

When I woke up early this morning, I immediately had a couple of gripes. Specifically I hadn't slept well and was disappointed to see yet more rain. Then I started working on Ukraine and was soon in touch with a drone unit I support in Kherson city, just a mile or two from the Russian lines. My contact there, Artem,



reported his news, stressful in much more real ways. Their unit is being deployed to Donetsk early tomorrow, to a place you will have heard of in the news, but which I won't specify here. There they will find a burnt-out house or a cellar and send their

drones aloft to surveil and attack Russian units who in turn will do their best to kill my Ukrainian friends.

In the current Washington political maelstrom where people debate whether Trump could find Ukraine on a map (my money says no) or if Joe Biden can find his slippers, I try (sometimes successfully) to filter out the foolishness of great powers and focus on people like Artem, holding the line one day at a time.

He is in the rear of the photo raising his finger, with brave and generous Lena is in the foreground. She too texted me a few minutes ago. Her message was simply "my heart is breaking...this is war...damn it"

Slava Ukraini!

Chris

www.inthetrenchesukraine.org