



**City
of Dublin**

Bord Oideachais agus Oiliúna
Education and Training Board

**ADULT
EDUCATION
SERVICE**

A Learning Community

Words to Pictures / Pictures to Words

A creative arts project by City of Dublin ETB,
Adult Education Service, Finglas and Cabra

Acknowledgements

This beautiful book exists due to the fertile minds and pocket acts of collaboration amongst the many individuals and groups that make up our community education programme, Finglas and Cabra. We wish to take this moment to acknowledge and applaud all of your talents, your openness, and your hard work in creating Words to Pictures / Pictures to Words.

The creative writing classes included here happen in partnership with St Helena's Family Resource Centre, Cabra Library and the Adult Education Centre, Finglas and are supported by creative writing tutors Gail Seekamp and Jonathan McGlenn.

The writings were imagined in class and then entrusted to the adult learners who attended art tutor Diana Caramaschi's painting, drawing, and printmaking classes. These classes take place in our Adult Education Centre, Finglas. Each art student selected a writing work that resonated with them. They interpreted it, giving each story and poem a visual life, using colour, line, and form.

Active participation and collaboration are at the heart of this wonderful community education project and we extend our heartfelt congratulations to all involved.

The City of Dublin ETB Adult Education Service partners with community-based organisations to deliver community education programmes. We support community education provision with funding, as well as with our team of talented tutors.

Community Education targets adults and communities who experience disadvantage and has the power to transform individual lives. It contributes to social inclusion by celebrating diversity and belonging. It builds self-confidence and self-esteem for those with a negative experience of formal education. Through community education, there are opportunities for lifelong learning, which can become a stepping-stone to further learning, qualifications, and work.

We would like to give a very special mention to art tutor Diana Caramaschi, who saw the project go from idea through to formation, and for her wonderful design contributions as it went to production.

Claire Behan, Community Education Facilitator

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Words to Pictures / Pictures to Words

Moonshine

Neil Armstrong was the first man on the moon.
But history may have got that story wrong.
The following may be true, or idle talk
That it was, in fact, a 'Moonie' from West Cork...

This family owned the cow that jumped o'er the moon.
Grandad said, 'I'll fetch her back real soon.'
But Toto the cow decided to stay
And was seen grazing along the Milky Way.
Grandad made his lunar landing late at night
Amazed by a lake shimmering so bright
T'was an unearthly glow,
So he decided to stick around
To watch the show
He awoke next morning with a fearful thirst
And wondered if the lake might be cursed
He took a sip and found it pure delight
He's still there, drunk on Moonshine day and night.

So, if you ever venture to West Cork
Listen to the locals as they talk
About the best Moonshine the world has ever seen
Going by the Irish word Poitín.

By Les McShane

Les McShane
Barry



YULIA PLEKHANOVA

Artwork by Yulia Plekhanova

Seahorse

Mystical sea creature
Half fish, half horse
Bony armoured curling tail fin
Navigates you on your course

Life bond with mate, a courtship dance
Creates male birthing
Miniature offspring propelled into the sea
New life unearthing

Seahorse symbol of love devotion and peace.
Our delight in your magical mystery will never cease.



Artwork by Olive Burke

Bosco

A long time ago my brother asked me if I would mind my nephew Michael, because himself and his wife were going to a wedding.

Michael was about five at the time. When Michael got fed up playing with his toys he asked me to put Bosco on the television. I told him that Bosco was dead. He started crying out loud in his crying voice asking, how did Bosco die?

I told him that the lid of the box fell on his head. That made him cry more. Then I told him I had magic powers and that I could bring Bosco back to life. I said to him you have to be good. He promised he would be good. Then, I blew on my hand and pressed the button on the television and there he was, Bosco, on the television with his funny voice - Thank God!



