



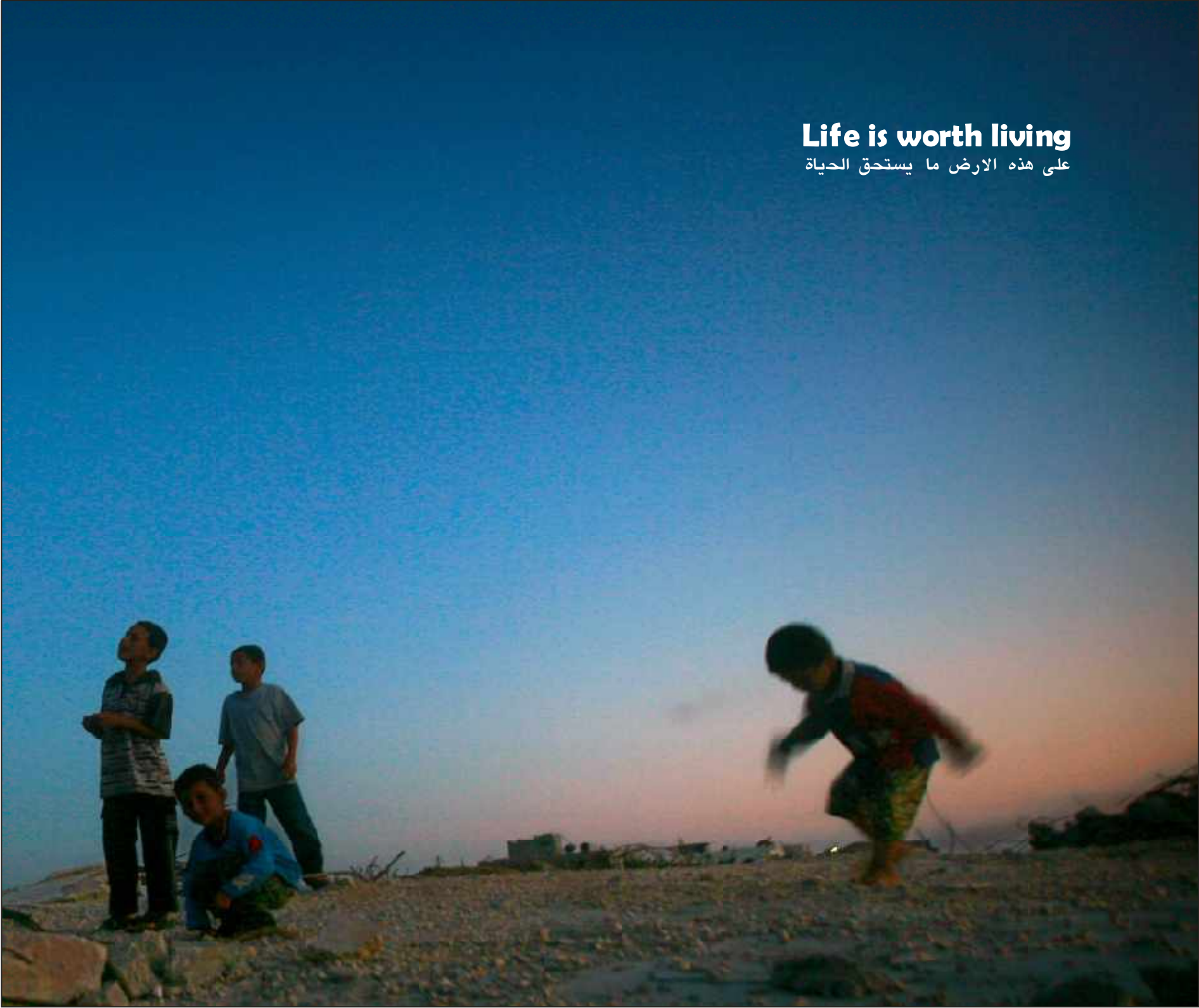
**Life is worth living**

على هذه الارض ما يستحق الحياة



**Life is worth living**

على هذه الارض ما يستحق الحياة



## **Main Office**

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Free Telephone Counseling (Palestine only): 1800222333  
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## **Community Centers**

*Gaza Community Center:*  
Shuhada St., East of Rashid St., El-Rimal  
Tel: 2865949/2828695

*Dei El-Balah Community Center:*  
(Rehabilitation Center for Victims of Violence)  
El-Bassa, Near El-Salah Islamic School  
Tel: 2537040

