

**FIRST BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATION ANTHOLOGY**

October 2017

**CELEBRATORY POEMS AND SONGS
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Introduction

From the top of a tree which leaned into our garden in Jarrow, my brothers and I could see the faint outline of the coast at South Shields. It seemed an awfully long way away, the picture being such a hazy one, but we were sure it was the beach and the sea that we were looking at and why wouldn't we believe it when all Jarrow had was the River Don and the Slake and nowhere to build a sandcastle?

Occasionally, during the summer holidays, we took day trips to that same beach, travelling the three miles or so by train to Mile End Road. We walked down a thrilling Ocean Road, passing the Laughing Policeman in his glass case (who scared me so much I didn't dare put a penny into the slot) and the bucket and spades which hung from the many shop fronts, rather like bunting at a street party.

After a swim in a freezing sea we shivered under towels, and behind a rickety wind-break shared chips from sandy paper, drank dilute orange from gritty cups and finished with Minchella's ice cream.

Plodding up and down the water's edge were the donkeys, patiently ferrying boys and girls from one point to another and back again. Strings of children stood waiting to ride them.

I think we might have ridden the donkeys once or twice.

It seems a long time ago, a distant, probably inaccurate memory, but I can also see Dad in a deck chair, shirt sleeves rolled up and a knotted handkerchief on his balding head, swatting away the flies with his Daily Telegraph. I can see Mam, in a flowered skirt and a cardigan buttoned up against the breeze, peering worriedly at the waves as we emerged from them. Probably she was counting us all back in, never quite trusting the sea or her children to be safe. These were our holidays, celebrating the long, glorious six weeks away from school. Oh, I remember them well.

When I was invited to be the Writer in Residence at The Word, to work on another kind of celebration, I couldn't have been more delighted. Here was a perfect excuse to spend some time in a place which is still special to me, though I live on the other side of the river now.

And my job was to help mark The Word's first birthday by working with various groups, wide ranging in age and writing experience, to produce something which could be performed on October 21st as part of the festivities. There was to be music and song too which I would provide with my band.

Along with librarians Pauline Martin and Maureen Cairns I time-tabled some official writing sessions to which I added a few more general meetings. These allowed me to join in with people who use the library regularly (Library Matters, Knit and Knatter, Scrabble players, Choir, Ukulele and school groups) and those who are unable to use it and rely on the library coming to them.

I visited Nancy and Dorrie, who were kind enough to invite me into their homes for a chat about the books they receive, enough for a whole month and tied up with string, and I met with Margaret and Bill, volunteers who deliver the Home Readers Library books. What a lovely job that must be, helping to link library and reader while providing company and friendship along the way.

A welcome addition to my time-table was a couple of sessions at St Aloysius RC church in Hebburn which hosts Living Well with Dementia afternoons. Plenty of singing, chatting and getting to know folk!

As to the writing sessions themselves, I decided that short poems rather than stories would be more appropriate for the celebration day. To that end I asked groups to think about the library itself, to spend a little time exploring what goes on in it, to perhaps compare and contrast the present with the past and to look at the word 'celebration' and what it might mean to them. We would then craft any ideas into short poems.

From out of one of the sessions came greeting cards and models, each bearing good wishes and thoughts about The Word. They helped make a fine display at the library during the celebratory weekend and I have used some of these to help illustrate the poems.

With my own song writing I wanted to capture the many facets of life at The Word keeping in mind the river flowing by and our own Tyneside heritage, while trying to keep things light hearted as befits a birthday bash. I borrowed a couple of local traditional tunes, a popular melody from 1925 written by Gus Kahn and Richard Whiting (and once sung by Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy amongst others) and wrote the fourth song from scratch.

I need to credit the Ukulele group and choir for so gamely joining in having never heard it before, for being so generous as to allow me to join in their sessions at the beginning of my residency and for trusting me to produce something they could sing and play.

You'll find the words to the songs along with some of the poetry produced from the writing sessions. I have selected one poem from each of the participants along with a few photographs. If you'd like to see more, please visit The Word website (<https://theworduk.org/>) where you'll find them.