Artwork by Susan King

SNAKE

Slinky

Slidering

Sidewinder

Rattler

Mumba Black

King Cobra

Spit

Smooth

Scaley

Strikes

From

The Shadows

With Speed



Artwork by George Lloyd

Cormorant

Dark

Feathered

Dipper

Deep

Diver

Fishing

Eel Eating

Water Swishing

Repeating

Waiting

Prey

Regurgitating



Artwork by Jean Hussey

Wind be Kind

O, wind,
You destroyed my house,
You took my flowers, fruits from the trees in my garden.

Now, wind,
Be kind to my tent please,
Don't blow it away.

I want to sleep for a while,
So, I can dream.
I am the Queen's daughter.

I eat delicious food,
I wear warm clothes,
I don't want expensive jewelry.
I want to buy medicine for my sick mother.

I beg you wind, be kind!
Let me dream and dream forever!

Be merciful to my boat,
And take me safely to shore.



Artwork by Pat Purcell

The Cat

The
cat
sat
on
the
mat.

Thinking,
licking (his lips),
wondering,
Where?

Is
that
tasty
rat?



Artwork by Martin Currie

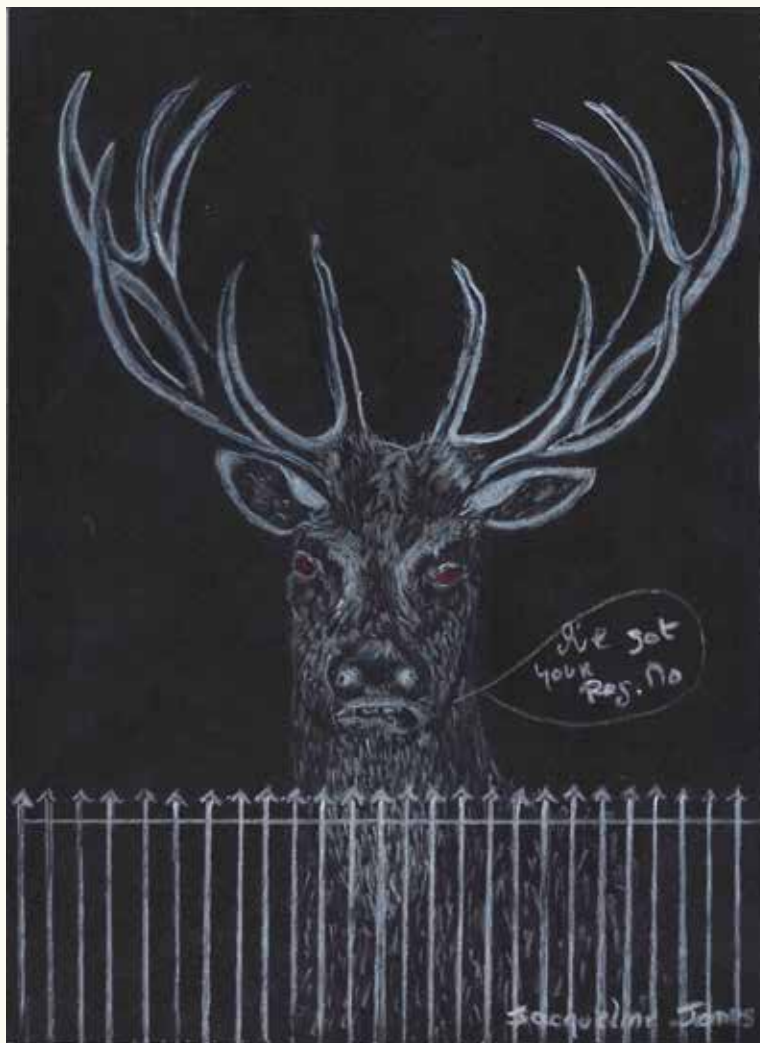
Stag Party

A funny thing happened me on my way here.
I drove through the Park and I knocked down a deer.
A venison sandwich? 'Be janey!' I said.
I'll have it with toasted and buttered brown bread.
A dollop of ketchup for that touch of zest,
Washed down with cool lager I think might be best.

But my snack plans vanished when to my surprise.
He grunted and snorted and opened his eyes.
He rose up full height with an anger-filled stare.
And eyeballed me close with a crimson-eyed glare.