*Khan Yunis Community Center:*  
Jalal St., Near El-Farra Tower  
Tel: 2053977

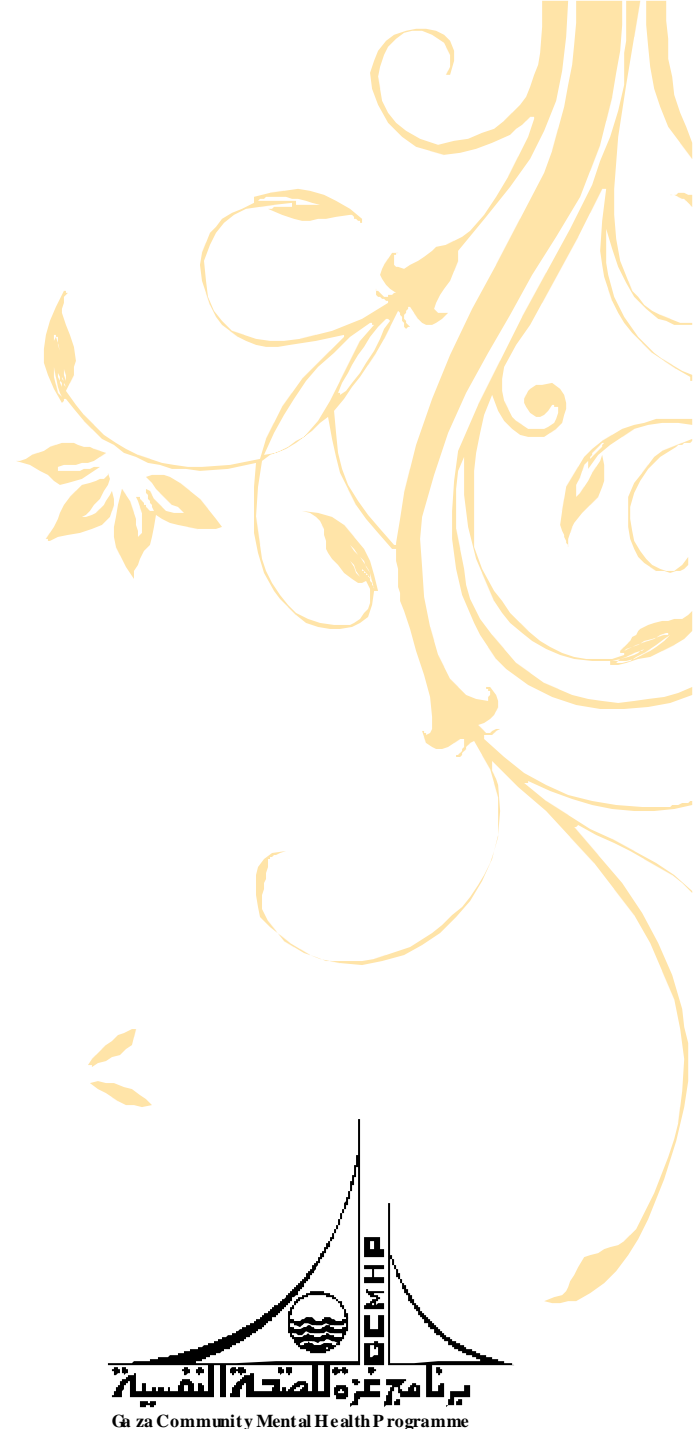
## **Women's Empowerment Project**

*Main Office:*  
Elyarmok St., Last Building of Al Awqaf Ministry  
Tel: 2888522/2888523

*Deir El-Balah Branch:* (Rehabilitation Center for Victims of Violence)  
El-Bassa, Near El-Salah Islamic School  
Tel/Fax: 2538610

*Rafah Branch* (Rachel Corrie Center):  
Beach St., main market, across from UNRWA Aid Provision Center  
Tel/Fax: 2141611

