

To believe in values

I would like to help others

With my testimony, experience, story
so that the painful events are as few
as possible

La ragione
per migliorare

ważne, aby w końcu odnaleźć

zobaczenie

spokój

Es ist eine Sache der Gerechtigkeit, dass die Opfer der Straftaten eine Stimme haben und ihre Reaktionen auf die Straftaten mitteilen können

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Stories

to be told

Voices

to be heard

Fédération Européenne des **Victimes** de la Route
European Federation of Road Traffic **Victims**

FEVR

since
1991



Stories

to be told

Voices

to be heard

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With appreciation to all FEVR Members and Friends of FEVR who
have been fighting for road safety improvement, truth, justice
and post-crash response.



**FOREWORD BY
JEAN TODT**

The need for this book is clear: road traffic crashes is a leading cause of death and disability globally with a disproportionate impact on the most vulnerable communities. It is our moral imperative to recognize aspects of grief and suffering that victims and their families are profoundly enduring, mostly in silence, from the preventable tragedies on our roads.

As the United Nations Secretary-General's Special Envoy for Road Safety, I have travelled all over the world, speaking with and hearing testimonies from first-hand survivors and victims' families. The loss of loved ones and the anguish to their families and friends, exist long after the police finish their investigations, insurance companies process claims, and hospitals release the injured.

Further, surviving a road traffic crash can lead to debilitating consequences. Depending on the level of post-crash care received, road traffic injuries can have very high costs such as productivity loss caused by a disabled population and need for care providers.

Testimonies remind us of the real reasons why we must make systemic changes. The testimonials in this book are a powerful way to pay tribute those we have lost on the roads and to inspire concrete actions to reduce by half road deaths and injuries by 2030.

The Global Plan of Action for the new Decade launched in October 2021 advocates for safe, affordable, sustainable, and accessible mobility to all by 2030. I offer my sincere thanks to FEVR for the role it plays in raising visibility for road safety, advocating for victims' rights and promoting a culture of safety to drive change. The contributors to this book deserve deep gratitude and admiration from all us who work toward creating safer roads.

As we start the Second Decade of Action for Road Safety (2021-2030), it is my hope that we see more measurable commitments for actions. And in ten years, I hope the new edition of this book has many blank pages, representing all the lives saved on the world's roads.



United Nations Secretary-General's
Special Envoy for Road Safety
28 October 2021



**FOREWORD BY
ETIENNE KRUG**

Colleagues and friends,

It is an honour for me to offer the foreword to this poignant booklet, *Stories to be told, voices to be heard*, produced by the European Federation of Road Traffic Victims on the occasion of the World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims.

The stories and poems reflected herein are ones of profound and tragic loss. They are a reminder that victims of fatal and serious road traffic crashes are people of all ages, from all countries of the world, who at the moment their lives changed forever were going about the routines of their daily lives. They were walking the streets of their neighborhoods, traveling to or from work or school, and visiting family and friends.

Their lives were shattered in an instant due to speeding, drink-driving and other behaviours; the poor state of roads and vehicles; and the lack of timely emergency care. Bereaved families were often left without support of any kind, alone to navigate a world of suffering and pain, trying to make sense of the sudden loss of their children, siblings, mothers, fathers, colleagues and friends.

A new Global Plan for the Decade of Action for Road Safety 2021-2030 offers a vision for a world free of road traffic deaths and serious injuries, where all who use the roads are able to move about in safety. I call on all governments to use this Global Plan

as a basis for their national road safety policies and programmes, to help achieve the target of the Decade of Action. This includes accelerated action on the post-crash response, around Good Samaritan laws, post-crash investigation and social, judicial and financial support for bereaved families.

Stories to be told, voices to be heard gives impetus to all of us to remember those who died, support those who survived and act to save lives and build streets for life and for living.



Director of the Department of Social Determinants of Health
World Health Organization



**FOREWORD BY
FILIPPO RANDI**

In the year in which it celebrates its thirtieth anniversary, European Federation of Road Traffic Victims wanted to give life to the “Stories to be told Voices to be heard” book of testimonies so that those who read it fully understand the seriousness of the consequences of road crime and commit themselves to road safety. Road victims never decrease, they just accumulate continuously and incessantly.

We considered significant to publish the book on the World Day of Remembrance for road traffic victims, so that memory becomes a proposal for social improvement.

FEVR is part of the UN/WHO working group dedicated to road safety, actively participates every year in the preparation of the material of the World Day of Remembrance, distributes it to the member associations and partners, also supporting them in the preparation of the events organized in various countries.

It is important not to exhaust the memory of the victims on the anniversary, but to promote through it a concrete commitment in the institutions, useful for preventing road crime.

For this reason it is fundamental that Governments, institutions and organizations in charge fully commit to reach the Zero Victims by 2050 goal through an overall rethinking of the road viability system that brings the person and not the vehicles to the centre, also respecting the intermediate targets established by

the new Decade of Actions for 2021-2030 including the reduction of vehicle speed, and traffic death and injuries by at least 50%.

It is also essential not to cancel the deterrence of the sentence by underestimating the seriousness of the crime and the damage, which is only useful to aggravate the suffering of the victims and their families. Too often it is observed that road homicide cases are considered of lesser importance than other serious crimes and, consequently, not adequately punished. Road victims and their families suffer a double victimization: first the loss of a relative or health, then the perpetrator's impunity.

All this can be seen and heard in the testimonies: may the memory be a warning for everyone, institutions and road users.

Filippo Randi
President of FEVR

QUOTE FROM
ANTONIO AVENOSO

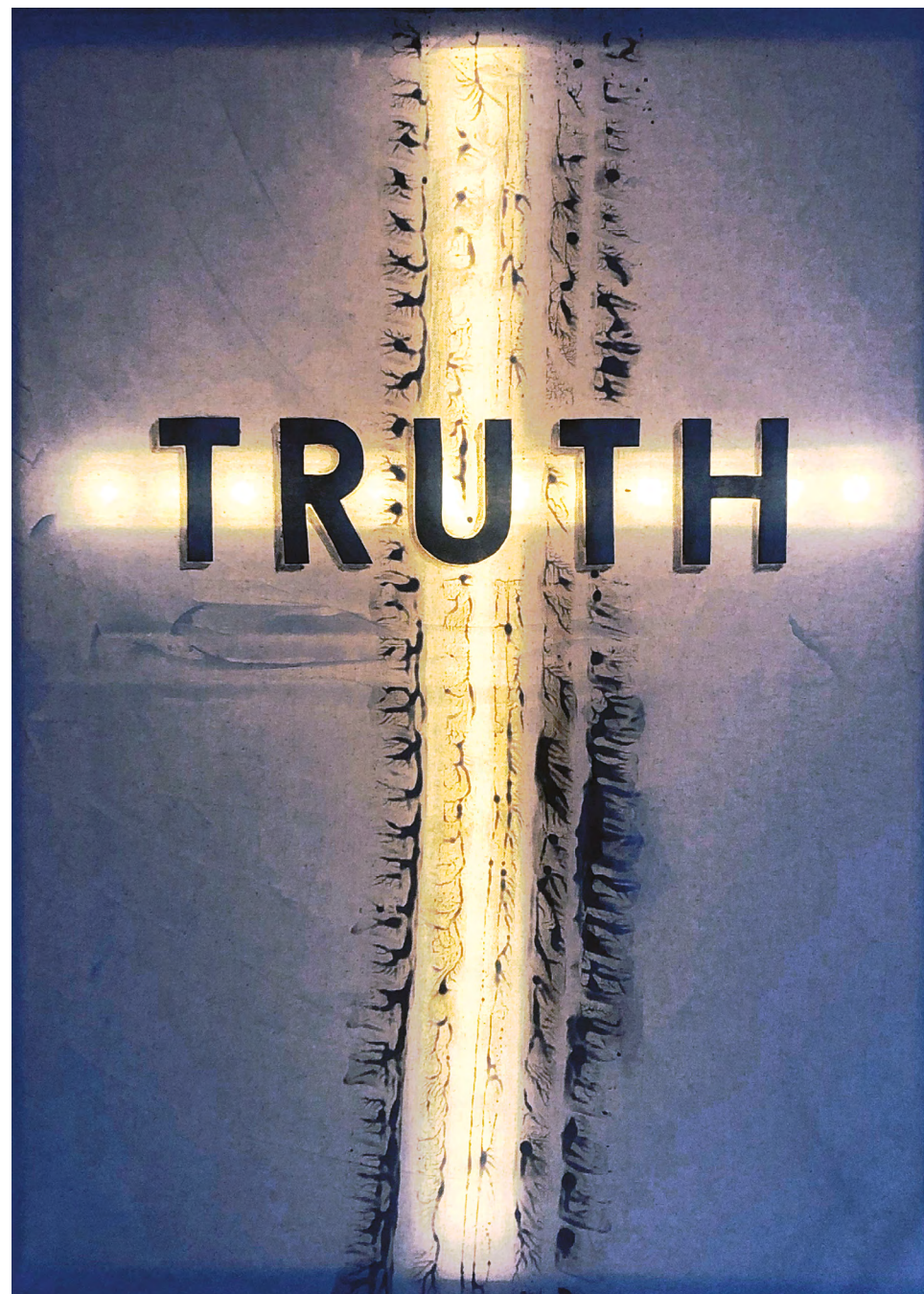
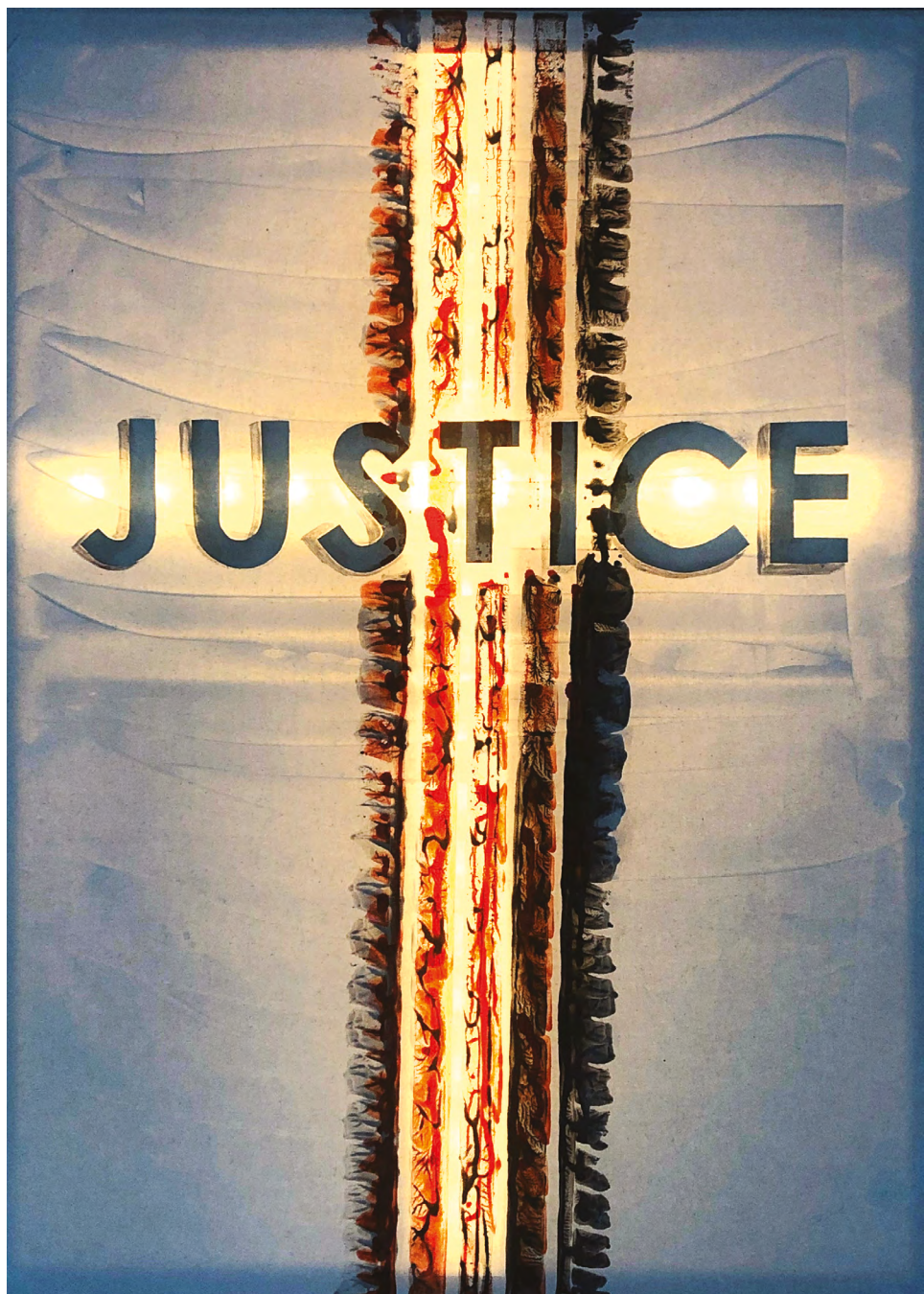
This book is a moving reminder to policymakers of why road safety matters. Every premature death on the road creates a shockwave, the after-effects of which impact on families, friends and colleagues for years after the tragedy. Almost every death is avoidable, when we use the available tools. By applying these tools a Safe Road System need not be a distant dream, but an achievable reality.

Antonio Avenoso
Executive Director of the European Transport Safety Council

QUOTE FROM
SAUL BILLINGSLEY

Each year the World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims rekindles a candle flame that then burns brightly for 364 days. It is a flame powered by the grief, courage and activism of families who have lost a loved one to a road traffic crash. It is flame that also represents our determination to work in solidarity with the families of road traffic victims to achieve zero deaths on the road.

Saul Billingsley
Executive Director, FIA Foundation



Eng Strooss, eng Kéier, ze séier...
Eng Sekonn net opgepasst am Verkéier.

E Wee, ze laang, ze schnell...
Eng Éiwegkeet töscht Liewen an Hell.

Fir d'éischt ass et stackdäischer;
Alles wat een héiert si Geräischer.

Leit déi schwätzen, ech verstinn se net.
Et ass alles däischer, ech gesinn se net

Ech weess net wou ech sinn, hëllef mir een!
Ech géif am léifste jäizen, firwat äntwert mir keen?

Et fänkt u kal ze ginn, ech héiere Sireenen.
Sinn ech nach bei Bewosstsinn oder sinn ech um ze Dreemen?

Ech sinn eleng, ech fäerten, wou sinn ech dann elo ?
Ronderëm... alles roueg. Wisou ass keen do ?

Eng Péng, eng Roserei, ech hunn Angscht ze stierwen.
Et gött mir eréischt bewosst, wéi gären ech dach liewen.

Bewosst an onbewosst, no laangem hier an hin.
Meng Ae sinn elo op, ech kann erëm gesinn.

Et geet lues Biergop, e puer Méint si vergaangen.
Ech ginn et net op, mee de Wee ass nach laang.

Déi Péng, déi Roserei, déi Angscht virum Stierwen.
Ech hunn et iwwerstanen, elo kann ech liewen !

Carine Nickels

Member vum Verwaltungsrat (Sekretärin), AVR

A drive, a turn, too fast...
Carelessness on the road, only a second past.

The drive, too long, too fast to tell...
An eternity between life and hell.

At first there is blackness, it is heavy to bear
Then, commotion is all you hear.

People are talking, I don't understand them.
Everything is dark, I can't see them.

I do not know where I am, somebody help me!
I feel like screaming, why does no one answer me?

I hear sirens, the cold is seeping in,
Am I still conscious or are these the dreams that begin?

I am by myself, I am scared, where is this place unknown?
Around me... silence. Why am I alone?

The pain, the anger, I am scared of death.
I am just realizing now I don't want this to be my last breath.

Between wakefulness and sleep, back and forth repeatedly
My eyes are open now, my vision improving steadily.

Some month have passed and an uphill battle is being lead
I won't give up, but I still face a very long road ahead.

This pain, this anger, this fear of death
I did survive, I can take my next breath!

