

Kain Na

A Seeding Power
Fellowship Project



May 2024



Limited Edition



I acknowledge the First Nations people who are the custodians of the land on which I live and work. I pay my respects to the Elders who continue to guide us and extend that respect to all First Nations people reading this.





contents.

2. seeding power fellowship 3. meet the fellows 4. collective libation 5. tiny chefs, pamela reese 6. helado, jazz kerr 7. okra and tomato stew, akirah hlatshwako 9. sinigang, francis yu 10. tortellini sausage soup, sparkle wells 11. mama ruth's homemade blueberry muffins, ruth goldman 12. reggy's summertime nap tea, reggy st. fortcolin 14. cozy cocoa, jazz kerr 15. how to get out of your own way... for the sake of the movement, rebekah williams 18. la calabaza se rompío, her waters broke, alexas janae e. ramirez 19. a story about tamales, but a fried egg recipe, gabriel morales 21. grammie jackie's blueberry muffins, britt florio 22. let's eat, sister, britt florio

About the Seeding Power Fellowship

SEEDING POWER

LEADERSHIP FOR A REGIONAL FOOD MOVEMENT



The redesigned Seeding Power Fellowship pilot is a nine-month cohort-based food justice fellowship program for experienced leaders working across sectors to build equitable food systems. The program is designed for movement leaders and philanthropic partners in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Seeding Power is unique in both the region it serves and the focus on effective collaborations and equitable relationships, while including fellows from the philanthropic sector. Racial equity, social justice, active communication, and collaboration form the core of a tested yet tailored curriculum designed by Emerging Equity.

Seeding Power Fellowship 2024



Seeding Power Fellows: Sparkle Wells, Ruth Goldman, Reggy St. Fortcolin, Rebekah Williams, Pamela Reese Smith, Latha Swamy, Jazz Kerr, Gabriel Morales, Francis Yü, Brittany Florio, Alexas Janae E. Ramirez, Akirah Hlatshwako

Special Thanks to Adam Liebowitz and Kellie Terry of Community Food Funders and North Star Fund, as well as our amazing facilitators, Tina Vasquez, Itai Jeffries, Ivan Torres, and Bianca Shaw of Emerging Equity

Collective Libation

Before you dig into the healing pages of this zine we invite you to take a collective breath with us as we lay down our burdens. I know you are tired and we are too.

Inhale all of the immense love and nourishment awaiting in the pages of this zine. 1, 2, 3.

Pause and hold on to all of the collective joy you bring to the world 1, 2, 3.

Exhale and release all of the tension, stress and weary weighing you down in this moment 1, 2, 3.

Now you are ready. Lets start our journey together by giving honor and reverence to all those who have come before us and paved the way. We make space here for you to call out their names and we give deep gratitude as an offering. Grab hold of the tools they've left behind for us to aide in your our own healing and our collective liberation. May we always remember them. May we always speak their names.

Ase



Gloria Gaynor. Credit: Getty Images

Tiny Chefs **Pamela Reese**

This [short video](#) by Pamela Reese features Rochester youth learning, growing, and cooking at the Children's Garden in Rochester, New York.



Helado

In the summer,
I long for helado.
When it is hot,
when it is sticky,
when I am having fun.

I take my first bite
and feel your delight.
I taste joy, everytime—
but maybe especially
when I am frolicking.

Today I made helado,
and it was fresh, it
was mine. Still, everytime,
but especially this time,
I taste the freedom of fun,

this love for sun.

Jazz Kerr



Okra and Tomato Stew

In the beauty of my existence
I long for okra and tomato stew.
When it is hot,
when it is simmering,
when I am low.

I take my first bite
and feel your warm spirit.
I taste a hug, everytime—
but maybe especially
when I am low.

Today I made okra and tomato stew
and it was lovely, it
was mine. Still, everytime,
but especially this time,
I taste the hug.