Photographs are taken by: Eman Mohammed  
Design by: Shareef Sarhan



## Introduction

Last winter, a massacre - falsely portrayed as a war - was launched on Gaza. No aspect of private and public experience has escaped the ravages of war, poverty, unemployment, destruction, and isolation. Israeli war on Gaza targeted everything and everybody including farms and factories. More than 20,000 homes and civilian infrastructure were completely or partially damaged, forcing thousands of children to be homeless and displaced in temporary shelters and tents for long periods of time. More than 1400 Palestinian people were killed, and 5000 were injured, most of them civilians. Hundreds of parents and children were shot, blown up, or burned to death with white phosphorus. Their psychological wounds remain poorly sutured and still open. The end of the war does not mean the end of pain and suffering. At the Gaza Community Mental Health Programme, we are daily witnesses to the catastrophic impact of such violence. School children doing their homework by candle light due to constant electricity cut offs. Additionally, Gaza is slowly being strangled by the sustained occupation. For more than three years, the Gaza Strip is living under a constant and relentless siege as part of a deliberate plan. The aim is to degrade, intimidate, and isolate a million and a half people so that their will is broken. This book is just a modest attempt to show the damage and agony that were caused by the Israeli Occupation forces. The question remains; what life experiences will shape this emerging generation? An enraged and bereaved population struggles to cope with anguishing loss. Such loss is a significant threat to every aspect of their growth, development, and psychological well-being. The Gaza Community Mental Health Programme strives to build up the resilience of community and specially children. Our work remains critically important. But, therapy is not enough to cope with the amount and intensity of suffering which confronts us. For the wounds of Gaza, justice represents the only effective, long-term treatment modality. This, in turn, will be healing and a moral victory for the victims. We believe that a world without justice is a dangerous place, a breeding ground for helplessness and hopelessness, for desperate people with nothing to lose. It is our responsibility to prevent this and create an environment of hope where peace and justice can prevail.

# Loa'i

## *Loa'i: My Blindness Will Not Obstruct My Future*

Loa'i is a ten-year-old child who was exposed on January 14, 2009 to a heartbreaking tragic event. He was severely injured in an Israeli air raid which targeted his family in Beit Lahia during the war on Gaza. Loa'i was wounded when he left the school which they were living in after they had fled their house together with his father, and cousin. They intended to go back to the air house to bring some personal belongings including food and blankets. They were obliged to leave the school on that day during the Israeli shelling because the school was crowded with people who lacked basic needs for living, to the extent that there were more than sixty people in one class. Loa'i's first suffering at the school which lasted for 15 days did not give him any chance to escape the Israeli shelling. The injury resulted from the raid caused his blindness. He also suffered from a head and hand injury; while his cousin was also killed. The thing that deepened this tragedy was that Loa'i was left bleeding for an hour and a half and no one was able to have access to him to save him. Even his father who was about few meters far from him could not even move a single step to save his son because of the continuous Israeli shelling on Beit Lahia. When never Loa'i tried to crawl and reach his father, he failed. Loa'i's father says, "At that moment I thought I lost my son, but when I heard him calling me, I realized that he was still alive." After that some girls came and helped Loa'i. They carried Loa'i to a safe place where his father was able to take him away. Then the ambulance came and carried him to Kamal Odwan Hospital where he was referred to Al Shefa Hospital. After that he was referred to Saudi Arabia to receive further treatment, and he was accompanied by his father.

Loa'i was a happy, active and intelligent boy. He was his father's right hand in his modest trade which was helping them provide their basic needs. He liked to play and have fun. He was always thinking of buying a bike like all children do. He was always thinking of his future. He wanted to be a businessman. When Loa'i lost his sight, everything changed. His blindness prevented him from leading a normal life. It







prevented him from dreaming and wishing.

Loai is greatly attached to his family, especially to his elder brother Rajab who had two children, Raed and Rajab junior. Rajab died in the late Israeli war on Gaza while he was working in a farm on February 16, 2009 hit by a foreign body. Loai did not know that his brother was martyred. When he returned from Saudi Arabia, he was waiting for his brother to be the first one who would hug him. Unfortunately, Loai was shocked when he heard his brother's martyrdom which deepened his suffering. He loved his brother very much, to the extent that he brought him a lot of presents and gifts from Saudi Arabia. Loai is still thinking of his brother and hoping to find him by his side all the time. He always hopes to see his brother. He thought, "Had his brother been alive, he would have felt stronger, and he might have had forgotten his disability".

It is true that Loai lost his elder brother, but he returned from Saudi Arabia to find his nephew, Rajab junior standing by his side which gave him support. Loai's life has totally changed. That innocent child who was filled with activity and energy and who was always thinking of his future became helpless who depends on others. He became frightened and hesitant to take any step forward in his life. He became worried about his future expecting failure all the time. He became unable to achieve his simple dreams. His dream to buy a bike and ride it will never be achieved. He will never be able to ride it except at night with the help of his grandmother who spends the whole night watching him while he is riding.

When he returned from Saudi Arabia, he was referred from Majid Association, a civil Association working in Gaza to the Gaza Community Mental Health Programme's Community Center. When the psychologist, Rawya Hamaam visited Loai at home, he was suffering from some symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) which included insomnia, nervousness, feelings of blame and anger at his family, feeling of pain for the loss of his brother. In addition to, being easily provoked for minor reasons and the feeling of helplessness for being blind, and this had increased after the martyrdom of his brother.

