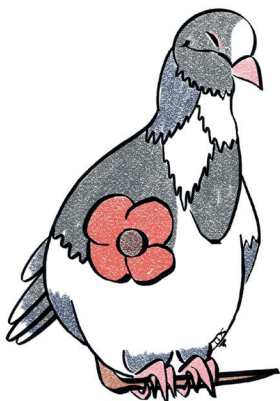


THE PIGEON PARK GAZETTE

Issue 2



Published by the Dr Hickey Surgery
Patient Participation Group
(PPG)

November 2024

Welcome to issue 2. The response to our first issue was overwhelming, thanks to everybody who shared their feedback. I still need to thank Rob Mathieson from the Ben Raemers Foundation for the uncredited pigeon front cover (and logo on the back cover). Rob is an old friend and the Foundation is named after his late friend and professional skateboarder, Ben Raemers. The Foundation promotes mental health awareness amongst young men. I would also like to apologise to Aaron for spelling his name wrong in issue 1.

Moving on to this issue, I'd like to thank all of this month's contributors. Tatianna provided the poppy themed pigeon front cover. As you might be able to deduct this issue was supposed to coincide with Armistice day. However, you might also be thinking, but it's already December. Don't worry, it's not an illusion, we're just a little bit late but the sentiment remains the same.

While our country has not always treated the homeless population with kindness I know that many of you have a huge amount of respect for our armed forces. Some of you might be even former soldiers, finding your feet after having traumatic experiences, some of you may have had relatives that went to war while others might have experienced living in a war zone first hand. War's influence can be felt far and wide; from ancient monuments to the subjects of films, books and artworks to the perilous journeys people make to escape conflict to heated conversations in our waiting room. Day by day I am learning that it's by listening to people that you will learn about how armed conflict might have effected someone.

I am a nurse and work for the Dr Hickey Surgery. Usually, you will find me in different hostels. I have always written. I first started trying to write when I was a teenager when I made my own home-made pamphlets, a bit like this one. I would often write about the music, books or art I liked before trying to write about how I felt. While I have not written any best-

I.

selling books, the act of trying to write, one word after another, usually deleting more words than I end up keeping has been a constant in my life. For a while I wondered if I was simply wasting my time. I can now see that there have been many ways the process of trying to be a better writer has benefitted me. Making this small publication is one of them.

It is obvious to anybody who has spent any time in the waiting room at the surgery that many of our patients are natural story tellers, recounting their trials and tribulations with such verve that sometimes you feel like you have been transported into the stories themselves. Some of the people I meet are already practicing writers, working under difficult conditions to produce new, original work. Others are waiting for the right time to start working on ideas or still trying to work out what might be the best way of expressing them, be it through poetry, a short story or a letter to a loved one they have been thinking about writing.

I hope this magazine is testimony to some of our community's creative efforts. If you would like to contribute any writing (fiction, poetry, letters, anything), photography or artwork please ask to speak to Matt or Tanya at the surgery.

Nothing will be outright refused but we can't have any racism, sexism or any other sort of human intolerance. Feel free to send me any questions.

Peace and Love!

Matt

Matthias.connor2@nhs.net

Life of a drifter
Hands tied, had a shit start
Now your prides out the winda
Back inside there's a big laugh
coincide your existence
Now your just Co dependent
String together a sentence?
Man I mean a life sentence

In the mind of a drifter
Is it mine, is it his fault?
I Wanna climb but I'll slip off
I'll Be all kind till it kicks off
Hollow times no wrist watch
I borrow lines coz I'm pissed off
I look behind because I've been got
never safe not gringots

The regrets of a drifter
He's upset and it's his fult
Smoked his life in a rizzla
I guess it is what it is tho
He lives his life when he is out
He used to jump out that window
It ain't right but it's his rout
It's agonisingly simple

Bill

First Poem

Slip, grip, slip, grip
A fragment flash
I remember, a broken picture
Smashed up in the past
Ripping through the future
Gnawing til the last
Piece by piece becomes retrieved
Reset, reborn, remodelled
Through a thousand realms
In just one moment
Reconnect life's scattered pieces.

Intensity

If you squeeze up close

It becomes a dose.

I wonder, what transmissions I'm absorbing...

Sophie

Homeless Exhalation

All too often we forget that Homeless people are often at their most powerful in their homelessness because they basically have nothing to lose ! and spare change, a second hand scrap of a sandwich is seen as a tremendous gain.

The eyes of a homeless person can be read as easily as a fortune teller reads the Tarot, if one cares to stay around long enough to look.

They are tired eyes, they are pleading eyes, full of want with an ever present hope lurking somewhere close behind the retina.

They possess an inner resilience that would startle even a person waiting on death row. For they endure brutal winters beneath a sleeping bag more fragile than a model's stockings! They grow a second skin naturally from necessity.

