It is a day like any other. I’m getting on a ferry in the city center of Amsterdam. I hear the sound of motors of boats over the little breeze of wind. I set sail to the new island. I’m getting closer to the place where rippling water arrives to a concrete pier. There are only the tops of the trees possible to see, like it’s growing under the water. I hold my breath. The ferry anchors at the pier. I get off and I quickly step towards the edge. The whole scenery of the park spreads in front of me. The scenery of park that lies at the bottom of a canal. The massive walls hold the vast mass of the water. I have the perspective over this whole world shackled by water. Curiosity raises inside me and waken my emotions. I go slowly down the ramp into the heart of the park. The entire journey I can not stop watching the changing image of the park. I am getting underneath the treetops of the oaks, where I find the debris of the flight MH17 among the tree stems. The desire for knowledge leads me to burned crumpled pieces of metal. Deformated masses od iron and and burned slaps demonstrate the power of the explosion and helplessness of the situation in the plane. I have the testimony of the accident, I find the answer inside of me. The silence talks to me, when I join it in my heart and cross the borders of my active mind and amotions I finally find the depth of the truth.