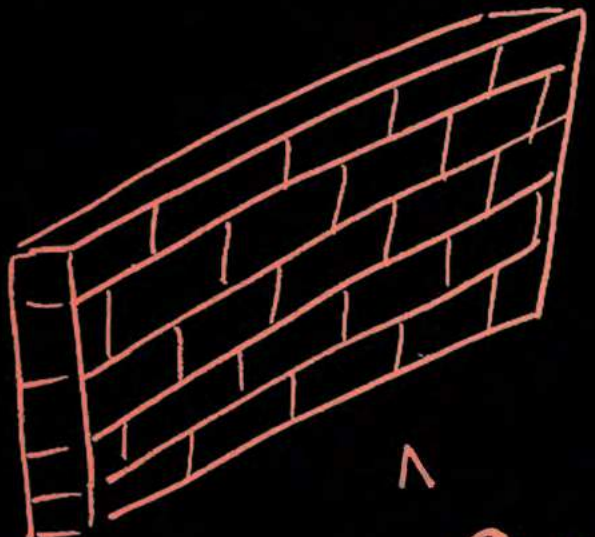
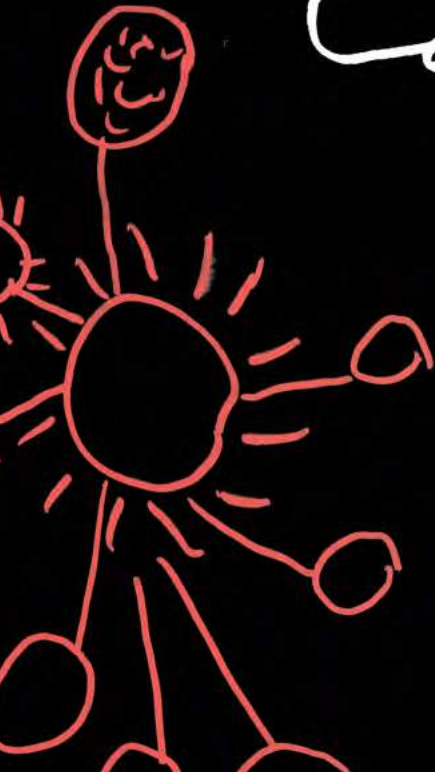


you make
me feel
good.



Hello

We would like to offer you this little newspaper, a collection of drawings and poems created with residents of Heald Farm Court and members of the University of the Third Age, towards the end of the Covid lockdown.

'You make me feel good.' is a project aiming to give form to our feelings about human connection, something most of us have missed so much during this pandemic. When something so banal – yet so crucial for our happiness and sense of self- is taken away from us, it makes us re-evaluate what's important for us as individuals but also as a society. Family, friends, work colleagues, members of a group, acquaintances, neighbours and passers-by are all part of a web that defines who we are, and without it we can feel lost and incomplete. So let's celebrate those amazing feelings, remember happy times and look forward to socialising again.

Commissioned by Heart of glass, artist Laurence Payot collaborated with residents and group members to describe these feelings through shapes and words, working with fellow poet Scott Farlow, graphic designer Clément Payot, animator Laura Spark and choreographer Stacey Atkinson.

With special thanks to
Nicholas Wilkinson, Hugh Wearing,
Andrea Knowles
and

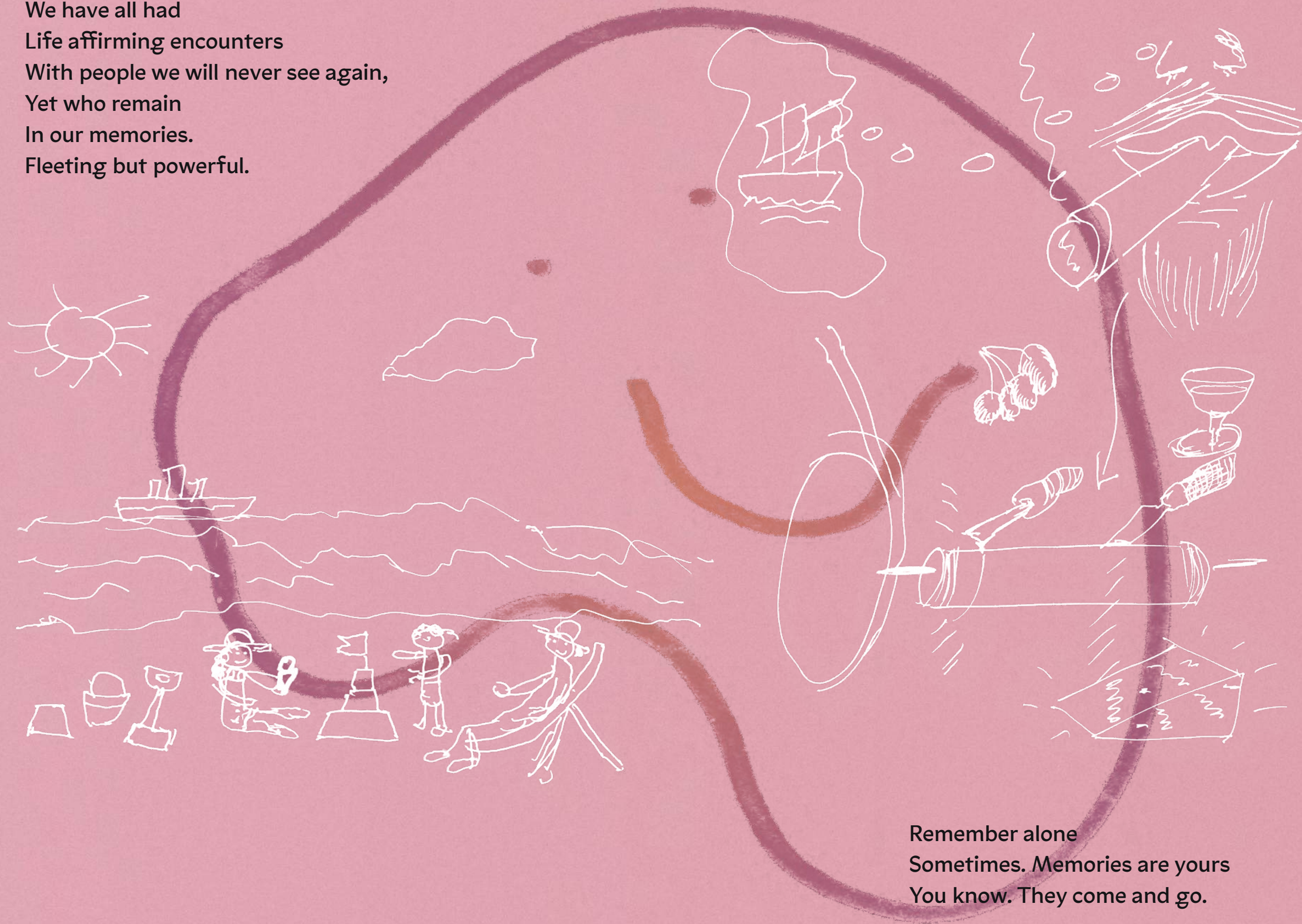
Les , Margaret, David, Kenneth, Dorris, Val, Sylvia, Jenny,
Margaret, Peter, Hugh, Andrea, Pauline, Pam, Susan,
Jackie, Olive , Lynn, John, Fred, Chris

The smallest of things
Are
The biggest of things,
Where a
Radiant sun shines
Upon our celestial beings.



