Her Edit

HER ISSUE | HER VOICE

Issue Thirty-five
Spring 2022

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Front cover image
Courtesy of Esuantsiwa Jane Goldsmith

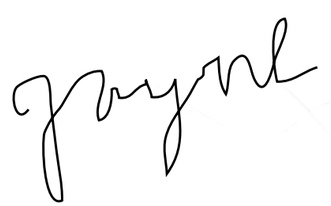
Welcome to Her Edit

We are absolutely delighted to be publishing our latest issue on International Women's Day 2022 featuring four truly inspiring contributors. In different ways they are all innovators and change-makers, challenging racial and gender stereotypes and working to make our world fairer and more equitable. I've felt quite humbled reading the stories of Esua, Georgie, Kirstie and Jaime and all they have, and continue, to achieve.

As I write this, I'm listening to news reports of the appalling events in Ukraine and the tragic consequences of this brutality on its people. We know that women and children bear the worst of such aggression. We dedicate this issue to our sisters in Ukraine and those around the globe whose lives are shattered by conflict.

If ever the world needed compassion, kindness and solidarity, it is now. I am immensely proud that there is buckets of all three in these pages.

Please send your stories and ideas to us at editor@heredit.co.uk, share your thoughts on our website heredit.co.uk and keep in touch on Twitter.



Her Issue Thirty-five








adidas

Originally from Australia, Jaime Thurston began her career as a journalist, before moving to the UK where she worked for a Member of the European Parliament, a wildlife charity and an organisation that supported families of prisoners. Jaime is the author of *Kindness - the little thing that matters most* and *The Kindness Journal*. She was named Clarins Woman of the Year 2016 and received a Points of Light Award from the UK Prime Minister and a Richmond Community Award. Jaime was named in The Independent's Happy 50 List in 2018. Her work has been promoted by The Duke and Duchess of Sussex. Jaime lives in Berkshire with her partner Greig and her three children, Abbey, Max and Joseph.

Pictured above, Jaime Thurston

JAIME THURSTON

Kindness - the little things that matter most

One afternoon, about seven years ago, I was shopping online for second-hand furniture. I came across a 'wanted' advertisement from a woman asking for rugs to cover her broken floor so her children wouldn't hurt their feet. I got in touch and found out she was a single mum who had fled a horrible domestic situation and was starting all over again with nothing.

I didn't have a rug, but really wanted to help her. So I spread the word amongst my friends and family and donations of bedding, toys and little household items started pouring in. I'll never forget the day I delivered them to her. She was in tears, and I realised quite quickly that it was not because of the things I was giving her, it was the fact that people cared about her - it was the kindness.

I drove home on a high. It was only later that I learnt the science behind why I felt that way – kindness actually changes our brain chemistry and gives us a natural high.

I decided I wanted to do this every week and so I started a Facebook page and called it 52 Lives. The idea was to find someone each week who needed help and, between my friends and family, do small things to make their life better.

It has since grown into a global community of almost 100,000 kind people who follow our weekly requests on social media and provide donations, goods and messages for the people we help.

Over the years we have helped with a huge variety of things from helping a homeless mother and son into a flat; building a sensory garden for a boy in Wales; buying carpet and furniture for women and children leaving refuges; sending cards and kind messages to children being bullied; providing computers to vulnerable children so they can access lessons and covering bills and grocery costs for families with seriously ill children. And 100% of what our individual supporters give goes to the people we help.

As a small charity, we are often able to get things done quickly. Last year, during the pandemic, I received an email from a social worker. It contained photos of a bedroom that a young boy was sleeping in. There was just a lone mattress on a dirty floor, a scrap of carpet covering a damaged floor and the walls were filled with holes and peeling paint. Within hours of sharing that story, we had raised enough to repair, repaint and furnish that boy's bedroom.

52 Lives gives people tangible help, but our philosophy goes much deeper than that. The most important thing we do is spread kindness. We believe unexpected kindness is a powerful thing and can change someone's whole outlook on life. Furthermore, kindness doesn't just help the person on the receiving end - research has shown it improves our own mental and physical health at the same time.

The people we choose to help come from nominations made through our website, most of which come from social workers, teachers and other charities.

Even though we're called 52 Lives, we often help far more people than this. Over the last two years, extra donations we received during the pandemic meant we were able to help between three and four thousand extra people behind the scenes and we hope to continue with that number.

