

Suffering of pregnancy and childbirth during war



(Hadeel Saqr on the ruins of her house)

Name : Hadeel Saqr.

Age : 30 years old.

Number of times displaced : 3 times.

Place of residence (before the war) : Al-Zawaida.

Place of residence (after the war) : Al-Zawaida - Other area.

Social status : Married.

Number of children : One child.

Number of family members (before the war) : 2 members.

Number of family members (after the war) : 3 members.

Level of education : University graduate.

I will never forget the beginning of this genocide for as long as I live. That day started a tragedy that has left me

with deep worries. I went through pain that is hard to describe.

When the war started, I was almost ready to have my baby. As the sounds of planes and bombs filled the sky over Gaza, I went to the hospital, carrying my fears and my growing child. The pain I felt was not only from being pregnant but also from the fear of the destruction around us.

After a few days, I thought it would be safer to go to my family's house. But then the house next to ours was bombed, and part of our home was destroyed. We ran into the streets, not knowing where to go. My health got worse because of the stress from the bombing. We faced hunger and thirst every day, as it was hard to find food and water.

I moved to my aunt's house, which was already full of other families who had lost their homes. But things were just as bad there. Life became a nightmare. My health, and my newborn's, got worse. My baby had severe jaundice from not getting enough nutrition, and the little help we received was mostly canned food, which wasn't enough for him. From the start, my child struggled with malnutrition. As he grew, it showed—he was late in teething and walking, and his tiny body showed signs of being very sick.

I felt completely alone. There was no one to help, and we didn't have

enough milk or food for him. The cold winter made things even worse, as we had no warm clothes or blankets. My child's health got even worse, and I couldn't find any treatment for him. Water was getting harder to find, and prices for basic things went up. Each day brought more hardship and sadness.



(Hadeel Saqer on the rubble of her house)

My story is just one of many that show the suffering of children in Gaza, born into war and living in unimaginable conditions. This is a reality shared by many Palestinians, where women and children suffer even more as time goes on, and their hopes fade in the face of conflict. Yet, despite all this tragedy, the will to live remains strong, a spark of resilience in their hearts, fighting against their difficult circumstances.