

approval was granted to transport Amra to Sarajevo on August 3, 1994.

On August 2, Amra was brought to the CivPol Station accompanied by her grandmother. Finally, for me, Amra was a real person and no longer a name on some document. She was a cute little eight-year-old girl who had been visiting her grandmother just before the conflict started between the Muslim and Serb forces. Once the conflict began, however, she was stranded for the duration. Through my interpreter, Ernad Ferhatbegovic who was of great assistance throughout these negotiations, I explained that we would be taking Amra to her parents in Sarajevo the following morning. Naturally Amra had formed a close bond with her grandmother and both were very emotional over this turn of events. At first Amra did not want to leave but her grandmother told her that she had to go to her parents.

Having a daughter of my own, I could sense the internal conflict that Amra was experiencing. The other monitors in the Station were equally affected by this drama and one of them brought a big bag of chips, another a can of pop and another a peppermint. For the first time, Amra showed us her dazzling smile but you could still see the fear in her eyes. Before they left the Station I took a photo of Amra and her grandmother, which became a very significant part of this story.

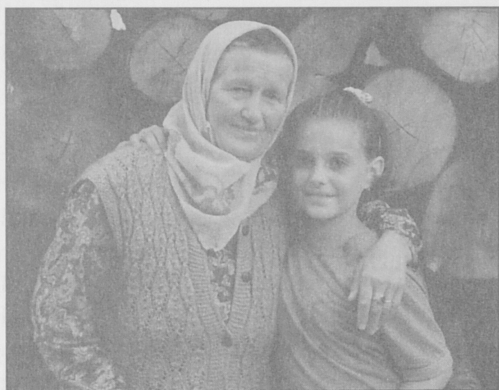
At 5 a.m. the next morning, Amra and her grandmother came to the Station and I intro-

duced them to the monitors who would be driving Amra to Sarajevo. These monitors were Miroslav Powalski and Jerzy Szarota of Poland, and Frank Heij and Erik Kwant of Holland. Amra and her grandmother hugged each other for what could be the last time, and then they were off. Later that day I received confirmation from Frank Heij that they had delivered Amra to her father, Fahrudin Abaz, at the PTT building in Sarajevo. A job well done!

Several weeks passed before I could get the photos developed; I had taken two of Amra and her grandmother. With Ernad leading the way, we went to where the grandmother lived but she was out. I left one of the photos with a neighbour lady, and you could tell that the people were very pleased with the gesture. The next day I learned that the grandmother had cried when she was given the photo.

Now, for the rest of the story! I've held onto the remaining photograph, hoping one day to give it to Amra but not really believing it would be possible. I had as much hope of returning to Bosnia as I did of being on the next space shuttle mission. Little did I realize that fate would take a hand in this.

During late 1998, I applied for an investigator position with the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia (ICTY) based in The Hague, Netherlands. I was accepted and moved to Holland in June 1998 and have since retired from the RCMP in order to make this a long-term commitment. Part of my duties with the ICTY involve travelling to Bosnia where I work mainly out of Sarajevo. Needless to say, the improvements I noted were significant. During my time with ICTY, I was also able to re-establish contact with my old interpreter, Ernad Ferhatbegovic who now lives in Sarajevo. Through my dealings with the local authorities in Sarajevo, they became aware of my previous experiences in Gorazde and my quest to locate Amra and her family. When I finally asked for their assistance in tracking down Amra and her family, they found a possible telephone number. During a mission to



*Amra Abaz with her grandmother in Gorazde (August 1994).* Photo by S/Sgt. T.A. Cameron (retired)