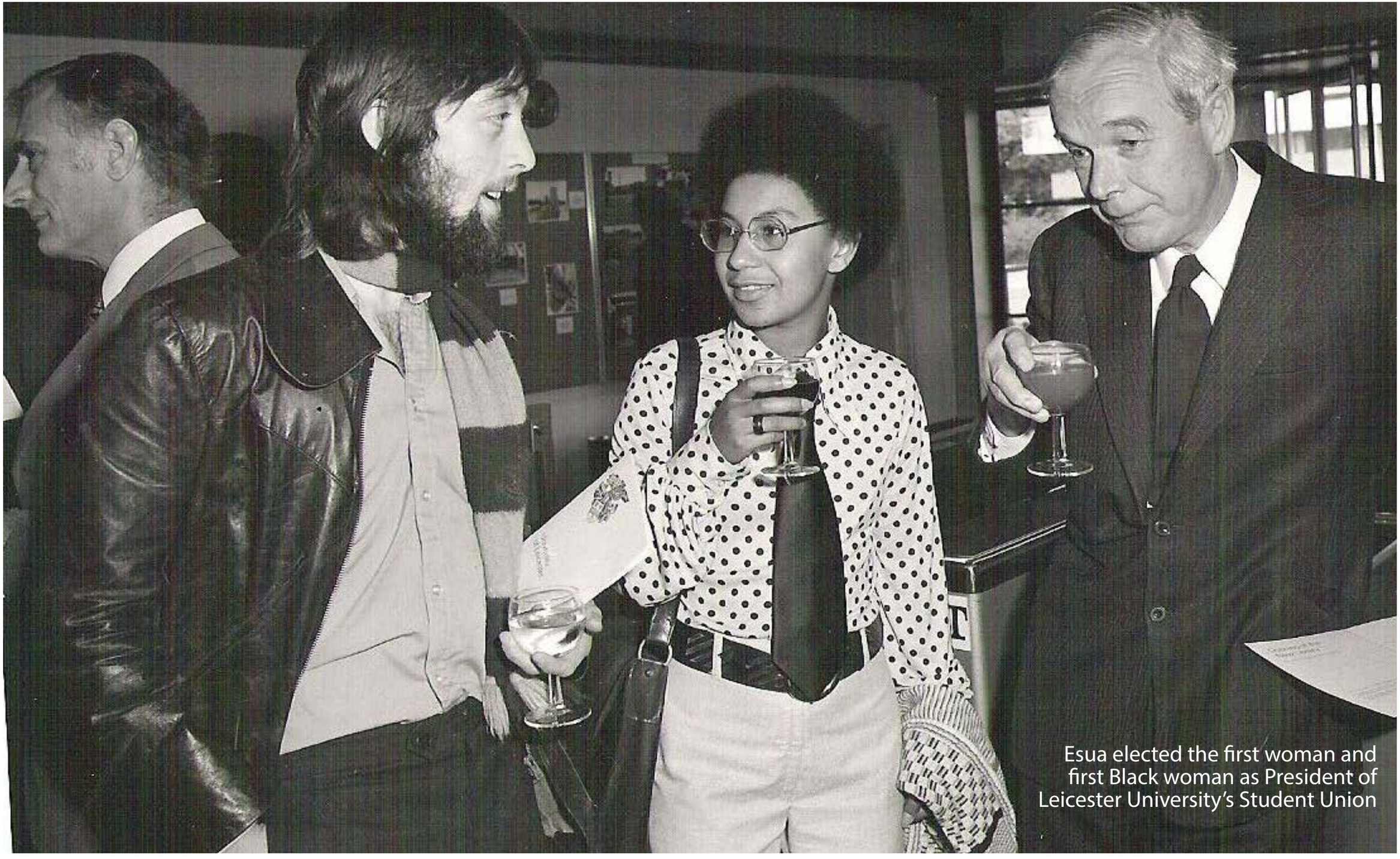
As well as helping people, we also run free Kindness Workshops for thousands of primary children every year through our School of Kindness project. Our workshops aim to spread kindness and empower children by helping them realise that the little choices they make every day have the power to change people's lives and improve their own physical and mental health at the same time.

I'm a firm believer in the power of kindness. It determines what kind of home life we have, what kind of communities we have, and what kind of world we have. With everything going on in the world at the moment, it can feel quite scary, but we are not powerless. Our everyday actions determine the kind of world we live in, we just need to choose kindness at every opportunity.

