

When she was a child Zlata took part in a summer-camp “Vacation from War”. Later she became an assistant and translator for the German coordinator. At home in Banja Luka (Serbian Republic in Bosnia) she founded a peace-group. She works in a local radio-station and sometimes reports from the “Vacation from War”.

I WISH THIS COULD HAPPEN AGAIN

By Zlata



The environment that I know very well. I’m approaching to the stairs on which top I see one child. I don’t know who it is, but looking at him I have feeling that he knows me, and that he is expecting me. But how is that possible? If he doesn’t know me, how he can expect me?

Suddenly I hear he is calling his friends, saying them to hurry up, because they have visit. And before I managed to come in front of the main entrance of the building, of their home, on the main door I see familiar faces- new friends from summer camp. They are smiling at me, running to say hello...the welcome as you can just imagine!

After that special moment, I look around and on the wall I see the small panorama, with photos and texts. It stays on the place where everyone can see it, and it tells stories about summer camp in Neum, about two special weeks where we all had fun, have find new friends, learn something new, realise some important things and some of us even have fall in love for the first time... The boy that saw me first, while I was approaching main door, is showing me one of the photos, saying he recognized me from that.

Suddenly I hear some new familiar voices. I look on the other side of the room and I realise there are others, the new friends who were with us on summer camp this year. They came too, to visit the new friends from orphanage, to talk with them about the new stuff that happened to them in last few days, from the last visit. It was like we planed to meet all together on the same place at the same time.

So, in the next few minutes, hours (I can not tell exactly, because time is passing so quickly when we are together) I hear happy voices, laughing, talking about new stuff, remembering happy days we had spent this summer together on seaside, for some of them the first time in their life.

We are talking about the stuff that we been through together on the camp, we are remembering the smallest details...and we tell them each other all over again. I don’t know how many times we did that. I can not say how many times I have seen this situation in last few years, the kids including me as one of them talking about

special time in summer camp. But, every time we do that, every time when we talk about those 2 weeks I realising how special time that had been for all of us. Those two weeks, and the talk about that after gives us strength to carry on, gives us positive energy.

We all trying to fill the each other story with smallest details that someone has forgotten, or just didn't had time to say it, trying to tell as much as possible about that for him/her unforgettable journey, know to all of us as two weeks of the special summer camp.

And others that are around just listening every single detail. Some of them are breathless, others asking the question, trying to find out the smallest details, and in that way, even in their imagination, go on that summer camp, be together with others on the beach, in the room, on the balcony, dancing, running around, playing, learning, meeting new friends.... Some of them are hoping that they will have a chance to be a part of that incredible journey next year.

But, at the end of every story, at the end of every meeting, every visit I can hear one well known sentence. The sentence I had listen all those years, every time when I meet my friends from the summer camp. The sentence I had also spoken so many times, year after year, and I'm sure each of us, who were a part of this project, had spoken once in the life...

“I wish I could go back next year, and to see all my friends again, to be together at the same place, I wish this could happen once again.”

THANK YOU!!!

To all of you who make this dream come true,
(I hope this is not the end of the story)