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Make and create - art and poetry activities to try yourself



Poems, words and images shared by our readers



take the time

bringing colour and inspiration to you

Issue No. 3
Autumn 2020



Autumn into winter

I've always felt that autumn starts when the clocks go back and I get an extra hour in bed. The hours of daylight get shorter but, like in the image above, we wake up to shimmering sunlight seeping through the morning fog.

Autumn for me heralds hot water bottles, soup, slippers, Ovaltine, digging out my hat and scarf (I feel the cold), the pleasure of tramping through crunchy leaves (not the wet soggy ones), warm baths, crumble (made with blackberries picked and frozen weeks ago) and definitely custard. In my childhood it used to mean wiping down the windows of condensation every morning – there was no double glazing, but thankfully that task was left behind decades ago.

Usually now, there would be weeks of activity – trick or treating, firework displays, birthday celebrations for our whole family (we are all autumn babies) and the ever sooner launch of the festive season, with concerts for choir, the annual school disco and lots of Christmas-themed end of term events.

I prefer the freedom of summer days, eating alfresco (we may be doing more of that all year round now!) and no more bulky coats. Given a choice for winter, I could quite easily be like the badger opposite. Not hibernating as such, more like 'overwintering' in my home, nestled up and recharging until spring. But this seasonal change into winter allows me to fully appreciate the summer.

I am reassured by the fact that nature



and life are always shifting and I can find solace in the contrast between the seasons.

by Hazel Stock, ArtCare



Keep going during winter weather

Salisbury Healthcare History

As well as creative projects, ArtCare also care for the hospital's historic collections. These date from around 1760, when the Salisbury General Infirmary opened, to the present day. As well as being an excellent resource for medicine, nursing, science and health care they are also a wonderful insight into local social history.

We've delved into these archives and picked out some wintery favourites. Right: You can see the Clock Tower on Fisherton Street, the General Infirmary buildings behind and the bridge over the River Avon. This photograph of snowy streets was likely taken during

the bitter weather of 1962/63, known as 'The Big Freeze'! Below: More recent images of Salisbury District Hospital, likely taken during the heavy snowfall that covered large parts of the UK during February 1991. Here icy paths are being cleared by volunteers to make sure buildings are safely accessible. This brings to mind the latest 'Beast from the East' snowfall during March 2018 when dozens of 4x4 volunteer drivers helped NHS staff get to work and keep the hospital running despite the weather conditions.

Read more at:
www.salisburyhealthcarehistory.uk



M	I	L	F	O	R	D	C	V	X	H	A	E	K	O	R	B	M	E	P
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W	O	R	D	O	O	W	B	E	L	N	F	E	V	E	R	S	H	A	M

Find these names hidden in the grid

Allington	Attwood	Bruce	Feversham	Odstock	Sarum
Amesbury	Bartlett	Chafyn Grove	Fisherton	Old Sarum	Shrewton
	Beatrice	Chilmark	Hindon	Pembroke	Spire
	Bemerton	Dorset	Laverstock	Pitton	Tisbury
	Bodenham	Downton	Longford	Queensberry	Whiteparish
	Breamore	Durrington	Milford	Radnor	Woodford
	Britford	Farley	Nunton	Redlynch	Woodrow

What's in a name?

Travel up Castle Road from Salisbury, turn off to the right and you'll find many roads with familiar, local family names: Attwood, Beatrice, Bartlett, Feversham, Queensberry and Radnor. Each of these were taken from ward names of Salisbury General Infirmary.

Apart from Beatrice maternity ward, the ward names all come from patrons who gave significant financial donations that helped build and develop the hospital from late 1700s.

Our archives record that the hospital owned the land near Castle Road in the 1920s and to aid their finances after WW1 they sold plots of land and used their ward names as inspiration for the estate roads. However, early NHS wards at Odstock Hospital, (now Salisbury District Hospital) historically took their names from local villages who were their patrons after WW2.

When the two hospital sites merged in early 1990s the wards took on a mixture of both family names and villages, many of which still are used today.



Crisp, frosty mornings are a complete contrast to hazy, summer days, but this contrast lets us see our surroundings anew. Find the unexpected colours of branches, stems and berries and take time to notice the structure of plants and leaves. Why not take your camera or phone with you on a early morning walk to capture some wintery views?

See what flora and fauna you can find at this time of year. The SDH Nature guide is a month by month look at the wide variety of flowers, plants and animals around the hospital site, written by staff member James Macpherson and sponsored by the Salisbury Hospital League of Friends. Copies £3.50 each available from ArtCare.



"The effect in sickness of beautiful objects, of variety of objects, and especially of brilliancy of colours is hardly at all appreciated [...] People say the effect is on the mind. It is no such thing. The effect is on the body, too. Little as we know about the way in which we are affected by form, colour, by light, we do know this, that they have a physical effect. Variety of form and brilliancy of colour in the objects presented to patients are actual means of recovery."