One of the most pleasurable things about this writing residency was the fact that I could walk from my house, take the winding path down to the ferry landing and catch a boat to work. Pretty unusual for me. I could breathe fresh air, take some exercise and remind myself about how lucky I am to live near the waters of Tyne and that it only takes seven minutes to cross to the other side, to The Word and beyond, to Ocean Road, the beach, the chips, the ice-cream...

Thanks to The Word for inviting me.

Celia Bryce

Singer-songwriter and author.

SONG: LIBRARY UKULELES

(Tune: Whiting & Kahn- Ukulele Ladies, 1925)

We are the library ukuleles,
library ukuleles we are all
We strum our library ukuleles
if you want to join us why not call?
We meet on Friday, ukuleles,
Friday ukulele afternoons
and if you want to ukulele,
come and play our ukulele tunes

Reach for the sky
Give us a try
And if you like the sound we make
By and by you'll
Join our library ukuleles, be
Library ukulele players too
And we'll strum
Our library ukuleles
Library ukulelelong with you

Reach for the sky
Give us a try
And if you like the sound we make
By and by you'll
Join our library ukuleles, be
Library ukulele players too
And we'll strum
Our library ukuleles
Library ukulelelong with you

Celia Bryce

HEBBURN LIBRARY READING HACK WRITING ABOUT PARTIES

COMEDIAN

Funny
Comedian
Smiling and enjoyment
But wait his jokes are becoming
Scary
Alice



THE FOOD

It was
Disgusting, vile
Rancid, horrible yuck
Chosen by a pensioner.
Damn it.
Daniel

PARTY GAMES

Games can
Make enemies
Be full of surprises
Be a challenge to win the prize
I lost
Emily



FOOD

Tasty
Plentiful joy
Nanna's biscuit cupboard
Airtight Tupperware filled to the brim...
Vomit
Ethan



MEMORIES

Happy
Family, friends
Are there to be happy
But not all that glitters is gold
Sadly
Jamie

LAUGHTER

Laughter
Friends, family
Children happily smile
Making many joyful memories
Happen
Abbey





POETRY FROM DROP-IN SESSIONS

THE WORD

The word is a very special place
With lots to do and see
You can get yourself a book
Have a coffee or a tea

The word is a very special place
For writers it's simply divine
You can learn all about poetry
Writing novels, memoirs or crime

The word is such a special place
It gets involved with music too
With a choir and ukulele class
You can try out something new

The word is such a special place
It's one year old they say
So let's celebrate its birthday
It deserves a lovely day

David Coulthard

ONE CANDLE

The young, the future
Computers amassed
Under the crystal sky

Study booths, history, dialects
Geordie. Dance evoking songs
Past memories of life's battles
Battlers hung in sepia frames

An epitome of modernity, serenity and
Inclusivity encompasses alcoves with
Book bearing shelves, romance, crime
The shop's maps, toys, sweets entice
In a café crisps, cheesecakes tempt
A marvel set on the sea-seeking Tyne

Margaret Davies

MEMORY LANE

Saturday short shift. Wages paid, wife keep.
Panhaggerty on fender
Bairns fill his bathtub and play in the lane.
wife scrubs his back, hey Jack, its clarty.
Smiling, dressed, carbolic and fresh smell
Accordion lad a song to tell.
Happy faces, tapping of feet.
Pit aall forgotten, a miners treat.
meat raffle won, a weekend complete.
beers supped fast. A week's dust all gone.

Barbara Haswell

LETTERBOX

Letters thrown around as confetti at a wedding
As grains of sand in a desert wind
Form words.
Books are written jigsaws
Random words plucked from out of the air
Shuffled in the head
And written on the page.
Turned, twisted and pulled around.
Shaped into a sentence.
Sentences soon congregate together as paragraphs
And paragraphs?...
Well, they gang together on pages
To make chapters.
And when they are really grown up
Become books.
Books huddle together for comfort in libraries.
There's an awful lot of letters in a library!

