

Dear Truus,

*I didn't know you since Frank told me about you..It all started with the flowers drawing your name at the river surrounding Utrecht center. One day Frank brought all of us there, we took the bikes from school and stopped by the riverside to look at these beautiful yellow flowers. I thought to myself, wow, what a poetic and wonderful way to remember someone: when we die, all of us should be remembered with flowers growing in spring time; that, is eternity. Frank told us about what happened, why we were standing there and that made me see that exact place differently every time I'd bike by.*

*Every time I'd picture you, a 22 years old girl shooting with a gun a NSB police chief and I'd keep biking while trying to go back in time. Since then I've never dig deep into your story but picturing these images was always enough for me to run back in time and wonder on the fact that at any time in any place something significant that changed people's lives happened. History is like a picture in a frame, a collage of frozen instantaneous moments that made the whole picture look what it looks like today.*

*The past represents the future being the womb of the future itself and the present is like a card game where any choice is possible and significant. The choice you made was a lesson of freedom for us all, the freedom to choose, a lesson to remember us all to fight for the things we believe in, for causes that are even more important than our own life.*

Goodbye and rest in peace dear Truus,

Luca Chiostergi