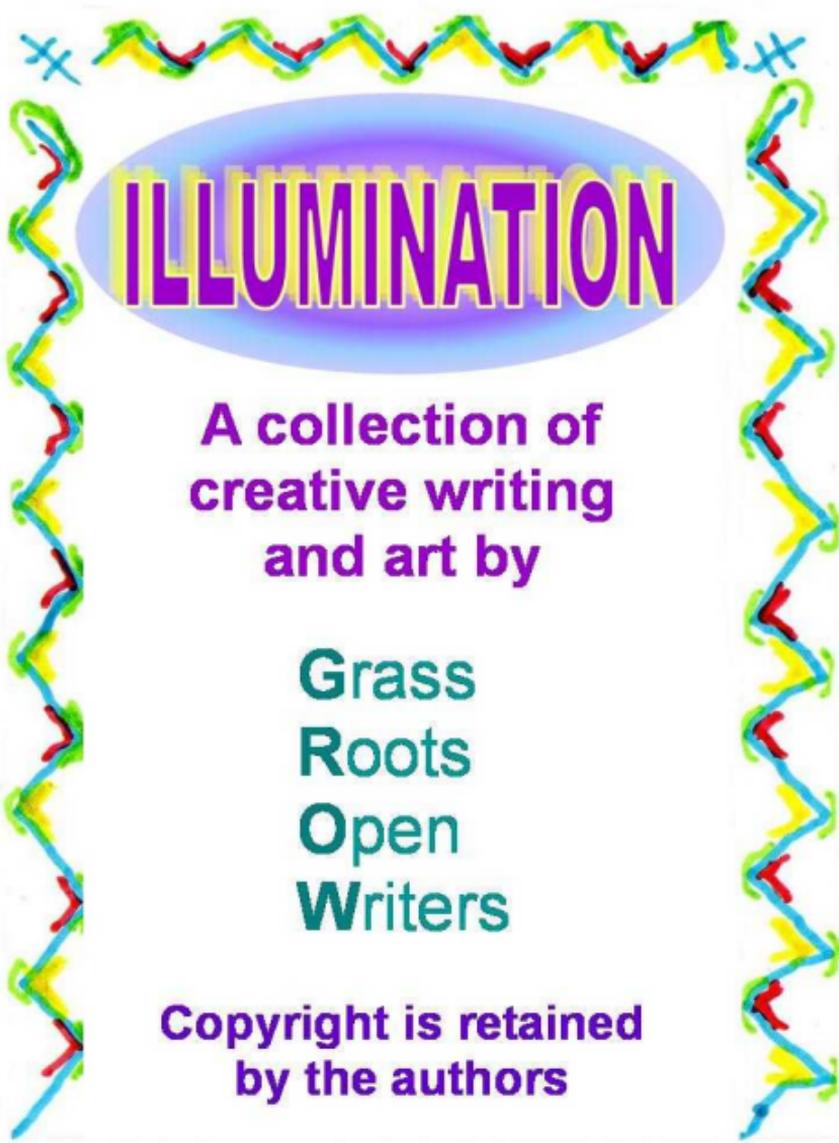
The background is a stained glass window. On the right side, there is a tall, cylindrical lighthouse tower with a lantern room at the top. The tower is made of light-colored, textured glass. To the left of the tower, there are large, dark blue and purple panels. At the bottom, there are yellow and white geometric shapes, possibly representing a base or a reflection. The overall style is reminiscent of Art Deco or Bauhaus stained glass.

ILLUMINATION

GRASS ROOTS
OPEN WRITERS

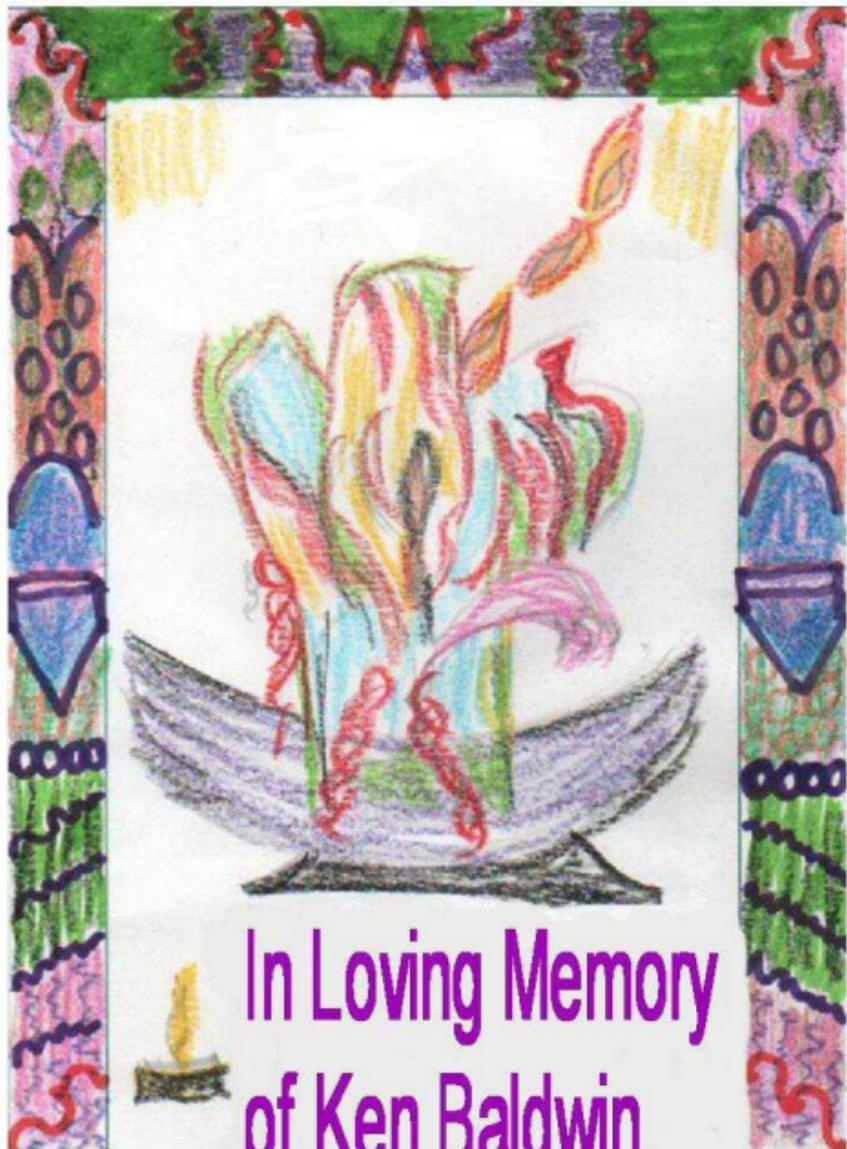


ILLUMINATION

**A collection of
creative writing
and art by**

**Grass
Roots
Open
Writers**

**Copyright is retained
by the authors**



In Loving Memory
of Ken Baldwin



Grass Roots Open Writers

WOULD LIKE TO THANK

The staff at
Hastings Children's Library

The Roosevelt Court
Residents' Association

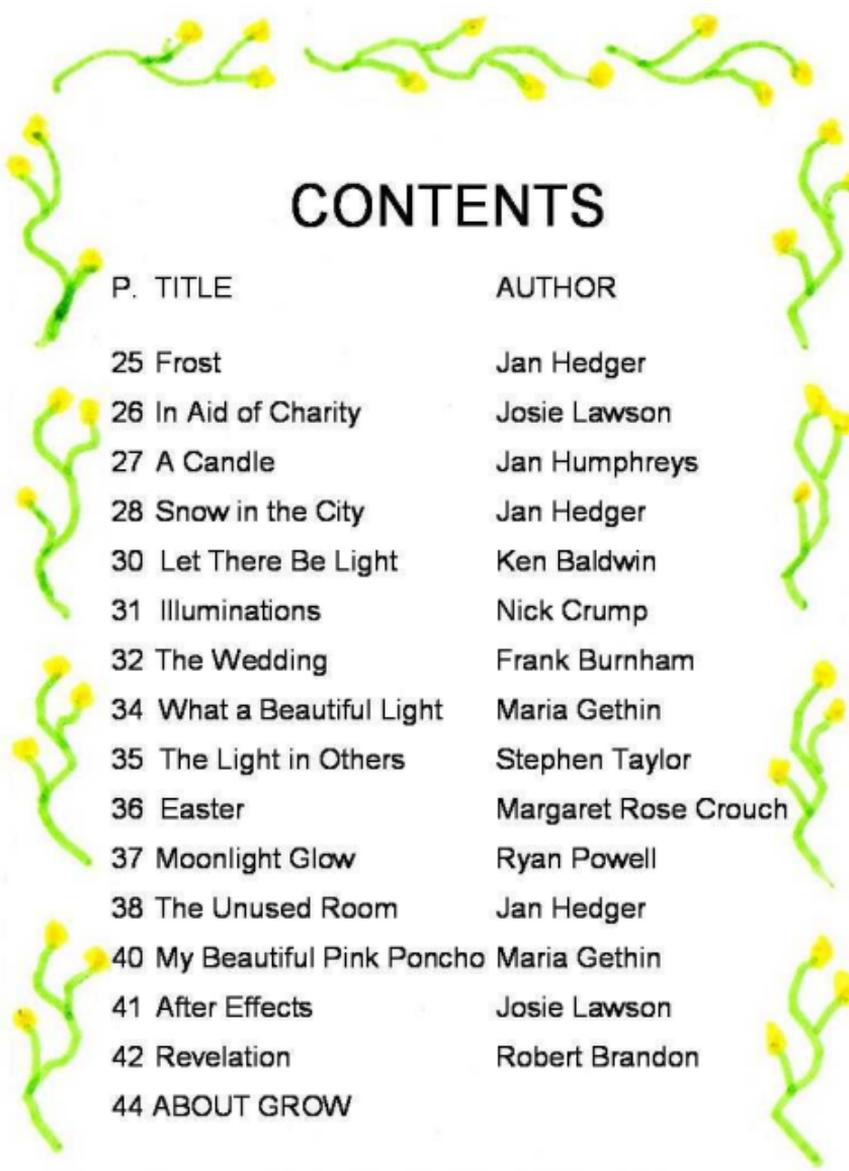
The Hastings Lions Club

And ALL the
GROW members



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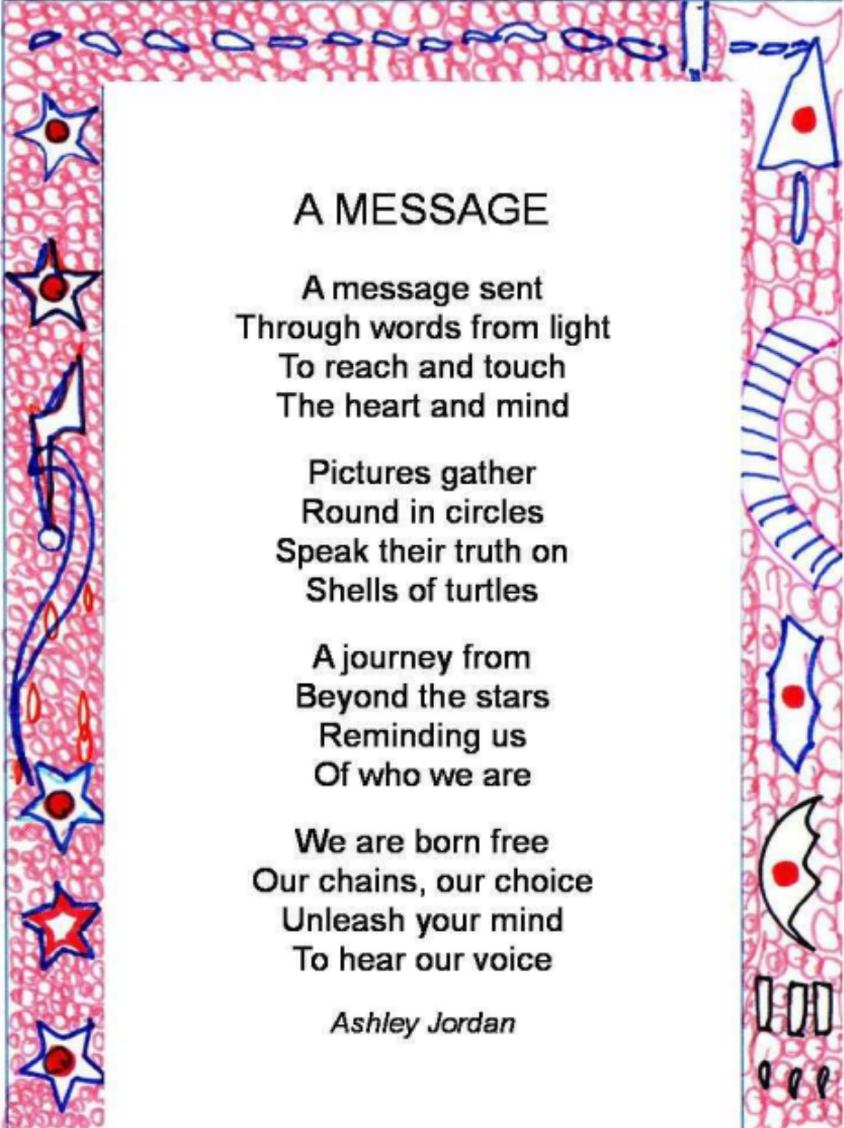
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A MESSAGE

