

Thoughts of you have been guiding me from the moment I started writing this piece - Haitham from Bil'in. YOU have been my inspiration.

How do you manage to create these realistic documentations that on the one hand, expose the pain, abuse and grief you are surrounded by, and on the other hand, deliver a message of hope, like magic-capsules of grace in our forlorn reality.

It is this impossible combination that you exhibit of portraits of the loving, joyful smiles of the children of your village, Your favourite cats and beautiful trees, the sceneries of gorgeous sunrises and the colourful sunsets.

And on the other hand, your fearless documentations of soldiers, invading your little heaven in the middle of the night, like the worst mafia, taking kids by force from their beds, while their Moms cry in despair, completely helpless in front of guns and a twisted sense of justice. I see it all through your noble eyes, Haitham.

I wanted to describe the sea for you but every time I face this blue, astonishing vastness and its I can't find the words... so I just stare at it and listen...

I asked my friends to describe the sea instead of me, either by words or by music. I asked them to think about the people from the other side of the barrier. The ones who touch them the most, the way your camera lenses touch me.

Please accept my humble gift to you, dear Haitham, until the day that massive, ugly, cursed barrier falls down, the day your own eyes and your magical camera will be able to document **our** beautiful sea. Be patient, my friend. It will not take much longer. It CANNOT.