Family intervention services were provided to Loai and his family, including emotional debriefing, helping him express his feelings and coping with the circumstances that he is encountering through some daily activities which concentrated on the child's points of strength. The center is still following up Loai's case and is still in contact with his family and his school. Through following up his case, Loai showed noticeable progress. He started to express his fears and concerns. He also stopped thinking of failure, and began to think of his dreams and future.

Loai still does not believe that he had lost his sight. He hopes that one day he will be able to see again. He is still determined that his blindness will never obstruct his way, and will never prevent him from living like any normal child. His dreams will grow with him, and he will always remain his father's right hand and the kind uncle for his nephews despite the calamity.





## *The Agony of Loss*

On Monday January, 5th at four o'clock P.M, my family decided to flee the house and go to my aunt's house, Fadia in Sheik Radwan Quarter because we were so terrified after the shelling of one of our neighbor's houses. I left the house together with my father, my brother's Fadel, Isam, Hashem, my mother Nahla, and my sisters, Sameera, Fatima and Yasmine. My brother, Mohammed and his wife went to their relatives' house in Al Sheik Radwan too, but my uncle Moeen, his children and grandmother as well as my uncle Hussein stayed in the house downstairs. At around 2 o'clock P.M, my Uncle Hussein called my father and told him that our neighbor's house was bombed and totally demolished after it had been evacuated following warnings by the Israeli army. On the next day, my father asked us to return to our house to clean it after the shelling of our neighbor's house which caused a lot of damage to ours. We returned to the house, cleaned it and had lunch there. At around 2:30 P.M, we heard some explosions close by, and then one of our neighbors told us that two rockets had hit the adjacent farm. We thought that it could have been a warning shell, and so the adjacent mosque "Abu Bakir Al Sideek Mosque" would be targeted next, which is located direct behind our house.





We told everybody in the house to stay downstairs. After five minutes, at around 3 o'clock P.M, another shell hit the adjacent farm, which is separated from our house by a fence. After the shell hit, I escaped together with our neighbor, Mohamed hiding ourselves behind the house. At that time most of the people who were standing in that place escaped, but after few moments they came back to see what happened. After that I heard a very strong explosion, and then I could not see anything

around me because of the heavy smoke which was in the whole place. Ziyad Sameer Shafeeq Deeb, born in 1986 and studies in AlAqas University at the Department of Design and Decoration also stated in his affidavit which was given to GCMHP under oath: "At that time I raised my hands and prayed to God, and all people around me were praying to God. When I opened my eyes I saw my cousin Mohammed looking at me and trying to stand up, but he fell again on the ground. I was laid on the ground above my brother Mohammed, whom I felt that he was dead because his body was covered with blood. When I tried to stand up, I found that my legs were amputated. At that time when I looked around me, all what I saw was blood and bodies every where. The only one I felt that he was alive, was my cousin, Mohammed. Next to my right hand was my cousin, Aseel who was dead too. When I looked north I found my father on the ground, and was severely bleeding. I also saw my grandmother sitting on her chair, but she was not moving, and so I realized that she died. This is all what I saw at that moment because I could not move. They were in different places, some were dead or injured and others were buried under the ruins without seeing them. At that time, I felt that the ambulances took a lot of time to have access to our place. The first one who came to the place was our neighbor, Awni Farahat who worked hard to help us, but whenever he tried to help anyone, he found him dead. He was looking for anyone who could be alive to help him, but he could not do anything to help us. After that many people came and then the ambulances came. Then I was taken to "Kamal Odwan Hospital" where I saw a lot of injured and dead people there. When I reached the hospital, the doctors started to dress my wounds. Then it was discovered that I was injured in my right hand, my finger was amputated and I was also injured in my abdomen, a matter which made the doctors refer me to "Shefa Hospital". When I reached the hospital, the doctors saw my case, and accordingly I was taken to the operating theater. When I woke up after the operation, I saw the doctors looking for an empty place to my uncle Hussein who was taken out of the operating theater. When I woke up I asked one of the people in the hospital about my family, he told me that they were fine. However, I knew that they all died because I remembered what I saw after the Israeli shelling. On the next day, my uncle, Isam visited me in the hospital and when I asked him about my father, he told me that he died. Then he asked me if I knew who died after the shelling, and I told him what I witnessed. After that he wanted to leave to prepare for my family funeral, but before that I asked him whether there was someone else. Then he told me that my father Sameer, 42 years, my brother Mohammed 24 years, my sister Fatima, 21 years, my brother Isam, 13