To learn more visit www.52-lives.org and www.schoolofkindness.org

IMAGES

Page 5: Some of the children 52 Lives has helped.
Left to right: Jaime with donations; receiving the Clarins Woman of the Year award in 2016; Jaime with a child at a 52 Lives Kindness Workshop
All courtesy of Jaime Thurston



Esua elected the first woman and first Black woman as President of Leicester University's Student Union

Esua is a British-Ghanaian feminist author, campaigner and facilitator, and Director and founder of Anona Development Consultancy. She has worked in the not-for-profit sector for over 40 years with more than 100 organisations on five continents, as leader, Chair, Director, and consultant. In 2015 Leicester University awarded her an Honorary Doctorate for her lifetime's work in Women's Rights. Her Mixed-Race memoir, *the Space Between Black and White,* was published in 2020 and available from Jacaranda, Audible, Kindle and all good booksellers.

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Pictured above, Esuantisiwa Jane Goldsmith

ESUANTSIWA JANE GOLDSMITH

The space between Black and White

I was an 'only-one'. Growing up in 1950s Britain, as the Mixed-Race daughter of a single, White mother, I spent the first six weeks of life in an unmarried-mothers' home, and then in my grandparents' home on a working-class estate in Battersea. A teenage mum with a brown kid in post-war Britain, my mother possessed the extraordinary strength and determination to go it alone and not give me up, despite the pressures on young women in those days to have their 'illegitimate' children adopted.

Eventually we were brought home to live with my extended family in my grandparents' house, but still, I felt lost and alone. I had no connection with my African father, not even a photograph. It wasn't until I was in my late thirties that I found my roots and connected with my Ghanaian family.

Onliness is different from loneliness. It's a feeling of being visibly and existentially a one-off, separated from your people and your sense of self. There were no books or stories at home or in school that reflected my experience or the way I looked, which had a profound effect on my feeling of belonging and identity.

I experienced racism in the street and in school, with no-one I could talk to about it. They called me woggy, blackie, darkie, coon, golliwog, and who's-been-rolling-in-dogs'-muck. If I tried to tell grownups how dirty, hurt and ashamed this barrage of insults made me feel, they advised me to ignore it; "if you complain, it will only make it worse." Trying to ignore it is a big ask, even for an adult, let alone a child - often said by well-meaning White folks, who 'don't see colour', and maybe don't have self-awareness of their own colour. In White spaces, people of colour are highly visible yet our experience remains invisible, especially the added complication that comes with being Mixed.

These were the prevailing attitudes in the 1950s when I was growing up, but they persist in many places to this day, despite the growing awareness of the value of diversity. Moving to different parts of the country and different parts of the world – from Battersea, Surbiton, Stafford, rural Norfolk, to Scandinavia, Italy, Africa, India, South America - I experienced this 'onliness' wherever I went. It left me with a feeling that I was looking for something I couldn't quite explain, something just out of reach. It shaped my understanding of the world, and adversely affected my ability to trust others, form relationships and friendships, and to bring my whole self to the human party.

But don't get me wrong. It wasn't the end of my world. It was the beginning. My Mixed-Race identity set me off on a path of excitement, enlightenment, discovery, thinking outside the box. It continues to take me to places few others get to see, internally and externally, crossing continents, ideas, cultures, trains of thought and language, finding new words to express it. 'Identity politics' is often dismissed as flaky and dangerous. Sometimes it is. But I believe identity politics at its most positive is at the heart of all great movements for social change, from the Suffragettes and Socialism to the Trade Union Movement and Black Lives Matter. 'This is who I am, this is who we are, and this is our contribution to shaping a better more equal world of social justice for all.'

Being an only-one certainly fired up the passion in me. From the age of four, when I realised I was different, it awakened a sense of anger against injustice that has lasted me a lifetime.

At eight years old, I plucked up the courage to fight back, by writing my own play, entitled "Why I Am Brown." I performed it in front of my astonished teacher and my class, with some of my schoolmates taking on the roles of members of my family and my missing dad. It went down well. My activist soul was born.

Outwardly very energetic, a rebel and an extrovert, as a schoolgirl I organised sit-ins, political notice boards, and wrote novels about the Beatles' wives and girlfriends for my schoolmates to devour. I infuriated family and teachers by bunking off lessons, collecting multiple boyfriends and dabbling in soft drugs. But inwardly I was depressed and confused, acutely aware of my difference, with a growing sense of alienation and still no way of connecting with my African heritage. The colonial, patriarchal school curriculum offered me neither role models nor inspiration to help nurture my sense of identity.

