

The occupation forces intensified their indiscriminate bombing of Gaza City, targeting residential neighborhoods and destroying them. The residents of our neighborhood evacuated the area. I went to my son Haitham Ziad Al-Huli's house, located in the Sabra neighborhood south of Gaza City. We stayed there for a month, but as the bombing intensified, we fled. The house was completely bombed, and my son Mohammed, 27 years old, was martyred. He was extracted with great difficulty from under the rubble.

BY NASREEN NAEEM AL-HILU
SON'S CHILDREN
RAISING MY MARTYRED



DISPLACED IN GAZA



TESTIMONY FROM
NASREEN NAEEM AL-HILU
نسرين نعيم الحلو

Collected May, 2024

After the bombing of my son Haitham's house and the martyrdom of my son Mohammed, we decided to flee to the southern valley areas, which the occupation forces declared as safe zones. We headed to Khan Yunis.

We walked on foot, accompanied by children, women, and elderly people, for several kilometers. The occupation forces had divided the Gaza Strip into two parts and designated Salah al-Din Street for civilians to exit. We walked amidst tanks, shelling, and heavy gunfire until we reached Sheikh Jabr School in Khan Yunis, south of the Gaza Strip. The school was filled with thousands of displaced people seeking safety from Israeli bombing.

We stayed at Sheikh Jabr School for three months. The school administration provided us with one meal a day, and we struggled greatly to provide bread and food for our children.

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Displaced in Gaza is a collection of personal testimonies from Gazans who have been repeatedly displaced by Israel since October, 2023. The project aims to raise global awareness about the violent and forcible displacement inflicted upon the Palestinians. Every story is unique, yet the endurance of the Palestinian people remains a common thread, linking each story of hope and loss together.

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My son Haitham and his two children, Yazan and Saheer, fled with us to Khan Yunis. Haitham's eldest son, Ziad, is 11 years old, and his youngest son, Saheer, is 10 years old. Haitham divorced and remarried before the war. During the war, Haitham fled with his children.

Currently, I am taking care of my son Yazan, who needs special food. He needs meat and chicken to strengthen his body and resist disease, as he was accustomed to before the war. However, I can't find the appropriate food for him, and Yazan's health is deteriorating significantly every day. I fear losing my second son due to the occupation's unjust policies against us, the policy which slowly and deliberately kills the people of Gaza.

When the occupation forces besieged the area where we had taken refuge in the shelters, they demanded through loudspeakers that we leave the school. They managed to evacuate my disabled son, but we couldn't leave, so we remained in the school amidst shelling, destruction, and heavy gunfire.

My son Haitham left the school with two other displaced people to get some food and water for us. We were living under Israeli siege inside the school and ran out of food and drink. After they left the school, an occupation tank shelled them, martyring my son Haitham and two other young men instantly on February 3, 2023.

Haitham left before noon, and I lost him between afternoon and sunset. I went out searching for him and found him lying on the ground, being eaten by cats. I couldn't bury him on the first day of his martyrdom due to Israeli shelling. On the second day, a group of displaced people went out with me, and we brought him back. The shelling had separated my son's head from his body, and I buried him in the cemetery of Khan Yunis.



We haven't sat at one table as a family since the beginning of the war. We lost all the atmosphere of Ramadan; we didn't feel the coming or ending of Ramadan at all. We didn't feel the joy of Eid. We suffer from poor hygiene due to water shortages and a severe shortage of clothes. It's hard for me to ask for help from anyone. We used to live a decent life, and now we rely on aid.

Many times, my orphaned grandchildren go to sleep without having dinner. I walk long distances every day to search for bread and some food, but I can't find any. After all of this, we trust that Allah will not forsake us, He will not abandon us, and He will grant us victory over the occupation, and all the injustice we face will disappear. **I know that the pain will remain in our hearts as long as we live, but my dream now is for the war to end, to return to my home and rebuild it again, and for my Lord to grant me the strength to raise my orphaned grandchildren, educate them well, and protect them as they are the trust of my martyred sons.**



After burying my son Haitham, my husband, my disabled son, and my two orphaned grandchildren went to the UNRWA Ja'ouni School in the Nuseirat refugee camp. Nuseirat camp has become a haven for thousands of displaced people.

My son Haitham was martyred, leaving me with his two children, Ziad and Saheer. My son Mohammed was also martyred, leaving me with his two daughters, Nasreen, one and a half years old, and Celine, three months old. My granddaughter Celine was born in extremely difficult conditions during the war, enduring hardships during our displacement journey that has continued for eight consecutive months.

She suffers from malnutrition due to the lack of proper nutrition for her and her mother. We try to provide some milk for her, but there is no milk in Gaza, and we struggle to find even a little. We also face difficulty in providing diapers for the baby. Poor child, she was born in war and has lived through difficult conditions, yet she continues to fight for survival.