



## AFTER ALL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY...

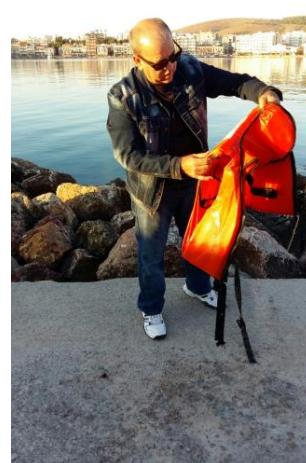
Sóc a Xíoc, Grècia. L'illa d'Homer. He creuat el nostre mar fins aquesta meravellosa illa per participar en l'inici d'un nou programa Erasmus+ sobre refugiats i immigrants.

Ahir, en Nicolau va compartir una foto amb una increïble sortida de Sol... Acordàrem que avui sortiríem acompanyats per la Stella a fer una caminada matinal. Sortim vorellant la badia, el port. Una agradable conversa amb dos grans amics al voltant d'anteriors projectes, d'experiències compartides i de les expectatives que el nou projecte i els nous socis desperten. En un punt determinat ens topem amb un antic búnquer que dona vistes a la badia. La Stella ens explica que es va construir fa uns quaranta anys per defensar l'illa d'un possible atac turc, quan aquest país va envair el seu, Xipre. Just a la platja del costat del búnquer vam veure un assentament de refugiats. Era molt evident. Les tendes d'acampada que tantes vegades havíem vist als telenotícies, ara es materialitzaven cruelment reals davant nostre. Provablement a l'assentament començava un nou etern dia... ple d'eterna esperança per ells...



El passeig segueix sota la influència de l'impacte del búnquer i dels refugiats en una mateixa imatge. Arribem fins un punt en que quelcom vermell s'albira entre les roques de l'espigó, just on l'aigua de mar treca en forma de suau onades. Ens vam atansar i un calfred ens va envair. Era una armilla salvavides. Una d'aquelles amb les que rescaten els refugiats que viatgen en llanxes atestades de persones que es juguen la vida. Tots tres vam quedar glaçats. Amb l'armilla entre les mans intentàvem imaginar la història que amagava... desitjaven que la persona portadora hagués salvat la vida... vam emmudir per moments... sense paraules per poder explicar els sentiments que ens va transmetre aquella armilla. Vaig prendre aquesta trobada com un auguri que ens marcaria l'esdevenir del projecte.

Aquella armilla ha viatjar des d'aquell espigó de la illa de Xíoc fins a Palamós i ens accompanyarà a totes les nostres trobades futures, com a testimoni mut del patir que milers i milers de persones han experimentat al llarg d'anys. Vull pensar que per qui va vestir aquesta armilla, s'hagi feta realitat aquella frase final d'*Allò que el vent s'endugué*: "després de tot, demà serà un altre dia..." M'agrada pensar que qui va vestir l'armilla va aconseguir el seu endemà que tant va perseguir...



Josep A. Blasco  
(Xíoc, Grècia – 7 d'octubre 2016)



## AFTER ALL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY...

I am in Xíoc, Greece, the island of Homer. I crossed our sea to this wonderful island to participate in the first meeting of a new Erasmus+ project, about refugees and immigrants.

Yesterday, Nicolau shared a photo of an amazing sunrise and today we agreed to go together for a morning walk. Stella is also coming. We started walking following the bay. A pleasant conversation with two very good friends about previous projects, shared experiences and expectations put on the new project and the new partners. At a certain point we ran into an old bunker overlooking the bay. Stella tells us that it was built forty years ago to defend the island from a



possible Turkish attack, when Turkey invaded Cyprus. Right on the beach close to the bunker we could see a refugee settlement. It was very evident. The tents, just like the ones we had seen so often on the news, now materializing in front of us, a cruel reality.



Probably the settlement is starting another new eternal day ... full of eternal hopes for

them... The walk continues under the influence of the bunker and the impact of the refugee settlement both on the same image. We got to a point where we spotted something red among the rocks of the pier, just where the sea water breaks softly into small waves. We approached... and a chill ran through our bodies. It was a life jacket. One of those that rescue the refugees traveling by crowded inflatable dinghies full of people risking their lives. The three of us froze. With the life jacket into my hands we tried to imagine the story behind it... we wished that the person who wore it, got what he/she wanted ... that he/she is alive... We silenced for moments... without words to explain the feelings that the vest gave us. I take this as an omen, an omen that tells me that this project is much more than an Erasmus+ project... it is a necessity for my work as a teacher.

That jacket has travelled from Xíoc to Palamós... and it will be travelling to all our future meetings as a silent witness of the suffering that thousands of people have experienced along years. I hope that who wore the lifejacket may think now that it is true the last sentence from *Gone with the Wind*: "After all, tomorrow is another day..." because he/she has found their much chased "tomorrow"...



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