At fifteen, I discovered I was a feminist. Huddled under the blankets in my aunt's cottage in a snowstorm in the wilds of rural Norfolk, I read Simone de Beauvoir's The

Second Sex all night by the light of a torch. I have carried that torch with me ever since. It lit up my journey to discover Black Power in a hairdressers, back home in Battersea, whilst getting my first Angela Davis-style Afro.

From the get-go, I threw myself into movements for social change, international solidarity and human rights, Anti-Apartheid, and the Women's Movement. Wherever I found myself in the world, if there wasn't a group that recognised the importance and interconnectedness of all my passions, I set one up myself with my comrades. That is where I found my identity, my energy, and my sense of belonging.

As a generation of pioneers, women tended to rack up a lot of 'firsts' in those days. In the 1970s, I was the first in my family to go to university, and the first woman and first Black woman to be elected President of Leicester University Students' Union. I became one of the first volunteers of colour to go on Voluntary Service Overseas, and later, the first Black Chair of the Fawcett Society and founder and Chair of the Gender and Development Network.

Through my consultancy business as strategist and facilitator, I worked all over the world with inspirational people, often with women from the poorest communities who are transforming the lives of those around them. That's where I felt most at home.

For a woman of colour with working-class origins, entering largely all-white, all-male middle-class spaces and institutions presents multiple challenges. What should a brown, female wanna-be leader look like and sound like? At the beginning of my career, I had few role models. Being only five foot small didn't help. I didn't know the word for Imposter Syndrome then, but I felt it powerfully, like a sickness, every waking day, in every meeting, delivering every barnstorming speech or job interview, running every election campaign.

It was exhausting, trying to prove I could do it, having to be ten times as good and work ten times as hard to be considered 'good enough'. There was a constant physical fear and elation like walking along a precipice, about to be exposed as a fraud, but doing it anyway and making it up as I went along.

You'd have thought that that much excitement plus a successful career in international development, and later a baby, would have set me up for life, but all that activism only got me so far. The political is personal, after all. In my mid-thirties I well and truly crashed; emotionally, existentially and physically. I couldn't function.

Finding myself and my people became a matter of extreme urgency, an obsession, for the sake of myself and my children. It set me on a roller-coaster search to discover my roots, my love for my father and my African family members, and my rich Ghanaian cultural heritage. I even turned out to be a princess. It opened up new ways of thinking about myself in the world, appreciating the contradictions in every human being.

Nowadays, of course, I'm not an 'only-one'. Mixed-Race is the fastest-growing ethnic minority in the UK – at least 2.25 million people according to official figures. A very different world from when I was a child. We are now a community, with a distinct socio-economic profile different from monoracial groups. The first time I walked into a room full of Mixed-Race activists, I cried. I had found my tribe.

However, fairy-tale endings can still be complicated. I welcome the increase in public discussion about Mixed-Race identity, but it's often very superficial, hostile or romanticised. Either we are seen as the attractive, 'acceptable' face of Black, or we are inauthentic, confused, not Black enough nor White enough.

It's not easy for others to understand what we are going through. Proximity to Whiteness undoubtedly brings its privileges, but we have experiences that our mono-racial parents, family members and teachers – Black or White – don't have. We may be genuinely struggling with things others just don't see. Even today, when I'm out and about with my White octogenarian mother and stepdad, I am often mistaken for their paid carer, (and probably from the Caribbean), never their daughter. By contrast, in Ghana I am my dad's 'White daughter', Queen Mother of our village.

Through my memoir, *the Space Between Black and White*, I wanted to shed new light and depth on what it's like to live with ever-shifting, multiple identities and racial ambiguity, through personal experience, across different countries,

Esua speaking at a Black Lives Matter rally in Wandsworth in 2020

contexts and generations. It's not a theoretical book. It's written in episodic novel style, in the present tense, from original sources, journals, diaries, interviews with friends and family. I wanted it to be immediate, accessible, strong and uplifting, as well as vulnerable, with plenty of light, shade and humour along with the darker moments.

Powerful personal stories told with openness and honesty can be inspirational and life-affirming, especially for minoritised people. Only one per cent of books published in the UK today are by writers of colour or feature Black characters, but hopefully that is changing. A new generation, the most diverse in UK's history, is hungry to learn Black history and women's achievements, challenging racist, sexist and homophobic stereotypes. Adults and children alike are nourished by connection with their communities and heritage, and by multi-racial and multi-ethnic friendships that foster pride in our multi-racial society.

