

RIGHT TO FOOD ZINE

Winter 2021
Issue 28

Winter Speaks

Hives for Humanity:

Listening Deeply

Sumas Lake

free



Downtown Eastside Neighbourhood House
573 East Hastings St. Vancouver, BC V6A 1P9
Unceded Coast Salish Land & Waters

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Community Engagement

Art by Mildred Grace German

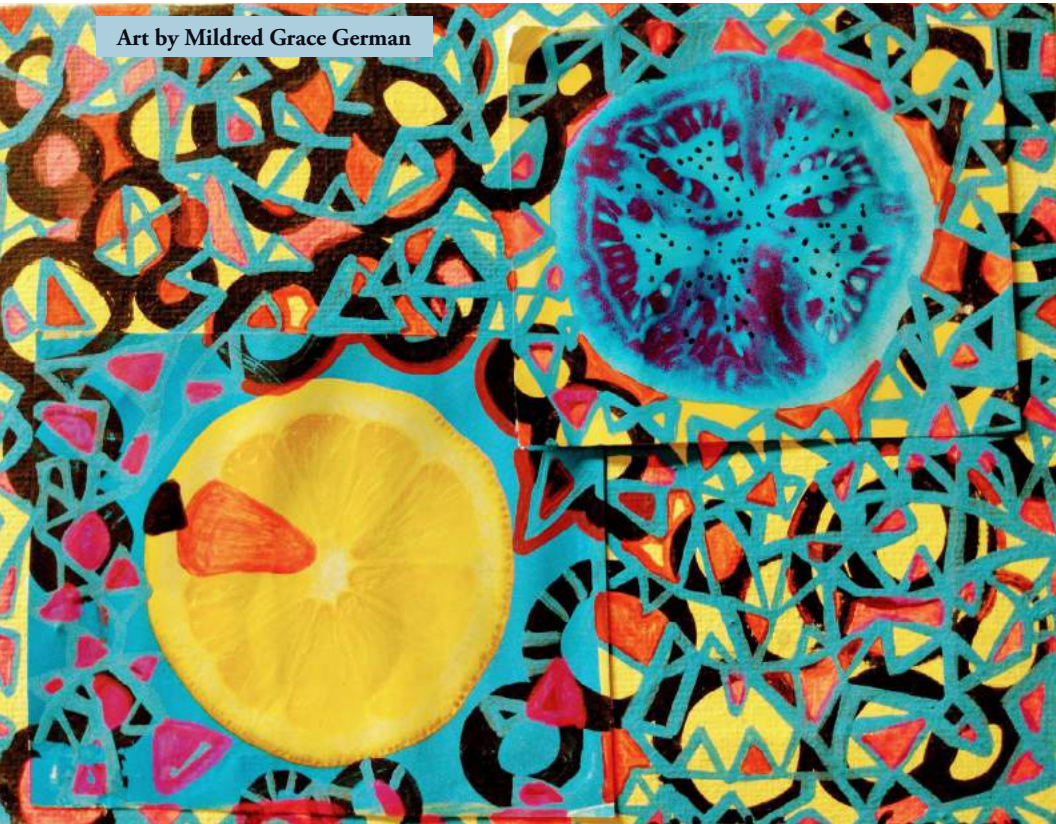


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The logo for 'Right to Food Zine' is displayed on a black background. The word 'RIGHT' is at the top in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. Below it, the word 'TO' is centered within a white horizontal rectangle. Underneath that, the word 'FOOD' is written in large, white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. At the bottom, the word 'ZINE' is written in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters, with each letter separated by a small gap. A white horizontal line is positioned below the word 'ZINE'.

Right to Food Zine's mission is to promote the human right to food that is healthy, nutritious, affordable, and presented with dignity.

Our voices reflect the diversity that is the Downtown Eastside. Our articles, research, and recipes speak to the DTES residents, social justice groups, and beyond. We inform our readers, while fostering the desire to know more and to become more engaged. As part of the DTES community, we strive to be a tool for community-building.

Ada'itsx (Fairy Creek) blockade:

A Food Activist's Reflections
October 2021

By *Ian Marcuse*

My name is Ian Marcuse. I have written this as a cis male, born and living on the unceded lands of the sk̓w̓x̓w̓ú7mesh, səl'íl̓w̓ətaʔt̓, and x̓ʷm̓əθk̓ʷəy̓əm Indigenous Nations. I am a second-generation settler of Jewish, English and Scottish heritage.

I first visited the Ada'itsx (Fairy Creek) blockade, territory of the Pacheedaht and Ditidaht First Nations in early August then again in Sept for a total of about 5 weeks.

What I witnessed at these blockades was profound and deeply inspiring. Having been very involved in the Walbran and Clayoquot blockades in the early 90s to stop clearcut logging of old growth, I was not unfamiliar with the issues. In some ways, little has changed since then as subsequent governments continue to log the remaining old growth forests through corporate controlled tree farm licenses. **However, the reality today, despite government data that does more to obfuscate the true numbers, is that we are now down to the last 3% of highly valuable valley bottom old growth forests – home of the majestic giants. Today's blockades are truly the last stand.**

My first role at the Ada'itsx old growth logging blockades was the building of a food garden. My camp name thus became known as Gardener (everyone has a camp name for safety and fun), which is apt as my work the past 14 years has been in the field



Photo by Donna Clark - Nass is Hesquiaht, Nuuhchalnuth and chef extraordinaire at Ada'itsx Headquarters Camp kitchen.

of food security, previously working with the Grandview Woodland Food Connection in East Vancouver and current coordinator of the Vancouver Neighbourhood Food Networks.