Carine Nickels

Member of the board (secretary), AVR

I loved you even before I was born



Margherita Margaritelli
8 anni, Italia

Io ero Matilde

Era una bella giornata di Agosto, ti sei alzata presto e ci siamo salutate con il solito bacio prima che la tua mamma andasse al lavoro e ti ho detto: "a dopo!". Quel dopo non c'è mai stato.

Erano le 13,00 circa quando la tua meravigliosa vita di bambina è stata travolta e spezzata da chi, distratta non so e non saprò mai da cosa, non si è fermata alle strisce pedonali che tu stavi attraversando a piedi. Avevi sulla tua destra la tua bicicletta che tenevi con le manine, il nonno ti stava venendo incontro, anche lui, sulle strisce. C'era una visibilità perfetta su quel tratto di strada rettilineo in pieno centro abitato.

Nessuna frenata, sei stata trascinata per 30 metri.

Abbiamo trascorso la notte più lunga e buia della nostra vita davanti alla porta della Terapia Intensiva perché il tuo forte cuoricino aveva voluto resistere un po' ma la mattina successiva ci hai dovuto lasciare per sempre.

Poco dopo hanno cercato di darti una parte di colpa, inventandosi che tu avessi attraversato le strisce pedonali in sella alla tua bicicletta e non a piedi! Falsità, comode menzogne.

Ancora oggi mi chiedo perché hanno voluto farci così tanto male senza il minimo rispetto per il nostro immenso dolore. Eri una bambina davvero speciale ed ora tutti devono sapere che tu non

hai avuto nessuna colpa e che il processo penale si è concluso con la verità.

Quella donna ti ha ucciso con la sua distrazione, quella donna sta vivendo la sua vita normale. Quella donna può ancora abbracciare e ridere insieme alle sue figlie...io no. Le nostre leggi inadeguate ed irrispettose delle Vittime permettono tutto questo.

Da quel maledetto giorno e quando ripenso a quei momenti mi sembra di non riuscire a respirare e mi sembra che il mio cuore arrivi alla gola e mi impedisca di respirare. Ricordo la telefonata, il mio disperato viaggio in macchina verso l'ospedale, il trasferimento all'altro ospedale, l'interminabile attesa davanti alla sala operatoria, l'elenco dei danni che il tuo corpicino aveva dovuto subire, la disperazione, l'impotenza, il senso di vuoto.

Il dolore che provo è così terribile e asfissiante che mi sembra di impazzire. Mi manchi così tanto piccola mia!

Le giornate iniziano e finiscono ma senza il calore dei tuoi sorrisi, senza la luce dei tuoi occhi e senza il suono delle tue parole non sono più luminose, armoniose e calde. Non c'è più gioia e serenità nel mio cuore e nella mia mente...solo tanta angoscia, una profonda angoscia. Nella nostra casa e nella nostra vita c'è un grandissimo vuoto incolmabile.

Non ti è stato permesso di crescere, non ti è stato permesso di vivere, non ci è stato permesso di continuare ad essere felici.

Tutto questo è stato causato da quella che in molti chiamano una banale distrazione alla guida, da quella che per me è invece una gravissima, imperdonabile e soprattutto evitabile distrazione.

Con tutto il nostro amore.

Mamma e Papà di Margherita

Margherita Margaritelli
8 years old, Italy

I was Matilde

It was a beautiful day in August, you woke up early and we said goodbye with the usual kiss before your mom went to work and I said: "See you later!". That later never came.

It was around one o'clock when your wonderful life as a child was overwhelmed and broken by someone, who distracted by what I do not know and I will never know, did not stop at the pedestrian crossing that you were on. You were walking your little bicycle, that you held with your little hands, to your right, and your grandfather was coming towards you, on the same crossing. There was perfect visibility on that street in the city centre. No stop sign, you were dragged for 30 meters.

We spent the longest and darkest night of our life outside the door of the intensive care unit at the hospital because your strong little heart wanted to hold out for a while, but the next morning you left us forever.

Shortly after they tried to blame you, claiming that you were crossing the pedestrian crossing on your bicycle and not on foot! Falsehood, convenient lies.

Even today I wonder why they wanted to hurt us so much without the slightest respect for our immense pain. You were a very special child and now everyone must know that you were not at

fault and that the criminal trial ended with the truth. That woman killed you through her distraction, that woman is living her normal life. That woman can still hug and laugh with her daughters...we can't.

Our inadequate law, disrespectful of victim rights, allows for all of this.

Since that damned day when I think back to those moments I find it hard to breathe and I can feel my heart reaching all the way up to my throat. I remember the phone call, my desperate rush to the hospital, the transfer to the other hospital, the interminable wait in front of the operating room, the list of injuries that your little body had to suffer, the despair, the helplessness, the sense of emptiness.

The pain I feel is so terrible and suffocating that I feel like I'm going mad. I miss you so much my baby!

The days begin and end but without the warmth of your smiles, without the light of your eyes and without the sound of your words they are no longer bright, harmonious and warm. There is no more joy and serenity in my heart and in my mind...only a lot of anguish, deep anguish. There is a huge unbridgeable void in our home and in our lives.

You weren't allowed to grow up, you weren't allowed to live, you weren't allowed to continue being happy.

All this was caused by what many call a "fatal distraction" while driving, which, for me, is a very serious, unforgivable and above all avoidable distraction.

With all our love.

Margherita's Mom and Dad

The metamorphosis of dreams



Valeria Mastrojeni
17 anni, Italia

Credere nei valori

Valeria non immaginava che nell'ultimo giorno di primavera, il 20 giugno del '97, a soli 17 anni e mezzo, avrebbe lasciato in maniera fulminea e violenta questo mondo. I familiari non sapevano che il sorriso sul volto di Valeria, mentre si accingeva ad uscire con il fratello, sarebbe stato l'ultimo sorriso per loro, e ignoravano di ascoltare, nel saluto, le ultime parole per loro.

Valeria stava compiendo un meraviglioso percorso di crescita, caratterizzato da grande impegno, disponibilità, gratitudine e gioia, un cammino di conoscenza e d'amore interrotto per sempre dal comportamento irresponsabile di chi ha condotto una Lancia Delta integrale da rally come un pilota di Formula Uno, nella Via Università, piccola strada del centro di Messina attraversata da incroci: Valeria è stata investita e uccisa sul marciapiede di fronte alla porta di casa.

Il fratello Marcello ha riportato ferite, commozione cerebrale e trauma cranico, l'amico che era con loro ferite gravissime, restando in coma per diversi giorni.

In famiglia facciamo i conti col dolore sopportando non solo lo strazio della perdita, ma anche la beffa dell'imbroglio perché, come spesso accade, chi ha commesso il reato tenta di stravolgere la verità dei fatti per diminuire la propria responsabilità,

a spese del sangue innocente, sicuro di trovare l'appoggio della giustizia.

Questa infatti, calpestando i diritti della vita distrutta e principalmente il diritto alla verità, applica a tappeto il vergognoso ed offensivo strumento del patteggiamento o del processo per rito abbreviato.

Così facendo, annulla le differenze tra gli omicidi colposi, azzerando la responsabilità dei colpevoli e contribuisce a mantenere la strage, poiché diffonde nella società il messaggio che si può impunemente continuare a delinquere.

Valeria, con le sue parole, forti come la roccia, ci incoraggia a reagire a tale malcostume per difendere la vita, indicandoci la via: credere nei valori. "Fatti coraggio, sorridi nelle difficoltà: la vita è una prova per tutti, un dovere da compiere con amore, un sogno da realizzare, opponendo, alla paura di eventuali sconfitte, la sicura adesione di ciascuno a ciò per cui vale la pena vivere".

Giuseppa Cassaniti Mastrojeni, Mamma di Valeria

Valeria Mastrojeni
17 years old, Italy

Believe in values

Valeria did not imagine that on the last day of spring, June 20, 1997, at the age of 17 and a half, she would have left this world in such an instantaneous and violent way. Her family didn't know that the smile on Valeria's face, while she was about to go out with her brother, would have been the last smile for them, and they didn't know they were listening, in her greetings, to her last words to them.

Valeria was creating a wonderful path of growth, characterized by great commitment, availability, gratitude and joy, a journey of knowledge and love interrupted forever by the irresponsible behavior of someone who was driving a Lancia Delta rally car as a Formula One driver, in Università street, a small road in the centre of Messina (Sicily region) crossed by intersections: Valeria was hit and killed on the sidewalk in front of the door to her home.

Her brother Marcello suffered injuries, a concussion and head trauma, the friend who was with them was very seriously injured, remaining in a coma for several days.

The family faces pain by suffering not only from the torment of the loss, but also the mockery of betrayal because, as it often happens, the person who committed the crime tries to distort

the truth to reduce their own responsibility, at the expense of innocent blood, sure to find the support of justice.

The latter, in fact, trampling on the rights of the destroyed life and, above all, on the right to the truth, applies the shameful and offensive instrument of plea bargaining the charge or a shortened trial in order to obtain a lesser charge.

By doing so, it nullifies the differences between manslaughter, eliminates the responsibility of the offenders and contributes to upholding the crime, as it spreads the message in society that crimes can continue to be committed with impunity.

Valeria, with her words, strong as a rock, encourages us to react to this malpractice to defend life, showing us the way: to believe in values. "Take courage, smile in difficulties: life is a test for everyone, a duty to be fulfilled with love, a dream to be realized, opposing, to the fear of possible defeats, the sure adherence of each to what is worth living for".

Giuseppa Cassaniti Mastrojeni, Valeria's Mother

I miss you so much and too much in need of you



Santina Minardi
83 anni, Italia

Amata da tutti

La nonna Santa sta bene, vive con serenità la sua routine quotidiana e torna a casa per il pranzo dopo avere chiacchierato come d'abitudine con le amiche al bar del centro. S'incammina tra gli storici monumenti della zona pedonale di Lugo di Romagna, la sua Lugo, la sua amata Romagna, perché dice di volersi godere quel bel sole autunnale.

La Rocca, il Pavaglione sono i testimoni della vita della nonna Santa, hanno visto aprire i suoi occhi molti anni fa e glieli hanno visti chiudere, inesorabilmente, per l'ultima volta. Di fronte a loro si consuma l'orribile e vergognoso epilogo, il consueto copione cui troppe volte abbiamo dovuto assistere e che i cittadini e le istituzioni, insieme, non hanno mai voluto riscrivere. Non c'è nessuno per la strada, solo la mamma al centro delle strisce pedonali, visibilissima, nel pieno dei suoi elementari diritti e il suo omicida alla guida di un'auto scassata in spregio a ogni forma di rispetto e al limite dei 30 Km orari ormai imposto in ogni centro storico. Il balordo non si ferma, non rallenta nemmeno e la strappa barbaramente via alla vita, di fronte a casa sua.

Non vi è rimedio che possa porre fine ad un dolore e ad una rabbia di questo tipo, con ciò dobbiamo convivere. Non si può neppure confidare in un'adeguata attribuzione della pena, essendo

la legislazione vigente orientata ad una sostanziale impunità nel concedere, all'imputato, a chi uccide, pene irrisorie per reati così gravi alle quali vengono per consuetudine applicati altri sconti come quello, ignobile e offensivo nei confronti delle vittime, del patteggiamento.

La mamma era una persona solare, socievole e amata da tutti. In suo nome e di tutti coloro i quali hanno dovuto subire un'atrocità simile, sento che dobbiamo impegnarci in prima persona nel trasmettere ai suoi nipoti, a tutti i nipoti, come ci si comporta, invece, in un mondo civile.

Filippo Randi, Figlio di Santa

Santina Minardi
83 years old, Italy

Loved by everyone

Grandmother Santa is fine, she lives her daily routine with serenity and returns home for lunch after having chatted as usual with her friends at the coffee bar downtown. She walks among the historical monuments of the pedestrian area of Lugo di Romagna (Emilia-Romagna region), her Lugo, her beloved Romagna, because she says she wants to enjoy that pleasant autumn sun.

The Rocca, the Pavaglione (old monuments) are the witnesses of the life of grandmother Santa, they saw her eyes opening many years ago and they saw them closing, inexorably, for the last time. Just in front of them the horrible and shameful epilogue unfolded, the usual script that we have had to assist in too many times and that citizens and institutions, together, have never wanted to rewrite. There is no one on the street, only the woman in the middle of the pedestrian crossing, clearly visible, in full to her elementary rights, and her killer driving an old car violating all forms of proper driving as well as the 30 km/h speed limit imposed in historic city centres. The madman does not stop, does not even slow down and barbarously snatches her life from her, in front of her house.

There is no remedy that can put an end to such pain and anger, we have to live with it. Nor can we trust in an adequate penal-

ty, since the current legislation is oriented towards a substantial impunity in granting, to the accused, to those who kill, negligible charges for such serious crimes to which other discounts usually apply like the one, ignoble and offensive towards the victims, of the plea bargain.

Grandmother was a sunny person, sociable and loved by everyone. On her behalf and on behalf of all those who have had to suffer such an atrocity, I feel that we must personally commit ourselves to pass on to her grandchildren, to all grandchildren, how we are to behave, in a civilized world.

Filippo Randi, Santa's Son

I still need time to love you even more



Dariusz Majerczyk
20 lat, Polska

Ważne, aby w końcu odnaleźć przebaczenie i spokój

Nigdy nie zapomnę tego dnia. To było w 2012 roku. Jechali samochodem w cztery osoby, dwóch braci, ich kuzyn i mój syn Darek, w Zakopanem, blisko mojego domu. Darek i dwóch z nich chodzili razem do jednej klasy. Mój syn był pasażerem, siedział z przodu. Jechali dość szybko. Do dzisiaj nie wiem, co naprawdę się stało, był zakręt, potem jeszcze dość długi odcinek prostej drogi i uderzyli w kutą, ciężką metalową bramę. Od tej bramy ich odbiło i niżej zarzuciło na płot. Samochód koziołkował, syn został zgnieciony przez samochód. Darek i kierowca – Wojtek – zginęli. Jeden z braci miał lekkie obrażenia, a drugi w gorszym stanie trafił do szpitala.

Był we mnie ogromny żal. To było parę metrów od mojego domu. Nawet słyszałam uderzenie. Dzwoniłam do Darka i zaczęłam się już bać, bo nie odbierał, a ja usłyszałam wycie syren. Wtedy

przyszły sąsiadki, koleżanki mojego syna i powiedziały, że Darek miał wypadek. Straż i pogotowie zaraz były na miejscu. Poszłam tam, ale nie puścili mnie do syna. To mnie długo bolało, że mi nie pozwolili do niego podejść, pożegnać się, póki był tak bliski życia. Wtedy to był straszny ból, teraz to rozumiem, ale wtedy miałam ogromny żal, że nie mogłam go objąć, przytulić. Nic na miejscu nie wiedziałam, nikt mi nic nie powiedział. Ja tam wyłam, płakałam, nikt mi nie powiedział, czy jest źle, czy żyje, co się dzieje. Ktoś mi powiedział, że ratują mojego syna i nie trzeba przeszkadzać, więc czekałam obezwładniona lękiem i niewiedzą. Dzisiaj nie mam już żalu, że nie pozwolono mi pożegnać się z moim synusiem... Dzisiaj wiem, że w spokoju oglądał księgę swojego życia, nie słuchając mojego zawodzenia... Może gdzieś tylko w oddali...

O tym, że odszedł nie wiedziałam, zadzwoniłam do mojego brata i dopiero po jakimś czasie brat mi powiedział, że Darusia już nie ma z nami. Wtedy pan doktor z mojej miejscowości zawiózł mnie do szpitala, a drugą mamę chyba pogotowie zabrało. Podłączyli nas tylko do kroplówki, potem wypis ze szpitala i na tym się zakończyła pomoc. Na jednej zobojętniającej kroplówce. Żadnej rozmowy, żadnego psychologa nie było. Nawet lekarz żeby porozmawiał. Nic nie było, absolutnie. Gdyby nie moja rodzina, przyjaciele, Kasia – dziewczyna Darka i w szczególności mój brat, nie dałabym rady. On się wszystkim zajął, bo ja nie byłam w stanie.

