



# Reflections


*Reconnecting with  
memories through poetry*



The Fremantle Trust  
Celebrating 25 years of  
care and support

[www.fremantletrust.org](http://www.fremantletrust.org)

A registered charity and not for profit organisation.  
(Registration No. 1014986).



One of our  
core values is  
to celebrate  
the uniqueness  
in everyone

# Introduction

This book of poems has been written by those who live and work in our older people care homes across North Buckinghamshire, including:

**Carey Lodge**, Wing  
**Chesham Leys**, Chesham  
**Fremantle Court**, Stoke Mandeville  
**Icknield Court**, Princes Risborough  
**Lewin House**, Aylesbury

The initiative was set up by Sue Faulkner, a leisure and lifestyle manager at The Fremantle Trust as part of our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebrations.

Sue's aim was to ensure that through the poetry session residents partook in a meaningful activity which provided cognitive stimulation and social interaction.

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

*The Fremantle Trust supports the Dementia Friends initiative and is  
a Dementia Friends organisation*

# 25 Cheers Today

The Fremantle Trust is 25 years,  
Let's celebrate with happy cheers.  
Voices raised in laughter and cheer,  
And a glass in the hand full of beer.

Celebrating with a slice of cake,  
That we have all helped to bake.  
Happy Birthday to us, three cheers today,  
Hip hip hooray, Hip hip hooray, Hip hip hooray!

*Written by residents of Carey Lodge, Wing*





# A Day in the Life

It rises, slowly, majestically, from the east,  
Invigorating earth, man and beast.  
It lightens the hearts of young and old,  
With its flowing globe of wondrous gold.

The soil awakens to its warming ray,  
A pleasurable start to another day.  
Birds begin to twitter in the eaves,  
Trees gladly respond with opening leaves.

Flowers gratefully lift their heads up high,  
Following its leisurely traverse across the sky.  
Until comes the time for all to rest,  
It sinks steadily, readily, into the West.

The fiery blaze fades all too soon,  
Leaving darkened skies to an emerging moon.  
So, the ever blessed sun,  
For another day its work is done.

*Written by Pamela Brockwell,  
Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville*

# Night Time Memories

The silver moon in the night,  
Together with the stars so bright.  
Shine for all the world to see,  
For my lover, and for me.

The children sleep in their beds,  
With lovely dreams in their heads.  
And all the world is at peace,  
The children's laughter has now ceased.

*Written by residents of Chesham Leys,  
Chesham*



# Fish

Dotty fish

Spotty fish

Fancy fish

Parrot fish

Pretty fish

Blowing bubbles fish

Friendly fish

Give me a kiss quick fish

Fish out of water fish

Wriggly, wiggly, smelly fish

*Written by residents of Icknield Court,  
Princes Risborough*



# A Hesitant Valentine

I wrote a letter of my love dear,  
The words flowed out without a pause.

They told how much I love dear,  
Of any doubt there was no cause.

I wrote a letter of my love dear,  
Yet you pass me by without a look.  
I do not make my presence known dear,  
For I could not bear to be forsook.

I wrote a letter of my love dear,  
How could you know it was not sent.  
So I worship from afar dear and  
For now I am content.

*Written by Pamela Brockwell  
Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville*



# Daffodils

Wonderful daffodils

Blooming daffodils

Lovely yellow daffodils

Tall and proud daffodils

Oh look

They make me feel so happy

They cheer me up

Spring is coming

*Written by residents of Icknield Court,  
Princes Risborough*



# Flower Garden

Flowers growing in pots and flower  
beds,  
Pretty colours, blues, yellows, and  
reds.

Sprinkle water so as not to dry out  
and  
Plants and flowers will begin to  
sprout.

All the flowers make a lovely  
display,  
Inside and outside, during the  
day.

Outdoor flowers need protecting  
against the frost,  
And then all is not  
lost.

*Written by Nell Dwight,  
Carey Lodge, Wing*





Carey Lodge, Wing



# Spring is in the air

Spring is in the air,  
Flowers blooming everywhere.  
Tulips, buttercups and daffodils,  
Growing across the fields and hills.