I am grateful for
Your smile, the breeze in the trees,
The smallest of things

We have all had
Life affirming encounters
With people we will never see again,
Yet who remain
In our memories.
Fleeting but powerful.



Remember alone
Sometimes. Memories are yours
You know. They come and go.

Because life is like that;
Largely luck and
Full of coincidence
And incidence
And insolence
At unexpected moments.



Sometimes the most
Unexpected people become
The best of friends.

Love
The silent spaces
In between
Spoken words,
They
Brim with the value
Of unspoken acceptance.
Yet
In other silent spaces
There is loneliness,
Absence,
Darkness,
Indifference.....

CONFUSED + THOUGHTS

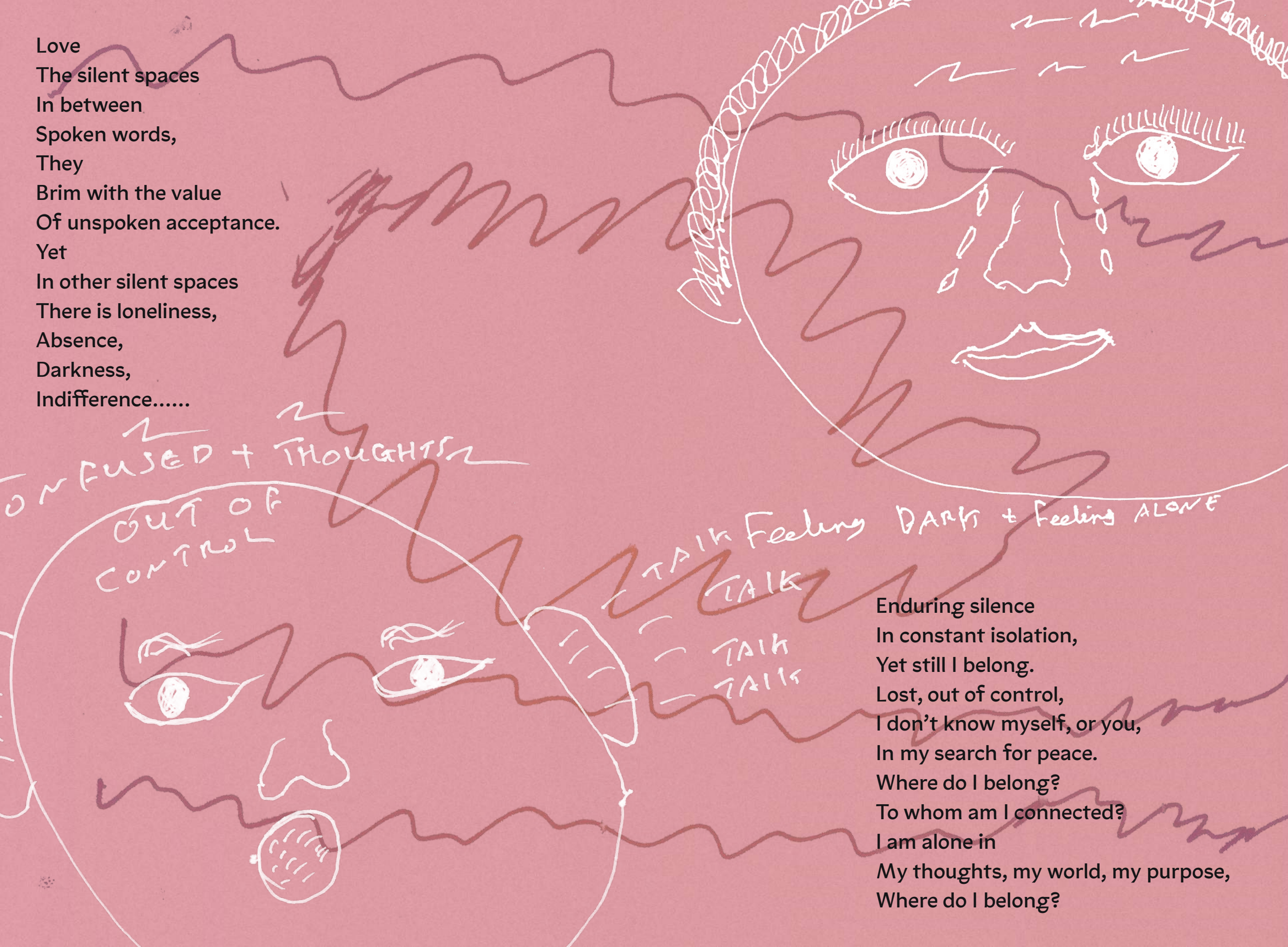
OUT OF CONTROL

TALK Feeling DARK + Feeling ALONE

TALK

TALK
TALK

Enduring silence
In constant isolation,
Yet still I belong.
Lost, out of control,
I don't know myself, or you,
In my search for peace.
Where do I belong?
To whom am I connected?
I am alone in
My thoughts, my world, my purpose,
Where do I belong?



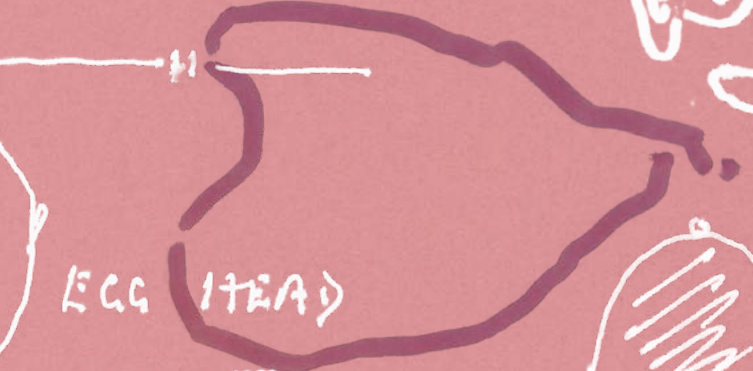
There is the mirror for a moment
In which to reflect,
To check in and re-familiarise ourselves
With who we are.



