

Undercurrents Episode 8: "Home"

Show notes:

A link to Lia Tarachensky's feature film "On the side of the road" where she explores Israeli soldiers' collective denial of their roles in displacing Palestinians.

<https://vimeo.com/117772052>

A link to Lia's short film OCEAN which juxtaposed raw audio from her field recordings of the 2014 Gaza War, with images from her new life in Toronto: <https://vimeo.com/181224988>

MCC's A Cry For Home campaign which is packed with stories, videos, fact sheets, and more:

<https://mcccanada.ca/learn/where/middle-east/palestine-israel/cry-for-home>

NEW INTRO (Nov 8, 2023):

In light of the horrific ongoing violence in Palestine and Israel, we are re-posting this episode from Season 2, called "Home" with Israeli Jewish filmmaker Lia Tarachansky and Palestinian poet Izzy Hawamda. For brief context, on October 7, 2023 the latest escalation of violence in the region included rocket and ground attacks from Hamas into Israel and the capturing of people, actions which are unconscionable and illegal under international law. The Israeli government then responded by bombing population centers in Gaza, including hospitals and schools; shutting off power, water and fuel; and bombing border crossings into and out of Gaza. Sieges and collective punishment such as this are also unconscionable and illegal under international law.

MCC opposes the use of violence as a response to injustice or as retaliation for violence, including acts by Hamas and the Israeli military. We urge world leaders to encourage immediate de-escalation, including calling for a ceasefire and holding all parties to the same standard of international law regarding the protection of civilians and respect for human rights.

For more information, and to petition the Canadian government to do its part, go to mcc.org/ceasefire.

Finally, it's important to note that the current violence is a symptom of a deeper injustice, which is the decades-long, expanding and increasingly violent Israeli occupation of Palestinian land and dispossession of Palestinians.

Here is the episode called "Home."

VO: You are now listening to UNDERCURRENTS. My name is Ken Ogasawara and I'm part of the Community Engagement team at Mennonite Central Committee in Ontario. This podcast is an ongoing experiment to find a new way to tell the stories coming from our community of partners, program participants, donors, and others.

Undercurrents is brought to you by Kindred Credit Union. Kindred's purpose is cooperative banking that connects values and faith with finances, inspiring peaceful, just, and prosperous communities. As they seek to live out their purpose locally and globally, Kindred recognizes that peaceful communities can only exist in the presence of justice.

This episode is about: Home.

This is the second episode we've done on Palestine and Israel. If you're relatively new to this topic, I really recommend you have a listen to Ep 5 in Season one called "David and Goliath". It's 27 minutes that will catch you up on nearly 100 years of history and present day context that shapes one of the most protracted and seemingly complex conflicts of the modern era.

In a nutshell, the state of Israel was created in 1948, falling with a crash on the land then called Mandate Palestine where Arab Palestinians, Jews, and Muslims had been living in relative peace for generations. An estimated three quarters of a million Palestinians became refugees over the course of two short years as hundreds of villages were emptied by Jewish settler militia and then destroyed. Since then, through multiple wars and failed peace talks, Israeli settlements, which are illegal under international law, have continued to expand supported by the Israeli Defense Force, destroying more Palestinian homes, occupying more land, and fracturing Palestinian communities to the point where Israel has essentially taken over the entire area.

[music break]

Today, we'll be hearing a perspective not often heard in the mainstream media, but a voice that will be an instrumental partner for long-term peace in Palestine and Israel. Lia Tarachansky is an Israeli Jew, who grew up in an Israeli settlement in the West Bank. Lia's journey to becoming an advocate for justice in Palestine and Israel is compelling, but first, I want to acknowledge the voices that could not be present in this episode.

MCC has shared many stories from Palestinian voices in A Cry For Home, a five year advocacy campaign that just finished in spring of 2021, and my plan was to continue that practice by sharing stories from a Palestinian MCC partner. But there were challenges.

I spoke with one person who declined to share their story on a podcast which contains criticism of Israel, fearing that Israeli security would find out and evict them from their home.

