

İsmail Yaşar

“Kerem Yaşar, son of İsmail Yaşar, recounts:

I would have been able to see the murderers. From my schoolyard. Maybe I would have even heard the shots that killed my father. My father's kebab shop was in a car park directly across from my school. Almost every breaktime, I would cross the road to him, talk to him and get something to eat. But on that particular day when it happened, I wasn't in school. I was on a placement at a company.

I had just had my breakfast break and was coming back from the supermarket over the road. I already saw the police car in the yard. There were two police officers in the workshop: 'Are you Kerem Yaşar?' 'Yes.' And then they said to me directly, without any prior warning, 'Your father is dead.' The sentence rang in my ears. 'Your father is dead.' I had no idea what had happened. The police officers brought me down to the police station. My mother was already there. We sat together and just cried. We couldn't stop.

My parents were separated back then. I lived with my mother, but my father and I would see each other almost every day. I also stayed with him often. We were very close. He was a quiet guy, like me. He was very proud of me. There were so many things I liked about him, especially his smile. But the most important thing was that he was just there. With everything that has happened over the years, the worst part was having to grow up without a father – at an age when you needed a father the most. My father could have guided me in life.

My father was a very friendly, popular man. He didn't drink any alcohol ever. He was a 'good' man. The summer before, we had all gone to Turkey together: my father, my mother and I. We had a close relationship with his family there. But then, all of a sudden everything changed.”