AN INVISIBLE MAN



EGG HEAD



A good friend



SELF PORTRAIT



I can tell
what ^{kind} people are like by
looking at their
Eyes of course I could be wrong.

I Don't Look in
the mirror much

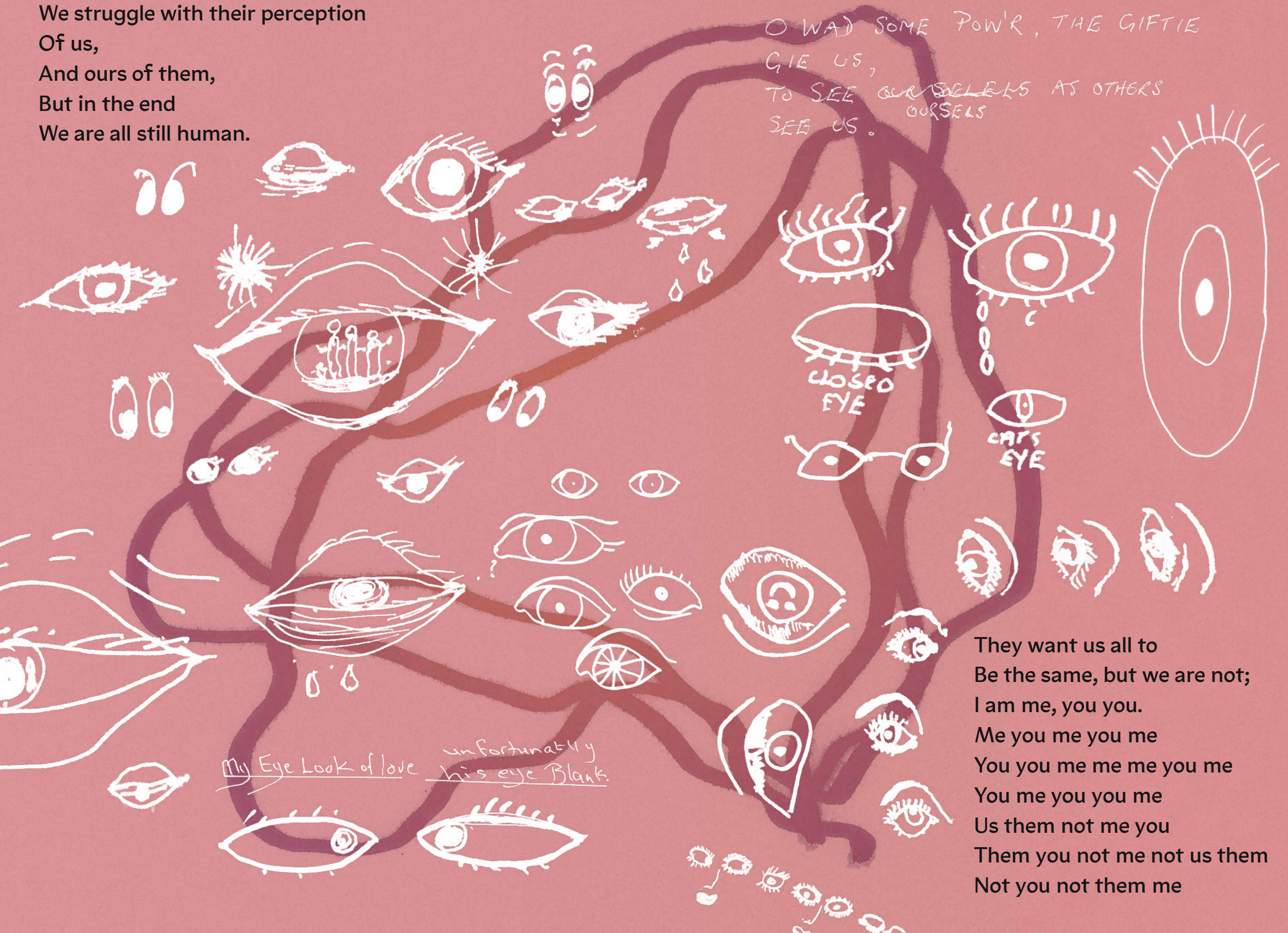
This is Margie who phones me every
day for a chat. She's a sweet old
lady to anyone. My Nephew called her
the day.



Mirrors don't reflect
Who I am, or how I feel,
Look, I am still young.

We struggle with their perception
Of us,
And ours of them,
But in the end
We are all still human.

O WAD SOME POW'R, THE GIFTIE
GIE US,
TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS
SEE US.



My Eye Look of love unfortunately his eye Blank.

They want us all to
Be the same, but we are not;
I am me, you you.
Me you me you me
You you me me me you me
You me you you me
Us them not me you
Them you not me not us them
Not you not them me

What happens
When our roles change, as they must?
Choices, not choices,
Life is like a roundabout
To compromise or not.
Choices:
We all have choices, don't we?

