



LITTLE SPACES OF HOPE

MORE THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS FROM AMOS TRUST

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'SPACES OF HOPE' DUE IN SUMMER 2020

CLIMATE JUSTICE

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LITTLE SPACES OF HOPE MORE THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS FROM AMOS TRUST

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Amos Trust

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IVAN V. LALIC, ROBIN MESSAGE, MICKY SCOTTBEY JONES,
CHRIS ROSE AND MARTIN WROE.

A close-up portrait of an elderly man with a weathered face, wearing a black beret. The image is the background for the entire page. The text "CLIMATE JUSTICE" is in the top left corner. The quote is at the bottom.

CLIMATE JUSTICE

We believe that another world is possible,
a world where justice flows, the silenced are
heard and no one is forgotten.



Introduction

LITTLE SPACES OF HOPE

“ THEY ARE LIVING IN OUR FUTURE.

We are busy making token changes to our behaviour and grandiose commitments about future actions. In Nicaragua and many of the countries where our partners are based, they are already living in our future.

They cannot escape the reality of climate change in their lives today. As they develop local responses to address its impact, they are one step ahead of us.

Climate change is a justice issue. Those who have the least political and economic power and the least responsibility for the changing climate are affected the most.

Rather than learning from them, or taking the steps that justice demands, I have little doubt that our leaders will seek to wall ourselves off behind protectionist policies in order to mitigate the impact of climate change upon us.

The years ahead will be a long and difficult journey and we will desperately need to be inspired by our partners and the voices captured in this slim volume.

CHRIS ROSE
DIRECTOR, AMOS TRUST

February 2020



**“ THOSE WHO PROFESS TO FAVOUR
FREEDOM, AND YET DEPRECATE
AGITATION, ARE MEN WHO WANT
CROPS WITHOUT PLOUGHING
UP THE GROUND. THEY WANT
RAIN WITHOUT THUNDER AND
LIGHTNING. THEY WANT THE
OCEAN WITHOUT THE AWFUL ROAR
OF ITS MANY WATERS.**

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

AMERICAN SOCIAL REFORMER, ABOLITIONIST,
ORATOR, WRITER AND STATESMAN



The Spaces of Hope

IVAN V. LALIC

I have experienced the spaces of hope,
The spaces of a moderate mercy. Experienced
The places which suddenly set
Into a random form: a lilac garden,
A street in Florence, a morning room,
A sea smeared with silver before the storm,
Or a starless night lit only
By a book on the table. The spaces of hope
Are in time, not linked into
A system of miracles, nor into a unity;
They merely exist. As in Kanfanar,
At the station; wind in a wild vine
A quarter-century ago: one space of hope.
Another, set somewhere in the future,
Is already destroying the void around it,
Unclear but real. Probable.

In the spaces of hope light grows,
Free of charge, and voices are clearer,
Death has a beautiful shadow, the lilac blooms later,
But for that it looks like its first-ever flower.



Invitation to Brave Space

MICKY SCOTTBEY JONES

Together we will create *brave space*.
Because there is no such thing as a “safe space”
We exist in the real world.
We all carry scars and we have all caused wounds.
In this space
We seek to turn down the volume of the outside world,
We amplify voices that fight to be heard elsewhere,
We call each other to more truth and love.
We have the right to start somewhere and continue to grow.
We have the responsibility to examine what we think we know.
We will not be perfect.
This space will not be perfect.
It will not always be what we wish it to be.
But
It will be our *brave space together*,
and
We will work on it side by side.