I note this garden building at Ada'itsx for one very important reason. At the request of Indigenous matriarchs to build food security gardens at the blockade camps, these gardens represent and support health and wellbeing. Maintaining our physical and mental health in the face of extreme conditions both natural (i.e. heat, cold and rain) and in the face of intense police enforcement and violence is paramount to our need as land defenders to stay strong and healthy in the long struggle to protect the last remaining old growth forests in so

called BC. In the garden we planted kale and tomatoes, sage and tobacco, beans and corn and various medicinal herbs. One garden (there were several) was called the Sacred Garden.

Land back struggles such as Ada'itsx (Fairy Creek) led by Indigenous land defenders are intricately connected to Indigenous food sovereignty.

Food connects us to the land and in particular, access to healthy, thriving ecosystems for Indigenous fishing, hunting, gathering where traditional foods can be accessed is tantamount to Indigenous cultural survival.

Protecting Old Growth forests helps support food security. Check out the work of Dawn Morrison and the Indigenous Food Sovereignty Network's efforts in this area (<https://www.indigenousfoodsystems.org>).

Food donations were abundant at Ada'itsx with hikers daily "turtling" food to the various blockade camps up the mountains. Each camp had well equipped kitchens with cook volunteers preparing healthy food for the many land defenders. Naas, of the Hesquiat Nation in Nuu Chah Nulth territory is one of the amazing cooks dedicating themselves to preparing healthy foods. In a video interview by Donna Clark, Naas spoke of the importance of feeding people well, including food for people with various nutritional needs "I am here to be an Indigenous voice and to bring some communication and balance between the Indigenous folks and some of the other people out here...Practicing food sovereignty is also important here and I also work up at the garden space focusing on traditional foods and medicines...If people are not getting enough food and sleep then they are not functioning as well as they can and we want people to know they can come out and stay out for long periods of time... We want to sustain them and also encourage

new people to come out and know that their needs will be taken care of". More than anything, I was moved by the very strong sense of community and care that permeated the camps.

This community care is critical since these new logging blockades are far more intense than anything I witnessed in the 90s and understandably so when layered over the emergent climate crisis and present Indigenous struggle. **This current reality has seriously raised the stakes and protection of the last remaining old growth watersheds has land defenders resorting to ever more "hard" tactics to physically stop industry and their chainsaws.**

These new tactics, including a large variety of creative and highly skilled to build "hardblocks" designed to take the police hours, even days to extract locked in land defenders who are blocking logging roads and industry access are spectacular to behold and express a determination and ingenuity to land protection that is rarely witnessed in most forms of civil disobedience. While a court injunction to prevent blocking of Ada'itsx Creek logging roads has been in place since May, over 1000 people have now been arrested and until very recently, these blockades have stopped any cutting of old growth by industry. (Logging finally commenced on Sept 15th after increased police enforcement enabled industry access). In one action that I participated, 70 of us gathered in the early morning hours linking arms and legs tightly into a single morphed "blob" and sat across the road as a human blockade. Wearing face masks and goggles in the event of possible pepper spray (used by the police in an earlier action), we sat huddled in rather uncomfortable positions for hours until the police came and began their methodical extraction one defender at a time. Our linked arms and legs were met with aggressive force as waves of four

very strong police would move in and rip us apart with a force that most often hurt and injured, dragging away defenders one at a time. With each extraction, we tightened our grip, holding on to each other for dear life as we sang songs about protecting the forests to lift our spirits. As defenders were dragged away, everyone cheered and shouted “we love you”.

We held off industry for the day with all 70 defenders arrested for contempt of court. A minor win with a significant cost. Logging was imminent, we were feeling desperate but resolute perhaps. I kept thinking that history will prove us on the right side someday.

The RCMP have been enforcing this injunction often through needless aggression, bullying and violence. There are plenty of accounts of such behavior and I witnessed enough of this violence, having spent time on the “frontlines” and arrested 5 times, though 3 of those arrests were catch and releases, and would never hold up in court. The frontlines continually shift as police push through hard and soft blocks, while at night, the land defenders work tirelessly till dawn to reclaim lost road in a

constant shifting tension of cat and mouse. On one side of the yellow tape demarcating the front line, mostly young land defenders maintain a stance of nonviolence while on the other side, often several dozen burley and very tough RCMP including the so-called “greenmen” or tactical RCMP who are more akin to military men stand ready to enforce. They all look like bodybuilders. But despite this highly militarized space and violence, what I witnessed from the land defenders was nothing short of breathtaking. A common chant when enforcement and arrests were being made was “Who keeps us safe...we keep us safe” a chant reaffirming the solidarity we have for each other.... Time and time again I witnessed countless land defenders getting injured, breaking down in tears, being bullied but through it all, everyone was cared for in a way that made me feel such pride for the movement. At these times, I felt an overwhelming awareness that this love for one another, for the land and the trees and all life and even toward the police at times would win us this fight in the end.

Land defenders in the “blob”, September 9, 2021. Photo: Mariko Margetson



The ultimate form of resistance in my mind however is our growing acknowledgment and understanding, particularly through the leadership and guidance in this movement of Indigenous land defenders and elders of the centrality of decolonization, sovereignty and landback (redress).

