

Apologies for my radio silence. I actually did a little tourism last week, hiking in the Carpathian mountains with my intrepid brother Paul, a staunch supporter of Ukraine and a donor to www.inthetrenchesukraine.org. For three days we enjoyed this isolated part of northwestern Ukraine and heard not a single air raid alarm. Deep sleep came easily.



Back in Odesa, work continues apace. I have tires that need to be delivered to a drone unit in Kherson, just across the Dniper river from the Russians who, having lost the city in late 2022, sit



on the opposite bank and vengefully lob mortars and artillery shells at the dwindling civilian population.

I also have a variety of high-tech equipment (night vision, walkie-talkies, and laptops) to get to another drone unit up north, near the city of Lyman which sits only a few miles from the front line.



These are not particularly happy times in Ukraine. There are incessant attacks by Russian forces a mere 20 miles away across the border on the city of Kharkiv (where I lived for a

few months in 2015), and Ukrainians rightly ask why the US Administration refuses to allow them to use American weapons against the enemy on his home territory. There are of course fears that the West, particularly if Mr. Trump returns to office, will force Ukraine to trade land and people for peace, a peace that everyone knows would be only temporary. And the Zelensky government's poorly managed military mobilization program remains a perennial source of frustration.



But amidst the gloom, there are countless signs of commitment. Ordinary civilians regularly drive long distances on risky roads to deliver supplies to the troops. Businesses donate money



and material. Artists and photographers document the cost and courage of war. And humanitarians efforts endure, including at the Odesa Psychiatric Hospital.