

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):

Nest (Mary)

A Robin's nest.

A nest of vipers, that sounds bad but they are beautiful and you just have to leave them alone.

A dragon's nest. A golden treasure hidden deep in the earth and a sleeping reptile wound round the hill above it sleeping through the centuries.

Ant's nest. You dig at it by accident and droves of them come pouring out. The tiny red ones hurt the most if they bite you, so you'd better run, and they'll spend hours repairing the hole you made to keep their grubs warm and dry.

Snow (Linda)

When I was little, I used to love it when it snowed, making Snowmen, having snowball fights with my friends. How life changes though, now I dread the snow, it means different things to me now that I'm old and grey. Snow means freezing pavements that I'm scared to walk on in case I slip and fall. It means that my rooms are colder and I think can I afford to have the heating on? Yes, the coming of the snow can be scary for the old.

Ramble (Rachel)

To ramble across the countryside or the damp wet autumn leaves.

I also think you can ramble away your worries of the day. To talk is also to ramble; rambling on about something is to talk nonstop.

A day in the life (Will)

A day in the life of a worker, the clock rings out its four o'clock chimes, stirring the city from its slumber, the great machines within the mills and factories had already started to turn and chug. Walking the still dark streets the only light cast from the golden glow of the streetlamps that run along the fronts and sides of the buildings, wrapped up against the morning's cold embrace. The mills and factories started to come into sight, peeking from behind the rows of houses and shops, their windows already aglow and humming with machinery and churning of cogs and gears, their roofs catching the first rays of sunlight that had begun to finally peak over the city walls, casting gear teeth like shadows along their rooftops and upper floors. The whistle calls and the working day begins.

Being here (Maggie)

There is a stillness here.

The cat relaxes on my bed.
He senses it.

There is a calm.

Expansion in a radiator
the only sound.

There is a quietness.

Something of the glazing
holds a peace within.

There is the perfect green.
Bright yet warm,
painted lovingly for me.

There is a warmth
in curtains flashing lilies
with exotic leaves.

There is a space here,
despite the boxes.
There is a path between.

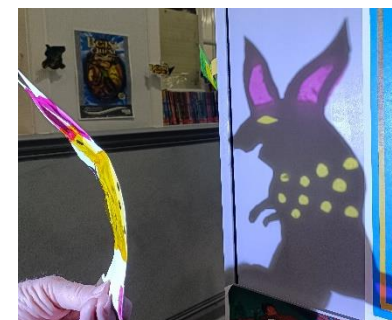
The hummingbirds remind
that I chose this
and Raven overlooks.

DECEMBER

Colourful festive **Wall hangings**
to decorate our
'24 Doors' Advent door.



Shadow puppet creatures, made with Gordon at a public, library workshop, again for our '**24 Doors**' event.



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.

Vitaly, you are also supporting one another.

Nest (Pauline) That's what a home is. If you are animal or human. There's nothing so comforting as snuggling down in your own little nest. This is what I do on cold winter nights, when the wind is blowing, howling through the trees. I snuggle down in bed with my two animals; Freya and Chico the two best cats in all the world and they enjoy it just as much as I do.



Contact details:

c/o Leek Health Centre, Fountain St
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Borderland Voices contact **Andy Collins: at home but Wed in Leek**

In the news (Bill) Why, oh, why do I watch it because it only makes me sad, frustrated and helpless? But somehow, I have a need to know what is going on in the world. Occasionally there is an item, usually near the end of the bulletin that brings a ray of hope, light and love to my heart. So I go on watching and hoping that in the end love really will prevail.

The Day of the Dead (Tia) This is a day all humans mainly fear, it comes mostly unexpected, shocking, painful, unknowingly. People who are near to dying say that all their fears and pain drift and they may see visions or feel peaceful. A body stops feeling everything and hopefully our souls are free to go wherever they wish, the body of flesh – dissolves through time, cremated or buried, haunting or at peace; we all await our time to die or pass on, after all it's a day of the dead, to come naturally.



Borderland Voices

26 years of arts for mental wellbeing



**The Queen's Award
for Voluntary Service**

Wishing you peace at Christmas

DECEMBER 2024

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: festive Wall hangings and shadow puppet creatures for our '24 Doors' Advent event (find us on 4th Dec)

Dec art: 4th: Celebrating 'activity' + Sarah; 11th: Xmas decorations + Andy; 18th: Celebrating 'activity' + Sarah (at Foxlowe); 25th: no sessions (or 1st January)

Fri. 6th Dec, Twilight Market Leek Butter market, 5-8.30pm;
visit the BV stall **and buy your:**

2025 Calendar: £5 at the market/BV, **£7.50** by post

'Bring-and-share' Xmas lunch from 12.30 **Wed 11th Dec** in the new Health Centre room. **Let Andy know** if you're coming.