uncle's wife Amal, 37 years died all." He also told me that my cousins Mohammed, 16 years, Aseel, 9 years, Alaa', 19 years, Mustafa, 13 years, Noor, 4 years, and my grandmother, Shama, 71 years died too. Then he told me that my sister-in-law, Ahlam was in Kamal Odwan Hospital and was slightly injured. After a week I was referred to Mubarak Hospital in Egypt on 11/1/2009 where I received first aid, but after two hours I was referred to "Al Madi Armed Forces Hospital" in Cairo. When I was in Egypt, I was thinking all the time about my ability to return to my house in that place. When I returned from Egypt, I was taken to my house in an ambulance, and then I saw the rest of my family who survived death. At that moment I was very happy, to the extent that I forgot what happened to us because I was surrounded by them and all people whom I love and came to visit me.

GCMHP team and professionals visited Ziyad and his family. After following up his case, it was noticed that he was suffering from some psychological symptoms of "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" PTSD, including insomnia, nightmares, loss of appetite, and avoidance. He also lost hope and the desire to interact with others. The team prepared a therapeutic plan for the family which included emotional debriefing to give them the opportunity to express their painful feelings and the ability to describe any event in detail. They also talked to them about the events, the symptoms and the reactions that can be normal or abnormal using concentration on the psycho-education technique. The team also stressed on the importance of enhancing the social networks and working on correcting false feelings and thoughts. During their work with the family, the team concentrated on the individual's positive points of strength, to move beyond their experiences of loss and suffering. The team also concentrated on helping them in planning for their future. They were also trained in how to practice some techniques that may alleviate troubling symptoms, including deep breathing and relaxation.





## *Abu Halima's Family*

The Abu Halima family's agony began when the family was taking shelter from Israeli missiles in the basement of their two-floor home in Jabaliya area in northern Gaza Strip on 11 January when two white phosphorus bombs struck their house. The father of the family, Saad Akh Abu Halima was instantly killed along with his three sons, Abed Raheem (14), Zaid (10) and Hamza (8), along with his only daughter, Shahed who was one-year-old.

Saad's wife, Umm Muhammad, and her 20-year-old daughter-in-law, Ghada, were left with severe burns -- unable to run away or call for help. Meanwhile, Ghada's two-year-old daughter Farah and Umm Muhammad's youngest son, four-year-old Ali, were injured and watched their family members perish in horror.

By the time Ghada's husband reached the house, his brother Ahmad and some relatives had only minutes ago rushed in to the house, carrying away the dead sons and their father on a cart, seeking for an ambulance help. Ahmad (Umm Muhammad's son) said: "By the time we heard the blast, my relatives and I took my father and brothers on a cart, thinking we could save their lives. I didn't know that they all were dead by the time we arrived! We were looking for an ambulance but an Israeli tank appeared in front of us; the Israeli soldier who got out of it ordered us to leave the bodies and run for our lives ... while running away I looked back to see him covering them with sand."

He added after a brief pause, "I went back home to see my niece Farah, Ali, my mother and my sister-in-law Ghada all burnt and being carried to the hospital by the neighbors. It still doesn't seem real to me; every morning I wish that I could give anything away to get my family back. Still, God knows better than I do."

Umm Muhammad comforted Ali, saying, "They took my baby Shahed but I still have Farah and Ali; maybe it's just how it was meant to be."

"I have seen a lot in my life, I don't mind paying the tax of war, but why should this little girl suffer? This is what I don't understand! We managed to live in the house after the accident but the black walls keep on reminding us of what happened to us," Umm Muhammad added.

Farah's mother and Umm Muhammad's daughter-in-law, Ghada traveled to Egypt with Farah to treat Farah's severe burns, but Ghada passed away in Egypt and only Farah returned to Gaza 20 days later.

Umm Muhammad insists that her only surviving son present during the attacks was ironically the closest to the missile's impact. When Ali asks his younger cousin about their missing family members, Farah points towards the heaven as her grandmother had taught her.

Farah's uncle, also named Ahmad, said, "I can see Farah, Ali and my mother are always in pain, no matter what medication they get. Doctors over here are helpless, and I bet that's the case in any other country. Only the Israelis can get us the cure since they are the ones who caused it."

As time goes by, the devastating magnitude of the external as well as internal wounds of this Palestinian family will become more apparent.



## 'Alone'

*Fathia Iz Al Deen Mussa, 18-years old, from the Al-Sabra area of Gaza City, stated the following in an affidavit given to Gaza Community Mental Health Programme after the end of the Israeli war on Gaza.*

Fathia Iz Al Deen Mussa: "I was the only one left in the house, I did not want to leave until my parents, brothers and sisters were evacuated and taken to the hospital. Although, I knew I was deceiving myself, hoping they were still alive.

