

The Power of HOPE

I come from a family where if we are to have a get together we always have a moment of silence for the family and friends we have lost during the World War II. You see, my great great grandparents lived during the World War II, they faced hunger and fear, they lost many of their friends, but what they never lost was HOPE.

When the war started my great-grandmother's father was taken to war at the age of 36, and fought throughout the war until the end. He was a very down to earth person, he worked hard for making a living and took care of his family to his best. He worked the fields, had many domestic animals and had a great belief in God. Yet, my great-grandfather's father who belonged to a wealthier family served only for a year. This discrepancy of who went to war and who didn't based on wealth has always shocked me as the war does not spare anyone. I am still wondering till this day about the fact how many survived by bribing the commanders-in-chief, but at the same time can we judge them? They had to survive, and if I were to choose today, would I want to find ways to bribe for my life, or would I obey the order and fight? I hope I never have to find an answer to this question ...

Sometimes at family gatherings we have disagreements about the destiny of soldiers in my family. But what we all agree to is that they both believed in goodness, mercy and preservation of life. Despite my grandfather witnessing what the war can do to the soul of a soldier who saw death, witnessed human cruelty, lost weight to extremes, saw people kill cats and dogs for food, saw villages with no animals, all of them being devoured by hungry people who had even mashed grass to feed their kids, it was hope that saved their mind. My grandparents often tell me about the effects of feeling powerless, hungry and in despair. They tell me how soldiers who were less fortunate would come back from the war and keep stealing food and eating it wherever they could find it, vomiting it all afterwards, but eating hungrily again, fearing being left with no food. Others would never find peace and would start drinking until unconscious.

Hope is a powerful feeling, it can heal you, it can help you survive. It was hope that helped many return to a routine of life despite the lack of food post war. It was hope that helped many WWII soldiers to adjust to the new communist regiments who took over all the lands and forced them into laboring the fields yet sharing the food with the commanders who did nothing but getting richer and richer. The soldiers who went through famine and ordeal had to pretend to believe the lies the leaders would tell them, despite them knowing what true horror was.

It is still hope that my family has when it comes to learning the history of our country, our people, our soldiers who were part of a disastrous event. We hope that history will never repeat itself. Schools will have books that will be read by the new generations that will remind them that no war is a solution. In my family we believe that if people have the inner power to keep going even though the leaders dictate the history that erases the truth, invent a language for a country and burn the literature of a nation, it is the hope that turns to action that makes the culture come back to its roots, the language to revive like a phoenix.

I come from a family who knows what war is. What famine is. What despair is. I come from a family that relies on the historical truth despite the numerous attempts of brainwashing. In my

family we respect life, we are empathetic towards pain and we HOPE that we shall never experience war again...yet the war is going on...and it is so close to our home.

I am a teenager, but I value my history, my country, my culture and my people. My HOPE is that the WWII nightmare will remind us all that violence incites violence and it is not the solution to conflicts. My HOPE is that no child goes hungry to bed because politicians divide land. My HOPE is that no child will wake up in fear of being left an orphan, as we all can live in PEACE if we follow the simple rules of life: love and be loved.

I HOPE...