



Dear Rights for Time Research Network colleagues and friends,

We are reaching out amidst a devastating time. Our partners in Gaza City are not okay. Our partners in other areas of Palestine are not okay. This deeply affects so many of us, and the events of this month have tragically produced a moment where sharing our collective work *is* crucial.

Today we stand in solidarity with all of our partners, we are reminded of the importance of our shared mission within the Rights for Time Research Network: Our commitment to addressing the broader context of crisis and trauma.

In this lengthy newsletter, we share;

- Rights for Time Network Statement, which we encourage you to circulate to your representatives and wider community.
- Updates from our partners in Palestine,
- Brief Summaries and Translation of some of the work our partners have been working on

We continue in our belief that crises cannot be viewed in isolation, and we will continue to share the work of our partners to amplify an evidence base that speak to that fact.

If any of this work might put you or your projects in danger, please reach out *immediately*.

RIGHTS FOR TIME NETWORK STATEMENT

We unreservedly call for an end to military action in the context of Israel and Palestine. Military action will only exacerbate generations of poverty, inequality, and suffering. Our evidence shows interventions with such a limited view, fail everywhere in the long term. Global policy must change to acknowledge complex trauma and uplift local voices for justice and dignity.

We are the Rights for Time network, a Global Challenges Research Fund (GCRF) project of researchers all over the world charged by the UK's Arts and Humanities Research Council (UK-AHRC) with helping redefine humanitarian protection so it can be more sustainable.

[Please click to read the full statement - Read More](#)

PALESTINE UPDATES:

Our Palestinian partners and their work emphasise the urgency of redefining our concept of 'response.'

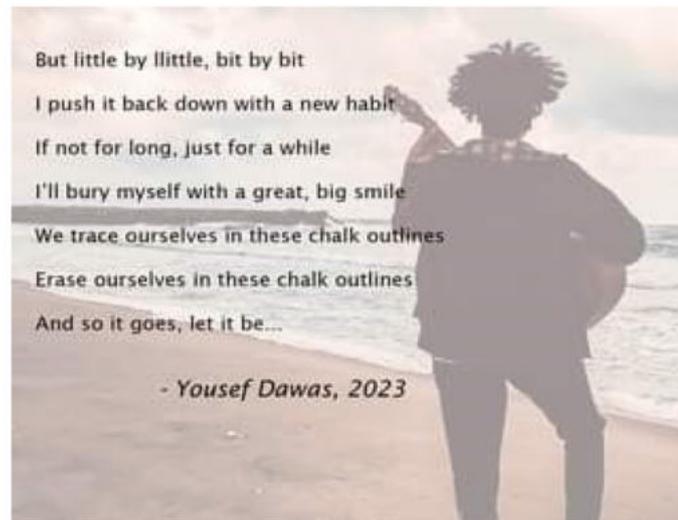
[Palestine Trauma Centre \(Palestine\)](#) in Gaza City, the [Tamer Institute](#) in Ramallah and Gaza City, and the [Palestine Writing Workshop](#) in Ramallah and Jerusalem each make visible and work to repair the experience of ongoing and protracted trauma. Below we share some of their work with you, as well as updates and statements on the current situation.

Our Partner the Tamer Institute, with centres in both Ramallah and Gaza City, has suffered heavy losses. The Centres produce children's literature and host literacy and reading programs for young Palestinians.

[Tamer Institute \(Palestine\)](#)

Our last contact with colleagues at the Tamer Institute was grim. All of the staff have been displaced from their homes, and most have moved out of Gaza City seeking shelter. One of the centre's youth literature program leaders, Yousef Dawas, was killed. Yousef was a

passionate reader and writer, who wrote often in English. In his writing he shared his deep love for life through the most challenging of circumstances. This passion also came through his work at Tamer's centre in Gaza. We share here one of the poems that Yousef wrote before his death. He composed it in English.



[Link to Yousef Dawas' Tribute](#)

In dismay earlier this week, the Tamer Institute shared the following statement:

'The only action caregivers can do is move from one place to the other in a desperate attempt to shield their children from the "Israeli Occupation" rockets. In just eight days, colleagues have moved at least four times as there are no safe spaces left. Palestinian children in Gaza are clinging to life; surviving in fear, horror, anxiety, panic and dread.