CLIMATE JUSTICE





Atlas

ZENA KAZEME

You bring me a doll
And tell me to point to where it hurts
I tell you
I need an Atlas
Bring me a globe

I place my fingertip
On the northernmost point
And let it spin before me
And watch
As grand mountains
And dying oceans
And pillaged forests
And lifetimes
Pass before my eyes
And wonder how
I would rearrange it
If the world was a just a small sphere
In my hand

I'd fill in
The disappearing coral reef
With the colours the world
Is so ready to forget
I'd dip both hands
Into the oceans of time
And carry back home
The extinct species to the seas



Atlas

CONTINUED

I'd take the water from
The melting ice-caps in buckets
To the barren deserts
Move the unsung clouds
From our grey skies
To the drought stricken lands
And fill the hands
Of farmers extended in prayer
With the rain
We so readily complain about
I'd move the bulldozers
Out of the rainforests
So that the trees will not be disturbed
In their prostration to their lord
And take them instead
To the separation wall in the West Bank

I'd bring water colours
The calmest blue
The brightest yellow
To paint over the black clouds of pollution
Shrouding continents
In eternal darkness
Hanging over factories
Where little hands
Stitch their childhood
Into the hem of our skirts



Atlas

CONTINUED

Watching their lives pass by
In the reflection
In the small intricate mirror work
On our dresses

When I have finished,
I'll run my fingers along the borders
Erase the sketch marks of the colonisers
Until the globe is no longer a map
Until the word 'map'
Is erased from history

And the Earth returns
To just being God's canvas
Ready to be adorned
By tomorrow's hands.



**“ THE OPPOSITE OF POVERTY
ISN'T WEALTH. THE OPPOSITE
OF POVERTY IS JUSTICE.**

BRYAN STEVENSON

AMERICAN LAWYER, SOCIAL JUSTICE ACTIVIST
AND FOUNDER/EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE EQUAL
JUSTICE INITIATIVE



A Liturgy against Ecocide

SAM DONALDSON

I love you earth, you are beautiful
I love you earth, you are beautiful
I love you earth, you are beautiful

I love you rivers, you are beautiful
I love you rivers, you are beautiful
I love you rivers, you are beautiful

I love you trees, you are beautiful
I love you trees, you are beautiful
I love you trees, you are beautiful

I love you birds, you are beautiful
I love you birds, you are beautiful
I love you birds, you are beautiful

I love you body, you are beautiful
I love you body, you are beautiful
I love you body, you are beautiful

(repeat continuously)

CLIMATE JUSTICE





Mother Chicken and Mother Elephant

GILBERTO AGUIRRE

Mother Chicken and Mother Elephant were very good friends. They took walks every afternoon together. One day Mother Elephant went to Mother Chicken's for their daily walk and Mother Chicken said that she couldn't go because she had laid some eggs. Mother Elephant went away sad.

The next day she came back again and Mother Chicken said that she couldn't go because she was laying her eggs. This went on for many days.

Mother Elephant became very concerned about her friend because she loved her very much. Mother Elephant had a very big heart. Mother Chicken could become ill from laying down for so long and not taking her exercise.

At the end of two weeks Mother Elephant could not wait any longer. She went to Mother Chicken, desperate to help her, and said, "Mother Chicken, I cannot bear to see you like this. It is taking so long. I am your friend and I want to help you." Then she lifted her from the nest and gently sat on the eggs.

Often communities that we care about do not walk at the pace that we would want them to, so it is our role to walk with them at their speed. Like Mother Elephant, too much development work rushes in, thinking it knows the answers, and ends up crushing the communities that it wants to assist.

To watch Gilberto telling the Mother Chicken story,
please visit vimeo.com/amostrust/mama-chicken



A Grace

MARTIN WROE

For what we are about to receive
The water we drink
The air we breathe
The fire of sun
The food of earth
This company
These people
This now
This here
May we be thankful
May we be aware
How every day is a gift
And every breath a prayer.