Another Palestinian partner who lives in the Gaza Strip was eager to share her story but during the window of time that I had to produce this episode, we had to postpone twice because of pandemic events, and then the violence in May 2021 that was sparked by Israel's attack on worshippers at Al Aqsa mosque and the planned eviction of Palestinians in Sheikh Jarrah in occupied East Jerusalem. In the ensuing 11 days, innocent lives on both sides were lost, with rockets fired by Hamas, Gaza being bombarded relentlessly by Israel's elite military. As of this writing, two hundred and fifty four Gazans were killed, including sixty six children. Eight thousand were left homeless as entire apartment buildings were reduced to rubble. "Sorry I couldn't do the interview with you earlier", this partner wrote in an understated email, "but as you see we are moving from one emergency to another"

So you'll not hear from MCC's partners in Palestine in this episode but as you can see, the reasons for their absence speak volumes. However, I was fortunate to connect with Izzeddin Hawamda, or "Izzy" as he's known: a Palestinian poet, teacher, and advocate living in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Woven throughout this episode, you will hear Izzy reading a selection of his poems. I found them to be a powerful and beautiful way to connect to Palestine, to Palestinians, as Izzy grieves the ongoing tragedies of the occupation, as well as sharing his hopes for the future.

Izzy: I try to have, just like this poem I sent you, I'm trying to tell the world that we're not asking them to feel bad for us, that's not what the Palestinians want. We can do that for ourselves,

thank you. I want to show them that we are more than just the numbers and people that you see on the news - oh sixty kids died - we are more than that.

We are stories, we are humans, we have dreams, we have visions. We are strong and we are going to stay on this land. And our attachment to our land can only get deeper every time we are faced with these atrocities.

VO: *Here is Izzy's newest poem, about the recent escalation of violence in May 2021. It is called "Inside Of Me":*

Poem: "Inside of Me" Read by Izzy

Words are crumbling
The frightened dust
Hides from the debris
The scattered cement is looking for the
Vocabulary to express its dreams
The homes and balconies
That decorated
the clouds
The smiles that were
Here and there
No trace of them today
Now
There is only thick
smoke here, steel there
Today, I see
dreams swinging
on the glass windows
Looking for a way out
From this occupation
Today,
My country bleeds
yet still offers tea
To the passersby
It teaches the world
The meaning of life
My country
is a swarm of pigeons
That got lost
At the checkpoint
It was lost amidst
The bombs
And the wounded wailing
In the streets
Mothers held up
the sky
From falling
As the planes flew by
They lost their personal biography
They confronted
Children

The planes stole their dreams
Despite all the noise
The minarets are heard weeping
And the rubble is searching for life

Lia: Yes. So, currently I live in Toronto. I'm doing a PhD at York University and I run a Jewish school on Sundays, that's a school for secular Jewishness and social justice.

VO: *This is Lia Tarachensky, filmmaker, journalist, teacher, and passionate advocate for peace and justice in Palestine and Israel.*

Lia: And I run a Jewish school on Sundays for secular Jewishness and social justice. I have had the privilege of spending every Sunday for the last four years with kids from two and a half to 13, who are just the most delightful humans on earth and raising now a whole generation of graduates and really implementing an anti-colonial education for the generation of tomorrow.

VO: *Lia was born in Joseph Stalin's Soviet Union in the early 1980s where anti-Semitism was a rampant and daily reality for young Lia and her family. When the Soviet Union started to collapse when Lia was around 6 years old, her mother picked up everything she could and brought Lia and her sister to Israel, along with a massive wave of 1 million other Jewish refugees from the Soviet Union.*

They along with thousands of other newly arrived Jewish refugees settled in Ariel, a settlement in the West Bank, where Israel's right-wing Zionist movement was pushing to expand and cement Israel's occupation of Palestinian land there. In the bubble of Ariel, Lia grew up and lived a fairly uneventful life.

Lia: I mean I think in Ariel, I was just a kid so I didn't have this big picture understanding... I don't even think my Mom had it. There wasn't a lot to do in Ariel, as a kid I thought of it as the boonies. I was bored, because it was still developing, there was not much to do. But you know, I made great friendships and really had my formative years there.

VO: *This poem is called "Troubled childhood."*

Poem "Troubled childhood" read by Izzy

I'm the son of olive trees,
Open fields singing for rainfall
I'm the details of harvest season,
Wheat, olives and the old wall
My name is written on the morning wound
I'm the son of the headscarf,
Like the sun in the middle of the sky
My land is heated, war and crime. Home lays within me.
I'm the kite maker, simple and fast.
I'm the little boy running around the sheep
Making noise, watching Teta sing and weep
I'm the mountain side, built to hold a sign
Saying Salam, shalom ... and Peace

I am who no one knows. My skin tone tells of war.
Childhood memories dipped in teargas, all alone.
Still smiling, picturing the old hut and the hilly road
Dear God, I miss home.
When will the pain restrain and hold.
My Mother holds the stars and sings for the end of war.
How could it be? A million years reflected on her smile.
Beneath her feet lays the world's biggest fear; future of missing children..
I am the mud home, witnessing children waiting for the return of my home.. I will never forget,
bombed homes, stolen lives and missing hopes.
Will the day come when the sun will tell its story of me and more? *MA rah ANSA*. I will never forget.