Today, we implore you, our international friends, to contact your political representatives, general assembly members, colleagues, and community neighbours demanding an immediate entry of humanitarian aid to Gaza; stopping the aggression on Gaza; and putting an end to the suppression and denial of Palestinian rights and narratives. Children have stories to tell, and youth yearn to have their voices heard and shared by you. One way to express your solidarity is to help us protect the dreams, lives, and futures of Gaza's children, as well as what remains of their homes, schools, libraries and safe spaces that turned into dust. We urge every individual to advocate for Palestinian children's rights to safe spaces, expression, knowledge and basic human rights.

We stand unwavering in our belief in the only victory that truly matters; the victory of our shared humanity, a reality that cannot be compromised. Please, be the voice they so desperately need right now'.



Where Did Home Go - R4T Website

Our Partner in Gaza City, the Palestine Trauma Centre also suffered devastating losses. At R4T, we study PTC’s innovations in mental health service. Currently, these services can’t presume a safe space for treatment, or an end to harm, as most interventions do.

[Palestine Trauma Centre \(Palestine\)](#)

Over the last ten days we have received increasingly tragic news from our partner the Palestine Trauma Centre. Last Sunday the centre’s building and treatment room were badly damaged. The following Thursday we received news that the home of the centre’s eLearning coordinator had been destroyed, though the family survived. This Sunday we learned from the centre’s Director Dr Mohamed Altawil, that his family home in central Gaza was destroyed by an airstrike, and 30 of his family members were killed. The building was also housing many of the displaced as they fled Gaza City. An estimated 100 were killed in the bombing.

We share here some of the updates of earlier last week, including early findings from the PTC research projects. We share this because we continue to believe that there is a very great deal we can learn from the work of PTC, though it remains unclear how, and when,

the program will be able to resume. On our last contact with the staff, all remained committed to rebuilding as soon as they were able.



(Photo Credit Palestine Trauma Center UK)

The Palestine Trauma Centre, team studies innovations in mental health services. Their invaluable work is a testament to the resilience of individuals and communities who endure ongoing harm in Gaza. Their dedication to developing tools for support remains unwavering, despite the challenges posed by the conflict.

A key lesson from the analysis of the Palestine Trauma Centre's work is the importance of not pathologizing individuals. In a context where harm is directed at the community as a whole, fostering better mental health community-wide is paramount. The cessation of immediate violence is not enough; it is the daily violence, targeting entire communities, that must be addressed.



Learning from Gaza - R4T Website

PTC provides mental health services to the most vulnerable in Gaza. Our work studies an adapted program, and interprets the meaning of 'success' in mental health treatments when the catastrophic events that contribute to poor mental health will inevitably continue. Part of our work supporting PTC is in the development of online tools. First made available during COVID, and later used during periods of escalated violence. On Tuesday the home of the center's Education manager was destroyed, putting development on hold. Analysis of PTC's work suggests that its success may stem from the very definition of the

problem facing PTC clients. While harm is experienced by the individual, it is directed at the community, so helping the individual means fostering better mental health community wide.

This means individuals are not pathologised. Individuals referred to the centre often have reasonable reactions to repeated and ongoing catastrophes, and the daily reality of living through them. See, for example, [one of the case histories](#) shared during the last bombardment.



The Depiction of Violence in Palestine is a Crisis of Framework

The individual is given tools to cope with the situation, including tools to listen and engage with their family and peers. Thus the wider target for repair is the community, which in fact is also—as we see this week—the target for harm.

The cessation of immediate violence is not enough. It is the daily violence, and the fact that it targets a whole community, that must be addressed.

For more on trauma in the context of ongoing harm, see: [Palestine Trauma Centre](#) - redefining treatment in contexts of violence. You can follow what is happening at the centre's headquarters in Gaza [here](#).

In the West Bank, our partner The Palestine Writing Workshop developed a work of Young Adult nonfiction via workshops for children and adults in protracted trauma. Poems and short stories depict how loss creates perception. The work is called **The moment that changed my life**

[Palestine Writing Workshop \(Palestine\)](#)

As we delve into the narratives and creations of The Palestine Writing Workshop, we invite you to reflect on how crises and traumas intersect and endure across time. The stories and poems in their collection illustrate the profound impact of living in a context of harm, where everyday life is marked by uncertainty and resilience.

In the face of this crisis, we are reminded of the need to stand together, support one another, and seek a path towards peace and justice.