Florence Nightingale, Notes on Nursing, 1859



Seaton

*(Sometimes When You Are Out There,
You Can Easily Lose Yourself)*

Costumes on first, clothes on top
and then it was a dash to see
who could get in first, never
bothering about whether it was cold or not
(Dad always let me win, so I got in first).
Sometimes when you are out there
you can easily just lose yourself...

*This poem was written by LK,
as part of our Talking Journeys project*

Your contributions

Have you been inspired? Would you like to contribute some of your own reflections, a poem or image for our next edition on the general theme of winter into spring?

Please send to:

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www.artcaresalisbury.uk
www.starsappeal.org





elevate **your mood**

bringing colour and inspiration to you

*Light fades and the evenings draw in after changing the clocks, winter sweeps towards us in the wind.
Our Elevate artists bring you words and images to delight and inspire you.*



Image: www.pexels.com

not mother. Well she had sparklers and I had never seen them before, they must have been new. I thought they were a bit of stardust.'

'Bonfire toffee, sometimes it was so hard we had to smash it in the tin with a rolling pin to eat'

I love the light of a bonfire and sparklers do seem like stardust and magic and even now, with gloves on, I like to hold a sparkler and try to write my name against the night sky before it burns out.

Do you have bonfire night memories, traditions, favourite food or drink to keep you warm?



Stephanie Jalland reflects on memories of autumn leaves and bonfires.

November smells. In a good way I think, the scent of

the air changes. Sometimes damp and sometimes crisp and chilly. Leaves and bonfire smoke.

The oak tree close to my house is spilling its leaves into the back garden. There is an old, old superstition, like touching or knocking on wood for luck, which comes from the times when we thought of trees as magical, powerful beings that could give us wisdom, blessings or shield us from bad luck:

Catch a falling leaf and you will have good luck, every leaf means a lucky month next year.

But it's not easy to catch a falling leaf, they spiral unpredictably and swoop

past just as you think it's yours to grasp. A patient once told me of her childhood as a gamekeeper's daughter: 'I opened the back door and all the leaves blew in. I picked one up, it was my lucky leaf 'til it crumbled into dust.'

Do you enjoy the smell of a bonfire, what does it remind you of? Guy Fawkes Night maybe?

'Remember, remember the fifth of November, Gunpowder treason and plot'

'My brother would stuff a jumper and trousers with newspaper, and we'd draw a face on a piece of white cloth and always stole a cap from my Dad. Then we'd push the guy around in my old pushchair, door to door or wait outside the butcher's and ask folk, 'Penny for the guy?'

'There was an organised bonfire on the recreation ground, not very big. I can remember my red wellies and Clare who lived in the big house on the green, called her mother by her name, Judy,





David Davies looks at the works of three local artists and is reminded of the unique quality of light at this time of year. He tells us of the thoughts and feelings it awakens.

Rosemary Jarvis works with fabric and thread. Her dynamic arctic piece 'Norway's Northern Lights', pictured opposite, feels like a landscape of deep winter dreams.

The Shetland and Orkney islands term for the northern lights is 'Mirr' or 'Mirry' – to shimmer, quiver or tremble. These rippling and unfurling light patterns reminded me of flickering thoughts and dreams.

Painter David H Jones lives in Lambourn, West Berkshire. I like how his work distils things to organic shapes of colour and tone. In this painting, 'Before the fall' shown below, I imagine the slumbering magic of winter captured or reflected in a frozen lake or glacier, perhaps under the Northern Lights.

New Forest based artist Teresa Rogers works with batik and linocut mediums. Her bright piece, 'Birds and feathers' shown on the right, gives a crisp and sparkling feeling, reminding me of clear,



Image: David H Jones



Image: Rosemary Jarvis

frosty mornings... and the Four Calling Birds in 'The Twelve Days of Christmas'

These rippling and unfurling light patterns reminded me of flickering thoughts and dreams.

The icy charm that Teresa captures in her art work reminds me of stories about Frost Fairs held on the River Thames during the Little Ice Age (late 1600s to early 1800s).

Frost Fair

In her novel 'Orlando', Virginia Woolf describes The Great Frost of 1608 - 09: "...birds froze in mid air and fell like stones to the ground... At Norwich a young countrywoman... was seen by onlookers to turn visibly to powder and be blown in a puff of dust over the roofs as the icy blast struck her at the street corner."