Being Mixed-Race is to live this diversity. It is about challenge, inclusion, social and political justice, equality, and above all, finding commonalities between us as well as delighting in difference. I hope my book will resonate with anyone existing somewhere in the space between black and white - actual or metaphorical. I also hope it will play a part in enabling us to have new conversations about the complexities and nuance of race and gender. Black Lives Matter, the murders of George Floyd and Sarah Everard, both at the hands of the police and #MeToo have been a call to action around the world.

We are currently uncovering the depth of institutional racism and sexism still pervading our institutions, from the police, politics, schools and health services to football and international aid. International Women's Day is a chance to take stock, celebrate how far we have come, in solidarity with our sisters around the globe, as well as how far we have to go.

This International Women's Day I'm joining thousands of women around the world in support of the Break the Bias Campaign, challenging the culture of misogyny that pervades our societies and blights and threatens the lives of women and girls on and offline.
I celebrated my first International Women's Day in 1972, aged 19, marching around Trafalgar Square in the rain with a handful of Women's Libbers, to the derision and bemusement of passers-by. We have come a long way. I was born into a world of colonial pre-independence Africa, when race, sex, sexuality and gender discrimination was legal in the UK, and second wave and third wave feminism wasn't even a twinkle in the eye.

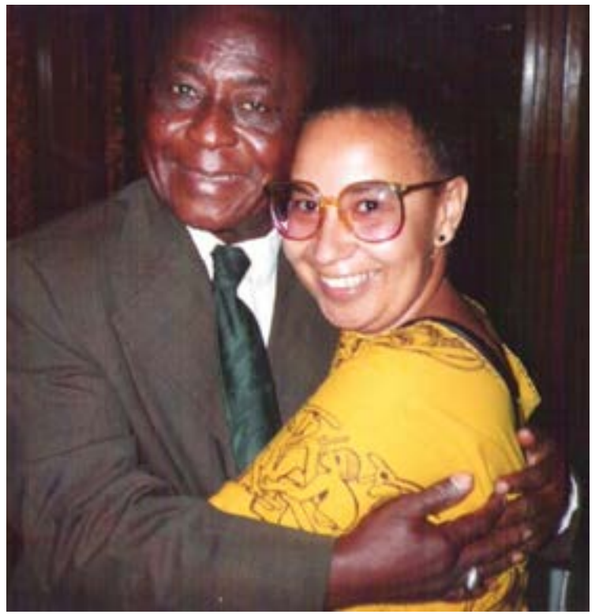
Despite the progress since then, the pandemic has revealed and exacerbated the discrimination, inequality and division that still exists in our society. It exposed just how much the current global system is unequal, unjust and unsustainable - if we weren't already aware of the fact. Lockdown in response to the pandemic has revealed that women bear the brunt of caring on the front line and in the home and has exacerbated the epidemic of violence against women and girls.

But it has also prompted a heart-warming outbreak of solidarity, kindness, community and caring in unexpected places, often led by women. We have seen some outstanding examples of feminist leadership in the face of oppression. Most of the best performing countries at the height of the pandemic's first wave – New Zealand, Germany, Taiwan, Denmark - were led by women. Jacinda Ardern in New Zealand, the female-dominated cabinet in Finland, and The Black Lives Matter Movement founded and led by three remarkable women, Patrisse Cullors, Alicia Garza and Opal Tameti, have all shown us what a new kind of collaborative, consensus-building feminist leadership can achieve.

I've always been an optimist. We can still have reasons to be cheerful. The world is going through seismic changes, where almost anything can be possible if we banish inequality and prejudice and put advances in communication, science, the internet, and Artificial Intelligence towards solving problems rather than creating them. We need to hang on to our feminist, anti-racist vision of peace, social justice, sustainability and equality more than ever. The survival of our planet depends on us.

Happy International Women's Day!

Read more about at
www.esuantsiwagoldsmith.com/



IMAGE

From left to right: Esua recording at Audible; Esua as a child; Esua with her father
All images courtesy of Esua

Georgie Grant is co-director of Onion Collective, a social enterprise working to support a different kind of economy; one that supports social, environmental and cultural well-being.

"We ground our work in the everyday values of community: connectedness, curiosity, plurality, compassion. We tackle social, cultural and environmental justice in our hometown here in Watchet, through wide reaching and ambitious regeneration projects including visitor centre, an arts centre, a bio manufacturing facility working with mycelium and a range of social action projects. Where any profits are made, they are reinvested to benefit the town and community as a whole."