**“ WHY IS IT EASIER FOR SOME TO
IMAGINE THE END OF FOSSIL
FUELS BUT NOT SETTLER
COLONIALISM? TO IMAGINE GREEN
ECONOMIES AND CARBON-FREE,
WIND TURBINE, SOLAR POWER,
AND ELECTRIC BULLET TRAIN
UTOPIAS BUT NOT THE RETURN OF
INDIGENOUS LANDS? IT’S NOT AN
EITHER/OR SCENARIO. BOTH ARE
POSSIBLE — AND NECESSARY.**

NICK ESTES

CITIZEN OF THE LOWER BRULE SIOUX TRIBE AND
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN THE AMERICAN STUDIES
DEPT. AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO



A Cyclist's Psalm — Buen Camino

CHRIS ROSE

Disconsolate sunflowers
Wait for harvest
Groves of trees
Line the road

Mists gather in the valley floors
While clouds hide a Caran d'Ache sky

Flecks of light
Pick out the mayflies' dance
And herons languidly take flight

Encroaching mountains
Cracks of rock
Older than humanity

I run out of words
The grandeur is too beautiful
The mind of the creator
Too far beyond me

I long to sing out in praise
But so many
Limp tunes
And trite words
Have stolen my vocabulary



A Cyclist's Psalm — Buen Camino

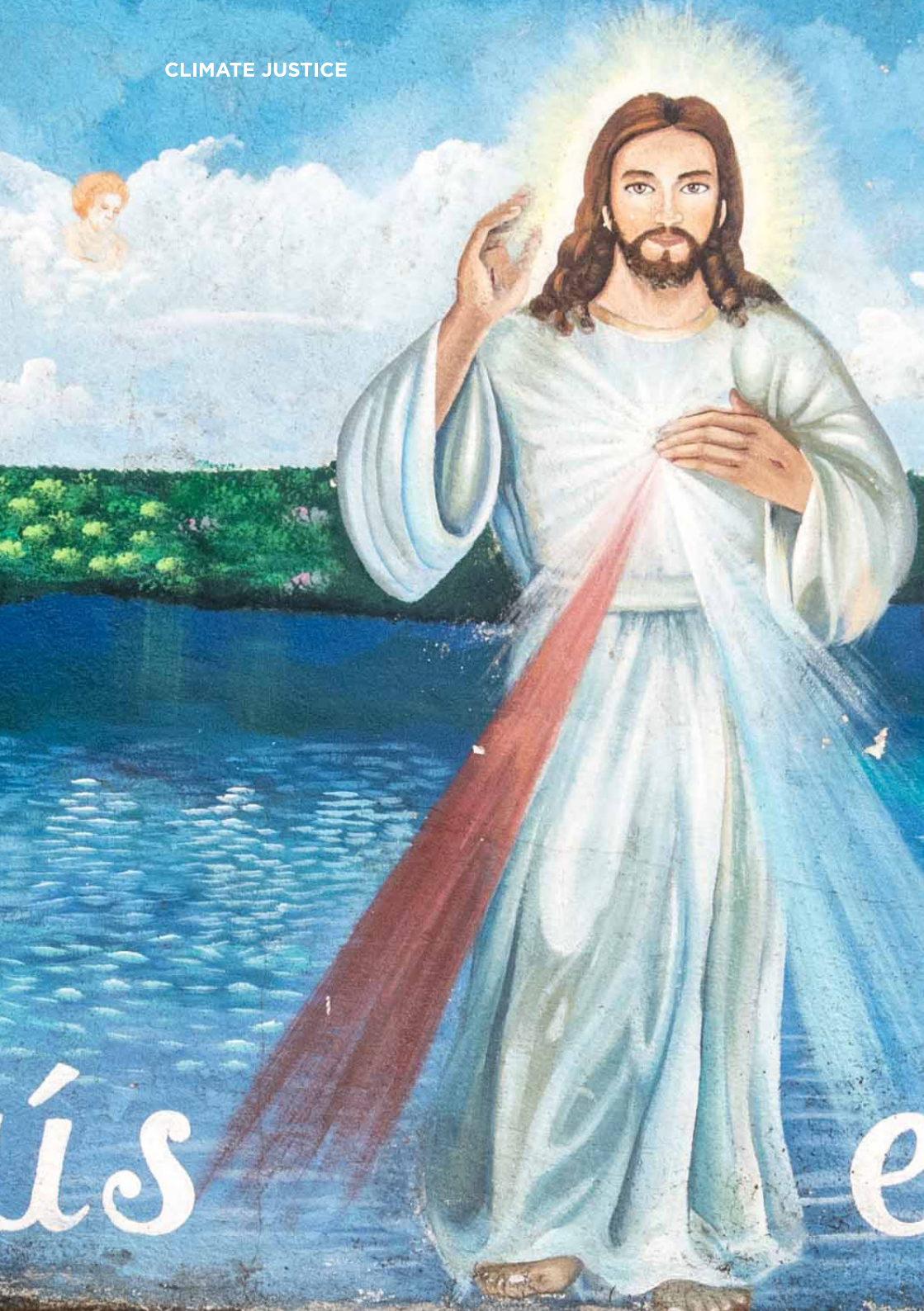
CONTINUED

So let each pedal stroke
Be my act of worship
Each punishing ascent
And plunging downhill
Be my Damascus road

May sore calves and an aching bum
Praise our creator
May the knot in my shoulder
Declare her worth
And may the chafed bit at the top of my thigh
Give the loudest shout out of all
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you

Thank you
For all this reckless beauty

CLIMATE JUSTICE



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Climate Emergency: Women and Children First

ROBIN MESSAGE

A siren sounds; strobing lights blare:

*Emergency, emergency. Climate emergency.
Emergency, women and children first!*

Women and children
First
Into the fire.

Women, mothers, to feed whole families
With crops that are missing
Taken by the rains
That never came.

Children, daughters, fatherless
Their dads, their papa
Taken by the rains
That came too much.
Not even a grave to visit
His body lost in the floods.
Disruption of hydrological systems, they said
Now we can't even bury our dead.

Women and Children
First
To lead us.