Birds nesting in the trees,  
Hiding in between the leaves.  
April showers are on their way,  
They bring the flowers that bloom in May.

Ducklings and chicks about  
to hatch,  
For the season of spring there is  
no match.

*Written by residents at Carey Lodge, Wing*



# Summer, Summer, Summer

A game of cricket on the sand,  
The bowler has the ball in hand.

Sit on the beach with your bucket and spade,  
Go to the sea and have a wade.

Would love to have a donkey ride,  
Then sit with an ice cream and watch the tide.

*Written by residents at Carey Lodge, Wing*



# Goodbye winter, hello spring

The sun is peeping through the clouds,  
Blue skies instead of grey.  
Primroses and snowdrops spring to life,  
And the rain is swept away.  
The grass grows lush and green and tall,  
The sound of lawnmowers will soon be heard.  
Rosebuds patiently wait to bloom,  
In anticipation of summer.  
Blossom bursts open upon the trees,  
The birds begin to sing.  
Farmers in fields with tractors,  
Goodbye winter – hello spring.

*Written by residents at Chesham Leys,  
Chesham*







*Photograph taken by Tina Fox-Pearson of a blossom tree 14  
in her garden in Aylesbury*

# Woodland

As I strolled through the wooded glade,

I met a pretty maid.

We held hands along the way,

As the trees began to sway.

We walked through beds of bluebells,

And breathed in the beautiful smells.

Leaves crunching beneath our feet,

Our time together was such a treat.

*Written by residents at Carey Lodge, Wing*



# Miracle of nature

Garden, garden flowering bright,  
Drifting perfume through the night.

Pretty gorgeous exotic flowers,  
Bringing joy with every hour.

Clip, clip, clip, sound of shears,  
I have heard it through the years.  
Many a thought, and many a tear,  
Have followed me through many a year.

But then I find that I can see,  
In my minds eye – you and me.  
Children playing, grasses swaying,  
Sweethearts saying ‘I love thee’.

Buzzing of the bees,  
Spreading pollen through the trees.  
Think of produce yet to be,  
Sign of Gods’ generosity.

How beautiful it is to see,  
The miracle of nature in front of me.

*Written by residents of Icknield Court,  
Princes Risborough*



# Fremantle in Bloom

April showers and April fools,  
Time to get gardening and pick up the tools.

Dig up the earth, get rid of the weeds,  
Wait for the sun and plant the seeds.

Watch them grow and water them well,  
All will be ready for our Fairy Dell.  
Hopefully our efforts should flower soon,  
For next month it will be June.

Sweep up the leaves with any old  
broom,  
Time to get ready for  
'Fremantle in Bloom'.

*Written by residents at Lewin House, Aylesbury*







*Irene Corliss, Lewin House, Aylesbury*

# On the bright side

By the seaside,  
Toss the pebbles.  
Getting fresh air before breakfast,  
Watching the children play.

The sun is shining,  
Sunglasses and bonnets are on.  
Seagulls are swooping all around,  
It's going to be a lovely day.

Buy an ice cream,  
Feel the sand between our toes.  
Wet our feet in the waves,  
Watch the fishing boats in the bay.

*Written by residents at Chesham Leys, Chesham*



# Food

Food they say is the spice of life,  
But can this really be true?

Song and dance we can do without,  
Although this can leave us blue.

An apple a day keeps the doctor away,  
And if that doesn't – garlic will.

So they say 'eat five a day',  
Or you can just pop a pill!

*Written by residents at Lewin House, Aylesbury*



# Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep

Soft and fluffy,  
Sweet and small,  
I could really love them all.

Small beady black eyes,  
Oh what a surprise.

Lemon yellow,  
Caramel brown,  
Attracting everyone around.

Oh you fluffy little thing,  
How you make me think of spring.

‘Chirpy chirpy cheep cheep,  
That’s the sound I make.  
It shows that I am happy,  
And I am awake’.

Happy little chick,  
Sitting on my hand.  
I know she will be good for me,  
And lay me lots of eggs for tea.