Frost Fairs on the Thames became elaborate festivals, with dancing, football, bowling, gambling, horse racing, puppet shows, and roundabouts. There were barbers, fruit sellers, shoemakers, and beer houses. Beef, ale, coffee, gingerbread, hot apples, gin, roast mutton, hot chocolate, and black

tea were for sale on the frozen river. At the last Frost Fair in 1814 printing presses were also on the ice, producing commemorative poems:

"There you may print your name, tho
cannot write
Cause num'd with cold: tis done with
great delight
And lay it by that ages yet to come
May see what things upon the ice were
done"



Image: teresarogersart.com

Late Autumn Musings

Hannah Lefeuve



I live off-grid in a small holding in Somerset. I love to write a daily journal and find great comfort in the handwritten word on the page. I do hope you enjoy reading my reflections and observations.

It's late October and the long-awaited squash and pumpkin harvest has been revealed – hooray! The cold store shelves are lined with a beautiful array of various colours and forms, as the plentiful squash sit alongside apples, pears, garlic plaits, jars of preserves and sacks of root vegetables. Squash is one of my favourite home grown vegetables and our stores will gladly last us into the new year. The pumpkins require more creativity, but with some imagination



and spice, we enjoy pumpkin patties, cakes and soups, while gifts to friends and family help us to munch through the volume.

In mid October, I created my last batch of flower displays and what a delightful send-off it was. A fine colour pallet of pinks, purples, yellows and whites, the bouquets included: Nerine Lilies, Jerusalem artichoke flowers, Fuchsias, Buddleia, Michaelmas Daisies, Sedum and Mont Brisha stems. The flowers provided quite an autumn spectacle, as I passed through the village, my bicycle basket

brimming with colour, to deliver flowers to our

neighbours. I hope that the flowers cheered a few spirits at this time.

I particularly notice nature's colours at this time of year. Almost luminous, I love the autumn glow and our winter cut back, reducing the shade and bringing more light into the garden, helps to emphasise this. I particularly enjoy the pinks available from the likes of spindle and other shrubs and creepers.

I am always excited when willow cutting time arrives. I watch the leaves in the run up and as soon as they have dropped, stomp up the garden, armed with loppers. We have three types of willow, as well as flame-coloured dogwood, the latter of which brightens our garden throughout the winter. The willow will sit and soak for a while, and in the coming months, it will be used extensively, for winter crafts, fences, chair-backs, baskets, climbers and perhaps the odd garden sculpture. I love the willow for its timeless, mindful simplicity and I enjoy creating something new with the willow each year.

We enjoy engaging in the various traditions that come with the changes of seasons and relish carving the



largest pumpkin to display at the end of October. We also make a large bonfire to clear the mass of brash from our garden

cut-back and sneak some foil-wrapped potatoes in the embers to roast for our dinner.

I wonder what comes to mind for you when you think of gardens at this time of year?





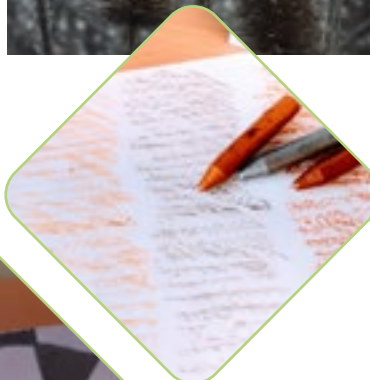
Art in the landscape

You will need (but not necessary for all activity ideas):

- pencil
- wax crayon
- paper or sketch pad
- tracing paper
- felt pen
- scissors
- glue stick or double sided tape
- digital camera or phone camera

Instructions

1. During a walk look at details in the landscape, for example collect leaves, feathers or seed heads of different shapes and colours.
2. Take some your leaves, lay them out in a pattern on the ground and photograph your leaf collage.
3. As well as drawing take some photographs during your walk, but try some different angles. Get close up to plants, flowers and textures to notice the fine details.
4. Try drawing around your leaves, feathers, seed heads to create a page of overlapping shapes in your sketch book.
5. Using a wax crayon take rubbings of different textures on your walk, for example bark, back of leaves, stonework.
6. Cut out some of your rubbings and make them into a seed head and plant shape collage. TIP: don't stick down your shapes until you are happy with the overall composition. Try shuffling the pieces around for different designs. Add some simple geometric pen details.



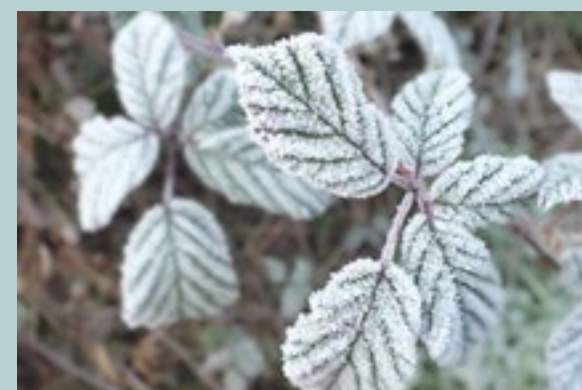
Acrostic poems

Here's an acrostic poem, written by Elevate artist David Davies, using the word 'Northwards' as inspiration:

Northwards, dreaming
Our moorings loosen
Released from lists and complications
Territories blurred, this midnight
Harbours our thoughts
Watching the vast silence flicker
Adrift
Reflecting
Drifting into seal skin water
Still with the memory of snow

In an acrostic poem, the first letter of each line spells a word. The word is the subject of the poem.