As members of the Rights for Time Research Network, we share a common purpose—to address the larger framework of crisis and trauma. Let the stories and insights within this

newsletter inspire you to take action, for the catastrophes of today and tomorrow are part of a single experience of harm that must guide our way forward.



Burning Time - R4T Website

Why Do You Carry The Ladder Sideways?

Sarah Abu Madhi

Why do you carry the ladder sideways? My father would often ask me when I argued with him about something.

But I am not carrying any ladders—neither lengthwise, nor straight ahead.

“Education nowadays is worthless,” he would say hiding his frustration through a prayer for forgiveness. “I didn’t mean a literal ladder! But you argue for the sake of argument. Glory be to Allah! This generation is upside-down!”

Today is my first day at high school. It is a -30minute drive from home, but I had to cross two military checkpoints on the bypass road. Both checkpoints are yellow, similar to two ladders carried crosswise, made of concrete barriers blocking the road completely.

There has been much talk, both in public and in secret, fearfully and fearlessly about the separation wall—whether it will run

along this area and completely block the road. We don’t know whether we will be part of the city or the village, on this side or that.

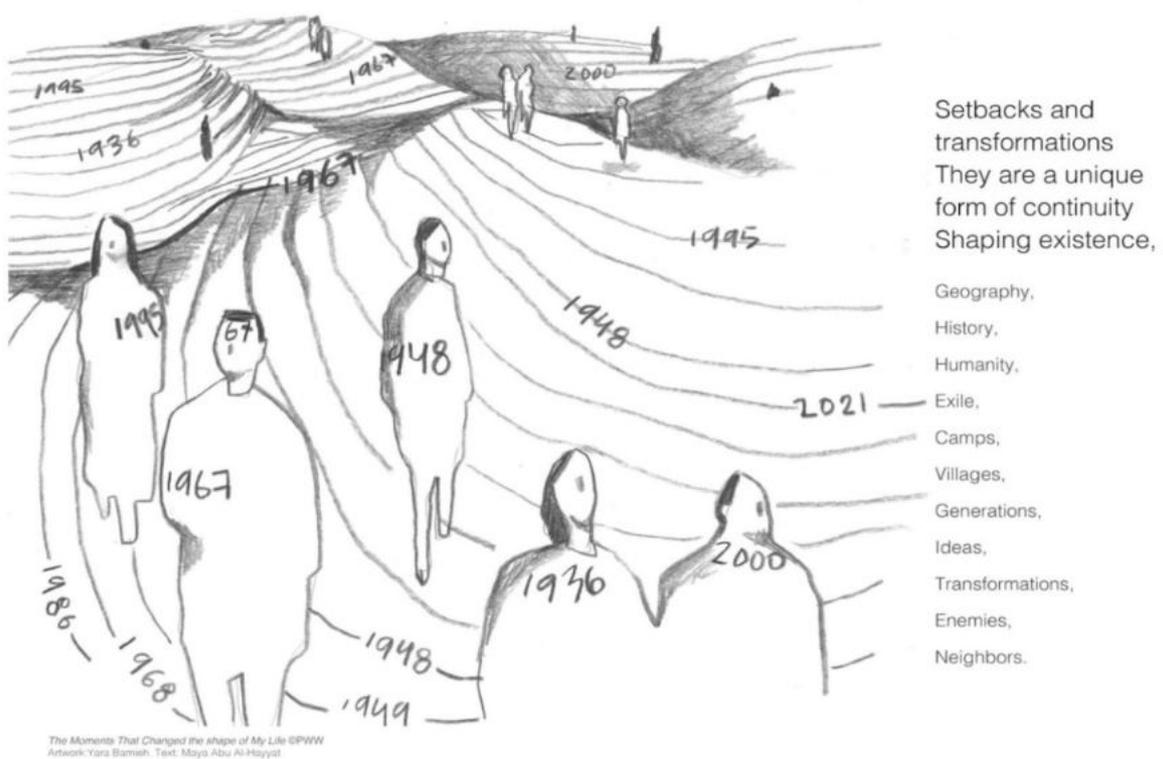
Becoming part of the village was rejected outright, because we are indigenous residents of Hebron. What can we do in the village with our lilting accent? In the end of the day, we are urban people!

The checkpoint was first installed during the Second Intifada. In Kindergarten I’d be drive in the bus up this road singing songs. When we would see a soldier, we’d raise our voices so they could hear us. We did that as a way to show them their presence was abnormal, and that everything happening was a problem that could only be solved by them leaving.

