

And Life Goes On

By Intisar Abu-Khadra



When my husband was hit by cancer, five years before he passed away, I started to prepare myself for the devastating event. It was not easy for me to accept the fact then. We had shared a lifetime together at home and at work.

Before his death he insisted that I should continue to work and strive for a successful life after him, rather than give up.

Today, exactly six years after the death of my husband (he died on June 12, 1984 and I am writing this essay on June 12, 1990), I am proud to say that I have lived up to his expectations. But adjusting to the new life was not easy.

I had to run the business, a dubbing studio and a translation office along with eight employees. The first thing I did was to contact our clients and reassure them that business would go on as usual. They promised to continue their business with our firm. However, for technical reasons, I had to shut down the studio and concentrate on the translation services of the business.

Immediately following the death of my husband, Ka-

naan Abu-Khadra, I went on to take care of an unfinished book he had started writing. One year before his death he was writing his memories as chief editor of a daily newspaper in Palestine during the period of the Arab-Israeli war, and never finished it. I wrote the remaining part of the book, edited it and published it. Today, «Sahafi Min Falastin Yatakalam» («A Journalist From Palestine Speaks»), is available on the shelves of libraries and bookstores all over the Arab World.

As far as social life is concerned, I became heavily involved in social work. I am now an active member of the Association For the Resurgence Of Palestinian Camps (Inaash), which specializes in promoting Palestinian traditional embroidery. This was one of the many centers that my husband founded in Gaza when he was working as an area officer with the United Nations in 1950. I also try to raise funds to help needy students and families. Furthermore, I donated a scholarship to a medical student in the name of my late husband.

Yes, life goes on. And I plan to go on working and helping as long as I can and as long as my work and activities keep me close to my husband in heart and soul.