

JUNE

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):

Bring me sunshine (Maggie)

We played him out with it, my Dad.
We all smiled as we reluctantly left.
Everyone knew the song.
Some remembered the funny dance.
Each programme finished with the same routine.
"Bring me sunshine with your smile.
Bring me laughter all the while."
Dad's favourite, sighing as it ended.
Dad, you brought me sunshine.
Dad you made me smile.

Spice of life (Bill)

The saying goes that variety is the 'spice of life' and I suppose that is true, but for a lot of us the everyday, mundane, hum-drum orderliness of life is our common fare. Sometimes, perhaps it could be that taking a step back and learning again how to appreciate life, beauty and the loveliness of all that already is, would help us to be more content in general.

Chakra; Spice of Life (Tia)

Walking into the Chakra in Buxton, my goodness I'm dribbling from the smells and deliciousness on display; drinks all made from natural ingredients. It's a treat to try, enjoy and soak up the atmosphere. Aromas of so many spices you feel like you're actually in exotic India.

May (Will)

May of the hill, an elderly lady that lives in a second empire mansion upon a craggy hill that overlooks the old fishing town, though nowadays it's more a collection of rundown buildings and dried out docks with rotting boats and ships with a few stubborn souls still wandering the weather worn docks and streets, but you'll see her on her rocking chair with her knitting, humming old sea shanties as she rocks and knits, occasionally glancing out over the town and the dark, murky sea that lurked on the horizon. Rumour around town is that the day she stopped knitting the town will finally go under, this rumour started when she stopped once and the town went into bankruptcy, the sea retreated and whole schools of fish died, some scoff the rumours off as nonsense and people looking for someone to blame for their misfortune, whatever the case no one messes with May of the hill.

Mint (Jane)

The mint with the hole always springs to mind when hearing the word mint. Polo mints, specifically spearmint flavour, were always a favourite. Minted was always thrown around as well. Either meant something was good or someone was well off and had a lot of money. I suppose to be minted. Mint's meaning has become very obscure. I think I'll stick with my mint with the hole. That one's tasty.

Let it be (Mary)

Last night I was talking to Arthur on the phone. He had a blackbird singing on a tree in his garden and fine weather. My weather was fine too, had been all day. All the back windows were open, then suddenly the heavens opened here, straight down rain, thunder and lightning. So I could hear Arthur, blackbird and storm all at once. Pretty good. Some poets I know go on about metaphor. This wasn't a metaphor, it just happened. It just was itself.



Art inspired by **Castleton Garland Day** and other Maytime traditions; a few highlights of the **40s Extravaganza** (celebrating our WLA project) including a poor photo of the brilliant **Polish dance troupe**.

JUNE 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.

Bring (Linda)

Bring is an interesting word, people often say 'What have you got to bring to the table then?', 'What opinions do you have then on the subject?', 'Why do you think that your opinions count?' We should never be afraid to voice our opinions though, because every voice, no matter how small, always counts. We have all got something to bring to the table.

Northern Lights (Rachel)

I've only seen pictures of the Northern Lights. I would love to have seen them last week, the colours are beautiful. But I did see the moon, and a fox, which to my mind is eye-catching and wonderful.

Let it be (Rachel)

Let it be as it is. Sometimes you can change things, sometimes you can't. A song, also, by the Beatles, before my time – Let it be – although I do know the song: there will be an answer, let it be. Apparently, it was a number one hit by the Beatles.

Northern Lights (Pauline)

I've never seen them
They say they are beautiful
No doubt they are
But so are sunsets and sunrises
Though I'm rarely out of bed to see the latter.
Some folks pay large amounts of money to go to Iceland on cruise ships and the lights, disappointingly, do not appear.
I think I'll stick to sunsets.
They are more easily accessible and totally free.



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 JUNE 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: art inspired by Castleton Garland Day and other May traditions; & our Heritage Lottery funded 40s Extravaganza, showcasing our Women's Land Army project.

June art: 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th: Colour & texture + Andy
Sat. 22nd Jun, HuG Green Arts Festival Foxlowe Arts Centre, 10am-4pm, BV will have a stand as usual

The Leek Polish Connection Exhibition: Polish soldiers and families journeyed from Siberian labour camps, thro' the Middle East, to fight in Italy and finally settled in Leek. Nicholson Gallery Mon-Sat 10am-4pm to 29th Jun. BV contributed to the exhibition.