In fact, my family members were pronounced dead and I wished that I had died with them. Instead, I was left alone. We waited for the bodies of my family members to be brought to our house, so I could pay my last respects, but they never came.

The bodies were torn apart beyond recognition, scattered everywhere outside the house. It was too difficult to identify them.

Two and a half months later, I am still afraid to be alone, even sometimes when I am by myself in the bathroom. I have problems sleeping, remembering the accident. I will never forget seeing the blood and the torn body parts of my family members scattered around our home."

I was sitting in my room talking to my sister-in-law Heba, 24-years old, and my sister Hannen, 17-years old. I stood up and while we were talking, suddenly we heard a huge explosion which rocked the house. Immediately wreckage from walls and windows began falling on us. I ran to the adjacent room where my nephews, Iz Al Deen, 4-years old and Zain, 4-months old were hiding. Then I ran out of the house, but I could not see anything because of the heavy smoke that filled the air. My sister Sabreen, 19-years old, and her fiancé were also in the house. I began shouting to them to help extinguish the fire which had engulfed our house.

I ran to the living room and was shocked to find my brother Mahmoud raising his hands and praying to God. His face was totally

burnt and he was bleeding heavily. He asked me for help. I brought a bottle of water and started to douse his face while he was lying on the ground. One of our neighbors was taking my mother out of the house, and I began helping her. When I put my hands on my mother to help her, she looked at me and smiled. After that she closed her eyes forever.

Then I saw the body of my brother Waheed, 29-years old, lying on the ground beneath the fallen rubble. He was severely burnt, to the extent that smoke was emanating from his body. I sat beside him as he died, and I touched his face for the last time.

I saw my father, 52-years old, lying on the ground, bleeding heavily from a head trauma. His neck was torn and smoke was emanating from his body. When I tried to move towards him, I found myself frozen. This tragic scene continued.

The body of my brother Mohammed, 24-years old, was torn into pieces. I extended my hands to help him, and I felt them covered in blood. I felt helpless.

Then I remembered my younger sister Noor, 16-years old, fearing that she was buried under the ruins of the house. I started looking for her among the corpses where I found her body. The flames lashed around her body scorching her long hair. I was in shock.

I waited with my brother, Mahmoud's body until the ambulance came and took him to the hospital. Then I saw my brother, Ahmed 27-years old, lying on the ground near the house entrance. His body was totally burnt, and his right hand and both legs were torn from his body.

After taking the bodies and injured people out of our house, I went to my grandfather Abu Sameer Al Jarah's house together with my sisters Hannen and Sabreen. We stayed at my grandfather's house the whole night, but we could not sleep because we were in a state of panic. We did not know anything about my family. I could not understand what was happening to me. I was slightly injured in my leg, but I did not feel it until it started to hurt me later that night. Shrapnel and glass were removed from my leg the following day. My brother Mahmoud was taken to Sheifa Hospital in Gaza City where he stayed for three-days. He was then transferred to Al-Madi Military Hospital in Egypt where he remains.

### *Clinical Analysis:*

Prepared by: Rawya Hamam and Insherah Zakout.

After the end of the Israel's Operation Cast Lead, a team of GCMHP social workers and professionals including Insherah Zakout and Rawya Hamam visited the Mussa family.

The family suffered from several symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), including insomnia, nightmares, and loss of appetite. Also, they suffered from numbness, hopelessness and depression.

The team prepared a therapeutic plan for the family which included an 'emotional debriefing' to give them the opportunity to express their painful feelings and to describe any event in detail. Also, the team talked to them about the events and the symptoms, and the reactions which are considered as normal in such cases using psycho-education approach.

The team also stressed the importance of enhancing the social support network and working on correcting negative feelings and thoughts. During working with them, the team concentrated on the individuals' positive points of strength, and helped them plan for their future. Also, one of the girls agreed to join the Women's Empowerment Project of GCMHP and she was trained in some techniques that may help alleviate PTSD symptoms, such as deep breathing and relaxation. The family is receiving their treatment through weekly home visits. After following up Fathia's case, she showed a great improvement and started to talk to other people. She also started thinking about working and depending on herself.









◀ Children looking through their house window when a funeral procession (not seen) passes by. (Jabalia refugee camp, northern Gaza)

▶ This is how the children who survived lived the 22 long days.

▶ Despite destruction, Palestinian children continue to play and enjoy their games.



