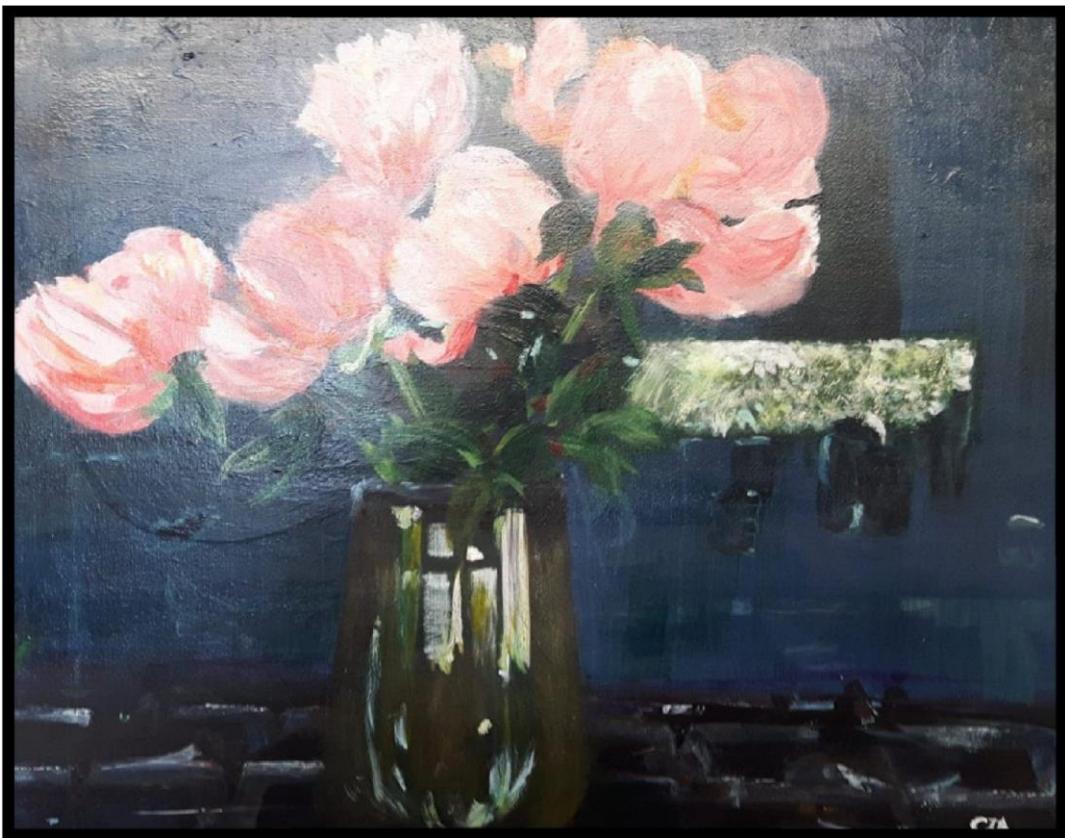




July was named by the Roman Senate in honour of the Roman general, Julius Caesar, it being the month of his birth. Prior to that, it was called Quintilis.

Welcome to July at SWADS where we are starting some of our changes. The art rooms have moved down a level and into number 13. We now have a bigger, brighter room with less stairs to get there. Next, we are planning the recording studio to move over to number 13 with new all singing and dancing up to date equipment for an even better sound and experience for its users.



### ARTWORK OF THE MONTH

This month we have chosen the beautiful vase of peonies that Caroline lovingly created in the art rooms. It was a close call with some fabulous art being created, but the pink peonies just caught our eye and we all want to take them home!



## Trisha's Canal Adventures

On 3 June, we excitedly boarded our Canal barge in Warwickshire. The sun was shining and our instructor gave perhaps too much of an in-depth lesson, including how to work the remote for the TV! was despatched to the lock to open the gates, flipping great monoliths with a 100-foot drop. Having mastered this brutal torture off we set. Beautiful scenery slipped past with nothing but birdsong in the air. We tied up for the night and hubby set off to walk the dog and I prepared the meal. I glanced out the window and realised I was facing the wrong way! I was looking across the canal! Fortunately, our neighbour rescued me by hauling in the boat and securing the ropes properly. Scene is now set for the rest of the Week!

Next day lovely weather and off we go. Well these boats are heavy to handle and manoeuvre and you drive on the wrong side, turn the tiller to the right to go left and vice versa for right. I am rubbish at it!

Settled for the night after a bumpy ride and in preparation for the 3 locks next day. Dull day and passing a lot of boats moored up alongside who were shouting at us. It was a queue for the locks – many shouts of sorry and tried to win favour by doing lock

duty. Finally, it's our turn, flood the lock, open the gates and call my hubby when a man pulling his boat nicked my basin! Well I can't do anything about it but walk across to the other lock and start the whole process again. Put your back into it is literally what you have to do opening The weather turned nasty with heavy rain and strong winds. Let's say we literally bumped and banged along the canal in our slow progress forward. A brief dry spell next morning and I went to and closing the gates and my hands are covered in black oil to boot from the lock keys! 3 successive locks and my arms have got the jitters! Make coffee, when I came back on deck the dog is missing! A quick search on the boat and he is not there. Frantic pulling alongside and off I run in search of him. People living on their boat helped search and boats passing told us how far back he was – 4 miles back, he had jumped in for a swim! Rank and smelly wet dog retrieved. Slung in shower and came out smelling of Dove.