[music break]

VO: *Lia and her family picked up and moved again as violence broke out in 2000 as the latest peace talks between Israel and the Palestinian Authority broke down.*

The Israeli Defense Force fired on Palestinian protestors sparking the Second Intifada, a prolonged and brutal war with indiscriminate violence from both sides, but which disproportionately ravaged Palestinians with three times the death toll. It was out of this war zone that Lia landed in Guelph, Ontario, Canada.

Lia: I went to university here and on the first semester I was at university there was this thing called Israel week. Just weird. I wanted to know what is going on. So I went up to those people and they introduced themselves and they said that they were part of the Israel affairs committee on campus. And they had all these great placards about Israel's an innovator in agriculture and a high-tech nation and all this government propaganda. And I wasn't yet at all critical. I had no idea. I was very young. I had no idea about what was or wasn't true, but all of it seemed like a lie because when you come from Soviet Union, your ear is very attuned to propaganda. And I'm like, "What are you doing in this Guelph University in the middle of rural Canada and the whitest campus on earth? What are you doing here with your placards talking about Israeli agriculture? What the hell is going on?"

And I remember they had a picture of Gene Simmons and it said, "Did you know that KISS is Israeli?" I was so mad because I hated it here and wanted to go back, and here are these people, and they're telling other people about my place. Well, how dare you? And none of them were Israeli. There were all these very young, very nice Jewish people who grew up in the cult of Israel in North America that creates this fetish, this place that does not exist. And I just remember being so enraged with these Israel affairs committee people and shocked and offended by them, but not knowing why. And they drove me right into the arms of these other people who were standing across this hallway with a different table, much smaller table, covered in books and a flag I'd never seen before.

and I'm like, "Well, what's your flag and what are you doing here?" And they were like, "Yeah, we're here in protest to Israel week because we support Palestine and we're anti-Zionist Jews. And we believe in justice and peace in Palestine." And all the rage and confusion that I carried from this just poured out on these people, because it's one thing, if you are stealing my place and selling it to strangers as some fantasy, but how dare you say that it's not my place in the first place. And suddenly I'm screaming and I don't know why I'm screaming at these people. How dare you talk about Palestine? This is Israel week. And why are you bringing Palestine into

this and how dare you? And they're all terrorists. And I'm spewing all this rage at these people that I have no idea where those talking points came from, but they were lined up like bullets in a gun.

[music break]

Lia: I was so triggered, I was so incredibly triggered from the trauma, friends from school disappear because they died in terrorist attacks and watching my best friend die and all these horrific things that happened and that trauma doesn't get treated in Israel. Everybody is traumatized and none of us are given the right, nobody is, and it all poured out on all these people.

And this woman at the table, she stands up and she calms me down. And she's like, "What's going on with you?" She let me be a person. And she talked to me about where she came from as a person who grew up an Israeli Jew and very convinced of a very particular binary and then started to open her eyes and come to see that this is a colonial dynamic that needs to change and that she has a pivotal role in contributing to that change.

[music break]

Lia: And I think what really did it for me in the beginning was this incredible thing that with how polarized conversations are today, people are forgetting. But that woman that stood up from the table and made me feel like a person, she became my friend and she talked to me like a human being.

She let me understand that the main value I was coming from is that I love something and I'm terrified of losing it. And I was coming from fear. I was coming from trauma and fear. And I had the responsibility of dealing with that fear. And I had the responsibility of healing that trauma, and it was a messy process, but she created that possibility by just making me feel like a person. You cannot make a person see by giving them encyclopedias, you have to hold them as they slowly rip their eyes open. And for me that was a very long process, but that's how it started.

VO: *This poem is called "Block B".*

Poem "Block B" read by Izzy

At the Entrance of Block B

The old olive press breathes in

Teargas; as the rubber bullets force my childhood to hide.

The rows of fertile land are fractured and choked

By the exhaust of menacing bulldozers; intent on heightening our imprisonment.

The networks of checkpoints expand west

in my veins; challenging the existence of my story.

The checkpoints multiply like the number of days

In a prison sentence; designed to imprint themselves on childhood memories.

Soldiers stop me from breathing and dreaming,

turning my heart into a permanent tear drop.