Courtesy Georgie Grant

GEORGIE GRANT

The onion story

I'm writing this on a rainy early March morning. I have my laptop open and I'm tucked in the corner of our new restaurant, East Quay Kitchen. It's 11am and it's packed; T'pau is playing through the speakers and there are daffodils on the tables. I should really go, and let a paying customer have my table, but I'm enjoying watching everyone.

I can see the owner of the Post Office talking to the rep from a local Men in Sheds group along with a woman I don't know – their heads are bent in discussion. At another table are three women from a local charity, and next to them I can see a couple who are laughing together, plus a table of older women from a local community group. A neighbour of mine is talking with the local Baptist Minister about housing and community gardening whilst eating toast. I'm experiencing a sense of profound bliss.

It's taken eight years to build East Quay, an arts venue in Watchet, Somerset. We began as a group of five female friends in a pub in our hometown. Imagining. Talking about 'what if?' So we set up Onion Collective, a social enterprise intent on demonstrating how community focussed regeneration could demonstrate a kinder, more inclusive economic system. I should tell you now, these friends have something extraordinary about them. They make magic happen. They don't give up and they are fierce in their intelligence and commitment.

Raising £7 million and building an arts centre on a quayside during a pandemic is something I could never have conceived of alone. But with these women, my gosh, anything is possible. It's been a stormy, difficult, challenging, tear-inducing, exhausting and exhilarating almost-decade, and our struggles have birthed a new, more capable, more confident me. I have shaved an undercut over my right ear to prove it.

East Quay itself is a magical, piratical building of pink concrete and sharply-shaped white and grey protrusions. There are stripey pods on stilts that you can stay in. There are tiny places in unexpected corners where the views of the sea, the marina and our higgledy-piggledy town take centre stage. The building is unashamedly contemporary. Designed by Invisible Studio and Ellis Williams Architects, it's playful and serious but, stand back and its shapes and colours blend elegantly with the surrounding buildings and landscape.

It houses 14 creative businesses, from photographers to carpenters, to painters and sculptors, geologists and print-makers – all meeting for lunch on Wednesdays to plan collective marketing or events they can do together. They share ideas, tools, equipment, support and hope. Their livelihoods are interconnected with each other. It has a contemporary gallery, bringing some of the best, most respected artists in the country and beyond, to a small harbour town in Somerset.

Our current exhibition is by Welsh artist Bedwyr Williams, called The See Wall. It includes a 20-minute film about an imagined older artist (Bedwyr himself put through one of those aging apps!) who is fussy and fastidious and obsessed with all of his clothes aging at exactly the same rate. The exhibition is funny and heart-warming, intended to foster conversations and debate about the nature of aging and the lengths we all take to protect ourselves from decay.

It has an education space for young people called the Creator Space. Designed by young people from the local schools, architects and an environmental psychologist together. The pupils were asked what kind of space makes you feel more creative? The result is large windows with incredible views, bouncy balls as seats, workspaces that you can sit on, climb up, stand on, hide in. It has lights that can be any colour to match your changing moods and a floor that can be spattered with paint.

It is used by youth clubs, scouts, toddler groups, school classes, and simply as a meeting room, because adults love it too.

Visitors come and stay in the crazy pods on stilts, designed and built by architects PEARCE+Fægen who moved to Watchet for the build, so they could better understand the town and its feel. They haven't left yet! Each pod is totally different, one a living museum, one covered in drawings and illustrations of Watchet's myths and legends, one with a bath in a giant window looking out to sea, one with a cargo net to swing on and one re-designed through an artist residency every six months.

For me, what I love the most is the outside space – the courtyards, the terraces beneath the pods, the bridge across to the South West Coast path. These spaces are public spaces, open to everyone 24 hours a day. These are the spaces where life happens – events in the courtyard, incidental conversations over-looking the balustrade, teenagers huddled on the benches crowded round phones, people resting, people meeting.

Run by our social enterprise, East Quay makes its money through the rental of the studio spaces, accommodation pods and restaurant. But for the general public much of the activity here is free or with the request of a small donation for the toddler groups, the events in the courtyard, the gallery exhibitions, the talking to artists, youth clubs. Because this is a space where the intention is for people to gather; to talk, to discuss, to plan. Because it is these gatherings that help our imagined perfect futures become one step closer to being real.

