AUGUST

Writing from in-person group which takes place 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):

Spot (Will)

Not much was known about him, he was just the scruffy little hillbilly bunny that lived out on the prairie in a little rundown shack he built himself, he was known as Spotty Jack for he was covered in brown patches and was nuts but he was kind and loving and had a bit of a thing for the owner of the saloon, Hilda, fine looking lass with a mean right hook and stature of a mountain but Jack didn't mind, he was buck wild over the woman and pursued her till his dying day, though they never ended up together, Hilda still held a special place in her heart for that scruffy little bunny.

Dawn (Pauline)

I don't see many of these, I am more familiar with evenings dusk and night-time.

I've never been a morning person but I make no apologies. We are what we are. I'm Pauline, the owl, definitely not Pauline the early bird – lover of the dark – unfriendly with the lark. That's my motto.

Dawn (Bill)

Light now around 4 o'clock. I like that, however I maybe feeling, it always helps. A new start, batten down the hatches, throw of the shackles and start again hope springs eternal.

Dog Days (Jane)

He looks down upon the earth the proud dog in the sky. His thick fur enshrouding us. Not that this is the time we need it. With this extra layer from our furry guardian, we are warm. Too warm. Our guardian smiles believing he's caring for his charges. In fact, he's heating us. Like the incubation of an egg. We'd all like to move the dog off, I'm sure. But proudly down he looks upon us, his star shining brightly in the sky. I wonder what that dog thinks as it sits waiting. Perhaps he is sleeping, napping. Wouldn't he prefer to run and let the heat dissipate from us folk down here just a little. Only a little. But I guess the dog is a good dog. He cares for those he wishes to protect. So how can we be angry at such a good boy.

Table (Maggie)

When Lennie Cat joined us two years ago, he had not slept on a bed or sofa. He had lain down on concrete or tarmac in the streets of Clayton, Greater Manchester. So for the first year or so he slept on our dining table. It took a year before he would discover the snuggly pleasure of cushioned surfaces.

Lennie loves his food. When we have folks over to share a meal, he inevitably jumps up on the table. We immediately shush him off...as if we couldn't possibly be the sort of people who allow their cat on the table when they are eating!

Small Wonder (Rachel)

Small wonder is my kitten Cassie, she follows me around and bites my feet. I would be lost without her. She is the small wonder in my life.





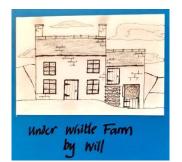














AUGUST DETAILS

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.

A boat made of home (Mary)

Sunday morning. A father and a mother. (backs against the burr walnut bedhead) He has made tea. They drink carefully, because between them are two boys (still sleeping), and in the middle a girl baby, full of milk, and trusting.

Through the tall sash window (now six blocks gone)

Is a new clear view of Tower Bridge across a waste of small trees and mayweed. A seedling Plane's already three years old. These people are Mum and Dad, the oars and the rudder that will see us through this.



Small Wonder (Bill)

I think many of us, maybe most of us, I don't know can live our lives "half blinded" as it were. We can see without seeing, hear without hearing and the beauty, loveliness and majesty of nature can the majority of the time pass us by. The cares of the day, worries of daily living, can be like a "clashing cymbal" or big bass drum booming in our ears drowning out every other "still, small voice" that is endlessly trying to get out attention. There are so many small wonders all around us every day all the time, from new-born babes to the beauty of a single rose to every plant, tree, flower, insect, fish, mountain, river, sky, sea. The list is endless, all this just "is" and is all simply wonderful".



Contact details:

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Borderland Voices

25 years of arts for mental wellbeing



The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

Newsletter

AUGUST 2023 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 further information email info@borderlandvoices.org.uk Images: Shadow puppets + Gordon; Denise Dutton's talk, ind. WLA memorial; Dove Valley art; WLA research + JHWG August art: 2nd, 9th, 16th Andy various topics; 23rd 'scrap notebooks' + Steph Bogachi; 30th day visit see below Throughout Aug: Leek Library, BV 25-year exhibition BV Stand: Aug 22nd Tittesworth fun day; 26th Ipstones show Aug 13th: parachute jump for BV. Please contact Andy to donate.

Aug 30th: free day visit on narrow boat **Beatrice**. Leave LHC 10.30am, return 3.30pm. Contact Andy ASAP, places limited.