SAYING

NO

circle

of forgiveness
of acceptance
never too proud to
say sorry

choices

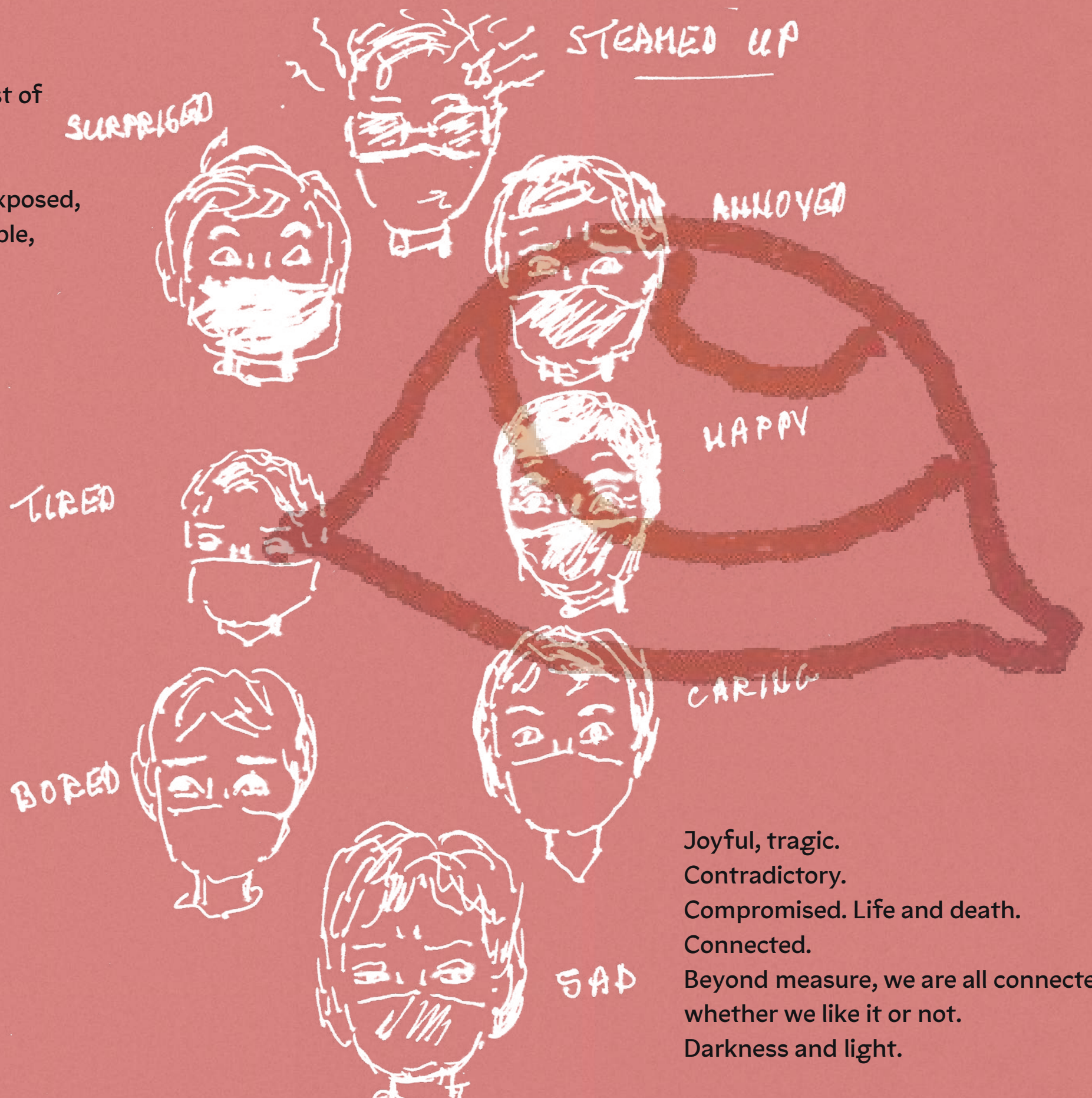


hard.

Until she became
A mum herself, she did not
Realise her parents' pain.

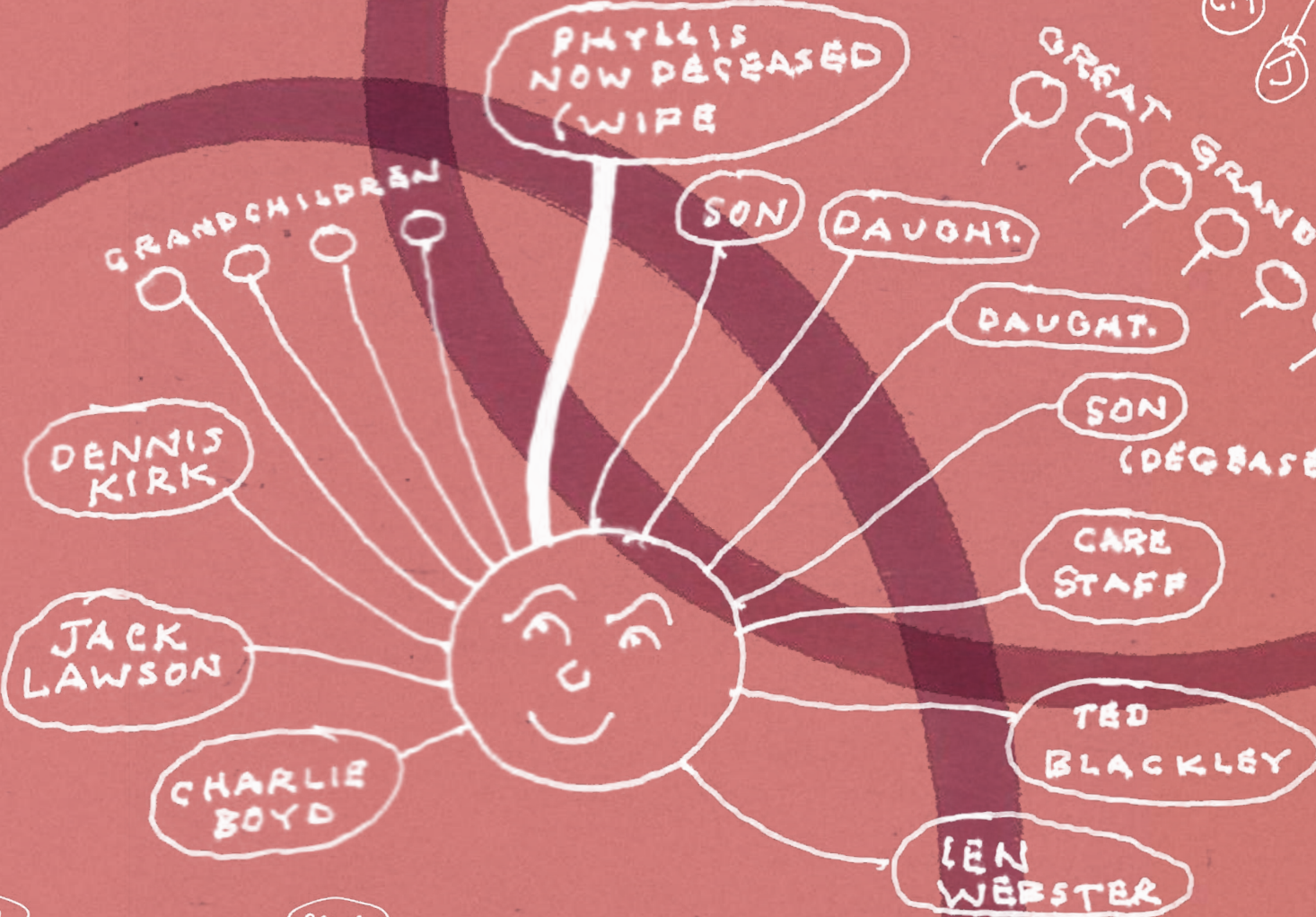
We need to feel,
But, with that, comes a host of
Inconsistencies;
Where nothing is absolute,
Where imperfections are exposed,
And where we feel vulnerable,

EYES DON'T TELL LIES



Joyful, tragic.
Contradictory.
Compromised. Life and death.
Connected.
Beyond measure, we are all connected
whether we like it or not.
Darkness and light.

We need the symbiotic
Interaction,
Co-operation
And connection with others,
We need to belong.



Margerie calls me
Everyday to check in
And share everyday stuff.



