DECEMBER

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):

Magic (Linda)

We tend not to believe in magic as we get older, life is a lot more magical when you are a child. There is nothing more magical than being a child at Christmas time when the shops are full of Christmas trees and sweets and chocolates. There is nothing more magical than waking up on Christmas morning to discover Santa Claus has been and seeing all your presents around the Christmas tree. Oh, to be a child again.

Festival for the Season (Rachel)

My festival for the season is Christmas, mistletoe and holly, snow on the ground. Lots of sparkling lights. Christmas trees. Santa Claus and sleigh bells. Children playing, people running around buying Christmas presents. Robins chirping in the trees. This is one of my favourite seasons.

Magic! (Tia)

It's quite magical to know how we are born. Thousands of tiny cells all mingling together. The science is just amazing, just as we can try and imagine putting all the cells together and finalizing the "magical" outcome – a priceless most beautiful tiny human being – all fingers, toes and other fabulous bits in place.

Sense and memory (Liz)

Some people can sense when something is going to happen, like a car crash or something like a change in the weather. Memory is something that happened in the past. It can be a sad occasion, or a happy one, good or bad. It isn't always good to look back in time; but it may be happy, like parties and occasions like Christmas or seeing in the New Year and weddings. The sound of laughter instead of tears. A sense of something bad which is going to happen. A memory of bad dreams you would like to forget.

Magic (Will)

She's been fine tuning her craft since she was a little girl; now, at the age of 113, she was the one a lot of city folk turn to when they needed some magic assets or a potion and she is more than happy to help and often come to the person's house if they couldn't get to her shack in the marshes which the gypsies and voodoo folk and herself called home, she is the hag of the marsh, the gypsy mother

The power of walking (Jane) Walking. It holds a power for me. The simple act of moving one foot in front of the other is hard. It takes time. My body sometimes doesn't want to go in the direction I wish to take. But with small steps little by little walking has become a power. It strengthens me. I hurt yes but I also get stronger. Sometimes I push too much but it's all a learning curve. Learn how far I can walk before it's too much. It's like starting to walk again from when you were a small child. Starting to tentatively walk on those limbs for the first time. Then you get stronger and more confident each time you walk. So that's what I'm doing. I may not have started right from the beginning, but I will use the power of each walk to strengthen these limbs. Strengthen my mind and gain back my confidence gain back my power from my walks.

'Love-crows', some incomplete, using sustainable materials to welcome garden wildlife; landscape **colour and mood; Christmas 'baubles'**; BV stand at **Karen Bradley's** volunteer event, with Dep. Ld. Lieutenant **Admiral Sir Trevor Soar**; page 1 of an article about our **WLA project**.















DECEMBER 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.

Force (Mary) The dragonfly larva can live for years at the bottom of the pond, devouring anything that moves or lurks in the mud.

Then it climbs out and is fixed and still. A new life force building up inside after changing and developing – then pow – a great split. New eyes, new legs and wings – what wings.

Drying out and away into the sky.

A Murder of Crows (Pauline)

A murder of crows is expected
And whole heartedly rejected
In favour of the opposite – so!
Take off your hat and bow to my love crow.

Leading Lights) (Andy)

John used them, approaching Wildcat Island in the dark. Lined up lanterns to steer into The rocky inlet.

In home waters, Cap'n Nancy's Greater pirate guile scorned Lights, sighted simply on The tall pine.

My leading lights – friends, Family, phrases, even famous Heroes help navigate Scylla and Charybdis.





Contact details:

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

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Mobile: 07760 138395 (now on a better connection)

Email: <u>info@borderlandvoices.org.uk</u>
Website: www.borderlandvoices.org.uk

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

Borderland Voices contact Andy Collins: at home but Wed in Leek

Borderland Voices

24 years of arts for mental wellbeing



The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

Newsletter DECEMBER 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.

2023 calendar: hopefully on its way!

Images: wildlife-friendly 'Love-crows'; landscapes; Xmas 'baubles'; BV stall Karen Bradley's volunteer event; WLA article

Dec art: 7th (after Xmas lunch), 14th, 21st, WLA style Xmas cards + Sarah; 28th, New Year + Andy, T.B.C. if there's demand

Dec 7th: writing 10.30-11.45; Xmas lunch at Blue Mugge 12 noon if ordered; art at LHC 1.30-3.30

