

Issue 1

Reconnection

WELCOME!

Weekly



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Change Grow Live Welcome to the first addition of

Reconnection Weekly!

As we all adjust to the new norm for a while, its important that we stay connected and support one another as much as we can.



The aim of this newsletter is to help us do just that.

Every week we will work together to compile any useful, interesting, entertaining and uplifting content that we hope will help brighten each others week .

This week, as a starting point, we've put together a few topics and suggestions that we feel might be of interest.

Reconnection Weekly will evolve over time. This is your newsletter, and the content will reflect that. We encourage you to stay connected and get involved.



Whether you'd like to share a photo, artwork, a view or object you enjoy? Maybe you're trying your hand at a bit of DIY? Reading a good book or a feel good movie?



Perhaps you're concentrating on the importance of self care and the little things that help you through each day.

We are here for one another. Lets stay connected!



If you would like to get involved, please send your ideas, suggestions and photos to any of the following –

Tracy.Thompson@cgl.org.uk

Bex.Poyser@cgl.org.uk

Emma.William@cgl.org.uk

Reconnection Weekly is sent out on a Thursday and we ask that contributions are sent in no later than the <u>Monday</u> in order to be featured in that weeks newsletter. Thank you!

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ART CREATIVITY 8

Exhibit your Work!

For those of us that want to Let us know what you think! spend some time being creativeeach week we will provide a theme to inspire you to create.

This could be interpreted and expressed in any way you like, giving you the freedom to use any material or style you desire. Maybe you'll decide to take a picture of something or an object that reflects what you want to express. A word or a colour? The possibilities are endless!

We would love to see your artwork and display it in future newsletters and our website.

Once we are back onsite, we will organise exhibitions (not just this project but anything you'd like to share) to show some of the ways Shall we plan a virtual tour we've spent our time to be creative.



Online portrait drawing sessions!!

www.rawumberstudios.com

Museum Tours!!

10 OF THE WORLDS BEST

NATIONAL GALLERY

date?! ...YES

BOOKS, POETRY& PODCASTS

Faustin Linyekula- Tate live exhibition

CLICK HERE!

Free creative workshops to help you feel inspired!

CLICK HERE!

Grayson Perry is rumoured to be broadcasting art classes on channel 4

CLICK <u>HERE!</u>

Watch this space!

"I found I could say things with colour and shapes that I couldn't say any other way-things I had no words for." Georgia O'Keeffe

Kope is the thing with

feathers -

That perches in the

soul —

And sings the tune with-

out the words -

And never stops at all —

From Kope Is The Thing With Feathers by Emily Dickinson

Poetry Corner ...

And when this is all over We'll knock on our friends' doors And go to every party And say "I love you" more.

And when this is all over Through bad, we will see the good Because whenever we are together We'll appreciate it, as we should.

And when this is all over And we are no longer in this pain We'll know to never take for granted Those little things again.

Have you lost yourself in a book?

Do you have a favourite poem or quote that means a lot to you?

Have you been listening to a funny or thought provoking podcast?

-Websites- A cross-disciplinary library of interestingness, culling ideas that shed light on what it means to live a good life.

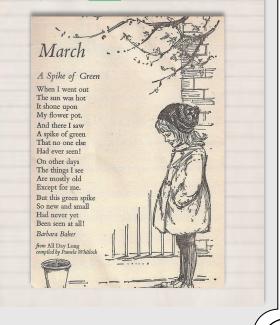
CLICK HERE!

