

Yemen: Letter from a Father Who Calls for Justice

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It's been a year and half since you left us but for your father and mother, it seems like forever. We miss hearing your beautiful baby voice in the morning that made us feel like the luckiest parents in the world. It's hard to explain our feelings after you. We really really miss you...

Baby Zainab, we had big dreams and high ambitions for you. But you left us as a baby and we did not have a chance to see you succeed. Today, we can only sit and look at your photos wearing your beautiful dresses. We imagine your beautiful smile that melted us everyday. We imagine hugging you with love after you wake up from your sleep. Me and your mom can only wish to cuddle you again to keep you warm during those cold night.

Our life changed forever after the criminal Saudis attacked our family home. Those moments changed our life and cost us our beautiful baby girl. After the airstrike on our home, I screamed in pain telling my self "what just happened? Where is my family? Where is my baby Zainab?"

I never imagined I would find my baby Zainab under rubble of our home.

I removed rocks from on top of you and picked up your small body from beneath rubble and rushed to the nearest hospital hoping to save you but they said it was too late. I did not give up, and with your blood was dripping on my clothes as I ran to a second Hospital hoping to see your smile again. Doctors were trying to bring you back but it was too late. I fainted to the floor when medics told me you did not make it.

Hours later me and your mom almost followed you and medics were trying to save our lives. Later that night we were up on our feet again still trying to find you. We did not care about our health conditions because life without you was useless for us.

What value do we have for our lives after we lost your smile? You laid dead in the hospital and I couldn't save you. You were smiling as you lay dead the same way you smiled when you were at home. Me and your mom were in tears from your smile as we tried to cover your smile that broke our hearts when we looked at your dead body.

Even on your funeral day, I couldn't believe you were gone forever. I couldn't believe your time with your family is over. I needed to hold you one last time hoping to get you back. Before we buried you, I picked up your dead body wanting one last picture with you. Your family was pushing me away but I insisted to have the photo taken. I wanted to vow to you that I will seek justice and promise you that the criminals behind your death will not be forgiven. I hugged you for the last time and took the photo with you that shook millions around the world who joined my call for your justice. Just yesterday, you were sleeping in

your small bed at home but Saudi, the killers of civilians, wanted you dead. And because of them, that today was your last and you will be sleeping in your grave.

Me and your mom are in tears as we write you this letter knowing we will never see our baby girl again.

Your family's tragedy did not end after you funeral. Your mom was still in serious condition laying on hospital bed getting treated for wounds from the airstrike on our home. Your death took our lucky charm with it. We were sick, homeless and poor but don't worry life is not over. It won't be over until justice is served. Don't be sad for us, because we are thousands of other families are suffering like us since you were not the only child killed by Saudi airstrikes. Your family is only one of thousands in Yemen who lost a child as result of Saudi attacks.

Your mom just left the room and couldn't finish the letter so I need to go help her. One last thing we want you to know, due to the war imposed blockade on Yemen, I am still trying to find a good international lawyer and bring your case in front of international courts. We will never give up. You will never be forgotten. Your killers will pay the price, I promise you that. You will be alive in our hearts forever.

Your loving father.

Abraham AbdulKarim

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