

SEPTEMBER

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):

In the waiting room (Rachel)

Sitting inside the waiting room at the doctors, waiting to be called in, also looking on the TV screen to see if my name comes up. Looking around and reading the notices on the wall. Or sitting in the dentist's, reading magazines, waiting for dental treatment, not many people like the dentist, I don't seem to mind. I'm due for a dental checkup. People minding their own business, playing on their mobile phones.

Tide (Bill) I suppose tide is like the ebb and flow of Life itself, coming and going, bringing along with it flotsam and jetsam, somethings that come bring joy and happiness, other stuff can bring sadness and tears, trying to accept everything that comes and greeting them all with equanimity is one of life's big lessons.

The Puzzle Makers (Tia) Puzzle makers, not the place I normally visit, toy shops, as I have enough puzzles in life in general as it is. Puzzles of directions, which way to go, a crossroads, not a crossword – unless you're driving with a partner and get lost, then it's definitely "cross words"! Puzzles everywhere today, try technology, that's a puzzle all of its own!

Textiles (Pauline) (An acrostic) Textiles are versatile, Each and every one, eXchange them for money, Tills won't ring If, Left, Empty.

Oasis (Will)

Most think of an oasis as a body of water in a barren land of shifting sand but my oasis is this biodome and the screen that keeps me company but holds me trapped in a world where reality is nothing more than strings of code; thought I made a connection the other day to a lonely AI soul in another place like mine. They talk of a fading Mainframe and a lost lover, it's a strange concept to come to terms with, an AI with human-like aspects and ailments, but much like me they're adrift in a failing environment, existing in an oasis of their own making and surrounded by the ruins of their former life.

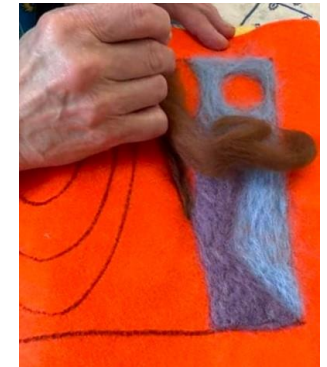
Cherry Picker (Jane)

I'm not fond of cherry pickers. They do their job of course but I'm forever haunted by them, after I was told a story of my partner's father. How it actually occurred I'm unsure but all I know is fingers and cherry pickers do not mix. Something Kevin will always remember, I'm certain. And the missing tip of his thumb will be a lasting testament too. So nope. Add to that I hate heights and I'll be staying away from these technological demons thank you. With all my fingers intact.

Oasis (Linda)

Life can sometimes be like a barren desert, nothing seems to be going right, you can be walking through miles and miles of sand, tired and thirsty, no relief in sight, then all of a sudden, things start to get better, friends and family rally round and like finding an oasis in the middle of a desert, life is good once again.

Warslow Flower Festival: Curlew art and writing next to Moorlands Climate Action's display; **textiles** (in progress) – **woven bracelets and needle-felting**, for display at the Nicholson in **Leek Textile Week**.



SEPTEMBER 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.

Textile Writing (Sheena)

Textile-the fabric of life, from the leather and fur from animals to silk damask, finest lawn and softest silk. Seamstresses, mothers, designers, darters and repairers, the uses of sophisticated machines and single needles, the chemical dyes and the foraged wild ones, a wonderful cornucopia of colour, texture and style, differing and changing across the wide world - each new invention enlarging the possibilities of use and design.

Man who sits waiting (Mary)

Your face of thoughtful moon
Your shoes of wild red Indian
Your trousers of cut cloth
Your watch of better times
Your ear of pink over-hearings
Your fingers of gnawed nails
Your eye of is-this-a friend?
Your jumper of zipped warmth
Your hair of fresh washing
Your ring of I'm taken
Your wallet of brown photos
Your skin of work in wind
Your legs of walk-away-if-you-could



Contact details:

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

Phone: 01538 528708

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: at home but Wed in Leek**

Borderland Voices

26 years of arts for mental wellbeing



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

Newsletter SEPTEMBER 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 but **art currently full.**

For further information email info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Images: Warslow Flower Festival, BV Curlew art + writing;
textiles (in progress) – **woven bracelets** and **needle-felting.**

Sept art: 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th: 5 Ways to Well-being: 'Connect'
with Sarah Males

The **August textile workshops** were made possible thanks to
Textile Heritage funding from OUTSIDE

BV textile **art** and **writing** will be displayed during **Leek Textile Festival**, Sept 23rd-29th, in the Nicholson Museum.

Writing session in Leek Textile Festival on **Sept 25th + Alison Boyle.** Pls bring something textile/textile-related.