continued. I finally persuaded myself to meet her face to face in the Fall of 1999 and boarded UB flight 242 to Yangon.

