

The stabs continue....and the wounds don't heal



"The rubble of my home...stabs in my heart "... says Nawal Mohammed Wadi.

Name: Nawal Mohammed Wadi.

Age: 57 years old.

Number of times displaced: 3 times.

Place of residence (before the war): Beit Lahiya project.

Place of residence (after the war): Nuseirat.

Social status: Married.

Number of family members (before the war): 9 members.

Number of family members (after the war): 8 members.

Level of education: High school.

When the war started in Gaza, I faced unimaginable horrors. One day, I got a call telling me to leave my house quickly because the building next door was going to be bombed. In a panic, I rushed outside, only to come back and find my home reduced to rubble. The place filled with my

dreams and memories was destroyed. I stood there, staring at the debris, that buried my life and memories, feeling a deep pain that still hurts today

With nowhere else to go, with no other choice, my family and I sought refuge. My daughters and I moved to my parents' home, while my husband and sons went to a school turned into a shelter. We were separated, and so was my heart. I constantly worried about my children in the school, fearing for their safety with every explosion. Each blast felt like a warning, making my heart race and my prayers endless.

I will never forget the day when the sound of successive explosions shattered my world. I ran to the school that had been hit, and the scene was beyond belief. There were body parts and blood everywhere. I saw a woman who had been making bread for her children; her blood mixed with the dough. I collapsed, unable to take it in, until I heard my children's voices. I thanked God they were alive and returned to my parents' house, carrying the horror I had just witnessed.

A few days later, on a Friday, another tragedy struck. My nieces screamed for their father. Despite my husband's pleas to stay inside, I rushed out and saw my brother's body, killed by the bombing. His wife had gone out to bring him a spleen he craved, only to return and find him gone. The shock was unbearable, adding another wound to my already broken heart.

As night fell, our fear grew. Bombs rained down, and we sought shelter in a warehouse, reciting prayers and begging for mercy. My daughter, despite being educated, lost control from fear, urinating involuntarily and falling silent from sheer terror. Moments later, my nephew's heart stopped. I rushed to help him, and by God's grace, he survived. At that moment, I realized I could take no more. I told my husband and children I had to leave. Barefoot, I left the north, leaving behind my husband and three of my children.

The road to the south was filled with death. Bodies lay everywhere, creating images that will haunt me forever. I walked, carrying my pain, hoping for safety in the south, but found only new struggles. My sick son, who has Edema syndrome, needed special care and food that was impossible to find. I knocked on doors, desperately seeking help. I also cared for my sister-in-law, who has schizophrenia and needs an injection every twenty days. We left her medical documents behind, making it harder to get her treatment.

My eldest daughter, who had hoped to become a mother and had recently succeeded after a transplant, traveled with me. She needed medication to support her pregnancy, but the war made it unavailable. Thankfully, her pregnancy stabilized, but finding baby supplies became another challenge. We struggled to find milk, clothing, and diapers for my grandson while living in unsuitable tents filled with insects and rodents.

Tragedies kept coming. In the middle of this nightmare, I received the heartbreaking news of my eldest son's death. He was the light of my life, and I hadn't seen him since we were displaced. He was buried in the north, and I couldn't visit his grave. My heart aches with every memory as I carry the weight of my losses and the pain of everything I've endured.