Protection of old growth is key to cultural survival for the Pacheedaht and Ditidaht Nations where such forests are critical in the sustenance of all life. The strong presence of Indigenous in this struggle affirms Indigenous rights to this land, as has been bolstered by such “landmark decisions” as the Tsilhqot’in Nation vs BC affirming that Nation’s rights and title to a large area of traditional territory. It is impossible to separate out land protection with the fact that this is unceded Indigenous land and is an important evolution in the environmental movement as ally settlers learn about Indigenous sovereignty issues.

In a talk that Pacheedaht elder Bill Jones shared with a large group of land defenders on July 22

“We have all been led away from our natural selves...now is the world economy that is getting close to the end game of material extraction from our great mother. And we are certainly getting close to the end of the old growth here in the Pacheedaht First Nation territory. Our history has not been documented as accurately as perhaps it could have been because of the traditions in the universities which were essentially colonialist studies. I think that is now changing and everyone is now starting to actually look at the truth of what has happened. I think this is the case with a lot of people in this world and in particular at my First Nations village where we were led away from our traditions and cultures and we can all put up a big stink about it all but I think my putting up a big stink time is over, and like a crying baby in my

great mother’s arms, I had that primal scream and now is time for me to look and listen and do and follow and re-create what we are. I think this is the most important thing in this world...to entice this world to be sensitive to our great mother as you are. And that is my big prayer, especially for our village that we re-sensitize ourselves to the beauty and providence of our surroundings”.

I will be returning to Ada’itsx (Fairy Creek) very soon. The power of community building, of non-violent resistance, and of working in allyship with Indigenous land defenders is where I want to be right now. I believe that this struggle is part of an important historical moment which will further define our resolve or not to overcome violent systems of oppression and ecocide. Standing on the front lines with so many determined and passionate land defenders as I have in Ada’itsx Fairy Creek who have held off industry for the good part of a year has been an honor and privilege and the medicine I very much need right now moving forward into a very uncertain future.

Postscript:

Since writing this article, on Sept 28th the courts ruled that the Fairy Creek injunction would expire...good news to land defenders who now legally blockade without police enforcement. Justice Douglas Thompson handed down his reasons for judgment including “*methods of enforcement of the court’s order have led to serious and substantial infringement of civil liberties, including impairment of the freedom of the press to a marked degree,*” he said.

Listening Deeply

Building Understanding, Seeking Collaborations, and Setting Goals alongside the Hastings Folk Garden (117 East Hastings)

By Hives for Humanity

Access to nature is limited in the DTES of Vancouver. Existing spaces have been closed off as poverty is criminalized and our housing and drug policy crises worsen. The pressure of development looms tall as we look to the future of our central garden space on the 100 block of East Hastings Street—the Hastings Folk Garden (HFG).

We believe that if we resist the development of this thriving and diverse green healing space, then we might continue to support connection of people to care and healing, because the land is medicine, and this garden is love in action.

HFG is a mature community garden that is cared for daily by members and residents

of the DTES Community, it has provided space for access to nature and connection to the community through this pandemic, and heat waves. Through all of this, HFG is thriving: It is home to a traditional sweat lodge, a therapeutic apiary, a medicinal pollinator garden, trees, hummingbirds, a red-tailed hawk and many native bees.

We believe this garden is of direct benefit to the residents of the DTES, and in alignment with City of Vancouver and Vancouver Board of Parks and Recreation priorities around inclusion, dignity, access, health and safety.

History of the Hastings Folk Garden garden space, as we know it:

- Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil-Waututh Shared Lands since Time out of Mind – unceded lands known by the Squamish as K'emk'em'elay, the Place Where the Maples Grow. A thriving wetland, a meeting place of many nations. We are seeking to learn more of this place from time immemorial, listening to the host nations who share story and protocol of the land, water, mountains, skies, beings and peoples of this place.
- Hastings Folk Garden created by community in partnership with PHS Community Services Society (then “Portland Hotel Society”) in approx. 2007 through informal agreement with current property owners: Concord Pacific.
- Sweat Lodge established 2007 by Beverly Lightfoot through Native Health Society (now Aboriginal Health Society).
- Honey Bee Hives brought in June 2012 via PHS Lifeskills Centre (later “PHS Drug Users Resource Centre”) and Hives for Humanity founded in September 2012.
- Red Tailed Hawk first noticed – spring 2021.



Current Questions we are asking at the Hastings Folk Garden:

- How might we resist the development of Hastings Folk Garden and keep the space deepening and growing as a community led garden and care space, a space of inclusion, dignity and connection to nature, a space of shared healing and grounded hope?
- How might Community Land Trust be a model which serves this community and garden, moving the garden off market, and learning from existing community engaged governance practices at Hives for Humanity Society and elsewhere in the DTES and beyond?
- What does HFG mean to the DTES Community, and how might we support and serve not only this garden, but other gardens, peoples and beings who also face this instability of access to land in the city?

Current Projects at Hastings Folk Garden:

- Therapeutic Apiary and Pollinator Garden, Grow Your Own Medicine ... Wednesdays 12-2pm (spring and summer season) with garden opened 11-2pm daily by volunteers ... do you want to volunteer? Do you want to use the garden space for an event, memorial, meeting or project? Email info@hivesforhumanity.com or connect through RTFZine and DTES Neighbourhood House.
- Garden of Care ... a ZINE project in the making ... read more on following pages:

Thank you,
Hives for Humanity

Art by Shelby Masters





Sarah (she, they)
Executive Director, Co-Founder

Sarah is a community support worker and beekeeper; she is passionate about fostering vibrant, healthy community through empowerment and education. She believes in the profound impact of connecting individuals and communities to their land, their food and their spirit. She is of Irish Settler descent, a guest on these shared and unceded lands, much like the honey bee.