Akirah Hlatshwako



Okra & Tomato Stew

Akirah Hlatshwako



I didn't grow up eating okra as I was a so called "picky eater" and was very particular about textures. I only started eating okra as an adult during my peace corps service in Eswatini, Africa. I can remember not having a fridge or electricity in my hut and how certain vegetables kept better than others and okra was one of those. I used to go to my favorite vegetable make (mom) in the Manzini Bus rank and pick some of the most beautiful okra, tomatoes, green peppers, onions and various other vegetables. I also remember needing warmth and nourishing meals and okra and tomato stew always hit the spot for me. It left me feeling blanketed in nourishment with lots of warmth in every bite. It's been beautiful to learn more about our collective history with the land and in particular how my ancestors braided seeds in their hair during their journey through the transatlantic slave trade. Okra was one of those seeds that survived, thrived and can be seen in dishes across the diaspora.

INGREDIENTS

4 cups of fresh okra (add more or less as needed)	1 teaspoon pepper
3 Ripe Tomatoes	1 tablespoon creole seasoning
1 Onion	2 bay leaves
4 cloves of garlic	1 teaspoon onion powder
1/2 green pepper	1 teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon paprika	Pinch of Salt 1 tables spoons oil
1 tablespoon chicken bouillon	2-3 cups water

1. Put oil in pan and add bouillon
2. Saute the onion, green pepper and okra until a bit soft.
3. Add the tomato, garlic, and other spices
4. Add the water and bay leaves and cover to let simmer for 20 minutes. Add more water if needed and continue to cook down so everything can come together
5. Serve over a delicious bed of rice



Sinigang

In the deepest parts of winter,
I long for sinigang.
When it is dark,
when it is cold,
when I am alone.

I take my first bite
and feel your knowing look.
I taste an embrace, everytime—
but maybe especially
when I am alone.

Today I made sinigang
and it was different, it
was mine. Still, everytime,
but especially this time,
I taste the embrace.

Francis Yu

Tortellini Sausage Soup



In the heat of the night
I long for tortellini sausage soup.
When it is cold,
when it is peaceful,
when I am secluded.

I take my first bite
and feel your warm embrace.
I taste connection, every time—
but maybe especially
when I am tranquil.

Today I made your tortellini sausage soup
and it was beautiful, it
was mine. Still, every time,
but especially this time,
I taste the love.

Sparkle Wells

Mama Ruth's Homemade Blueberry Muffins Ruth Goldman

I spent my childhood summers on a small island in Maine where we were allowed to wander freely all day. My grandmother was a great baker and would make muffins every morning filled with berries that we picked in the nearby fields. These are especially good with fresh wild Maine blueberries but frozen will do. I made dozens of these for my children when they were growing up and became famous amongst their friends for Mama Ruth's homemade blueberry muffins. Four hungry kids can eat a whole batch.

Servings: Depends on how hungry you are

Cook time: 20 minutes or half a day



INGREDIENTS

1 ½ c Fresh or frozen wild Maine blueberries	2 c flour
buttermilk	½ tsp baking soda
2 eggs	1 tsp baking powder
½ c sugar	Cinnamon sugar for the top
4 tbs butter	12 ct Muffin tin

1. Beat 2 eggs.
2. Add 1 cup buttermilk.
3. Mix 2 cups flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon baking soda.
4. Add dry ingredients to wet. Stir gently.
5. When slightly mixed add 4 tablespoons melted butter and 1 1/2 cups blueberries that have been dusted with flour.
6. Stir until barely mixed.
7. Drop into 12 well greased muffin tins.
8. Top with a sprinkle of cinnamon sugar.
9. Bake at 400 until the toothpick comes out clean. My grandmother never used a toothpick and neither do I. We just press the top and if it springs back they are done.

Reggys summertime nap tea **(Lemon Balm & Basil Sun Tea)**

Ingredients:

Fresh lemon balm leaves (about a handful)

Fresh basil leaves (a few sprigs)

Mason jar (quart-sized)

Water

Optional: Sweetener (I use a honey or sugar)

Instructions

Assemble the Mason Jar:

Place the herbs in a clean quart-s

Fill the jar with water, leaving some

Use a spoon to gently press down

Seal the mason jar with its lid.