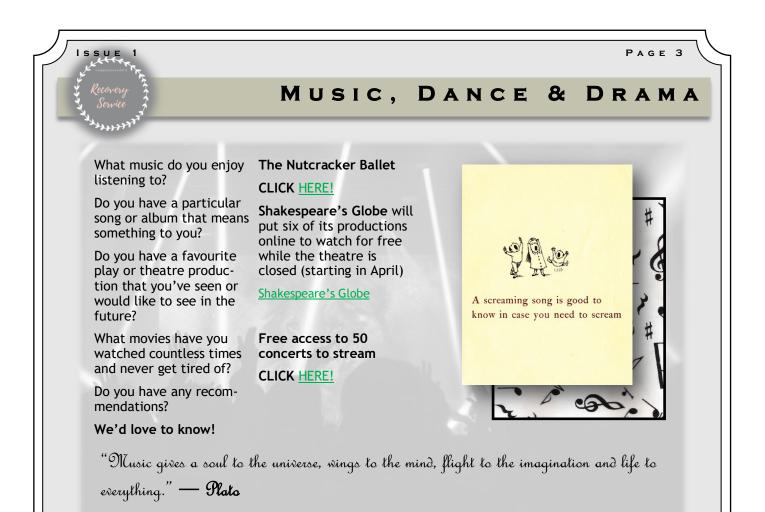
-A good read-

How to be Human: The Manual by Ruby Wax

Buddhism for Busy People by David Michie

-Podcast- Greg Jenner is joined by chocolate historian Alex Hutchinson and British TV legend Richard Osman to explore the culinary and cultural history of Britain's favourite confectionery-CLICK HERE!





YOGA, MEDITATION & WELLBEING



Some very useful weblinks for meditation and Yoga at home.

The Cambridge Buddhist centre, who are running free/donation-based meditation sessions on Thursday evenings at 7:30pm.

Cambridge Buddhist Centre

(They update their Facebook page regularly)

Your Wellbeing

www.chatterpack.net

www.openculture.com

Also, please head over to the **Recovery Service Facebook page**, where our lovely Yvonne has recorded a wellness session.

Thank you, Yvonne!

Hotpod Yoga Cambridge,

are offering 2 daily clas-

ses suitable for all lev-

donated based classes

which clients/staff can

either a yoga mat or a thick towel/blanket.

www.hotpodyoga.com

Their website is:

practice from home with

els. They are free/



TIPS AND SUGGESTIONS

Michelle has kindly shared some ideas and tips to keep you busy at home-

- Daily Structure Sheets
- De-clutter Wardrobes, drawers etc. Sort out clothes that haven't been worn in six months & donate to Charity
- Reading There are plenty of free books available on certain Apps
- Tidying up Do all those jobs you've been putting off!
- Re-arrange furniture for a fresh look!
- Adult colouring books -Great way to relax!
- Puzzles Plenty of free apps online
- Board Games Again, apps available online
- Keep fit around the house or in the garden - Keep it simple and keep it fun!

- Gardening Even if its just weeding and tidying
- Take a break from the news - Play music instead
- Try looking online at virtual museum tours
 - Keep in touch with friends -Call, text, Facebook, WhatsApp - Remember they are isolating too and would appreciate a call
 - If you are prepared to help others, check Facebook, Community sites or ask neighbour, to see if they require shopping etc.

Thank you, Michelle!





-Do you have any useful tips or suggestions you'd like to share?

-Do you have a creative or environmentally friendly way to reuse everyday items?

We all have a bit more time to explore and appreciate what's on our doorstep- are you a keen gardener or bird watcher? Do you enjoy being surrounded by nature? Let us know!

Virtual garden tour!

TAKE THE TOUR HERE!

NAOMI'S RECOVERY CAFÉ KITCHEN

This is an idea I've had for kids at home

A snack box on the basis when it's gone it's gone, as quite often bored creates 'hunger'

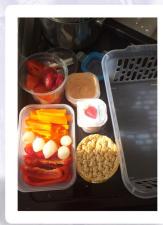
- Veg sticks with low fat Marie rose sauce made using low fat yogurt and tomato ketchup 60p for about 4-6 portions
- Fruit reduced last night at Asda 80p (enough for 3 days)
- Rice cakes Asda's own 69p for 12
- Yogurt 11p each
- 1 carrot 8p
- Red pepper, reduced to 10p (only used half)

All approx. 220 calories and a cost of 74p— Cheaper, healthier and a lot more food for the same price as a bar of chocolate!

