

# Letter N6

## Black and white days

We are in the mountains. It is tense here now. Another group of refugees arrived yesterday at one o'clock in the morning. Andrew (\* a resident of the Tepla Gora ecovillage) met them and he is now completely exhausted. I passed out at eleven o'clock in the evening.

And nature... Well, the scenery is beautiful here.

It is quiet and relatively safe here. If not for TV news and refugees coming every day, locals here would probably continue to live their daily lives and not notice the war. But it still exists and the region is full of the "newcomers".

They buy all the food and everything else. And the shops cannot withstand that. My friend is engaged in deliveries. He says that we are in trouble, our large warehouses are already empty. Something is left, but only for a week or two. Only small local producers are saving the situation. But here in Kosiv, Ivano-Frankivsk region, youngsters still drink lattes and savor desserts in the "Gossip Girl" cafe.

### Volunteers also need to recover

A group from Ivano-Frankivsk has arrived, literally for one night, to recharge the batteries. To change the scenery and go back into the battle again. Everyone has their own battle.

Our volunteer centers are like anthills, where the magic of strengthening the army and saving lives is happening.

### The mountains have their own magic

Mountains surround our space and switch our attention as much as they can, from the chaos of war and all those news. They switch the background. They focus our attention on the awakening of nature, on the beginning of a new cycle of life. And on a daily mountain routine.

Yesterday, I led a volunteer group up the mountain to watch the sunset. We stood there in silence, our hands joined and our heads lowered.





Someone was crying and whimpering, tears streaming down their faces. This is how our Carpathian zen looks like now (\* the Carpathians — a range of mountains in Western Ukraine).

The days fly by in worries.

The water is frozen and neither boilers nor toilets are working. Therefore we collect water with buckets from a well. It is frosty at night and the ice-cold houses should be heated for a long time so as not to freeze inside.

The first night we all froze and no extra blankets saved us. I will write about the road and delivery of the humanitarian in a separate post. It is very similar to Skriabin's "Me, Victory and Berlin" trailer (\* Kuzma Skriabin — a famous Ukrainian musician).

The sauna also failed us. It must have taken a whole day to warm up. And so it did not warm up enough... And we washed ourselves from a large pot with warm water.

## Unfamiliar roles

We continue to support our ecovillages with funds and humanitarian aid. And the chats are torn by needs and conflicts. People cannot handle their roles. As it was rightly noted there, the first to fail are those who have positioned themselves as positive thinkers, psychologists, experts in communications and cooperation.

And we all need them as mature and effective coordinators. But people lose themselves. They need to be pulled together. They all write to me because they want to see me as a guru. But I am not a guru and it seems I am not always ready for that.

I hope we can do it. We will manage to structure this chaos. We will prioritize the needs of our ecovillages. I hope we will handle those tasks. According to our volunteers, the sprint is over and a marathon has begun. So we are restoring our energy and keeping the front line.

Everything will be Ukraine.