Z czasem chodziłam prywatnie do psychologa, ale to była inicjatywa mojego brata i bratowej. Ale jak kogoś nie stać, to zostaje sam. Prowadzę grupę osieroconych rodziców na Facebooku. Na naszej grupie często rozmawiamy o tym, jak bardzo sami i sa-

motni jesteśmy. Ciężko jest przyjąć pomoc, a czasami, nawet jeśli się o nią prosi, trudno ją otrzymać. Są rodziny, które szukały pomocy też w Kościele. My, osieroceni rodzice, czasami jedyne, czego chcemy, to rozmowy, wysłuchania nas, naszego bólu. Dlatego tak ważna jest pomoc systemowa. Zdarza się wypadek, rodzice odwracają się od Pana Boga, bo nie rozumieją, dlaczego właśnie ich dziecko zginęło. I zatracają się w tej rozpacz. To jest dla nich dramatyczne.

Ja miałam od początku szczęście, bo w mojej parafii księża bardzo mnie wspierali. Zaraz też poznałam ojca Serafina z sąsiedniej parafii, dzięki któremu trafiłam do Sanktuarium bł. Karoliny w Zabawie pod Tarnowem. Trafiłam na wspaniałych księży i do stowarzyszenia Przejście – to mnie uratowało, dało mi nowe życie. I to, jak się teraz czuję, jak funkcjonuję, to wszystko zawdzięczam im i Karolinie [parafii pw. bł. Karoliny]. Ale wielu rodziców nie wie, że istnieje takie miejsce. Też jest ciężko, bo wiele mam, które straciły dzieci, pojechałoby na warsztaty terapeutyczne, ale ojcowie nie. Często się tak zdarza, a mama sama się nie odważy. Mamy kontakt pomiędzy rodzicami i wspieramy się nawzajem.

Każdy rodzic tę żałobę przeżywa inaczej i po swojemu. Inaczej też przeżywają ją rodzice ofiar, czy rodzice ofiar i sprawców w jednym. Mój syn zginął, ale nie kierował. Mama kierowcy, Wojtka, który także zginął, też przeżywa to inaczej. Była u mnie, przeprosiła, płakała. Pogrzeb naszych synów był w jednym czasie. Powiedziała mi, że jak mnie widzi, to jej się serce kraje, bo ona miała czwórkę dzieci, a moje to było jedyne. Ja nie czuję urazy. Dziękuję Panu Bogu, że to nie Darek był sprawcą wypadku.

Teraz marzę o tym, aby powstało w końcu w Polsce to, co planowane jest od lat – profesjonalne Centrum Leczenia Traumatyzacji w Za-

bawie k/Tarnowa. To miejsce gdzie od lat ofiary i rodziny z całej Polski i z zagranicy zjeżdżają się na warsztaty terapeutyczne. To także jedyne miejsce w Polsce gdzie znajduje się pomnik poświęcony ofiarom wypadków drogowych „Przejście”. Prawda jest taka, że systemowo my rodzice jesteśmy pozostawieni sami sobie. Jak jest jakiś większy zbiorowy wypadek i jest prasa, to jest też psycholog. A w przypadku pojedynczych ofiar nie ma już pomocy dla rodzin. My regularnie korzystamy z warsztatów psychologicznych organizowanych przez stowarzyszenie „Przejście” w Zabawie, ale to nie jest systemowa pomoc, tylko doraźna, na tyle, na ile stowarzyszenie może sobie pozwolić. A potrzeba jest ogromna. Często my, którzy już jakiś czas temu straciliśmy dzieci, ustępujemy miejsca nowym rodzicom. Wiemy, jak ważna jest pomoc psychologiczna zaraz po wypadku, i nie chcemy blokować i zajmować miejsc, skoro w kolejce są już następni. Ale chcemy wracać na warsztaty ciągle, mimo upływu czasu. Potrzebujemy tych spotkań. Dlatego to Centrum musi w końcu powstać.

Znam rodziców, którzy stracili dzieci po dopalaczach i po śmierci samobójczej i nie mogą sobie cały czas wybaczyć, że nie umieli zapobiec tej tragedii. Zadręczają się. Rozpamiętywanie i nieustanne zadawanie sobie pytania „dlaczego” i „co by było gdyby”, nie pomoże. Chciałabym, żeby pozwolili odejść swoim dzieciom. Nie przywrócimy im życia tu na ziemi, ale możemy pozwolić im być w pełni szczęśliwymi w ich nowym Życiu. Ważne, aby w końcu odnaleźć przebaczenie i spokój. Każdego dnia trzeba też uczyć się doceniać i cieszyć się tym, co mamy. Bez tego nie da się funkcjonować. A my, osieroceni rodzice możemy pomóc innym, przestrzec swoją historią i zapobiec kolejnym nieszczęśliwym zdarzeniom.

Hanna Majerczyk, Mama Darka

Dariusz Majerczyk
20 years old, Poland

It is important to finally find forgiveness and peace

I will never forget that day. It was in 2012. There four of them in that car, two brothers, their cousin, and my son Darek, near my house in Zakopane. Darek and two of them were in the same class at school. My son was a passenger, he was sitting in the front passenger seat. They were driving quite fast. To this day I don't know what really happened, there was a curve, then quite a long stretch of straight road and they hit a heavy wrought iron gate. They bounced off the gate and were thrown down onto the fence. The car flipped, my son was crushed by the car. Darek and the driver - Wojtek - died. One of the brothers was slightly injured, while the other was taken to the hospital in a more serious condition.

I felt deep grief inside me. It happened a few meters from my house. I even heard the impact. I called Darek and I was already starting to get scared because he didn't answer and I heard the

sound of sirens. Then the neighbors, my son's friends, came and said that Darek had been involved in a crash. The fire department and ambulance were on the scene right away. I went there, but they didn't let me go to my son. It hurt me for a long time that they didn't let me go to him, to say goodbye while he was still clinging to life. At the time it was a terrible pain, now I understand it, but at the time I had huge regret that I couldn't take him in my arms, hug him. I knew nothing once I got there, nobody told me anything. I was there howling, crying, no one told me if it was bad, if he was alive, what was going on. Someone told me that they were rescuing my son and that I shouldn't disturb them, so I waited, overpowered by fear and ignorance. Today I no longer regret that I was not allowed to say goodbye to my son... Today I know that he was going through the book of his life in peace, not listening to my wailing.... Maybe somewhere in the distance....

I didn't know that he had passed away, I called my brother and only after some time did my brother tell me that Darek was no longer with us. Then a doctor from my village took me to the hospital and I think the ambulance took the other mom. They only hooked us up to an IV, then we were discharged from the hospital and that was the end of their help. One neutralizing IV. There was no conversation, no psychologist. Not even a doctor to talk to. There was nothing, absolutely nothing. If it wasn't for my family, my friends, Kasia - Darek's girlfriend and especially my brother, I wouldn't have made it. He took care of everything, because I wasn't able to.

In time I went to a psychologist for private sessions, but that was my brother and sister-in-law's initiative. But if someone can't afford it, they are left alone. I run a group of orphaned parents

on Facebook. On our group we often talk about how alone and lonely we are. It's hard to accept help, and sometimes, even if you ask for it, it's hard to receive it. There are families who have also sought help from the church. We, the orphaned parents, sometimes all we want is to talk, to be listened to, to express our pain. That is why systemic help is so important. When car crashes happen, parents turn away from God because they do not understand why their child died. They drown in this despair. This is dramatic for them.

I was lucky from the beginning, because the priests in my parish were very supportive. Soon I met Father Serafin from a neighboring parish, thanks to whom I found my way to the Blessed Caroline Sanctuary in Zabawa near Tarnów. I met wonderful priests and the Przejście (Passage) Association, which saved me and gave me a new life. And the way I feel now, the way I function, I owe everything to them and to Karolina [Blessed Caroline's Parish]. But many parents don't know that such a place exists. It's hard too, because a lot of mothers who have lost children will go to a therapeutic workshop, but fathers don't. It often happens, and mothers don't dare to go themselves. We have contact between the parents and we support each other.

Every parent experiences grief differently and in their own way. It is also experienced differently by parents of victims, or by parents of victims and perpetrators together. My son was killed, but he wasn't driving. The mother of the driver, Wojtek, who was also killed, had a different experience. She was with me, she apologized, she cried. Our sons' funerals were at the same time. She told me that when she sees me, her heart breaks because she had four children and mine was the only one. I don't feel any re-

sentment. I thank God that Darek wasn't the perpetrator of the crash.

Now I am dreaming of finally creating what has been planned for years in Poland - a professional Trauma Treatment Center in Zabawa near Tarnow. This is a place where for years victims and families from all over Poland and abroad will be able to attend for therapeutic workshops. It is also the only place in Poland where there is a monument dedicated to the victims of road crashes "Przejście" ("Passage"). The truth is that, systemically, we the parents are left to our own devices. If there is a bigger collective road crash and the media is present, so is a psychologist. And in the case of individual victims, there is no more help for the families. We regularly take advantage of psychological workshops organized by the "Przejście" (Passage) association in Zabawa, but this is not systemic help, only ad hoc help, as much as the association can afford. And the need is great. Often we, who have already lost children some time ago, make way for new parents. We know how important psychological help is right after a crash, and we don't want to block and occupy places when there are already others in line. But we want to return to the workshops again and again, despite the passage of time. We need these meetings. That's why this Center has to be built at last.

I know parents who have lost children to drugs and to suicide, and they still cannot forgive themselves for not being able to prevent this tragedy. They torment themselves. Ruminating and constantly asking themselves 'why' and 'what if' is not going to help. I wish they would let their children go. We will not bring them back to life here on earth, but we can allow them to be fully happy in their new Life. It is important to finally find forgiveness

and peace. Every day we must also learn to appreciate and enjoy what we have. Without this, it is impossible to function. And we, the orphaned parents, can help others, warn with our story and prevent further unfortunate events.

Hanna Majerczyk, Darek's Mom

I will love in all the lives to come



Mateusz
19 lat, Polska

Chciałbym pomóc innym. Swoim świadectwem, doświadczeniem, historią, aby tych okrutnych zdarzeń było jak najmniej

Nazywam się Kuba. Parę lat temu przeżyłem wypadek samochodowy. To wydarzenie na zawsze zmieniło mnie i życie i moich najbliższych.

Jestem już po dwudziestu operacjach. Czuję się dobrze. Teraz zajmuję się gospodarstwem, swoją hodowlą koni, jestem bardzo zajęty. Mój mózg nie przyjmuje do siebie, że w ogóle miałem wypadek i narzuca mi moje tempo pracy sprzed niego. Ja po prostu nie myślę o sobie i swoim zdrowiu. Czasami nawet nie wiem, jak się nazywam. Ale na tyle kocham swoją pracę, że staram się ogarniać, żeby dawać radę. Fakt faktem, że gdzieś tam niejednokrotnie zarywam noc, teraz zaczną się roboty w polu. Człowiek gdzieś się z tym wychował i mam tak, że lubię pracować.

Ale ten wypadek zawsze jest i będzie we mnie. To było w październiku 2013 roku, po południu, ładny, słoneczny dzień. Nic nie zapowiadało tragedii. Ja prowadziłem ciężarowy samochód, pracowaliśmy w transporcie koni. Jechałem razem z kolegą, który

wtedy miał 19 lat. Ja jechałem w kierunku Wrocławia, tir jechał w kierunku Kłodzka. W okolicach Barda Śląskiego było niewielkie wzniesienie. Tir miał dwa pasy, ja jeden. Jak wyjechałem na wzniesienie, tir już był na moim pasie i dobił do mnie czołowo. Przez dwa swoje pasy zjechał na mój.

Mój kolega zginął. Starłem się go ostonić sobą, ale nie udało się. Skręciłem kołami w prawo, wystawiając się na uderzenie, ale nas zniosło.

Mateusz był słabszy fizycznie ode mnie. Byliśmy zakleszczeni w karoserii samochodu. Ja miałem prawą nogę zmiażdżoną, on obie. Po wyciągnięciu z samochodu u niego ustała akcja serca. Mieliśmy podobne obrażenia: tamponadę osierdzia, w wyniku czego pękła mu lewa komora serca, roztrzaskaną śledzionę, pęknięty prawy płąt wątroby, stłuczone płuca, co spowodowało wystąpienie odmy wraz z tamponadą. Tylko on dostał wszystkie obrażenia naraz. Różnica w pozostałych obrażeniach, owszem, była, bo Mati miał połamane obie nogi, prawdopodobnie do amputacji, ja zaś połamaną prawą z przerwaniem ciągłości kości udowej na długości ponad 10 cm. Obustronne wyłamanie kręgu L5 na długości ok. 1 cm na każdej ze stron. Złamanie obu kończyn górnych, w tym otwarte ręki prawej. Dwie dziury w koniuszku serca. U mnie to się rozciągnęło w czasie. Siedmiu lekarzy stwierdziło, że z medycznego punktu widzenia nie miałem prawa tego przeżyć.

Wypadek był w czwartek, ja się ocknąłem we wtorek. Pierwsza operacja trwała siedem godzin, przetoczono mi podczas niej osiem litrów krwi.

O tym, że Mati odszedł dowiedziałem się w szpitalu. Na początku nie chcieli mi powiedzieć, ale moja ówczesna dziewczyna mi

powiedziała, nie była w stanie mnie okłamać. Jak się ocknąłem to zapytałem najpierw, kiedy mnie wypuszczą, bo już chciałem jechać pole orać. Potem zapytałem o Mateusza i ona powiedziała mi, że Mati nie żyje. To był dla mnie okropny moment. Chociaż jeszcze miałem obrzęk mózgu i słabą świadomość, więc to do mnie do końca nie docierało. Jeszcze mi się nawet w szpitalu przyśnił.

Przez większość czasu wymagałem opieki psychiatry. Miałem tyle razy operacje, organizm tyle razy walczył, że były momenty, kiedy psychika mi wysiadała, że miałem ochotę przestać walczyć o siebie. Zabieg, wyjście ze szpitala, chwilowe kalectwo, kule, wózek, rehabilitacja, powrót do względnej, minimalnej sprawności i kolejny zabieg. Błędne koło. Psychicznie siadałem. Mati. I kolejne operacje.

Po wypadku powstało wokół mnie koło ograniczeń i musiałem je łamać po kolei.

Ja raczej nie lubię się otwierać, a dla mnie zwrócenie się o pomoc to był zawsze objaw słabości. To ja wiecznie pomagałem ludziom, sam z wykształcenia jestem fizjoterapeutą, to ludzie do mnie przychodzili po pomoc, a ja nigdy sam bym o pomoc nie poprosił. Zaciskałem zęby i robiłem wszystko sam. A tu nagle okazało się, że bez tej pomocy się nie da żyć, że muszę się o tę pomoc zwrócić. Rodzina nalegała i nie odpuszczała. Było to dla mnie i dla mojego ego bardzo ciężkie. Więc potraktowałem to jak wyzwanie: zobaczymy, kto komu robi psychoterapię. Też trochę znam się na psychologii klinicznej ze względu na moje studia. Przemogłem się. Ale sama terapia nic nie da, bo wiem, że jeśli sam nie będę chciał sobie pomóc, to nawet najlepsza terapia nie pomoże. To już zależy ode mnie. Ja wiele lat, nawet jak byłem

niepełnoletni, byłem osobą bardzo samodzielną, samowystarczalną.

Z Mateuszem poznaliśmy się bardzo długo, ja mu chciałem pomóc znaleźć pracę i przyuczałem go do transportu koni. Dużo razem jeździliśmy. Jego największym marzeniem było pojechać za granicę. Miałem taką moją standardową trasę do hodowcy koni w Deštné w Czechach. W dniu wypadku transportowaliśmy dwa konie i jechaliśmy do Czech. Dla Mateusza to był pierwszy wyjazd za granicę. Zawsze, jak w to miejsce jeździłem, mieliśmy taką tradycję, że hodowca zapraszał nas do baru na obiad. Zawsze byłem na tym obiedzie, ale akurat tego dnia miałem kolejne sprawy do załatwienia i nie mogliśmy zostać w Czechach. Później miałem do siebie taki żal: ty durniu, trzeba było zostać na tym obiedzie, wtedy wszystko potoczyłoby się może inaczej. Gdzieś w tym wszystkim czuję swoją winę za wypadek. To ja mu proponowałem, żeby pojechał. Potem myśli, czemu nie ja, a on. Ja za niego odpowiadałem.

