

Dear beloved community,

After three years on staff, at the end of this year, I am stepping away from my role as Director of Organizing at Clean Air. I am excited to take the next step on my path and pursue a new and exciting role in the movement. While my dedication to our work at Clean Air will not end at the turning of the calendar year, my role in this ecosystem will change, evolve and grow to suit the needs of our people.

My dedication to Clean Air comes from two springs.

One is the grief and rage that I hold for the casting off of our people, my people, for the sake of profit and the status-quo. My rage has fueled me in moments where our work has been stalled by bureaucracy. My grief has broken my heart to cover more territory of the stories I hear, over and over, of those who are also broken hearted. We have set alters, said prayers and broken bread with salt in our eyes, and yet *we keep moving together*.

At times, my rage and grief have overflowed to take the form of a raging river with destructive rapids and whirlpools that suck me down into the depths of despair. The swift current is seductive, easy even, when the depths of hopelessness and fury flood the banks. Their waters wash against the rocky edges of caverns of bedrock laid down by generations and generations of ancestors whose hearts turned harder in order to survive another day. The banks they feed sprout plants with thick spikes and spines that keep trouble at bay. The river has served me well.

And then, there is the spring of audacious hope and love. I love what we are fighting to protect and I am unwaveringly hopeful for that which we are building. I am steered back to our endless spring of love when I stand beside Diane, or Ms. Della, or Maria as they shout the truth to those who wish to cast them aside, when they demand the space that is rightfully theirs. I am full up with hope as I watch my children take the bullhorn at an action or sweetly speak back the values with which they have been raised. I am filled with hope when we move through something hard, impossible or totally unreasonable with our values and vision intact. I feel hopeful that the power we build can be built with love.

The waters of love and hope are sweet and full of gratitude.

I know that Clean Air will continue to carry those who have been cast aside, broken down and poisoned down the river towards the vast ocean of justice, liberation and freedom. I know that our people will continue to draw from each other, keep one another safe, and capture the salt that flows from our eyes like honey and gold. I know that because I have seen it, time and time again.

I look forward to meeting you all again in the streets, the courthouse and around the table when our paths cross again. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for everything

With bread and roses, gratitude and hope,

Emily

PS: If you want to see where I'm headed next, visit our new worker-owned cooperative website at www.rosejadeconsulting.com or send me an email at emily@rosejadeconsulting.com !