

We Will Not be Left Behind



"I Carry It with Me" from The Touch of 10,000 Words



Somewhere there is a place where I belong

Where an orchestra plays my favorite song

Butterflies gather and birds fly high

A beautiful place in a sun-lit sky

I wake and I wonder the land of the free

Where souls dance happy and the shore meets the sea

Mermaids chat and whisper the day

And Gods of hope are not far away

The place where I belong sits right in my hand

It lies in oceans of blue and drifts of hot sand

I carry it with me, for my eyes to see

That the place I belong sits within me









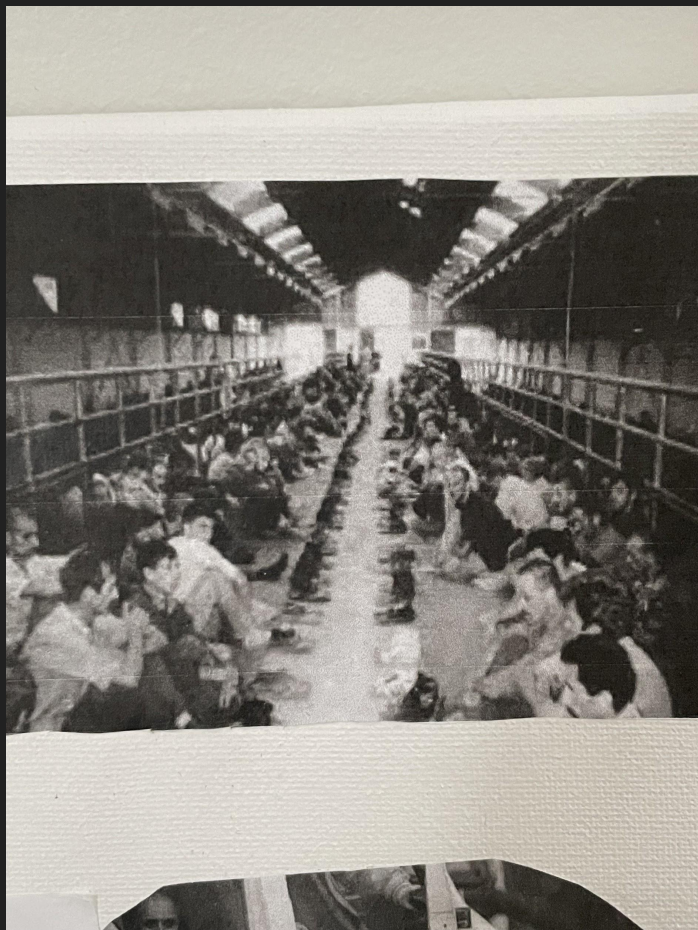
"I Carry It with Me" from The T



Some

Where

But







Every child in Sarajevo is a battlefield expert. IAN TRAYNOR reports on the trauma of growing up in wartime. Photographs by SEAN SMITH

At play in siege city

One of the most common sights in Sarajevo is a young boy in a cap and jacket, standing on a cobblestone street, looking at the camera. He is a young boy, about 10 years old, and he is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression.

A child's routine. The street is the first classroom and the camera is the first teacher. The boy is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression.



It is a common sight in Sarajevo. A young boy in a cap and jacket, standing on a cobblestone street, looking at the camera. He is a young boy, about 10 years old, and he is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression. He is looking at the camera with a serious expression.

After a day of playing in the streets, the boy is sitting on a wooden structure, possibly a fence or a small building, in a city street. He is looking towards the camera. He is looking towards the camera. He is looking towards the camera.

"I Carry It with



Every child in Sarajevo is a battlefield
wound. JAN TRAVNICH reports on the
trauma of growing up in war-torn
Bosnia. Photographs by DEAN SMITH

At play in



...the city of Sarajevo, Bosnia, is a battlefield wound. Every child in Sarajevo is a battlefield wound. Jan Travnich reports on the trauma of growing up in war-torn Bosnia. Photographs by Dean Smith.

It with Me" from The Touch of 10,000 Words

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Artist's Commentary

The Bosnian genocide began in 1992 and ended in 1995 when NATO had finally intervened by launching a missile strike on the Serbs camps which had opened negotiations. Before the genocide, there were four million people who had lived in Bosnia representing three ethnic groups. 44% of these people were Muslim, 31 percent were Serbian, and 17 percent were Croatian. During the genocide, over 100,000 people died, and 80% were Bosniak Muslims. Many people don't realize that one of the atrocities of the time period was the concentration camps that were commonly known as 'rape camps' for the pervasive sexual violence perpetrated. The men were sent to the concentration camps, and the women and children were sent to the 'Foca camps', where it is estimated that over 20,000 women were assaulted.

To reflect and raise awareness about the tragedy, I chose some of the most compelling images from my research. The picture in the top right is a picture of one of the "Foča Rape Camps". The rest of the pictures were of war zones during the genocide. I printed all of the pictures in black and white to symbolize the dark times that were going on in the country. I had included a poem by Christine Evangelou in the middle of the collage. I chose this one in particular because it talks about finding the place where you belong and "the land of the free".

In spite of the unimaginable tragedy and all of the pain and suffering during the genocide, I want to reflect the strength of character and unparalleled hope the Bosnians demonstrated by rebuilding. They remained united in spite of indifference and tragedy.

Works Cited

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