I also put tokens in for squash unlimited but you need to have 4 a day. You can also put vouchers in for chilled or frozen items like cake and ice cream.

Creative stuff can be put in too, obviously you don't need a basket, a school bag or carrier bag will do.

Thank you, Naomi!



"If you'd like to see more from Naomi's Kitchen, head to the **Recovery Service Facebook page** to see her in action!

Delicious recipes and tips!"



FUN FOR ALL!

Activities with Children -Lets go to the Zoo! FREE CELEBRITY CLASSES **EDINBURGH ZOO** FOR KIDS IN LOCKDOWN Make a bookmark - Encourages reading SAN DIEGO ZOO Cut pictures out of mag-9:00 **PE WITH JOE WICKS** azines/newspapers. YOUTUBE.COM/THEBODYCOACH The Scouts have a website Make a collage with 100 things to do in 10:00 **MUSIC WITH MYLEENE KLASS** Fun Circuit training isolation YOUTUBE/MYLEENESMUSICKLASS Draw pictures of activities such as Star jumps, 11:00 SCIENCE WITH MADDIE MOATE **CLICK HERE!** roly-poly, hoping on one leg etc. Place the pic-YOUTUBE.COM/MADDIEMOATE DANCE WITH OTI MABUSE YOUTUBE.COM/OTIMABUSEOFFICIAL 11:30 tures around the room Drawing with Steve Harp-. or house, then the child must go around and try ten of each exercise 13:00 MATHS WITH CAROL VORDERMAN ster THEMATHSFACTOR.COM **CLICK HERE!** 14:00 HISTORY WITH DAN SNOW Involve the children with TV.HISTORYHIT.COM housework or preparing For those who enjoy a bit of potter, a free podcast for you and your little people 15:00 **ENGLISH WITH DAVID WALLIAMS** meals WORLDOFDAVIDWALLIAMS.COM Teach them new skills, FOOD TECH WITH JAMIE OLIVER such as sewing, garden-**CLICK HERE!** CHANNEL4.COM/KEEPCOOKINGANDCARRYON ing Making cards or gifts using household items (Go Blue Peter!) Children's stories WWW.KIDADL.COM 8 **CLICK HERE!** Click here to take you to the website Break the child's day into small "chunks", jobs, fun, learning, schoolwork, craft etc. Allow them time to watch the Take a ride through Disney! . link for each of these classes, as well as lots of other useful links and activ-**DISNEY RIDES HERE!** ities! TV, it's tough for them as well! Lockdown lessons! Thank you, Michelle!

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The New Crown

Once, in a land close to ours, there lived a boy called Covington. He was given this unusual name by his grandfather, August Covington, who had been both an explorer and a botanist, all his life.

When Covington was born, his grandfather, already an old man, had held the baby in his arms and waited for him to open his eyes. The boy stretched out his hands, then wise blue eyes looked into new grey eyes.

A current of energy seemed to flow between them for a moment. August Covington said later that he knew that this child had a destiny to help save his people.

Grandfather and growing child became very close. The young boy was alert and enthusiastic; he wanted to know everything, and never stopped asking questions. So his grandfather taught him, showed him, walked with him into the surrounding countryside. The boy learned to love and respect all growing living things.

His family called him Cov; his mother said Covington was far to long a name to be calling over the garden walls or the fields, when supper was ready.

Above all, Cov loved trees and climbing into them. He would disappear up into the top of a tree for hours. Perched where the branches were thinnest and the leaves were thickest, he would gaze out into the distance and wonder about far away places, and how the people lived in those places. Shaded and invisible, he felt completely safe, guarded by air and leaves.

