

Our Group

Perhaps I will write a poem,
Maybe here we have a book,
Filled with all our thoughts and feelings,
Why we are all in Susan's group

For me the reason was quite simple,
It could be only for my good,
If anyone could get the best from me,
I knew that Susan would,

One day with pen and paper,
On the desk I began to tap,
Before the night was over,
My thoughts had turned into rap,

With our baseball capsakimbo,
Trepidation in our heart,
To the stage we made our entrance,
All resplendent in our parts,

Dan is due to make his solo debue,
We know that he'll do well,
Then there will be another story,
Again another tale to tell,

Now a stage play is looming,
That will rocket Steven into fame,
And before this year is over,
The trust will know our name,

Mike and Bill are always ready,
To give their best in all they do,
Whatever they are given,
Be sure they'll always see it through,

Three elected Council Members,
Are ready to play their part,
With their confidence and training,
It will come straight from their heart,

So we are now primed and ready,
We know just what to do,
With our combined knowledge,
We hand this gift to you,

So welcome our new members,
Come in and take a look,
And as our group becomes much wider,
Perhaps I'll write that book.

Joan Jackson

The Words Dementia

All at once your mind stood still,
And the future had no place,
All at once there was an urgency,
See, see the Dr. just in case,

Then the words dementia,
Thundered through my head,
Then our lives turned inside out,
We had known, but no one said,

Suddenly your voice had changed,
And a whisper took its place,
Suddenly the smile had gone,
And I saw a different face,

But life had not dealt its only blow,
As the cancer came your way,
I watch and wait and worry,
Each and every day,

You can't work out why you're breathless,
Then again, what's happening this week?
And when I try to explain this,
You can't comprehend it when I speak,

Just when I think that you can't bear it,
Through all your pain and fear,
A little bit of my old Dad,
For a minute will appear,

Joan Jackson

Recovery

A new word has conjured up,
That I and others fear,
It seems Recovery,
Is all that I can hear,

How will you know I'm recovered?
What will be your sign?
For the illness that I carry,
Isn't yours but mine,

For it's been with me a lifetime,
It's become a part of me,
But having the right input,
Helps to set me free,

For the dark times when they visit,
I feel lost, frightened and alone,
But now I have some input,
By appointments or the phone,

So when deciding I'm recovered,
In haste to set me free,
The person you should be asking,
Maybe, That person should be me,

For recovery may be the word,
The Trust will proudly shout,
But for myself and other patients,
Just if I'm in your care or out!

Joan Jackson

Trust

Can I have a word?
The sound echoed in my ears,
At last I had approached someone,
I was about to spill my fears,

The young staff nurse took control,
Relief flooded throughout me,
I was about to start a journey,
That would begin to set me free,

I don't know what I'm doing,
My life's in turmoil, torn apart,
I'm in a world of torment,
All locked up in my heart,

Decades upon decades,
Unsure of life and me,
She said what I had nurtured,
Was an illness, O.C.D.

Someone had just caught me,
When my mind was in free fall,
Her time and patience with me,
Was the greatest gift of all,

Now I'm further on my journey,
The circle is complete,
Fate again has played apart,
As once again we meet,

Now I'm ready to give something back,
For what that revelation did for me,
To help others like that young nurse,
Learn the power of O.C.D.

For I have never forgotten,
What Staff Nurse Douglas had to say,
When she made the time to listen,
She changed my life that day.

Joan Jackson