Have a go at writing your own acrostic poem – choose a wintery word and write it down the page to inspire words and lines from each letter.



Here are some words to get you started or you can choose your own.

wintertime
frosty
chilly
December
hibernate
moonlight
snowflake
mittens
glistening
fireside



Take the time to share

Words and images from our readers



Golden Beams

A November day emerges
Through fog and murky grey
The grass glistening with morning dew
And scatterings of damp decay.
Leaves drop with graceful ease
And land on spongy moss
Squidgy and squelchy underfoot
Flourishing in its favourite soggy spot.

We venture out. The air is mild.
You can drink the drizzly spits.
And tree rain falls in random splats
Landing on our nose and lips.
The wind whips up a gust
Which we breathe in heartily
Striding out with purpose
For a bracing walk in the country.

Passing through a woodland clearing
We crunch over a carpet of leaves
Sending a squirrel scampering
Into the canopy's fluttering breeze.
Then suddenly our surroundings transform
When the morning sun comes out
Golden beams filter through the trees
And colour comes about.



Aglow with burnished hues
Is a kaleidoscopic scene
Orange beech and dogwood stems
Blend with subtle shades of green.
The holly bush is glossy
Red berries pop and shine
And fluffy seeds of creeping thistle
Draw our curiosity as we walk by.

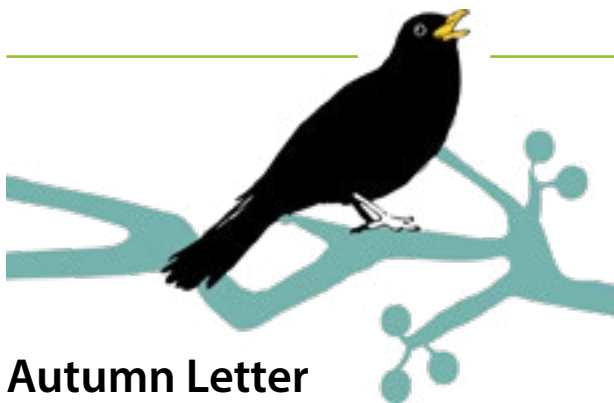
It is so peaceful in this place.
Our minds are cleared of thought.
And we feel refreshed by nature's way
Of giving calming comfort.
And as Autumn turns to Winter
Beneath pale blue overcast skies
We enjoy the changing scenery
With appreciative wide eyes.

Exiting this lovely glade
We follow a narrow well
trodden path
Aside neatly ploughed brown furrows
Framed by verdant banks of grass.
This farming landscape is enhanced
By hawthorn's ruby haze
And a sparrow hawk hovering overhead
Attracts our admiring gaze.

Ahead a pair of stonechats
Chirp and stay alert
Then perch atop a fence post
Before they flick their wings and dart.
Whilst on the distant horizon
We spot a deer, stock still,
Watching us intently
Before edging slowly over the hill.

Our route takes us ever homeward
Through a veil of descending mist
And the trace of nearby woodsmoke
Signals cosy winter bliss.
So with rosy cheeks and bright clear eyes
We arrive home for tea and cake
And hot buttered crumpets with bramble jam
Making very sticky plates!

Fiona Lockwood, 2020



Autumn Letter

Hello, Here is a letter to you from me. I very much hope you will like receiving it, despite our never having met.

I don't know anything about you or the things you like doing, but I hope that you are able to summon up memories and images that help to sustain you through this time.

Walking out into my small garden this morning, the air was crisp, cold and very definitely autumnal – scarf weather! It has been the second night of frost, but even though the light seems thinner now, the sky is a wonderful, clear blue and the sun is shining. The blackbirds

haven't been around much for the last couple of months, but they have suddenly returned from farms and fields and it's good to see, and hear, them again. I wonder if the two sitting on top of my trellis fence, eyeing up the clusters of orange berries on my rowan tree, are the same birds which were here in spring? I've heard they often come back to the same garden. There are other berries for them here too – and other colours to enjoy. A few leaves have dropped, but most are still turning, and there are splashes of fiery reds and deep bronzes between tangles of golden nasturtiums and wispy blue clumps of 'Love-in-a-mist' – which keeps flowering on.

It is a daily pleasure to be able to come outside and see tiny changes – this morning it was finding the first, white Christmas rose hiding under a fern. It seems so important at the moment to

take things one day at a time, and to notice the small things. I hope that you will enjoy seeing everything with fresh eyes too. I wish you well and everything for the future that you wish yourself.

Gill, November 2020

Your contributions

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