



A Voluntary Charity working in Ukraine and Moldova

with roots going back to 1990



Voices from Ukraine – **A widow now in all but name**

Tamara is alone—save for her two young daughters, Elona and Anghelena. Her husband, Oleg, has been missing for three months.

He had been fighting in Ukraine's war for freedom—resisting the Russian oppressors who tore into their homeland. Now, in his absence, Tamara and the girls live in limbo, their lives suspended between hope and dread. They do not know if he has been killed in action, taken prisoner, or worse—captured and tortured. Each day, their minds flicker helplessly between possibilities, none of them offering peace.

Oleg had first taken up arms in 2014, defending Crimea. When Russia launched its full-scale invasion in 2022, he was called up again. That year, he was wounded—shrapnel lodged deep in his leg. He could have left the front. No one would have blamed him. But he refused. He returned to his unit, driven by a sense of duty, by the belief that his country's freedom—and his daughters' future—was worth any sacrifice. He saw no future under Russian rule, not for himself, and certainly not for Elona and Anghelena.

Tamara speaks of him in hushed tones, her voice carrying the weight of both love and anger. “He was stupid to go back,” she says through tears. “He still had metal in his leg, but he went anyway.”

What haunts her most is not knowing. If she knew he was dead, she says, she could mourn. She could begin to grieve, to heal. But this silence, this not knowing—it eats at her. The nights are the worst. When the girls are asleep, Tamara lies awake, swallowed by the quiet, and cries.

Each morning she has to be strong for her daughters. She carries on, not because she is strong, but because there is no choice. The war took her husband. It threatens to take her peace, too.

And still, she waits—for a name, for a message, for a sign. For closure, or for a miracle.



The family in happier times