

Station 4:

OK: Victoria Stonozhenko / Ukraine Language: Ukrainian

When we heard the terrible news, my husband told me and our daughter to pack our bags and be ready to leave. I started to pack my bags, and tears rolled down my cheeks. My hands trembled because I didn't know where to run and how to act. I couldn't handle my emotions. I couldn't remember what things to put in the suitcase, I couldn't concentrate. I felt like I was going crazy.

I cried, not understanding what would happen to us next. When our things were collected, we stood in the middle of the room with suitcases, not believing that we were leaving our home, maybe forever, that I would never see my home, my bedroom, my kitchen again. I could not come to terms with the fact that I am closing the apartment and may never return here.

OK: Victoria Stonozhenko / Ukraine

It was very scary. I didn't want to believe that we were saying goodbye, and maybe never see each other again. The last warm hugs, kisses, breath...

My husband helped us, led us to the line where we were separated, our family was divided, torn in two. Last kiss, last hugs and tears. I left my husband, not knowing when we would meet again.

People began to crowd into the carriage. All men said Good Bye to their family and could not hold back their tears. In the middle of the car, the rules of peaceful life did not apply, no priority to elders or children. Small children lay on the floor with their legs tucked under them.

It was getting dark outside the window. It was impossible to understand where the train was going - all the names of populated areas were covered with cloth.

During the trip, the train made stops. Local farmers brought home-cooked meals to the platform and served them: sandwiches, hot soup, tea, sweets and water. There were many people, children and animals in the carriage and no one could sleep, there was fear that we might not wake up and what awaits us next.

Yes, we are worried that our life had become restless, but Ukraine will definitely win, because it cannot be otherwise. Good always wins over evil.

OK: Victoria Stonozhenko / Ukraine

February 24, 2022 is a date forever stayed in the memory of millions of Ukrainians. This day is remembered for the sound, taste and smell. Life is divided into "before" and "after" the war! It is impossible to be prepared for the war, especially to accept it consciously.

I will never forget that horrible morning: panic, chaos, no ideas or any information of what was happening. I had shock, denial, misunderstanding, fear.

Remembering the beginning of the invasion, everyone had a fever and fear inside, buzzing in their ears, and tears in their eyes. We understood that it would never be the same again. The only wish was that the news about the war was not true, but the news was talking about an attack on Ukraine. I will remember this day forever, because I have never felt such fear and despair. They stole our lives, joy, homes, spring, summer...

Instead of going to work, we had to decide how to proceed: should we stay at home or go to a safe place?

The worst thing was at night! Going to bed and not knowing if you will wake up alive in the morning, or if this is your last night?

You're lying down, and drones start flying over the houses, and they fly so low and so loud that it looks like they could take the roof off the house. The war took away many homes, schools, kindergartens, toys, health, and peace for hundreds of children. These children will never go to kindergarten or school. The occupiers took away their parents' lives, peaceful sleep, laughter, food.... The heart is tight, and will let go only on the day of victory!

Bflo: Zubaida / Iraq Language: Arabic *Zubaida sings a song about her Homeland:*

"This song was the first time sang at the war between Iraq and Iran. It shows the braveness of Iraqi soldiers and people, that even though with the sound of guns and the war, they went to the land of war, over the barrier, all the soldiers wanted to be in front. The soldiers who died, their blood smelled like camphor."

Oh land!

Land, soil, your dirt is camphor

On the barrier sounded the gun rounds.

On the barrier we are all meeting together

We went back

To those who want to twist our arm

With broken arm

I swear that God (Allah) will be with you, land.

Land, soil, your dirt is camphor

On the barrier sounded the gun rounds.

Land, soil your dirt is camphor

On the barrier sounded the gun rounds.

OK: Victoria Stonozhenko & Lyuda Cameron / Ukraine *Ukrainian Christmas Song*

Good evening to you, master, rejoice!

Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

Cover the tables and everything with carpets, rejoice! Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

But put kalachi, from spring wheat rejoice!

Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

Because three holidays will come to visit you, rejoice! Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

And that first first holiday - Christmas, rejoice!

Oh, rejoice, earth, the son of God was born!

And that second holiday - St. Basil, rejoice!

Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

And that third holiday of the Holy Epiphany, rejoice! Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!

All our family, glorious Ukraine, rejoice!

Rejoice, earth, the son of God is born!