



25th ANNIVERSARY

REMEMBERING SREBRENICA

LETTERS FROM BOSNIA

Dear Friend,

I was born on March 9th, 1987 in Prijedor. I have a three years older sister. My parents were business owners; within the complex of our house, we had a grocery store where my mother worked. My father worked at his Wisky bar, Butik, videoteka. In 1992, he opened a Levi's shop. I was a restless child. I was always talking, singing, drawing and jumping.

I had luck because on the 15th of May, 1992, for my mother's birthday, my father sent us to Belgrade on one of the last buses that left Prijedor. My aunt, my father's sister, went with us to my mother's brothers house. As a five year old, I was shocked when in Belgrade I couldn't just take whatever I wanted at the store; and, that the cashier took our money. In Prijedor, at our store, I could have whatever I wanted. Everyone was sad. My mother was always crying when she talked on the phone. Our uncle, he took note of everything - who, what, where, with whom, about what.

One of his note stated: Anita is showing signs that she will become an artist.

It was the 2nd of November, 1992, in Zagreb. Our uncle had informed us that our father was en route to Zagreb. We waited the whole day. The journey was a very long one via Vienna to Zagreb. The waiting seemed endless but we waited by the stairs of our father's friends house.

I had to use the washroom. At that moment, when I went inside the house, my sister screamed that our father was arriving. The house was new, it did not have a facade nor did the balcony have a fence. I remember that moment like it was yesterday, I know exactly what I thought at that time. I thought that if I jumped off of the balcony that he would catch me and that I would get to him before my sister. I went to the balcony to see the car approaching the house and how he was stepping out of the car. I didn't jump, as you can tell, I am still here. I ran down the stairs embracing him. After seven months of not seeing or hearing from him, my dad came back to me from Prijedor's prison.



It is not without reason that there is a saying that states that whatever is forgotten will happen again. I grew up with stories of the war. It is normal for me for it to be the topic of every meeting or gathering. Time is divided before and after the war. We have to talk about it. We have to spread the truth about the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina. We have to make movies, write books, paint pictures, and create art. We have to do everything in our power for the truth to be heard and to make sure that the victims are not forgotten.

For those of us that can and have an opportunity to talk, it is our duty to do so.

Sincerely,

Anita Zecić

Prijedor