Derek Wake



BILLY BOY AGED TEN AND A HALF

(Tune: Traditional: Billy Boy)

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Where have you been all the day, me Billy Boy?
I've been playing round the docks
to see if I can ask the boss
About a job they'll pay me money for,
down by the river side

Are there riggers down the docks, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are there riggers down the docks, me Billy Boy?
There are riggers who are able to
fix winches and wind cables
Not the job I want the money for,
down by the riverside

Are there joiners down the docks, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are there joiners in the dock, me Billy Boy?
There are joiners making doors to
face the salty ocean's roar,
Not the job I want the money for,
down by the riverside

Are there plumbers down the docks, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are there plumbers in the dock, me Billy Boy?
There are plumbers with their wrenches
fixing pipe work at their benches
Not the job I want the money for,
down by the riverside.

What'll you do down in the docks, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
What'll you do down in the docks, my Billy Boy?
I'll be captain of the ship and take me mammy on a trip
So that's the job I want the money for, down by the riverside

Albert, Bill, Mary, Olga and Karen, from Harton Grange Care Home



PARTY POETRY FROM THE POST 11 AUTISTIC CENTRE, JARROW

From a distance I heard games,
rave music and singing.
Through the window I saw cake,
beer and girls.
At the party I saw everyone dancing.
Then I danced,
then others arrived
and joined the party.

Jordan



At the party I saw people
chit chatting for ages
At the party I tasted
chocolate mini rolls
At the party I heard bangs
while the fireworks were
flying in the sky
At the party I felt happy
At the party I smelled the hotdogs

James

From a distance I saw
a fire and a choir.
Through the window
there was a cake that
was opaque and a
dance and a romance.
At the party there was a man
with a stick fending
off the enemies that
were bad and he felt sad.

Kieran



FROM A DISTANCE

From a distance I saw people in costumes I think one was a bee
From a distance I smelt beer, wine and tea
From a distance I heard a song that went ABC
From a closer distance I saw the police
From a closer distance I saw a man drunk as a beast
From a closer distance I saw a man arrested yelling
“I want my release”
As close as I can get I saw a man who lost a bet
As close as I can get I saw two people who just met
As close as I can get I saw a man tangle in a net

Joseph



FROM A DISTANCE

From a distance I saw and heard,
I saw tables and chairs and saw bottles.
From the window I saw and heard a pound coin
and saw people watching football on the TV,
And I heard someone say “Food fight.”
At the party I saw and heard
I saw people having a great time
And I saw people watching football.
Sunderland won, Newcastle lost.
Someone said “Newcastle sucks”.

Luke

AT THE PARTY

At the party I bought my ticket, to enter to the convention.
At the party I dance along to the rave.
At the party I saw cosplay,
to make all the other people happy.
At the party I hear the music,
it feels like Rock 'n' roll.
At the party I do the conga
and everybody joins in.
At the party I bought my lunch,
because I feel hungry.
At the party I saw One Direction,
singing to what makes you beautiful.
At the party I found a chocolate fountain,
I grab a bowl and scoop it into the bowl.
I bought a pop figure because I like collecting them.
At the game I play Call of Duty
because it is my favourite game.
At the party I feel out of control
because I dance a lot.
At the party we celebrate 2018 for New Year.
At the party I hear an explosive,
is that a gas leak... Gas leak
Oh NOOOOO!!!!
It's fireworks.

Kye



AT THE PARTY

At the party I saw a massive rainbow.
At the party I tasted food.
At the party I smelt lemon.
At the party I heard music
At the party I felt the rubber of the ball
that hit my head.

Liam



AT THE PARTY

At the party I heard fireworks,
balloons popping, rave music.
At the party I tasted
chocolate ice cream, warm pizza
and cherry flavoured coke
At the party I touched the couch,
a husky and a lot of pillows.

Matthew

FROM A DISTANCE

From a distance I felt angry souls.
Through the window I saw
they were food fighting.
At the party I blacked out,
then I realised it was only just a dream.