Time went by and Cov grew able and strong. On a Friday evening when the work on the farm was done, Cov and his grandfather would often go for a walk, carrying a bag of seeds and a spade. They looked for places that needed shade, empty spaces, neglected places. Here they would stop, dig holes and plant seeds, until the bag was empty. It became a ritual that they both loved.

Over the years, many of the seeds had survived, split open and began to sprout tiny green leaves. In time, saplings, then trees began to grow.

Sadly, when Cov was fifteen years old, his grandfather passed away in his sleep, one night. Cov found him in the morning, smiling peacefully with a big bag of seeds next to his bed, awaiting planting. Cov was grief-stricken for many months. He stopped going for Friday evening walks, he didn't plant the last bag of seeds but tied it up, with tears streaming down his face and stored it away in the garden shed.

Now, the people of Cov's village relied completely for their water on a nearby lake. It was said that the lake contained a spring in its depths that fed it, sourced underground from purest mountain water. It had always been so, for as long as the oldest grandfather could remember his grandfather speaking of the miracle of the spring-fed water of the lake.

One day, a man no one had seen before, passed through the village and visited the lake. Here, to the amazement of the people washing clothes and collecting water, he drew from a bag an animal, half wrapped in sacking.

No one had ever seen a creature like that before. It was ugly, but intriguing, greenish-brown in colour, with scaly skin and it snapped at his fingers with needle-sharp teeth.



The man spoke. "This is a crocodile; it can swim like a fish, climb like a cat and live for a hundred years."

"Crocodiles can't climb," said Cov quietly.

The man ignored him and continued speaking, "I bought him from a sailor who found it on his ship. It had escaped, eating its way out of the wooden crate in which it had been stored. It was on its way to a market that sold such things, over the seas. The sailor said it was a new breed he had never seen before."

"Make it swim," yelled a teenager from the crowd of people that were gathering round the man in a tight circle.

"Take it away from the water," said Cov urgently. He knew from his grandfather that crocodiles were dangerous and unpredictable.

"Make it swim!" shouted the excited crowd.

The man freed the creature from the sacking and slipped it into the water of the lake. The crocodile sank without a sound, not a ripple broke the surface. It appeared to have drowned.

"Oh well, " shrugged the man, "perhaps it couldn't swim after all."

The crowd broke up, and soon wandered away. The man left the village within a few days. After a week, no one thought of the crocodile very much.

The crocodile did not drown; it sank to the bottom of the lake and lived there in the mud, learning to hunt. It grew bigger and stronger.

Sometimes, a fisherman out on the lake at dusk would say he had seen a creature with yellow eyes gliding near his boat, but then who believes the tales of fishermen!

When Cov was nineteen, he returned home from his studies, to help his parents manage the farm. He too, had become a botanist - it was said of him that, through his love of living things, he had developed an almost-magical skill in helping plants flourish and grow, especially trees.

Sometimes in the evenings, often on a Friday evening, Cov would wander again into the places where he and his grandfather had planted seeds. Many of the trees had survived; they were strong and sturdy and lifted his heart and allowed him at least to think again about his beloved grandfather.

One day, a fisherman disappeared from the lake. His boat was later found and it seemed to have been shattered almost in two, by powerful jaws and teeth. The village people began to grow afraid. They didn't visit the lake to swim anymore, the children forbidden to play at the water's edge.

However, as the lake was their only source of pure water, despite their growing unease, the people were still obliged to use the lake water for their daily needs. A few weeks later, a woman washing clothes also disappeared without trace. At the time it now seemed that the lake water began to look murky, at the edge it smelled of churned mud.

The villagers were now very afraid, many stayed indoors, hoarding food and water and refusing to open their doors to anyone. Rumours and false stories flew around like dark bats,

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Cov could sense that his family was also struggling with the fear, although no one said anything. He resolved that he would help, that he must help those in such

fear, especially the children, but he was uncertain as to the type of help he could bring.

"One man cannot fight a fully grown crocodile alone," he thought to himself, for he had guessed correctly that the creature everyone had forgotten, had not only survived, but grown to its full size over the years.