Phin (he, they)

Phin grew up as a settler (Scottish / Irish / Lebanese / German ancestry) on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the Katzie and Kwantlen First Nations, where they went on countless suburban nature walks. phin loves to write, collage, and read oracle cards with friends. They spent their early adult life loving the indoors, disconnected from the land and non-human beings. phin is thankful for getting to participate in EYA's Roots & Shoots internship, where they reconnected with nature and learned about the land they are on. Reconnecting with nature has been transformative for phin and has become an antidote for their mood--they recommend spending time with plants to everyone. phin is excited about land restoration and look forward to learning more from the land & plants while they work on building reciprocal relationships.

Garden of Care

ZINE Project Preview

Garden of Care is a project of Hives for Humanity's Community Engagement Committee (CEC). It is a zine in the making that offers the opportunity to reflect on your experiences of care within gardens in the Downtown Eastside and beyond.

The hope for our zine (small, DIY, and interactive booklet) is that we demonstrate, through story, words, art, and invitation, the community care that takes place in one of our gardens, the Hastings Folk Garden. Where do we notice care: between human and human, land and human, human and plant, etc.

The reflection activities have grown from these practices of noticing as well as practices of listening to stories in and from the garden (and beyond) and sharing our own stories in and from the garden. We are aiming to launch Garden of Care, Edition 1 in Spring 2022.

We are thankful to the land for offering us care through medicine: of rest, joy, grounding, and relationships. In a practice of reciprocity, we offer time, water, seeds, and respect back to the land here at the Hastings Folk Garden, 117 E Hastings.

An Invitation to Reflect:

*How do I care for others?
How do others care for me?*



*Mullein by artist Maria José Velazquez
Instagram: @thick.liness*

If you would like to connect more, visit us in the Carnegie Centre's Theatre 1-3 pm Tuesdays in the Fall / Winter or in the Spring / Summer at the Hastings Folk Garden, 117 East Hastings between 12-2 on Wednesdays (except ministry cheque week). All are welcome.

You can also learn more at our website:

hivesforhumanity.com

Visit our socials on Instagram/Facebook/

Twitter: hives4humanity

Sumas Lake

By *Ronnie Grigg*

ED of the Zero Block Society

These photos were taken from a friend's home in Abbotsford. The photos are of what has been known temporarily as the Sumas prairie. The first photo was taken Monday morning, November 15, after the impacts of a rainy weekend. The second photo was taken a day later, when the Nooksack River in Washington state overflowed. That same night, November 16, the pumps that manage the drainage of this area escaped failure by a massive local volunteer response that was able to sandbag the area around the Barrowtown pump station; failure of these pumps would cause the Fraser River to also flood into this area. There was approximately 8 feet of water in the deepest parts of this prairie- the Fraser River flowing into this area would increase water levels potentially an additional 10 feet. As of this writing, the sandbags have held, the river hasn't risen, but there is significant rain in the forecast

The Sumas prairie was the Sumas Lake until 100 years ago. The lake was drained and sold to settlers for a mere \$60- \$120 per acre (source:

Wikipedia). It is the traditional ancestral & unceded territory of the Sto:lo Nation; prior to it being drained the lake provided the entire life context of the Sumas, who are members of the Sto:lo nation. **There was No consultation, No consent & No compensation.** Never have the Sumas people been given any shares of the agricultural profits that have accrued over the past 100 years. Recently the Sto:lo nation has initiated the lengthy legal process of making "official" land claims to this area. **This land was never given up, surrendered or lost in war, which is the meaning of unceded.** And here it becomes a lake again, maybe only for this week, but it has revealed its story for us to witness.

Half of BC's egg, poultry and dairy is produced in the Fraser Valley, much of it in this very prairie. It is estimated that as many as 40 thousand cows and hundreds of thousands of chickens will be abandoned in this area. Much of the livestock that has been saved is in distress and may be euthanized. Families have lost everything. Vancouver is cut off from the rest of the country by road and rail. This is devastation. Capitalism, Colonization & Climate change - our house of cards has crumbled.



Photo by Ronnie Grigg



Art by Shelby Masters

Winter Speaks

By Anushka Nagji

Each season has a special meaning and significance for us and for all of our relatives in this world. The cyclical repetition of Spring to Winter and back to Spring again brings a sense of comfort and consistency within the perpetual change and renewal of life. Winter is an especially important season and despite its association with difficult weather, lack of sunshine and bare landscapes, the season



Photo by Anushka Nagji

returns again and again with much magic and medicine for us if we are willing to see it.

As our lives become increasingly saturated with electric light and screens while underpaid labor or school claims greater portions of our day and energy, we become more and more disconnected from the natural reality of the world around us. We don't see the stars at night because of light pollution. The lack of trees and other vegetation in the city hides the first signs of spring, the blooms of summer and the colours of fall from us. Concrete

interferes in seasonal temperature fluctuations. Seasonal celebrations become monetized holidays celebrating capitalism and economic enslavement while offering little connection to the world we live in.

As we become more disconnected from the world around us, the lands and waters that sustain us, we become more disconnected with our own natural bodies and what sustains them, physically, emotionally and spiritually.

Illnesses of the body, mind and spirit become more common and healing becomes less accessible as our disconnections and all of their harmful impacts becomes normalized and monetized.

