

APRIL

Writing from the in-person group, each Wednesday 10.30-12.30

People share (non-obligatory) homework at the start of each session before further writing, reading and discussion. (Apologies, some items reformatted to save space).

Erratum: last month we attributed 'Storm' to Linda instead of Liz. Apologies to both.

Charge (Mary)

We're waiting, jostling to the front, it's going on all around me, until Jackie Bloor gives the front row a glare and gradually things settle down and the chattering stops. Jackie's Dad comes from the side with the cheese in his arms. He does it every year, arms still strong enough at 78 to raise and throw. It goes hurtling down the hill, Jackie's whistle shrills and we all charge.

Protect (Pauline)

The most amazing response in the whole wild world is to be found within a Mother's heart when it comes to this particular word.

What a great and wonderful gift from wherever...Mother Nature, a higher power whatever we choose to call it.

For surely the human race would never have survived without this mysterious, magical and miraculous instinct. However, Mothers also possess the instinct to murder whoever may even suggest the slightest harm towards their offspring. This is a step too far.

The urge to protect is commendable but a balance has to be sought. Otherwise, the human race could very easily become extinct.

Bread and Roses (Liz) I used to live in the City but now that my husband has died and my children are all grown up I've decided to move to the countryside. It's a small cottage, but it's been changed, living place upstairs and bakery downstairs. So not only does the air smell of roses I can smell the fresh bread baking. No more heavy traffic. No more people rushing to work. This cottage is like a chocolate box. It's been easy making friends because they're all my customers. I love it here I'm glad I moved.

Protect (Linda) I always tried to protect my little cat from the big wide world, I made sure that he had all his injections, his treatments. If he was missing for more than half an hour I would be by the back door calling his name; if he was gone for more than an hour I would be by the back door calling his name. If he was gone for more than two hours I would be walking the streets looking for him but at the end of the day I couldn't protect from the thing that comes to us all, which was death: that long dark night that we all must face.

Bright (Maggie)

*All things bright and beautiful
All creatures Great and Small*

A welcome hymn

So lightly sung

but leading to the last

unquestioned verse.

The rich man at his castle

The poor man at his gate

God made them high and lowly

And ordered their estate.

Not always bright and beautiful
for those standing at the gate!
But on and on it goes
because they know their place.

High Moor Swim (Mark) for Paul who couldn't attend 'Writing Leek'

We swum up the slow hill,
keen against the rip of the
moorland tide. To either side
the blanched mat-grass crashed
like breakers on gritstone scars.

Ahead two grouse broke fast
then scooted dark as shags
across the tide. The trig point
flashed white; lazily I turned
from breaststroke
to slow back crawl.

Bread and Roses (Paul)

Are you ready? Are you Rose?
Are the thoughts there? Is this a pose?

Pictures of the 'Writing Leek' event plus coil pots made with Jess.



APRIL continued

You, our participants

currently contribute to our rent in Fountain Street and help keep our services going with donations, large and small, in cash and in kind.

Vitally, you are also supporting one another.

Protect (Rachel) I like to protect my cat. Her name is Heidi. She is a beautiful cat. Her eyes are green. She likes to lay upon my knees. She likes to look around the room. She purrs a lot. She hasn't been very well, but she will get better soon.

Charge (Andy) He wheeled round, hearing an unexpected vehicle. On the dark country lane, he hadn't expected to encounter anyone – apart from Jenny who he was meeting at the fork, to take her to the weekly village hop. But the van stopped and out climbed a corpulent Military Policeman who swaggered over to him with an unpleasant smile "So Corporal. going AWOL are we? You're on a charge".



Contact details:

c/o Leek Health Centre, Fountain St
Leek, ST13 6JB (Andy collects mail weekly)

Phone: 01538 528708

New mobile: 07760 138395 (now on a better connection)

Email: info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Website: www.borderlandvoices.org.uk

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1398672493722468>

Borderland Voices contact: **Andy Collins: working from home**

Bright (Bill)

I like brightness, I enjoy when I open the curtains in the morning and it's light outside. Also, occasionally I really enjoy sitting on the sofa and feeling the warmth of the sun coming up over the top of the builders wall building opposite our house, to sit for a few minutes enjoying the light, brightness and warmth of the sun is absolute bliss.

Protect (Will)

Her job was to protect the carrier ships as they came in to deploy the much needed back up. Smaller airships and gunner crafts whipped around trying their best to take out the carrier ships. She dipped above and below the great ships in her mark 4 gunner craft, shooting down enemy airships that strayed too close or targeted the carriers. She was Pilot thirteen and her ship was called the Flying Doe and her name was Pip, she was lucky pilot thirteen.



Borderland Voices

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The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

Newsletter
APRIL 2022

In-person sessions, Leek Health Centre, on Wednesdays.

Every Wednesday: 10.30-12.30 Creative Writing;
1.30-3.30 Expressive Art. All welcome.

For **location** and **precautions** email info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Images inside: 'Writing Leek' event plus **3-D figures** and various **coil pots** all made with placement student **Jess**

April art: topics to be confirmed. All with **Jess Vere** (Derby Uni. Creative Expressive Arts, Health, Wellbeing placement student.)

Many thanks to **Paul Brady** and **Survive Together Love Leek** (via **Bill Lomas**) for donations and **Barbara Bunce** for art materials.

BV's input to last month's **Writing Leek** was a triumph. Moira emailed: 'So many interesting Land Army stories, books and displays. What a lot of work; you must all be so proud.' At the start, M.C. Mark dedicated a poem to Paul, who's in the Dougie Mac.