That night Cov had a dream. In his dream, he heard his grandfather calling. Then he saw the old man in his hat and walking boots, a bag of seeds in his hand; he called out again to Cov,

"Hurry up, dear boy - we have many seeds to sow and trees to grow, this night."

The old man began walking away, Cov followed him. As he passed by the window of the garden shed, the last rays of the setting sun shone onto the window panes, lighting them up in rainbow colours, for a moment.

The dream ended, and as Cov awoke, he felt more at peace, for he now knew what he must do; it was as clear to him as the calling of his grandfather's voice.

The sun rose, he dressed quickly and went out to the garden shed. He needed to check on the bag of seeds he had stored away, four years earlier. There they were, lying in a corner, the sack still tied loosely so that the seeds could breathe and not rot in the damp.

Cov opened the bag. To his surprise, he saw a very dusty envelope lying on top of the seeds, At once, he recognized his grandfather's handwriting. With trembling fingers, he opened the envelope and drew out a single page, folded in four.

It was just a few lines. It read :

"To my Grandson Covington, these are the last of the seeds that I collected over the years of my travels. They come from the hearts and hands of healers living in far-away places, in forests and mountains. Plant them only in great need. They will grow very quickly, as I have saved and gathered the most potent seeds in this last bag. The trees will be strong and tall. You will choose the right way, this I know. Goodbye, dearest Cov."

For a few minutes, Cov sank down on the floor and wept in the loneliness without his grandfather. Then he wiped away his tears on his sleeve and standing up straight and tall, like a young tree himself, he thought out his plan.

"I must plant the seeds immediately, all around the lake," he thought, "closer together than usual, so that in time they will form a living fence. This ring of trees will give us protection from the crocodile, and contain him at the same time. We can send the strong, agile teenagers into the young trees and invent ways to draw up water from the lake. Further thoughts and ideas poured into his mind;

"I cannot do this task alone," he said to the rising sun, as he left the shed, "there are thousands of seeds and it will need the whole community to work together. Perhaps the children can bring along pots and pans and spoons; they can make a huge distracting din that will disturb the crocodile, and hopefully it will sink down into the mud to hide." So urgent was Cov's call to the other men and women, so alight his face with courage and purpose, that at least five hundred villagers agreed to join him in the planting of all the seeds. The children were delighted to be allowed to make as much noise as possible and began practicing right away. For once no one told them to be quiet!

Early the next morning, the people gathered together at the lake, the children banging and clattering their pots and pans, sloshing around in the mud at the edge of the water.

The men and women, bending and planting, covering and securing the seeds in the fertile soil near the edge of the lake. The day grew hotter, the children began to wander off to play other games. Backs began to hurt, sweat poured into eyes, this was the hardest kind of work. Even the most determined started to falter. Then a woman began to sing, a haunting song about the work they were all doing:

"To the gentle earth

We give the seeds

Out of our hands

Come trees and leaves

Away the seeds

To the smallest bean

Away the seeds, till the earth is green."

The men took up the melody, in a deep humming chorus, other women joined in, adding harmonies. It was so beautiful that it brought tears to Cov's eyes.

"Thank you, dear grandfather," he whispered, "thank you."

At last the seed bag was empty, the tired people walked home together, some humming, some chanting. They were a community once again.

The seeds germinated very fast in the rich, damp soil. Soon, green shoots appeared. Within six months, they had grown into sturdy saplings; within ten months, the saplings were young trees, the branches strong enough to hold the weight of a teenager. Later, as the trees strengthened, and more people could climb into the lower branches, they learned to use buckets in rotation, then to build systems of pulleys and ropes to gather and store the precious water of the lake.

For two years, life returned to a new kind of normal, the community adapted to the tree system of collecting water, all was well, was safe again; no one had disappeared.

Cov and his community had however forgotten the words of the traveller who had brought the crocodile to the lake, years before.

