

Death Comes Knocking at the Door

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A memory is a powerful and unique gift one can cherish.
The simple smell of a dish whisks you back to your childhood,
Or a song wraps its arms around you and sweeps you away to your first dance.
Other memories are tainted as something painful shakes you to your very core,
And when history repeats itself, you relive the very source of your pain.

A simple, happy childhood of family, friends, and love is how Hanka Kent grew up.
But when bombs rained from the sky and shattered her world,
Her father was taken away,
Her mother shot,
Her sister killed.

Trapped behind fences, she was hidden from the outside world with others like her.
Every day was the same challenge- to stay alive.
Well, staying alive is just as easy as breathing, right?
When death lurks around every corner, watching your every move, your every breath,
You have no choice but to stay in line. Only if it is death you wish to speak with.

Death came knocking on Hanka's doors one too many times
As bombs and bullets flew, hunger clawed at stomachs, and smoke filled the rooms.
And when Death was distracted one day as flames and explosives took their prisoners,
Hanka ran into the woods, ran away from the life she had been enslaved in.

And in the woods she found... comfort and peace.
A cottage welcomed them with food and shelter.
"This was the first time in five years that we had a meal and a bed." (1:07:22)

So as I sit with these words and write, my mind fills with images of what we have come to today.
Where innocent people such as Hanka witness and are the target of
Hate, violence, brutality, starvation, illness, discrimination, and evil.

It is time we realize that history is repeating. Towns are destroyed. People are fighting.
Death is thriving.

But it is time to close Death's door, and welcome the neglected into our own cottages;
Back into society. With a warm meal and safe haven,

helping them heal what was broken within.