I didn't mean nuthin it's all a mistake.
I'm pure vegetarian, never eat steak.
He didn't believe me of that I could see.
Intent on impaling, skewering me.
He lowered his antlers with tips sharp and pointy.
I jumped in my car and I revved up to ninety.
He chased me down Chesterfield forced me outside.
Then glared out the Park fence with nostrils flared wide.

Back safe in my home behind double-locked gate.
I waited for my racing heart to abate.
So all of you folks I'll say this loud and clear.
Don't drive through the Park and don't knock down a deer!



Artwork by Jacqui Jones

Star

The rattling sound of the horse-box clambering over the cattle grid, alerted my mother. We were up in the top field, prancing and grazing on the sweet spring grass. "She came back well, after foaling earlier than expected," one of the men said. My mother was a beautiful chestnut mare. She encouraged me to run freely with her for the last while, her thick shiny mane tossed in the breeze. Fascinated by the diamond shaped marking on my forehead, my new young master called me "Star". Keeping in my mother's shadow, I replicated her every manoeuvre. The feeling of safety with her would all end shortly. The men waited patiently by the fence as she nuzzled me affectionately for the last time. She had done this before and accepted our inevitable separation...

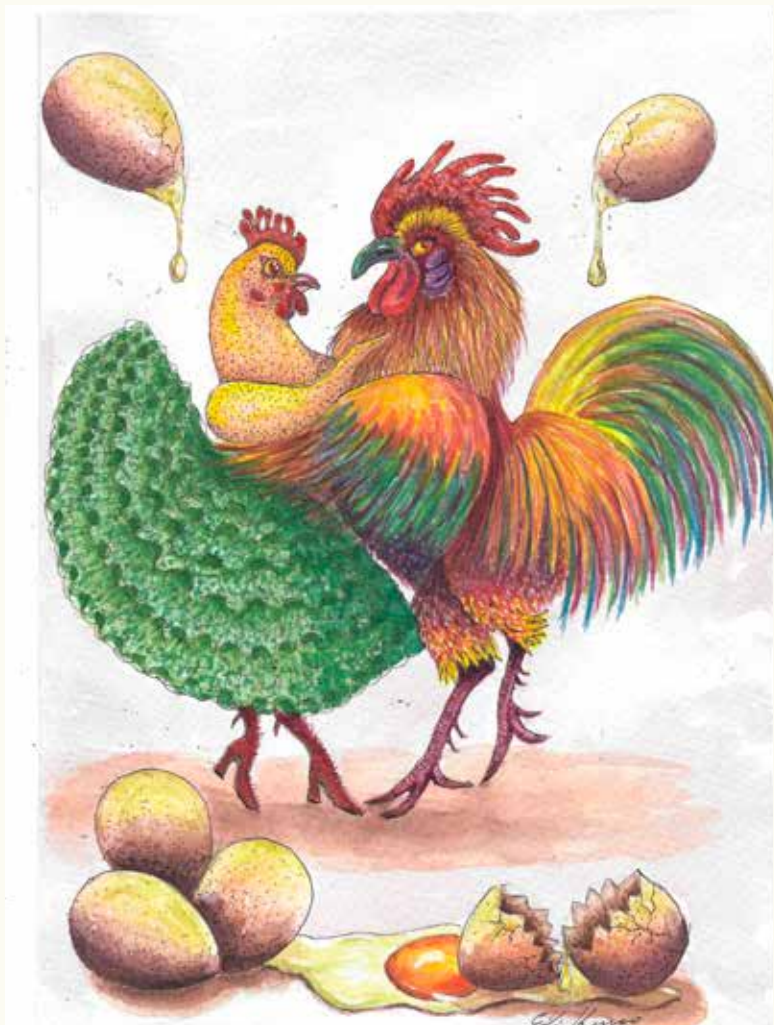


Artwork by Patricia Lahiff

The Eggs

Hetty the hen sat proudly on her clutch
Their perfect oval shape smooth to the touch
Rooster Charlie had wooed her with his dance
Hypnotic waltzing, she was in a trance

Six pretty eggs all laid out in a row
What will be their fate be, where will they go?
Two unfortunates cracked and dripped away
The rest scrambled and made someone's day



Artwork by Eilis Kinnane

Autumn

Autumn is here oh dear
The dark nights are here I fear
Bangers and fireworks are around
Oh I do not like the sound.