Climate Emergency: Women and Children First

CONTINUED

Because of their innocence
Their sense of justice
The empathy we drill into them
From the moment a doll is pushed into a chubby hand.
Which leads them to say:
Stop. No more. This isn't right.

Moses' sister and Pharaoh's daughter
Saving a Hebrew boy and leading the way
In freeing God's people.

Mary, a teenage mother whose openness and care
Started a revolution of love.

The women of Uganda planting forests.
Tree. By. Tree.

The communities of Nicaragua
Greening a land made barren
By the poisonous hot air of white men.

And women.
Women helping women grow the vegetables of home
The Kodu gourd, the Naga Morich chilli,
in the choking streets of a polluted city
Where children are sacrificed on the altar of the engine.



Climate Emergency: Women and Children First

CONTINUED

Greta Thunberg, spurned like the prophet she is
Scorned and insulted for telling leaders what they already know.
She excoriates the powerful
And the fragile egos stay away.
She isn't the woman we deserve
Or the man we expected
But perhaps she is the girl we needed.

So respect these women and children
These mothers, these sisters, these daughters
Not for their bloodlines
But for their leadership.

Women and children first!
Not to evacuate
But to lead us
In saving ourselves
From ourselves.



**“ IT IS THIS BELIEF IN A POWER
LARGER THAN MYSELF AND OTHER
THAN MYSELF WHICH ALLOWS ME
TO VENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN
AND EVEN THE UNKNOWNABLE.**

MAYA ANGELOU

AMERICAN POET, SINGER, MEMOIRIST AND
CIVIL RIGHTS ACTIVIST



I See You

MARTIN WROE

I missed you Angel, but now I see you
I'd fallen for it, been taken in,
Everyone saying how you don't exist,
That you're not with us anymore,
That, probably, you never were
More than a literary device,
To bring glad tidings from one dimension
To another, A promise of extra resources
When times are tough, A workout
For Jacob, Company for
Shadrach, Mesach and the other one

But last Wednesday it dawned on me
The way you used to dawn on shepherds
On hillsides, out of nothing and instantly
In tune with everything. That's it,
Is what I thought, that's what
I would do, if I were you.