Winter has always been a time of rest and regeneration for all living beings.

A blanket of snow covers the land and smaller bodies of water, absorbing sound and creating a magical stillness. The cool darkness encourages sleep, intentional movement and the seeking out of the warmth of sharing food and stories. In many Indigenous cultures, there are many significant stories and natural laws attached to them, that can only be told in this season. In Ayurvedic medicine, certain seasonal foods are consumed exclusively in the winter time for their heating and healing effects.

What we eat in the winter time can help us reconnect with the seasons outside and inside of us.

Eating a locally seasonal diet creates less carbon and emissions load on globalized economies and encourages good health and comfort in the coldest months of the year.

Think about what vegetables ripen at the end of the growing season and what herbs, spices or foods create warmth within us. Winter

foods like eggs, squash, potatoes, beans, lentils, carrots, beets, cooked apples, eggplant, brussel sprouts, ginger and garlic are a good place to start, the warm colours, reds, oranges and yellows are a good indicator of warming foods. Spices like cumin, coriander, cinnamon, cardamom, nutmeg, turmeric, black pepper, oregano, cloves, paprika and cayenne are great additions to warming meals or in teas and tinctures for boosting the immune system and promoting good health throughout the season.

Winter is a natural time for us to observe and connect with the life and death cycles and ever-changing nature of our existence here. To go inward and care for our spiritual selves, to consciously set good intentions for the new year in spring, to indulge our needs for warmth, medicine and rest. What is seemingly dead or still inside of us or outside of us is gathering energy and strength for Spring. It is

our inherent right and responsibility as living beings to be alive and connected with the living world.

All those who would seek to interfere with seasonal rights, rituals and responsibilities in order to keep us in a false reality of fear, death and dying for their own gain are committing grave acts against nature and should be regarded as such.

Take time this winter to love the darkness and the stillness inside and outside, take time to accept change and sharpen your senses, to eat well and share stories, memories and medicines.

Winter is a beautiful season.

Hunger

by Kim Goldberg

All day roaming the Char in search of food, a deep root
divined with shank of rebar, this titan beetle
wedged between bricks of a roofless school, pencils
and other combustibles long removed by stripping blaze

All night awake in my slingbed spanning two
rampikes, a lesser sum of fangs to contend with up here
my mind stringing loose narratives from the opacity
of scuttles and grunts in the crunch below

This wonderment of imperfect couplings:
air/cough, wind/wing, blackened stump/viral attack
crepuscular wails of sludge-skimmers stitching
my blood-dimmed brain. The hunger

of a thousand whistling cranes
who have lost their song. The questions begged.

Where Do Tough Cookies Go?

excerpts, The Culture of Death, sci-fi

by Mildred Grace German



Art by Mildred Grace German

Morning has broken and the snow is falling. Fresh snow everywhere is greeted by the touch of the rays of the morning sunshine. The city is covered in white. There is snow on every major road and every alley.

Many alleys have become outside galleries. Their spray-painted walls seem infinite with the colors of the painted walls being more vivid in the white background of the snow falling. These alleys have mesmerizing artworks from large-scale murals and digital art.

Sitting down on a milk crate in a back alley is Makaila, a young female kitchen staff. She is wearing a long white apron that covers her black chef pants. Her oversized fluffy white winter coat covers her body. She has a black toque covering her head. As she sits on the milk crate, she taps her black Dr. Martens boots on the ground and hums a beat.

Makaila is a robot citizen. With her machine strength, she is very capable of multi-tasking and performing many workplace demands. With resemblance to the human body and features, she can blend well in the city. When it comes to merits, Makaila is top of her batch. She holds numerous certifications in culinary arts, patisserie arts, butchery, wine, agriculture, food technology, and nutrition. She is very knowledgeable about her kitchen profession.

At the moment, she is working in a homeless shelter, with a gated back access to the alley. By its steel gate there is a yellow milk crate where Makaila sits alone. She is the only one there. There is nobody else outside on the street. It is solemn and dream-like with the falling snow.

Suddenly the alley is filled with the noise of a truck machine. A delivery truck slowly passes through the narrow alley. It is a big truck, black and silver in color with big wheels that leave tire tracks on the fresh fallen snowy backstreet.

Makaila remains seated as the delivery truck driver navigates where to park. Then a loud screech is heard as the truck driver stops his truck engine. The delivery truck driver comes out of his seat. He is a tall and handsome man with a brown bomber jacket and a black toque. He is wearing a pair of black steel-toe leather boots, a bright orange V-shaped vest, and a pair of metallic cargo pants. He puts on his pair of brown leather work gloves.

He greets Makaila, "How's it going?"

"Good," Makaila answers. "And yourself?"

The truck driver misses to hear Makaila's answer. He immediately walks to the back of the truck, pulls out his trolley, and

opens the door with the deliveries. His name is Patrick, a middle-aged man. He is in-charge of the deliveries of the donated bread and pastries. He picks them up twice a week from different corners of the city and delivers them out to many food banks, shelters, and impoverished areas.

Patrick starts the unloading of the garbage bags filled with mixed bread and pastries donated by several grocery stores and coffee shops. Meanwhile, Makaila walks towards the back of the delivery truck to check on the deliveries. There are plenty of garbage bags this time.

“Today is double the loads than usual,” says Patrick. “It is the holiday season after Halloween. All the candies and the sugary sweets, they all pile up! Who made all these holidays so we eat more sugar?”

