

I WILL NOT BE BROKEN



5 Steps to Overcoming a Life Crisis

JERRY WHITE

"Jerry White brings his insight and experience to bear expertly for those facing life's unexpected challenges. He embodies the spirit of survivorship."

—Lance Armstrong, 7-time Tour de France winner, author of *Every Second Counts*

Please enjoy Chapter 2 of *I Will Not Be Broken: My Date With Disaster* on us as a way of introducing you to this new book by author and survivor Jerry White and his new organization, [Survivor Corps](#). Feel free to share it with your friends, family, and readers. Be our guest.

About I Will Not Be Broken

The loss of a loved one, a painful divorce, or a serious physical injury---we must all, at one point, face tragedy---unavoidable moments that divide our lives into “before” and “after.” How do we muscle our way through tough times and emerge stronger, wiser---even grateful for our struggle? In 1984, author Jerry White lost his leg---and almost his life---in a landmine accident. He has endured the pain of loss and the challenge of rebuilding. As cofounder of Survivors Corps, White has interviewed thousands of victims of tragedy. With this book, he shares what he has learned.

White outlines a very specific five-step program to coping with disaster; to achieving strength and hope; and to turning tragedy into triumph. In their own words, his survivor friends and colleagues share their stories. It's a group that includes the well known, like Lance Armstrong, Nelson Mandela, and the late Princess Diana, and also everyday survivors. Through their stories and the author's words, the book takes readers step-by-step through the process of not only surviving tragedy and victimhood, but going on to thrive.

MY DATE WITH DISASTER

April 12, 1984, was a sunny day in Israel. I was hiking the beautiful hills north of the Sea of Galilee. I'm not sure if I had ever been in a better mood. In fact there was probably a smile on my face when I stepped on the landmine. I think I was humming at the time.

In college, I had taken a year abroad to study in Jerusalem. I was determined to learn all I could about the history of religions in the Middle East. I had just turned twenty, and the only words I knew when I boarded that flight to Tel Aviv in 1983 were *shalom* and *shekel*. At first, I wondered how I would get through the year, but I loved it all—the Hebrew, the Arabic, the biblical archaeology. When the Passover break signaled that our time together was drawing to a close, we set out on one last improvised and rambling hike through northern Israel.

I go camping with two of my closest friends and Jerusalem roommates, David Kenyon and Fritz Balwit. David is a strapping pre-med Texan who says “*Shalom Y'all*” with a big smile, and Fritz is a maverick intellectual from Wisconsin who loves jazz and plays chess and classical guitar. We are all different, but get along great.

My friends and I are determined to see something off the trail of student tourism. After

visiting the Banyas, a modest waterfall, we set off on our final hike, following an alluring path along the stream. We can see the hilly vista toward the east—the Golan Heights—and below us, toward the west, the flatter valley of northern Galilee.

Toward evening, we scan the horizon for a promising campsite. We spot a run-down fortlike shelter just off the trail at the crest of a sloping hilltop. Score! Upon investigation, it turns out to be abandoned Syrian bunkers, possibly relics from the Six-Day War. We are sitting atop the pre-1967 frontline occupied and appropriated by Israel. We select the least ramshackle of the bunkers and set up camp, stretching out our sleeping bags on the dirt.

We start off the next morning bright and early. The tall grass and new spring growth are damp, but the day promises to be warm and clear. Fritz is the first to set off down the hill, cutting off from last night's path in a more direct line toward the road we see below us. He enters a sloping field, strewn with rocks. He notices it is marked on one side by the remains of a fence line but gives it no thought. I stride past Fritz quickly, making some snide remark about his “stubby” legs and slow-poke pace. David is pulling up behind us, probably giving voice to some song, as was his morning custom.

Even with my heavy pack, I feel light and full of happiness, to be together with my peers, heading for Jerusalem. I am probably only 15 yards ahead of Fritz when the quiet morning is punctured by a loud thud. The earth opens, and spits up at me, and I'm swallowed by dirt and rocks. The blast of soil in my face blinds me. I fall on my hands and knees. I am suddenly moving in a warp of slow motion. I picture my mouth open,

coughing, screaming, but I don't hear anything. *What is happening? Is it a rocket? Are we being attacked by terrorists?* We're not that far from Lebanon, in fact, and I have read the accounts of Katusha rockets blowing up Israelis in the North.

Suddenly flushed by a blast of adrenaline, I begin yelling loudly. My voice emanates from my belly. *It sounds eerie, like a wounded animal.*

My breathing stops. I brace myself for another blast—the last moment of my life.

