

Dear family

I'm at the base camp right now. There are a lot of wounded people here, mostly men who have major injuries and are in shock. Yesterday morning a man came in, who recognized me immediately. His face was hurt by being bombed, you couldn't recognize him. He tried to tell me something, but I didn't understand him. The couple of words I did understand sounded familiar. His voice was deep, and you could hear he has been through a lot.

But I couldn't place him in my memory.

Then I had to take care of him. He was in real agony. He screamed every time someone touched him. That's when I saw his watch. It was dad's.

Then everything came together. The man on the table was my brother, your son. Moments after that he was fighting for his life.

We did everything we could.

I am so sorry mom and dad...

Sincerely yours

Maria