The snow keeps falling. Makaila and Patrick keep filling the trolley with the bags of bread and pastries. They are all mixed-up baked products. From muffins, croissants, baguettes, loaves, tarts, cake slices, pies and other baked products- they are all mixed and unsorted inside the garbage bags.

“I tried some of them. But what do we expect? They are day-olds and mostly crumbled,” Patrick expresses, as he unloads another garbage-bag sized bag of bread and pastries. Bread and pastry donations come by the dozens and these products are past expiry dates, or stale.

“They’re edible,” says Patrick, “But who would want to buy them past date? Everyone wants their bread and pastries fresh and aesthetically immaculate for the amount of money they pay. These products are meant to boost up and flaunt social status.”

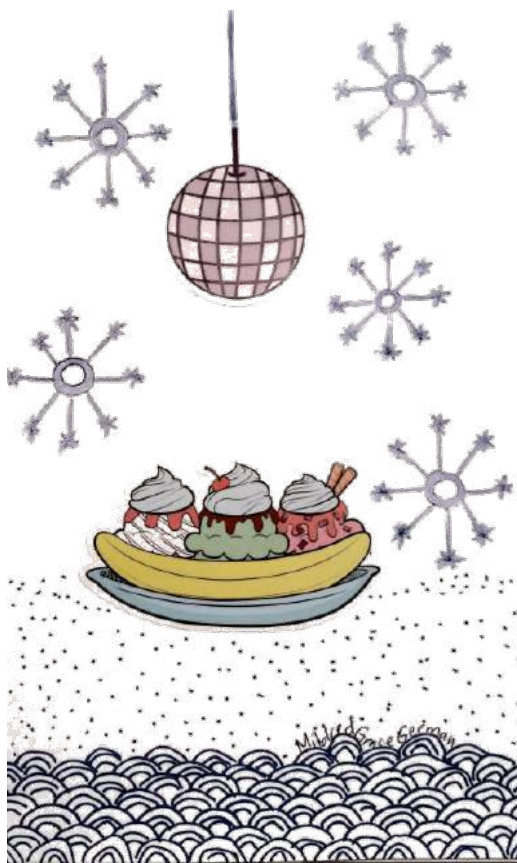
“Such a shame to throw them away,” Makaila responds, referring to the mountain-size donations, “With all these

sugar, flour, nuts, milk, and eggs- all fine ingredients! Most of these ingredients are hard to find these days.”

Patrick, thinking of the reality of the situation, blurts, “The baker needs to bake. Because to keep baking is to earn! Mind-boggling, there are plenty of bakers baking right now. Meanwhile, the excess products are meant for garbage.”

“The baker needs to keep baking despite overproduction. How ironic!” Makaila says, as she opens a garbage bag of donated baguettes. But why cannot these be given away while they are at their best quality? Such a waste of goodness...”

Art by Mildred Grace German



Nature's Candy

By Shannon Hecker

I am ever grateful to reside in the land of plenty, a small town called Lillooet, right in the heart of unceded St'at'imc territory. There is an overabundance of fruit trees in and around the town of Lillooet which means if one is willing to do the harvesting, you have access to more free food than one could shake a stick at.

A local initiative that I am grateful for and proud to be a part of is Lillooet's Gleaning for Life Group. I volunteer to help coordinate folks who want to help pick and harvest excess food and connect them with folks who need help harvesting their fruit trees.

The group started out as an initiative to prevent bears from harm as a result of too many interactions with humans. Ideally folks will contact us ahead of time so we can harvest the fruit when it is the best time for picking and redistribution. However, we also coordinate to pick windfall and redistribute to folks to feed their livestock.

The gleaning is not limited to fruit, any extra foods growing in gardens can be shared and redistributed. If you are interested in volunteering in 2022 please

visit our facebook page at Lillooets' - [Gleaning for Life Group | Facebook](#) or contact me via rtfzine@gmail.com.

We ask that volunteers come prepared to take as much as they need and pick extra to donate to local elders/seniors and folks with mobility issues who can not pick for themselves. Get on our volunteer list now so that when the time comes we are organized & prepared to act quickly, because as we all know, the fruit won't wait!

With all this abundance, food preservation is critical. There's a variety of ways to preserve fresh fruit, freezing, canning, jamming or drying are all efficient ways to put away food to eat over the winter months. One of my all time favourite snacks is dried fruit. Since I've moved to Lillooet, I have taken my love for dehydrated deliciousness to another level by drying my own at home. There are several varieties of dehydrators that range in price from \$50-\$500 or more. I bought a decent dehydrator which retailed for about \$75 with tax. It works very well, but I do hope to invest in a larger, better quality one in the future as I intend to keep increasing the amount of food I dry.

However you don't necessarily even need a dehydrator to preserve food. A



conventional oven can be used the same way, I recommend using parchment paper on your trays so that things do not stick to the pan. If the weather is good, sunny and dry, you can also dry fruit, vegetables on a mesh screen. For herbs and teas, you can dry in a dehydrator or on a mesh screen in a cool dry place.

Dried fruit is the perfect travel snack as it has a fairly long shelf life & takes up minimal space. I always keep a travel bag of mixed dried fruits I have harvested. It also makes a great gift. Don't get me wrong, nothing like

frozen fruit, apple sauce or canned peaches, but when you dry fruit it becomes so sweet, it tastes just like candy.

Drying vegetables is also a good way to put your extra harvest away for winter use. Things like kale can be dried on a screen without any heat and crumbled or ground into a powder to be added to soups, stews, stir fry or smoothies.