Tyler





**CELEBRATION HAIKU
BY STUDENTS FROM
SOUTH SHIELDS SCHOOL.**

Our happy feelings
Bringing celebrations to
A family meal
Chloe



Christmas is good
You don't even have to wear a hood
Even though you should
Liam

Halloween is good
You can go trick and treating
And you can get sweets
Jonathan



Funerals are sad
And Jock's day has come and gone
He was a good man
Billy

Our happy feelings
Bring celebrations to our
Big fun birthday time
Ellie



Time with family
Birthday party, cake, friends, fun
Candles, singing songs
Charlize



Out in the sunshine
Have fun and don't make a crime
Try not to waste time
Shaun

Funerals are sad
And Jock's day has come and gone
He was a good man
Keenan



New Year is a time
To celebrate and to laugh
The town clock hits 12
BANG
Codie

Santa is coming
Flying to all the houses
To bring our presents
Nathan



SONG: AYE NOW, ME HINNY-O

(Tune: A U Hinny Bird. Traditional Tyneside song).

We've Wibblers & Wobblers, And story time for toddlers, Knitters and Knatterers, And clippy, clippy matterers	Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye. Aye now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye.
We've library ukuleles And action rhymes for babies Chess pieces, scrabble boards Draughts that haven't come from doors	Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny aye. Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye.
We've writing group & singing group And a place that makes a canny soup, Interactive Tables, Poetry and fables,	Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye. Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye.
The Word's not all about the shelves You're best to have a browse yourself And when you've had a chance to look Wey, you, can even choose a book	Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, hinny, aye. Aye, now, me hinny-o, Aye, Hinny aye.

Celia Bryce

WRITING FROM WEA DEVELOPING SKILLS FOR LIFE AND WORK COURSE

I have a cup of coffee in the cafe
People tell about their books

Joseph McIvor



Library ukuleles playing
Leading to
Spiral staircase
Leading to Heaven
In The Word

Paul Tann



Spread The Word
We're One Year Old

Jeff Henderson



Knit and Knatter
Have a cup of coffee
Have a biscuit
Making hats and
Christmas stuff