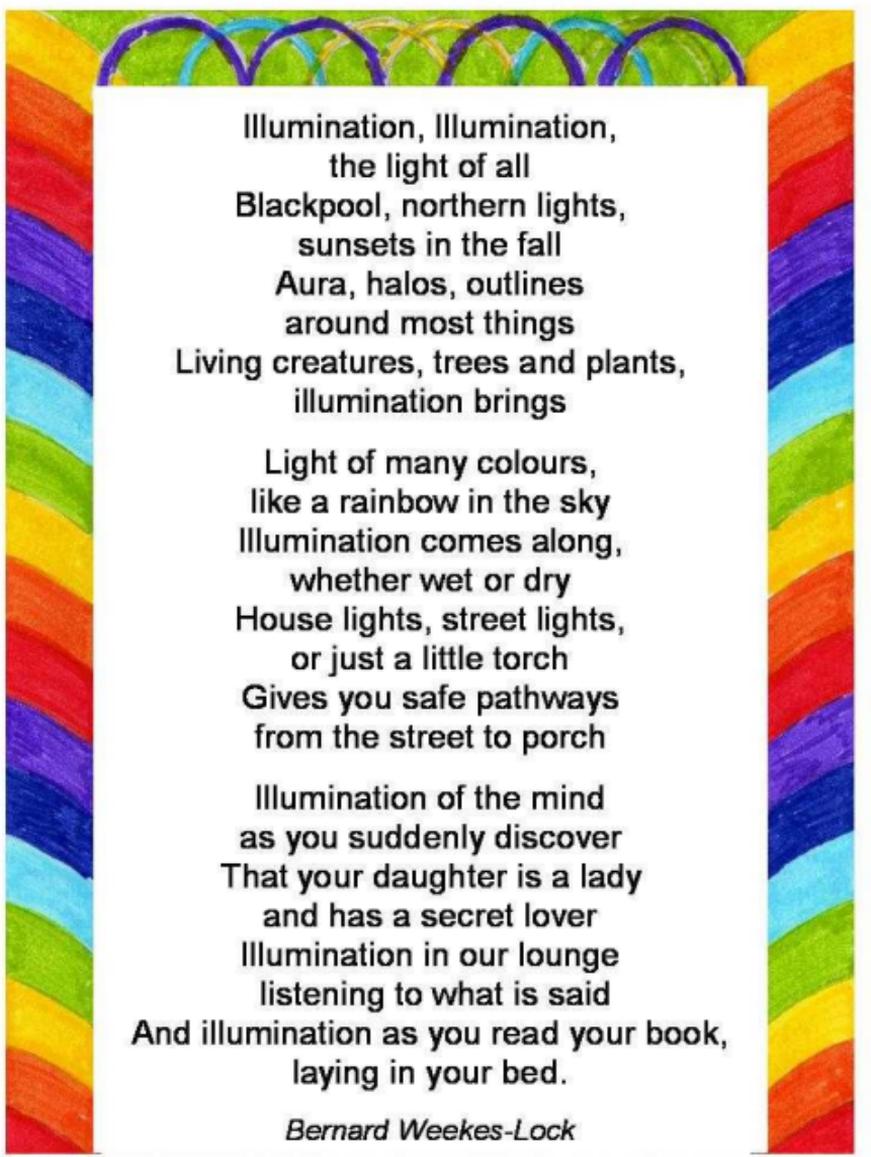
A message sent
Through words from light
To reach and touch
The heart and mind

Pictures gather
Round in circles
Speak their truth on
Shells of turtles

A journey from
Beyond the stars
Reminding us
Of who we are

We are born free
Our chains, our choice
Unleash your mind
To hear our voice

Ashley Jordan

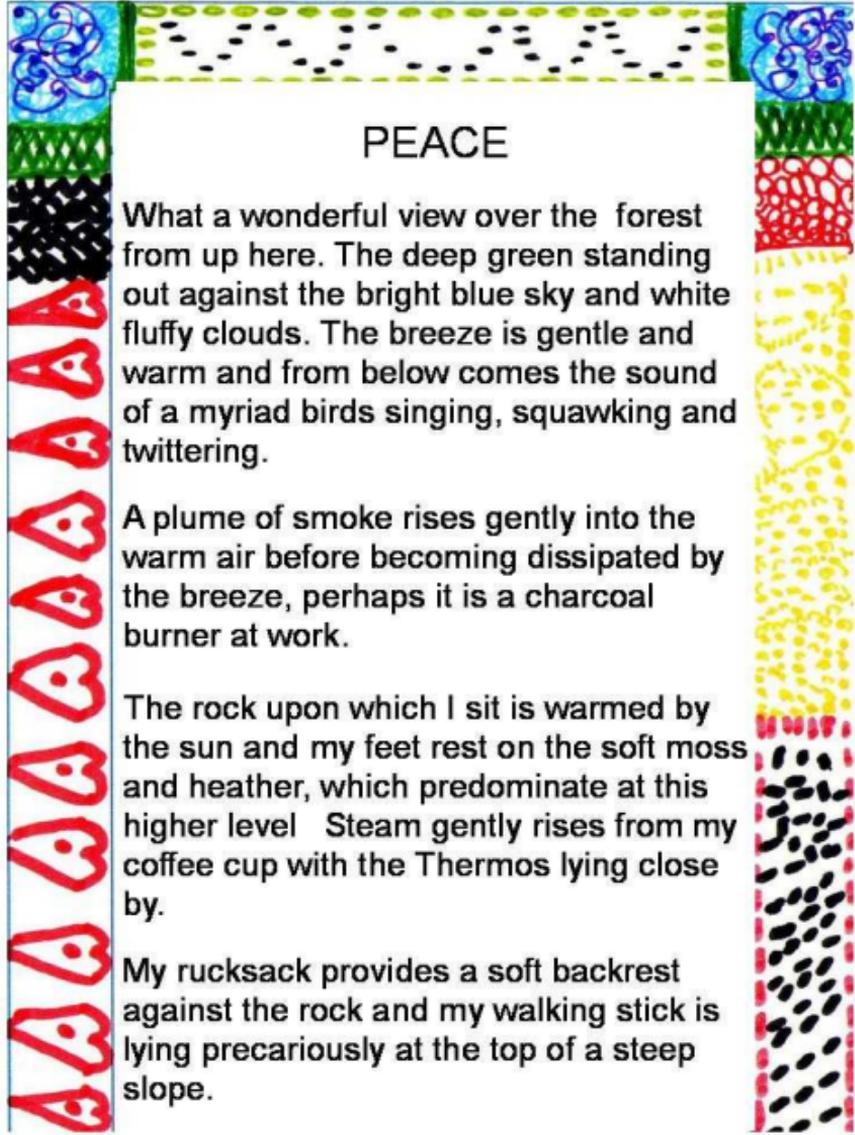


Illumination, Illumination,
the light of all
Blackpool, northern lights,
sunsets in the fall
Aura, halos, outlines
around most things
Living creatures, trees and plants,
illumination brings

Light of many colours,
like a rainbow in the sky
Illumination comes along,
whether wet or dry
House lights, street lights,
or just a little torch
Gives you safe pathways
from the street to porch

Illumination of the mind
as you suddenly discover
That your daughter is a lady
and has a secret lover
Illumination in our lounge
listening to what is said
And illumination as you read your book,
laying in your bed.

Bernard Weekes-Lock



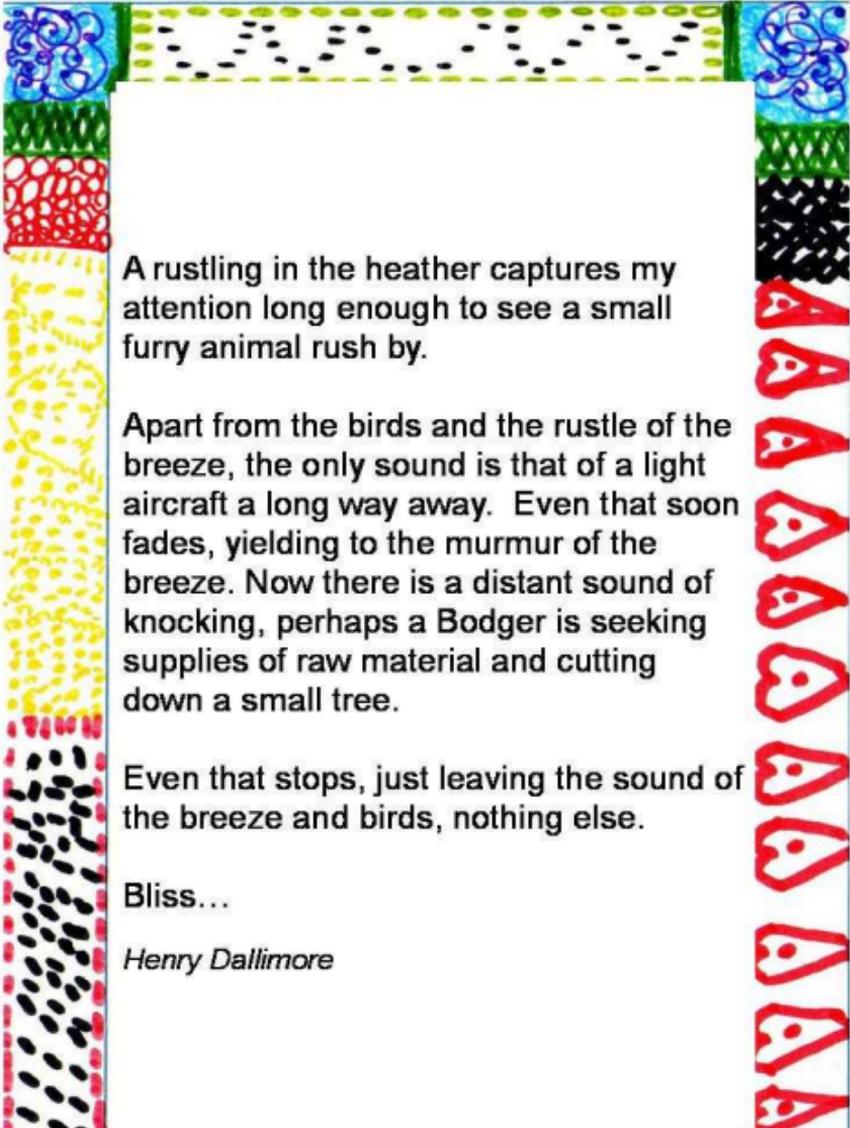
PEACE

What a wonderful view over the forest from up here. The deep green standing out against the bright blue sky and white fluffy clouds. The breeze is gentle and warm and from below comes the sound of a myriad birds singing, squawking and twittering.

A plume of smoke rises gently into the warm air before becoming dissipated by the breeze, perhaps it is a charcoal burner at work.

The rock upon which I sit is warmed by the sun and my feet rest on the soft moss and heather, which predominate at this higher level. Steam gently rises from my coffee cup with the Thermos lying close by.

My rucksack provides a soft backrest against the rock and my walking stick is lying precariously at the top of a steep slope.



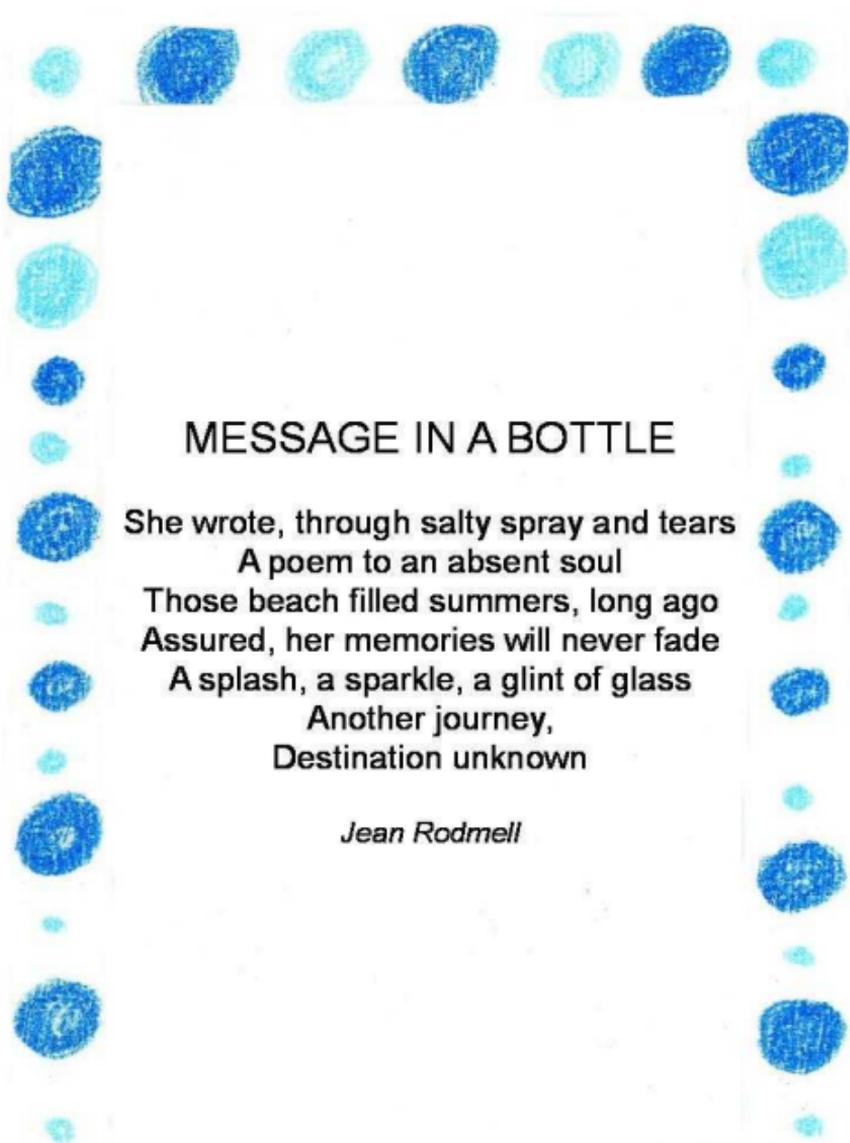
A rustling in the heather captures my attention long enough to see a small furry animal rush by.