Although I do most of my food preservation during the summer months and fall season, it can be done year round. So, if you find some things on sale or at the back of your fridge and don't have time to cook it & eat it, just save it!

You Are What You Eat

By Mary Rose Lim

They say you are what you eat.
I find this statement to be true.
When you eat healthy you become healthy.
If you don't eat healthy.
You will not be healthy.

Our bodies respond to what we put in so we are what we eat.

You are what you eat.
That's what they say
But oh my Food..
My food is not healthy
For healthy food are expensive and we are not given any rights to have.

You are what you eat
We want to be healthy but we can't.
Can't afford. No rights to have how will we be now?

This pandemic made me worried for I know I am not healthy.
I am not healthy because of lock of healthy food .

You are what you eat.
I need healthy food
You need healthy food
So if I have some
I will also give you some
For we all need to be healthy.
Specially because of this pandemic

Art as a Form of Hope

By Mildred Grace German



In critical times, art serves its purpose. Art, as a form of hope, is reflected in the songs of birds chirping, the sunrise, the sunset, and the changing colors of the leaves. There are many things around us and beyond that remind us of the wonders and chaos of life through art.

Art has been here since time immemorial. The Creator must be an artist! The Creator's glory is reflected in the stars, the galaxies, the mountains, the oceans, and more creations visible and invisible to the naked eye. Taking to heart an Art practice (or multiple) is one of the most wonderful feelings in this universe. With the many stories, musings, facts, figures, hues, and endless visions and theories of life and afterlife, art not only inspires and moves mountains and planets, but also heals and makes amends amidst the contradictions and confusions.

Artists are frontliners. The many deep emotions and many untangled thoughts they face, many sleepless nights, and grinding loneliness are some of the expressions that may come naturally as an artist. To feel the suffering of humanity and be able to communicate emotions to the universe takes effort, willpower and courage.

Many artists have faced criticism (even persecuted) not only by being true to their art and social realities, but also to spread kindness, love, and visions of a better world. Many artists also have perished unjustly due to extra judicial killings when art creations come crucial, controversial, or timely. The power of the pen, brush, pencil, and paper are then measured on how artists utilize these tools.

Therefore, Art is also a high form of freedom—that there are those who use their freewill for doing good deeds, that in spreading kindness and love, there is always hope.



Art by Mildred Grace German

The Joy Choi

by *Diane Huang*

In the summers we grew Joy Choi,
 A monstrous white stalked vegetable
 Hated by many, beloved by few
 Chinese aunties would exclaim “its too big”
 While white customers didn’t bother
 And like the parallel food systems we once made
 You forced us again to be

Dismayed

Disappointed

And

Disproving

At the ways we are cut out
 In gentrified dreams of revival
 “New” solutions of urban farming
 When we once planted the seeds of the original
 You stole it again.

About this poem:

In the summer I worked for an urban farming non-profit organization named Fresh Roots. For markets, they would grow and sell a variation of the bok choy/boc choy/Chinese cabbage that often grew too fast and too large for it to be sold at a culturally acceptable size. Many Asian customers, including myself, have voiced our concerns around the size of the vegetable, but were brushed off. This experience is reminiscent of the ways Chinese people, food and heritage are often taken and appropriated for another audience, often white.

This poem is not intended to critique Fresh Roots, but rather shine light on the ways that the Chinese have been isolated from the food system. It is also intended to bring conversations around Chinatown, gentrification, and modern cuisine that often, like the Joy Choi, are catered to white sensibilities. In order, to preserve and save these spaces and foods, we cannot find palatable solutions, we must enact radical justice grounded in Black and Indigenous activism. Anything else only further marginalizes the peoples it intended to help.

Protect Her:

*The Power of Prayer
From Our Ancestors,
To Protect Her*

*By Jackie Andrew
Lil'wat Nation, St'at'imc
Written in 2017*

*
If
We would only
Open Our Hearts,
Our Minds,
Our Eyes,
...We would see
Her Signs

The Messages
Before us
From the Four Sacred Directions,
...All Around Us

We are fast asleep!
She is Dying,
...Within and
All around Us
As we sleep

*
Tears
of Mother Earth,
Fall
at Our Feet.
Weeping,
From those
who Bear Witness,
Before Us

Our Ancestors
Our Matriarchs

Our lil' ones

The Winged Ones
The Finned Ones
The Rooted Ones,
The Four-Legged

*
If
We would be still enough
To Feel
our OWN Heartbeats
As we Walk Broken Worlds
As we share Our Sacred Words,

If
we would feel the Heartbeat
of Mother Earth,
The warmth of her inner core.
Our Vibrations,
One

Be-stir
With Open Hearts,
To the Drumbeat
of Mother Earth.
Feel her veins
Erupting,
Before Us

For we neglect Her

Cleansed
by Sacred Water,
Which flows through Us.
Our Mothers,
As Life Givers,
Bear Life
For Us

We been Blinded
by our own Inner Storms,
Ego
Power
Greed

We let go of our mothers hands
 unsettled,
 She struggles to shake us Awake.
 We feel her Power,
 Through her forces of
 Fire
 Wind
 Water

Through Our own Turmoil,
 Our Devoted Mother,
 Offers Signs of mighty Transformations
 From
 Our Ancestors
 Fire!