S i l e n c e .

Nothing happens. So I resume groaning to make sure that I'm in fact still alive. Between my cries for help I keep spitting. *I've got to get this shit out of my mouth. What's this metallic taste... so dry but still dripping red saliva?*

As the dust starts to settle, Fritz and David command me not to move. Something seizes me inside like cold steel. I freeze. My heart pounds inside my throat. Everything is blurry, with dirt stinging my eyes. Though motionless, I keep spitting blood and dirt.

David shouts to Fritz, "Jerry's stepped on a mine! Get up on a rock, Fritz, and don't move!" Fritz obeys and jumps on a rock, but just as quickly jumps off to meet David at my side where they plead with me to be okay. No one wants to watch me bleed to death in this god-forsaken field, on a perfect sunny day.

It dawns on me we are in a minefield, whatever that is. *Didn't I read about these things in history books?* I have no idea what a mine looks like, or why there would be any here by our campsite. *Where are they? How can we spot them?* How to navigate a minefield is more on Fritz and David's minds than mine. They no longer move normally, but step

gingerly, rock to rock.

They kneel at my side, breathing heavily. And as they roll me over, we see, for the first time, what landmines do. They maim. That's their job. "My" mine, I learned later, was laid in the ground by Syrian soldiers during the 1967 war, when I was only four years old. It waited dutifully for the moment it could shred my legs, tearing through my bones and muscle. And steal my right foot.

"Where's my foot? Where's my foot?" I am pleading. I keep chanting this, over and over, as much panting for help and air as trying to get my own brain to comprehend this missing piece.... there is nothing there. It does not seem to compute. No more toes. No heel or ankle in sight...just my blood leaking out of mangled, raw flesh.

"My leg!" The left one is torn apart too. I see bone fragments sticking out of my calf, and I am curious to see the inside of my knee exposed. Surreal thoughts swirl in my head: *Wow, that shin bone looks so thin.... Why do I have a sore throat? I'm soooo thirsty.... Where is my passport? My blood tastes like the handlebars of my bike when I was a kid.... The sky is so blue.... This really hurts.... God, where are you?*

Fritz is yelling for me, "Jerry, Jerry!" He has ripped off his shirt, but put on his jean jacket, for "protection" from another explosion (a move we joke about to this day). He is looking frantically for my missing foot, and only finds the remnants of my Timberland hiking boot. I see him pick it up with two fingers. How can the boot be mostly intact, with no foot remnants or flesh inside? All gone.

David, the pre-med student, rips off his white t-shirt and starts to wrap it around my

lower right leg. It hurts a lot. The bone has sheared off, and a longish piece of heel flesh dangles from the bottom. The left leg is bleeding badly, with a piece of bone sticking into the calf, like a broken-off knife. Fritz holds my hand tight, repeating, "It's going to be okay." David pulls and tugs on the cotton t-shirt, soaked with my blood.

We really want the bleeding to stop. *Now.* We are starting to panic.

I hear a loud voice, like a shout in my clogged ear. *Quiet! You don't die this way. There is purpose.* The voice disappears as fast as it came. But it feels like a slap in the face, waking me up. Who said that? I somehow summon the faith to believe the voice. *All energy needed. No more groaning. It's time to focus.*

"How do we get out of here?" I choke out. "What do we do? We need help," I say unhelpfully. *No shit.* No one says anything. David and Fritz stand up and yell for "Help!" "Someone!" "*Tazor Lanu!*" Help Us! *Hello?* We keep at it, but there's no answer, no indication that anyone would hear. We are miles from the nearest town. So we pray, out loud, "Please God, help us."

Fritz and David struggle to move me, to pick me up. I'm six foot three and 195 pounds, so it's not easy. There's no sense retracing our steps. We are in the middle of a minefield and we don't know where it begins or ends. They decide to try to carry me out of the minefield by the most direct route – straight down the steepest, rockiest hill toward a dirt road to a kibbutz in the distance. The road is in view, anyway, and we might, by caution and incantation, Fritz thinks, luck out and escape stepping on another mine.