They search my Mesbaha, they worry about the beads.

What if each bead holds a piece of my story?

An old rusty sign stares at the gravel road.
Warning visitors of the dangers that lay ahead.
The sign reads, "Do Not Enter"
This land is full of dreams!

Lia: I realize that the process of unlearning colonial or coloniality is an embodied process,

VO: *For Lia, that process started on that fateful day during Israel Week at the University of Guelph which, in her words, "tore a crack in a wall of ideologies" that she had never questioned until that day...*

Lia: Questioning led me to reading a lot, watching documentaries, seeking out the facts. And that changed my mind intellectually, but real learning happens in your body.

VO: *In 2009, seven years after starting her journey of questioning and unlearning, Lia went back to visit her old hometown, the settlement of Ariel in the West Bank.*

Lia: You know, going on the bus, going down road five, going past, you know, the checkpoint coming to the traffic circle, realizing that there's all these other places right next to Ariel, I never really noticed: Hare, Kifl Haris, Salfit, all these Palestinian places that, I mean, theoretically yes, I knew that they were there, but I never really knew that they were there. And then going back into the settlement, into this like, fortress on a Hilltop, surrounded by like fences and cameras and, you know, military Jeeps and checkpoints.

And, um, you know, and you, you enter Ariel and there's like the city emblem and "Ariel" is one of the thousands of names for Jerusalem, and it means the lion of God. And so the emblem of Ariel is a lion and it says welcome to Ariel. And, uh, and you know, all who are, who come are welcome. But of course not all who come are welcomed. That's the whole point of this checkpoint. And so that kind of starts to like jump at you. And then, you know, being an Ariel, walking down those streets, you feel the earth screaming at your presence. And it is an incredibly unnerving situation because everywhere you look, you look at Palestinian villages everywhere you turn, you see the occupation. Once you become aware of it. It creates a kind of nausea.

You know, every person wants to believe that they're a good person and every person explains to themselves their life choices. And nobody, you know, wakes up in the morning and says, "I want to live with a ton of contradictions that raise important questions about my complicity in the colonial system."

VO: *Lia understands the difficulty of wrestling with these contradictions and the lengths to which people will go to avoid dealing with them. Which is why she is determined to recognize the humanity in her fellow Israeli Jews and other Zionists. One person with whom she has come a long way on this, is her mother. At the time we spoke, Lia was visiting her mother in Ottawa and you can hear her in the background at various parts of our conversation.*

Lia: I wonder when I do this interview, she's on the phone all the time, but she hears sentences and we've had so many conversations and if this was 10 years ago, her overhearing any one of the sentences that we uttered here today would lead to a fight. Why are you telling the strangers

about our dirty laundry? Why are you talking bad about Israel? Why are you giving ammunition to anti-Semites? You have to protect the clan, circle the wagons. And we've had so many hair ripping out frustrating conversations, and I don't have the right not to have them with her. And I don't have the right to say, "This is really hard so it doesn't matter."

And she was so antagonized by having this daughter that goes around the planet, showing films and filming and talking in a way about Israel that she doesn't understand. And fast forward 10 years, it builds up and we now have open-hearted conversations. And she is now doing a lot of work and a lot of activism. And we don't agree on most things still, but she understands that this is a colonial conflict.

And that is what I'm talking about when I say that we as privileged people have to give each other the space. And I wasn't doing that for so many years.

VO: *However, Lia makes sure to emphasize that she does not expect Palestinians to be the ones to provide that safe space for Jews.*

Lia: I don't believe that we can expect or that it's even moral to ask of the Palestinians to hold that space for Israelis and for Jews, because they are in the active process of being dehumanized and murdered and having their land stolen. So when I say we need to hold space, I'm talking about privileged people for other privileged people.

What I find the most grotesque is watching Israelis and Jews demand out of Palestinians that they give space to our trauma and that they give preference to our trauma, because we have this trauma. I don't know why we have this need from those whom we oppress to recognize that we were also oppressed, but it is immoral, there is no trauma Olympics. There's no need to evaluate what is better or worse. I think it's immoral to ask those questions and I think that it is grotesque to force Palestinians to say that their oppressors' trauma belongs in a place in some imagined hierarchy above what they're actually living in the day to day.