One day in the life of the Homeless person is a direct display of grace, most say prayers not echoed in Churches but in the inner soul. They dream of a Home, a bar of soap and to be accepted by society again.

Street life is a hard and harrowing life, it atrophies the Brain, beckons the clouds of depression, it's a roller coaster ride into hell and it's also the greatest obstacle you will ever overcome.

Once you survive it, you can say "I made it" and stand as proud as a wounded, traumatised soldier returning from war, it's exactly the same, you were just on a different Battlefield.

RB

Armistice Day

On the eleventh of November on the eleventh hour
Wear proud on your chest the poppy flower

To remember the brave souls who gave their lives
At the hands of starvation, guns, bombs and knives

For two minutes put aside your own personal goals
Share respect and a share a thought with these brave souls
They gave their lives for our freedom today
So we should our lives in a civilised way

Grant

My Son

Even though this is your 8th mile stone and mommy is not home for you,
Please don't think I don't love you because I really do,
We shared a strong bond and every year I would buy you cake
And have your friends around,
I showered you with different gifts so you would feel proud,
This year is different because your dad is cruel,
He stopped us talking on the phone,
But son I'm still talking with you,
It may not be the same as before but I want to let you know,
Every day I pray and tell God I love you
So for this 8th mile stone let me tell you this,
My gift for you is that you're safe and happy and Allah knows best.

NS





Fancy a little light exercise?

Then come and join us for a weekly walk

Every Wednesday at 3pm

Departing from The Dr Hickey Surgery

Following our walk, we will head to
The Abbey Community Centre for a hot meal.

If you would like further information speak with a member of
the reception team.

Look forward to seeing you soon

Tanya 😊

Im still standing

For as young as I can remember I did not have a very good childhood where my dad used to beat my mum and stuff swearing poilice turning up and she used to kick him out then he would be back and it world start all over again it did not matter or seem to matter were we were restaurant home there would always be a argument I can remember being in spain at our apartment and my dad came back he beat my mum and as I rember at the same time I was hitting him try to get him to stop but he never and then the dreaded school holidays came and I used to go down to my aunts until I was abused there but I was never believed and many years later I found out it did not just happen to me then keith a long friend well we ended up getting together my mother diasagreed we us but I saw it as way out a escape anything to get out of the situation I did not no were to turn my mum was dealing with my dad being drunk all the time and beating her and sometimes me I was only 16 when she kicked me out I did not get a choice I remember coming home from school and she said either stop seeing each other or get out so me and keith packed my stuff and went back to essex we stayed together for 7 years but it was good for while then we split I was working at the time and I popped home he left a suicide note but my mother was hiding him at hers because he was wanted but at the time I never new at he made out he was dead =but all the time he was at hers I have never +been able to forgive or have her in my anything I never have trusted her again and now I really struggle with trust issues with anyone I am seeking help but if with getting the help its took over a year maybe 2 and still not really opend up then the drinking and the drugs begun because that's wot made it go all away and numbed it then I was homeless in Westminster for ages it felt like years sleeping in that tunnel opersit parliament gate that they put up to stop us sleeping round there because it was well lit and warmer then on the outside I stayed at Westminster tube for a while then met a worker from stmungos that helped me into accommodation when the pandemic hit I was in charringcross station when most of the services came down to to clear that tube station out so they could shut it down there must have been about 50 of us down there that they took into temp hotels and that was the connection that down that the amount of work that they all put in and they went the extra mile by delivering food 3 times day running up and down supporting us all there was one lady there I must have been project or something she was so caring and she never gave up on me the more I puched her away for she world try and help and she did =in the end 8+break them 10.

barriers down it got me thinking that I would like to be like beth and do her kind of work with the homeless she got me working with colleen a drug support worker that started helping me get of the drugs then I went for all my tests so I could go into detox for 10 days to get clean but before I went in I found out that I had hep c I had no idea wot it was I was so upset but then the nurse explained that it was one tab a day for 8 weeks then it would be gone so I met with dean and went to st Thomas for my detox for ten days witch was hard because I wanted to stop it all but I soke so they wanted me to stop I wasn't having any of that yes to the drugs but no to my fags they kept me going then I came out that was hard trying to stay clean but I always new f I was going to be a peer support I would have to be clean and stay clean so that I could help others then few weeks went past and a support worker from the hep c trust came to my hostel with dean an started me on treatment for my hep c but in the meeting that I had with herself and dean and she told me about the peer program and wot I could be doing ex junky ithaught I would be waisting everyones time evan just thinking that I could ever become a peer and support clients with my background but I am now a full time peer and learnt how to do the testing and medication drops I have been working with the trust for about year now and its great I have plenty of support and I have built up the trust with them and I can go and do somthings on my own I swear the trust this is what is keeping me clean and knowing that I maybe able to make a difference to someone else is just something else they pay for all my training and im now doing my level 2 nvq in care and hopefully will do my lobotomy course as well they also do peer away days as well and its good for meeting different peers and seeing how they are getting on im looking forward to becoming a senior peer but that's when the hard work starts filling forms and taking stats and meetings.