I am watching David and Fritz's faces, looking for clues of fear. Their eyes are darting, and they are sweating and straining each time they pick me up, wincing every time I wince. "It's okay, Jerry. Hang in there." We actually stop a moment to pray together, more urgently this time, for God's help. David remembers:

Then we started down the hill. The grade was steep and rocky, and we stumbled and fell repeatedly. I was most afraid of you landing rear first on another landmine. I sensed that whatever else would happen from a detonation would happen to the three of us together. I vividly recall carrying you down that hill knowing that our fates were sealed as one if another landmine found us. As we stumbled our way down the hill, a military helicopter flew overhead at low altitude. We waved and shouted, but the flight path did not appear to change; we had no idea if they had seen us. As the grade of the hill flattened we encountered tall spring grass and briar patches, which were impossible to prevent from scratching your wounds.

With my arms clutching my friends' necks and shoulders, my shredded limbs are now fully in view as we push our way through spring brush. I cry out as my pant leg gets caught in briars, thorns tearing through my clothes and skin. Tears are now mingling with my sweat. Fritz places each foot down, step after step, with a whispered prayer and a shudder. *Dear Jesus*. I don't think David takes a deep breath for hours. Within a few steps, they stumble and I fall to the ground. They pick me up again. A few more steps. Another prayer, only to stumble again, this time dropping me on my bloodiest side. *Oh*,

dear God, I can't take this.

Fritz and David maneuver me slowly to a nearby line of rock piles, hoping for safer ground. A short distance farther, we have our first view of a security fence, layers and coils of barbed wire directly in front of us.

Overwhelmed by the futility of stumbling over the stones toward a barrier we can't breach, David and Fritz sit on a pile of rocks trying to come up with a plan. I say someone has to go for help because I'm not sure I can take it—that is, being dropped again by my two friends. Searing waves overwhelm me. I beseech one of them to stay with me because I fear the brush is too high for someone to find me again, lying alone in a field. It's decided; David, the first-aid-savvy friend, will stay with me, while Fritz threads his way through the final fifty meters of minefield and out over the fence to run for help. Off Fritz goes, reeling, praying with each step, aware of the danger as his weight hits soft earth, wading through the tall grass. Finally, Fritz hauls himself over the top of the barbed barrier. David whispers, "He made it out," still alive.

It feels like several days have passed, but I later learn it's only been an hour or so.

I can't see a thing. I'm lying on my back begging David for a sip of water. I start twisting David's forearm with both my hands, squeezing tighter and tighter, in an obsessive manner, trying anything at all to distract me from my burning pain, and fear. *I want to hurt you, David, so I don't have to feel this all alone.*

On the other side of the fence, Fritz now sees the red metal signs, warning of "*Muqshim*" – *Mines!* We're stupid American tourists hiking in a minefield. How the bloody hell did

we get inside?

Half running, half staggering down the dusty road for no more than five minutes, a jeep comes into view, and Fritz hails it to stop. He explains what's happened. A weathered-looking Israeli nods. He had heard the blast and is prepared for the worst. They drive a minute or so back to the site. Without hesitation and with few words, the Israeli brings out his wire cutters and works his way through the barbed fence. He and Fritz reenter the minefield. He admonishes Fritz to follow his previous steps, only vaguely apparent in the imprints among the grass nearer the road. The Israeli follows, putting his foot carefully down in each of Fritz's footsteps.

I hear voices, Fritz and an unfamiliar Israeli accent. They yell to David, "Don't move!" I'm in agony but somehow calmer now. The Israeli has first aid medical supplies with him. You already tied a tourniquet? David nods, "Yeah." Then these three lifesavers carry me out on a stretcher following the exact path Fritz made coming in.

Years later, Fritz writes to me, reflecting on the nature of this life-saving moment:

A portion of my mind started to detach itself into a realm of pure observation. I watched the birds above me, and then as if from their vantage point, looked down on four men struggling on the wrong side of a security fence to extricate themselves from a stretch of earth polluted by the devices of war-making man. We got you through the fence and then waited for an ambulance that had been summoned by the Kibbutznik. I recall a huge sense of relief as we waited. You were remarkably calm at this point but descending into shock. A short time later, an ambulance arrived. Then the Israeli

military police. The former took you away. You told me as we parted that you would be all right and not to worry. David accompanied you in the ambulance, while I was summoned by the police and Israeli Defense Forces to do a bit of explaining.

I was on a stretcher when the nurse's scissors cut off the remnants of my green army pants, and she asked me whether I was a soldier. *No, just dressing like one, I guess.* They rushed to prepare me for surgery. I begged for a sip of water, anything, even a corner of wet cloth to suck on, but the nurses knew I couldn't drink anything right before surgery to have a part of me sawed off. Some angel nurse took pity on me and slipped me a single *Q-Tip* dipped in lemon. *Hmmm, this is delicious.* I sucked the hell out of that *Q-Tip*. That one tiny thing made a world of difference somehow. It gave me an ounce of control.