VO: *This poem is called "I remain Untitled".*

Poem "I remain Untitled" read by Izzy

My soul stumbles between Palestine and Canada
I watch the butterfly hunting flowers for nectar
I find myself on the edge of unspoken words
Lost in two languages

Pieces of my heart open onto the shores of a sea, into fields of oranges and tall wheat,
And to the prolonged winter that occupies me more and more
As I become the personification of the adjective "forgotten"
I remain untitled

I spend nights fighting with my fate, trying to recognize myself
I have tried to personalize my trauma, but the whispers of the diaspora break my concentration
My vocabulary dies on my lips as a bird stares through my window
How do I stop this war?

I embrace the silence of a prison sentence

As I look along the road and steps leading through the gardens of my own prison
I worship my infinite winding path to the horizon and the loveliness of the fence caressed by the
rose
I will fight to forget

Yet, in my foggy dream
I am afraid of tomorrow

[Music break]

VO: *Despite her criticism of Israel's colonial occupation of Palestine, Lia misses living in Israel intensely, and dreams of going back.*

What do you dream about?

Lia: Everything. Oh my God. I miss it so much. I cannot stand this putting on a hazmat suit just to go outside because it's minus however much. I miss the sounds. I just cannot stand the Canadian silence. It's so quiet. It's just so dead and quiet and I get it, it's wonderful, it's huge, everybody has enough space to go into their own little home and make noise in their own little place. But there's something to be said about living together on top of each other, inside of each other and over each other and under each other.

I lived in Jaffa and I know that there's a huge privilege in saying that, considering that there are millions of Palestinians who trace their roots to the Jaffa and can't even visit, but Jaffa is a magical place to be able to walk through the streets of a city that's thousands and thousands of years old.

VO: *The last poem from Izzy is called "Reimagining Childhood in the West Bank" and you'll hear it a few stanzas at a time, split up over this last section.*

Poem "Reimagining Childhood in the West Bank" read by Izzy

Today, I will drive from Nablus to Haifa. I will get a rental car and plan out my road trip with precision. I will have a good idea of when I will be arriving in Haifa. I can do that now because the checkpoints are removed from the West Bank. I won't be stopped at five different checkpoints, only to get to the sixth one only to be told to go back because I don't have the proper permits to enter Israel.

Today, I am going to go for a bike ride, I will be using the alternative mountain highway. Until now, Palestinians have not been allowed to use these designated 'settlers highways'. But today, I will bike up and down the hilly roads. I will greet every tree, have tea with every cloud, and touch the face of the soil.

Today, I will take a long walk up to my grandparents' land that we haven't seen since '67. There used to be a settlement on our land but with the removal of the barriers, I am free to visit. Today, I will plant a lemon tree and an olive tree. I will sing the song of sage!

Lia: So I really miss being able to get out of the house and every person, whether they're professor at a university or a person selling groceries, everybody's politicized, everybody's got skin in the game. Everybody is aware that they have skin in the game and everyone is engaged. And there's such a vibrant scene of people who are trying to figure out how to make it work in a non colonial way and taking huge risks and making enormous sacrifices for that work. Even those who have lost all hope. And even when there is conflict, conflict between people is not necessarily something that needs to be avoided at all cost. Conflict is an expression of something that is deeply true.

[Poem Reimagining Childhood in the West Bank]

Today, I will visit Jerusalem, I will start with the west side of the city. For over 40 years Arabs have not been allowed to enter this quarter of the city. But today, Jerusalem is just Jerusalem. I will have a meal, preferably shakshuka, with a Westerner, a Jew and a grandmother.

Today, I will swim in the Dead Sea and I won't notice any flags or signs indicating where the Arab or the Jewish beaches are. I will swim freely, anywhere the current takes me. I will write my name on the face of the sand and share a secret with the sun.

[SFX/soundscape of Lia's footage from her coverage of the Gaza War (from her film OCEAN)]

VO: *Lia says that paradoxically, she even misses the ugliness of life in Israel and Palestine...*

Lia: I was devastated the last time. I left right after the 2014 war, I was covering that war. That was the fourth war I've lived through, and it was the worst thing I've ever seen, it was horrific.

VO: *The sounds and music you are hearing now are from Lia's 2017 short film OCEAN in which she dug into her archive of hundreds of hours of video and audio clips that she recorded of the Gaza War of 2014 while working as a journalist. The devastating 50 -day conflict was sparked by the kidnapping and killing of three Israeli teenagers by Hamas, the militant rulers of Gaza. Israel's cutting edge military unleashed overwhelming firepower on both military and civilian targets in the Gaza Strip, a narrow stretch of self-governed Palestinian land that has been blockaded by land, sea, and air by Israel and neighbouring Egypt since 2007 when Hamas came into power. The Gaza War of 2014 saw over 2,000 Gazan deaths and nearly 11,000 injured, including over 3,000 children. By comparison, sixty seven Israeli soldiers and five Israeli citizens were killed by Hamas rocketfire.*

Lia: I was just emptied by that war. It was such a shock how every day could be the worst thing you've ever seen, but it's my world. It's our world. It's so much harder to be implicated in it and part of it and be away.