## *Ghanima's Tragedy*

**"I wish my brother would come back to me"**

**G**hanima is a seventeen-year old girl living in Al Salateen Quarter in Gaza, which was one of the most heavily, affected areas by the last Israeli war on Gaza. Ghanima is a student at the secondary school and lives with her family, consisting of eight members. All of them live in two small tents in Al Salateen Quarter in Gaza, and they have been living there since their house was demolished by the Israeli forces during the last war on Gaza. Ghanima's family is simple and modest. Ghanima's suffering started when her family was forced to flee their house in Al Salateen Quarter on January 5, 2009 as a result of the continued Israeli bombardment and the consequent lack of food supplies. Ghanima's family fled to one of UNRWA's schools in Al Zytoon Quarter in Gaza as all Palestinian families did thinking that it was under the protection of UNRWA. No sooner had they arrived at the school and begun to settle down, they heard a tremendous explosion which rocked the area at night. People taking shelter in the school rushed out to see what was going on; they were shocked to see that a group of young men who were standing in the school yard were targeted by an Israeli warplane. Unfortunately, Hussein 24 years old, Ghanima's elder brother was among the martyrs. When Ghanima heard the huge explosion, her heart leapt with fear and anxiety about her brother. Unfortunately, her feelings were true and justified. When she heard about the martyrdom of her brother, she was shocked. She has never imagined that her brother who was going out to the toilet just for five minutes would be lost forever and would never come back because of the brutal attack. The members of the family were tremendously shocked by the news, but Ghanima's shock was deeper as she was closely attached to her brother. They were each other's confidants. They were very close to each other. Ghanima still does not believe what happened to her brother. Even after his martyrdom, she used to stand at the school gate hoping that one day he will come back to his home and family. What added to the sufferings of Ghanima's family was that when they returned to their simple house after the end of the war, they found nothing but the ruins of their house waiting to be removed.

This trauma affected Ghanima terribly, especially regarding her academic performance at school. She failed her general secondary school examination, a matter which increased her pains and sufferings.



Her failure gave her the feeling that all doors of normal life were shut in her face. Ghanima lost hope in any success in the future. She gave up any attempt to try again and work for the school examination any more. Ghanima is still thinking of her brother. She always imagines him standing before her as if nothing had happened to him.

Before this disastrous event, Ghanima led a very normal life among her family like all Palestinians. Just feeling all the family together was enough to make Ghanima happy and gave her feelings that she is missing nothing.

Ghanima's family does not feel now that life has any meaning or value. Every moment reminds them of their dead son, Hussein, which adds to their suffering and pains.

Ghanima says, "I wish I, could prevent him from going out at that damned moment."

Ghanima came with her mother to Gaza Community Center of Gaza Community Mental Health Programme. When she came, she was suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder Symptoms, which included loss of appetite, insomnia, nervousness, easily provoked by minor reasons, and lack of desire to see people or interact with them. She also suffered from depression and lack of desire to live.

Ghanima had many therapeutic sessions including emotional debriefing, family support and medical treatment. After the first therapeutic sessions, Ghanima showed little improvement, but her failure to pass the secondary school exam added to her pains and suffering, and led to complications of her case. Gaza Community Center is still following up Ghanima's case and is always in touch with her and her family.



## *Osama*

### **My Brother Died in Front of My Eyes**

**O**sama is a nine-year old child living with his family in Beit Hanon, one of the most areas threatened directly by the Israeli army as it is a border area that separates the Gaza Strip from Israel that remains under a constant threat of the Israeli Occupation Forces' incursion. Despite these dangers, the family preferred to stay in their house, their source of protection and security.

This family owns a modest grocery store operates from a room within the house.

Fadi, the eldest son of this family is responsible for this store, which he kept open even during the war. One day, Fadi opened his grocery store as usual. At that time, Osama was at his aunt's house and decided to go home. While going back to his house, he heard the sound of a rocket fired by the Israeli Occupation Forces. The sound was really close which frightened the people in the street including Osama. When Fadi left his store to see where the rocket was heading, he was fatally wounded.