Apart from the birds and the rustle of the breeze, the only sound is that of a light aircraft a long way away. Even that soon fades, yielding to the murmur of the breeze. Now there is a distant sound of knocking, perhaps a Bodger is seeking supplies of raw material and cutting down a small tree.

Even that stops, just leaving the sound of the breeze and birds, nothing else.

Bliss...

Henry Dallimore

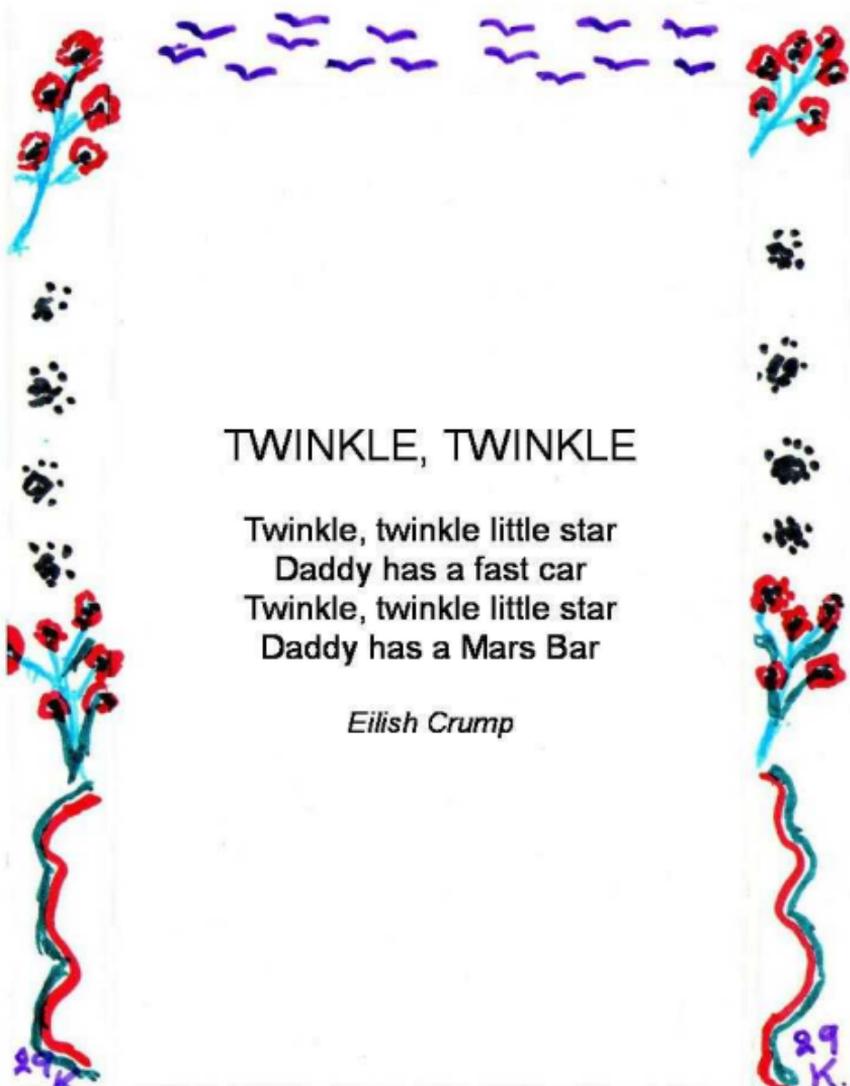


MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

She wrote, through salty spray and tears
A poem to an absent soul
Those beach filled summers, long ago
Assured, her memories will never fade
A splash, a sparkle, a glint of glass
Another journey,
Destination unknown

Jean Rodmell

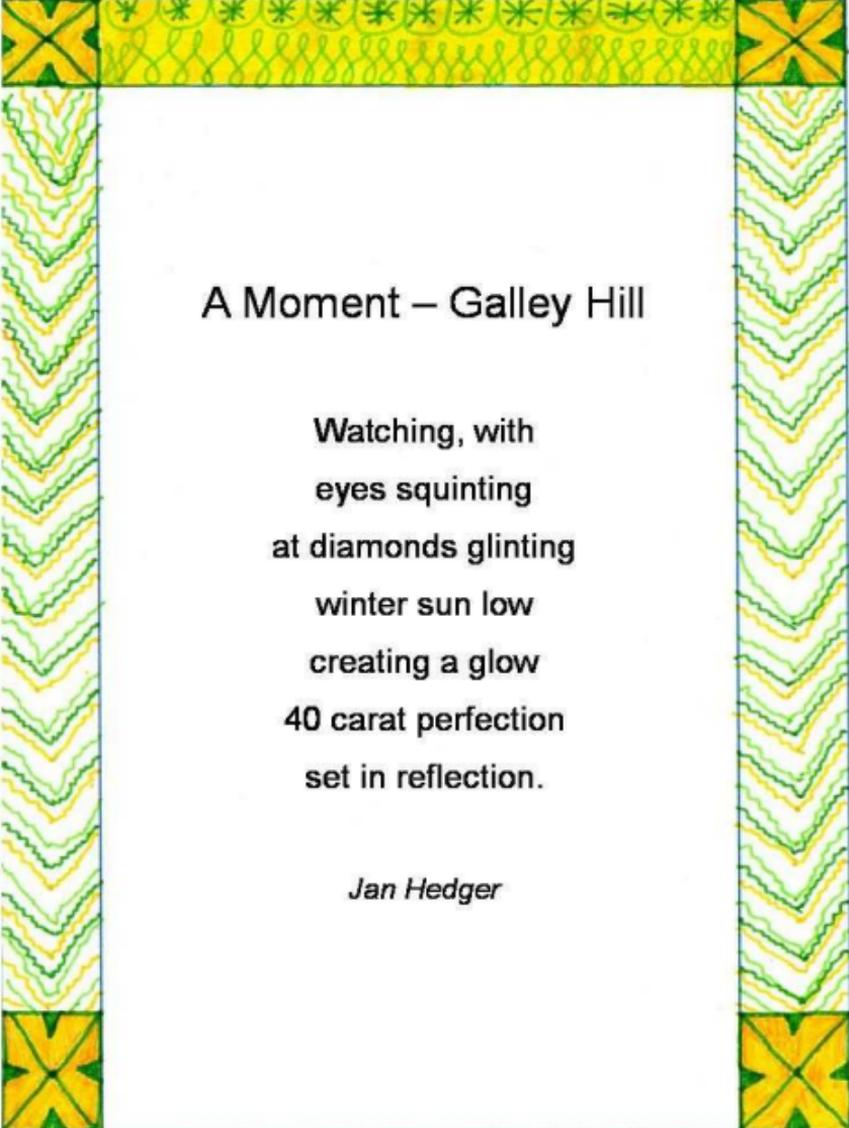




TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle little star
Daddy has a fast car
Twinkle, twinkle little star
Daddy has a Mars Bar

Eilish Crump

A decorative border surrounds the text. The top border features a repeating pattern of small green stars on a yellow background. The bottom border is a solid yellow band. The left and right vertical borders consist of a repeating pattern of green and yellow zig-zag or chevron shapes.

A Moment – Galley Hill

Watching, with
eyes squinting
at diamonds glinting
winter sun low
creating a glow
40 carat perfection
set in reflection.

Jan Hedger

SHADOW MAN

I've had my time
I've been there and I understand
I wait in the shadows
So they can shine

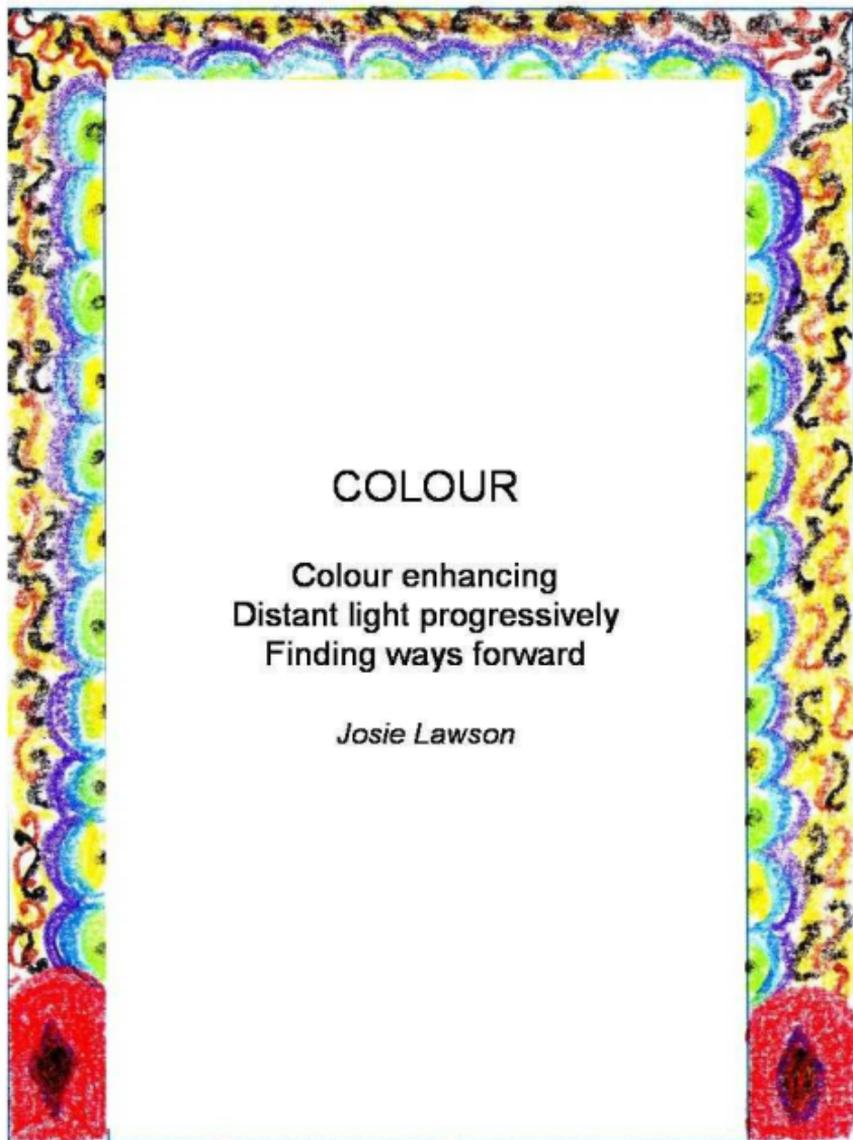
My opinion's become
Diluted by the years
I am the shadow
Behind the man

I write the words
They sing the songs
I wait in the shadows
Where I belong

I am listening
Watch the years
Confirm my fears
What am I doing here?