Po kolejnym powrocie ze szpitala poszedłem do Mamy Mateusza. Jak tylko wstałem z wózka i pierwszy raz pojawiłem się w stajni już o kulach, to wyszedłem na papierosa koło stajni, spojrzałem na jego dom i okna jego pokoju, na drzwi, z których zawsze się wyłaniał, i stwierdziłem, że idę. Zapukałem do drzwi, otworzyła mi jego mama, była bardzo zaskoczona. Zapytałem, czy możemy porozmawiać. Wszędzie były zdjęcia Matiego. Przeprosiłem. Powiedziałem, że jakbym wiedział, że tak to się skończy, to bym Matiego nie zabrał. Powiedziała, że nie ma do mnie żalu. Zadała mi tylko pytanie, czy on przeczuwał, że umrze, i czy był szczęśliwy w ostatnich chwilach. Opowiedziałem jej, jak bardzo był szczęśliwy. Wracał z wymarzonego wyjazdu za granicę, robił

dużo zdjęć krajobrazu. Jest takie jedno wyjątkowe miejsce po stronie czeskiej, jedzie się z boczem góry. Spoglądając w górę, widzi się ogromny stok i las, a w dół jest potężne jezioro otoczone łąkami. To pięknie wygląda. Mati robił zdjęcia, nagrywał filmy i z uśmiechem mówił: „O, pokażę mamie, jak wrócę”. Niestety, nie wrócił. Tę scenę mam często przed oczami.

Ja będąc w szpitalu, przeszedłem przez wiele załamań psychicznych. Była nawet sytuacja, że krzyczałem na OIOM-ie: „Mogli mnie zostawić w tym koniowozie, zdechłbym i byłby święty spokój”. Wtedy nie zapomnę miny mojego taty. Powiedział tylko: „Kubuś, co ty mówisz?”. I ta mina mi tak utkwiła, że w nocy nie mogłem spać. Materac, miałem wrażenie, łamał mi kolejny raz kręgosłup. Leżąc, stwierdziłem wtedy, że tak być nie może. Że mam dla kogo żyć, że muszę walczyć choćby dla nich, pokazać, że jestem silny. Gdy patrzyłem na nich, jak oni cierpią, postanowiłem to zmienić. Tak być nie mogło. Każdego dnia walczyłem o każdy ruch. Byłem dla siebie psychologiem, fizjoterapeutą, pacjentem i przyjacielem w jednym. Dzięki temu, że studiowałem wcześniej fizjoterapię, było mi łatwiej. Wiedziałem też, jak pozytywnie na siebie zadziałać, aby się podbudować i zmotywować do postępów. Załamania psychiczne dalej były, ale nie chciałem tego pokazywać rodzicom. I każdego dnia widziałem moją rodzinę już uśmiechniętą. Teraz chciałbym pomóc innym. Swoim świadectwem, doświadczeniem, historią, aby tych okrutnych zdarzeń było jak najmniej, aby ich w ogóle nie było. Aby już nikt nie musiał stracić dziecka, rodzica, przyjaciela, najbliższej osoby.

Jakub Pielech

Mateusz
19 years old , Poland

I would like to help others.
With my testimony,
experience, story, so that
these cruel events are as
few as possible

My name is Kuba. A few years ago, I survived a car crash. This event changed me and my life and the life of my loved ones forever.

I have already undergone twenty surgeries. I feel fine now. Now I look after the farm, my horse breeding, I am very busy. My brain doesn't accept that I had a car crash at all, and dictates the work pace I had from before the crash. I just don't think about myself and my health. Sometimes I don't even know what my name is. But I love my job so much that I try to manage. It's a fact that I often have sleepless nights, and now the field work begins. But I grew up with this and I enjoy working.

But this crash is and always will be in me. It was in October 2013, in the afternoon, a nice sunny day. Nothing suggested that a tragedy was looming. I was driving a truck, we worked in horse transport. I was driving together with a friend, who was 19 years old at the time. I was driving in the direction of Wrocław, the truck

was going in the direction of Klodzko. There was a small hill near Bardo Śląskie. The truck had two lanes, I had one. When I left the hill, the truck was already on my lane and hit me head-on. It drove across its two lanes into mine.

My colleague was killed. I tried to cover him with me, but I did not succeed. I turned my wheels to the right, exposing myself to the impact, but we were carried away.

Mateusz was physically weaker than me. We were jammed into the body of the car. My right leg was crushed, both of his were. After pulling him out of the car his heart stopped. We had similar injuries: a tamponade of the pericardium, as a result of which his left ventricle ruptured, a shattered spleen, a ruptured right lobe of the liver, contused lungs, which caused emphysema along with a tamponade. He was the only one to receive all the injuries at once. There was a difference in other injuries, yes, because Mati had both legs broken, probably to be amputated, while I had my right leg broken, with a femur discontinuity of over 10 cm. A bilateral L5 vertebra fracture of about 1 cm on each side. Fracture of both upper limbs, including an open fracture of the right hand. Two holes in the apex of the heart. In my case, it stretched out over time. Seven doctors said that from the medical point of view I had no right to survive this.

The car crash was on Thursday and I woke up on Tuesday. The first surgery lasted seven hours, during which they transfused eight liters of blood.

I found out in the hospital that Mati had passed away. They didn't want to tell me at first, but my girlfriend at the time told me, she couldn't lie to me. When I woke up, I first asked when they would let me out, because I already wanted to go to the field to plow.

Then I asked about Mateusz and she told me that Mateusz was dead. It was a terrible moment for me. Since I still had swelling in my brain and weak consciousness, it didn't fully sink in. I was even still dreaming in the hospital.

I required psychiatric care most of the time. I'd had so many surgeries, my body had fought so many times, that there were times when my psyche was going off that I felt like stopping the fight to survive. Surgery, leaving the hospital, temporary disability, crutches, wheelchair, rehabilitation, return to relative minimal fitness, and another surgery. A vicious circle. I was collapsing mentally. Mateusz. And another surgery.

After the crash a circle of limitations was formed around me, and I had to break them one by one.

I rather don't like to open up, and for me asking for help has always been a sign of weakness. I was the one who was always helping people, I am a physiotherapist myself, people came to me for help, and I would never ask for help myself. I gritted my teeth and did everything myself. And suddenly it turned out that I couldn't live without this help, that I had to ask for this help. My family insisted and did not give up. It was very hard for me and for my ego. So I took it as a challenge: let's see who will give psychotherapy to whom. I also know a little bit about clinical psychology because of my studies. I persevered. But therapy alone won't help, because I know that if I don't want to help myself, even the best therapy won't help. It's up to me. I was a very independent, self-sufficient person for many years, even when I was a minor. Mateusz and I knew each other for a long time, I wanted to help him find a job and I trained him to transport horses. We drove together a lot. His biggest dream was to go abroad. I had such

a standard route to a horse breeder in Deštné in the Czech Republic. On the day of the crash, we were transporting two horses and going to the Czech Republic. For Mateusz it was his first trip abroad. Whenever I traveled to this place, we had such a tradition that the breeder would invite us to a bar for dinner. I always attended this dinner, but on that particular day I had other things to do and we couldn't stay in the Czech Republic. Later, I felt sorry for myself: you fool, you should have stayed for that dinner, then maybe everything would have turned out differently. Somewhere in all this I feel I am to blame for the crash. It was me who suggested that he go with me. Then one thinks, why not me, but him. I was responsible for him.

On my next return from the hospital I went to see Mateusz's Mom. As soon as I got up from the wheelchair and first appeared in the stable already on crutches, I went out for a cigarette near the stable, looked at his house and the windows of his room, at the door through which he would always leave the house and decided that I would go. I knocked on the door, his mother opened, she was very surprised. I asked if we could talk. There were pictures of Mati everywhere. I apologized. I said that if I had known that it would end this way, I would not have taken Mati with me. She said that she had no regrets about me. She just asked me if he knew he was going to die and if he was happy in his last moments. I told her how happy he was. He was returning from a dream trip abroad, and he was taking a lot of pictures of the landscape. There is this one special place on the Czech side, you drive down the side of a mountain. Looking up, you see a huge slope and a forest, and there is a huge lake surrounded by meadows down below. It looks beautiful. Mati took pictures,

videos and said with a smile: "Oh, I'll show mom when I get back". Unfortunately, he did not come back. That scene is often right in front of my eyes.

I, while in the hospital, went through many mental breakdowns. There was even a situation where I screamed in the ICU: "They could have left me in that horse cart, I would have died and that would be it." I will never forget the look on my dad's face. He just said: "Jakub, what are you saying?". And that look stuck with me so much that I couldn't sleep at night. The mattress, I had the impression, was breaking my back all over again. Lying down, I then decided that it couldn't be like this. That I had someone to live for, that I had to fight if only for them, to show that I was strong. When I looked at them, how they were suffering, I decided to change it. It couldn't be like this. Every day I fought for every move. I was a psychologist, physiotherapist, patient, and friend in one. Thanks to the fact that I had studied physiotherapy earlier it was easier for me. I also knew how to act positively on myself to uplift and motivate myself to progress. The mental breakdowns continued, but I didn't want to show it to my parents. And every day I saw my family starting to smile. Now I would like to help others. With my testimony, experience, story, so that these cruel events are as few as possible, so that they don't occur at all. So that no one would have to lose a child, a parent, a friend or a loved one ever again.

Jakub Pielech

“La nostra vita conserva tutto il significato che ha sempre avuto:
è la stessa di prima, c’è una continuità che non si spezza.
Perchè dovrei essere fuori dai tuoi pensieri e dalla tua mente,
solo perchè sono fuori dalla tua vista?
Non sono lontano, sono dall’altra parte, proprio dietro l’angolo.
Rassicurati, va tutto bene.
Ritroverai il mio cuore,
ne ritroverai la tenerezza purificata.
Asciuga le tue lacrime e non piangere, se mi ami:
il tuo sorriso è la mia pace.”

Sanda Sudor

“Our life retains all the meaning it has always had:
it is the same as before, there is a continuity that does not break.
Why should I be out of your thoughts and out of your mind,
just because I’m out of your sight?
I’m not far away, I’m on the other side, just around the corner.
Reassure yourself, everything is fine.
You will find my heart again,
you will find again its purified tenderness.
Dry your tears and not cry if you love me:
your smile is my peace.”

Sanda Sudor

I wait for you as one waits for the moon



Michaely Maminka
Česká republika

Síla jít dál a předávat ji podobně zasaženým lidem

V červnu 2003 tragicky zemřela moje maminka jako chodec.....
Moje děti, tehdy šestileté, byly u prarodičů. Ten pátek strávili společně hezký den, bylo krásně. Při návratu domů v podvečerních hodinách bohužel zemřela před očima mých dětí a mého tatky moje maminka. Šli po chodníku v místě, kde auta jezdila minimálně a pomalu, protože se jednalo o zelenou, výletní oblast za městem. Tehdy tam však jel mladý řidič, který nezvládl řízení, najel na chodník, kde stála maminka a on ji srazil a natlačil na přilehlou skálu. Na místě byla mrtvá. Otec se jí snažil ještě oživovat a děti vzali stranou kolemjdoucí...

Řidič byl pod vlivem drog. V místě byl známý jako protekční syn, problematický, feťák. Byl odsouzen k odnětí svobody na 26 měsíců a zákazu řízení na 5 let. U soudu ho obhájkyň obhajovala slovy, že je oběť doby, že začal užívat drogy, že je vlastně chudák on... Propuštěn byl po půlce trestu.

Ztráta mamky bolela moc a chybí mi stále. Všichni jsme se s tím těžce vyrovnávali. Tatka do roka vážně onemocněl, ale naštěstí bojoval a zůstal tady ještě 16 let.

Tragická ztráta milované bytosti mě v roce 2004 přivedla do čerstvě vzniklé organizace České sdružení obětí dopravních nehod,

kteřá poskytuje psychosociální a právní podporu obětem dopravních nehod a pozůstalým po obětech dopravních nehod. Zapojila jsem se jako psycholog a pomáhám dodnes. Setkala jsem se zde s velkým množstvím neštěstí, utrpení, nechuti žít a bolesti, ale zároveň vděčnosti za poskytnou pomoc a především neskutečné síly jít životem dál a předávat ji podobně zasaženým lidem... I když se to nepovede všem, protože i to k patří k tragickým úmrtím, pomáhání pomáhá!

Michaela Blatná

Michaela's Mother
Czech Republic

The strength to go on with life and pass it on to similarly affected people

In June 2003, my mother died tragically as a pedestrian... My children, then six years old, were with their grandparents. They spent that Friday together, they had a nice day. Unfortunately, while returning home in the early evening, my mother died in front of my children and my dad. They were walking along the sidewalk in a place with minimal and slow car traffic because it was a green, hiking area outside of town. However, there was a young driver who failed to control the car and drove onto the pavement where my mother was standing and he hit and pushed her onto an adjacent rock. She was pronounced dead at the scene. My father was still trying to resuscitate her and the children were taken aside by passers-by...

The driver was under the influence of drugs. He was known locally as a prominent person's son, a troublemaker, a junkie. He was sentenced to 26 months' imprisonment and banned from driving for 5 years. In court, his lawyer defended him by saying that he was a victim of the times that he had started using drugs, that he was poor in fact... He only served half his sentence.

Losing my mom hurt a lot and I still miss her. We all had a hard time dealing with her death. My dad became seriously ill within a year, but fortunately he fought back and lived for another 16 years.

The tragic loss of a loved one brought me to the newly established organization in 2004 – the Czech Association of Traffic Accident Victims, which provides psychosocial and legal support to victims and survivors of traffic crashes. I became involved as a psychologist, and I help to this day. Here I have encountered a great deal of misfortune, suffering, reluctance to live and pain, but at the same time gratitude for the help provided and, above all, incredible strength to go on with life and pass it on to similarly affected people... Even if not everyone succeeds, because this too belongs to results of tragic deaths, helping helps!

Michaela Blatná

The imagination as moment of salvation



Lucka
20 let , Česká republika

Od té doby život dělíme na před a po

Velikonoce roku 2002 jsou naší noční můrou. A od té doby každé blížící se Velikonoce.

Byli jsme na chatě, krásný den, mladší dcera Lucka s přítelem Pavlem v Praze, starší Pavla také u svého přítele. V sobotu se za námi přijela na chatu podívat Lucka s Pavlem. Zajeli jsme ještě za babičkou, kde se Lucka potkala s lidmi, které hodně dlouho neviděla. Když jsem si vše po nehodě stále do kola opakovala, připadalo mi to, jako by se přijela rozloučit.

V neděli odpoledne Lucka volala, že jedou s Pavlem z Matějské pouti, koupil jí plyšového tygríka. Byla šťastná. Za pouhých 20 minut volal Pavel, že měli nehodu, Lucka leží na silnici a z ucha jí teče krev. Během chvilky se život úplně obrátí. Od té doby život dělíme na před a po.

Rychle jsme jeli do Prahy a honem do nemocnice. Lucka byla na vyšetření, ale bylo nám řečeno, že to nevypadá dobře a abychom přijeli ráno. Byla to nejdelší noc našeho života. V hlavě se nám motala naděje s hrůzou. Když jsme dorazili do nemocnice, lékař nám nedával žádnou naději. Po cestě z nemocnice zazvonil telefon a ortel byl vyřčený - Lucka zemřela. Za necelé tři měsíce by jí bylo 21 let. Krásný věk a život před sebou.

A co teď? Jak budeme bez ní žít, má vůbec ještě život smysl? Musí mít, máme ještě jednu dceru a budeme žít pro ní. Teď to musíme oznámit babičkám, že už nemají sluníčko Lucinku. Bylo to hodně kruté a nespravedlivé a je dodnes. Dnes si říkám, jak jsme to vůbec mohli přežít?

