

Today I wish all my American friends a very Happy Thanksgiving. Ukrainians are giving thanks in their own ways: for remaining independent, for holding off the Russians (so far), and for being alive. Of course many are no longer with us. The Economist estimates that "nearly one in 20 men of fighting age is dead or too wounded to fight on." The other day I was taking a walk through an Odesa park and came upon a row of memorial placards bearing the names and photos of local soldiers who'd given their last full measure to keep Ukraine free. The friend I was with stopped suddenly before one of them and said quietly "that's my cousin".

The air raid alarms just stopped after another massive Russian missile strike. I'm fortunate to have an invitation this evening to Thanksgiving dinner with an American friend and his Ukrainian wife. With any luck, the power will still be on, but even if it's not, we'll still overindulge and enjoy the fellowship of the full. I hope you will too, and that you'll also spare a thought for the men and women huddling down in muddy trenches and cold, dark bunkers holding the line for the rest of us.

Slava Ukraini.