East Quay is built on land owned by the Council, now rented for a hundred years by our social enterprise, Onion Collective. It was dreamed into being through hundreds of community conversations over eight years. It was funded by government as well as charitable trusts and foundations that share a vision of a different future. It supports a new kind of economy, where enterprise is social. Salaries are good for this area and the work is purposeful and meaningful. But any excess profits are reinvested into the project and support community activity.

This is no utopia, it still has all the problems and challenges and difficulties of everyday life – irritations, cross words and misunderstandings. But it proves that we can go beyond the limits of what we thought possible – that everything man-made is designed, and so it can be re-designed to better serve our purpose. That what matters is our relationships, our connections with our loved ones, family and friends and also the way we perceive and welcome those we don't know and who might be different from us.

The main thing I've learnt in this journey of building East Quay, is not to listen to people (mostly men) who do not want you to succeed. In the beginning, we were told over and over that it wasn't possible. That it would never happen, we would never raise the money, that 'with all due respect we should just pack up and go home'. Then, when we started to achieve we were told that we were 'arrogant and entitled'.

As Julia Robert's character in Pretty Woman says, 'the bad stuff is easier to believe'. But I'm here to tell you, don't listen. Persist. Gather around you a group of friends who will hold you up when you are down and find new ways to clamber over whatever current mountain you are facing. Believe that things can change, that we can design the towns and homes and lives we want. But know that ,as is ever the case — be it at home, at work, in your community or on our planet – we just have to do it ourselves.

Looking around me as groups of people are eating their baked fruit or Turkish eggs and hatching their own plans of action and revolution, I want to hug them and punch the air for them and tell them to not give up. Instead, I pick up my mug and clear my table for a District Councillor and his party of smiling change-makers. If they are here to make decisions about this town, let it be amongst artists and mothers and community group activists and teenagers. This is where change happens.

For more information go to www.onioncollective.co.uk or find them on Twitter, Facebook and Instagram

©JimStephenson

Kirstie has worked as a textile artist for 16 years. What began as a sketch on the back of a napkin in 2009, has grown into a global collaborative project involving hundreds of people all over the world.
The Red Dress began as an investigation into identity, with a desire to connect with women from the around without borders and boundaries. It has become a vehicle for expression and a platform for voices to be heard, accessing disparate communities worldwide.
Kirstie lives in Somerset with her partner and children, balancing a simple life aligned with nature, yoga and meditation alongside the privilege of guiding the Red Dress as she begins a new chapter of exhibitions all over the world.