Set the jar outside in a warm, sun

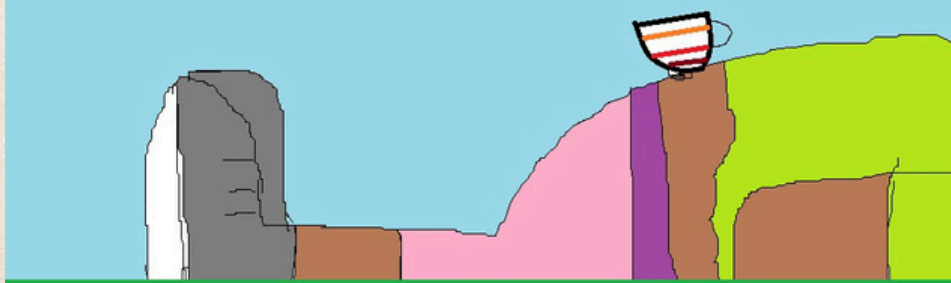
Let the herbs infuse in the sun for

Strain and Serve:

Bring the jar inside and strain out

Sweeten your sun tea with honey

Pour the infused tea into a glass





ized mason jar.
me space at the top.
n the herbs.

any spot (such as a windowsill or patio).
r 4-6 hours.

t the herbs. You can discard them or compost them.
y or sugar.
illed with ice cubes and enjoy

Cozy Cocoa Jazz

My mother makes this spiced hot cocoa every winter. It is delicious and very warming



INGREDIENTS

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 2.5 cups of preferred milk | 1. Pour the milk cocoa powder star anise and |
| 7 oz condensed milk | cinnamon stick into a pot to boil |
| 3 Tbs Coca powder | 2. Add condensed milk and chocolate bar after it |
| 1/2 bar Milk Chocolate | boils and put to a simmer for 20 min |
| 1 Star Anise | 3. Stir occasionally |
| 1 Cinnamon Stick | 4. Add a pinch of salt |
| Pinch of Salt | |

How to Get Out of Your Own Way...

for the Sake of the Movement

Rebekah Williams

I am a mixed-race, light-skinned Black woman, Democratic Republic of Congo and German-Swedish ancestry, middle-class, queer and cis-gendered, committed to the liberation and self-determination of Black people and all people of color.

I am participating in the 2024 Seeding Power Fellowship to develop my skills and capacity as a leader in the food justice movement in the northeast US.

In 2019, I founded Food for the Spirit and embarked on a mission to work with Black people and other people of color to center our self-determination, collective action, and advocacy to bring about a stronger food system for Buffalo and all of New York State.

Today, as a Seeding Power Fellow, I am gaining new insights about how my unique identity and life story presents challenges for me in this work. Furthermore, I am learning how to dismantle the barriers that hold me back, both personally and professionally, ultimately to further the goals of the movement.

Together and alone, each Seeding Power Fellow is about “the movement”; we are about the liberation of Black people, Asian people, poor people, queer, transgendered, and non-binary people. We believe in cooperation and collaboration, and we believe in the power of the people.

For my fellows and this “Kain Na” zine, I offer this recipe. I hope that others can learn from, use, and apply this recipe to their own lives.

INGREDIENTS

Passion and Compassion
Tenderness
Healing and Wholeness (check out
Thérèse Cator to learn more)
Depth
Dignity
Patience
Radical Self-Care (see Audre Lorde for
details)

Time
Spaciousness
Trust
Deep Relationships
Conflict
Listening
Accountability
Community



INSTRUCTIONS

Step 1: Find your why; what is your unique and personal purpose and niche within the movement?

Step 2: Commit to your community and doing the work together, and hone your skills (over and over and over, again)

Step 3: Keep the fires of passion burning... (read the poem "Fire" by Judy Brown)

Step 4: Practice dignity and integrity; honoring and respecting yourself, as well as others (check out "The Dignity Model" by Donna Hicks).