If I was an angel in this world today
I would lie myself like a prayer
On the roof of every house
Inhaling light like life
Because light and life to all she brings



I See You

CONTINUED

I would dance on the green hillsides
Raising my arms in praise of everything
Conducting the breeze like I could hear
The chords of life, that distant symphony
Some gentle, unheard history
I would tiptoe along the bowl edge
Of the blue horizon, teasing the tides,
Pedalling the waves, like this energy was
Renewable as love, and the more we shared it
The more we generated

I see you silent on the pavement pole-top
Praying for conversion
Of daylight into night light
And solitary mystic, Humming
Slow hymns by the motorway
And massed choral voices singing the climb
Of the mountains, Lifting us, surely,
From these shadowed valleys

I see you, commanding the wind and the waves
Not to be still this time,
But to blow us
To kingdom come

CLIMATE JUSTICE





Words Of Hope

CLIMATE JUSTICE SUMMIT LITURGY

My message to all the activists is to just keep going.
And I know it may seem impossible and hopeless sometimes.
It always does. So, you just have to continue, because
if you try hard enough and long enough, you will make a difference.
And if enough people stand together,
fight for the right thing, then anything can happen.

Another world is not only possible, she is on her way
On a quiet day I can hear her breathing

We have been shown what is good,
May we act justly, love mercy and walk humbly

This day may we
Listen deeply
Speak truth with love and courage

We believe
That justice is how love looks in public
That hope is a song in a weary voice
That stumbling is not falling
That together we can be the change we long to see
That we all come from the creator, trailing wisps of glory



Words Of Hope

CONTINUED

The Talmud says that every blade of grass
has its own angel bending over it, whispering, "Grow, Grow."

Treat the earth well.
It was not given to us by our parents,
it was loaned to us by our children

So walk softly upon the earth
May its beauty surround you
May its wisdom delight you
May its music invite you

Rejoice in creation

Listen to the pain of the voiceless
Water the barren earth
Plant seeds in the wasteland
And act as if our hope in the future is irresistible.

With thanks to Greta Thunberg, Arundhati Roy, Cornell West,
Pauli Murray, Malcolm X, Maya Angelou and Walter Wink.

CLIMATE JUSTICE





Amos Trust

CLIMATE JUSTICE

Climate change is a justice issue. Those who have the least political and economic power, and the least responsibility for the changing climate, are affected the most. We have a moral and ethical imperative to respond to their call for immediate action.

Amos Trust's Climate Justice work currently focuses on Nicaragua and our partner CEPAD.

CEPAD equip local communities with the skills, knowledge and resources they need to identify their own problems, break the cycle of poverty, claim their rights and become empowered agents of change.

Initiatives include education and training in farming techniques and encouraging and enabling individuals, especially women, to set up small, sustainable businesses to support their families. Climate change cannot be seen in isolation from all the other difficulties these small communities face, rather it amplifies them.

Nicaragua, as well as being severely affected by climate change, has always had a turbulent political history and CEPAD knows that for communities to have a chance of a better future, they must address the context of the local situation.

For further information, please visit amostrust.org/cepad



About Amos Trust

A SMALL CREATIVE HUMAN RIGHTS ORGANISATION

Amos Trust is a small creative human rights organisation.

We work to challenge injustice, restore rights and create hope. We work with grassroots partners, listening to their needs and acting on their concerns. We set out to build local, creative solutions to global issues.

Today, we're working in three areas where justice is threatened and rights are ignored. We are:

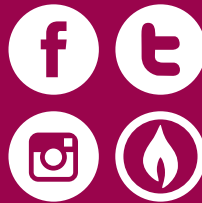
- transforming the lives of girls and young women on the streets, so they can live free from abuse,
- equipping local communities to develop sustainable responses to the impact of climate change,
- campaigning for a just peace and full equal rights for all who call Palestine and Israel home.

If you have enjoyed this sampler, then please look out for the publication of 'SPACES OF HOPE' this summer. Our first book of creative writing, 'WORDS OF HOPE', is also available. Please visit amostrust.org/words-of-hope-book for details.

Both reflect our commitment to be developing resources that equip and sustain us on the long road to justice. For further information, please visit amostrust.org



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