*
 If we would only be still
 with the Sunsets,
 Feel
 The Prayers
 The Power
 The Peace.
 From the Four Sacred Directions,
 Healing through our Ancestors
 Teachings

If we would only slow
 Our Minds
 Our Words
 Our Hands
 Our Feet

Embrace
 The Sunrise,
 the Gifts
 of Life,
 Respect and Accept
 Our Responsibilities

*
 From the Four Sacred Directions,
 United We Stand
 From the

North
 East
 South
 West

[Winds]

As People of the Four Sacred Directions,
 The
 Red,
 black,
 yellow
 White

We Gather
 from Turtle Island,
 From [All] Around
 Good Mother Earth,
 As one Circle

The Four Sacred
 Generations,
 Our Sacred Elders
 Our Sacred Women
 Our Sacred Men
 Our Future Generations,
 Sacred

We are Our Ancestors Visions
 Come to life,
 As many people as stars in the sky,
 Our Journeys cross
 We Gather
 As the Seventh Generation

Sacred Water,
 Offerings To the Seven Council Fire,
 Like the core of Mother Earth,
 The sacred flame burns
 From a hundred and Thirty Seven
 Times around the sun,
 Before us.

Our heartbeats are now
 One

Grounding
 Uplifting
 Balancing,
 Our Medicine Wheel Teachings
 Of life

Transformations
 Through light and love,
 Bring Truth
 Strength

Our Animal Spirits

Offering
 the Power
 Of Prayer
 Of Change
 Of Peace

With Our Own Growing Pains
 We Wake,
 Uprise!
 As Our Ancestors Forces

Through Blinding Blizzards
 We see
 Signs
 Of Life
 Before Us

By Leading with our heart first,
 Our Mother
 Can finally Settle
 Before Us

*

Snow blankets Mother Earth,
 She can now be at ease.
 Cradled and awake,
 By Our Loving Embrace

The Dakota Winds,
 Crippling Cold,
 Bringing Breaths of our Ancestors.
 Her Strength and Power
 Moving through
 Our every Being

Our Mothers Forces,
 Transforming and bestilling
 Earth and souls,
 Before Us.
 As water to fire,
 Through Us

Warm, Loving
 Colourful Hands Intertwined
 At Sacred Circles
 Teaching and sharing our Cycles
 Of life
 Bringing forward Ancestral Knowledge
 Awakening Us.

Powerful as a newborns first breaths,
 Gusts of Winds,
 Are the force of our Ancestors,
 Clearing the way
 Before Us

Bearing Witness,
 With our Animal Spirits,
 We no longer hibernate.

We are Our Ancestors
 Dreams and Visions

Prophecies come to life,

Since Time Immemorial

In solidarity,
 From Near and far
 from The Four Sacred Directions,
 Alive,
 Living

Loving
With Humbling Gratitude

To Walk
Our Talk,
As Messengers
With Seeds of Hope,
We can now Dream,
Awake

Braving
the Powerful Forces,
United
Through the Strength
of All of Our Ancestors
With
Our Open Hearts,
Our Open Minds,
Our Open Eyes

Through Our Ancestors Peaceful Prayers,
From Our Four Sacred Directions
For Our Sacred Water of Life,
We Move Mountains.
As Warriors,
Shape Shifters of Mother Earth

We Must
Protect Her,

Protect Her,

Not as Protestors,
We Are
Water Protectors!

We Stand Together
At Standing Rock
To Protect Our Mothers

To Protect Her

-Mni Wiconi -
Our Sacred Water is Life!

-by Macaoz'alus (HuckleberryEyes Jackie Andrew, of Lil'wat Nation, written October 26, 2017.

Revised, November 10, 2021

(I supported Standing Rock, delivered and raised solidarity flags from on December 1-10, 2016).

Jackie Andrew,

Lil'wat Nation, St'at'imc



Interested in contributing your ideas, articles, poems, artwork, photography, social media skills or something else to Right to Food Zine?

As a community partner, we are deeply interested to hear from you and what you feel is important. Get in touch with us by emailing rtfzine@gmail.com or connect with us on Facebook or Instagram. We are our own media and completely volunteer-led.

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Writer, Editor, Designer,
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Superstar!
All Skills & Exp Welcome

DTESNH PROGRAM UPDATE

The DTES Neighbourhood House is so excited to have these programs back up and running for our neighbours!

BANANA BEAT

EVERY CHEQUE DAY FROM 8-9AM

On the 3rd or 4th Wednesday of every month, the Banana Beat team walks through the neighbourhood with a cart full of bananas. Help yourself!

EARLY YEARS DROP-IN

EVERY FRIDAY FROM 9-11AM

This program provides a space for caregivers and their young children, to eat breakfast, participate in activities, workshops, and seminars together.

EYDI is a place for parents to come together and learn from one another. It is a peer facilitated talking space, where open conversation is encouraged to be supportive of one another.



FAMILY DROP-IN

EVERY TUESDAY & THURSDAY
FROM 4-6PM

The demands and strains of family life can often lead to isolation, and the Neighbourhood House looks to address that by providing a safe place to connect with other parents, children, youth, and helpful staff.

The Family Drop-in program creates a welcoming, and fun environment for local families with young kids to come spend time after school. As part of the program, families enjoy snacks and a nutritious dinner and engage in arts and crafts and workshops facilitated by partner organizations.

If you have any questions about participating in Early Years or FDI please email fdi@dtesnhouse.ca. You can learn more about each program at dtesnhouse.ca

To volunteer for any of these programs, please email volunteer@dtesnhouse.ca

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Join the rtfzine family!

Bring your voice, ideas, writing, and
design skills to our community.

Atania Restrepo