The price of freedom:

After many long, cold and rainy days, the sun finally came out for a couple of days in the factories, in Patras. This encouraged the people on the move living there to try to make them their home.

A few weeks ago, between some of these people and some volunteers, we managed to make a mural together on one of the walls:

“If you get lucky, you’re free – if not, you can’t leave your country. This is not a joke, this is reality. This is the price of liberty”, the mural revealed.

Just as brushes and paint can make factories a better place to spend the day and hours, seeds and soil made the garden a more joyful entrance to the factory. Thus, this space not only became a bit more like their own home, but also a place to take care of, just like everyone takes care of their home. Often, people not only need warm food and warm clothes, but also a place where they feel comfortable, accompanied and amused. We hope the plants and animals they live with are something to care for, and a distraction in these hard attempts to leave Patras.

Hello my friend,

Do you remember when they came with some brushes and buckets of paint?

It was so much fun painting the mural next to our little garden together. During the devastating hours looking out over the barren from the factory, it always made us feel good to contemplate the last on the wall. I hope to get lucky someday. That’s the price to start a new life. That’s the price of freedom.

Samim