



Reflections 2023

Reconnecting with
memories through
Poetry & Art

Celebrating the
uniqueness in
everyone

www.fremantletrust.org

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Introduction

This book of poems and art work has been written and compiled by those who live and work in our care homes for older people and is a follow up to Reflections 2019.

The aim is that through poetry and Art sessions residents are able to take part in meaningful activities which provide cognitive and social interaction.

Writing, reading and listening to poetry and expressing feelings through Art, sparks memories of personal connections and experiences and enables people to share feelings of love, joy and sadness.

Everyone has really enjoyed sharing their experiences and emotions, rekindling memories and working together to create these poems.

‘Poetry is when an emotion has found it’s thought and the thought has found words’

Robert Frost 1874-1963- American Poet

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The Fremantle Trust supports the Dementia Friends initiative and is a Dementia Friends Organisation

I see me

**I see me in that mirror
The same person I once knew
Grey and white hair 28 years older**

**I see Me, in that reflection
The person that was once busy**

**I see me, I'm much the same as always
Its just my reflection that's changed**

**I see me, my reflection drastically changed
Its not me**

**I see me, Just the cover of a book
The pages in between teaching lessons of life**

**We've had a good time in life
I see me, Looking at myself
What do you see?**

Written & Artwork by The Residents of Lent Rise House, Burnham



Good ol' days

Motorbike riding was a must
Couldn't see anything for the dust.
We used to go jitterbugging
And social clubbing.
Remember when it was 8 pennies for half a pint of beer, Which
made us all cheer.
Every Friday we queued for fish and chips wrapped in newspaper,
Added salt and vinegar for lots of flavour.
Also battered bits
For thruppenny bits.
We remember two channels on the black and white TV.
That was all there was to see.
It was common to have a knitting and sewing box.
To darn string vests and socks.
Meat and two veg we all had to eat
Until we were completely replete.
Sitting with the family with the radio on
And playing cards while singing along
Those good old days have gone
But our memories will linger on.

Written & Artwork By The Residents Of Cherry Garth, Holmer Green



A Pair Of Hands

To reflect is to look backwards, to see in my clear mind,
Happenings, all gone before, at an earlier time,
I am looking down, what do I see? A pair of hands!

These hands have helped me to live a great life,
Ready and willing, hands to write letters, hands to garden, hands to
hold my children close, to sew.

Hands to clean bombs, hands to walk the dog, hands to pour a pint,
hands to cook, hands to care.

So many things these hands have done, far too many to mention,
My hands are used now for collecting my pension!

My reflections of life feel so inspiring to share,
As I sit here very quietly , in my restful armchair,
Reflections are comforting, so cosy and warm,
A lifetime of reflections, of what my hands have done are now.

Written & Artwork By The Residents Of Icknield Court, Princes
Risborough



REFLECTIONS

To reflect is to look backwards, to see in my clear mind,
Happenings, all gone before, at an earlier time,
I am looking down, what do I see? A pair of hands!
These hands have helped me to live a great life, ready and willing,
Hands to write letters, hands to garden, hands to hold my children
close to me,
Hands to clean bottles, hands to walk the dog, hands to pour a pint,
hands to cook, hands to care,
So many things these hands have done, far too many to mention,
My hands are used now for collecting my pension!
As I sit here very quietly, in my recliner chair,
Reflections are comforting, so cozy and warm,
A lifetime of reflections of what my hands have done are mine.

By the Residents of Lakewood Court

Childhood Reflections

Looking back to the boy I used to be,
Football, Rugby, Cricket, was not for me,
Books is what I liked best,
It was adventure, Science and History.

Back when I was a girl,
My doll was my best friend,
Tea parties with Ted as well we had played,
And to me it was real.

Daredevil mike, that was me,
Climbing to the top of the tree,
Mum would call “Michael get down”!
“you know you can hardly see”

Baking with mum was what I liked
Making cake was the best for me
“come on Sylvi”, Mum would say,
“Lets have those cakes for afternoon tea”.

