



FUNDACIÓ ATENEU SANT ROC

Arpillera Voices for #Children's Rights.

Fundació Ateneu Sant Roc Textile list

The right to live with our families

Bebés robados / Stolen Babies

Fundació Ateneu Sant Roc arpilleristas group (Badalona, 2020)

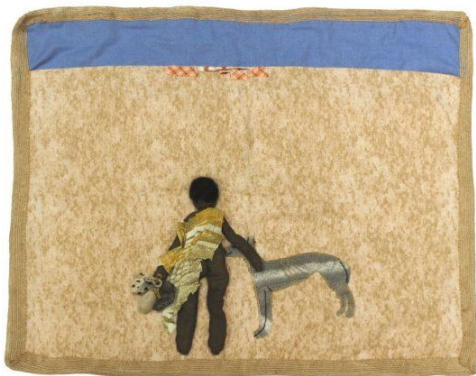
From the time the Spanish civil war ended (1939) until the 1990s, in some hospitals in Spain, babies were sold to families close to the regime or to wealthy families. Meanwhile the mothers were told that their babies had died. It seems incredible to imagine that this situation lasted for so many decades and was not brought to light until many years later. In this arpillera we reflect upon the fathers, mothers and siblings who are searching without finding an answer; the struggle as well as the group unity of the families of the missing children; the desire to be reunited with their missing children and the desire to reveal the identity of those who were responsible of the abductions. We want to expose the powers of the state that permitted this situation: hospitals, the Church, judges, and public administration. But above all we want to demonstrate the struggling spirit, the claims and the resilience of the families who pursued the truth.



La soledad del desierto / Alone in the desert

Justa Martín (Badalona, 2017)

This young child, after having lost everything, his family, his home and maybe his country, is wandering alone in the desert. He shares his hunger and his loneliness with his dog who, despite everything, does not abandon him. Both of them are frail and carrying all of their sparse belongings. When they think that all is lost, on the horizon, they discover a bit of life and with that... hope!



The right to play and free time

Nos gusta el fútbol / We like football

Mateen Haq and Farah Javeed (Badalona, 2009)

We love football, we like playing this game a lot. Whenever we can, we watch Spanish or international football matches on TV with the whole family. We especially like the Barcelona football team and some English teams like Manchester. Our favorite footballers are Messi and Etoo. Since we were little, we have played football and other typical games from our country like cricket or hockey.



Tiempo de flores / Flower Season
Carmen Maldonado (Badalona, 2009)

This is my childhood home in the town of Motril. It was a house in the country, a large farm where we all lived, we had horses, goats and pigs. I have always been a very solitary person; I took the woven basket that my father had made for me and I went to the fields to collect flowers with my dog Canelo who was very well behaved.

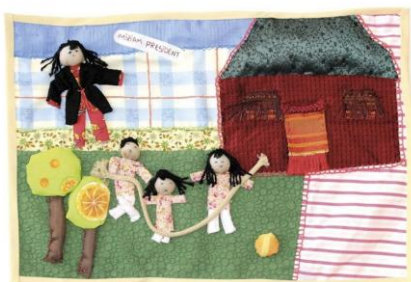
Depending on the season we collected asparagus or almonds. My favourite season was when there were flowers. That was when I went to a wheat field, all full of poppies, little flowers that seemed like bells of all colours. I was taught to sew by a woman who was very kind to me because I grew up without a mother. She brought me some thread and some needles and during break time in the morning and at lunch, when the foreman was smoking his cigarette, she taught me how to do needlework.



The right to education

Finestres al futur, per Miriam, Gabriel i Ruth / Windows to the future, for Miriam, Gabriel and Ruth
Grace Agho (Badalona, 2017)

My name is Grace and I have three children, Miriam who is 6, Gabriel who is 5 and Ruth who is 2 years old. I would like my children to study a lot, so that they could become the president of Spain, that way they would be the first black president, like Obama. I would also like them to be able to play football and basketball. I want them to be good people and help others.



Vareando las aceitunas / Knocking down the Olives

Isabel Alcalá (Badalona, 2009)

In the fields of Caceres where I grew up, first we gathered the green olives very carefully and then we shook the trees to get the black ones. You must use a ladder and a bucket to climb up and pick the green olives carefully so that they do not break. When only the black ones were left, they were knocked to the ground with rods in order to make oil from them. We had olive oil all year long at home and we also had olives and other food that we grew and animals. When it was time to harvest the olives sometimes it was my brothers and I who picked all the olives in that field, which wasn't ours. The owners of the field provided the land and we put in the work. We lived off what we grew there, there was no salary whatsoever. After we did the harvesting, we brought the crops to the owners of the land in the town. Half for them and half for us. I remember this as a difficult time in my life because I had friends that went into town while I had to stay in the fields working.



The right to protection

En las ramblas de las flores / In the market of the flowers

Teresa Amaya (Badalona, 2009)

When I was little there were 9 children in our family and I was the oldest. In those days when we were young and growing up, the only one of us that had gone out into the world was me. I was in charge of the care of my siblings. When I was about 12 years old, I went to look for scrap metal to sell in the junk yard. I helped my mother beg and also, I went searching for food, because in those days there was a lot of hunger. I was a girl when I went to beg in Barcelona, on the Rambla de las Flores street. There were foreigners, marines who came off ships and all of them gave me money. I didn't sing or give them branches of rosemary, because that is lying to people, I only put out my hand. I was barefoot, without any cloak or anything. Sometimes the Guardia Civil, the national police, would catch us and take us to the police station. I went many times with other gypsies that they caught. I had to pay to get out with the money I got from begging or if my mother had any money, she paid.



LA obligación del estado / The Obligation of the State

Group arpillera (Human Rights Workshop, Fundació Ateneu Sant Roc, 2013)

Human rights were defined in order to guarantee all individuals a dignified life. The obligation of each state is to safeguard and protect each and every one of these rights, so why do we have to go out into the street to demand these rights? Why is our state of well-being in danger with so many cutbacks? It is our leaders who should protect and ensure that each and every one of the citizens of this world have their rights respected. Until this becomes a reality, we will continue the struggle.



The right to health and a healthy environment

Mi alegría / My Joy

Rocío Cortés (Badalona, 2017)

The whole family went together to the hospital with my two-month old daughter Sefora, when she had the hearing test done. I gave her a bottle and went in with my mother and my baby girl, while my husband and my father were outside waiting nervously in the waiting room. All of our hearts were beating rapidly. Sefora was asleep, they put some headphones on her and she was startled. The doctor told us that she was fine, that our daughter was perfect.



Fugir / Fleeing

Mònica Moro (Badalona, 2017)

Imagine fleeing from your house, from your town, from your country, leaving behind your family, your friends, your job. Imagine escaping to look for a better, but uncertain, future. How brave those who do this must be as they cross hostile, unknown regions! All of this was in my mind as I began this simple, flat arpillera, each stitch was a touch of reality, the beach of Lesbos, the life rafts overflowing with people, the rescue and finally reaching land. Three little worlds depicted on the fabric: children playing despite everything, the Open Arms rescuers giving their all to save lives and a doctor attending to a child who has managed to survive. What heartbreak! What a grim reality! We must not forget.

