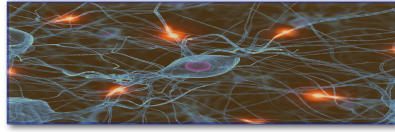


LCLI CHRONICLE

"Prosistance?"



An new extension of the LCLI — 'Prosistance circle'

I'm very happy to tell you of a new group connected to us. Sparked by Cagn, one of our new Fellows (also Jim's son), it is an extension, as he puts it, to the mothership (i.e., LCLI) — an "experimental sub-group" defined by "prosistance," meaning resistance in a positive key 'going forward'. Using Discord (the group-chat community building software), here's how he describes what the group is about:

"A lot of us, especially the younger generation, are kept voiceless through the daily grind of trying to make it, feeling more and more hopeless, alone, and with no way to act upon the world in any meaningful way.

For now the Prosistance circle, very simply, is a place to revive hope daily and together, in order to replenish each other's inner resources, to see strengths, assets, solutions, paths, opportunities, and life, and move toward them."

The first handful of connections have been made. One, a young American (non-Jewish) woman living in a Kibbutz in Israel, shared some of what now challenges her, and with her permission, we share it with you.

Yesterday I ventured into the West Bank to meet a dear and incredible friend. I traveled there with two other incredible women, both Jewish, neither from Israel (although one has been living in Israel for over 25 years, whose children are Israeli and will serve in the Israeli military.) The other woman, a South African, recently moved to Israel to make a life. Our friend, Mohammed¹, a Palestinian peace builder, lives in the West Bank. Together, we drove to a small piece of land owned by a Palestinian man; the only place where Jews and Palestinians can safely meet in the area. We sat to catch up and eat our packed lunch of tuna sandwiches and apricots.

One our way in and out of the West Bank we passed many Israeli soldiers pointing very large guns posed to take immediate action if necessary. We picked Mohammed up from the side of the road, as it is impossible for us to drive anywhere close to his home for his own safety. His family have no idea that he is a peacebuilder and meets with Jews in secret. I was in awe and quite honestly felt disgusted as he very casually pointed out places he is unable to go in the West Bank due to the risk of being shot on the spot. Being in our car, he was safe (so to speak) but I was also very aware of our yellow Israeli license plate among the sea of white Palestinian ones.

I have never lived in a police state. Never really conceptualized the constant danger, the anxiety, the ever-present risk to life. Being in Israel during this war, I have experienced the Iranian airstrike and countless sirens but traveling yesterday through the West Bank left me with a new sense of empathic danger. I live in safety here in Israel. Palestinians do not. I live knowing those giant guns aren't aimed at me. Palestinians do not. I live with the privilege and knowledge that I can return to my country of origin and disappear into a life free of all this madness. Palestinians do not. I can choose to live in ignorance. Palestinians cannot. But honestly, after yesterday, neither can I choose to be ignorant. So, what now? How do I move into a new place of knowing, of anger, of desire to make a difference from my hole in the ground. I stand on no podium. I have no platform. And yet, what I do have are friends who show me a possible path to change: connection and an open heart. Eyes to see the truth. And the courage to accept what I previously refused to see.

¹ Name withheld