Se smrtí dítěte se do konce života nevyrovnáte, ale musíte se s ní naučit žít. Každý po svém.

Miluše Vondrušková

Lucka
20 years old, Czech Republic

Since then, we have divided our life into before and after

Easter 2002 was our nightmare. And so has every Easter been since then.

We were at our cottage, it was a beautiful day, our younger daughter Lucka was with her boyfriend Pavel in Prague, and our older daughter Pavla was also with her boyfriend. On Saturday Lucka and Pavel came to see us at the cottage. We went to see Grandma, where Lucka met people she hadn't seen for a long time.

On Sunday afternoon, Lucka called me and said that she and Pavel were coming from the Matthew pilgrimage fun fair, and that he had bought her a stuffed tiger. She was happy. Just 20 minutes later Pavel called to say that they had been in a crash, and that Lucka was lying on the road with blood coming out of her ear. In the blink of an eye, our life changed completely. Since then, we have divided our life into before and after.

We quickly drove to Prague and rushed to the hospital. Lucka was being examined, but we were told that the situation didn't look good and to come back in the morning. This was the longest night of our lives. Hope and terror were swirling in our minds.

When we arrived at the hospital, the doctor gave us no hope. On the way back from the hospital the phone rang and the pronouncement was made – Lucka had died. She would have been 21 years old in less than three months. A beautiful age and her whole life ahead.

And now what? How were we going to live without her, was life even worth living anymore? We had to, we had another daughter, and we would live for her. Now we had to tell the grandmothers that they no longer had their little Lucka. It was very harsh and unfair and continues to be to this day. Today I wonder how we ever survived.

You can't deal with the death of a child for the rest of your life, but you have to learn to live with it. Everyone in their own way.

Miluše Vondrušková

In another space - time



Táta
Česká republika

Říkám si stále proč

Nikdy by si člověk nepomyslel ani v tom nejhorším snu, že se mu něco podobného může vůbec stát. Byli jsme spokojená rodinka do toho osudného dne 28.4.2020. Manžel, vášnivý cyklista si toho dne k večeru vyjel na obvyklý trénink. Místo jeho návratu nám přišla kriminálka oznámit, že měl tragickou nehodu u Janovic nad Úhlavou. Auto dostalo smyk, kde zrovna manžel jel. Nepodařilo se ho už zachránit. Nikdy nepochopím tu osudnou vteřinu a říkám si stále proč? Zůstaly mi po něm aspoň naše dvě milované holčičky Lucinka tenkrát 5 roků a čerstvě narozená Tereza 2 měsíce. Nikdy se nesmírím s tím, že holčičkám takhle krutě osud sebral navždy tatínka a mně milovaného manžela. Dnes už nám nezbývá nic jiného než ho mít stále v srdci a žít ze vzpomínek na něho.

Martina D.

Dad
Czech Republic

I keep wondering why

You would never think in your worst nightmares that something like this could ever happen to you. We were a happy family until that fatal day on April 28, 2020. My husband, an avid cyclist, went out for his usual workout that evening. Instead of his return, the police came to tell us that he had been in a tragic crash near Janovice and Úhlavou. The car skidded right where my husband was riding. They couldn't save him. I'll never understand that fateful second and I keep wondering why. At least he left me with our two beloved little girls Lucinka, then 5 years old, and the newly born Terezka, 2 months old. I will never accept the fact that fate had so cruelly taken the girls' daddy and my beloved husband away. Today, we have no choice but to keep him in our hearts and in our memories.

Martina D.

The smile that colors



Ivan
20 Años, España

No sabes cómo seguir

Mi nombre es Cristina.

Hace 15 años perdí a mi hermano pequeño Ivan con tan solo 20 añitos de edad, cuando empezaba a disfrutar de la vida.

Alguien que no respetó las normas de circulación, lo mató. Nos lo quitó... sin avisar.

Cuando en la vida te quitan a una persona amada, así sin previo aviso, sin que te dé tiempo a despedidas...el vacío, la impotencia es tan grande que no sabes cómo seguir.

Gracias al Día Mundial en Memoria de las Víctimas de Tráfico tenemos la oportunidad de poder encontrar a personas que realmente entienden tu dolor, personas que como tú, tienen ese vacío interior imposible de llenar. Este día es muy importante para las personas que tenemos una pérdida en la carretera.

Día Mundial en Memoria de las Víctimas de Tráfico, GRACIAS por existir y darnos fuerzas para seguir, al unirnos a todas las personas que hemos tenido una pérdida personal tan repentina...tan evitable.

Gracias.

Cristina Rodríguez

Ivan
20 years old, Spain

You don't know how to go on

My name is Cristina.

15 years ago I lost my younger brother Ivan, who was only 20 years old and just starting to enjoy life.

Someone who did not respect the rules of the road killed him. He took him from us... without warning.

When in life a loved one is taken away from you, without warning, without giving you time to say goodbye... the emptiness, the impotence is so great that you don't know how to go on.

Thanks to the World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims we have the opportunity to meet people who really understand our pain, people who, like us, have that inner emptiness that is impossible to fill. This day is very important for those of us who have suffered a loss on the road.

World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims, THANK YOU for being here and giving us the strength to carry on, by uniting those of us who have had such a sudden personal loss... that was so avoidable.

Thank you

Cristina Rodríguez

I talk to you about injustice and you smile



Conductor
España

Está en las manos de toda la sociedad conseguir el ansiado objetivo “o víctimas de tráfico”

Salida de vía con colisión frontal a un elemento de hormigón. Fue un Audi A4, color blanco, que conducía un señor inglés... al que excarcelamos fallecido. Hacía seis horas y veinte minutos que era bombero, fue mi primer servicio en la calle, hace ya 20 años. Pocos días después me vi en el primer vehículo pesado. Otra salida de vía, pero esta vez en un gran talud donde el tráiler quedó tumbado sobre su costado en una situación muy inestable. Resultó muy peligroso llegar hasta el conductor, pero lo logramos, lo dimos todo y después de mucho trabajo conseguimos rescatarlo. Perdí la noción del tiempo y lo que pensaba que había sido poco más de una hora, resultaron ser más de cuatro. No dejé de acompañar al conductor desde que llegué junto a él y tampoco dejé de hablarle mientras él insistía en repetirme dos palabras... – “me muero” - aquello resultó muy duro, más aún, siendo un joven bombero novato. Todavía hoy, veo como resbaló una medalla de su cuello y se perdía entre el amasijo de chapas sin que pudiera recogerse. El conductor, del que recuerdo perfectamente su

nombre, falleció en la ambulancia mientras los medios sanitarios luchaban por su vida.

Puedo seguir describiendo muchos otros servicios similares a los anteriores ocurridos a lo largo de estos años y algo que todos los peores siniestros tienen en común, es la impotencia de no poder salvar todas las vidas que se quedan en las carreteras, siendo ello una parte muy amarga de mi profesión como bombero. Por muy bien que nos preparemos y por muy bien que los bomberos y otros servicios de emergencias trabajemos, continuamos presenciando como se pierden vidas en los vehículos.

Los accidentes de tráfico no existen, en todo caso podemos hablar de siniestros viales y estos están condicionados al factor humano, por lo que está en las manos de toda la sociedad evitarlos y conseguir el ansiado objetivo "0 víctimas de tráfico" .

En la mayoría de servicios en los que he trabajado donde el factor velocidad estaba presente, ninguna tecnología en seguridad pasiva y activa ha sido suficiente para evitar todos los daños en las personas.

A pesar de todo, pienso que andamos por buen camino. La suma de medidas de concienciación, las tecnologías implementadas en los vehículos y las mejoras en las vías y trazados urbanos, están reduciendo los siniestros viales y su gravedad. Los servicios de emergencia estamos siendo testigos de esta mejoría albergando la esperanza de que llegue el día que podamos hablar de los siniestros viales como algo anecdótico.

José Miguel Escrig Agut

Driver
Spain

It is in the hands of society
as a whole to achieve
the desired goal of
„0 traffic victims”

Head-on collision with a concrete element. It was a white Audi A4, driven by an Englishman... whom we pulled out of the vehicle dead. I had been a fireman for six hours and twenty minutes, it was my first service on the street, 20 years ago.

A few days later I was in my first heavy vehicle. Another off-road crash, but this time on a large slope where the trailer was lying on its side in a very unstable situation. It was very dangerous to get to the driver, but we made it, we gave everything and after a lot of work we managed to rescue him. I lost track of time and what I thought had been a little more than an hour, turned out to be more than four. I didn't stop accompanying the driver from the moment I arrived and I didn't stop talking to him while he insisted on repeating two words to me..... - I'm dying" - it was very hard, especially as a young, novice fireman. Even today, I can still see how a medal slipped off his neck and got lost in the wreckage of metal sheets without him being able to pick it up. The driver,

whose name I remember perfectly well, died in the ambulance while the ambulance crews fought for his life.

I could go on and describe many other similar services over the years and one thing that all the worst crashes have in common is the helplessness of not being able to save all the lives that are left on the roads, which is a very bitter part of my profession as a firefighter. No matter how well we prepare ourselves and no matter how well firefighters and other emergency services work, we continue to see lives lost in vehicles.

There is no such thing as traffic accidents, if anything we can only speak of road crashes and these are conditioned by the human factor, so it is in the hands of society as a whole to prevent them and achieve the desired goal of "0 traffic victims".

In most of the services in which I have participated, where the speed factor was present, no passive and active safety technology has been sufficient to avoid all the damage to people.

Nevertheless, I think we are on the right track. The increasing number of awareness measures, as well as the technologies implemented in vehicles and the improvements in roads and urban layouts are reducing the number of road crashes and their severity. The emergency services are witnessing this improvement in the hope that the day will come when we will be able to talk about road crashes as something anecdotal.

José Miguel Escrig Agut

There is a tear that makes your face tremble



Ferran
7 años, España

Es muy difícil ordenar las reacciones, los sentimientos, las prioridades, la vida

Cuando te has de enfrentar a la ausencia de un hijo, como consecuencia de un atropello por doble infracción... es muy difícil ordenar las reacciones, los sentimientos, las prioridades, la vida! Con el paso del tiempo, los años se acumulan en forma de racimo para estar protegidos del vacío emocional, y a pesar de todo, eso, no significa que no hayas pasado página, ni que no seas capaz de hacer una vida normal, ni tampoco impide la felicidad, de lo que tienes la suerte de tener.

Pero cuando voy a explicarlo, siempre me queda la duda de si estoy en la superación o la costumbre.

De ahí la importancia de tener un día en el calendario, que de presencia a todas las víctimas de tráfico, el Día Mundial en Memoria de las Víctimas de Tráfico.

Pilar Cabrera

Somni

Aquesta nit, he somiat
Amb ulls oberts, per no perdre'm cap detall.
Sorties tu sol, sense el teu cos.
Al matí, he esbrinat,
era la teva essència
el que he pogut abraçar.

Pilar Cabrera , Setembre 2021

Sueño

Esta noche, he soñado
con los ojos abiertos, para no perderme ningún detalle.
Salías tú solo, sin tu cuerpo.
Por la mañana, he averiguado,
era tu esencia
lo que he podido abrazar.

Pilar Cabrera, Septiembre 2021

Ferran
7 years old, Spain

It is very difficult to
sort out your reactions,
your feelings,
your priorities, your life

When you have to face the absence of a child, as a consequence of a car crash due to a double offence... it is very difficult to sort out your reactions, your feelings, your priorities, your life!

With the passing of time, the years accumulate in the form of a bundle to protect you against emotional emptiness, and despite everything, this does not mean that you have not turned over a new page, nor that you are not able to lead a normal life, nor does it prevent happiness, which you are lucky enough to have.

But when I go to explain it, I am always left wondering whether I am in the overcoming phase or the habit.

Hence the importance of having a day in the calendar, which gives presence to all road crash victims, the World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims.

Pilar Cabrera

Somni

Aquesta nit, he somiat
Amb ulls oberts, per no perdre'm cap detall.
Sorties tu sol, sense el teu cos.
Al matí, he esbrinat,
era la teva essència
el que he pogut abraçar.

Pilar Cabrera , Setembre 2021

Dream

Tonight, I dreamt
with my eyes open, so I wouldn't miss any detail.
You were alone, without your body.
In the morning, I found out,
it was your essence
that I was able to embrace.

Pilar Cabrera, September 2021

The colors of dreams dreamed while waiting



Motorradfahrer
Deutschland

Ohne eine Begleitung durch einen anderen Menschen ganz allein

Ein Mitglied der deutschen Verkehrsofferorganisation VOD schildert sein traumatisierendes Erlebnis, das er als junger Polizeibeamter durchleben musste. Während einer Nachtschicht hat er von der Nebenwache seiner Dienststelle im Funkverkehr verfolgt, wie seine Kollegen bei einem schweren Verkehrsunfall eines Motorradfahrers auf einer Landstraße an seinem Wohnort eingesetzt waren und musste mitanhören, wie äußerst lang andauernd diese – vorerst leider vergebens – nach einer sofort angeforderten notärztlichen Versorgung des lebensgefährlich verletzten Motorradfahrers durch den Rettungsdienst beim örtlichen Krankenhaus riefen. Nach etwa zwei Stunden wurde der junge Polizeibeamte telefonisch – ohne nähere Begründung – gebeten, sofort zur Hauptwache zu fahren. Dort angekommen eröffneten ihm seine Kollegen, dass bei dem Verkehrsunfall mit dem Motorrad sein eigener Bruder, mit dem er in gemeinsamer Wohnung im elterlichen Haus lebte, getötet worden ist. Mit dem Streifenwagen fuhr ein Kollege den jungen Polizeibeamten sodann zur bereits abgeräumten Unfallstelle und anschlie-

Bend zum Krankenhaus, wo in einem Abstellraum die Leiche seines vier Jahre jüngeren Bruders in einem Zinksarg lag.

Noch heute blickt der Polizeibeamte auf das schreckliche Geschehen in seiner Jugend betroffen zurück:

„Den tödlichen Verkehrsunfall meines Bruders habe ich nicht nur dadurch unmittelbar miterlebt, dass ich während des zur Nachtzeit mit dem Motorrad geschehenen tragischen Ereignisses mich im für die Unfallstelle, eine Landstraße, örtlich und sachlich zuständigen Polizeidienst befand und sämtliche Ereignisse einschließlich der vergeblichen Rettungsversuche der etwa zweistündigen Verkehrsunfallaufnahme, bei denen die diensthabende Notärztin erst außerordentlich spät (etwa dreißig Minuten nach Eintreffen der Polizei) die Unfallstelle erreichte, mit allen Sinnen und unvergesslichem Schrecken vor Ort 1:1 zur Kenntnis genommen habe.

Im Anschluss an meine Verabschiedung von meinem Bruder im Zinksarg habe ich sodann meinen Nachtdienst abgebrochen und bin gegen 04.00 Uhr morgens nach Hause gefahren und habe dort meinen Eltern und meiner Frau mit den beiden Kleinkindern – ohne eine Begleitung durch einen anderen Menschen ganz allein – die Nachricht vom Tod des jüngsten Sohnes, Schwagers bzw. Onkels überbracht.“

Bruder

Ein Mitglied der deutschen Verkehrsofferorganisation VOD

Motorcyclist
Germany

Without being accompanied by another person all by myself

A member of the German traffic victims' organization VOD describes his traumatising experience that he was forced to go through as a young police officer. During a night shift, he followed his colleagues on the police radio from the side ward of his station as they responded to a serious traffic accident involving a motorcyclist on a country road near his home and had to listen to how they called for an extremely long time - unfortunately in vain at first - for emergency medical care for the life-threateningly injured motorcyclist, which was immediately requested by the rescue service at the local hospital. After about two hours, the young police officer was asked by telephone - without further explanation - to go immediately to the main police station. When he arrived there, his colleagues told him that his own brother, with whom he lived in the same flat in his parents' house, had been killed in the crash with a motorbike.

A colleague then drove the young police officer to the scene of the accident, which had already been cleared, and then to the hospital, where the body of his brother, who was four years younger than him, lay in a zinc coffin in a storeroom.

