**Article 1: On the bus a Students diary**

For Pat Healy, and the Original Freedom Riders who travelled with us, we are in awe of your legacy. Thank you for “opening” this space.

**First day.** On the bus, uncomfortable about our comfort within the hermetically sealed alien capsule, we cruised forward. Sterilised of sentiments and gasping for connection, we came, embodied in our slick city smoothness. Our disquiet sat strangely with intense expectations. Sitting hidden behind the tinted sleekness of glazed air-conditioning, hoping for an encounter with texture and visceral engagement with another, our legs were pained by pins of inactivity. To deny this, in tokenistic splendour seemed to be a perpetuation of the superficial gesturing of empty words.

A one minute silence in each town, a ceremonial ritual embraced with head lowered, and eyes diverted. With profound weight, our heels sank into ground, to absorb its depth ...no words... the power of our collaborative being reverberated in this silent moment.

Suddenly, the Bus’s momentum stopped, we pulled over in a desolate, barren landscape, a non-place, held in memory of being run off the road by hatred, 50 years prior. We searched to find this symbolic ugly place, reminiscing into the vast unidentified landscape. Then one by one, a gentle stream of us filtered off the bus to mark the place, now in embrace. Here together, those that travelled here before and those that will continue down this road, a temporal marking of an intergenerational moment.

Connection and the days between delivered guidance in experience and wisdom, for the changes we aspire to make, a passing of the baton. Racism and inequity lingers still within the adversity and lived neglect of the first Australians. Suffering compounded through omission is an indictment of us all.

**Last Day:** Exhausted by the truth of the encounters and stories spoken from lived experience we were changed. Where once it had been hard to see past the self-reflection in the bus window, we now see through and further still, to where we need to be, not where we are. The future has opened, its potential unfurled……

Peaceful demonstration fosters active leadership to work beyond. We are students from diverse backgrounds, representing a broad range of community and professions from Accounting to Liberal Arts from Architecture to Nursing.

As a student of Architecture, I ask how can Architecture bridge and facilitate the space for productive conversations to build the future together. How can we create the space to connect to each other actually (not virtually), eye to eye, heart to heart, to listen to stories and make changes though visceral bonds and connected empathy.

This was not a "re-enactment" as the recreation of need is unnecessary. In fact need is still embarrassingly evident. I propose it has been a “revival”, an honouring of the past, with its critical relevance understood and now, today re-activated. With this renewed vital energy we have hopes to take the work of reconciliation further and to build an equitable future for ALL.