



MERSİN, 12/02/2015

Dear Anzac Mother,

For the first time in my life, I will write a letter to someone's mother from an unknown period that I did not experience myself. Although it is about a mother, I think I am old enough to know that the feelings do not change based on a period of time or nationality. Whatever your name is, you are no different from my mother. Whatever the reason is, right or wrong, whether you are on the winning or the losing side, to send your child to a war is the most terrible thing that can happen to a mother.

Everyone who has read about the Çanakkale War will know; apart from the cruelty of 10-15 meters' distance between battle fronts, it also caused unexpected friendships, unforgettable stories, and maybe one by one the soldiers helped to create the spirit of this land.

Be sure that your son has his given his name to these lands. I do not know what the definition of home is for you. But we believe that home is the land that you can die for. Your children stepped on these lands to invade them and they passed away. But you need to know that as they passed away on these lands, now they are also a part of these lands. They are a part of us. This is your son's home, and even yours. That is why we named this place "ANZAC BAY".

Your son is having his endless sleep at our-your home. All the doors of this holy country are all open to you and your country forever.

With my regards and greetings as a son of yours.

ALİ EREN ALTIOĞLU

One of Mustafa Kemal ATATÜRK's children.

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