

"The World is Ours"

The late Abu Ward, 2016

A fireside gathering on International Migrants Day

A partnership event with

The Glendale Women's Café, Wipe The Tears, Refuweege & Diversity Arts

We are the children of Syria

by Hadeel from Wipe The Tears Rising Stars

We are the children of Syria
Do you know what happened to us?
We are being massacred and suffering from
homelessness, fear and terrorism
We still have our childhood dreams inside us
that have not grown within us yet
O tyrant answer me
What did we do wrong for you to kill us

You can put us in jail, you can torture us,
you can kill our parents, you can kill us,
but you can't kill what's inside our hearts...

Protect us from the shooting
Protect our childhood
Thugs destroyed my home and burned my
school
O people what's wrong with you?
Your silence is killing us
Let us enjoy our childhood
Let us feel safety

We have the right to live in safety, freedom
and dignity
I want to live like a human being drawing
my dreams
In "Holla" many children were killed and
bloodshed was everywhere
Where are you o people?
O people give us your hands!
Why don't you answer our call!

Are you happy that we are young children
being killed by unjust army?
O people, enough silence
O people, we are dying
O god give us patience
Let us enjoy our childhood

Original song by Toyor Al-jannah

A Scented White Rose

By Rosie Smith, Hidden Gardens Volunteer

A scented white rose
Grew from something so small
Defying frost, wind and rain
But now it stands tall.

Struggling for a place
When torn out up by its roots
It's found a new home
And with new life it shoots.

So many varieties
In a sanctuary full of peace
With room for all to grow
Its struggling can now cease.

It now shows its beauty
And its colour is leant
To a wonderful garden
Where it now adds its scent.

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The Robertson Trust & Southside Housing
Association

Harira (Traditional Ramadan Soup)

Suitable for vegans

Ingredients

1 each large bunch fresh coriander and parsley
8 cup chicken or vegetable stock
1 cup green or brown lentils
1 400g can of chickpeas, drained, and, rinsed
2 x 400g of finned tomatoes, drained, and, chopped
2 onion, chopped
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon each of ground cumin, ground ginger, turmeric and pepper
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
Garnish:
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 lemon, thinly, sliced
12 pitted dates, halved

Directions

Chop 1/4 cup each of the coriander and parsley; set aside.
Tie together remaining coriander and parsley and place in large saucepan. Add stock and bring to boil. Reduce heat to low; cover and simmer for 15 minutes.
Discard herb bundle. Add lentils; cover and simmer for 15 minutes.
Add chickpeas, tomatoes, onions, cinnamon, cumin, ginger, turmeric and pepper; cover and simmer for 30 minutes.
In food processor or blender, purée 3 cups of the soup. Return to pot and heat through. Stir in lemon juice, oil and reserved chopped herbs.
Garnish: Ladle soup into bowls. Sprinkle with cinnamon; top with lemon slices and dates.

Hibiscus and Mint Tea

Ingredients

1 teaspoon of dried hibiscus petals
2 large sprigs of mint or 1 mint tea bag
Sugar to taste (optional)

Directions

Infuse hibiscus petals and mint in 500mls of boiling water for a few minutes.
Add sugar to taste. Serve.

Pot of Togetherness

By Hidden Gardens Volunteers
Allan Hughes, Naushin Sarguroh,
Yazmin Mann & Rosie Smith with Nalini Paul

Hidden Gardens
Celebration
Dancing
Laughter
Swirling

Exploration
Welcome
Sanctuary

Integrate
Gathering of people
Freedom of sanctuary for refugees

Family – reunited
Friendship
Unity

Cultural diversity
Planting seeds (PEOPLE are the seeds)

There is a big pot involved.
My mother is commanding.
My aunties are gabbing.
Quick, stir the pot, otherwise the rice will stick.

Soothing a crying baby,
My mum did a trick.
She mixed honey and caraway potion
To relax a baby who was sick.
Reminds me of the days of having a new-born
in the house
And Mum, who is ready with all her lovely bliss.

The smoke spirals up,
But it doesn't stink
As it's not nicotine,
It's a cinnamon stick.

There is a big pot involved.
My mother is dead.
Tears brimming my eyes.
Quick, stir the pot, otherwise the rice will stick.

A perfume sweetly evocative
wafts a fragrance exotic.
Senses heightened and lightened,
seductive and entranced.

There is a big pot involved.
Emptiness has brought new connections.
Togetherness is being made.
Quick, stir the pot, otherwise the rice will stick.