David was still at my side:

A young Arab resident entered the emergency room. As he unwrapped the leg, he asked if I was bothered by seeing it. Of course I was, but by that point I was fairly familiar with the wound. When he saw the damaged leg, he sighed a lament. Then someone poured betadine over the open wounds, which obviously worsened the pain. A large gray-haired man, the surgeon, came in. He asked me to leave. I had reservations, but he made it clear I had to go. We bid farewell, and I went out to the waiting room which was empty. I sat down and took a breather. I didn't realize my jeans were soaked with your blood, and my shirt was also stained. I had no wallet and no money, just the

clothes on my back. I remember a kind and beautiful lady came into the waiting room. As she sat, we talked a bit, and she offered me a glass of fruit juice. It was one of those small acts of kindness I still remember more than 20 years later.

I sat in the waiting room six hours with very little information. Finally, Fritz made it from the north wearing a shirt given him by one of the kibbutzniks. Fritz and I were directed to the hospital kitchen by the nurses since we had not eaten all day. I remember a few meager leftovers. As we sat there in the quiet, the events of the day caught up with me. I felt ill and searched for a restroom to no avail. I stepped out onto a second floor balcony and barfed my guts out. I sheepishly retreated from the balcony when I noticed some Israelis look up at me. I was standing just over the ambulance entrance.

I've always hated hospitals. Not that I had been in many. Before getting blown up, I had never broken a bone or been in an emergency room. I did have my tonsils removed at age nine. My only memories of pain are absolutely minor.

One of the worst things about trauma is losing all control, and dignity. You become a patient, not a person. The steering wheel is yanked from your hands. And a catheter is forced into your privates.

A couple of times each day a team of nurses and a doctor would come by my hospital bed and unwrap the gauze around my legs to inspect the amputation, and with sterile tweezers start to pick out the shrapnel and tiny pebbles driven into my body by the force of the blast. They'd pour alcohol and disinfectant over my wounds. The doctors' visits

terrified me, their white lab coats, the inspections of my body. I'd beg for them to stop for a minute so I could catch my breath, not pass out. I wanted to be a man, but I cried like a baby. They handed me a plastic bedpan every time I began dry heaving. But nothing stopped them from doing their job. I had lost control of my life.

It's hard to describe what it's like when someone draws with a purple marker on your body where he will be sawing through flesh and bone in the morning. *My flesh. My bone.* I rage at the fact. No one has permission to steal a piece of my body. *Okay, just sign the paper here and we'll wheel you over for the X-rays before surgery.*

Trauma doesn't happen just to one person. Pain makes us feel alone, but the shockwaves reach across miles and oceans impacting family and friends. April 12, 1984, was a before-and-after moment for not just me, but for my parents, siblings and friends. My mother still remembers like it was yesterday. She is at home in Cohasset, 5,400 miles away, alone in a big house. She wrote in her journal:

It is a beautiful day. The phone rings and I pick it up. Susan Jacobs, of the U.S. Embassy in Israel, is on the phone. My heart leaps into my throat. "There has been an accident....Jerry is alive, but he has stepped on a landmine and his right foot was blown off." BLOWN OFF....BY WHAT? A LANDMINE? BUT ISRAEL IS NOT AT WAR...THERE AREN'T ANY LANDMINES THERE...Susan said Jerry was in a hospital in Safed, but he was out of surgery and OK... She had seen him. "OK"—what does she mean "OK"—I am in a huge panic. I did not believe this woman...I thought

she was trying to work into telling me Jerry was dead. But then she says she has set up a telephone connection, and for me to wait by the phone for the call... I had never felt so alone. The phone rang ten long minutes later. He really was there...I heard his voice... he sounded weak. I told him I was coming....he hesitated and then said, "It's OK, I was thinking you have been good in the past when I have been sick, you can come." I thought to myself... Jerry, you may be twenty years old, but you could not keep me away if I had to swim! I was relieved that he was alive but in shock at the severity of the accident...how did this happen?

I quickly called my husband and the other five children. The shock, the tears, the hysterics were almost more than I could bear. They all made immediate plans to come to Cohasset for Easter. But I will not be there to comfort them; my flight left on Holy Thursday. I arrived in Tel Aviv at 3pm on Good Friday. For me that was appropriate, I was in my own agony, and I needed a Role Model.