DRAW A HUG,
A GOOD OLD HUG.
DRAW THE FEELING OF IT, THE
SMELL OF IT, THE HAPPINESS
OF IT.

CLOSE YOUR EYES, WRAP YOUR
ARMS AROUND YOU,
AND THINK OF THE BEST HUG
YOU EVER GAVE/RECEIVED.

Some of us are driven to build bridges,
To mend and fix broken links,
To care,
To hold it all together
Somehow.
And be held sometimes.



I LOVED Him THEN
I LOVE Him STILL
I LOVE Him NOW
I ALWAYS WILL



My husband
my support throughout
lockdown and beyond.

A HUG

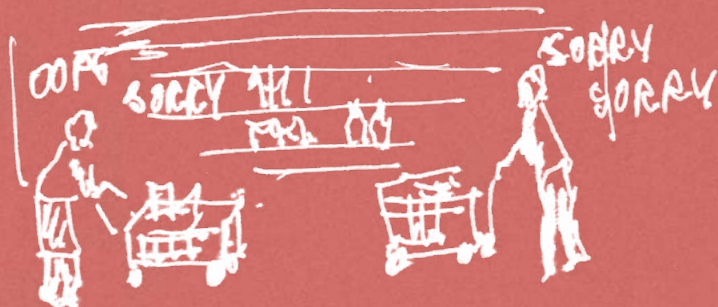
Husband. Thank you dear.
If it wasn't for you, I would
Not have made it through.

For
Islands in isolation,
The distant boat brings hope;
A gentle wave and a warm smile
Illuminating compassion.

HAND BELL AND MASKS
HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

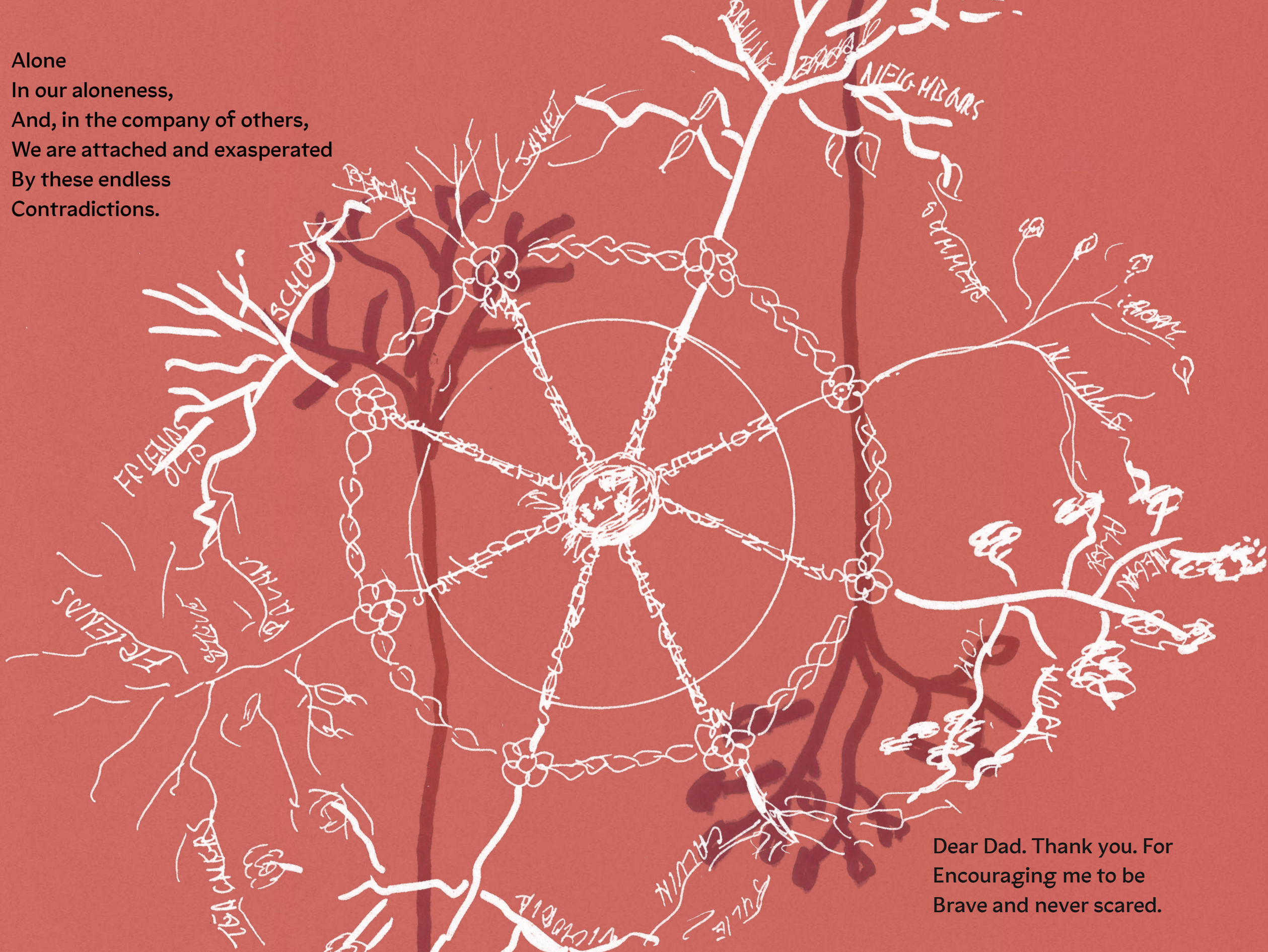
2 METRES APART BUT NOTHING
CAN SEPERATE THE ♥
LOCKDOWN LOCKED IN
WHEN DID IT ALL BEGIN?

A 2 METRE SPACE SEPERATES
US FROM THE HUMAN RACE
SORRY



And we hope that our voices are heard.
And understood. Sometimes.
Yet we listen still, as we do,
With open minds
And open hearts
Respectful, hopeful
And full of expectation,
And we look at life in different ways.
Through your eyes. And theirs.

Alone
In our aloneness,
And, in the company of others,
We are attached and exasperated
By these endless
Contradictions.



