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

I’ve always arranged and rearranged 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 possible. 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 experienced, 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 transformed realities throughout time.

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

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