I grow old
Fade in the shade
I am the man
behind the shadow

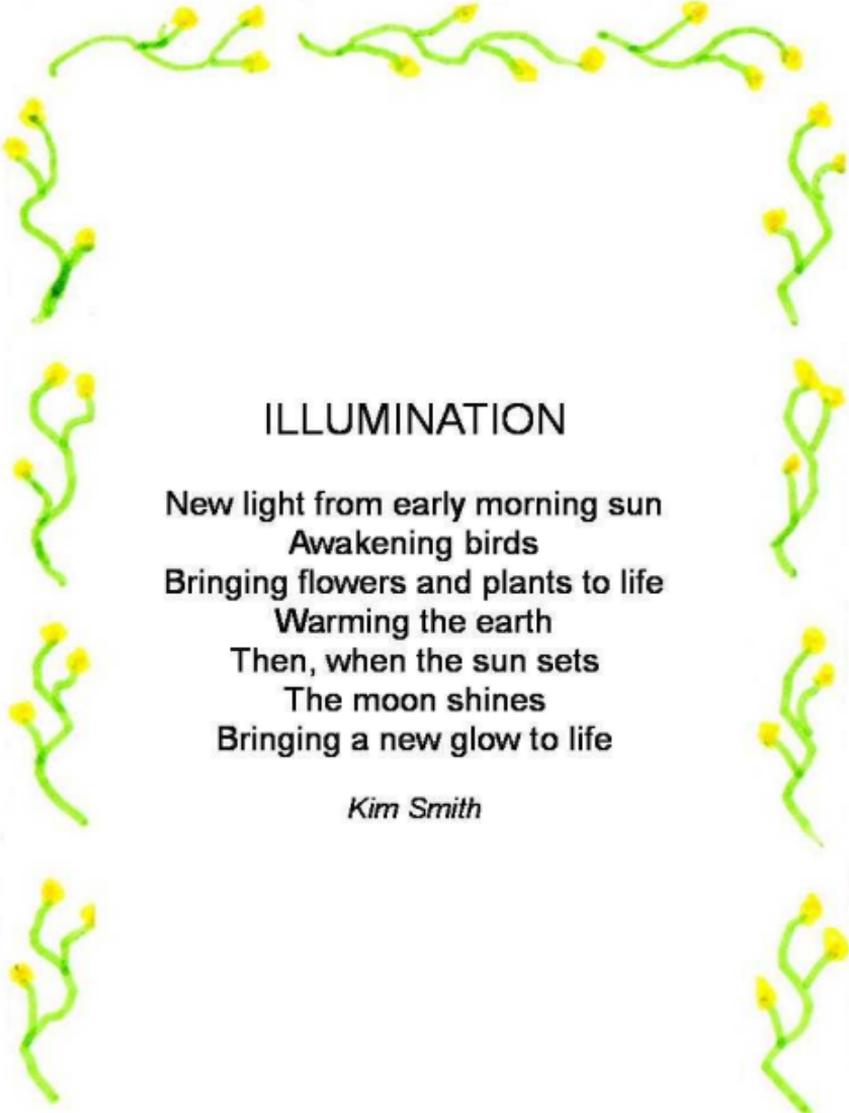
Group Collaboration



COLOUR

Colour enhancing
Distant light progressively
Finding ways forward

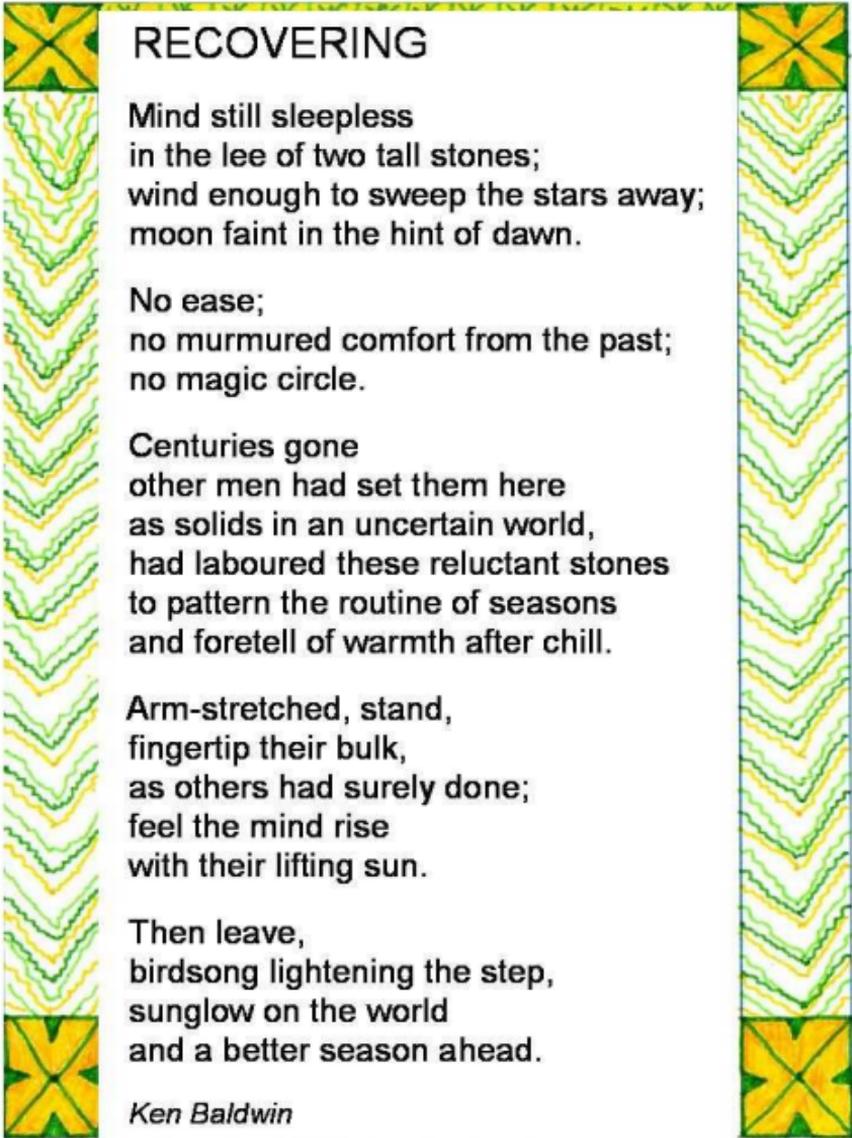
Josie Lawson



ILLUMINATION

New light from early morning sun
Awakening birds
Bringing flowers and plants to life
Warming the earth
Then, when the sun sets
The moon shines
Bringing a new glow to life

Kim Smith



RECOVERING

Mind still sleepless
in the lee of two tall stones;
wind enough to sweep the stars away;
moon faint in the hint of dawn.

No ease;
no murmured comfort from the past;
no magic circle.

Centuries gone
other men had set them here
as solids in an uncertain world,
had laboured these reluctant stones
to pattern the routine of seasons
and foretell of warmth after chill.

Arm-stretched, stand,
fingertip their bulk,
as others had surely done;
feel the mind rise
with their lifting sun.

Then leave,
birdsong lightening the step,
sunglow on the world
and a better season ahead.

Ken Baldwin

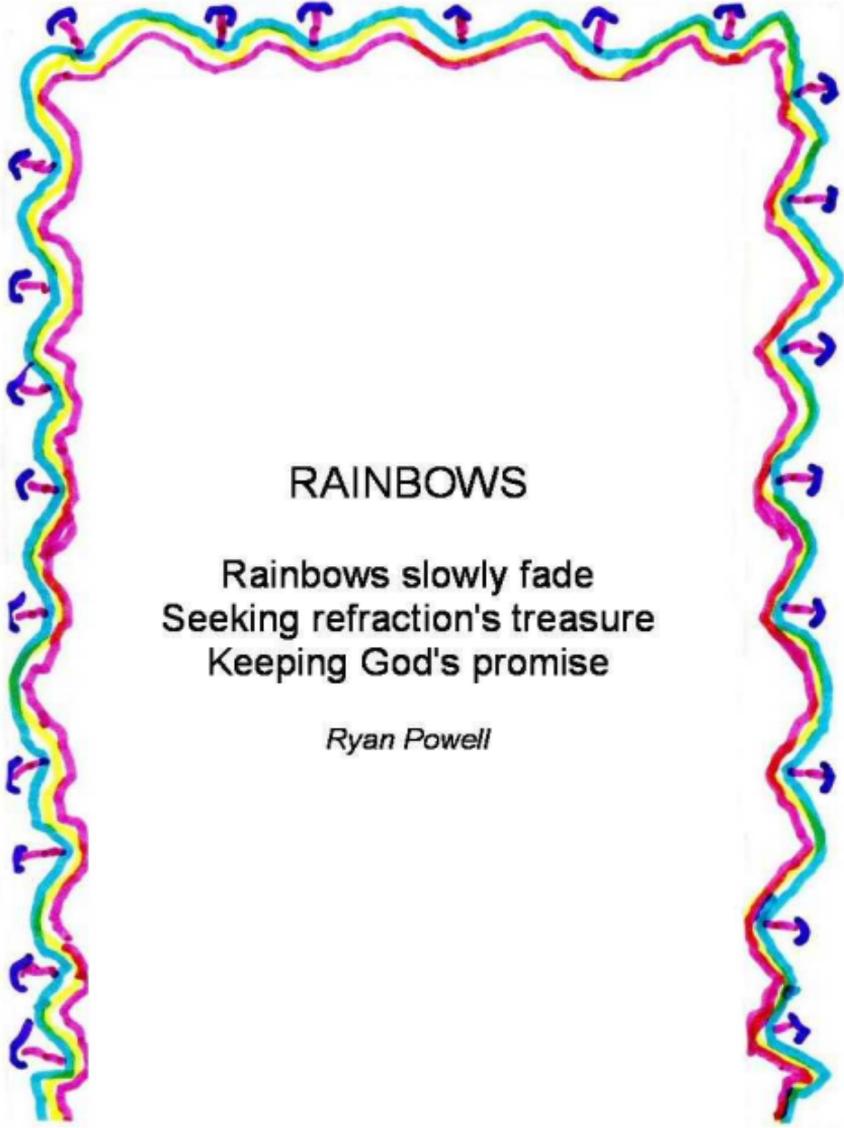


FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE DAYS

Light the candle
Dim at night
Brighter waves
They flow through sight
Years gone past
This scene was seen.
Then time before
The sunrise came
The candles -
Were put to sleep
One by one
Until the dusk -
Came again.