To view a selection of Kirstie's art visit www.kirstiemacleod.co.uk

KIRSTIE MACLEOD
The Red Dress

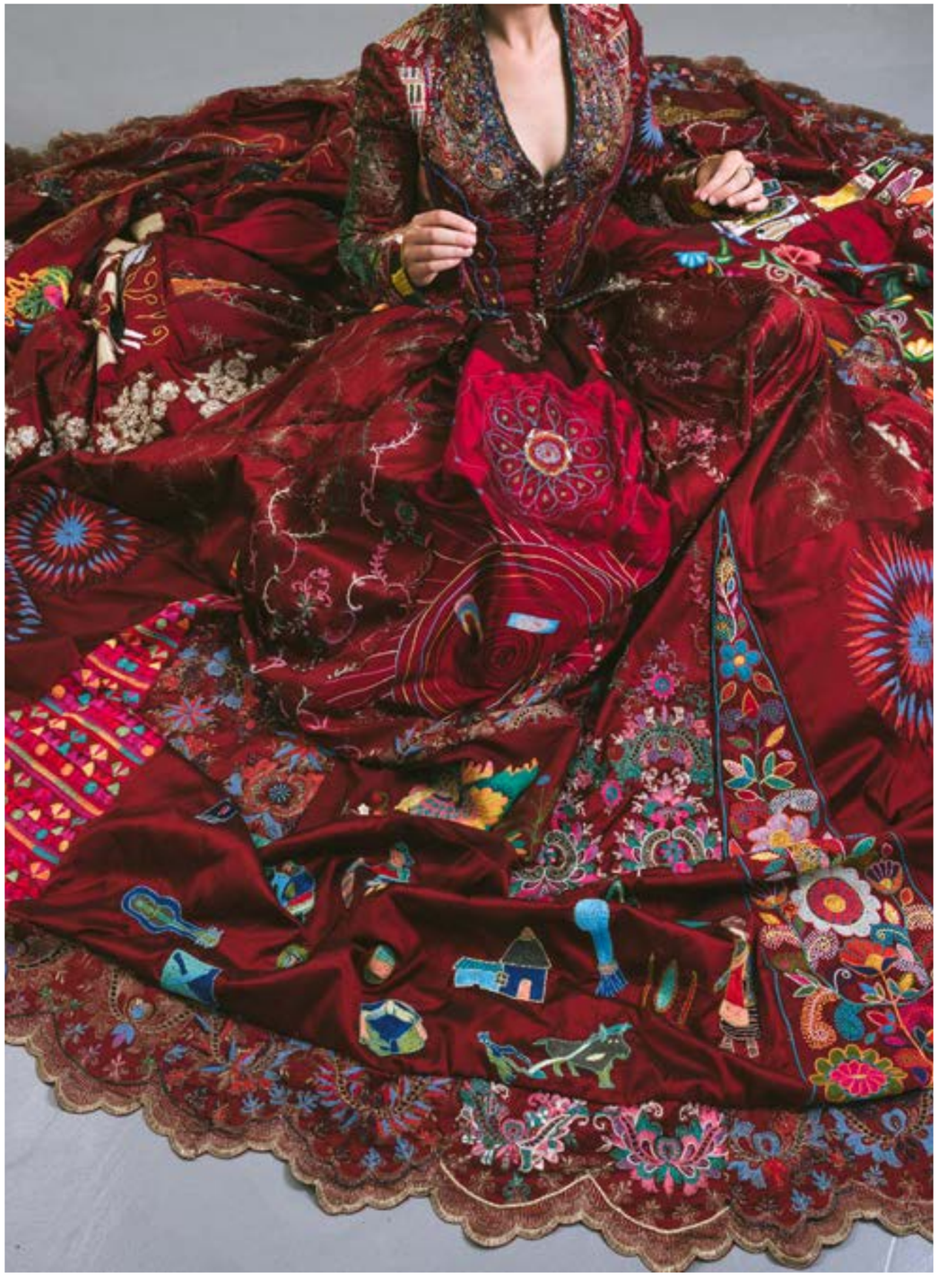
I created the Red Dress Project 13 years ago to provide an artistic platform for women around the world, many of whom are marginalised and live in poverty, to tell their personal stories through embroidery.

Having grown up all over the world I came to the UK to study, and following an MA in Visual language and performance began my career as an artist. My unique discipline was rooted in textiles, but expressed in unusual ways and over the years I honed a language using garments in film, animation, installation and performance.
The Red Dress is constructed out of 76 pieces of burgundy silk dupion and has been worked on by 320 women and seven men, from 42 countries, with all 136 commissioned artisans paid for their work. The rest of the embroidery was added by 191 willing participants or audiences at various exhibitions and events.

Many of the artisans are established embroiderers, but there are also many pieces created by first time embroiderers. The only brief I gave the artisans was to express their own identity, culture and traditional experience. Some chose to create using a specific style of embroidery practised for hundreds of years in their family, village, or town. All used their own threads.

The Red Dress's 13-year creation journey around the world is now completed with the dress assembled in its final configuration. Covered in millions of stitches, the 6.2 kilogram silk Red Dress is weighted as much by the individual stories and collective voices waiting to be heard as by the threads and beads that adorn it.

The Red Dress has been exhibited in various galleries and museums worldwide, including Gallery Maeght in Paris, Art Dubai, Museo Des Arte Popular in Mexico City, the National Library of Kosovo, an event at the Royal Academy in London, and the Premio Valcellina Textiles award in Maniago, Italy where it won first prize in 2015. Moving forward, as well as developing a strong online platform, the Red Dress will be travelling to many different galleries, museums, and event spaces around the world with the continued aim to be accessible to all. Kirstie hopes to bring the garment to visit the countries of the artisans who helped create her, and exhibit the Red Dress alongside their own work in their chosen venue.



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IMAGES

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Page 30: Artisan Hilaria Lopez Patishtan in San Chamula, Mexico. Photograph by Kirstie Macleod
Page 31: Red Dress worn by Natasha Faye Hopkins. Photograph by Dave Watts
Page 32: Gisèle, Esther and Espérance in Democratic Republic of Congo.
Photograph by Nicole Esselen

Follow the Red Dress at www.instagram.com/thereddress_embroidery
and on Facebook www.facebook.com/thereddressembroidery

Read more about the Red Dress on the website www.reddressembroidery.com

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