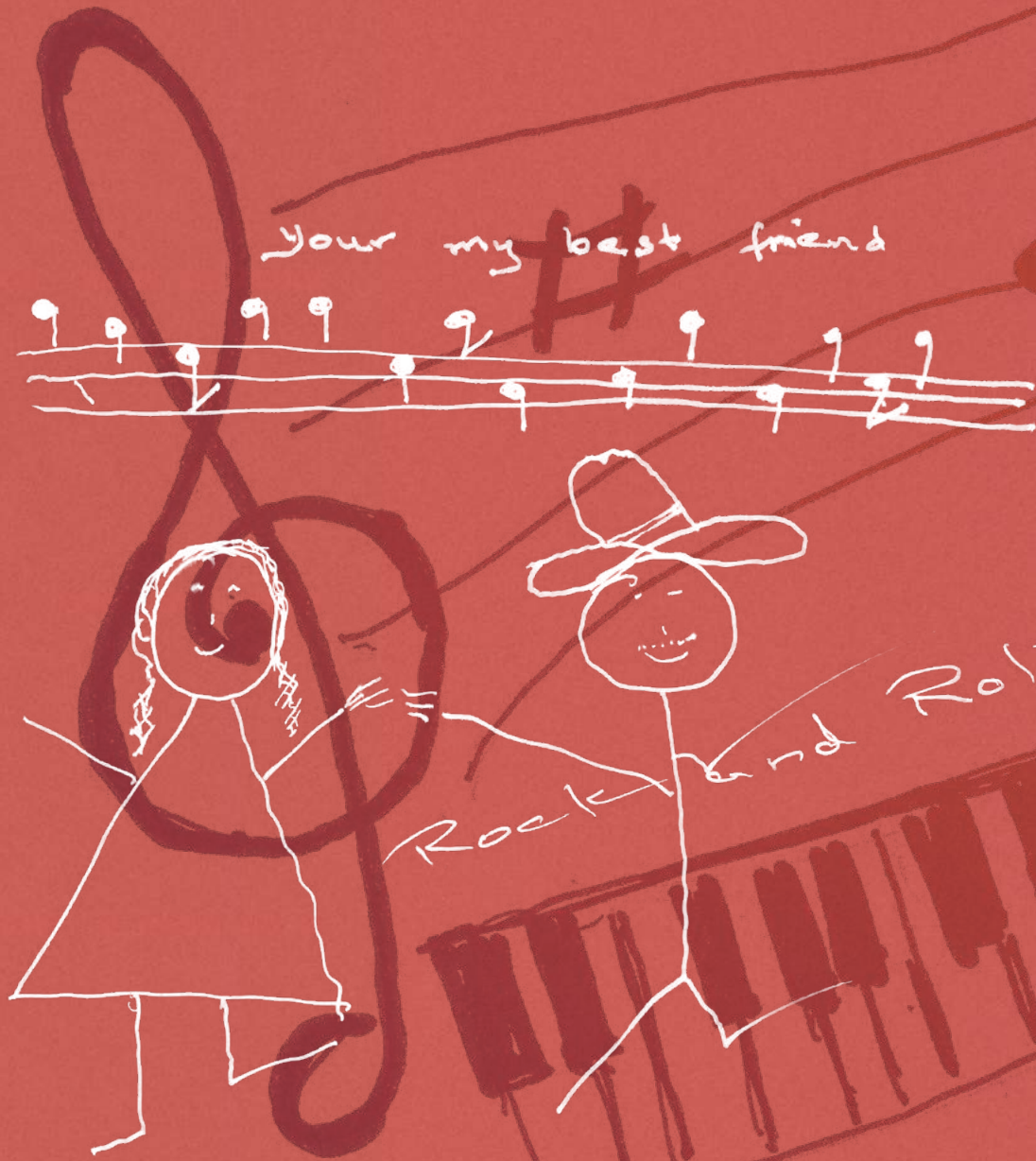
Dear Dad. Thank you. For
Encouraging me to be
Brave and never scared.

DRAW YOUR FAMILY TREE,
A TREE WITHOUT NAMES,
JUST THE TREE.

DRAW IT IN SUMMER.
DRAW IT IN AUTUMN.
DRAW IT IN WINTER.
DRAW IT IN SPRING.

DRAW IT 1000 YEARS AGO.
DRAW IT IN 1000 YEARS.

Music connects across and through generations,
And dancing makes you feel alive
Forever, and,
In those briefest of moments,
Connected.



The power of music in our lives,
should come as no surprise.
A favourite tune begins to ring, in our
ears, we start to hum, and then we sing.
Music plays a part, in the things
that are closest to our hearts.
A gentle lullaby soothes a babies cry,
A Funny childrens song, teaches us to
join together and sing along.
During difficult times music has
inspired the nation to be strong,
and join together in victorious song.
Music starts our feet tapping,
and our hands clapping,
And as the years pass,
For many the memories do not last.
But music has a unique way of storing
a song or tune, and as if a light has been
turned on in a dark room,
And that person takes on a youthful
bloom, ~~as~~ and sings every word in tune,
And their families now can see,
the full and complete person,
who heads their family tree.
Let the music play on.

And we know that others are here
To drive us to distraction

Connected

Through the sounds, the beats,
The rhythms of reminiscence,
And the coalescence
Of souls, lost and found, where the
Presence of hearts and minds
Matters.
Deeply.

Even
Earthworms
Hug



Birds sing at sunrise,
It is courageous to dream
And believe in more.
To think, to feel, to share
Our sense of it all.

Connected
To landscapes where
You don't need language
To cry together
In silence,
About love
And loss.

Later, on my own in the apartment,
I felt quieter, moved slower, listened
to the descending quietness as the
rain fell gently down. No-one was about,
each staying in their rooms.