The trees out in my garden are bare
As Autumn leaves fall to the ground
They fall quietly not making a sound
Oh yes, Autumn is here



Steve Poynton

Artwork by Stephen Poynton

Somehow

This beautiful clever kind man
made her life bigger, brighter, better
Now he doesn't recognise her face nor her voice

Or recall their adventures big and small
But when she holds his hand she hopes
somehow he remembers it all.



Artwork by Brenda Ryan

The Long Drive

The long row of traffic crawls slowly up the Navan Road onto the N3, traffic peeling off in the direction of Blanchardstown Shopping Centre.

Moving slowly, stopping in bumper to bumper traffic. Cars coming to a grinding halt.

Honking their horns. People going nowhere fast. As the song says 'This is the road to hell!'

One driver, clutches the wheel tightly. He feels the stress of his long journey on a daily regular basis. Then he sees the exit for the route he always takes home to Navan, Co. Meath, and thinks - 'it's over!'



Artwork by Shuhua Tang

Seascape

The beauty of the sea, so radiant in her shades of turquoise blue and gray. I listen to the crescendo of the waves as they rush to the shore.

The thundering roar of the white horses as they stampede across the sands.

The depth of the sea is so deep, dark and never ending.

For she goes from calm to ferocious in the blink of an eye.

You can not take her beauty for granted or you will be lost to the abyss.

I look at the sea in all her beauty and in her splendor as childhood memories of sandcastles and salty sea air resurface, and then I look as the sun retires and sinks into the sea.



Artwork by Peggy Glynn

An answer for Everything

Why me? Do you think I look like someone that can cure all problems? Going back as far as my memory of life is still with me, I thought that I was a normal type of human being just like my relations, family, friends and neighbours. Well, when you say to yourself, what is life all about? I got a good National School education and had great classmates, didn't ruffle any feathers with them and most importantly, the teacher. If you played a bit offside with them, you got several whacks of the cane and telling your parents about the pain and how many you got wouldn't have changed things.

My working days were enjoyable and my workmates were game ball, working for C.I.E. was great but the money wasn't. There was a work outing down to the country, a hot meal and a few drinks were to be thrown in for good measure and this included bringing your partner. When we had our lovely meal everything was game ball. Then it happened, just as everything was going well, one of the workmate's wife collapsed on the floor. Panic set in and the Hotel we were in was miles away from a Hospital, Doctor or any other type of Medical Institution. It so happened that this lady needed urgent help and I was asked if I could give any form of respiration as this woman's breathing was the main issue. I didn't know what to do, I was trembling, I had a go at it while I was thinking how it was done on some of those Medical programmes that are on T.V.

I had to take my time applying the necessary pressure to help the lady breath normally again. Eventually the lady came around and seemed to be feeling much better. I felt so proud of myself that I helped and did the right thing. I asked my best mate why was I selected to perform the solution for the lady's improvement, he said in a very confident voice 'sure didn't you look the part'

By Peter Ryan



Artwork by Elizabeth Mongey

Inside Out

When Do We Take Time Out To Process The Loss, The Gain,
The Pain Felt

Why Hide It, Disguise It, Medicate It, Bury It Deep Inside

Let It Show Its Head, Weep, Cry, Elation, Joy

Emotions Are Not Logical

No Matter How Hard We Try To Keep Them Fixed In A Box

I Know, We Try and Try

Until We Find The Courage

The Strength Within To Let Them Out

We Learn To Vent, To Process The Rage, The Grief, The Loss,

They Shout "I Am Here, I Am Not Going Anywhere"

Find A Way, Your Way

Get Used To Listening To Your Inner Voice,

Feel Empowered With The Possibility Of Choice

Your Body Knows How To Even The Score

To Bring Balance To Your Life

To Make That Connection

To Open A Door

trust, Release, Let Go For Evermore

By Pauline Byrne



Artwork by Betty Kielty

Cats

Mysterious
Unknowable
Aloof.

