

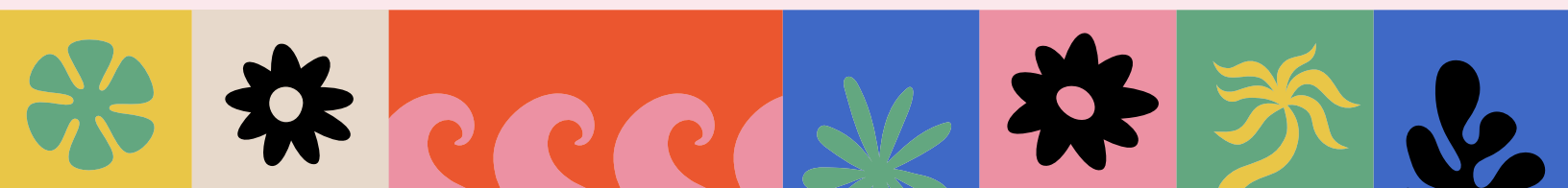


Silent Cries, Shattered Lives: Echoes of the Forgotten in Sudan's Kidney Crisis

The war in Sudan has shattered an already fragile nation, turning life into an unending nightmare. But for nephrology patients, both children and adults tethered to dialysis machines or clinging to life after transplants, the devastation is beyond measure. Their survival, once assured by routine care, now hangs by a thread. As a pediatric nephrologist, I have spent my days and nights haunted by the echoes of their suffering, the helpless cries of families who have been forced to watch their loved ones slip away, not because their diseases were untreatable, but because war has stolen their chance to fight.

Children, with their wide, innocent eyes, have become the very embodiment of despair and bear the deepest scars. They do not understand war, yet they are their most vulnerable victims. Families uprooted from their homes in search of safety now find themselves cut off from the lifeline of medical care. They have been forced to move again and again. And for some, even the borders of Sudan could not provide sanctuary. Every new displacement is another wound. Every new loss, another weight on their tiny shoulders.

I have lost count of the times I've picked up the phone, praying to hear a familiar voice on the other end, only to be met with silence. The silence is so heavy it feels like the world itself is grieving. And when the silence does break, it is often with words that tear through my soul: "He died." "She didn't make it." I have heard mothers sobbing until their voices give out, and fathers who can no longer muster the strength to ask what comes next because there is no next.





"Where can we go for dialysis?" they plead. And I, a doctor sworn to heal, have no answer to give! No answer. No relief!

Dialysis centers have crumbled under the weight of war. Dialyzers and lines, simple life-saving tools, have vanished becoming as rare as peace itself. And for those who once clung to hope through a kidney transplant, their hope is now turning into a slow, merciless decline. Children who have been given a second chance in life are now slipping toward an end they do not deserve.

And it is not just the children, Adults, too, are trapped in this catastrophe. Patients who once knew the rhythm of dialysis, who relied on it as surely as they relied on air, are now lost in a country where war has severed every lifeline. Their numbers are staggering, their pain is immeasurable.

Many now live in makeshift shelters, schools turned into homes of sorrow. I hear their voices and their stories, and I carry the weight of their despair. "We have no place left. No place for care." And the words I must speak in return feel like an admission of failure: "There is little help. But we are trying."

Sudan once had one of the strongest nephrology services in the developing countries, a beacon of excellence even in the most trying times. Dialysis is free, a promise that no child, no adult, would be left behind. The National Center for Kidney Diseases and Surgery stood as proof that even in a country burdened by struggle, there was still a place where life could be saved. And even though that light has flickered and dimmed, the center continues to fight, holding on, resisting collapse, and striving to keep hope alive for those who need it most. Now, transplants have stopped entirely, leaving countless patients in limbo, their futures slipping away.



I do not have words strong enough to describe the anguish I feel as a doctor, as a Sudanese, and as a human being who has spent a lifetime trying to save these patients. But I know this: War may have stolen their care, but it will not steal my resolve.

I will fight for them, for every child who still clings to life, for every family who refuses to give up hope, for every patient whose life depends on the restoration of our healthcare system. I will fight to rebuild, to advocate, to make sure their cries do not go unheard.

I will fight for them because no one should ever be left behind in this fight for survival. I carry their faces with me in every step I take. I will continue to fight for their right to live and thrive, and I will not stop fighting, no matter how difficult the road ahead.

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