"This crocodile can swim like a fish, and climb like a cat."

For a long while the crocodile had hidden near the bottom of the lake, living in the mud, scavenging for anything it could find to eat. Waiting in the depths, it grew hungry and angry.

One night, when the moon was full when everyone was asleep, it decided this was its time, its opportunity. The trees stood like sentinels, tall and straight, reaching towards the stars, their rustling canopies of leaves sparkling in the moonlight like jewels in a crown.

"I have conquered and ruled the waters," mused the great mud -bound beast, "but the botanist with his seeds thwarted my plans. It is time for me to enter a new realm. I will climb the trees, destroy their water systems, then I shall rule and dominate from the air. I will defeat them. There are no more healing seeds hidden somewhere in a bag! The heights shall become my throne!".

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The crocodile crept out of the mud, slid along the waters edge and reached the trees. It was fearsome when it was revealed in all its length and strength. It began to climb, slowly at first, but soon becoming more certain. In haste now, it progressed up the trunk of the largest tree. It reached the crown of the tree, opening its mouth wide in a grin of sharp-toothed malice, it moved out swiftly onto the slender branches shielded by the delicate topmost leaves.

The beast in its arrogance and haste, had made a serious error. Deep water will support great weight, but air supports only butterflies and leaves. The crocodile fell out of the heights, back into the depths from which it had come. It landed with a howl of rage and pain, for its own weight broke its back, as it plunged down into the water and mud.

Cov and many others heard the noise and the sounds of thrashing water, and fearing the worst, rushed down to the lake, still half asleep. They were in time to witness the death throes of the flailing beast. Then it sank beneath the surface and was gone.

For some minutes, the people were stunned into silence. At least, realising that the threat was indeed truly over, they walked home together to celebrate, humming and then softly singing the seed-planting song, as it was to be called in stories told in later years.

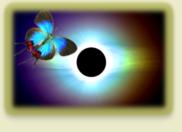
Cov stayed on for a while, gazing out over the moonlit water. It seemed to him, that he glimpsed a new crown shimmering in the air, partly water, partly tall trees and partly shimmering leaves.

He picked up a branch at the waters edge, one that had broken off in the crocodile's fall to earth. Taking the supple ends of the still-green branch, he wove himself a crown of leaves, placed it gently on his head, then humming the song of the seeds, he walked home. That night Cov had another dream. He saw a great, gleaming blue butterfly hovering high in the air above the earth. It seemed to be waiting to be called. The children of the world heard about the butterfly. One my one, they began to sing a song to call it home, their singing echoing far and wide :

"Hear us, waiting butterfly Listen, songs are rising Spread your glorious wings and fly To us children, singing."

This story is written in response to the fear generated by the current Corona Virus crisis. I hope it helps to calm everyone, using the power of story and storytelling. Gwynn Gabriel, South Africa, March 2020

Thank you, Tracy!





Useful Links

(this list will be updated weekly)

There are now thousands of local community support groups across the country to help you during this time. Below is an up to date list to help you find your nearest one, simply type in you're postcode.

Local groups

Mental wellbeing while staying at home

www.nhs.uk/stayingathometips

Good selection of things to do in isolation as well as good support group

www.survivorsnetwork.org.uk

A very good all rounder from support to activities and virtual tours

www.chatterpack.net

Stay at home guidance for households

www.gov.uk/stayathome

If you have a vulnerable person living with you

www.gov.uk/stayathome/vulnerable

Keep Your Head

www.keepyourhead.com

Group for Men with mental health issues seeking mutual NON medical support

www.menunite.org

Harm reduction strategies for alcohol dependence

www.downyourdrink.org.uk

NA meetings online

www.ukna.org

Can't make a meeting - no problem

www.smartrecovery.org.uk

Local volunteer hub information

www.cambridgeshire.gov.uk/your-community-needs-you

Support and wellbeing community for adults in Cambridgeshire and Peterborough

www.quell.io