You show
just enough
to
enchant us.
Superior in manner.

If you
were a country
you would
be France.



Artwork by Ann Farrelly

The Hunt

His noble head leads to the wind
plaited mane, well cropped tail
Sinewed hands checking the reins
flared nostrils, mouth strained tight
galloping on with glistening coat.
Bugles sound, the hunt is on

Charging, charging, no escape
thundering hooves plough up the earth.
Red-coated men with cap and whip
the hounds they sniff the hallowed ground
the deer is spotted in the glen
shouts abound he's out, he's out

Yelping, yelping the hounds they come
drooling mouths and lashing tongue
Jumping high there's no escape
swerving, jumping, twisting, turning
breathing hard can run no more
for this brave deer, the fight is o'er.



DEER RESTING.

Brian McCoy

Artwork by Brian McCoy

The Wind

Blowing in the wind are the leaves that are falling.
They crunch beneath my feet as I make my way home.
The wind bites at my face, it's as cold as ice,
It makes my journey home all that much harder.
It's the thoughts of reaching home that make me
fight the wind, but the wind is mother nature's weapon.
The wind she howls and blows and scatters all that is around
me, I try to look up to see my way home ,but she brow beats me.
It's me against the howling wind, being blown from left to right.
But my journey is nearly at an end.
When the wind turns and helps me home
by blowing me off my feet and landing at my front door.
At last I have escaped the wind and now, I just sit safe and
warm listening to her howling, long into the dark winter night.

By Patricia Hilliard



Artwork by Patricia Maguire

Freddy and Florrie Burns

Freddy and Florrie were childhood friends and then sweethearts. From the tender age of fourteen they took up smoking and smoked their way through life. There could not have been a more suitable couple, sixty cigarettes a day would be very normal for them to puff through. They were up in their alley smoking to their heart's content, oblivious to all around them.

On their wedding day Freddy leaned over to kiss the gorgeous bride Florrie forgetting he held a cigarette awkwardly between his fingers, he brushed her veil with the red tip of his cigarette burning quite a biggish hole in it. Ignoring this little mishap as they were well used to burning holes in everything they possessed. They had to be the most careless smokers in God's creation.

As Florrie smoked away at the kitchen table, she would fling the butt into the fire, well ,that was her aim, more often than not she missed and the butt would fall on the floor.The designs on the rug from all the missed butts would be the envy of the most original designers, I'm sure.

The contents of the house were very unique and looked almost rare with the strategically placed burn holes. Even the lace curtains on the windows didn't escape the perilous Florrie as she peeped through the curtains with a cigarette stuck between her lips. Holes just seemed to appear everywhere. Florrie was blind to these holes around the house.



Artwork by Joanne McCabe

Ozy Banjaxed

If ozymandias was alive today
I'm sure he'd take a case.
It was either Botox or Micra or Pyrite
that made a smacked arse of his face.

His shattered visage and wrinkled lip,
trout pout and double chin,
trunkless legs, a colossal wreck,
too often pissed on gin.

He could have gone to Turkey
to get a tum-tuck and a lift,
can't fix badly damaged nostrils though,
from all the Cocaine that he sniffed.

Great works of art will all endure,
but kingdoms rise and fall,
John Sisk, playboy or Viagra,
might have had him standing tall.



Artwork by Mary Fitzpatrick

Naked Truth

We are born naked
We can live naked
We die naked
This is the truth

Truth can hurt
It can also set us free
Lay it down
This bare naked truth.