Step 5: Breathe (consciously) and take care to be mindful and practice tenderness through the challenges.

Refer to authors and resources shared within my recipe. Also check out Rockwood Leadership's Art of Leadership Program, Tamara Levitt on Calm (especially her Relationship with Self and Others series), and AYA Educational Institute's Warrior Healer Builder training.





La calabaza se rompió, Her Waters Broke.

alexas janae e. ramirez

Rivers, water.

Meandering through the stories laid in the land of our mother.

I stood at a threshold, overlooking a chasm shaped by time that only our ancestors keep.

A time that has intersected through my existence in this cosmoverse.

The peaks of her Earth, cutting through the sky, existing because of the continuous movement of heat beneath her surface, slowly, continuously, shaping a face in her image which peoples would climb to speak to the celestial bodies, offering prayers, gifts, petitions for the times that would arrive after them.

Streaming down the face of creation, her waters carved through land, bringing life, stretching through time and space. She cried.

La calabaza se rompió.

Connecting villages, tribes, nations. Tears of creation, the Great Waters of our Mother.

La calabaza se rompió.

Like the energy that courses through our body, connecting each atomic element of our being to the next, giving meaning to the experience we have been given in this consciousness, this life. Momentary, insignificant, una semilla, un regalito.

I offer my prayers and the fresh, cold mountain waters of that river bless my face, my feet, my being, connecting me with all of life that extend through time that only my ancestors keep.



A Story About Tamales, but a Fried Egg Recipe

gabriel morales

Christmas morning, still young enough to believe in magic - that last night a man flew snow horses fast enough to deliver packages all across the world, I woke up with a crushing headache - I didn't know the word *migraine* then.

My mother and her sisters had spent the entire Christmas eve sitting at a kitchen table: talking, laughing, whispering, and spreading dough onto a corn husk. They put seasoned pork on top of the *masa*, and then folded and sealed them into little packages that they steamed the whole day. *Tamales*.

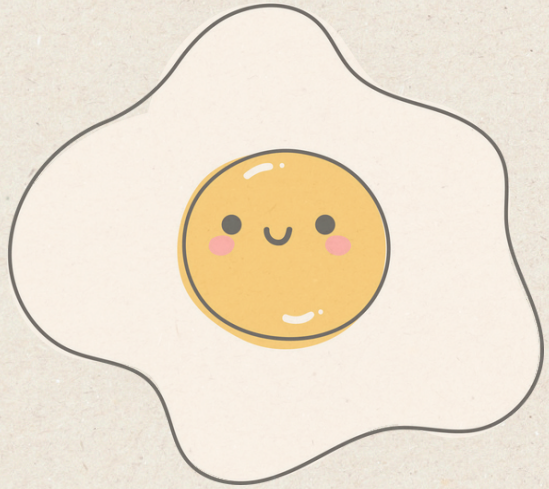
Tamales are real work. In my family, they've been the work of a whole community, generations, of women, but you know how babies are - I didn't want to eat them, so I didn't eat the whole day. That's why I woke up with a headache . . .

Christmas morning, my brother's in the other room - opening presents. I'm still in bed wanting to vomit and wishing someone would turn off the sun. My dad brings me a fried egg - over easy, and a glass of "Big Red," the disastrously sweet red creme South Texas soda.

I love fried eggs and I love Big Red. Now, as an adult, I also love tamales. I'm not bold enough to share any tamale recipe with you though, so here is a recipe for some fried eggs when someone you know has a headache.

INGREDIENTS

1 large egg
Salt (to taste)
Black pepper (to taste)
1 tbsp butter or oil



INSTRUCTIONS

Prepare the Pan: Heat a non-stick skillet over medium heat. Add the butter or oil and let it melt.

Fry the Egg: Once the butter starts to bubble slightly or the oil shimmers, crack an egg into the skillet. The gentler you are, the more likely you are to not ruin the yolk. (Salt and pepper now.)

