

Committee for Basic Rights and Democracy



Steps toward the Concrete Utopia of a Peaceful World Summer 2009

*(The participants wrote letters to some donors, who asked for contacts. We asked them to copy it.
There was just the following in English language)*

Tuzla, August 2009

Dear donor,

I will not tell You my name-it is irrelevant. My age and place where I come from is not important. I am simply one among hundreds and hundreds of others who took part in this project. My name means nothing, my age means nothing. I am just a part of the group of people whose life you changed. So many people who I met are nice, friendly and positive but underneath they hide pain, sadness and fear.

I used to be one of them.

Should I thank You for giving me the opportunity to take part in this project? For giving me the vacation for free? For making possible for me to see the sea and to travel out of my country? Forgive me, but I'll do no such thing.

I will thank You for helping me ease my pain and fear, for taking a great part in the process called „Forming the person“ (because this project has helped me to become a better person), for a chance to make friendships for a lifetime and, above all, for helping me realize that I am not the only one.

My face is in the photographs, but it doesn't stand out. My tears have washed hands and faces of my friends when we said „goodbye“, but I was not the only one who cried. I became a better person, but there are so many others who did exactly that, I am unique as a grain of sand is unique in the desert.

You have changed my life, I will never be able to thank You enough.

Many people have said I'm important, but I know that I am just part of many thousands of those who begin their true life story with „I once went to the camp called –Vacation from war-...“

I am a person, but before that I am a part of this group. We all feel the same, look at the same sky and laugh in the same voice.

I would like to thank You for making possible for me to see my friends again in this camp. Our days are filled with laughter and music.

The day of another departure is getting closer and I catch myself looking at the others with tears in my eyes and having trouble focusing because I don't sleep enough ☺. Why would I sleep when I can be with them a bit longer instead? I'll sleep when I get old ☺.

I don't want to let them go, and often sadness embraces me but when I get home, I will be filled with energy and happiness. I will dream vivid dreams full of beautiful memories.

I am sure of that because it has happened before as well.

My nightmares stopped back in the year 2005 when I came home from Neum and my first camp. For four long years I have missed them – all of them and I dreamed of going back.

Thank You for fulfilling my biggest dream.

Yours faithfully,

Just another girl from the camp