Hello Ms. Perry

I'm sorry if I bother you with this words. I pray before I decide to write letter to you. I don't remember if I ever write you in these 3 years being in jail. If I did then forgive me to bother. But since I wasn't in federal building since September 5th 2017. I really don't know how system works and how often I should be there. I just want to make sure they don't loose my name in system and if is possible to forget about me. I don't want to be forgotten.

I'm sorry for my spelling. And also I would like to use this chance and share some letters I received from principal of High School of my kids. This copy from district newspapers about my daughter Leilah. Also this short story I wrote in 2016. I know you're busy with your job but I beg you please read this papers I'm sending to you. Because maybe these papers can make my case to finish faster. I'm in County Jail since February 6, 2015 without conviction. I have 4 kids outside born and raise in Chicago 18-16-10-9 years old (now) when I was arrested they were 15-13-7-6. Also this picture of my family whom get killed by hand of people like what they trying to accuse me they said I was supporting. I never have problem with Law in Bosnia or here.
October Reminds Us To Be Aware of Breast Cancer

By Wes Hessel

It is likely the most talked about cancer there is but with good reason.
Dear Ms. Salkicevic,

A regular part of my practice is to make parent phone calls and to reach out to parents of some of our students who are having positive impact on our school community. As I know that many parents of teenagers have a hard time learning what actually happens at school.

I hope you don’t mind that I asked Lejla for your address so I could share the same with you via this letter.

First of all, I wanted to share the outstanding leadership and service that Lejla has displayed as our student School Board Representative. She was selected from over 400 seniors at East Leyden to be our second student on the School Board ever. She is off to an amazing start, taking her position incredibly seriously, understanding that she is the voice of the student body. She meets with me regularly to share concerns from the students and prepare her School Board reports. She has often taken it upon herself to check in on all of our new teachers regularly to make sure they feel comfortable. This was not something she was asked to do, but is a great example of the level of care and dedication she brings to our school.

Second, she is making a great mark on our school with her work in our Journalism class which includes being an important member of our East Leyden news team that produces regular video updates.

Finally, very simply Lejla is one of the kindest people, let alone teenagers, I have ever met. I see it with every interaction I witness in the halls, in class, with my own children at school events, and with her younger sister who she looks after relentlessly. To say that Lejla represents our school vision of: being kind, finding your passion, and commitment to excellence would be an understatement - she embodies this as much as any student I have ever known at East Leyden.

As parent myself, I can only hope my children can learn from the example they see in Lejla.

Thank you,

Jason Markey
Principal
East Leyden High School
From nightmare to lemon drops Jan. 11, 2016

Last night, during a game of Uno, a girl asked me if I had ever tried lemon drops. I was immediately taken back to a very special day in my childhood, while growing up in Bosnia...

I was 6 years old when my father passed away. My mother was forced to raise my 3 older sisters, one brother and myself on her own. My mother didn’t have any income or receive any pension. She couldn’t afford to buy us anything or for the house. She would go door to door asking people if they had any small chores around their house to earn a small income or in exchange for food, clothing or school supplies for us. In 1992, a devastating war started in my city in Bosnia...

When the war started, I was 12 years old. My two eldest sisters were married at that time, and I was living with my brother, sister and my mom. My sister was two years older than me (14) and my brother was 18. During the war they separated the men from the women. They took my brother promising to bring him back home in 45 minutes. As minutes, hours, days passed, he did not return. The day after my brother was taken away, the Serbian soldiers (Orthodox-chetnik) came and took our mother away. I was left alone with my 14 year old sister. We followed them and watched as they took my mom away. She was not allowed to even look back...
at us. No one told us where they were taking her.

Shortly after our mother left, we met two other kids on the street (an 11 year old girl and her 9 year old brother). We were so scared and worried about what may have happened to our mother. Two Serbian soldiers (ORTHODOX-Chetnik) called the four of us over to them. They were standing by a water well. When we approached them, they asked us "who wants to go first?" one of us asked them nervously "where?" We were too young to understand what they meant. We looked at each other confused. Another Serbian soldier carrying a rifle, wearing the same uniform came towards us and asked the two soldiers what they were doing.

One of the soldiers answered "Let's finish this neighborhood we have these four kids. Let's throw them in the well!!!"

The soldier with the rifle told them to leave us alone and walk away. However, one of the other soldiers repeated that they should finish us off and throw us in the well.

The soldier with the rifle threatened them to leave us alone otherwise he would call someone (a name I don't remember anymore). Perhaps he was referring to their boss, or someone with a higher position. Luckily it seemed to scare these two
soldiers (Serbian-orthodox-chetnik). They walked away from us disappointed.

As the two soldiers walked away, the soldier with the rifle pulled out a pack of lemon drops and tossed it to us and told us to share it amongst ourselves.

We gladly took the pack of candy and shared it. Not too long after, they brought my mother back. Every time we asked our mother where they took her, she would lie and tell us they took her to show a house. She refused to tell us what they did to her. It's my belief that it's a secret that she is going to take to her grave.

We never saw our brother alive again. Several years later, his body was discovered at a massive grave yard. My mother recognized him by the belt he was wearing and a key chain. His hands were tied behind his back with metal wire and his head was split in half. We found out that he was shot in the head and at some point, his skull was smashed with a bat or some other weapon.

With this short story, I would like to convey a very simple message. Don't judge someone solely based on their appearance or where
their from or their religious beliefs. I learned that not every Serbian (Orthodox) is a Chetnik, and I wish the world would realize that not every Muslim is a terrorist. Had it not been for a kind-hearted Serbian Soldier four innocent children would not be alive today. Two of them wanted to throw us in a well and let us die, and one of them saved us and gave us hope in humanity by giving us lemon drops and our lives...

Just one part of my life. True story: Genocide in Bosnia. Bosnian Genocide 90's

Medy:
Ste. Genevieve MO

Jan. 11, 2018
Salkicevic Medina Medina
#5 Basler Dr
Ste. Genevieve, MO
63670

Check out all the options on-line
communication with the sender
www.InmateCanteen.com

To: U.S. District Courts
ATTN: Judge Catherine Perry
111 S. 10th Street
St. Louis MO 63102
2 months ago me and my kids chatting video from jail

 Saying goodbye is the hardest thing to do.

 😞❤️❤️

 3:16