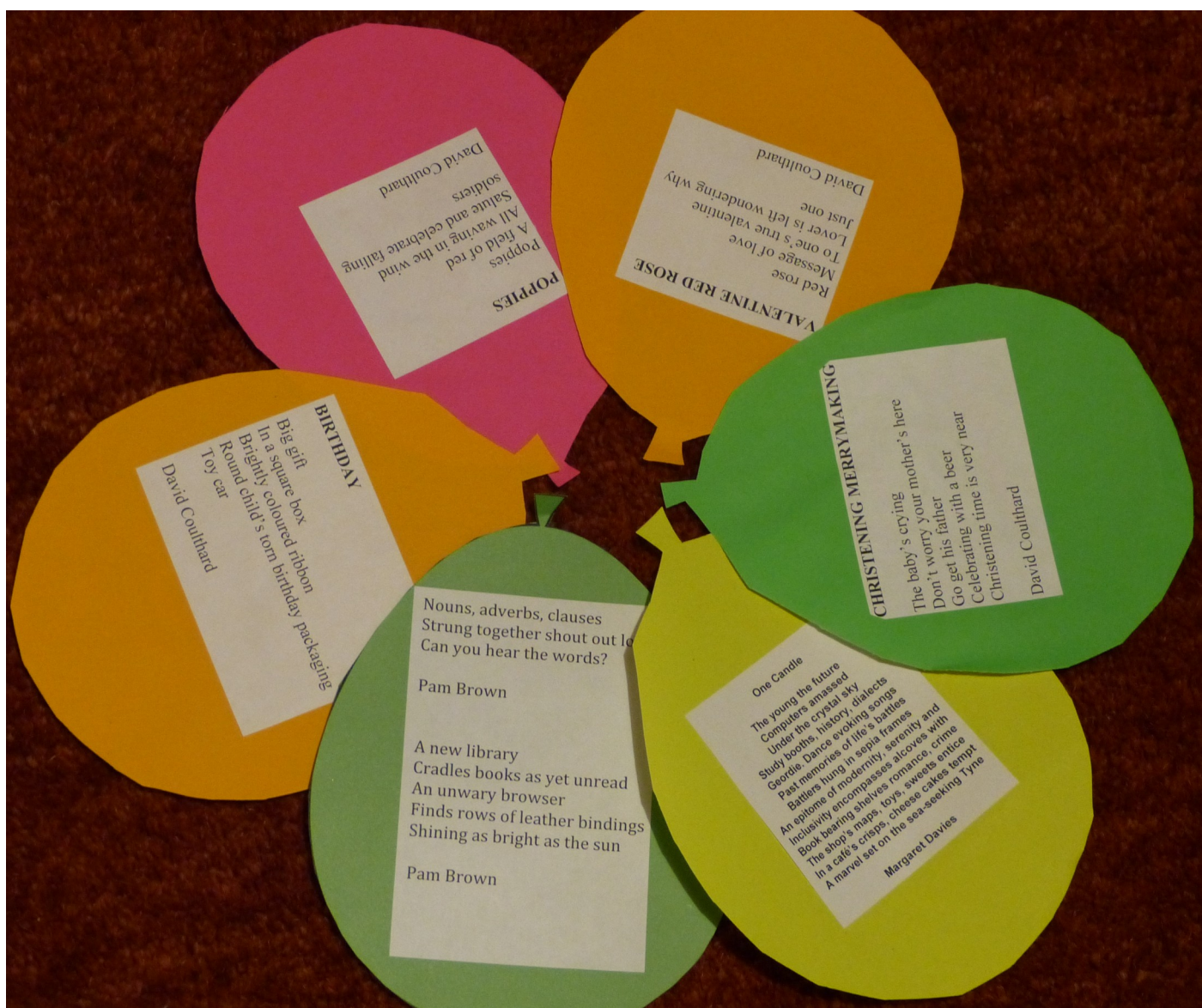
Angela Karczewski



We can see the car park
We can see the market
And the old cobblers' shop

Steven Owens





POETRY FROM WRITETOGETHER

WORDS

Words pegged on washing lines
Letters washing off in the rain
Gently pick them up
Try to form new meanings.

Twenty six letters
Millions of words
Countless books on pristine shelves.

People passing
Thinking talking
Walking on words
Strewn on the floor
Come in from the rain.

Pam Brown

THE LIBRARY

The library's my
Window to my very soul
It nourishes me
Satisfies my child within
Feeds my love of the unknown.

Katie Kyle

SEARCHING

Local history
Following trails of records
Down the rabbit hole
Of an electronic past
Awaiting excavation