The agony of that week, while I made arrangements to go to Israel, was only bearable because I was on the way... Nothing mattered except that I got there as quickly as I could. Did I really think I could make this better or take away Jerry's pain?

They say courage is fear holding on a minute longer. But it took a different kind of courage to look into the face of my grieving mother. Yet another thing I couldn't control. Every time I peered into her glassy eyes, my stomach tightened. Mom couldn't stop welling up and crying. She wanted to be in on every detail, to see and feel my wounds. "How do you feel today, my son?" she would ask each morning. *Mom, what*

type of question is that? At one low point, in a moment I still regret, I kicked her out of my hospital room, swearing at her after she spilled my urine bottle on the floor and got all weepy again, “Stop it, Mom! The last time I checked, it was *my* leg that got blown off, not yours. Get out of here and go cry somewhere else!” She fled the hospital and didn’t come back that night. Then I was the one crying. Where was she? She had gone for a long walk, for hours, feeling terribly alone and shaking her fist at me, at Israel, at God.

In the midst of your “explosion,” you, like me, will be all over the map. There are days when you’re stronger and calm, days when you’re weak and rattled. But uppermost in my mind was the assertion that “I will be okay.” It was my mantra of hope. I clung to the future.

Reflecting on my minefield experience with the distance of decades has helped me bring into focus what got me through. At age twenty, nothing had prepared me for this explosion of life. My upbringing had been peaceful, sheltered, if not idyllic. How could I know anything about surviving when I had hardly lived? They say the only way to get through something is to go through it. At first I just wondered if I would ever walk again. In retrospect, I can see how I needed to cycle through various stages of recovery, three steps forward, two steps back. Sometimes it felt like I was on a StairMaster, cycling and panting through all the steps, but feeling like I was going nowhere fast. I would skip over the steps at times, but I made steady progress as I climbed out of my

victimhood, emerging stronger than before. I went through these steps of survivorship without knowing what they were.

FACE FACTS. My leg will not grow back...but I can still have sex. Whew.

CHOOSE LIFE. At twenty, I was definitely not done with life, laughter, and love.

REACH OUT. Friends and family taught me the power of staying connected.

GET MOVING. I graduated and made plans to move and find a job.

GIVE BACK. I had always tried in little ways, but was compelled ten years after my accident to address the needs of war survivors much less fortunate than I.

Over the years, I thought a lot about what happened to me, and how I got through. I also started to watch closely how other survivors get through, learning to thrive after the worst happens. Each of us has seeds of victimhood, survivorship and thriving potential within us. The challenge we face is integrating our experiences—sorrowful and joyful—to help us evolve from victimhood to thriving.

We may all aspire to thrive, just as we would like to get in shape—fit for life. But are we willing to do the survivor exercises required to grow strong, using our past pain to foster our future growth? The next five chapters describe a path out of victimhood and onward toward thriving.

But before you continue, pause for a moment to admit to some vulnerability. Consider your own “date” with catastrophe. When I went through my recovery, I gravitated toward all the young soldiers who had come to the hospital with wounds similar or more severe than mine. I drew strength in knowing we were going through the fire together.

In these pages, you will read testimonies of true survivors. Their courage is meant to encourage you. It’s a form of peer support. *If they can do it, maybe I can, too.* It’s natural to seek their guidance. I still do it all the time. It reminds me of comedian George Carlin’s take on self-help. “If you want self-help why would you read a book written by someone else? That is not self-help, that’s help!” If we’re open to learning from others, we can find help in the most unlikely places—the missing pieces and scars of the wounded.

Let’s begin by facing facts: We all need help. No one survives alone.

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Contact: John Karle
(646) 307-5546
john.karle@stmartins.com

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5 Steps to Overcoming a Life Crisis

JERRY WHITE

“In *I Will Not Be Broken*, Jerry White brings his insight and experience to bear expertly for those facing life's unexpected challenges. He embodies the spirit of survivorship.”

—Lance Armstrong

“[White's] courageous personal experience is a beacon for all who are searching to recover and reclaim life.”

—Her Majesty Queen Noor of Jordan, bestselling author of *Leap of Faith*

“An excellent guide to navigating and overcoming the traumas we face in our lives.”

—Deepak Chopra, author of *Buddha: A Story of Enlightenment*

“Offers wise, practical, and inspiring steps to come back from life's worst setbacks.”