Even today, the police officer looks back on the terrible events of his youth with dismay:

"I experienced my brother's fatal road crash doubly not only because I was on police duty at the scene of the crash, a country road, during the tragic event, which happened at night with a motorbike, and because I witnessed all the events, including the unsuccessful rescue attempts during the road crash recording, which lasted about two hours and during which the emergency doctor on duty reached the scene of the crash extraordinarily late (about thirty minutes after the arrival of the police), with all my senses and unforgettable horror at the scene.

After saying goodbye to my brother in the zinc coffin, I then left my night duty and went home at around 4.00 a.m., and there I informed my parents and my wife with the two small children - without being accompanied by another person all by myself, of the news of the death of their youngest son, brother-in-law and uncle."

Brother

Infinity hurts



Δημήτρη Καρύδη
Ελλάδα

η ζωή δεν μετριέται από την διάρκειά της αλλά από την προσφορά της

Αφορμή για την λειτουργία της ΕΥΘΥΤΑ(ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΕΤΑΙΡΙΑ ΥΠΟΣΤΗΡΙΞΗΣ ΘΥΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΡΟΧΑΙΩΝ) -ΠΑΡΑΤΗΡΗΤΗΡΙΟ ΟΔΙΚΗΣ ΑΣΦΑΛΕΙΑΣ ΡΟΔΟΥ, αποτέλεσε η τραγική άδικη απώλεια του γιού μου Δημήτρη Καρύδη ενός νέου μόλις 19 χρόνων.. Συνάντησε.. καθώς περπατούσε στο πεζοδρόμιο μαζί με την παρέα του.. ένα ασυνείδητο οδηγό υπό την επήρεια αλκοόλ οδηγώντας με υπερβολική ταχύτητα.. στο ύψος του ΦΙΧ στις 20 Ιανουαρίου 2002 στην Αθήνα. Συνέβη αυτό, που κανένας δεν μπορεί να διανοηθεί. Ο παιδικός του Μιχάλης ΝΕΚΡΟΣ και ο Δημήτρης ΚΑΤΕΛΗΞΕ μετά από 23 ημέρες στις 12 Φεβρουαρίου 2002.

Ήθελε να γίνει αεροπόρος να ανοίξει τα φτερά του να γνωρίσει πολιτισμούς, να αγγίξει τους αιθέρες γιατί ήταν ονειροπόλος, έκανε αερομοντελισμό και λάτρευε τις συναρμολογήσεις μοντέλων αεροπλάνων.

Ένα ατύχημα στο μάτι του ανέτρεψε τα σχέδια του και τελειώνοντας το Λύκειο της Κρεμαστής -Ρόδου το 2001, εγγράφεται στο ΜΕΔΙΤΕΡΡΑΝΕΑΝ COLLEGE για να παρακολουθήσει το τμήμα πληροφορικής, κάνοντας αυτό που λάτρευε γιατί γνώριζε την απερα-

ντοσύνη αυτού του τρόπου επικοινωνίας, ένας νέος που ήθελε να κατακτήσει τον κόσμο, και όχι μόνο.

Σύμφωνα με την ανακοίνωση του ΜΕΔΙΤΕΡΡΑΝΕΑΝ COLLEGE, υπήρξε φοιτητής εξαιρετού ήθους, πολλά υποσχόμενος στο χώρο της τεχνολογίας ιδιαίτερων ικανοτήτων, με πολλαπλά ενδιαφέροντα.

Του άρεσε η μουσική RAP και η σύνθεση. Ώρες ατελείωτες έγγραφε, έσβηνε προσπαθώντας να μεταφέρει τα συναισθήματά του και τους προβληματισμούς του, τους φόβους του για όσα συνέβαιναν γύρω του. Είχε όνειρα και τα μετέφερε στο σημειωματάριο του, ήθελε να αποκτήσει όσα επιθυμούσε, διακρινόταν για τις ευαισθησίες του, τον απασχολούσαν τα προβλήματα και οι ανησυχίες των φίλων του, ήταν αγαπητός σε όλους που γνώριζε, είχε άποψη για τα κοινωνικά θέματα και προσπαθούσε να βρει λύσεις για όσα απασχολούσαν τους φίλους του. Σταμάτησε.. όμως τόσο τραγικά.. το χαμόγελο, η χαρά, το όνειρο για το Δημήτρη.

Σε μια συζήτηση μας, μου είχε πει « Μαμά η ζωή δεν μετριέται από την διάρκειά της αλλά από την προσφορά της ».

Για όλα αυτά που πίστευε, που ήθελε και αγωνιούσε ο Δημήτρης, ιδρύθηκε στις 6 Ιουνίου 2004 η ΕΥΘΥΤΑ (ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΕΤΑΙΡΙΑ ΥΠΟΣΤΗΡΙΞΗΣ ΘΥΜΑΤΩΝ ΤΡΟΧΑΙΩΝ) –ΠΑΡΑΤΗΡΗΤΗΡΙΟ ΟΔΙΚΗΣ ΑΣΦΑΛΕΙΑΣ ΡΟΔΟΥ. Μη Κερδοσκοπικός, Μη Κυβερνητικός Οργανισμός, στο χώρο της Οδικής Ασφάλειας, από μια ομάδα ευαισθητοποιημένων πολιτών, όπως επιστήμονες από διάφορους χώρους, θύματα και συγγενείς τροχαίων δυστυχημάτων, αλλά και απλώς ενδιαφερόμενα άτομα στην πόλη που ζούμε και κυκλοφορούμε.

Έφυγε ο γιόκας μου, τόσο άδικα και τραγικά στα 19 του χρόνια, έφυγε η χαρά μου, έφυγε πήγε στους ουραμούς, μιλά με τα άστρα, είναι το φωτεινό άστρο, είναι ο ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ μου, είναι η ελπίδα μου, ο συνο-

δοιπόρος μου για να σταματήσουμε να έχουμε τη θλιβερή πρωτιά στα τροχαία δυστυχήματα στην Ευρώπη, τα οποία αποτελούν και την πρώτη αιτία θανάτου για τους νέους μας στην Ελλάδα, να σταματήσουμε τον ανθρώπινο πόνο.

Να σώσουμε πολλές ανθρώπινες ζωές και να ελαχιστοποιήσουμε τις αναπηρίες.. Ας ξεκινήσουμε.. έτσι σκέφτηκα, έτσι σκέφτομαι. Είναι δύσκολη η πραγματικότητα της απώλειας του παιδιού σου, βίωσα την απόλυτη ψυχική καταρράκωση που προκαλεί ο θάνατος του παιδιού σου. Το πένθος για το παιδί σου διαρκεί για πάντα. Μετουσίωσα το πένθος μου, της τραγικής απώλειας του γιόκα μου σε δύναμη σκεφτόμενη ότι τίποτα δεν είναι ανώτερο από την ανθρώπινη ζωή. Κανείς δεν έχει δικαίωμα να την αφαιρεί ή να την καταστρέφει. Το ζήτημα της Οδικής Ασφάλειας αφού δεν αντιμετωπίστηκε χθες θα πρέπει να αντιμετωπιστεί Τώρα.. σκέφτηκα... σκέφτομαι. Στη χώρα μας τα τελευταία χρόνια οι οικογένειες των θυμάτων αγωνίζονται για την οδική ασφάλεια και προσπαθούν να ακουστεί η φωνή των θυμάτων. Είναι ο μόνος τρόπος όχι μόνο για να τιμήσουμε αυτούς που έφυγαν – θύματα του παραλογισμού της κυκλοφορίας- αλλά και για να ανατρέψουμε αυτήν την κατάσταση που παράγει μαζικά το θάνατο και την αναπηρία κατάσταση που κατάντησε να θεωρείται φυσική και φυσιολογική. Βρίσκομαι καθημερινά αντιμέτωπη με την τραγική απώλεια του γιόκα μου, εξάλλου το πένθος βιώνεται ιδιωτικά, δεν δημοσιοποιείται. Σκέφτομαι όμως ότι θα πρέπει να αναδείξουμε την σοβαρότητα του θέματος της Οδικής Ασφάλειας για τα επόμενα χρόνια και ότι θα πρέπει να παρθούν σημαντικές αποφάσεις και να αναδειχτούν δράσεις για να κάνουμε τους δρόμους ασφαλείς για όλους μας. Δεν είναι απλά μια οφειλή σ' αυτούς που έφυγαν. Σκέφτομαι και ενεργώ ότι είναι και θα είναι διαρκής η παρουσία του γιόκα μου, η ψυχή του με την μετα-

μόρφωση της, σαν απάντηση στην στατικότητα με το πέταγμα της σαν απάντηση στην καθήλωση με την ομορφιά σαν απάντηση στην ασκήμια της πραγματικότητας.. Σκέφτομαι καθημερινά ότι, μπορούμε να κάνουμε ένα βήμα παραπάνω. Να σπάσουμε την σιωπή που συνοδεύει/σημάδεψε και σημαδεύει τη ζωή μας.

Δεν είναι μόνο οφειλή προς τους απόντες αλλά και ένα χρέος προς τους παρόντες. Ποτέ δεν θα μειωθούν τα τροχαία όσο εξακολουθούμε να τα κρύβουμε ή να λέμε ψέματα γι αυτά. Παρόντες και απόντες δεν είναι εντέλει διαφορετικά πρόσωπα, αλλά κοινοί πρωταγωνιστές μιας εξελισσόμενης μέσα στο αίμα και στον πόνο ιστορίας. Αλλά ίσως πιο εγκληματική είναι η παθητική ωχαδερφική νοοτροπία μας, που μας κάνει να θεωρούμε τους εαυτούς μας άτρωτους, τα θύματα άτυχα και τους συγγενείς τους σαν κάποιους ιδιότροπους τύπους που επιδιώκουν να χαλάσουν την μακάρια ευδαιμονία μας.

Όλα αυτά με ενδυναμώνουν για να σταματήσουμε να θρηνούμε νέους στην άσφαλτο, δεν σιωπώ.. και αντιμετωπίζω την πραγματικότητα της απώλειας του γιού μου με δύναμη ψυχής ..είναι συνοδοιπόρος μου.. Σκουπίζω τα δάκρυά μου, σφίγγω τη γροθιά μου και παλεύω, γιατί το χρωστάω... το χρωστάμε σ' αυτούς που έφυγαν και όλα αυτά συμπυκνωμένα στη φράση ΑΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΗ ΖΩΗ.

Πιστεύω ότι η αλλαγή Οδικής συμπεριφοράς είναι μια πολύ καλή αρχή (απαραίτητη προϋπόθεση) για τον περιορισμό των τροχαίων συμβάντων εφόσον αυτό αποτελεί βαθιά επιθυμία και πρωτεύοντα στόχο σαν κοινωνία. Η οδική ασφάλεια πρέπει να αναδειχθεί σε αξία, να αναγνωρίζεται δηλαδή από ένα σύνολο ανθρώπων ως σημαντική για τους ίδιους. Η συνεχής ενημέρωση είναι επιτακτική ανάγκη και συντελεί στην ανάπτυξη αλλαγής οδηγικής συμπεριφοράς.

Γνωρίζουμε ότι το θέμα της Οδικής Ασφάλειας είναι πολύπλοκο. Εμείς όμως είμαστε παντού και θα είμαστε. Διεκδικούμε το δικαίωμα μας να κινούμαστε ασφαλείς. Δεν έχουμε άλλο αίμα να δώσουμε στην άσφαλτο... δεν έχουμε αντοχές για να χάνονται ανθρώπινες ζωές στην άσφαλτο....

Ελένη Καρύδη

Dimitris Karydis
19 years old, Greece

You can't measure one's life by its longevity but by one's graciousness

It was the tragic loss of my son Dimitris Karidis when he was just 19 years old. On January 20th, as he was walking on one of the busiest pavements in the centre of Athens with his friends, a speeding car crashed into them. The car driver was under alcohol influence. The unthinkable happened; his childhood friend Mihalis was instantly killed and Dimitris passed away after 23 days, on February 12th 2002.

Dimitris wanted to be an aviator, he wanted to open his wings and meet new cultures, he wanted to touch the skies because he was a dreamer and he loved aeromodelling.

An injury in his eye thwarted his plans, so after graduating Kremasti High School in 2001 Dimitris enrolled at the Mediterranean College in Athens to study Informatics. He made that choice on the grounds that he knew the vastness of this science as a means of communication; he was a young man who wanted to conquer the world.

According to the Mediterranean College, Dimitris was a student of exceptional morality, highly promising in the field of technology, who had special skills and a variety of interests.

He liked listening to and composing RAP music. For countless hours he would write and erase, trying to convey his feelings, his thoughts and his fears about everything that was happening around him. He had dreams, which he wrote in his diary, he wished to acquire what he desired, he was sensitive towards others and was worried about his friends' worries and troubles, he was loved by anyone who met him, he had his own opinions on social matters and was trying to find solutions to them. But Dimitris' smile, his joy, his dreams... they were all stopped, so suddenly and so tragically.

He once told me, "Mum, you can't measure one's life by its longevity but by one's graciousness".

Because of what Dimitris believed in, wanted and worried about, EFTHITA (Hellenic Association Road Victims Support) –Observatory Road Safety Rhodes – Road Safety Lookout was founded on June 6th 2004.

EFTHITA Rhodes is the first Road Safety non – governmental organization which was founded by a group of sensitized citizens, like scientists of various fields, victims and relatives of car accident victims but also caring people of our town.

My dearest son is gone, so tragically and unfairly, my joy is gone up to the heavens, he talks to the stars, he is the brightest of stars, he is my angel and my hope. He is my companion on my struggle to stop Greece from having the tragic highest numbers of car crashes in Europe, and thus the number one cause of death of young people in Greece.

We need to stop the pain, we need to save lives and bring disability to a minimum. "Let's get started", I thought and still think. Losing your child is rough, I have experienced the total psycho-

logical breakdown the death of your child can bring. Mourning lasts for ever. However, I sublimated my grief into power, thinking that nothing matters most than life itself. No one should have the power to take it away or destroy it.

The issue of Road Safety hasn't been seriously dealt with so far, so it should be now... I thought and still think... In the last few years in our country the families of victims have been struggling for road safety and for the victims' voices to be heard. This is the only way to not only honour those who are gone – victims of the absurdity of traffic, but also, to overturn this situation which brings massive death and disability; a situation which is considered to be natural and normal!

I face the tragic death of my son every day; after all, grieving is experienced in private, not in public. Still, I keep thinking that we should highlight the seriousness of the issue of Road Safety in the years to follow, we should make significant decisions and act in order to make the roads safe for all of us. It is not just something that we owe to those who are gone. I thought and still think that this is how my son is constantly present, this is how his soul is flying instead of being inert, this is the answer to the ugliness of reality. We can take a step further. We can break the silence that has marked our lives.

It is not just something that we owe to those who are gone but it is an obligation to those who are here. The number of road crashes will not be reduced so long as we continue to hide it or lie about it. There is no difference whether we are present or absent; we are all the heroes of this progressing story written in blood and pain. However, probably what is more morally wrong is this passive "who-cares?" way of thinking, which makes us con-

sider ourselves as invulnerable, the victims as unlucky and their families as eccentric people who wish to spoil our blissful state of complete happiness.

All this makes me feel stronger to struggle harder to stop grieving young lives... I cannot be silent... and I face the reality of the loss of my son with soul power... he is my companion... I wipe my tears, I clench my fists and I fight, because I owe it - we owe it to those who are gone , we owe it to LIFE.

I believe that a change in our driving habits is a very good start (a prerequisite) to reduce traffic crashes – as long as this becomes a deep desire and a prime target of our society. Road safety should become a value, should be recognized by a number of people as important to themselves. Continuous updating is imperative and contributes to the development of changing our driving behavior.

We know that the issue of Road Safety is complicated. But we are and will be everywhere. We claim our right to be safe. We can spare no more blood on the road... we can endure no more loss of life on the road....

Eleni Karidi

I look into your eyes



Στέμη
23 χρόνια, Ελλάδα

Η μοναχοκόρη μου.. η πριγκίπισσά μου..