James Zeolie

IN THE LIBRARY

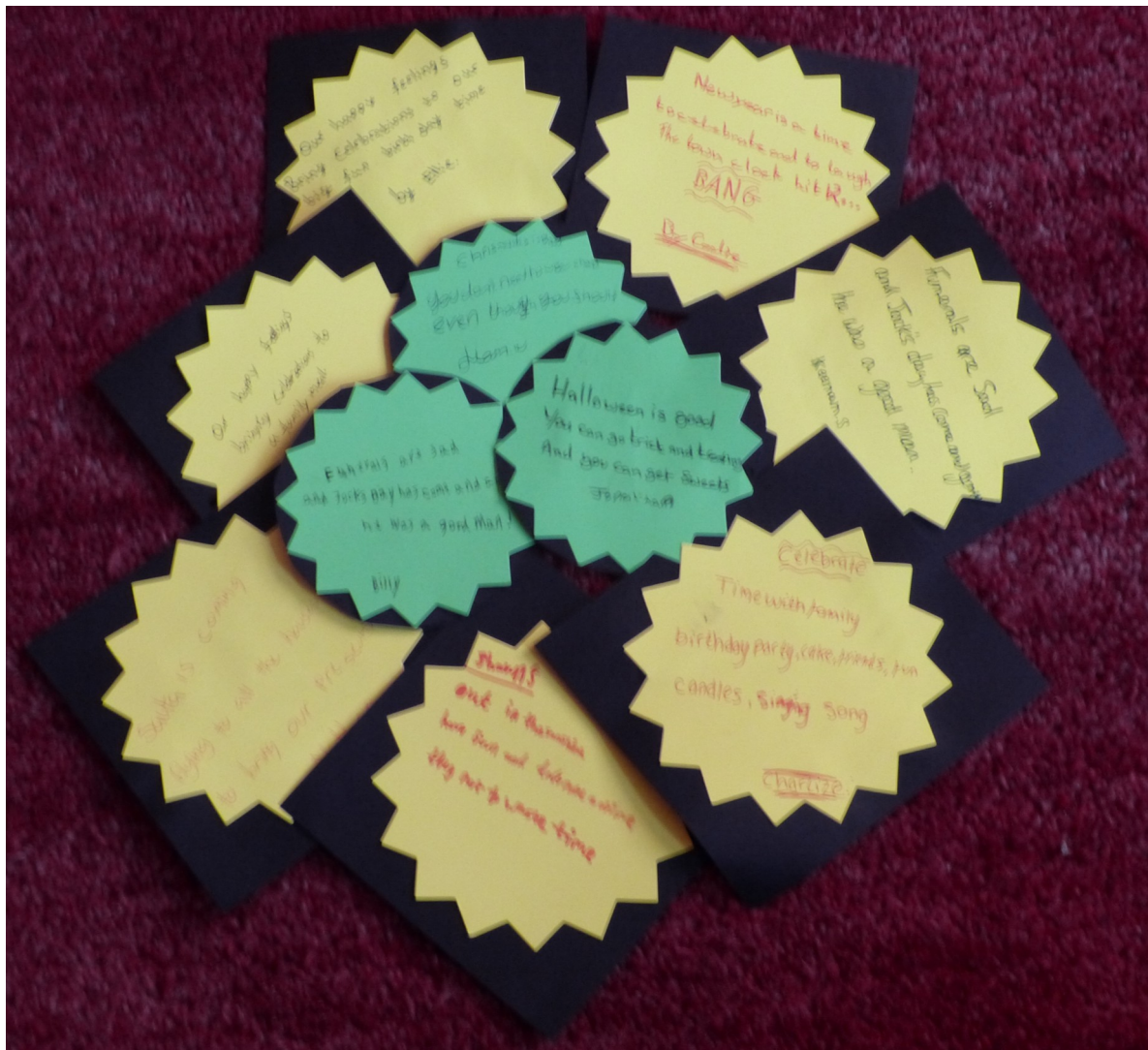
Background Noise
From the café shop
From the knitters and proggers
Silent book readers.

George Bloomfield

THE WORD

Our New Library Building
What a fabulous sight to behold
On the banks of the River Tyne
Round, majestic and bold.
You cannot miss her
The directions are very clear
If you take a wrong turning
Just look up my dear
There she is on the skyline
In all her majesty
Looking for inspiration?
Come in, look and you'll see!
Many books of reference
Also novels to enjoy
Search to your heart's content
Your brains to employ.

Marie Makepiece



GIVE US A BOOK

Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages, turn over pages and take a bit time

Give us a book and we'll turn over pages, turn over pages and we'll never mind

The nights cutting in and the daylight grown thin and
There's rain and there's wind, so much fog you can't see
Things just won't simmer down, things just get grimmer
With a big clap of thunder, a lightning streak

Chorus: Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages

Says news that we've gathered this world's in a lather
it's Radio, TV and headlining press
And though you would rather not read any further,
You wonder just who's going to clean up the mess

Chorus: Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages

There's stuff we've to ponder on, jobs taking longer,
there's buses and metros and ferries to catch
There's people who'll con you or pile troubles on you
And then there's the football you'd rather not watch

Chorus: Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages

The kids are all fussing you think you hear cussing
The in-laws or outlaws are due any time
The milk's been forgotten the fish has gone rotten
You'd pour out a gin but you've run out of lime

Chorus: Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages

There's aches and there's pains and there's jobs give you back strain
And times when you'd rather not get out of bed
Your legs give you gip and this morning you tripped
And now you've a lump like an egg on your head

Chorus: Oh give us a book and we'll turn over pages

There's lots we could fix if we all knew the tricks to
Lots of things happening we can't control
So sometimes we take a deep breath and get on with it...
... the world won't stop turning ... if we take it... slow... and

Pick up a book and begin to turn pages, turn over pages and take a bit time

Pick up a book and begin to turn pages, turn over pages and we'll never mind

Celia Bryce



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many thanks to all participating groups:

Hebburn Library Reading Hack: Daniel, Alice, Jamie, Emily, Abbey and Ethan and Sharon McGarey, the librarian.