Josie Lawson

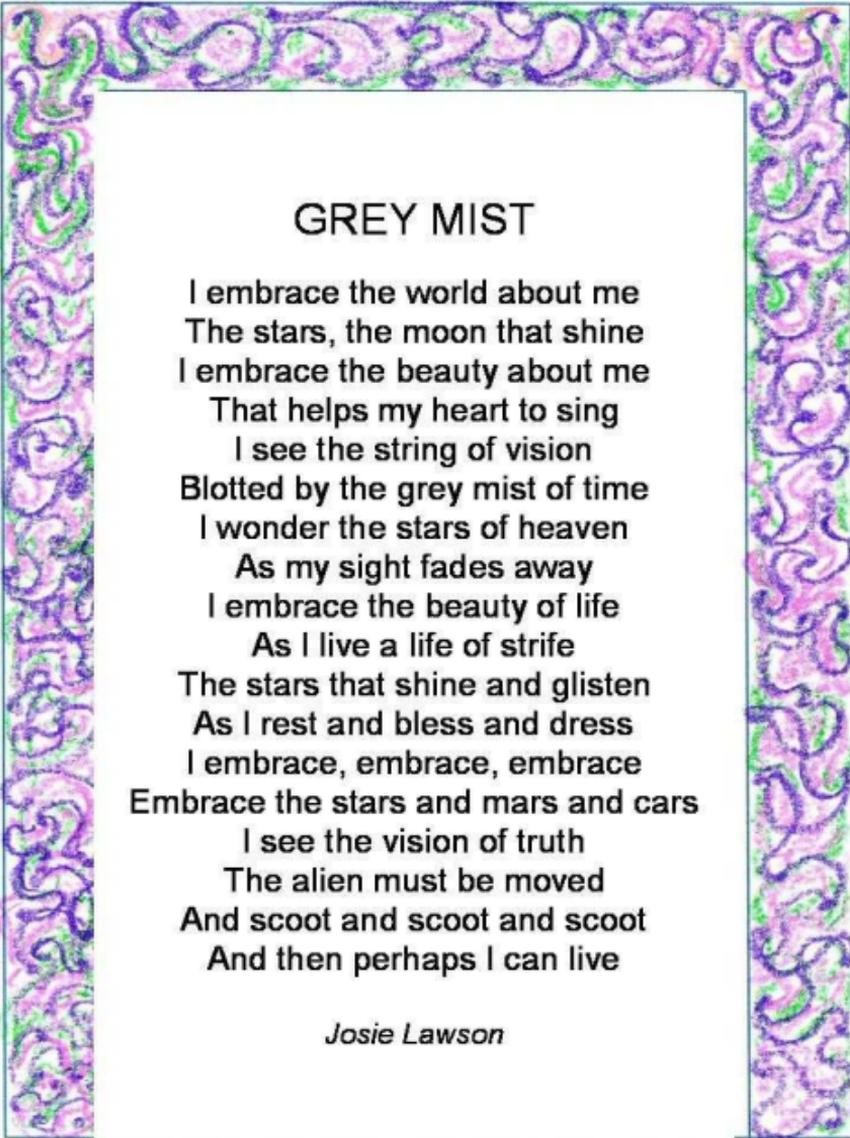




RAINBOWS

Rainbows slowly fade
Seeking refraction's treasure
Keeping God's promise

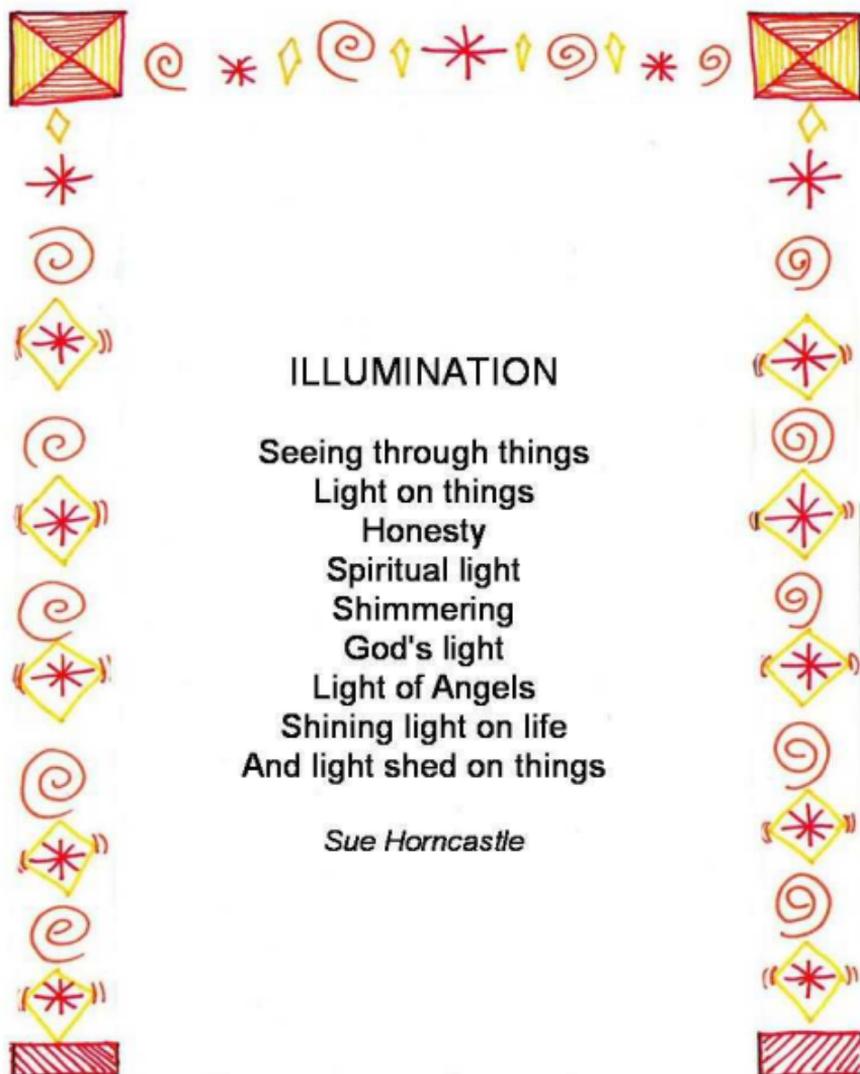
Ryan Powell



GREY MIST

I embrace the world about me
The stars, the moon that shine
I embrace the beauty about me
That helps my heart to sing
I see the string of vision
Blotted by the grey mist of time
I wonder the stars of heaven
As my sight fades away
I embrace the beauty of life
As I live a life of strife
The stars that shine and glisten
As I rest and bless and dress
I embrace, embrace, embrace
Embrace the stars and mars and cars
I see the vision of truth
The alien must be moved
And scoot and scoot and scoot
And then perhaps I can live

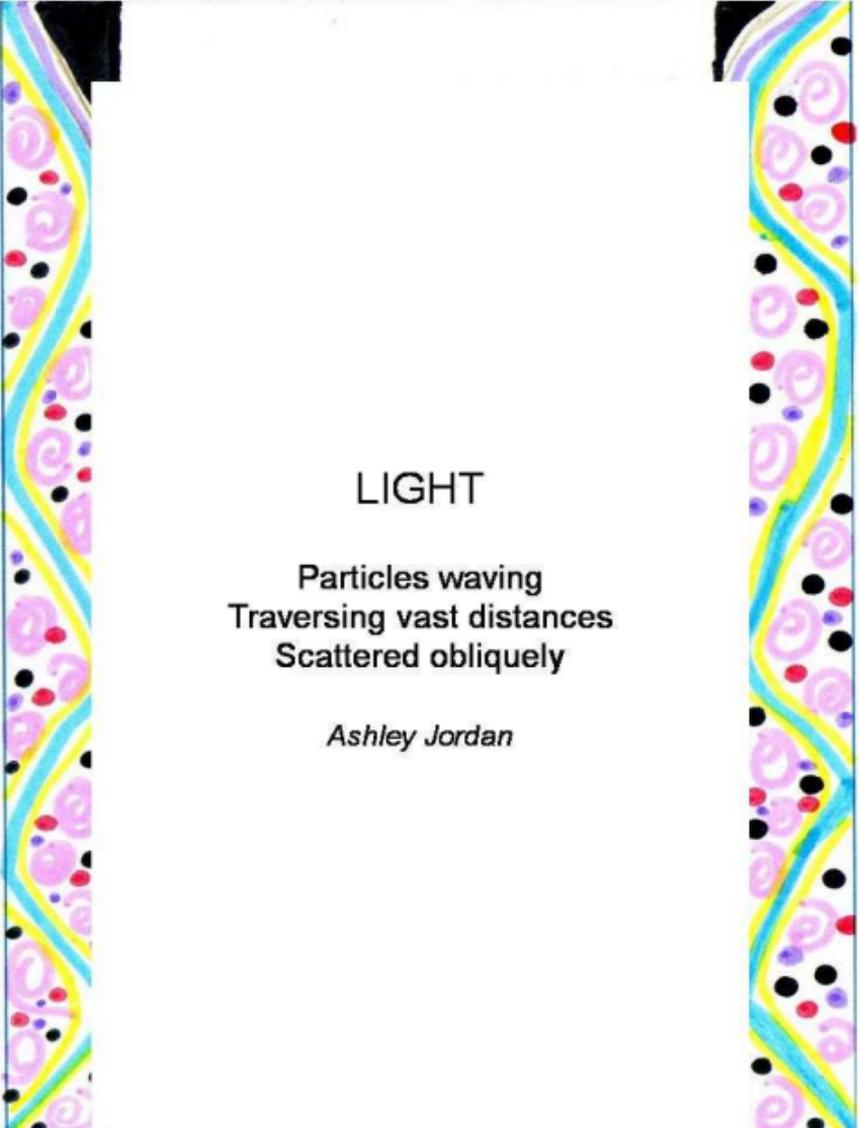
Josie Lawson



ILLUMINATION

Seeing through things
Light on things
Honesty
Spiritual light
Shimmering
God's light
Light of Angels
Shining light on life
And light shed on things

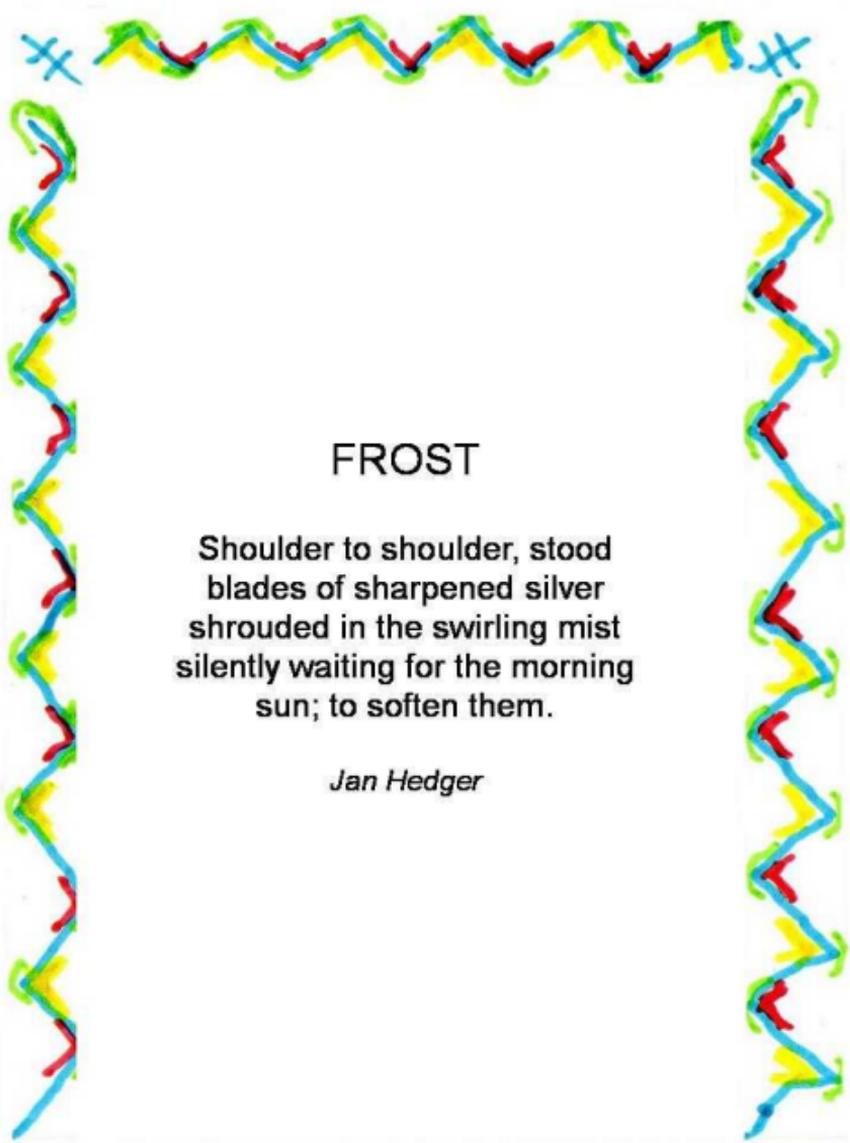
Sue Horncastle



LIGHT

Particles waving
Traversing vast distances
Scattered obliquely

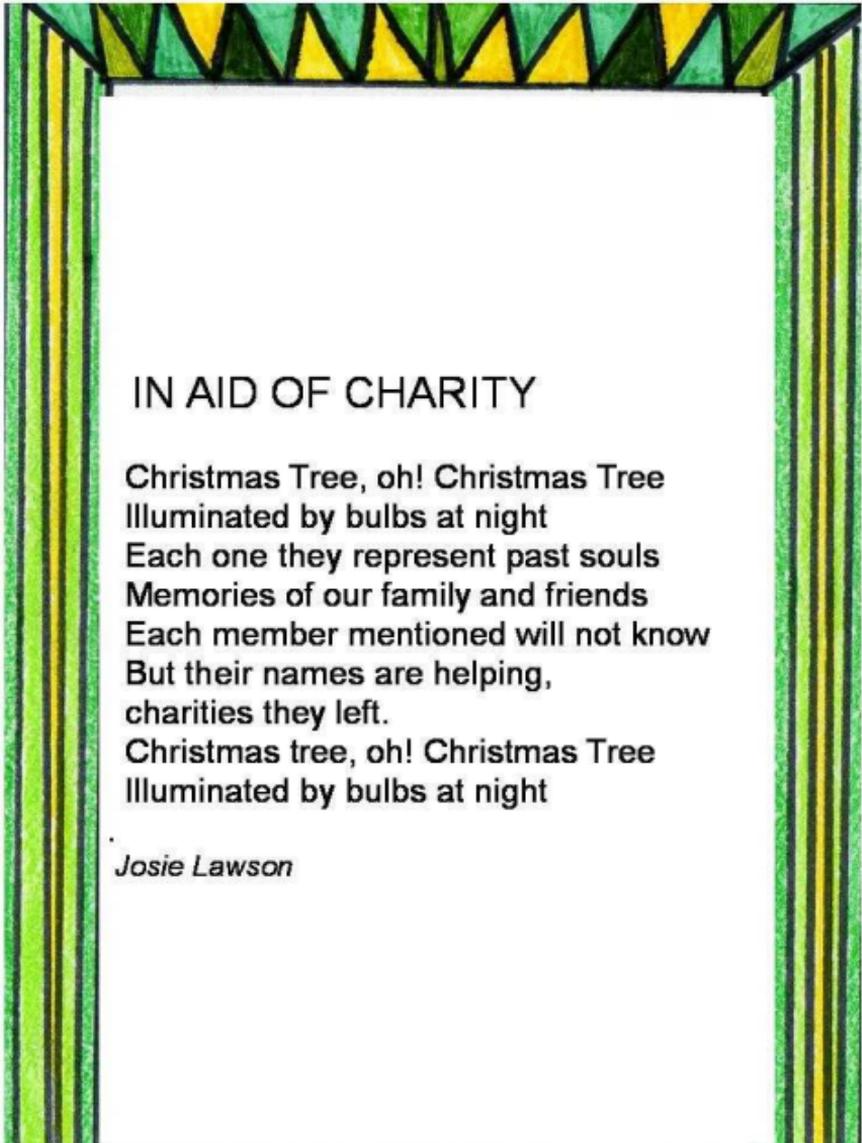
Ashley Jordan



FROST

Shoulder to shoulder, stood
blades of sharpened silver
shrouded in the swirling mist
silently waiting for the morning
sun; to soften them.