For ten years the road had been blocked with earth mounds in both directions, then the mounds were replaced with a military tower, a cylinder like the grey toilet paper roll. The checkpoint was the farthest I would ever walk on foot alone. At that checkpoint, I saw the world on the other side for the first time.

The Moments That Changed the shape of My Life ©PWW

This story helps us understand how moving in a straight line, toward any ordinary ‘goal’, can often feel like swimming upstream. How restrictions on movement, on education, force kids to move through life ‘carrying a ladder sideways’.



Poems like this one show how, in a context of ongoing harm, concepts of delimited 'crisis' are as useless as geographic demarcations in the context of Palestine. We cannot divide time into distinct crises when they exist simultaneously in the body.

Unbreakable

Dana Ash-Sheikh

Age: Just turned 9

The very very skinny girl, with soft black hair and eyes wide with surprise has been trying to find an explanation for the tight feeling around her heart. She had learnt from her father, who teaches biology, that the heart is barely the size of a fist. How could such a small fist contain this heavy, desolate feeling? What caused it? Is it the tears of her mother, who slept on the floor while organizing, in cardboard boxes, all the small items collected over the twenty years she has lived in this desert overlooking the sea?

Only a year earlier, her mother had finished refurbishing the house. The walls were freshly painted in bright colours. New sofas and new bedroom furniture was brought. The whole family had been involved in the renovation, which felt as though it realized their love in the walls of the house.

The tightness in her chest prompted the little girl to help her mother organize the twenty years very carefully. Her mother handed her a green marker and asked her to write labels on the boxes. Your handwriting is good, the mother said urging her daughter to write 'unbreakable' on the cardboard boxes.

The marker squeaked on the cardboard, the sound stayed powerfully in the little memory of the little girl. From one airport to another, from one city to another, from one house to another, for all the years to come, the word 'unbreakable' hovers in the air when she hears it, decorates her lips when she says it, and sends a kiss into the air. Then she releases a sarcastic laugh, exposing her worn and discoloured teeth.

The Moments That Changed the shape of My Life ©PWW

These stories and poems beautifully illustrate what it means to live in a context of harm. May repairing this be where we begin: This story, by 9-year-old Dana, reminds that while a political will might be unbreakable, human life remains fragile and should be handled with care.



The Moments That Changed the shape of My Life ©PWW
Artwork: Yara Bamieh

The children and adults who wrote the stories in the collection were asked to reflect on what time means, how they think about the future, and the relationship between the future and the past.

Their writings remind us that the catastrophes of this week, and those to come, are part of a single experience of harm. This must be our frame for action.

Nothing lasts forever

It's a miracle in fact
time flows in a locked place like water.
Like water that isn't water,
it seeps between the cracks.
Time outside determines time inside.
Time in the past
makes time in the future.
In places where nothing happens,
time is measured by love,
and sometimes war.

The Moments That Changed the shape of My Life ©PWW
Artwork: Yara Bamieh, Text: Maya Abu Al-Hayyat



Finally, the uncanny memory of a teen, six during the 2008/9 attacks on Gaza, being relieved by a new generation today. This is reality when we treat crisis in a vacuum.

Under the bed

Abu Bakr Abid

I was wearing my Arsenal football jersey, No.8 for Samir Nasri, the famous French Muslim player I liked so much. It was 2008, a day 200 people were killed at once, and 700 wounded. They all lived a few kilometres away from us in the Gaza Strip, which is barely 41 km long and 15 wide. Fighter jets loomed above my head. I remember going to the rooftop of my house, I could see the missiles that the jets carried. The distance between me and the jets was not very much at all, maybe two or three meters, as if face to face. I was six years old.

I could count from when I was two years old. Now I was counting fighter jet missiles set to destroy an apartment block down the road. I must have been crazy. I would go up those stairs with my own two feet. I remember the weather was cold, the rain fell amidst the occasional thunder, which it was hard in any case to differentiate from the clap of the bombs.

