

Mothers are Peacemakers

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There is no doubt that peacemaking in the world constitutes a sustainable humanitarian challenge for humanity, and an end to which hearts, souls and minds aspire. However, despite the efforts made over time, that end remains an unattainable dream, and the world continues to be the scene of wars that destroy human lives, dreams and opportunities for a dignified and prosperous life.

The absence of concepts of true justice and the permanent and constant pursuit of supremacy through the unjust use of force, patronization and abuse of the rights of others is one of the main reasons for the absence of peace in the world. This factor entraps humanity in a vicious circle of injustice, aggression and the natural reactions challenging it.

Is this the world we wish to leave for future generations? Should we just stand by and watch wars and conflicts erupt, or should we engage in sowing the seeds of peace, security and prosperity?

The logic of justice requires working together to make the human being the center of life. The essential condition for this is the peacemaking, which is a global community mission in which both men and women must be involved, but women are more specific in this area, especially through their role as mothers.

The mother is the center of the family and its orbit, and she is the most effective member, and her ability to instill values in her daughters and sons is unmatched. And the educational process managed by mothers, shapes human behavior and determines its nature.

It is true that the task is not easy because planting thoughts of peace and its values in new generations constitutes a threat to a system of evil interests that lives on wars and their disasters, but not impossible, because mothers are qualified to open major educational pathways contributing to the establishment of a just peace and coherent security

in the world.

I'm not a fan of simplifications. I know that the issue is tricky, sensitive and often complicated and complex. We are advocates of peace and yearn for it. We want a generation that tends towards peace in its dealings, performance and behavior, and at the same time we find ourselves in the need for a generation equipped to resist all forms of injustice and aggression and to defend the value of a free and dignified life.

This required balance is what must be done by mothers who raise the men and women who will in the future assume social, political, economic, security and military positions, and adopt the decision of either making peace or maintaining the mill of death, disasters and endless losses.

The gateway to world peace passes through the role of mothers. The future of the world depends on the values that mothers cultivate in the minds and souls of their children.

This compels us to respect women's rights and their cultural, educational, economic and political empowerment, and increase their presence in decision-making positions at different levels, in addition to taking into account their emotional and psychological needs so they become qualified, ready and socially and legislatively immune in order to play this pivotal and crucial role.

A woman's sense of peace and inner security allows her to convey these feelings to her children, enhancing their

positive behavior. And by acquiring serious and profound knowledge and culture, the mother excels in enlightening her children and consolidating their intellectual balance, allowing them to achieve an integrated personality that leads a life in three dimensions:

The first dimension: seeking a generation capable of distinguishing between right and wrong and between evil and good, thereby constantly striving for a tendency towards truth and goodness.

The second dimension: respect for human beings and positive interaction with the environment, to ensure the integration and respect of the other with his different beliefs and principles.

The third dimension: building self-confidence and respect for intellectual and cultural privacy and promoting and defending justice and freedom values to prevent imbalance or abuse of human beings.

A person with these principles and values is qualified to achieve peace and security and resolve conflicts in order to establish justice and commit society to applying and respecting laws and making them a reference for the ruling and settlement of various violations and problems when they occur.

This is one of the mothers' missions. Establish a project that will preserve the lives of many who will succeed us, and shape the course that will govern the world in order to ensure peacebuilding, development and a better life.

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To my Children A Message of Love for Life and Peace

Baria Ahmar*

Dusk is already upon us; the sun, along with any hope of a peaceful solution, slowly fades away, and the sound of war drums beats once again. As negotiations were breaking down, the women of Liberia mustered up their courage and stubbornness to stand side by side at the gates of adversity, and at the hotel's main entrance, to lock the men inside the hotel; forcing their conversation towards a productive direction that led to the end of that conflict.

I am the mother; I am the earth, the giver of life. I am all the mothers standing there, hands raised to the skies, armed with hope and faith. Their bodies are a shield that thwarts the woes of injustice and murder, keeping them away from their children; the very pieces of their hearts that they conceal between their ribs.

I am writing to you and your friends, brothers and sisters, and all your generational kin, a message of love; for life and for peace. I wish to embrace you. To hide you deep under my skin, to girdle you with a belt heavy with faith and love; a belt that will anchor you in a sea of peace in this life, rather than send you to the next one.

I belong to a generation that has never known peace. I have known all the forms of war, the wars that tore asunder all my attachments and severed my humanity. I grew up in the

shadow of a monolithic fear, a fear that abducted me and took me away from my own life, halted all joy in my life, and darkened all the colors in my sky. It made me a nomad, never being able to establish any roots; so I fled all the dictums that my family, religion, region and culture were allegedly built upon. It was an anguish that made me wish to apologize to my children for having brought them to this world; for having taught them my language, and the history and prose of my ancestors.

For those who are born in burned cities, live the pain of stolen memories, and search all their lives for the springs of love to snuff the fires of their hearts burning with terror and nostalgia.

As a mother and as human; I claim my right to demand the rejection of war.

I also claim my right to acknowledgement and gratitude; for all the years taken from my life by these wars.

Is it too much to ask?

I will not allow you to throw your years to the wind. I will not allow you to imprison your ambitions and future behind the bars of hatred and death. I will not allow that to happen; this tragedy is never to befall you.

Do you hear me?

You, the descendants of sailors and scribes. Let your heritage envelop you; let science, culture, music, colors, silk handkerchiefs, ports and beaches reign in your world. Fill your nests with books and tenderness; fill your walls with drawings and paintings. Don't grow up to be fighters, rather, become poets, builders and artists, cultivators of nature; advocates of the world, shapers of humanity.

Leave the glorious mottoes of war and death to those noble people whose hearts and souls have already departed. Memorize the lyrics to a good song; do not memorize political catchphrases that can only be described as foreshadowing titles on the cover of horror stories. Work hard and with confidence. Dance free like butterflies. Grow tall like a cypress tree, strong like an oak branch. And hold your heads up high with your convictions and moral compass, not with the sorcery of ignorance and greed; because when the blood is spilt, your mothers' hearts will be bleeding rather than yours.

Be loyal to your mothers' womb. You are mistaken in thinking you are no longer part of them, for you are their life and limb that refuses to be severed from them.

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