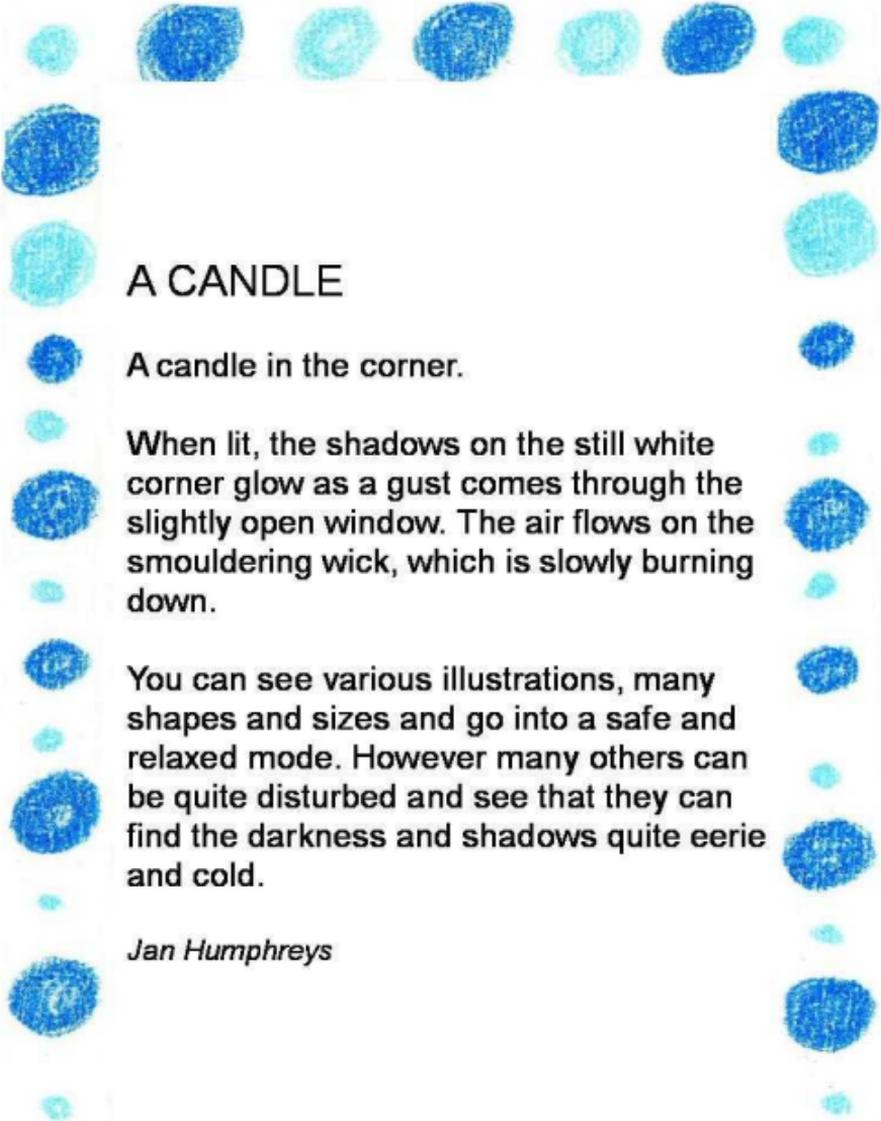
Jan Hedger



IN AID OF CHARITY

Christmas Tree, oh! Christmas Tree
Illuminated by bulbs at night
Each one they represent past souls
Memories of our family and friends
Each member mentioned will not know
But their names are helping,
charities they left.
Christmas tree, oh! Christmas Tree
Illuminated by bulbs at night

Josie Lawson



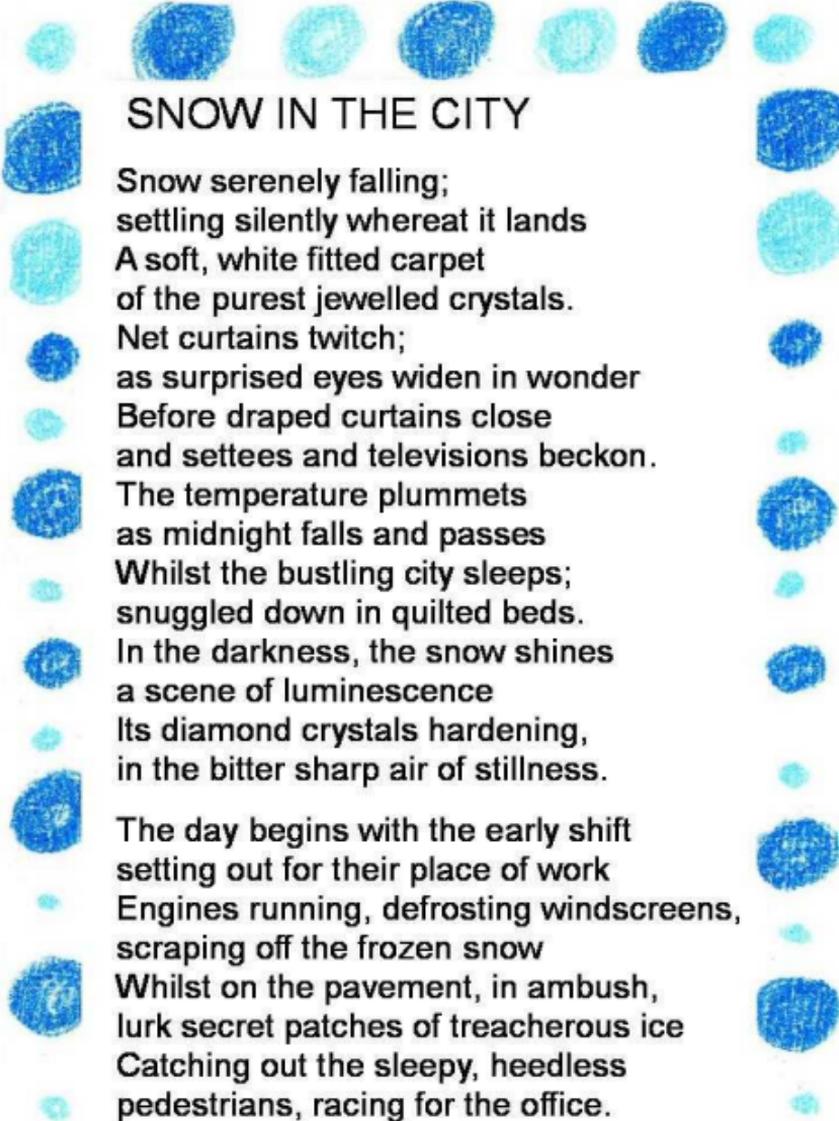
A CANDLE

A candle in the corner.

When lit, the shadows on the still white corner glow as a gust comes through the slightly open window. The air flows on the smouldering wick, which is slowly burning down.

You can see various illustrations, many shapes and sizes and go into a safe and relaxed mode. However many others can be quite disturbed and see that they can find the darkness and shadows quite eerie and cold.

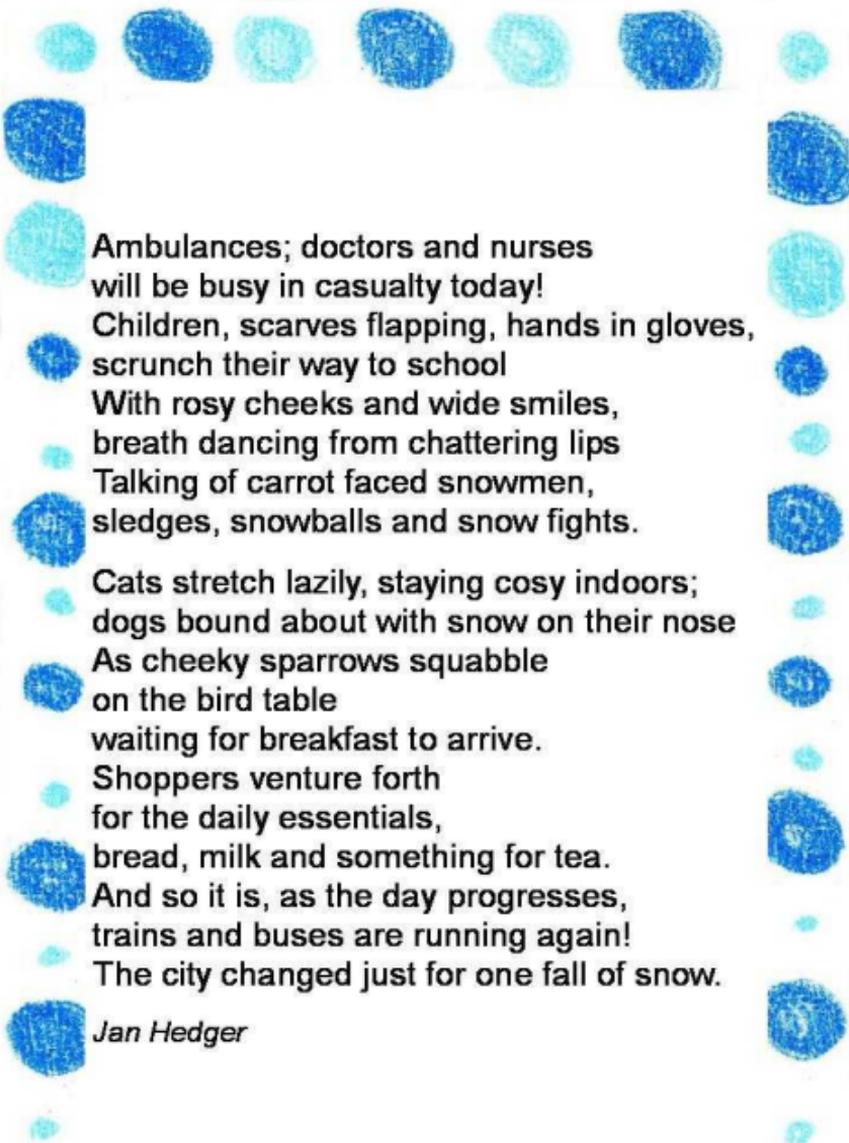
Jan Humphreys



SNOW IN THE CITY

Snow serenely falling;
settling silently whereat it lands
A soft, white fitted carpet
of the purest jewelled crystals.
Net curtains twitch;
as surprised eyes widen in wonder
Before draped curtains close
and settees and televisions beckon.
The temperature plummets
as midnight falls and passes
Whilst the bustling city sleeps;
snuggled down in quilted beds.
In the darkness, the snow shines
a scene of luminescence
Its diamond crystals hardening,
in the bitter sharp air of stillness.

The day begins with the early shift
setting out for their place of work
Engines running, defrosting windscreens,
scraping off the frozen snow
Whilst on the pavement, in ambush,
lurk secret patches of treacherous ice
Catching out the sleepy, heedless
pedestrians, racing for the office.



Ambulances; doctors and nurses
will be busy in casualty today!
Children, scarves flapping, hands in gloves,
scrunch their way to school
With rosy cheeks and wide smiles,
breath dancing from chattering lips
Talking of carrot faced snowmen,
sledges, snowballs and snow fights.

Cats stretch lazily, staying cosy indoors;
dogs bound about with snow on their nose
As cheeky sparrows squabble
on the bird table
waiting for breakfast to arrive.

Shoppers venture forth
for the daily essentials,
bread, milk and something for tea.
And so it is, as the day progresses,
trains and buses are running again!
The city changed just for one fall of snow.

Jan Hedger



Let There Be Light

And there was light,
and all the little wriggly things
grew wings or fins or feet.
And some grew big and ate the others
but a thunderbolt came
and destroyed the big ones
but little furry things were left.

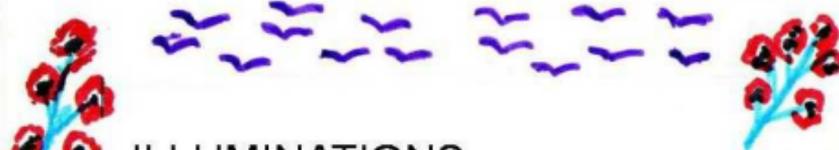
And some walked on two legs
and some on four
but the two legged ones had hands
and saw a knife inside a stone
and chipped until the knife was clear,
so the others made cannon..

And they made electricity,
television and atom bombs,
which is progress, some said.

But others said
These two legged ones
are getting precocious,
Pray send another thunderbolt.'

But Our Man Upstairs said
No. Leave them alone.
They'll make their own.'

Ken Baldwin



ILLUMINATIONS



The sun goes down. The light fades into the sunset, colours mixing, reds of all colours.



Waiting for the moon to rise. The moon appears, glimmers as it makes an appearance in the sky.