Anon

Paddington Farm

Dr Hickey & Co spent a couple of days in glorious Glastonbury staying in a spacious farm house. Although we were there for a short time we managed to pack a lot in, here is a little taster of our time together. We arrived around 3pm on Monday, some of us headed to the shops for groceries, whilst others settled themselves in and explored the farm animals, Alpacas, Goats, Sheep & Ponies, breathing the fresh air and enjoying the views over 44 acres.

The farm also grows its own vegetables and has an orchard with 10 varieties of cider apples. Whilst we were there we met Andrew who is the owner of a local cider brewery, based in Street, whose family have been in business since 1841 over six generations. We also met a couple of the full time farm volunteers who are passionate about the farm and were able to give us a run down on the animals and nearby places of interest.

The first night saw us gathering wood for the wood burner, preparing dinner, trivial pursuit and a lot of laughter.





After breakfast we spent the morning around the farm, feeding the animals, talking, singing and more belly laughs. We then decided to walk into the town via the famous Tor, which has many mystical legends attached to it – arriving at the top offers spectacular views across Glastonbury, on a good day you can see as far as Bristol.





From the Tor we headed into the town where there are an array of mystical, quirky, independent shops offering its customers a unique shopping experience and wonderful aromas. After spending an hour or so in the town we headed back to the farm via the winding roads.

It was then time for Ray, Jess and I to make our way to the River Brue for a spot of paddle boarding. Accessing the river was a mission as there was no launch site, we all managed to get on our boards, dry and in one piece. We spent an hour on the river, passing a herd of cows who seemed very interested and kept their beady eyes on us as we passed on by. The swallows flying overhead chirping their evening song was beautiful and added to the serenity and calmness of the river.



That evening we put Ray to the test and he did not disappoint, he made the most delicious Apple Pie, baked on a plate! It went down a treat. Sadly, our time at the Farm was rapidly coming to an end so we made the most of our last morning. Carla tuned into her regular keep fit session online and got a couple of us to join in. I headed up to the Tor in the morning mist and was welcomed by a flutist and a dancing fairy – magical experience.

On the way home some of the group stopped off at Stonehenge to experience the ancient stones said to have originated from different parts of the United Kingdom, washed down by cream tea in a local Café.



RAY'S APPLE PIE



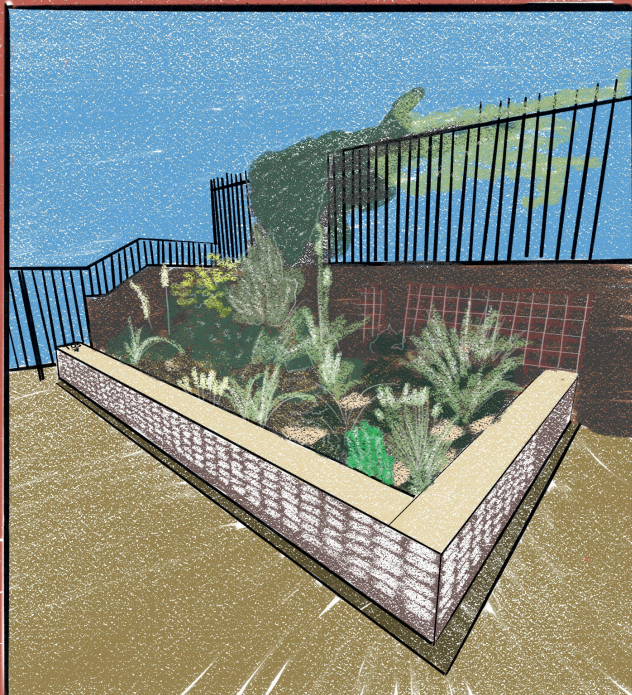
- 8oz Self-raising flour
- 250g Unsalted butter
- 2 tbl Spoons of milk
- Apples
- 2oz Caster Sugar

Sieve flour into mixing bowl
cut butter into small blocks
(mix together) add pinch of salt
then the milk
mix until a dough
cut just unhalf for the base
fold & roll until cover the Plate

The time spent at the farm was fantastic, but short and so we have booked to return on 19th May 2025 for 4 nights, returning on 24th May 2025. If anyone is interested in joining us and or hearing more, please register your interest with the reception team.

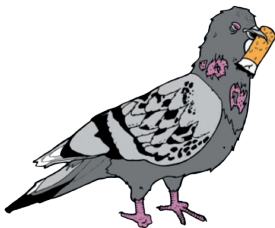


Writing and photos
by Tanya.



Dr Hickey Memorial Garden
By Tatiana

WRITE YOUR OWN POEM HERE



November 2024