—Daniel Goleman, author of *Social Intelligence*

From a co-recipient of the **Nobel Prize for Peace** and founder of [Survivor Corps](#) comes an astoundingly effective guide to recreating a happy and fulfilling life after catastrophe strikes—a book that Bob and Lee Woodruff call “a road map for the individual and their family to re-enter the land of the living.” In **I WILL NOT BE BROKEN**, Jerry White reframes the question “why do bad things happen to good people?” and asks, *given that bad things do happen, how do people absorb the blows and move through them?*

Tragedy happens to everyone. Whether it's the loss of a loved one, a painful divorce, or a serious injury, we all face unavoidable moments that divide our lives into “before” and “after.” These events take a heavy toll on everyone, but there are those who have muscled their way through tough times and emerged stronger, wiser—even grateful for their struggle. Jerry White is one such example. In 1984, he lost his leg—and almost his life—in a tragic accident, and has personally endured the pain of loss

and the challenge of rebuilding.

As cofounder of Survivor Corps, White has connected with thousands of victims of tragedy, and in **I WILL NOT BE BROKEN**, he shares their collective wisdom, which he distills into an effective five-step program for turning tragedy into triumph:

- **Face facts**
- **Choose life**
- **Reach out**
- **Get moving**
- **Give back**

In their own words, his fellow survivors share their stories—a group that includes the well known like Lance Armstrong, Elie Wiesel, and the late Princess Diana, but also everyday people including soldiers and veterans of the military. With compassion, White takes readers through the process of not only enduring tragedy and victimhood, but going on to thrive.

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JERRY WHITE is a global survivor activist who has dedicated his life to helping victims of violent conflict. While camping in Northern Israel in 1984, he stepped on a landmine, and he spent nearly six months in Israeli hospitals learning to walk on an artificial leg. Since then, he has become a recognized leader of the historic International Campaign to Ban Landmines, co-recipient of the 1997 Nobel Prize for Peace; and a cofounder of Survivor Corps. He has testified before the US Congress and the United Nations and appeared in hundreds of media interviews and profiles.

**TO REQUEST ADDITIONAL REVIEW COPIES AND/OR AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR,
PLEASE CONTACT:**

John Karle, Associate Director of Publicity
(646) 307-5546/ john.karle@stmartins.com

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Jerry White is a recognized leader of the historic International Campaign to Ban Landmines, co-recipient of the Nobel Prize for Peace; as well as co-founder of [Survivor Corps](#). Jerry White lives in Maryland and Malta with his wife Kelly and four kids.

For Press Inquiries:

Elizabeth Miner
eminer@landminesurvivors.org
202-250-3929
2100 M St. NW Suite 302,
Washington, DC 20037

For more information about *I Will Not Be Broken*, visit: iwillnotbebroken.smnr.us

For more information about Survivor Corps, visit: survivorcorps.smnr.us

To purchase this book click [here](#)



About Survivor Corps

Around the globe, people are inflicting harm on one another on an alarming scale with alarming ease. There were approximately 250 wars throughout the 20th century. Today, there are more than 39 conflicts raging in the world –from armed conflicts in Latin America to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan to genocide in Darfur.

More than 35 million people have been displaced from these conflicts—innocent people who have been robbed of their dignity, their homes and their livelihoods. With no hope or tools to rise above their circumstances, far too many victims lash out, seeking revenge for their plight and perpetuating the cycle of violence and suffering. Something has to be done to break this downward spiral.

Survivor Corps operates under the credo that no one is better equipped to change the world than those who have been most scarred by what’s wrong with it. There is a way to break the cycle of violence, and it begins with showing survivors a new, more hopeful way forward.

What is the Survivor Corps philosophy? No one is better equipped to change the world than those most scarred by what’s wrong with it.

Whom does Survivor Corps serve? We serve people who have been injured by global conflict, primarily through training and support of the organizations that serve conflict survivors at the local level.

Where does Survivor Corps work? Wherever communities are experiencing or recovering from conflict – currently in over 50 countries.

Why should I support Survivor Corps? Survivor Corps (formerly Landmine Survivors Network) has a ten-year track record of results, improving health, creating economic opportunity, and changing laws & policies for survivors of conflict.

How does Survivor Corp work? We work across the spectrum of issues and organizations that affect the lives of survivors.

Can Survivor Corps really solve this problem? Yes. We believe that by showing survivors a new, more hopeful way forward, we can help break the cycle of violence.

Survivor Corps provides the tools and support survivors need to rise above their injuries and give back to their communities. Learn more at www.survivorcorps.org.