

It Must Be Possible.

My grandmother was my soulmate. She taught me her love for reading and writing, for questions and conversation, and for calligraphy, the art of giving form to words so as to evoke their essence. Though shaped by different times and circumstances, she and I always agreed we were very similar women at our core. I relished my time with her.

When I was getting active in JVP, I said, “Ma, I want to tell you about a movement I’ve come to deeply care about, and an organization I’m becoming increasingly involved in.” She was ninety at the time, and she loved continuing to learn through documentaries. So we nestled in her bed together, arms linked, and I put on *5 Broken Cameras*, a powerful film about resistance in the West Bank village of Bil’in.

When the film ended and the credits began rolling, I turned over to look for Ma’s reaction. Her gaze was blank, as it sometimes was as her dementia set in. Sigh, I thought — it didn’t stick. That’s okay. At least we had a sweet couple hours sitting with each other. And then she said:

“Can I become a member of that organization too?”



[continued from front]

That was the day she joined JVP
— at age ninety.

I've always arranged and rear-
ranged Ma's calligraphy around
my home, but there's one piece
that I consistently keep over my
desk, its rightful home. It reads:

***"It's Possible, Possible, Possible.
It Must be Possible."***

In the darker moments, I'll close
my computer or come home after
a long day and just look at those
words.

And I feel her saying: It's possi-
ble. It *must* be possible.

It's not simple to hold onto hope.
But I believe we have to cultivate
the art of finding new possibility.
We have to exercise our muscles
of imagination, tell each other
stories of victories we've experi-
enced, ask each other questions
about the future we want to build
together. We have to build trust
with one another, enough so we
can try out wild experiments that
yes, could fail, but also just might
have a shot at chipping another
bit away at occupation and
apartheid.

Our ancestors and the ancestors
of movements for justice once
had visions thought by most to

be impossible. How humbling it
is to think of the savvy, skill,
commitment and unwavering
love for their people that trans-
formed realities throughout time.

In their honor, let us too be bold
enough in our vision and com-
mitted enough to each other so it
may be so: Possible, possible,
possible. It must be possible.



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