Written & Artwork By The Residents Of Farnham Common House,
Farnham Common



Garden Reflections

**Our Garden is so beautiful and colourful,
The sunflowers are magical and bright**

Sitting in the garden is lovely whether its day or night

Walking in the garden gives us such joy too

Smelling the beautiful flowers I cant think of anything better to do

**We love gardening most of the time, but when its cold and frosty
we'd rather be inside.**

Written & Artwork By Sir Aubrey Ward House Garden Club, Marlow



Memories & Dreams

As memories past before mine inward eye,
Of joyous births and weddings, griefs and ends,
I ponder how our lives do swift'ly fly
While contemplating reflections that life sends.

In waking dreams I see loved faces gone,
And hear the echoes of their laughter bright,
Though seasons change, these visions linger on,
As pale reflections in a pond at night.

In restless sleep, Nightmares disturbance bring,
Of losing those I hold most dear to heart,
And so on in prayerful thought I quietly sing,
That we not from each other drift apart.

These memories and dreams, reflections all,
Each one, a glimpse of life's eternal call.

Written & Artwork By Residents Of Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville



I Remember Family Holiday's

**Down by the see where we used to be;
Sitting on the beach to catch some sun
Watching the sea come by to land on the sand.**

**The Children used spades
And the sand castles were made**

**We would love to have some ice cream
Which always made holidays a dream
But our parents loved to go to the pub
Where we all had some lovely pub grub
Fish and chips and ice cream cones
Would finish the day off nicely.**

**Written & Artwork By The Residents At The Heights, Downley, High
Wycombe**



Light For Darkness

**The sun shines upon the trees as new light pours on down,
Reflections cast colour over the skies.**

**From the bleak rain appears bright colour,
Hope amongst the darkness.**

**Even in the darkest of times,
the smallest glimmers of light can cast away any doubt.**

**If we reflect only on the good,
we will always see the colour.**

Written & Artwork By The Residents Of Chesham Leys, Chesham



The Sun shines upon
the trees as the water
pours on down,
Reflections cast colour over
the skies,
From the bleak rain appears
bright colour,
Hope amongst the darkness.
Even in the darkest of times
the smallest glimmers of
Light can cast away doubt
If we reflect only on the
GOOD, we will always see
the COLOUR

Light for Darkness
a poem about
REFLECTION
by the residents of
Chesham Leys

I am the beholder

**When I look into the mirror what do I see
I see my younger self looking back at me**

**When I look into the mirror,
I stare a little longer, for the person looking back at me cannot be
me**

**When I see my reflection I feel a slight connection.
So many years shown in one face
The life I have lived all at one pace**

