

My story

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Hey, my name is David. My story began with my birth. When I was 3 years old, I almost did not hear anything; my parents were very worried and were fighting for my life, for my ears! My Mom and Dad knew that they have to pass this test till the very end and will have to beat my illness.

I had surgery in Slavyansk, but my condition only worsened. Fasts and prayers of my family have borne its fruits and the Lord made an incredible miracle!

At the age of 7 years, I miraculously got invited to visit South Africa, where I had the surgery on my ears in order to restore my hearing! Medical bills were paid by a lady I had never known! God had healed me and that's a fact!

Already then God made it clear that I'm very dear in His sight! Soon my health began to improve; I went to musical school and began learning to play the piano, made great progress, won contests, won prizes. Many clearly saw the talent God had granted to me!

And you will not believe, three years ago, my dream come true! My parents bought me a digital piano KURZWEIL. This was the turning point! I started to practice even more, and then play in praise and worship team at my church with my friends, we have created a band where we played Christian songs, and we did get a lot of pleasure from it. Then I really realized how God wants to use me and my ears! Only then I understood why all this happened to me! Honestly, it was just an awesome discovery for me!

But then came the war in 2014... War, which no one expected in Ukraine! Nobody could predict that the worst would happen in our quiet town of Slovyansk! Our family had to leave the city; we were not able to take all our valuables and possessions, including my beloved piano. A few weeks later the house (where my piano was stored) got eight artillery shells and was completely destroyed... When I got back in the Slovyansk at the end of this month (July 2014) I was terrified at the destruction of the war, it was painful to watch my city, streets, houses and people! No photo can pass the message of this ruthless war...

When I learned that my piano was destroyed, it felt like something tore part of my soul. My piano, the instrument I took so much pleasure in playing and creating music, the musical tool I so much enjoyed an instrument that helped me in the darkest moments of life of my city just to fly away far from the crowds, from the problems of this damn war and just worship my Lord!

I know creative people can understand me! At the moment I have no choice but to ask for help. If you are reading this and can do something to help, please help... If you have the opportunity to help me in buying this tool, please tell me. Or did you use to play the piano or your children and you do not need this instrument anymore – I will gladly take it.

Be blessed and may peace dwell in your city always!!!