

Peace story



In this small village, the sun shines over the olives trees and make their leaves tremble like silver in the air. Guess, my friend, where it is? The sun shed lights on people's faces; the village's doors are open, the foreigners are invited to share the meals, they are welcomed as brothers and sisters. But the nights are darkened with fear and violence. Their wealthy neighbours are stealing the land from them. Don't you know, my friend, who is this neighbour?

For many, too many years a continuous harassment of these people has been going on, oppressing them with an illegal occupation. Nevertheless, the sun on the farmer's heart is still shining. Being poor, they are holding on their land because it is their family's land since centuries, far beyond the memory can recall. This land is given from father to son only by words, no paper, no written proof, this land is their life, and it simply belongs to them.

My friend, does life needs a written proof? On the side of the wealthy neighbours, there is strong belief of being right to possess this land and a fear to loose it.

My friend, is there a space for recognition, for hope and solidarity between neighbours? Here is my answer:

One day, at dawn, the donkey and his master arrived on time at the electric fence but that day the ears of the donkey were shaking, his nostrils quivered as he emitted a long, alarming sob tearing off the serenity of the transparent morning.

The neighbour's soldier jumped on his feet and grabbed instinctively his M16 with fear.

"My donkey just said: it cannot continue further" explained the farmer in his best English.

- Do you believe in peace? The soldier asked, nervously.

- Our hope cannot be destroyed by arms; our hope is our strength to resist and to survive.

The M16 fell down on the road and the soldier started petting the ears of the donkey; then, with half a smile he gave both of them the way to go through.

On the ground, away from the wealthy occupiers and the decision makers, small pieces of hope are sparkling the path towards peace. Have you seen some of them, my friend? On my leave out of that country, as I stood facing the separation wall of Jerusalem, I saw a bird, a twig of olive tree in his beak, crossing lightly but wilfully over this wall, his wings were carrying the spirit of hope for everyone.