During that time, Osama was on his way home, and witnessed all the events including his brother's death. Osama suffered from a severe state of panic in addition to his slight injury in his back by the shrapnel of the rocket. He entered his house screaming and crying after his brother's death in front of his eyes. His family was not yet informed of the ir son's death, and Osama could not tell them until they went out to the street and saw their son dead. After the end of the war on Gaza, Osama went back to school like all students did. After a while he started to

suffer from some symptoms, a matter which obliged the social worker in his school to intervene. After that, his family was contacted. Then it was decided to transfer him to the Community Centre of Gaza Community Mental Health Programme. After following up Osama's case, it was discovered that he suffered from a number of symptoms including nervousness, excessive violence towards children, bed wetting, fear triggered by trivial causes, problems with his brothers, continuous crying, and obsessive preoccupation of the scene of his brother's death. Gaza Community Center's team prepared a therapeutic plan after making necessary medical check-up for him. The plan included expressive therapy like the therapeutic approach of play therapy, free drawing and psychological debriefing. The therapeutic plan also included following up the family, especially the mother who was suffering from depression after the loss of her elder son, Fadi and being unable to deal with this trauma. The family needed therapeutic intervention and psychological support after the latest events in Gaza and the psychological impacts of them taking into consideration the necessity of enhancing the social support network, and working on correcting the negative thoughts. After intervention and therapeutic sessions, Osama became more open to others. Most of the symptoms that he was suffering from disappeared. He started to play with his friends and brothers and his concentration on his school subjects improved.

▼ Some Palestinian students going back to their destroyed school after the last Israeli aggression on Gaza.





- ▲ A Palestinian girl reading in the corridor of her destroyed school.
- ▼ Palestinian children on the beach of Gaza during a UN-sponsored summer camp festival, July 30, 2009 where more than 6,000 children came out to break the Guinness World Record for kite flying.



- ▲ A female child looking for what she can use from the rest of her books among the ruins of her house.
- ▲ A toy in the hand testifies on innocence, and a burning in the feet testifies on the crime.

► Hadeel Al Samuni, severely injured by white phosphorus bombs.





◀ The prayers of a child.

▶ Mohammed Khader feeds pigeons in front of the remains of his house, which was destroyed during Israel's 22-day offensive. Khader, his wife Ebtesam and their seven daughters, live without electricity. (Jabaliya, northern Gaza, March 16, 2009.)









- ▲ Can this child see a beautiful future through his window instead of the ruins and destruction?
- ◀ An old man broken by his sorrow wonders if he will live long enough to reconstruct his house.



▲ Zayed Khader watching his children taking their morning bubble bath.(Abed Rab oarea, northern Gaza strip.)



Mahmoud Jelo, 4 years old, sits on a grave and begins his homework whose family consisting of 6 members live in a single bedroom in a cemetery . ▲



- ◀ Farah AbuHalima severely injured by white phosphorus bombs in the last Israeli war on Gaza while looking at the burnt walls of her house.
- ▶ Farah AbuHalima playing with "Insher ah Zaqa ut", one of GCMHP psychologists during one of her home visits after the last Israeli war on Gaza.





- ▲ A nine-year-old Palestinian child drawing a picture in a summer camp.
- ▲ Two friends coloring some pictures in a summer camp.
- ▶ A young Palestinian child coloring the war instructions' manual.



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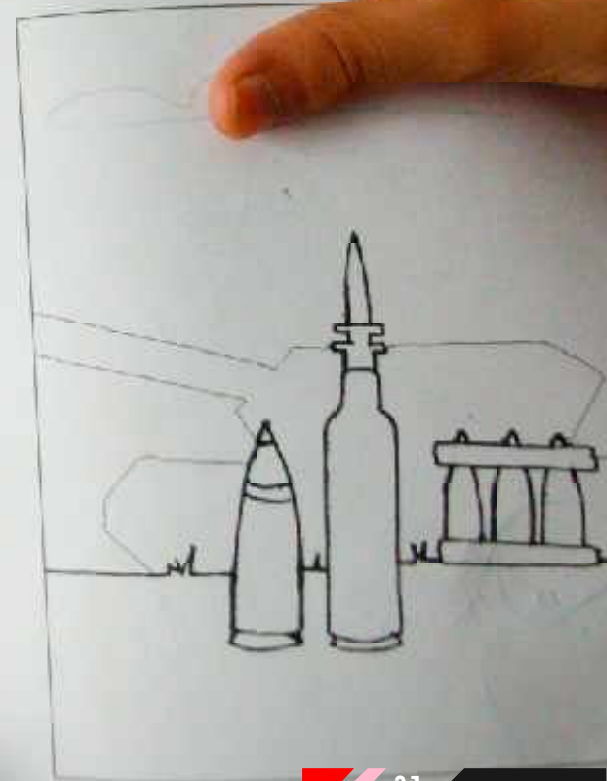


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لنكتب ونعبر

ألون







The background of the page is a photograph showing the silhouettes of a child and a structure against a warm, orange sunset sky. The child is standing in the middle ground, and the structure, possibly a tent or a makeshift building, is in the foreground. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds.

## Main Office

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