We reached the end of the North Oxford canal after 3 days where we sheltered for a couple of days due to severe weather conditions. After 2 days, we had to start the return journey and as it's a basin to turn in, I had to pull the canal boat into position and yes open the Lock!

However, we saw some stunning scenery. The wildlife alongside the banks is abundant and I have never seen so many Robins, Finches, Woodchucks and other birds. I had a beautiful Swan eating food I put on the edge of our boat right in front of me and making noises when she wanted more. A mother Mallard brought her babies along the bank next to us for food.

I also found what a close knit, helpful and caring community, canal boat owners are and always willing to help if possible, whether it's passing information on fallen trees in the canal or helping to search for a much-loved dog. Humanity and nature at one with each other for a change. But I never want to see another lock gate ever.



## SWADS AT THE CHILDREN'S FETE – THE GWR PARK 8<sup>TH</sup> JULY 2017

By Ian Bel

During our six hour shift over 60 children coloured their own masks with great attention to detail. There were some magnificent masks produced.

The team hastily put up our Gazebo and Trish assembled her publicity boards which had had a make-over. To raise funds children's masks had been made by Christine and Liz who had worked hard to cut out the masks and in particular the "eyes" and finished the job adding the elastic.

Our task was to promote the work we do at SWADS by engaging with the public attending the fete.

July.<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Children's Fete at Faringdon

Road Park on Saturday 8<sup>st</sup>Liz, Claire, Amie, Trish and I ran a stall for SWADS on the 151In particular one four year old boy spent well over half an hour perfecting his creation.

It quickly emerged the most popular masks were the bunnies and tiger masks and we ran out of those. There was however a great selection of alternative masks available.

Various members of the pubic asked about our services and where appropriate some were referred to me to give advice on SWADS counselling and bereavement services.

Liz and the other colleagues fielded a variety of questions about the creative art and music areas of SWADS and how and when the public could take part and access our services.

There was much genuine interest with promises of people willing to access the website or phone up to make appointments. It was a great team effort to facilitate this event and we all learned a bit about each other's background and how and why we found ourselves at SWADS. There was a lot of banter amongst the team who did their job with a great sense of humour and even engaging with other adjacent stall holders. Sadly we didn't win the "Name the Teddy Bear" but we were honoured to be open the "results envelope" and the end of the day.

Special thanks to Claire's daughter Amie who gave up her Saturday to give out leaflets around the park and encouraged the kids to take part in the colouring.

In conclusion, a great day out and next year why not be a volunteer for a few hours. You will have an enjoyable day, great interaction with the local community and be proud of being a part of SWADS. We really do make a difference to people who use our services.



## Rusty Goat

This month I'd like to share with you a poem about poet's.

Written as part of a project to write a poem a day for 31 days, to cure a spell of writer's block.

## A tale or two

Every poet has a story to be told,  
Every poet has a story of the soul.

Behind every pen stroke,  
Behind every observant eye, Is  
a puff of genius smoke.

A long night spent writing,  
Creative expression.  
Delivering experience, a lesson.  
Every late night writing session.  
Bleary eyed, Dog  
tired and determined.

The hours spent, On  
elbows lent.  
The tea drunk, Or  
the bourbon sunk.  
Screwed up paper pile. The  
electronic files Saved for  
later.

On elbows lent,  
The hours spent.  
Not easily pleased,  
Rarely satisfied But  
ironically content.

It's not all flowers,  
Wind swept moors.  
Thatched cottages,  
Pink rose festooned porch.

It's not daffodils, Dry  
stone walls.

Shakespearean tales  
From a bygone age.

It's more Earthy  
than that.  
It kinda picks up  
The track laid by, Ferlinghetti, Corso, Kerouac.

Somewhat obviously that I  
pointed those out. Any fool  
can list  
Names from Google.  
But a reader I'm not, I've just  
heard odds and sods.

Soaking up influence  
From the best wordsmiths To  
grace this earth.  
I'll not list them,  
We've all got our favourites, And  
different flavours.

But, Every poet has a  
story, Every poet has a  
tale.

So, how about this,  
Let's share a few, After  
all it's what we do.

Much love,

Goat xx



## Barbs bit July

This year has been for me themed with 'New Beginnings'. As I have previously written, Mark Twain wrote.

Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbour. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore.

Dream. Discover. etc....

For me, the next adventure and new beginning is a move of my home. This brings with it a feeling of excitement of something new, but also the sadness of leaving behind a place where I have many good neighbours and good memories. Although to be fair, memories will go with me and I can keep in touch with good neighbours.

What defines a home? You hear .... 'Home is where the heart is!' 'there is no place like home'

And I relate to that because, when I close my front door I am lucky to have a place where I feel safe and free to relax. I just need that feeling that I can 'just be.....'

'Amid pleasures and palaces Though we may roam

Be it ever so humble

There's no place like home.' - author unknown. I continue to count my blessings and ride the trade winds.....

Barb.

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