

Ukrainians Stand Up against Kiev Junta

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I was forwarded a video clip from a friend in Kharkov, and was compelled to write about it. It gives me goosebumps and brings me to tears. As the evil NATO project to destroy Ukraine and attack Russia begins to implode from its own insane overreach, there is no substitute for the simple eloquence of people defending their lives and those of their families.

The truth is beginning to dawn, as would-be cannon fodder kids throughout Ukraine are burning their military writs, their families blocking roads, young men escaping to the woods and even to Russia. No fascist lie can live forever, and while the future is far from clear, there is beginning to be some hope that the chickens may yet come home to roost in a major way.

This declaration is especially powerful in the original Russian, but is subtitled in English, and I have transcribed it here as well. It deserves the widest possible redistribution. The story and pictures [Her name was Christine] have already circulated widely. But this oath sends chills down my spine:

“Я не забуду это . И если я забуду о них, пусть Бог забудет обо мне.” (I will not forget this. And if I do forget about them, may God forget about me.)

A Russian friend recently expressed surprise and gratitude to see a western writer speak out with such passion and commitment. To my Russian friends, and to all my readers generally, I can only say that it is not with any false humility that I deflect any praise, and pass it along rightly to the heroes who are fighting for their lives and those they love—and, in a crucial way, fighting for us all. My response is instinctive and axiomatic, and is beautifully encapsulated in the above quote. **If I forget about them, may God forget about me. If I do not speak out, I sever the bond that connects me to the rest of humanity, and lose my soul. This truth is like oxygen to me.**

Every struggle produces its own eloquence, and spawns its own generation of Padraig Pearse and Robert Emmet. With these I am familiar because of my ancestry, and I *will* their words to seep into my soul to keep me honest: *“To my people I say that they are holy, that they are august despite their chains—that they are greater than those that hold them, and stronger, and purer.”* (Pearse) *“...if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it.”* (Emmet)

Words fail me, and even when they don't, they pale in comparison to those of the heroes

made eloquent every day by fighting on the right side of history.

“Look at this picture. This is what Kiev punitive forces did today in Gorlovka. Ukrainian patriots. Euromaidaners. “Conscious” and “United Ukrainers.”

I, Dygovbrodsky, Dmitry Alexandrovich, a citizen of Ukraine and a Ukrainian by origin, a true son of the heroic Russian people, swear that I will not stand aside and I will not lay down arms until the last Ukrainian conscious fascist bastard on our land has been destroyed, for the burnt towns and villages, for Lugansk, Donetsk, and Slavyansk, for the residents of Odessa on 2nd May, for the death of our women and children, for the torture and humiliation of my people,

I, Dygovbrodsky, Dmitry Alexandrovich, a citizen of Ukraine and a Ukrainian by origin, swear, to revenge the Ukrainian nazis without mercy and without rest, blood for blood, death for death. I pledge to assist the Army of Novorossiia by all means at my disposal to kill the insane Ukrainian radicals, with my own life. I pledge to destroy the Ukrainian thugs wherever I go, every minute of my life, because this fascist country has no right to exist.

I, Dygovbrodsky, Dmitry Alexandrovich, a citizen of Ukraine and a Ukrainian by origin, swear, that I would rather die in a fierce fight with the enemy than to let myself, my family, my land and all the people of Novorossiia be enslaved by a fascist Banderite government.

This baby girl and this woman have been killed by the Kiev punitive forces in Gorlovka. I will not forget this. And if I do forget about them, may God forget about me.”



Image: Christina, 24 and her 10-month-old daughter Kira killed in Horlivka on Sunday, July 27, 2014 as a result of cover shelling of the Ukrainian heavy mortars.

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