IF YOU ARE WRONG, APOLOGISE
IF YOU ARE RIGHT, DON'T SAY ANYTHING

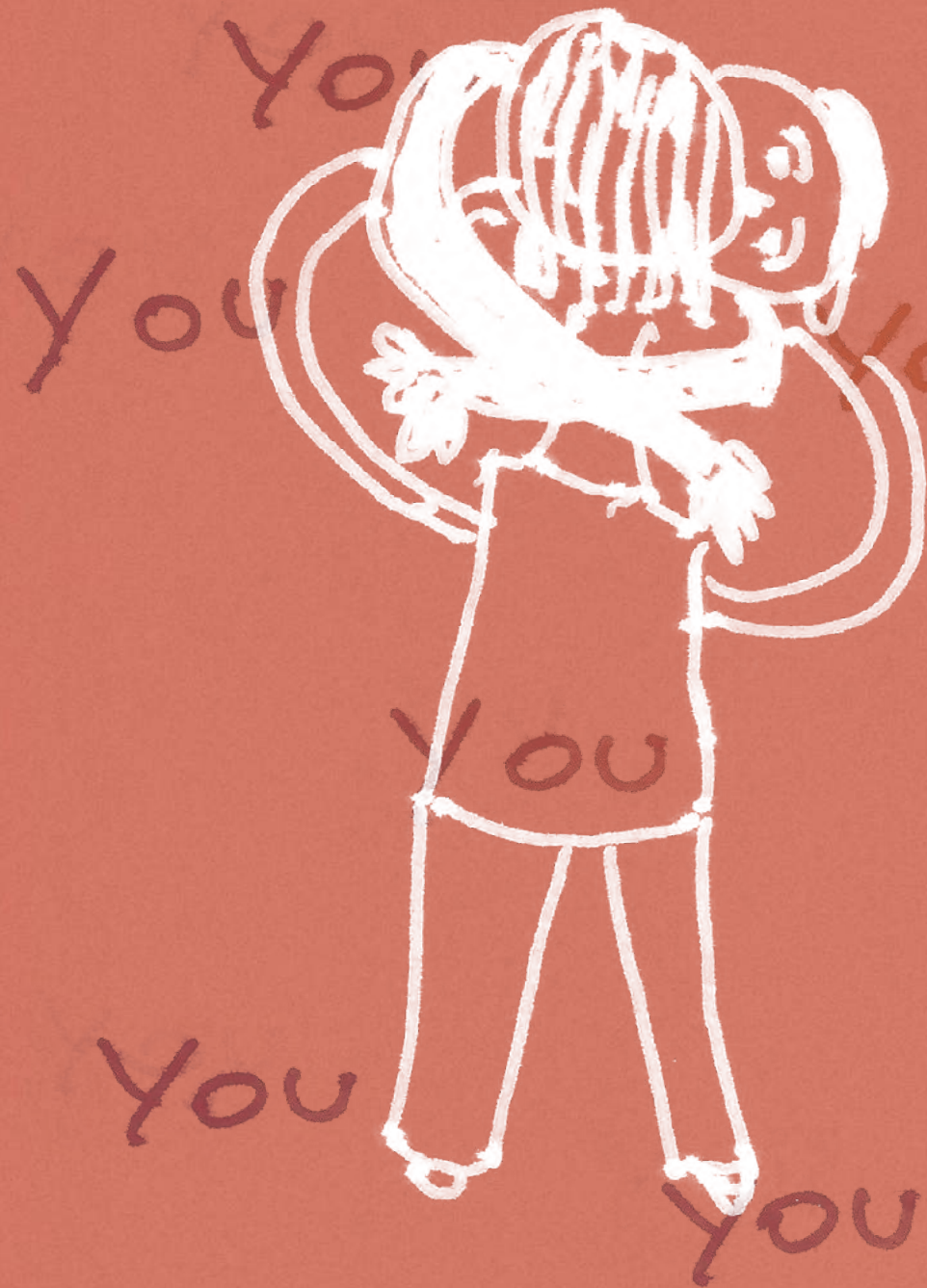
Reconciliations
For the
Hopelessly
Vulnerable.

REMEMBER A TIME WHEN YOU
DANCED.

WRITE A POEM ABOUT IT.

SEND IT TO A FRIEND AND ASK
THEM TO DO THE SAME.

Against all the odds,
We accept the indifference of others
As not ours, but theirs,
And we learn to see things differently
And love ourselves a little bit more.



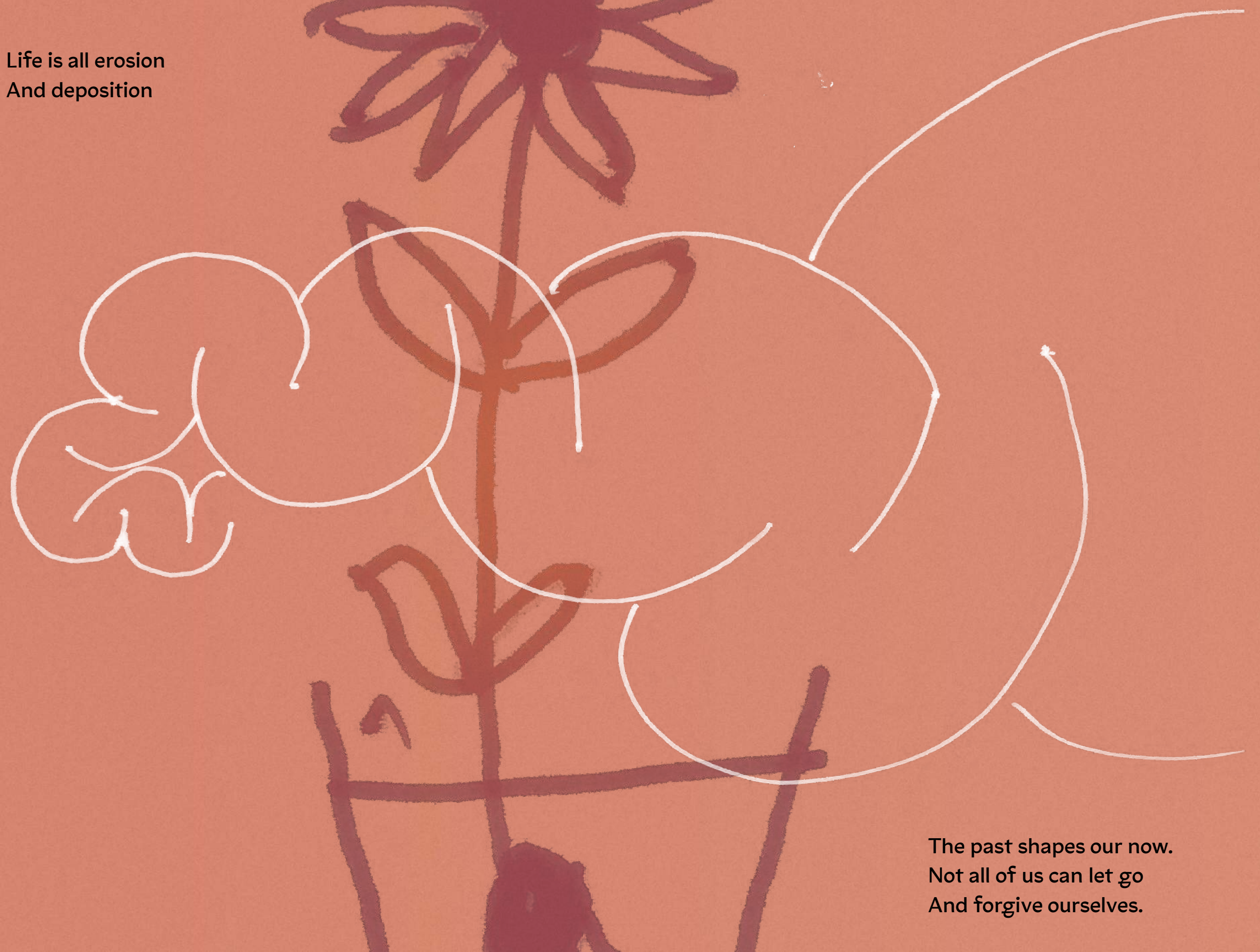
What is there to understand,
When putting life into perspective?