Το τέλος του χαρούμενου κόσμου μου!

Πέμπτη, 10 Μαΐου 2012!

Όλα μαύρα, αστραπή που έσκισε την ψυχή μου, παρέλυσε το σώμα μου, κάθε κύτταρο του εγκεφαλικού και συναισθηματικού μου κόσμου. Η μοναχοκόρη μου, η πριγκίπισσά μου, χάνεται απροσδόκητα και βίαια σε ένα τροχαίο ατύχημα που συγκλόνησε τη μικρή κοινότητα του νησιού μου!

Ήταν ένα συνηθισμένο ανοιξιάτικο απόγευμα. Η Στέμη μου είχε φύγει το μεσημέρι με τον αγαπημένο της για μεσημεριανό και περίπατο. Δεν ήξερα ότι η βόλτα θα γινόταν με τη μοτοσυκλέτα του Ανδρέα καθώς η μικρή μου μόλις πήρε το νέο της αυτοκίνητο ως δώρο γενεθλίων και αποφοίτησης!

Καθώς περνούσε η ώρα, προσπάθησα να επικοινωνήσω μαζί της αλλά χωρίς επιτυχία. Την καλούσα επίμονα χωρίς καμία απάντηση! Τότε άρχισα να καλώ όλους τους φίλους της... την ίδια απάντηση: έχει βγει με τον Ανδρέα!!!

Άρχισα απελπισμένη να αφήνω μηνύματα στο κινητό της για να επικοινωνήσει μαζί μου... μάταια!!!

Δύο ώρες αργότερα κάποιοι συγγενείς μου τηλεφώνησαν στο σπίτι και μου είπαν ότι πρέπει να πάω στο νοσοκομείο γιατί η Στέμη μου είχε τροχαίο ατύχημα...! Δεν ρώτησα τίποτα, οι ασφάλειες του μυαλού μου ήταν εκτός λειτουργίας!!!

Σε δέκα λεπτά, συνοδευόμενη από την αδερφή μου, ήμουν στην αυλή του νοσοκομείου!!! Εκεί είδα πολύ κόσμο και σχεδόν όλους τους φίλους μου, αγάλματα, παγωμένοι, κανείς δεν με πλησίασε... κάποια στιγμή, ψυχρά και άβολα, ο άντρας μου με πλησίασε και είπε: σκοτώθηκαν και οι δύο ... Η Στέμη και ο Ανδρέας σκοτώθηκαν, σκοτώθηκαν και οι δύο !!!

Δεν αντέδρασα καθόλου, σαν φάντασμα μπήκα στο δωμάτιο των πρώτων βοηθειών, έμοιαζα νεκρή... δεξιά και αριστερά είδα τους συναδέλφους τους να πενθούν και δεν μπορούσα να καταλάβω τίποτα!!! Η νοσοκόμα μου Στέμη και ο γιατρός της Ανδρέας έσωζαν ζωές... ήταν αδύνατο να το πιστέψουμε!!! Έφυγα από το σώμα μου, είδα σκηνές αρχαίων τραγωδιών γύρω μου, την οικογένειά μου, τους φίλους μου, τους φίλους τους ... την αγάπη μου, τα πάντα, τη ζωή μου ...

Ένα μεγάλο μηχανάκι και ένα τζιπ πήραν το μοναχοπαιδί μου.

Μια μετωπική σύγκρουση... δύο αναβάτες χωρίς κράνος, δύο εραστές με αλκοόλ, σε ένα κλάσμα του δευτερολέπτου άφησαν την τελευταία τους πνοή στην άκρη ενός πεζοδρομίου! Ένα σύνολο λαθών βύθισε όλη μας τη ζωή στο μαύρο για μια ζωή!

Μπήκα αμέσως στην ομάδα της ΕΥΘΥΤΑ –ΠΑΡΑΤΗΡΗΤΗΡΙΟ ΟΔΙΚΗΣ ΑΣΦΑΛΕΙΑΣ ΡΟΔΟΥ για την πρόληψη τροχαίων ατυχημάτων !!! Παλεύω στο πλευρό της κ. Καρύδη Ελένη για να σώσω άλλα παιδιά, είναι πλέον σκοπός ζωής και δική μου προσευχή αφιερωμένη στην κόρη μου! Ποτέ άλλος γονιός δεν πρέπει ποτέ ξανά να ζήσει το αδιανόητο... να αποχαιρετήσει το παιδί του!!

Το ατύχημα συνέβη στο 6ο χιλιόμετρο της εθνικής οδού Ρόδου-Καμίνου του νησιού μου. Ο δρόμος είναι διπλής κατεύθυνσης με όριο ταχύτητας 50 χλμ./ώρα, όπου και τα δύο οχήματα τον παραβίασαν. Ο οδηγός του αυτοκινήτου μόλις παρατήρησε το φως της μοτοσικλέτας στη ροή της κυκλοφορίας του, το οποίο δεν αποδείχθηκε ποτέ, ενστικτωδώς έκανε ελιγμούς προς τα αριστερά με αποτέλεσμα η μοτοσικλέτα να συγκρουστεί με τη δεξιά πλευρά του συνοδηγού του αυτοκινήτου, να γλιστρήσει διατηρώντας επαφή με το αυτοκίνητο για λίγο και κατέληξε. Κατέληξε με θανατηφόρα τραύματα στο πεζοδρόμιο, μπροστά από στάση λεωφορείου...

Μάνθα Ζιώγου

Stemi
23 years old, Greece

My only daughter.. my princess..

The end of my happy world!, Thursday, May 10, 2012!

All black, lightning that tore my soul, paralyzed my body, every cell of my cerebral and emotional world. My only daughter, my Princess, is unexpectedly and violently lost in a car crash that shocked the small community of my Island!

It was an ordinary spring afternoon. My Stemi had left at noon with her loved one for lunch and a walk. I didn't know that the ride would be on Andrew's motorbike as my little one had just gotten her new car as a birthday and graduation present!

As time went by, I tried to contact her but without success. I kept calling her persistently without success! Then I started to call all her friends...all the same answer: she has gone out with Andreas!!!

I began in desperation to leave messages on her mobile phone to contact me...in vain!!!

Two hours later some relatives call me at home and tell me that I have to go to the hospital because my Stemi had a car crash...!

I did not ask anything, my mind fuses were off!!!

In ten minutes, accompanied by my sister, I was in the courtyard of the hospital. There I saw a lot of people and almost all my friends, statues, frozen, no one approached me...at some point,

coldly and uncomfortably, my husband approached me and said: they were both killed...Stemi and Andreas were killed, they were both killed!!!

I didn't react at all, like a ghost I entered the first aid room, I looked like dead... right and left, I saw their colleagues mourning and I couldn't understand anything!!! My nurse Stemi and her doctor Andreas were saving lives...it was impossible to believe!!! I left my body, I saw scenes of ancient tragedies around me, my family, my friends, their friends... my love, my everything, my life...

A big motorbike and a jeep took away my only child.

A head-on collision...two riders without a helmet, two lovers with alcohol, in a split second they left their last breath on the edge of a pavement! A sum of mistakes plunged all our lives into blackness for lifetime!

I immediately joined the EFTHITA-OBSERVATORY ROAD SAFETY RHODES team for the prevention of traffic crashes!!! I am fighting alongside Mrs Karldi Eleni to save other children. It is now a purpose of life and my own prayer dedicated to my daughter! No other parent should ever experience the unthinkable again... to say goodbye to their child!

The crash took place on the 6th kilometer of the national road Rhodes-Kamirois of my Island. This road is two-way with a speed limit of 50 km/h, where both vehicles violated it. The driver of the car just noticed the light of the motorcycle in his traffic flow, which was never proven, he instinctively maneuvered to the left with the result that the motorcycle collided with the right side of the passenger of the car, slipped keeping in touch with the car for a while and ended up. Ended up with fatal injuries on the sidewalk, in front of a bus stop...

Mantha Ziogou

Alina Achille Love



Ελλάδα

Αντέχοντας το αβάσταχτο

Η απώλεια του πολύτιμου 20χρονου γιού μου Στράτου Φούσκα σε αυτοκινητιστικό δυστύχημα στις 7 Αυγούστου 2011, μού ράγισε την καρδιά και συνέτριψε τη ζωή μου. Ο Στράτος μου σκοτώθηκε εν ώρα καθήκοντος στη γενέτειρά μας, την Αλεξανδρούπολη, Βόρεια Ελλάδα, κατά τη διάρκεια της επιστροφής στο στρατόπεδο, μια εβδομάδα πριν από το τέλος της στρατιωτικής του θητείας. Στο πέρασμα των χρόνων, πολλοί άλλοι στρατιώτες έχασαν τη ζωή τους στη συγκεκριμένη διαδρομή -και σε, στην πλειοψηφία τους, εντελώς αποτρέψιμες συγκρούσεις- οδηγώντας κουρασμένοι, κάτω από άγχος και υπνηλία για να προλάβουν τη βάρδια τους. Ήταν ένας υπέροχος νέος άνθρωπος που αγαπούσε να βοηθάει τους συνανθρώπους του και -όπως είπε και ο άλλος μου γιος ο Πασχάλης- ήταν ο φίλος και ο γείτονας τον κάθε άνθρωπος θα ήθελε να έχει στη ζωή του! Ο Στράτος έφυγε πολύ νωρίς, πήρε τα όνειρα και το χαμόγελό του μαζί του στον ουρανό, αλλά όλη η άδολη αγάπη του έμεινε πίσω και με καθοδηγεί να βοηθήσω να μην ζήσουν και άλλες οικογένειες τραγωδίες από τροχαία δυστυχήματα. Ακόμα δεν έχω συμφιλιωθεί με αυτή την απώλεια, ωστόσο, βρίσκω τη δύναμή μου από πολλούς άλλους συντετριμμένους αλλά γενναίους γονείς μέλη ΜΚΟ της Παγκόσμιας Συμμαχίας για την Οδική Ασφάλεια. Αντέχοντας το αβάσταχτο, ορθώνουμε το ανάστημά μας

εργαζόμενοι για την Οδική Ασφάλεια υποστηρίζοντας τη δικαιοσύνη για τα θύματα των τροχαίων δυστυχημάτων αυξάνοντας την κοινωνική ευαισθητοποίηση με αλήθεια, πάθος και παγκόσμια προοπτική. Μοιραζόμαστε όλοι την ίδια θλίψη, οπότε δεν υπάρχουν γλωσσικοί και γεωγραφικοί φραγμοί. Θυμόμαστε τους αγαπημένους μας, στηρίζουμε τις οικογένειες με θύματα τροχαίων, δρούμε για να σώσουμε ζωές!

ΚΑΙΤΗ ΜΑΚΡΗ

Stratos
20 years old, Greece

Bearing the unbearable

The loss of my precious 20 years old son Stratos Fouskas in a car crash in 2011, August 7th, shattered my life. My Stratos was killed on duty in our hometown Alexandroupolis Northern Greece, during driving back to the army camp a week before the end of his army time as a soldier. Through the years, many other soldiers lost their lives at that certain route - and at, in their majority, completely preventable collisions- driving tired, under stress and drowsiness to catch their shifts. He was a wonderful young man who loved to help people and -as my other son Paschalis said- he was the friend and the neighbor that every person would love to share his life with! Stratos has gone too early, he took his dreams and his smile with him in heaven, but all his ungiven love is left behind and guides me to help prevent other families to experience tragedies due to road crashes. I have yet to make my peace with that loss, however, I find my power from many other devastated but brave parents members of NGOs in the Global Alliance for Road Safety. Bearing the unbearable, we stand up for ourselves working for Road Safety advocating justice for Road Victims raising social awareness with truth, passion and global perspective. We all share the same grief, so there are not language and geographic barriers. We Remember our beloved ones, we Support the bereaved and injured ones, we Act to save lives!

Katie Makri

You inside me me inside you



Zeina Hauch
19 ans, Liban

Je continuerai à me battre pour faire de ce monde un endroit meilleur

Tu avais 19 ans lorsque tu es partie ce mercredi soir du 21 juillet 2004, pleine d'enthousiasme et heureuse d'avoir réussi ton examen du baccalauréat pour retrouver tes amis et faire la fête. Je t'ai prise dans mes bras et t'ai embrassée pour te dire au revoir sans savoir que ce serait la dernière fois...

Vers 22 heures, j'ai reçu un appel m'informant que tu avais eu un accident de voiture et que tu avais été emmenée dans un hôpital voisin... « Non, non, non... Rien de grave... » Je me suis précipitée à l'hôpital. Le coup reçu à la tête s'est avéré fatal. Les médecins ont fait ce qu'ils pouvaient ; tu es décédée quelques heures plus tard.

J'ai appris plus tard que tu étais assise à côté de ton ami Elias dans sa nouvelle voiture. Une Datsun blanche. Il venait d'obtenir son permis de conduire et voulait te montrer ce qu'il savait faire au volant... Dans une descente en zigzag, il a mis le pied au plancher, perdu le contrôle de sa voiture et heurté un poteau d'éclairage sur le trottoir. Tu ne portais pas ta ceinture de sécurité et n'as pu te retenir à cause de la vitesse ; ta tête a heurté le poteau tandis que la voiture s'y accrochait et s'arrêtait.

Je suis rentré seul à la maison, marchant comme un zombie sans réaliser ce qui s'était passé, comme si je vivais un rêve, je t'ai laissée dans cette chambre froide: tes lèvres restées sans voix, tes beaux yeux qui avaient perdu leur éclat, ton corps immobile ! Les jours suivants ont été insupportables: les funérailles, la famille, tes amis, tes camarades de classe, tout le monde était sans voix, le cœur brisé et sous le choc. J'ai passé ces jours à regarder autour de moi, à regarder, à écouter ce qu'ils disaient, des discussions sans fin sur l'accident, « c'est la volonté de Dieu... Elias ne sait pas conduire..., la route est mal construite..., les pentes sont imprévisibles... ». Le plus choquant pour moi était qu'ils parlent déjà de toi au passé.

Il n'en était pas question ! Tu serais encore là, assise à côté de moi, donnant son avis, argumentant de ceci et de cela! C'est grâce à cela que j'ai pu continuer à vivre. Je ne veux pas parler de toi au passé. J'ai alors commencé à me poser des questions auxquelles nul ne saurait répondre. Qui était fautif ? Qui était responsable ? Était-ce Elias ? Pourquoi ne portait-elle pas sa ceinture de sécurité ? La route était-elle mal construite ? Les lampadaires mal installés ? Étais-je coupable moi-même de t'avoir laissée sortir ? Quelques mois plus tard, avec l'aide de la YASA (Youth Association for Social Awareness), j'ai créé l'Association Zeina Hauch pour la Prévention Routière avec tes camarades de classe et tes amis pour promouvoir la sensibilisation et la sécurité sur les règles de conduite. J'ai commencé à assister à des conférences dans des écoles et des universités pour raconter ce qui était arrivé à Zeina et à moi, en comptant sur mon témoignage de mère sur la perte de ma fille, en racontant comme ses frères regrettaient sa présence et comment tout cela avait affecté toute la famille. Si les

règles les plus élémentaires de prudence au volant avaient été respectées, Zeina serait assise à côté de vous à l'université; pour acquérir un permis de conduire, vous devez étudier les règles de conduite de la même manière que vous étudiez pour votre baccalauréat ou votre MBA. J'ai accordé des entretiens, j'ai fait campagne sur les réseaux sociaux avec des programmes à la télévision et à la radio avec la même force pour promouvoir la sensibilisation à la sécurité routière.

J'ai transformé le négatif en positif en utilisant mon expérience malheureuse pour éduquer, informer, instruire et influencer les gens, en particulier les adolescents, sur la prévention de la sécurité routière et des accidents de la route en améliorant le comportement des usagers de la route.