**My eyes may deceive but my heart believes,
For I am the beholder looking back at me.**

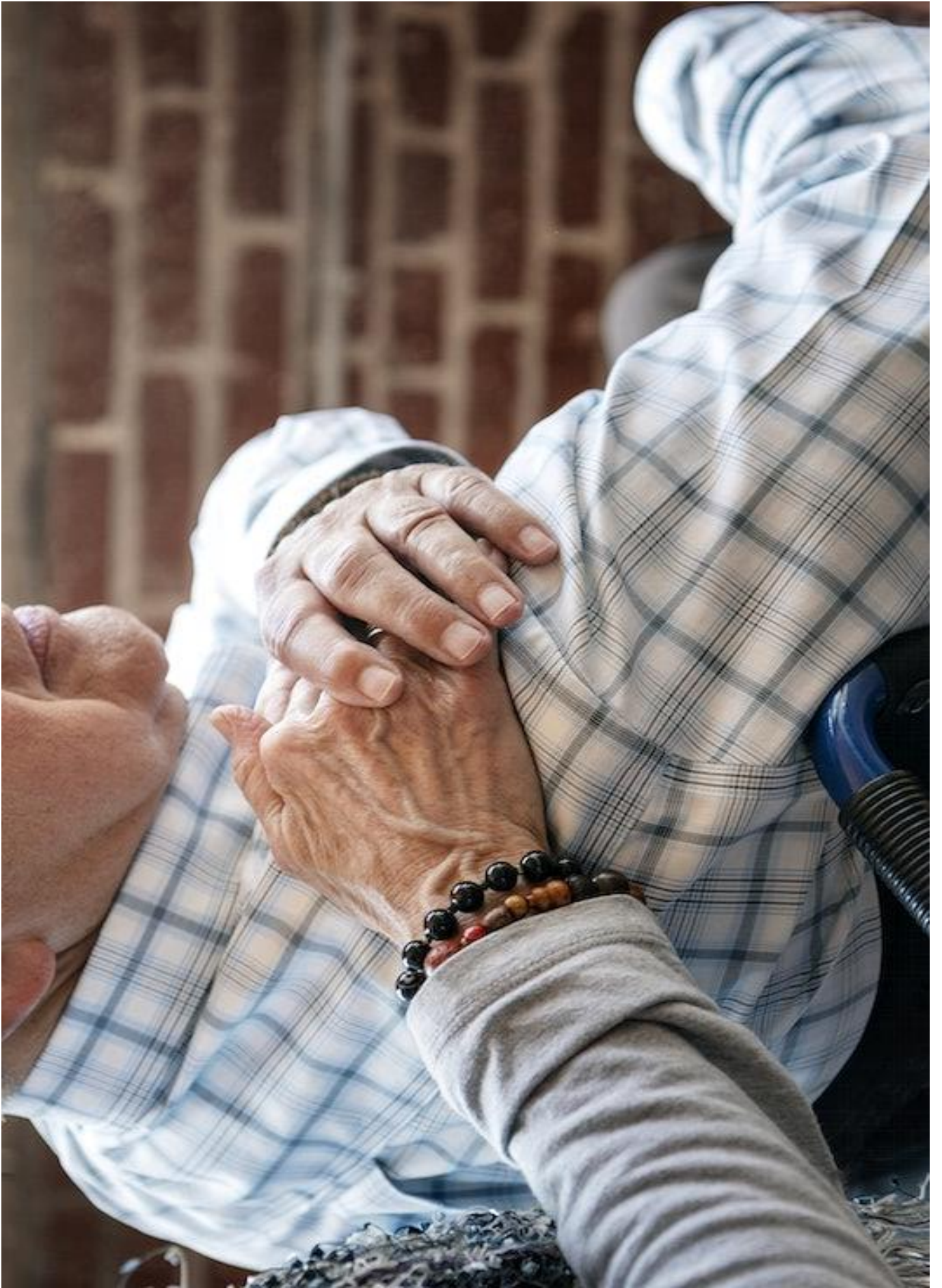
Written & Art Work By The Residents Of Lewin House, Aylesbury



Loving

**Loving is a painful thing
And not to love is painful still
In this weary world I wonder,
My thoughts shall be of you
And in my memory I see you ever,
Because I loved you more than you knew.**

Written by Perin Ellick, Farnham Common House, Farnham Common



Presents we Remember ...

**Presents were few but heartily received,
Enjoyed and treasured, locked in our memories.
Linda transfixed by the glint of her Kaleidoscope,
And the tinkling sound of her piano, handmade and bespoke.
Whilst Bernard's bolster-wood Bombers glided through the skies,
Doris's precious grey dolls pram, out of sight and away from prying
eyes.
Liz's fond memories of many books that she enjoyed and read,
And Margaret too, remembering favourite stories told before bed.
Brian's most favourite present was Tiny, his dog,
Who he loved and walked, come rain, sunshine or fog.
While Polly lived on a farm with animals, she loved with pride.
And was smitten with her kittens that came from far and wide.
Geri loved her dolls house made by her father,
A cabinet maker, a present she would look after.
Today we unlocked our memories of yesteryear,
Where presents forgotten were remembered so dear.**

Written by The residents at Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville.



Remembrances

**Remember the men that went to war,
And all the ones we lost.
Remember those that went ashore,
And fell in sands so soft.**

**Remember the fields of poppies red,
And the deeds of men so brave.
Remember those both single and wed,
Who fell in the mossy grave.**

**Remember the ones who came home lame,
The blind and helpless men so brave.
Remember the graves that bear no name,
For us, their lives, they surely gave.**

Written by Barbara Inight, Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville



Games we played

How we loved to play outside

Marbles, hopscotch and bike rides

Two wheeled scooters, skates and Jacks

Football, rounders, kiss chase and stacks

Knock down ginger, knock and run

A little bit naughty but lots of fun

Skipping ropes in full swing

Scrumping – a telling off that would bring

Go karts made from old pram wheels

Blind man's bluff, cigarette card deals

Hide and seek, leap frog and catch,

Bird nesting but leaving eggs to hatch

Oranges and lemons, ring o'roses

In all weathers with cold red noses

Hula hoop, kerbside, crocodile sea,

Street lights come on it's time for tea.

Written by residents at Icknield Court, Princes Risborough