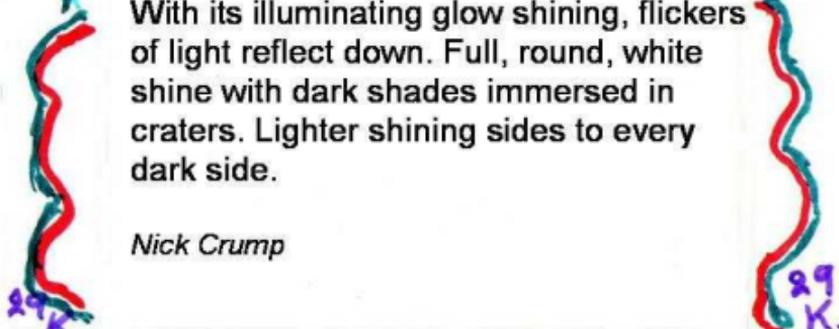


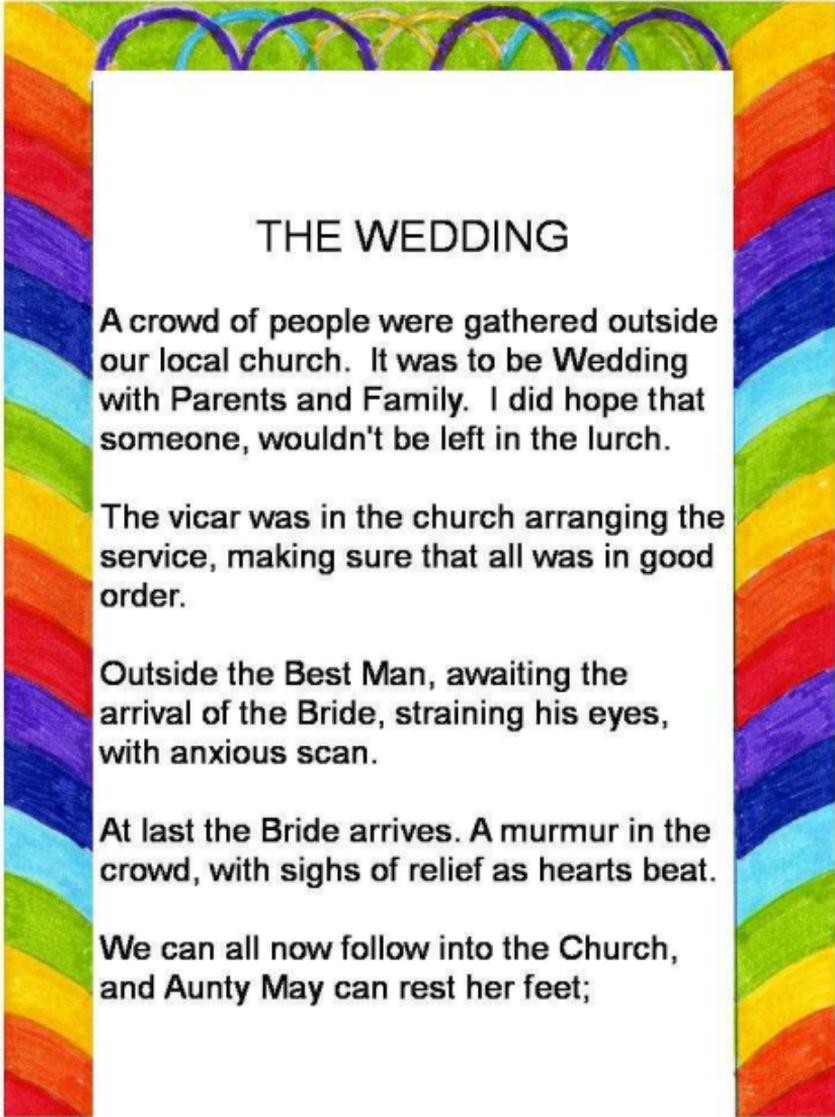
Stars illuminate the sky. Thousands seem to appear. The mind wonders into fascination. What lies behind? What may be lurking in the distance of space? The moon, rising higher, brightens the sky.



With its illuminating glow shining, flickers of light reflect down. Full, round, white shine with dark shades immersed in craters. Lighter shining sides to every dark side.

Nick Crump





THE WEDDING

A crowd of people were gathered outside our local church. It was to be **Wedding with Parents and Family**. I did hope that someone, wouldn't be left in the lurch.

The vicar was in the church arranging the service, making sure that all was in good order.

Outside the **Best Man**, awaiting the arrival of the **Bride**, straining his eyes, with anxious scan.

At last the **Bride** arrives. A murmur in the crowd, with sighs of relief as hearts beat.

We can all now follow into the **Church**, and **Aunty May** can rest her feet;



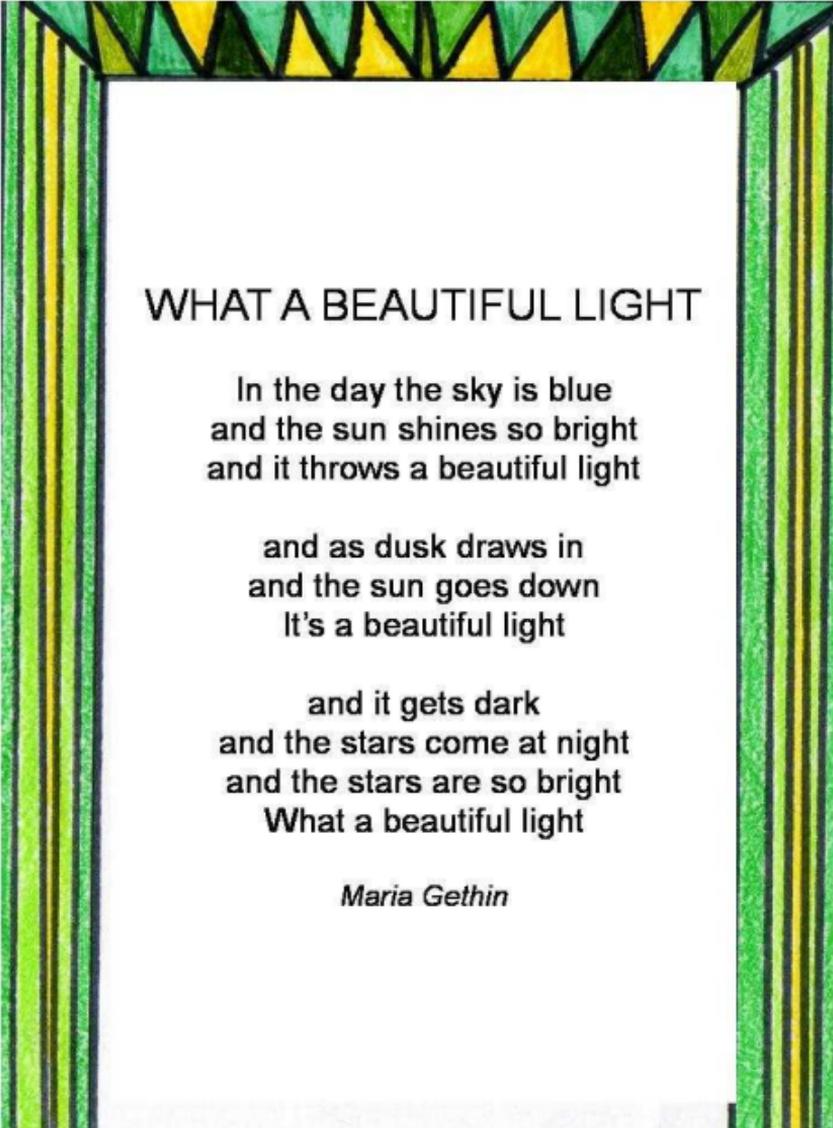
Half way through the service, when they are about to make their vows, holding hands tight.

Through yonder church stained glass window, aided by the sun, came rays of reflections from the colours in the window, blue, yellow, red and green. It was as if this wedding was being held in a fairy tale dream.

You couldn't have ordered those sun beams, even if you tried, as Bride and Groom stood in its glory.

I guess you couldn't write a more illuminating part of this wedding story.

Frank Burnham



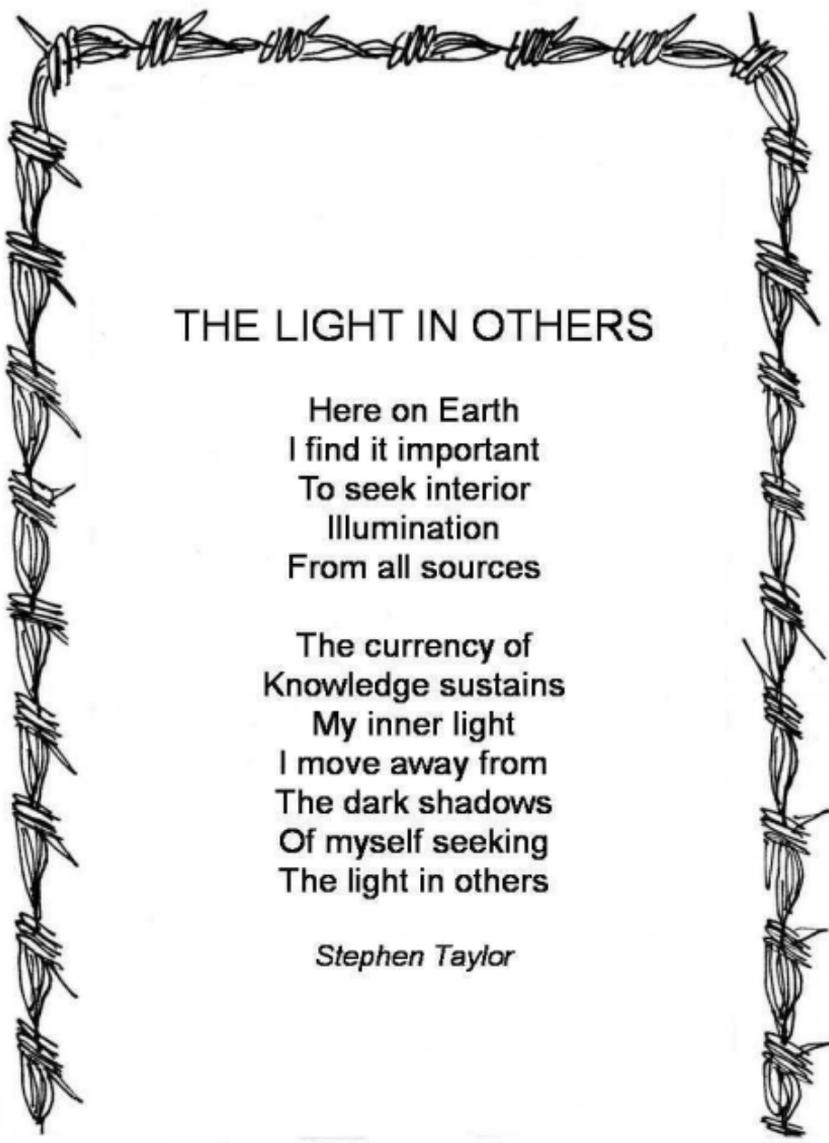
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT

In the day the sky is blue
and the sun shines so bright
and it throws a beautiful light

and as dusk draws in
and the sun goes down
It's a beautiful light

and it gets dark
and the stars come at night
and the stars are so bright
What a beautiful light

Maria Gethin

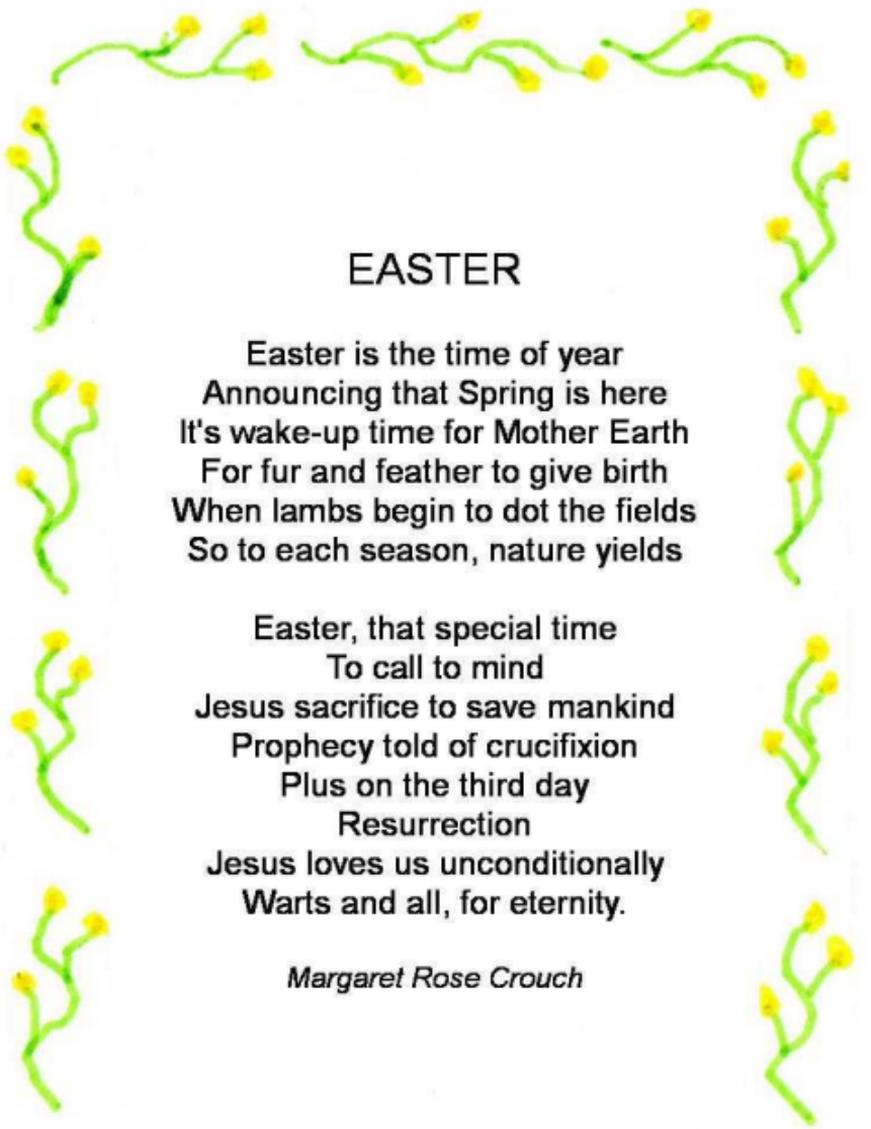


THE LIGHT IN OTHERS

Here on Earth
I find it important
To seek interior
Illumination
From all sources

The currency of
Knowledge sustains
My inner light
I move away from
The dark shadows
Of myself seeking
The light in others

Stephen Taylor



EASTER

Easter is the time of year
Announcing that Spring is here
It's wake-up time for Mother Earth
For fur and feather to give birth
When lambs begin to dot the fields
So to each season, nature yields

Easter, that special time
To call to mind
Jesus sacrifice to save mankind
Prophecy told of crucifixion
Plus on the third day
Resurrection
Jesus loves us unconditionally
Warts and all, for eternity.

