



Angels of mercy

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Human beings are no strangers to war. War is a guest of Mankind. It comes and goes. What remains is destruction. Lives lost, dolls burnt, and dreams gone with the wind.

The current state of medicine is undeniable evidence of human progress, and we cannot compare it to the advancements of past decades. Humanity has relentlessly worked towards developing techniques to cure, prevent, and control the epidemic of diseases, resulting in a healthier and safer life.

Yet, men have not learned to have a dialogue-to express their wishes in the silence of guns and tanks. Although Humans have learned the language, they have forgotten how to dialogue.

And in this chaotic world where the war keeps going on, where peace is joining the antiques in the museums, some groups feel the crisis of war better than others. A group that feels the pain of war more deeply and in their bones. A group wherever a bomb falls, it is as if it has landed on them.

I am talking about the angels of mercy, the unknown doctors and nurses who, amid conflicts, dedicate themselves to healing the wounds of the victims. Doctors and nurses nowhere we find about, their names and actions.

War is known by the names and actions of commanders, generals, presidents, and governments. However, doctors and nurses are the real generals of any war. Tireless generals. Generals with no ranking.

It is time for Mankind to pause and reflect for a moment, take their hats off to all these peace-loving generals, and hold a moment of silence to honor the bravery of those who lost their lives.

I am standing now with my hands on my chest as a sign of respect to honor the unknown soldiers and generals who have been fighting relentlessly since October 7th in Gaza, who are fighting without trenches in the departments and operating rooms.

Long live the generals without medals. Long live