



(Martyr: Hanan Abu Salama, while picking olives, in Faqqu'a/Jenin)

Name: Hanan Abu Salama

Age: 58 years old

**Place of residence: Faqou'a village,
north of Jenin Governorate**

Social status: married

**Number of children: five girls and one
boy**

Date and place of martyrdom:

**10/17/2024 AD, at 11:00 AM. On the
ground while picking olives,
Faqqu'a/Jenin.**

Hanan Abu Salama, a devoted mother from the village of Faqqu'a in the northern Jenin Governorate, tragically lost her life before she could celebrate her 59th birthday in January 2025. Her family, who had planned to honor her on her special day, was instead left mourning her loss due to the brutal

actions of the Israeli occupation forces. Hanan was killed on October 17, 2024, during the olive harvest season—a season deeply rooted in Palestinian life and livelihood.

On that fateful day, Hanan was exercising her natural and legitimate right to harvest olives alongside her husband, son, and fellow villagers on their agricultural land near the apartheid wall. Despite we got permission for access to the land, as confirmed by the Faqqu'a Village Council, the occupation forces violated this agreement. They opened fire, striking Hanan with a treacherous bullet, leaving her critically injured. She was rushed to Ibn Sina Hospital in Jenin, where her death was tragically confirmed. The same hospital was a familiar place for Hanan's family, as one of her daughters worked there.

Hanan, a mother of five daughters and one son, left behind a grieving family who now endures life without her warmth and nurturing presence. Her youngest daughter, Amna, who was particularly close to her mother and cherished as the "spoiled" child of the family, has been left heartbroken and lonely. Hanan's absence has turned their once lively home into a shell of its former self, filled with pain and emptiness.

For years, Hanan was unjustly denied access to her land due to the illegal policies of the occupation. When she finally returned to tend to her olive trees, a symbol of resilience for the Palestinian people, she became a victim of Zionist violence. Her death has cast a shadow over the olive harvest, a season that holds immense cultural and economic importance for Palestinian families.

Hanan's husband recounted the incident: **"We arrived at the land promptly at 8:00 a.m. and began picking olives, continuing until 10:00 a.m. We were careful to remain about 100 meters away from the apartheid wall. Suddenly, an Israeli occupation army patrol arrived and began firing directly at us. At the time, I was wearing a cap, which I raised and waved to signal our presence and show that we were there peacefully, but it made no difference. They continued firing relentlessly in all directions. We eventually fled, realizing they would not stop shooting. Then, my wife was shot. We hadn't been to our land in over a year, and now, even though we had received a permission to get our land, this tragedy took place. There is no sense of safety here. What happened was devastating. My wife and I left together in the morning, but I returned alone. She was my companion, my support, my pride."**



(The martyr: Hanan Abu Salama and her husband Mr. Hussam Reda Abu Salama)

Thursdays, once a cherished day of family gatherings filled with joy and laughter, have now become a haunting reminder of their

loss. It was on a Thursday that Hanan's family used to come together, with her married daughters bringing their children to visit their grandparents. And it was on a Thursday that Hanan's life was cruelly taken, transforming what was once a day of unity into a painful memory of separation.



(The daughter of the martyr: Samah Hussam Abu Salama)

Samah Abu Salama, the daughter of the martyr, shares her profound grief: **"My mother fell victim to the bullets of the brutal occupation. It never crossed my mind that I would lose her one day. My mother was martyred on a Thursday—the same day my sisters, our children, and I would always gather at my parents' house. She left us forever that day. I received the devastating news while I was at work at Ibn Sina Specialized Hospital. My brother called me and told me to prepare the emergency room because my mother had been injured. He tried to reassure me, saying that she was fine. I never imagined that I would one day be the one to receive my mother at the hospital. When she arrived, she had no pulse and was no longer breathing. The**

medical staff rushed to resuscitate her, but it was too late. That morning, my mother had left home in perfect health. She had no illnesses or ailments. She was our source of safety, life, and strength—for me and my siblings. Now, we've lost that sense of security and tenderness forever.

I always remember my mother. She passed away on a Thursday, the same day we always met with her. That Thursday, she had prepared food for us, as she always did. But instead of meeting her for our usual gathering, we saw her as a martyr. My mother—the heart of our home—was taken from us.”

Hanan's story is a tragic reflection of the daily struggles faced by Palestinians living under occupation, where even the simple act of harvesting olives can lead to loss and heartbreak. Her family now carries the heavy burden of her absence, forever longing for the compassion and love of a mother who was taken from them far too soon.