VO: *I asked Lia how she reconciles these contradiction. Her outrage at the injustice of Israeli occupation, but missing living there; the horror of the violence, but the pain of being away while it's happening.*

Lia: The short answer is I don't reconcile it. It's irreconcilable, but so much in life is. You can love your children, but just be so irritated that you you're out of your mind. You could love a place and be enraged at it and the people who are perpetuating it. So I think reconciliation of ideas is a young man's game. And I'm letting go of it because the tension is where the truth lies. And the tension is where the beauty is.

[Poem Reimagining Childhood in the West Bank]

Today, I will go to a Hebrew class at a local Palestinian university. Until now, Hebrew wasn't allowed to be taught in Palestinian schools, despite the similarities between Arabic and Hebrew. I will learn to write a memoir about the face of this land. I will write it in Arabic and Hebrew so the world can see how the damask rose blossoms into a bridge between our worlds.

Today, I will travel freely from my city to another, I won't need to carry my green Palestinian ID with me as I have before. I will travel freely. I will greet the mountain side and write poems on the shadows of the tall pines. I will look for an old brick home and open its window, inviting the sun to enter, warming up the old walls of the house. I will ignite my feelings in a broVO rose so the word 'Salam' can be served from its leaves, so a bird can come and transfer pieces of my story all around the world.

Today, I will spend time at the wall. Oh, the wall! It has stood as the barrier between me and the sun! Today, I will open a thousand windows in the wall. I will paint each window with a different colour: green for the tall grass, yellow for the saffron, and red for blood as it flows through my veins. I will feel my heart merge with the Mediterranean Sea, solidifying that we are the 'Ramush Aleayan¹', the protectors of Palestine. That we are one.

Lia: And I just don't believe that you could really fight for something if you don't love it. You can't just fight against, you have to fight for, you have to see the thing that you can make, the thing that you can build together, and you have to love it. Even when it's grotesque, you have to love it. And then you will be given the strength to build it even when it's constantly being destroyed.

What I'm fighting for is very simple. When I lived in Jaffa I lived in a community of Israelis and Palestinians who were intertwined.

We were together more or less on the same page, working for similar things, but living our own lives and people who are musicians and people who are filmmakers and people who are engineers and people who are construction workers. And because the Israelis who lived in this community had already done that work, we could be there as people and as equals and not as fragile overlords. And I want that to exist in a place, in a system that's not colonial. Just living, just raising our kids and making music and swimming in the sea. It's not complicated.

VO: *At MCC, we believe that God's sovereignty and desire for justice around the world, means that the land of Palestine and Israel should be a place where Israelis and Palestinians, Jews, Muslims, and Christians, live together in peace. To that end, MCC continues to partner with Palestinian and Israeli peace groups to work toward justice and peace for all.*

¹ In Arabic the literal meaning of the word رموش العين (Ramush Aleayn) is eyelashes. Despite being delicate, the eyelashes stand together to protect the eye.

I want to thank Lia for sharing her story so openly and passionately, and for continuing to do the hard work of decolonizing, making space for others, and telling important stories. I want to thank Izzy for sharing the tragedy, beauty, and strength of the Palestinian story and people through his poetry.

As a settler myself, I am challenged and inspired to not only advocate for justice in Palestine, but to work at decolonizing my own presence in this land we call Canada. In that same vein, the next episode of Undercurrents will feature a former residential school worker who has walked a long journey of accountability and reconciliation.

Thanks to my colleague at MCC in Manitoba, Joanne Hiebert Bergen for connecting me with Izzy and Lia, as well as for your continued guidance on advocacy in Palestine. Thank you to Christen Kong for helping to bring this episode together. This episode was mixed by Francois Goudreault, Original music by Brian MacMillan, and Artwork by Jesse Bergen. Additional music credits can be found in the show notes.

Huge thanks again to our sponsor and community partner, Kindred Credit Union. If you have any questions or comments about this episode, please write to us at podcast@mcco.ca - I'd love to hear from you. Finally, I would like to thank you for listening to Undercurrents. Please subscribe and like wherever you listen to podcasts. I'm Ken Ogasawara. Have a great rest of your day.
