

My name is Maryna, I am 30 years old and I live in Lviv.

When my husband went to war, I made him a traditional ukrainian amulet for good luck. I do traditional ukrainian embroidery.

My husband proposed to me on long distance from the front line. He was 1000 kilometers away. We hadn't seen each other for eight months when he finally came home.

The next day we got married.

At the wedding, I wore my traditional costume with embroidery. He was in his uniform. We didn't have a wedding party. We didn't have any guests on the day. My husband's best friend was supposed to be there as our best man, but he was killed on the very day, my husband proposed.

When we left the marriage office, we came out into this courtyard, where we played one of our favorite songs on a mobile phone. So we had our own little version of a wedding dance.

My husband was home for four days, and we devoted all our time to each other. Nine months later we had the baby. Tesej is a blessing. He is now four months old. When my husband is away in the army I keep saying that I keep a little part of my husband here with me.

A lot of couples are getting married during the war because they need to live fast. For me it's different.

I find the obligation and responsibility of marriage bigger in war time than in peace. As a wife, I am responsible for this human no matter what happens. If my husband is wounded or anything else happens to him, it will be my fate too. He can come back with PTSD. No matter what, I need to accept him the way he becomes. That is a very serious decision.

The hardest thing is to watch my husband say goodbye to his son. And when we talk on the phone, my husband asks: how does our son smell?
...Please tell me about the way Tesej smells.