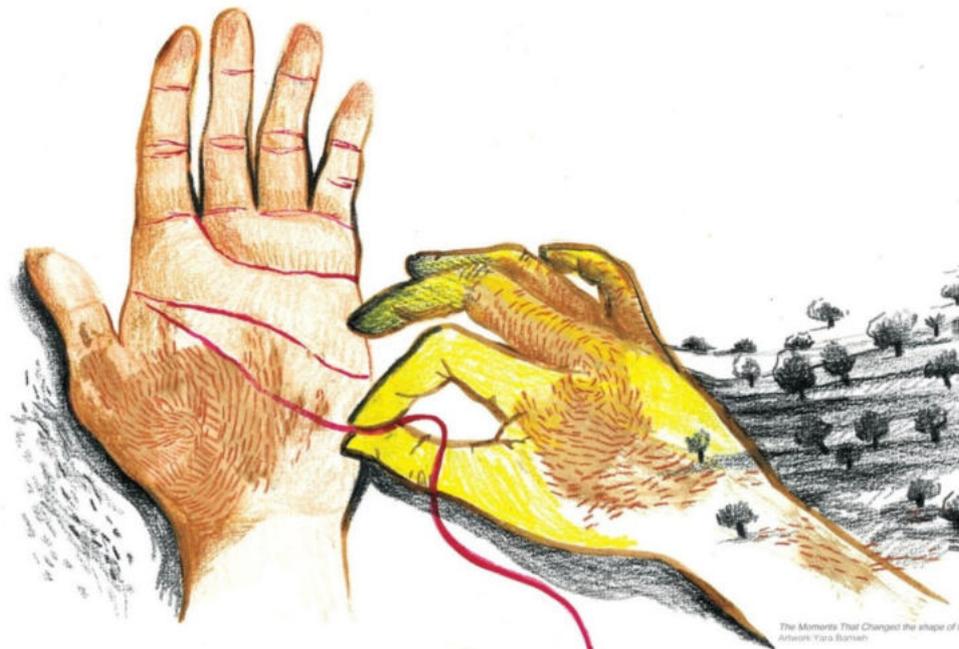
I would sleep under my bed instead of on it, fearing the roof might fall on my head. I would lay there frozen, from the cold and the sound of the shells. It felt colder than normal. Gaza is a Mediterranean city after all, and the winters are usually mild, but not that year.

I remember looking for some normalcy, something reassuring. I'd ask to go out and play with the neighbours, to run after them, or with them. Since I felt sure I would eventually die, I wanted to play before it happened.

The shelling continued all night long. I remember my ears hurt. I could feel the pain, and I couldn't tolerate the terrifying sounds any longer. I felt like the sounds and the pain they brought me were a threat to my life. My mother would check on us all the time. She was never far away—she couldn't have been as I would shout constantly for her, to console me. I remember wondering: is my life about to come to an end, before I could really live it? The school had closed before I could even finish my first semester. Fear turned to anger. I could simply not understand at all—I just wanted to be well, to not feel pain.

My father would pray. I would hear him—Oh God... Oh God... Oh God! But all I really made out was when he'd say Amen. And this was the routine. Every day. I would be under the bed, my mother would be looking for us, my father would be praying—for god, for people I'd never heard of, and then saying Amen.

The Moments That Changed the shape of My Life ©PWW



The image is compiled from a photo shared by the Palestine Trauma Center this week, and paintings from The Palestine Writing Workshop's forthcoming publication *The moment that changed my life*

[Learn More - Link to the full list of R4T research projects](#)

Thank you for being a part of the Rights for Time Research Network, and we look forward to continuing our collective efforts in the pursuit of a more compassionate and just world.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to all those who have joined us on this journey and have shown unwavering support for our mission. Together, we can continue to make strides toward a future where crisis is met with empathy, trauma is understood in its full complexity, and the protection of human life remains paramount.

As we navigate these challenging times, let us draw inspiration from the strength of individuals and communities who persist against all odds. May their stories remind us that the path to change begins with acknowledging the interconnectedness of human experiences and the enduring legacy of trauma.

In the spirit of solidarity, we stand united with our partners in Gaza and the West Bank, with the hope that peace and justice may prevail. It is through our collective commitment to inclusivity, understanding, and the pursuit of a more compassionate world that we can contribute to healing the deep wounds that persist in conflict-ridden regions.

We must continue to amplify the voices of those who endure ongoing violence and strive to make visible the invisible wounds that conventional frameworks often overlook. The images, narratives, and analyses presented in this newsletter underscore the imperative to reframe our responses and reactions in the face of crisis.

As members of the Rights for Time Research Network, we are bound by our dedication to understanding the broader context of crisis and trauma. It is our duty to respond not in isolation but with a comprehensive understanding of the cumulative harms that afflict individuals and communities.