Avec l'aide de la YASA, j'ai demandé à adhérer à la FEVR (Fédération européenne des victimes de la route) et ai eu la chance d'en devenir membre. J'ai rencontré, appris et apprécié chaque membre de toute l'Europe qui travaille dur pour promouvoir la sensibilisation dans chaque pays d'Europe, en faisant pression et en améliorant le comportement des usagers de la route. L'événement le plus important dont j'ai entendu parler est la Journée mondiale du souvenir des victimes de la route (WDR), qui a lieu le troisième dimanche de novembre de chaque année et qui est reconnue par l'OMS et de nombreuses autres organisations et pays sur les cinq continents. Cette journée spéciale est si importante pour moi, car un jour je ne suis pas seule, ma douleur, ma souffrance, la perte de ma fille sont partagées dans le monde entier; mes prières sont dites conjointement avec tant d'autres victimes: mères, maris, frères, sœurs...

Mon combat n'est pas encore terminé, je continuerai à me battre pour faire de ce monde un endroit meilleur et réduire le nombre de victimes et de décès dus aux accidents de la route.

Randa Khater Hauch

Zeina Hauch
19 years old, Lebanon

I will continue fighting for making this world a better place

You were 19 years old when you left that Wednesday night on July 21st 2004, full of enthusiasm and happy to have succeeded in your Bachelors exam to meet your friends and celebrate. I took you in my arms, kissed you goodbye not knowing that it would be the last time...

Around 10.00 PM I received a strange phone call informing me that you were in a car crash and you were taken to a nearby hospital 'No, no, no... Nothing serious...' I rushed to the hospital: the hit on your head was fatal, the doctors did what they could; you passed away few hours later.

I learned later on that you were sitting next to your friend Elias in his new Datsun white car, he had just got his driving license and wanted to show you what a skilled driver he was; on a downward zigzag slop he pressed the accelerator to the maximum, lost control of his car and hit a light pole on the side walk, you were not wearing the Seat Belt and couldn't hold yourself due to the speed, your head hit the pole while the car hold to it and stopped.

I came back home alone, walking like a zombie not realizing what has happened like if I was living a dream, left you there in that cold room: your lips speechless, your beautiful eyes lost their sunshine, your body stood still!

The next few days were unbearable: the funeral, the family, your friends, and your school mates everyone was speechless heart-broken and under shock. I spend those days looking around, watching, listening to what they were saying, endless discussions about the crash, 'it's God's will...Elias doesn't know how to drive..., the road is wrongly built..., the slops are inaccurate..' and especially what shocked me most is that they were already speaking of you in the Past.

No! She is still here, sitting next to me, giving her opinion, arguing of this and of that! And that walk me up, I don't want to speak of you in the past and started asking myself unanswered questions: whose fault was it? Who is responsible? Was it Elias? Why was she not wearing her seat belt? Is the road wrongly built? Are the light poles wrongly installed? Was it my fault I let her go out?

Few months later, with the help of YASA (Youth Association for Social Awareness) I created the 'Association Zeina Hauch pour la Prevention Routiere' with her school mates and friends promoting awareness and safety on driving rules. I started attending conferences in schools and universities telling them what has happened to Zeina and to me counting on my motherhood speech on the loss of my daughter, how her brothers miss her presence and how it affected the whole family, and if it wasn't for the careless driving Zeina would be sitting next to you in the university; to acquire a Driving License you should study the rules of driving the same way you study for your bachelor's degree or

your MBA. I gave interviews and went to the Social Media with programs on television and the Radio with the same strength of promoting awareness on road safety.

I turned the negative into positive using my unfortunate experience into educating, informing instructing and influencing people especially teenagers on the prevention of road safety and road injuries enhancing the behavior of road users.

With the help of YASA I applied for membership to FEVR (Federation Europeene des Victimes de la Route) and was very glad to become a member. I met, learned and enjoyed each and every member from all over Europe who works hard to promote awareness in each and every country in Europe promoting, lobbying and enhancing road user's behavior. The most important event I learned about is the WDR (World Day of Remembrance of Road Victims) which takes place on the 3rd Sunday of November of each year, recognized by the WHO and many other organizations and countries all over the five continents. This special day is so important for me, for one day I am not alone, my pain my suffering the loss of my daughter is shared worldwide all over the world; my prayers are said jointly with so many other victims: mothers, husbands, brothers, sisters ...

My battle is not over yet I will continue fighting for making this world a better place and reduce victims and fatalities due to Road Crash

Randa Khater Hauch

...the red before the night



Alina Marchetta

26 anni, Italia

La ragione per migliorare

Alina Marchetta aveva ventisei anni, un esempio di giovane donna brillante, pulita e solare. Lei, la nostra piccola Alina e la mia unica figlia, la luce dei nostri occhi, ora non c'è più... e non è più con noi. La sua vita straordinaria, un bellissimo e ricchissimo germoglio promettente, è stata violata e stroncata non solo dalla sfortuna, ma soprattutto dall'ineducazione e dall'arroganza in questa realtà selvaggia del nostro mondo sociale. Il crimine non è un'entità astratta, deve essere attentamente analizzato in profondità, nel senso disumano dell'ecologia giurisprudenziale. Alina è stata crudelmente strappata alla sua bella vita il 7 aprile 2019, uccisa da una ragazza della sua età, che non avrebbe dovuto guidare quell'auto assassina, sotto l'effetto di alcol e droghe pesanti che le oscuravano la mente. Non avrebbe dovuto assumere sostanze proibite e dannose. I membri della famiglia di Alina sono stati tutti condannati in modo irrevocabile a un ergastolo di disperazione e sofferenza senza fine. La sentenza è irrevocabile! Ricordare, riflettere, pensare, capire. Per una persona, non saranno le sue parole a determinarla, ma le sue azioni! Mentre la vita continua per tutti (ma non per Alina), la persona che l'ha uccisa ha chiesto

e ottenuto la revoca della misura di custodia cautelare: così potrà tranquillamente continuare la sua vita quotidiana per meglio tracciare le sue linee popolari per sé e per i suoi cari. E i rappresentanti ufficiali della giustizia italiana hanno accettato che la vita possa essere contrattata senza una pena, quindi libera licenza di uccidere per strada. E questa è un'ulteriore ingiustizia subita non solo dal destino ma anche da parte dello stato. Alina non era solo la figlia, ma la ragione per realizzare sogni e progetti, la ragione per creare, rivoluzionare e migliorare. Credo che nessuno potrà mai inventare un nuovo linguaggio: quello del dolore di sopravvivere alla morte di un figlio. Non avendo potuto, come madre, impedire la morte di Alina, voglio lottare per sopravvivere e lo faccio con l'unico strumento che conosco, che mi supporta e mi sostiene: L'arte. Chi può dire che la vita non è la morte e la morte non è la vita? La descrizione di un passaggio sconosciuto e sconvolgente, in una dimensione che attraversa i mondi e scuote l'anima attraverso i nostri valori umani più importanti, si sta realizzando attraverso una mostra annuale d'arte contemporanea "Artisti per Alina". Così il progetto artistico si svilupperà anno dopo anno, ogni volta con nuovi artisti nel campo dell'arte visiva (pittura, fotografia, scultura, video, installazioni, street art). Ovviamente le mostre saranno accompagnate di volta in volta da vari eventi collaterali che vedranno il coinvolgimento di luoghi, istituzioni artistiche, luoghi d'arte e personaggi/protagonisti della vita culturale.

La Madre di Alina

Alina Marchetta
26 years old, Italy

The reason to improve

Alina Marchetta was twenty-six years old, an example of a brilliant young woman, pure and sunny. She, our little Alina and my only one daughter, the light of our eyes, is now no more... and no longer with us. Her extraordinary life, a beautiful and very rich promising bud, has been violated and cut short not only by bad luck, but above all, by ineducation and arrogance in this wild reality of our social world. Crime is not an abstract entity, it must be carefully analysed in depth, in the dishuman sense of jurisprudential ecology. Alina was cruelly removed from her beautiful life on 7 April 2019 killed by a girl of her age, who should not have been driving that killing car, under the influence of alcohol and hard drugs that obscured her mind. She should not have been taking prohibited and harmful substances. Alina's family members have all been sentenced beyond reproach to a life sentence of despair and endless suffering. The sentence is irrevocable! To remember, to reflect, to think, to understand. For a person, it is not his words that will determine him, but his actions! While life goes on for everyone (but not for Alina), the person who killed her has asked and obtained the revocation of the custody meas-

ure: so she can easily continue her daily life in order to better draw her popular lines for herself and her loved ones. And the official representatives of Italian justice have agreed that life can be bargained for, without a punishment, so free license to kill in the street. And this is a further injustice suffered not only by fate but also by the state. Alina was not only the daughter, but the reason to realise dreams and projects, the reason to create, revolutionise and improve. I believe that no one will ever be able to invent a new language: that of the pain of surviving the death of a child. Since I was not able as a mother to prevent Alina from dying, I want to fight to survive and I do it with the only tool I know, that supports me and sustains me: Art. Who can say that life is not about death and death is not about life? The description of an unknown and shocking passage, in a dimension that crosses worlds and shakes the soul through our most important human values, is being realised through an annual contemporary art exhibition 'Artists for Alina'. So the art project will develop year after year, each time with new artists in the field of visual art (painting, photography, sculpture, video, installations, street art). Obviously the exhibitions will be accompanied from time to time by various collateral events that will see the involvement of places, art institutions, art locations and personalities/protagonists of cultural life.

Alina's Mother

Ukryję cię w moich dłoniach (kolysanka)

Ukryję cię w moich dłoniach
na zawsze zielone ziarenko
przed burzą i deszczem schowam
uśmiechu wesola iskierko
ukryję cię w moim sercu
tam będziesz zawsze bezpieczny
i schowam cię w moim bólu
gdy przyjdzie po ciebie sen wieczny

Już nigdy nie urośniesz
ziarenko mojej miłości
nie będziesz drzewem mocnym
błękitem kwiatów polnych
Już nigdy nie dojrzejesz
miłości mojej ziarenko
nie będziesz dachem domu
i szczęścia piosenką...

Ukryję cię w moim oku
w perełce lzy srebrnej i slonej
nim pójdziesz w podróż bez kresu
modlitwy płaszczem osłonię
utulę cię sama do snu
zaśniemy czytając bajkę
a potem sobie wyśniemy
że znowu jesteśmy razem...

Już nigdy nie urośniesz
ziarenko mojej miłości
nie będziesz drzewem mocnym
błękitem kwiatów polnych
Już nigdy nie dojrzejesz
miłości mojej ziarenko
nie będziesz dachem domu
i szczęścia piosenką...

muzyka: Adam Niedzielin

tekst: Andrzej Pacuła

I'll hide you in palms of my hands (lullaby)

I'll hide you in palms of my hands
My little seedlet, forever green
I'll hide you from storms and from rains
My smile's cheerful spark, source of bright sheen
I will hide you deep in my heart
Where you will forever be safe
I will hide you deep in my plight
When by eternal sleep you are claimed

Never allowed to grow tall
You seedlet of my heart's true love
You won't grow into strong tree,
bloom with blue flowers of fields
Never allowed to mature
You seedlet of my heart's true love
You won't be house's strong roof
Or joy's loud sounding chant

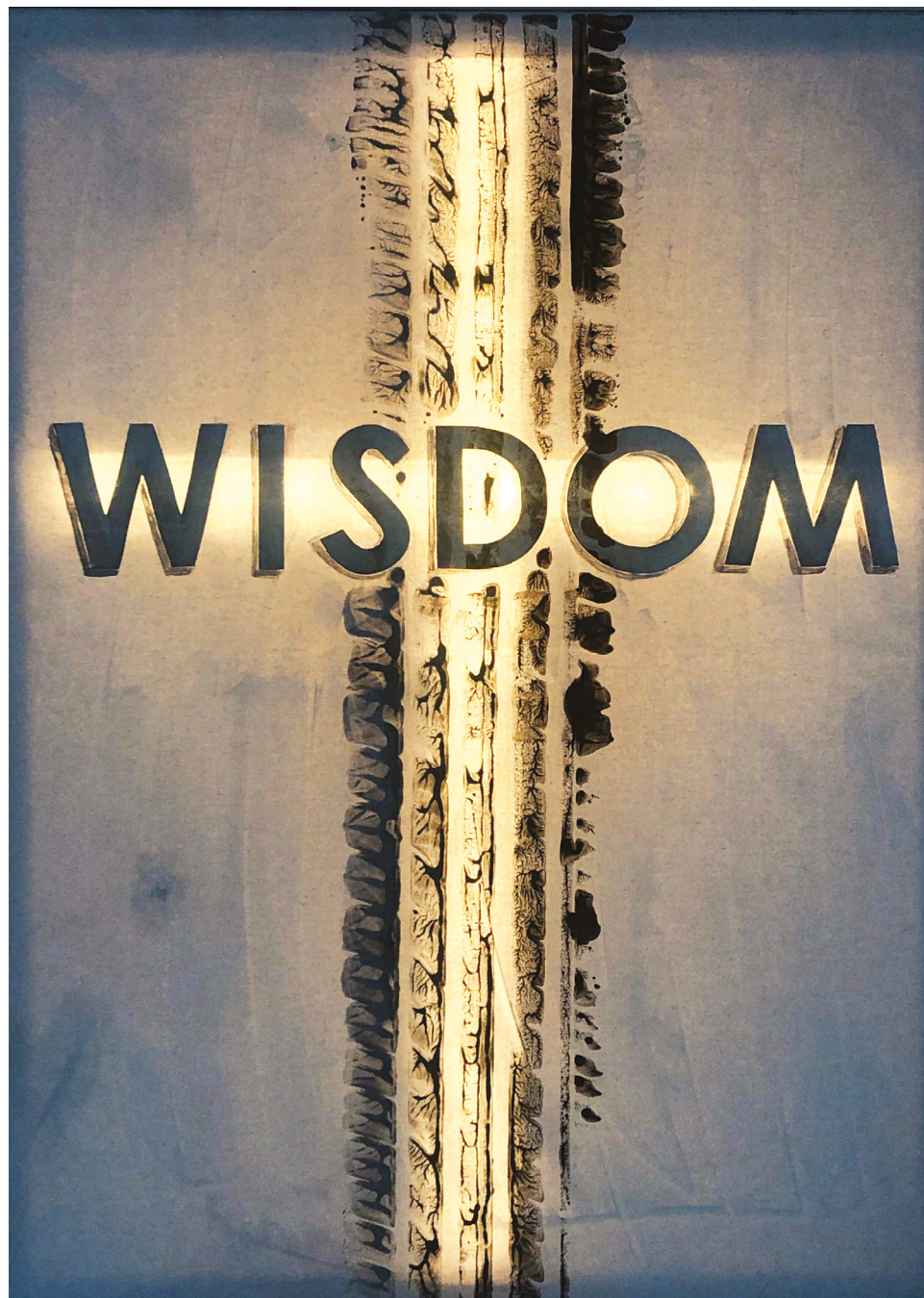
I will hide you in my eye's pool
In a silvery salty tear's pearl
Before your never-ending tour
Coat you with words of a prayer
I will lull and hush you to sleep
Fairy tales will send us sweet dreams
To share the sweet visions of bliss
That we are together again...

Never allowed to grow tall
You seedlet of my heart's true love
You won't grow into strong tree,
bloom with blue flowers of fields
Never allowed to mature
You seedlet of my heart's true love
You won't be house's strong roof
Or joy's loud sounding chant

music: Adam Niedzielin

lyrics: Andrzej Pacuła





SPECIAL THANKS

A big appreciation goes to those who contributed to the writing of this book with their own testimonies, thus understanding the importance that memory has towards change. We would like to mention, in particular, the support of the organizations adhering to the FEVR of Italy, Spain, Greece, Germany, Lebanon, the Czech Republic, Luxembourg and Poland.

The book would not be the same and it would not have the same strength without the art and paintings of Mrs. Sanda Sudor, a be-reaved mother and great artist. Big words of thanks to Mrs. Sudor for telling us all about “Alina’s life” through her works.

European Federation of Road Traffic Victims:

www.fevr.org

Member organisations:

www.avr.lu

www.csodn.cz

www.efthita-rodos.blogspot.com

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www.brd.malopolska.pl

www.fiafoundation.org

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www.worlddayofremembrance.org

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