Margaret Rose Crouch



MOONLIGHT GLOW

Glowing things throughout the night

Perhaps fireflies they might

Is it them or is it others?

Maybe it's the moonlight lovers

Glow worms are climbing from the ground

With the slightest sound from their mound.

Ryan Powell



THE UNUSED ROOM

Speckled dust, dances on the mahogany table

Flecked particles perform acrobatics in the
stale air

Caught in the footlights of the afternoon sun

They perform for no one, but themselves.

Closed books, bound in secret line one wall

Two portraits hang opposite, seeing only each
other

No one else to say goodnight too, or God
bless

The bed linen folded pristine, cotton creases
sharp.

Spiders seek refuge in the darkened corners

Scurrying away from the searing brightness

Surging its way through the leaded windows

Into a waterfall of light, on the bare wooden
floor.

Few home comforts remain in this modest
room

Perfume, long since evaporated and a silk
gown

Are in themselves just hints that a woman slept
here

An authoress who penned her work, undis-
closed.

People talk of her now, read her stories of ro-
mance

Adapt her works for film and television audi-
ences

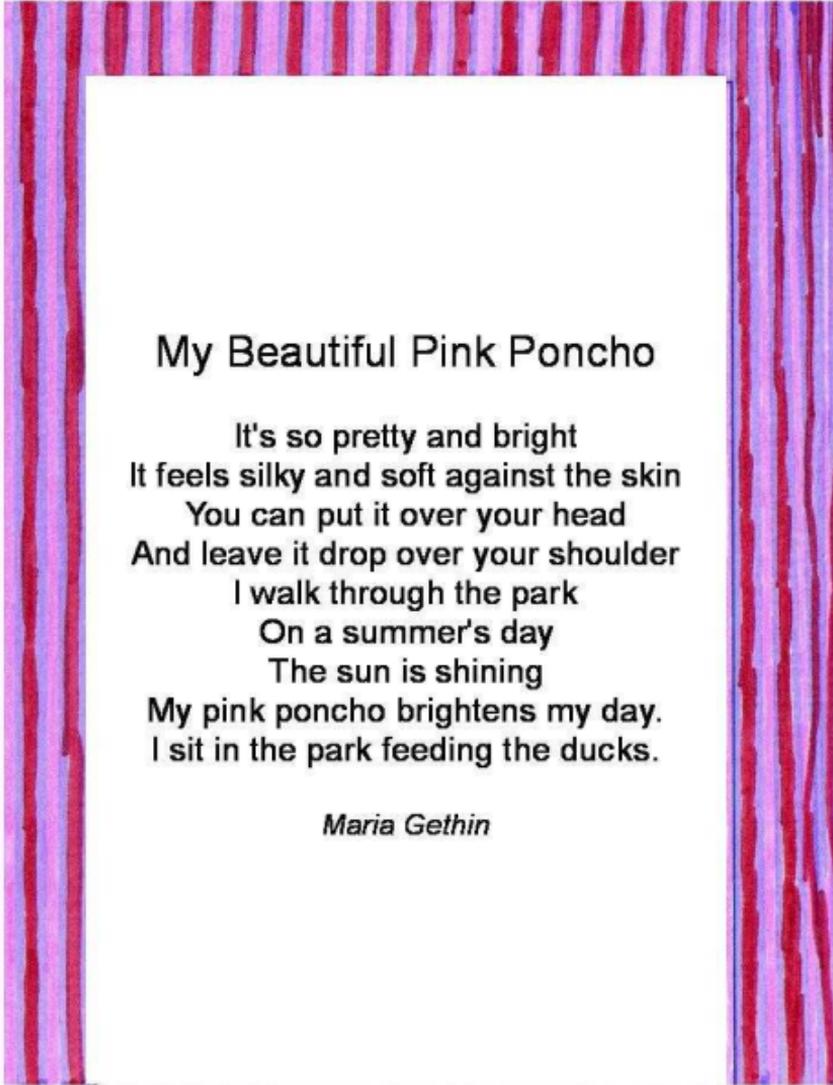
The historic family home preserved
by English Heritage

A blue plaque sited by the solid front door.

The room itself remains virtually untouched
Sacrosanct to her memory

And her life.

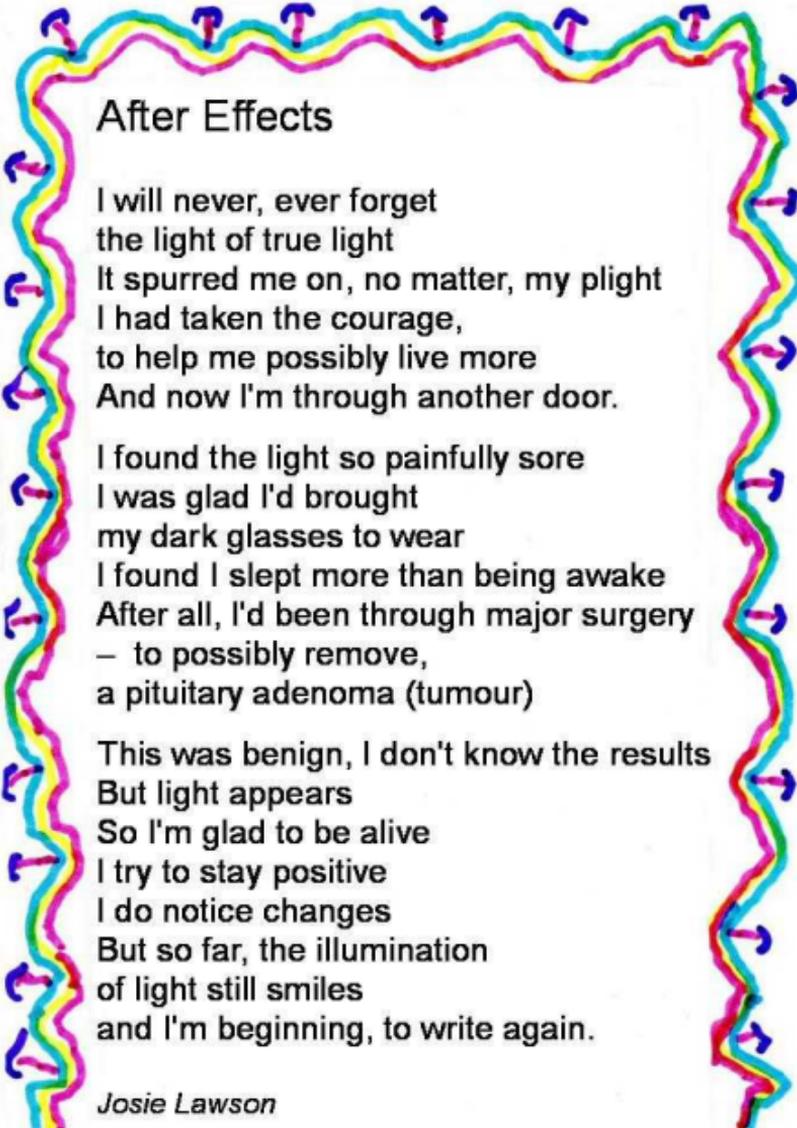
Jan Hedger



My Beautiful Pink Poncho

It's so pretty and bright
It feels silky and soft against the skin
You can put it over your head
And leave it drop over your shoulder
I walk through the park
On a summer's day
The sun is shining
My pink poncho brightens my day.
I sit in the park feeding the ducks.

Maria Gethin



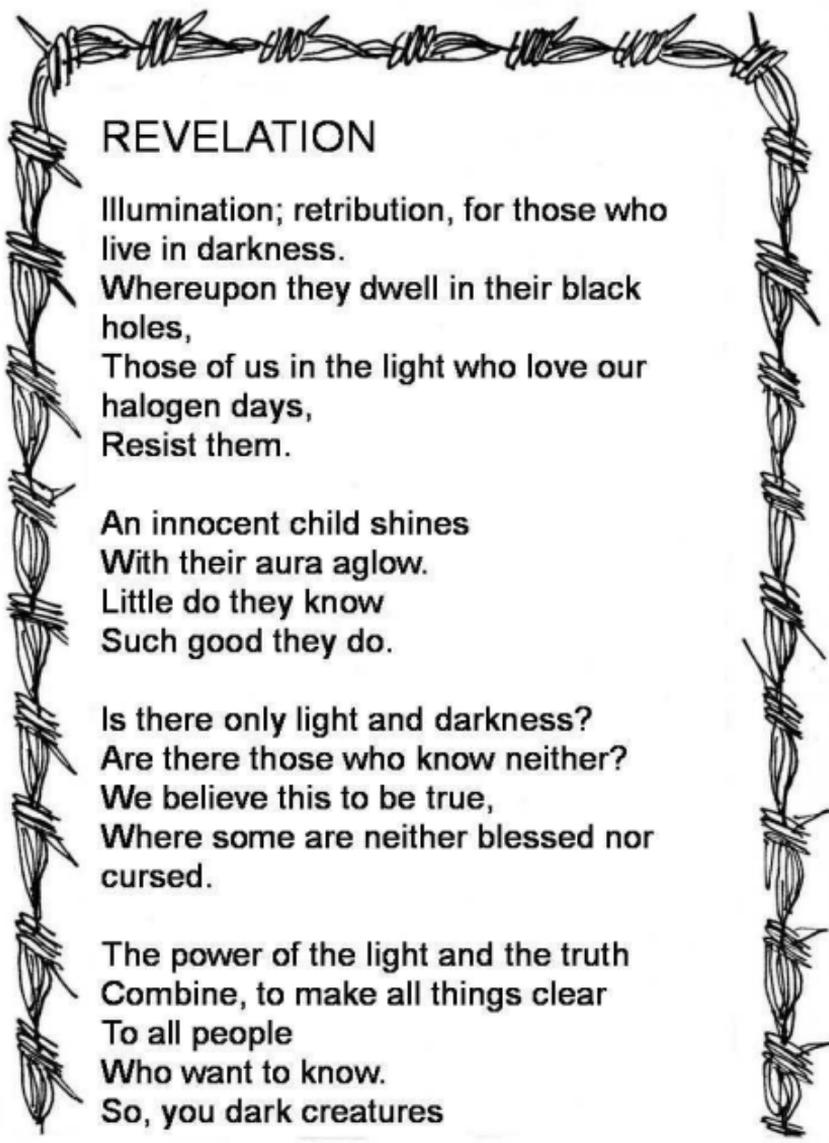
After Effects

I will never, ever forget
the light of true light
It spurred me on, no matter, my plight
I had taken the courage,
to help me possibly live more
And now I'm through another door.

I found the light so painfully sore
I was glad I'd brought
my dark glasses to wear
I found I slept more than being awake
After all, I'd been through major surgery
– to possibly remove,
a pituitary adenoma (tumour)

This was benign, I don't know the results
But light appears
So I'm glad to be alive
I try to stay positive
I do notice changes
But so far, the illumination
of light still smiles
and I'm beginning, to write again.

Josie Lawson



REVELATION

Illumination; retribution, for those who
live in darkness.

Whereupon they dwell in their black
holes,

Those of us in the light who love our
halogen days,

Resist them.

An innocent child shines

With their aura aglow.

Little do they know

Such good they do.

Is there only light and darkness?

Are there those who know neither?

We believe this to be true,

Where some are neither blessed nor
cursed.

The power of the light and the truth

Combine, to make all things clear

To all people

Who want to know.

So, you dark creatures

We do not fear you.
As much as you fear the light, you may
come into the light,
But we will not enter into the darkness.

Light up the world!
With good deeds
And noble gestures.
Vanquish your foes!

Robert Brandon





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