Perhaps we were in the right place at the wrong time,
Or the wrong place at the right time,
Or the wrong place at the wrong time.
Maybe we were actually in
The right place at the right time
All along,
And that is it.



And we might reflect upon this:
The lives we didn't have,
What could have been,
The chance encounters missed,
The memories of things that never were.

Life is all erosion
And deposition



The past shapes our now.
Not all of us can let go
And forgive ourselves.

There is always reassurance
In noticing nature, bird song
And bluebells and
Those evocative scents
That take us right back
To that time and place.
We are reconnected.



Connections transcend
Borders
And
Distance
Matters not.

The cosy jumper hugs that
Envelope and
Make us fizz inside
Like
Precious fireworks are
The alchemy of life.

Carl my
son on
my 94th
birthday



a warm hug

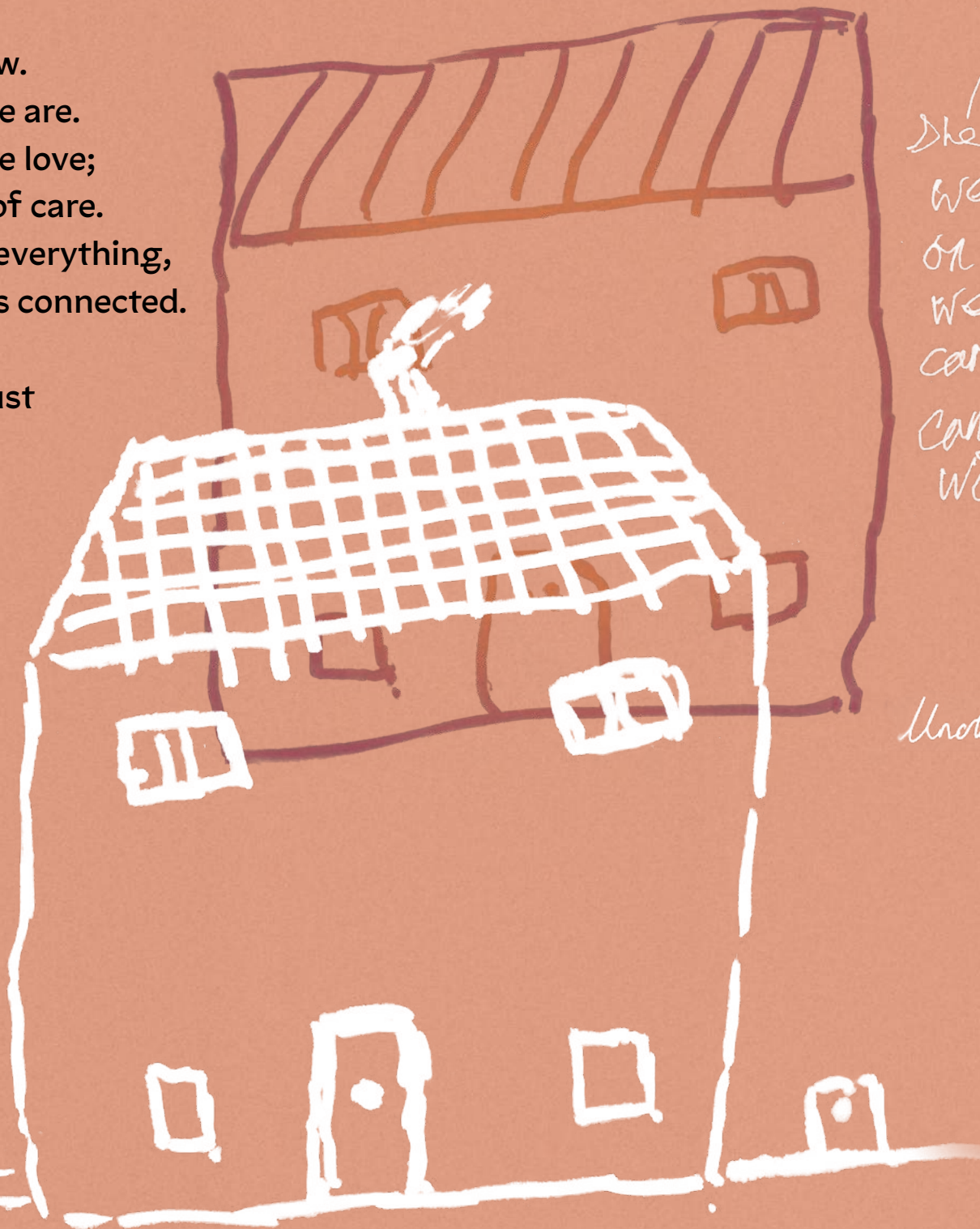
like a cosy jumper



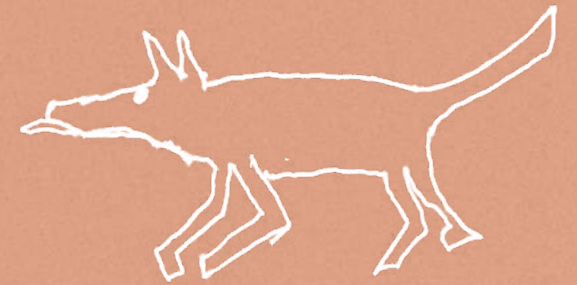
loving
hug

A songbird chorus
Ripples calm sunset waters,
The heron reflects.

Remember,
This is what we are,
where we are,
What is,
What we know.
This is who we are.
This is who we love;
our network of care.
And, despite everything,
We are always connected.
We are love
We are stardust



I know Martina for 48 years
She use to live opiset me in Polar
we use to go every where
on holidays to wales caravans
we had loads of fun & always
carrying my
camper
with me.



Uncle Tommy used to bill ocean whenever I was
sad he would make me mushy
peas. ~~~~~



My sunshine daughters
Radiant planets revolve
My partner, my moon.

We are bound together through
Our attachments and trust,
In our needs and desires
To reach out
And touch,
To be touched, to be moved,
To talk, to be heard,
To remember, to share,
To think, to feel, to breathe,
To learn
To know what it is
To be human
And connected.

A HELPING HAND
IS ALL YOU NEED

I was holding
His hand
When
He
Passed
Away.
And
He
Always
Held
Mine.
And he
Still
Holds
My
Heart
Warm and tight.

WITH THIS HAND
I HUGGED, SOOTHED,
STROKED, BATHED, COOKED,
CLEANED, WASHED, IRONED,
BAKED, SEWED, KNITTED,
(Bathing, Drying, Creaming and
powdering, Changing nappies
and dressing my four wonderful
children.) There is only
one thing I would change
in my life if I could
and that is to have
my husband here at
home with me instead
of a nursing home.