Freedom to unleash unbind
The shackles from your mind
Take that step
You never know what you shall find

Standing on the edge of the ocean
Will I won't I whose eyes shall pry
First comes top, then trousers and finally underwear

Walking slowly on the sand to feel it beneath your feet
It's time to let go
Breaking the surface with slow meticulous strokes savouring
the moment For this shall be your last
Finally Free



Artwork by Eilis Kinnane

Doorway

Blowing in the wind are the leaves that are falling,
They crunch beneath my feet as I make my way home.
The wind bites at my face, it's as cold as ice,
It makes my journey home all that much harder.
It's the thoughts of reaching home that make me
Fight the wind, but the wind is mother nature's weapon.
The wind she howls and blows and scatters all that is around
me, I try to look up to see my way home but she brow beats me,
It's me against the howling wind being blowing from left to
right. But my journey is nearly at an end,
When the wind turns and helps me home
by blowing me off my feet and landing at my front door.
At last i have escaped the wind and now I just sit safe and
warm Listening to her howling, long into the dark winter night.

For Angela

By Mim Greene



Artwork by Phyllis Keogh

Friends

Eve and Buddy were playing 'donkey'
Buddy, a full-grown Tyrannosaurus Rex, was not very good.
With only small arms he found it hard to catch the ball.
He didn't mind, he was just glad to be playing.

Eve threw a high ball that sailed over his head,
He swung his tail and hit the ball an almighty whack.
It flew up onto the roof.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I can't reach, it's too high."
"Oh, don't worry Buddy," replied Eve.
"Daddy will get his ladder out when he comes home!"
"But we've no ball to play with now!"

"Can I help?" a voice said.
"Daphne Diplodocus, are we glad to see you," Eve exclaimed.
They told her about the ball.

Diplodocus have very long necks
Daphne stretched hers and gently gripped the ball
With her mouth.
The three pals played ball until midnight and had a great time.

If you are playing ball
a Diplodocus is a good friend to have.



Artwork by James Gunn

A Holiday in Booterstown

When I was about eight years old, my mother told us we were going to the seaside for our summer holidays. We were so excited!

When the day came we were all up very early, getting packed. Dad was a lorry driver and he got permission to use the lorry that day. My sister and I sat in the back amongst our bags and bedding.

We headed off to Booterstown. As it was the early 1950's it was like being in the countryside once you left the city; there were only a few houses here and there.

When we arrived, the house seemed like a mansion. We ran in out of the rooms, up and down the stairs. Having come from a small cottage this was great. We oohed and aahed at the sea views from the back bedroom windows.

Later, when everything was packed away, we sat down to a feast of fish and chips, tea, bread and butter.

Every day we spent hours at the sea, swimming and playing games. In the evenings, when the tide was out, grandad took us walking for miles across the wet sand. We would dig for cockles and fill our buckets. Grandad would split open the shells with his penknife and swallow the fish.

That's how I remember him, standing on the strand, trousers rolled up to his knees, watching us as we dug for cockles.

It was a wonderful summer and we were sad to have to go home. I have never forgotten it after all these years. If I am on the bus and pass the house, it all comes flooding back to me as if it were yesterday.

That wonderful childhood memory.



Artwork by Claire O'Brien

Forever Gone

by Peter Ryan

Sun shines bright throughout the day
Wonders there that need no pay
Words may come and words may go
I have discovered from long ago

Everybody has a tale to tell
About family, friends that all excel
Who were you my darling mam
One that cared that made our jam

Will I wait or take a chance
Could this be just another dance
Waltz about or do a fling
One thing's sure that's hoping to bring

Come forth the dark birds of the trees
Can ease the pain of love that's lost
Sheltered from the wrath of these
Days of cold and glittering frost

Turf burns in the open fire
Radio's on those days are gone
Schoolboys in their school attire
Neat and clean, their skullcaps are on

Dark skies tremble in the night
Dreams of horror, days of scorn
Birds are singing, there is no flight
and shrinking calls from those of horn

Will it ever come the time
When you come back to call you mine
Times will never be the same
Till the day that comes to call you mine.



Artwork by Yvonne Thompson

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Finglas and Cabra

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