*Written by residents at Icknield Court,  
Princes Risborough*





# Flowers

I like yellow ones,  
Especially daffodils, like the poem from  
Wordsworth.  
‘When all at once I saw a crowd, a host of  
golden daffodils’,  
They smell like tulips,  
Buttercups and pink carnations last a  
long time.  
Clematis grows all along the walls,  
What I like best of all are the daisies in  
the grass,  
I hate it when they get mown down.  
Petunias, for their shape and colours are  
lovely,  
Big roses smell better, I used to have one  
climbing the fence.  
I think it was called Port Scarlet.  
We used to have big sunflowers,  
They remind me of the painter Van Gough.  
The buddleia outside my window attracts  
the butterflies,  
The simple little pansy is a really nice  
flower.

*Written by residents at Lewin House, Aylesbury*





# August

August is a busy month, with much to see and do,  
Our summer party is but one, with all our friends  
there too.

In August we're going to the pub,  
To have a change from our usual grub.

The sun has come, the sun has gone,  
Changing by the hour.  
With raindrops running down the window,  
We have our midsummer shower.

The Olympics are upon us,  
From far away Brazil.  
The athletes have all been training hard and  
competing with all their will.  
Running, diving, jumping,  
We will watch them on TV,  
Swimming, throwing, cycling,  
We'll shout '*come on GB*'.

We will try our absolute best,  
To stand on the podium with a medal on  
our chest.  
With so much support and cheers from  
the crowd,  
We will enjoy watching the Olympics and  
feel proud.

*Written by residents at Lewin House,  
Aylesbury*

# Impossibilities become possibilities

Our home has a lot to offer,  
Respect for everyone.  
I like being here with friends,  
I'm not alone anymore.  
Expanding our friendships to new friends,  
Does us all good.  
Special moments with happy days and thoughts,  
Impossibilities become possibilities.

*Written by residents at Chesham Leys,  
Chesham*



# Time after Time

There is always New Year,  
When January snows appear.

Rains in February pour,  
March winds just roar.

But April showers,  
Bring forth May's flowers.

In June there are roses,  
Needing July's hoses.

Holidays are taken in August,  
September school's a must.

Whilst October has a fall,  
November, sports for all.

Frantic shopping in December,  
With a Christmas to remember.

Again New Year has come,  
Ad infinitum.

*Written by Pamela Brockwell  
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*







Fremantle Court, Stoke Mandeville

# A Christmas poem

Christmas is a merry time of year,  
A time for thoughts of good cheer,  
Of all the things that we hold dear.

The sparkling of Christmas on the trees,  
Is such a joy for all to see.

The children smile and dance with glee,  
To view the presents under the tree.

*Written by residents at Lewin House, Aylesbury*





# The Unicorn

A horse with a horn is a unicorn.

Do you think she's a Capricorn?

Twinkling and sparkling, Princess Proud,

Would we find you in a cloud?

Where do you live? We want to know,

Because we love you so.

Floating on a rainbow, prancing in the sun,  
Come down and see us, so we can have some fun.

Filling our hearts with glee,

A beautiful sight to see.

Lashes long, eyes of blue,

That really make us look at you.

At the end of the day, we can no longer stay,

Under the moonlit sky,

It's time for us to say goodbye.

But we look forward with anticipation,

To another day of celebration.

Make it soon – we miss you!

*Written by residents at Icknield Court.*

*Princes Risborough*

# 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 Bernards' 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.

Gerd 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 residents at Fremantle Court,  
Stoke Mandeville*



# Wishes and Dreams

How do you make a wish? They say

Wish upon a star...

Blow dandelions into the wind...

Pull the turkey wishbone...

Blow out the candles on a birthday cake...

Look out for a shooting star...

I wish, I wish, I wish

I could swim in the sea with dolphins,

Fly in the sky in a hot air balloon,

Ride horseback through the waves,

Watch England win the World Cup.

Ride the big wheel at the fairground,

Go on a cruise and see the world,

Ride my bike through the woods,

Fish by the river.

Visit Buckingham Palace and say hello to the Queen,

Lay on a beach with a strawberry ice cream,

Drive a tractor making hay,

Watch the sunset over the sea.

I wish, I wish, I wish