Drop-in sessions: David Coulthard (South Shields), Margaret Davies, Barbara Haswell and Derek Wake (Shiremoor).

Residents of Harton Grange Care Home, Boldon Lane: Albert, Bill, Mary, Olga and activities organiser, Karen.

Post 11 Autistic Centre, Jarrow: Kieran, Jordan, James. Luke, Tyler, Matthew, Liam, Joseph, Kye and their teaching staff.

South Shields School: Billy, Charlize, Chloe, Codie, Ellie, Jonathon, Keenan, Liam, Nathan, Shaun and teaching staff.

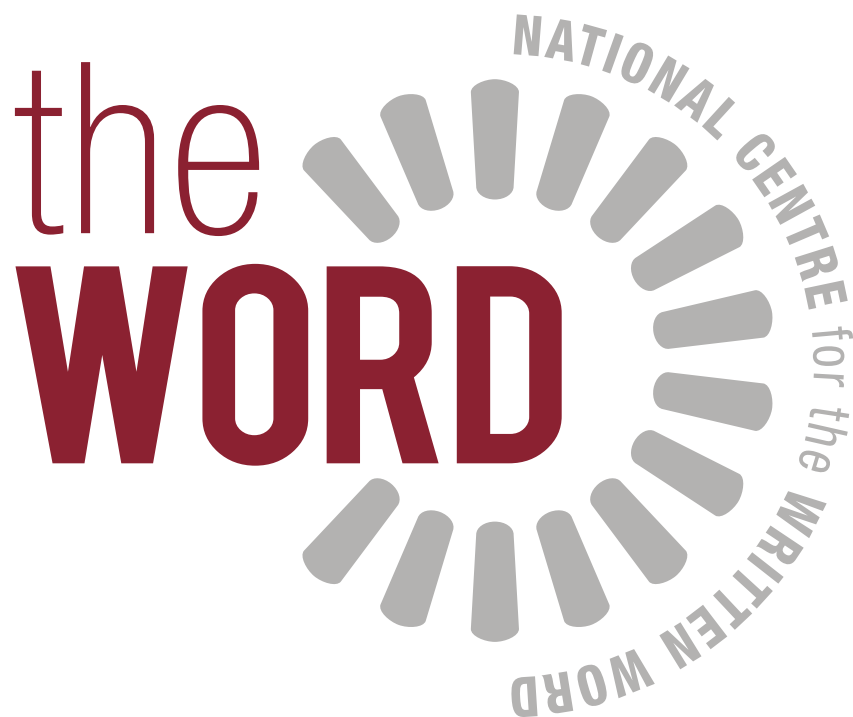
WEA: Students on the *Developing Skills for Life and Work Course*, Action Station, Boldon Lane: Colleen Dalton, Michael Hedley, Jeff Henderson, Angela Karczewski, Beryl Mackins, Joseph McIvor, Lesley Norfolk, Stephen Owens, Steven Peterson, Stuart Robe, Robin Tait, Paul Tann and Pam, their tutor.

WriteTogether, South Shields: George Bloomfield, Pam Brown, Katie Kyle, Marie Makepiece, James Zeolie.

Thanks to library staff, especially Pauline Martin and Maureen Cairns for their support throughout this residency, along with Fiona Witts, from the Home Reader Library Service and Jolene Dunbar, Children and Families librarian. And all those staff members and volunteers, especially Margaret and Bill, who were kind enough to answer my queries.

Finally, thanks to all those library users who took time to talk to me, show me their various crafts, their various activities and invited me to join in. I've had such a lot of fun.

Celia Bryce



South Tyneside Council

Supported by



Supported using public funding by
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