

MAY

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):

Range (Linda)

The long-range forecast for today is a few showers, I said to my sister before we began our walk in the beautiful Goyt Valley. No problem, said Jo, so we got all our hiking gear on and set out. About half an hour later the heavens opened up and we were soaked to our skin. As we were sitting in the car half undressed, having to change nearly all our clothes, Bloody forecasters, I said, I'm never trusting them again.

Monument (Andy)

We almost take it for granted, don't we – such a feature of the townscape – and yet one we repeatedly refer to when directing people around Leek. 'Go down Derby St towards the monument.' 'Turn left just past the monument and you're on the road out to Ashbourne.' 'If you stand with your back to the monument and turn right, you'll come to Fountain St and BV meets in Leek Health Centre, just up there.' Its clock chimes make it an audible as well as a visible presence in the town, but we rarely stop to think of the lost lives it commemorates.

Lamb's tails (Maggie) The lamb, new-born, dropped in the hay. Flopped in a lifetime of her own. No sense of past or future yet to come. For now, on her first day, the smell and wet of mother's milk. Unsteady on her legs, tail still attached. For now. And Blake had asked the question years ago: 'Little Lamb who made thee?' Some say she was created, come from God. Some know her origins – they trace her species on the evolution line. We'll never know for sure. And yet for sure we know the joy her presence brings when springing in the field, her wiggling tail set free.

Heart (Jane)

He longed for a heart. For he no longer had one. Stolen away long ago. Or so he believed. He'd loved and lost and his heart had been broken smashed into a million pieces, never to be recovered. He'd kept himself in solitude not wanting comfort from people. Wanting it but being afraid of it. Longing for the heart to return.

One day he was found by a young girl. At first, he ignored her but she came back every day, worried about him. She brought gifts and treats and eventually those pieces began to mend. A little love towards him started to mend that heart. Eventually it was whole again his heart returned and a new friend made who was kind enough to offer comfort when he so needed it.

Blazing a Trail (Will)

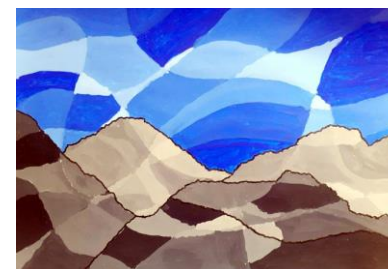
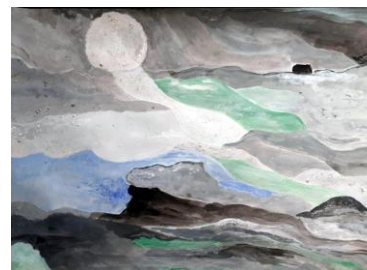
Mrs Lovett's moment of blazing a trail was clutching the handlebars of her malfunctioning mobility scooter as it sailed down the high street, while slinging slurs at her husband who had talked her out of taking it to the professional and supposedly fixed the motor issues, when all he did was disable the brakes and boost the speed. It was working well till she upped the speed to get up the incline and ended up flying down the high street at 30 mph. She was a blazing trail of white hair, colourful clothes and cuss words.

Natural Resources (Liz)

We throw lots of things away: fridges-freezers, cookers. Some don't bother with the refuse place, just fly-tip anywhere: in fields or the garden. Spoiling the countryside of all its beauty. Animals can be trapped, unable to pull free, dying slowly. Other people will burn their rubbish but that isn't good because you are spoiling the ozone layer. We can already see the difference in the ozone layer, the change of weather in the seasons, ice bergs melting too quick. The only way to fix this is for us all to do our bit to save the planet we love.

Abstract landscapes

done with our placement student **Jess** and her final day with us.



MAY 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.

The Right Track (Bill) The Right track: don't look back. Sometimes life's unkind, so keep an open mind. Life's bigger than you think, goes by in a blink. Look, look again, till vision is more plain. Relax, relax enjoy the ride; all are coming on yonder tide.

Light and Shade (Mark)

Without light there is no shade
No shadow without the glare
Without dark there is no bright
Place to live your life, nowhere
To navigate between two extremes
And there, somewhere on the margin



Contact details:

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

Phone: 01538 528708

New 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: working from home**

Monument (Pauline)

Commemoration, indignation of some; Racism and slavery come to mind. These hard stone characters were not always kind. Why should they be remembered? And not only that - Winston Churchill daubed with paint. Our National Treasure was no saint. He sent thousands of people to die in War. Gun fodder, no more. Monuments are often spectres of cruelty.

Biscuits (Mary)

I can't keep up with the new ones. I'm older. Ginger nuts, shortbreads, chocolate digestives, bourbons, custard creams. That's what I was used to and if I bought biscuits that is what I would go for. When the kids and I cooked our own it was chocolate chip cookies. I haven't the recipe because I cleared out the cook books.

We went, after my grandchildren's christening, to Costa's because they were making a big thing of waffles and ice cream. There was a huge menu of ice creams. One said Oreo ice cream. *What's that?* I asked a beautifully tattooed, new relation. *It's a biscuit*, she said.



Borderland Voices

24 years of arts for mental wellbeing



The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

Newsletter MAY 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.

For guidelines on **finding the venue** and **ongoing sensible precautions** once inside, email info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Images inside: **abstract landscapes** with placement student **Jess** and her final afternoon (balloons etc. courtesy **Tia**).

May art: 4th, 11th, 25th: **mandalas** with **Kornelia (aka Nelly) Ferrari**; 18th: **catch-up** with **Andy**

Wed. 11th May, Mental Health Awareness week stall on the market place all day with **BV and other local support bodies.**

We're thinking of **Joan**, partner of **Paul Brady** who died in April.

This month: **BV artwork display** in MP Karen Bradley's window.