Cook to the Egg: Cook the egg for about 2 minutes, until the white doesn't gross you out. The yolk should still be runny.

Flip the Egg over to cook on the other side. Cook for an additional 20-30 seconds for over-easy eggs (or longer if you prefer the yolk more set).

Eat It.



Grammie Jackie's Blueberry Muffins

Britt Florio

I have found memories of picking quarts of blueberries with my Grammie and then going home and baking with them.

INGREDIENTS

1 3/4 cup all-purpose flour
2/3 cup sugar
1 T baking powder
3/4 tsp salt
6 T butter
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp grated lemon zest
1/2 tsp vanilla extract
1 cup blueberries

Serves: 12 Cook time: 45 mins

1. In a bowl mix flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt.
2. With a hand pastry blender, cut in butter until mixture resembles fine crumbs.
3. In a separate bowl, combine egg, milk, lemon zest and vanilla extract.
4. Stir egg mixture into flour mixture just until flour is moistened. Batter will be lumpy.
5. Fold blueberries into batter.
6. Spoon batter into muffin pan.
7. Bake at 400 degrees F, for 20-25 minutes until golden and toothpick comes out clean.



"Earth and Ocean, Sand and Sea" Sung by Britt & AC



Let's Eat, Sister

In the deepest part of my grief,
you prep food in the kitchen again.
Sharpening your knives,
pulling at random from the fridge
with a clever and mischievous smile.

A mad scientist with a vision
shaping precarious ingredients into something
nourishing, unique, comforting.

When you hand me a steaming hot bowl,
there is a part of you in it.
It is a piece of art, curated
as an act of service,
of protection.

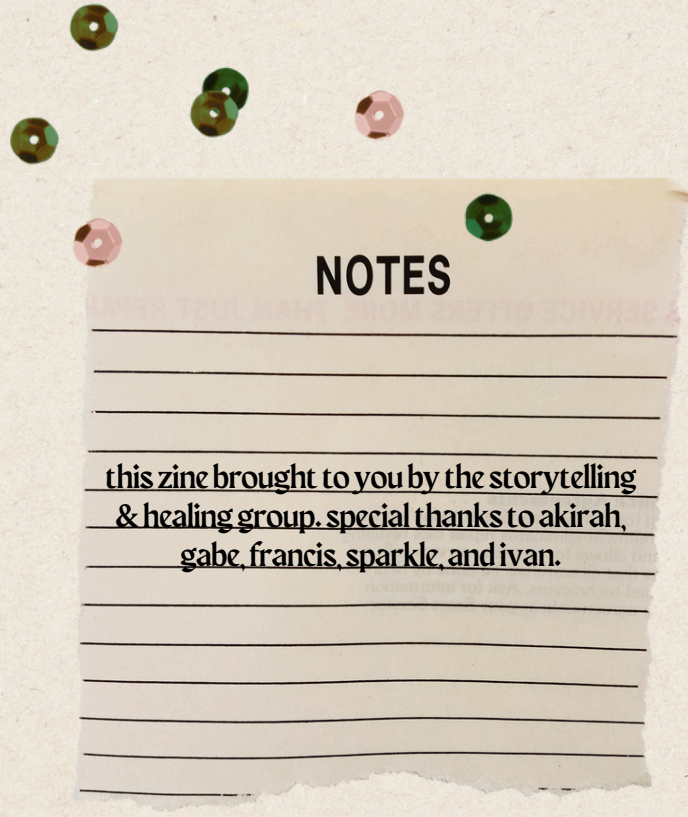
You say, "let's eat sister!"

Whenever I make it
to where ever it is that you are
I hope to find you holding a spot for me at the kitchen table,
abundantly filled with our favorite childhood dishes.
the same smile on your face.

Britt Florio



**We
bend
so we
don't
break**



NOTES

this zine brought to you by the storytelling
& healing group. special thanks to akirah,
gabe, francis, sparkle, and ivan.

SEEDINGPOWER

LEADERSHIP FOR A REGIONAL FOOD MOVEMENT