In the closing this newsletter, we find ourselves at a juncture where empathy, resilience, and a commitment to change converge. The collective suffering and resilience of those facing crisis in Gaza have provided us with a sombre yet poignant reminder of the urgent need to re-evaluate our responses to ongoing trauma. The stories and insights shared by our Palestinian partners, the Palestine Trauma Centre and The Palestine Writing Workshop, challenge us to embrace a more compassionate and holistic approach. 🌍🕒

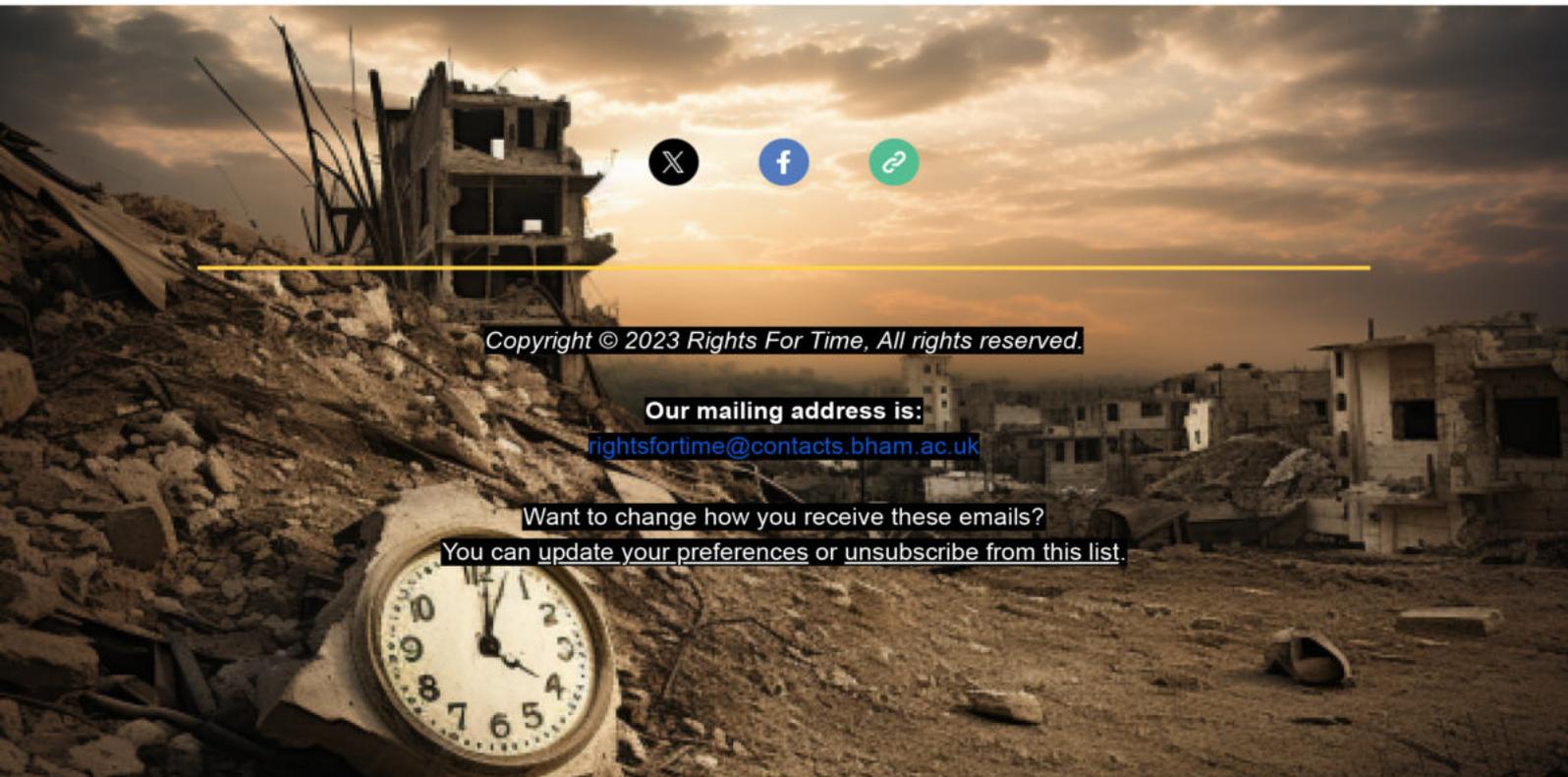
With hope and determination,
The Rights for Time Team



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