

Dr. Jihad Hasanain in Gaza has been helping the poorest of the poor in Gaza through an organization called Healthy Lives for All. Below is a letter from him about the situation there.

Sally Bowden-Schaible (who lives in Portland) has been helping to raise money for Jihad to buy what he can to help people in Gaza. She is doing a fundraiser now.

Donations can be made through the website or by sending a check directly to her address (at the bottom). All the money donated goes directly to those in need.

From Dr Jihad Hasanain on May 16, 2026:

“During this war that has continued for almost three years and is still ongoing until this very moment — and honestly, I do not know how much longer it will continue — I have faced many things for the first time in my life. Even though I have lived in Gaza since childhood, and I have already lived through many terrible days and different kinds of suffering, I always believed that nothing worse could happen to me because I thought I had already experienced everything.

But in this war specifically, I feel that I — and the people around me — have lost part of our humanity.

The sight of the dead and the wounded... the endless numbers of injured people, sometimes dozens and sometimes hundreds at once... hospitals overflowing with patients sleeping on the floors because there are no beds... then the lack of medicines and surgical supplies, leaving you and the patient’s family standing there with broken hearts, simply watching someone suffer without being able to help.

One of the worst moments I have ever experienced as a doctor was seeing a patient in pain and being unable to provide even the simplest painkiller.

We lost children, women, and men who should never have died for many reasons.

Leaving my family to face their fate alone inside a tent while I go to work is another kind of pain. So many emotions filled me every day: fear, anxiety, terror, love, longing, and above all, helplessness.

Going to work hungry while knowing your children are hungry too — and being unable to do anything about it — destroys a person psychologically.

Looking at your children and seeing them covered in dirt and sand because they have no toys, no normal childhood, no life beyond survival... it breaks the heart.

The sounds of bombing, explosions, screaming, terrified people, tanks, and bullets tear the soul apart.

Even going to the bathroom is not something simple here. We call it a bathroom only metaphorically. In reality, it is not fit even for animals, yet we are forced to use it.

Diseases, scabies, rats, infections, poisoning from pollution, overcrowding, and sewage flooding everywhere... no electricity, no clean water.

Personally, I suffered from kidney stones and underwent around nine failed surgeries — something medically considered a simple problem. Yet I suffered greatly. There were nights when I cried from pain.

It is not easy for someone outside Gaza to truly understand what we endure.

How can someone who simply opens a water tap whenever they want understand the suffering of a small child walking under the burning midday sun carrying an 18-liter container just to bring water home so the family can drink, wash dishes, or take a shower?

How can someone who showers in privacy every day understand the humiliation of a woman unable to bathe because there is no privacy?

How can someone who casually opens a refrigerator to eat an apple understand the suffering of a man or woman who walks nearly 20 kilometers toward aid points under bullets, tanks, soldiers, and crowds of starving people — only to bring back a small bag containing poor-quality biscuits to feed a child or a pregnant wife?

Here, even breathing freely feels like a luxury.

I do not even want to begin speaking about the lack of fuel, transportation, spoiled food, thieves, unbearable prices, unemployment, psychological illnesses, divorces, exploitation, lack of appreciation, destroyed homes, displacement, living in tents, rain, wind, the sea, the spread of drugs, family conflicts, internal violence, the unknown future, the cash crisis, exchange rates, closed borders, and being forbidden from traveling.

My heart feels shattered from the inside.

And because of all of this, every time I remember these realities, I become even more determined to help families in whatever way I can.

I know I am only one small point in an endless ocean... but I still want to try.

It is good to hear that the campaign has already started collecting donations to help people. Honestly, I am truly surprised that there are still people who have not grown

tired of our cause, because human nature tends to become exhausted after hearing the same stories of suffering over and over again, especially now that media coverage has decreased significantly.

Some people may even think that the suffering ended with the beginning of the so-called ceasefire.

I truly hope the campaign succeeds in achieving its goals and that we will be able to help the largest possible number of families.”

To donate: Go to Healthy Lives for All and click on the red heart. [www.healthylives-gaza.org](http://www.healthylives-gaza.org)

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