



A Voluntary Charity working in Ukraine and Moldova

with roots going back to 1990



Voices from Ukraine – **Vova** – just one of the heroes defending Ukraine – an ordinary man doing extraordinary things, one of many.

Vova is currently recovering in a military hospital, slowly healing from the serious injuries he sustained while defending Ukraine's freedom on the front line. His journey has been long and painful. After being wounded near Lyman, close to Kharkiv, he was initially treated at a field hospital before being moved through a series of medical centres—Izyum, then Kharkiv, then Kyiv—and now he is in a specialized recovery hospital.

Tomorrow, Vova will undergo another surgery. Although doctors are doing all they can, they won't be able to remove all the shrapnel from his leg—three fragments will have to remain. It's a painful reminder of the battle that changed everything.

Vova shared what happened with quiet clarity. He and three comrades were holding a trench when they came under intense attack. Russian forces launched wave after wave—five attackers at a time—forcing them to defend their position under constant pressure. Ammunition was running low. Grenades rained down. Drones hovered overhead. It was relentless.

As they attempted to retreat, the worst happened. Two of the men with him were killed. Vova and one other survived, though both were badly wounded.

Vova has been serving in the army for three years and has been on the front line since January. Despite everything he's been through, there is a very real possibility that once he recovers, he may be sent back to the front.

He spoke candidly about the war and the challenges soldiers face. Many of the drones they encounter come from abroad—some made in China, others built from parts sourced from Western countries. The networks that bypass sanctions are vast and complex.



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Vova also spoke with sadness about the changing face of the army. Not everyone who fights is there by choice. Some are taken from the streets, pressed into service with no preparation, no training, and no motivation. “They’re not good fighters,” he says plainly. “They run when the danger comes. They’re scared. And that puts everyone at risk.” It’s not judgment—just truth, from someone who has seen the front line and knows what survival demands.

He also worries about the weapons they face. Many of the drones, he says, are made in China, and others use components sourced from Western countries. Sanctions are in place, but there are still too many ways around them. The battlefield is full of machines that should never have made it there.

Yet, despite everything, Vova is not defeated.

In the hospital, he moves slowly but steadily. Nurses speak kindly to him. Other wounded soldiers nod in passing—men bound together by shared pain, quiet camaraderie, and an unspoken understanding. They don’t always need words. A glance is often enough.

What stands out most about Vova is not just the scars on his leg or the quiet way he describes the ambush. It’s his calm. His steadiness. He talks about his fellow soldiers with deep respect, especially those who didn’t make it out. He honours them in the way he speaks, in the way he keeps going.

There is grief, yes. And weariness. But there is also something stronger.

Hope. It lives in the care he receives. In the hands of surgeons who do all they can. In the visits from volunteers who bring warm food and kind words. In the letters and drawings from schoolchildren sent to lift the spirits of wounded soldiers. Hope lives in the small moments: a good cup of tea, a phone call from family, a night of uninterrupted sleep.

For now, Vova’s mission is recovery. It will be a slow process. The leg may never be the same. But he is alive. And he is not alone.

Ukraine’s freedom is being written in stories like Vova’s—in the courage of ordinary men who stand their ground, who suffer quietly, who carry each other when the burden grows too heavy. Vova didn’t ask for heroism. He simply showed up, again and again, when his country needed him most.

And now, as he heals, we remember his name. We honour his journey. We keep him in our thoughts—not as a symbol, but as a man. A son. A brother. A soldier.

And above all, a reminder of the human cost of freedom, and the strength it takes to carry on.

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cr2ee, Braidia Garth, Staplake Lane, Starcross, Devon. EX6 8QT
Tel 01626 891945 or 07970 204506 E Mail: mail@cr2ee.org.uk
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