

**Subject** Women Warriors**From** Amelia <Amelia@sjnfc.com>**To** PTSD2016 <ptsd2016@mun.ca>**Date** 2016-08-30 13:50

## Women Warriors

We are the survivors.  
We are still here.  
We did not die.  
We survived the battle.  
We are female warriors, and we have the battle scars.  
We have a wall of our fallen sisters -- honouring our dead.

We have seen and experienced senseless violence.  
We have seen and experienced tragedy that others cannot comprehend --  
that they have trouble believing.  
"That doesn't happen in our civilized society."

We live to survive.  
We survive to live.  
We hope to never see battle again,  
but we know women everywhere continue to be attacked each and every day.

Our attackers are not easy to spot.  
They don't wear a uniform or a badge to identify themselves as the enemy.  
They don't only attack on specified battlefields or war zones.  
They come in all shapes, sizes, colours, creeds.  
They could be the stranger that jumped out of the bushes.  
They could be a trusted loved one that seemed to have just turned on you one day.  
They could have been terrorizing you from such a young age  
that you don't remember a time without it.

We all carry our own unique battle scars.  
We each have our own stories.  
Some of our brushes with death were closer than others.

But we did not die.  
We survived to live another day.  
We must band together with allies and stand strong.  
Live proud; live strong.

We are Women Warriors --  
veterans.  
Survivors of various battles.  
We hope that with the next generation that there are fewer attacks --  
fewer women and young girls that must fight for their lives as we have.

We don't wear uniforms.  
No one decorates us with medals.  
Yet somehow we seem to find fellow veterans.  
We share our stories and find those kindred spirits that both believe and understand  
that we have been through Hell,  
and yet we survived.

As we stand strong and tell our war stories,  
may others listen; may they learn.  
May the young men in our lives grow up learning to not become attackers --  
that they learn to be allied warriors and help to fend off future attackers.  
That would-be attackers see how strong we all stand together  
and decide it's not worth the risk to attack such a strong front.

Let us look out for our more vulnerable --  
build them up to be strong.  
Let us hope they never have to see battle --  
though we know the odds are against us.

Recognizing our allies is often difficult.  
The enemy often wears such convincing disguise.  
We must be prepared if someone we thought an ally turns out to be an attacker --  
    have our strategy, how to get out, and how to survive another day.

We are Women Warriors --  
    wearing our battle scars --  
        both inside and out.  
Never forget what harms us.  
Never forget our fallen sisters.  
But also never forget to fight for a better future --  
    to believe in a brighter tomorrow.  
Never forget to survive and thrive --  
    creating a beautiful life from the wreckage.

Amelia Reimer, 2015