

A Shaping Voices Creative Reminiscence Project
VOICES FROM THE PAST

Sticky Stories

Tuesday 30th May 2006
Battle Memorial Hall, Battle

A group of Battle residents have come together to take part in a performance based on their memories and stories of the 1930's, 40's and 50's. This event is the culmination of the first of a series of sessions with people over the age of 60 living in Rother. The project has been generously funded by the National Heritage Lottery, Rother District Council (Indian Summer project) and the NHS.

Through a series of weekly creative group sessions participants' memories have been transformed into stories that are touching, highly visual and often extremely funny. The performance is given by members of the group and of Shaping Voices.



Performers/stories

Margaret Freeman
Lillian Bardsley-Ball
Jill Wellman
Eric Wellman
Peggy Ellis
Ellen Gibson
Doris Short
Lily Turner
Eva Boorman
Reg Boorman
Megan Newell

with
Philippa Urquhart
Ben Teare
Michael Gould
Mary Rothwell
Clare Whistler
Jane Metcalfe

Facilitators

Clare Whistler
Jane Metcalfe
Mary Rothwell

Thanks to:

Rother Homes
(venue for sessions)
Raphael Whittle
(poster and
programme)

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For further details about Shaping Voices please call.
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07760 366367 or e-mail
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Sticky Stories

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“The smell from the jam factory made your mouth water as you walked up the High Street”

Take each letter of your name and find a word to suit your mood and a new character

For example:

Eva the evangelical, virtuous, admirable Evangelist

Reg the robust, erudite, good Knight

Margaret the merry, argumentative, gracious Queen of Scots

Jill the jovial, illustrious, loveable, loony Princess

Eric the erstwhile, romantic, cocky Earl

Ellen the energetic, loyal, laughing, exciting, naughty Leader

Lillian the ladylike, interesting, limping, important, ambitious, natural Duchess

Peggy the patriotic, educated, glorious, gratifying, youthful Princess Royal

Lily the ladylike, imaginative, lackadaisical, yuppy Yuppy



“There used to be a horse trough and a tree...”

A Basket of Wild Flowers

Can you guess what's in our basket?

Here are some riddles to give you a clue

- Little white blossoms that cast no clout with leaves to dine out on
- A lion-headed tramp with milk to cure, wine to drink and seeds that dance in the wind.
- Follow the scent, first turning past the Squirrel, look down into Marley Woods and you'll see the sky mirrored in the earth.
- Shiny delicate sister of bold buttercup, lives close to the ground
- She shrinks, yet sweetens the breath for Valentine's night and likes to pose in a group.
- Nestling on the bank in regal cloth he rings his bell with the daisies.
- They cluster like scalloped stars winking the first promise of spring at cars along the road to Rye.

A Nod to Magpies

These birds hatched in the deep, deep night.

It's where they get their deep, deep, blue.

Spreading their wings at day, it's like a rainbow underneath - collecting their white feathers from the snow, their black from coal.

Where did they learn to steal?

In need of food, they stole eggs from other bird's nests and as we know one small crime leads to another...

Into your houses, take anything that shines, shines.

They take all back, back to their nests.

There the shining, shining light blinds them - their punishment for the deed.



“When the wind blew there was a smell like rotting meat”