



Scrappy but Happy 11

A priceless limited edition expressed in
words and pictures by people accessing
Dublin Simon Community services.



Dublin
Simon
Community

“Creativity is inventing, experimenting, growing, taking risks, breaking rules, making mistakes and having fun”

Mary Lou Cook

Dublin Simon Community is delighted to launch the 11th Edition of Scrappy but Happy. Since 2011, Scrappy but Happy has been a space for those who access Dublin Simon Community's homeless and housing services to showcase their amazing talent by sharing their artworks and creative writing pieces. This publication showcases the creativity of those accessing Dublin Simon Community services.

At Dublin Simon Community we understand the important role meaningful activities can play in providing structure, purpose, intellectual stimulation, self-esteem, socialisation and independence in the lives of people accessing our services. The Client Development team's purpose is to provide education, training, employment and personal development services to clients of Dublin Simon Community. To this end they coordinate and facilitate a range of different classes for those accessing the service. The team facilitates meaningful activities in two areas personal development and creative and arts. This year was particularly challenging in light of the COVID restrictions which saw the majority of the activities taking place online. The creative and arts meaningful activities range from art, creative writing,

poetry, dance and crafts. Further classes in literacy tuition, computer and employability skills training are also offered. By adopting a holistic approach to development, the team aim to support participants individual needs and enable them to achieve their goals.

We would also like to thank the staff and volunteers who coordinate and facilitate these classes: Denise Roche, Emma Cooray, Nora Kilcullen, Niamh Lacy, Grace Vaughey, Karol O' Loughlin and Monique Rossouw.

Most importantly to all the incredibly talented participants who have contributed artwork and creative writing to this book a very special thank you. Thank you for your openness in sharing your creativity and talents without you this book would not exist.

Dublin Simon Community
2021





Photo: Craig

A BEAUTIFUL WICKLOW DAY

OMG what a beautiful day,
No wind to watch the trees sway,
Just the sun shining through with what clouds are left,
Beautiful blue sky sit in silence and be deaf.

It's a day to let the lockdown woes go away,
Sit out and enjoy the silence of mother earth have its way,
It's a painting outside with the world saying hi,
Put on the tunes and let voice not cry.

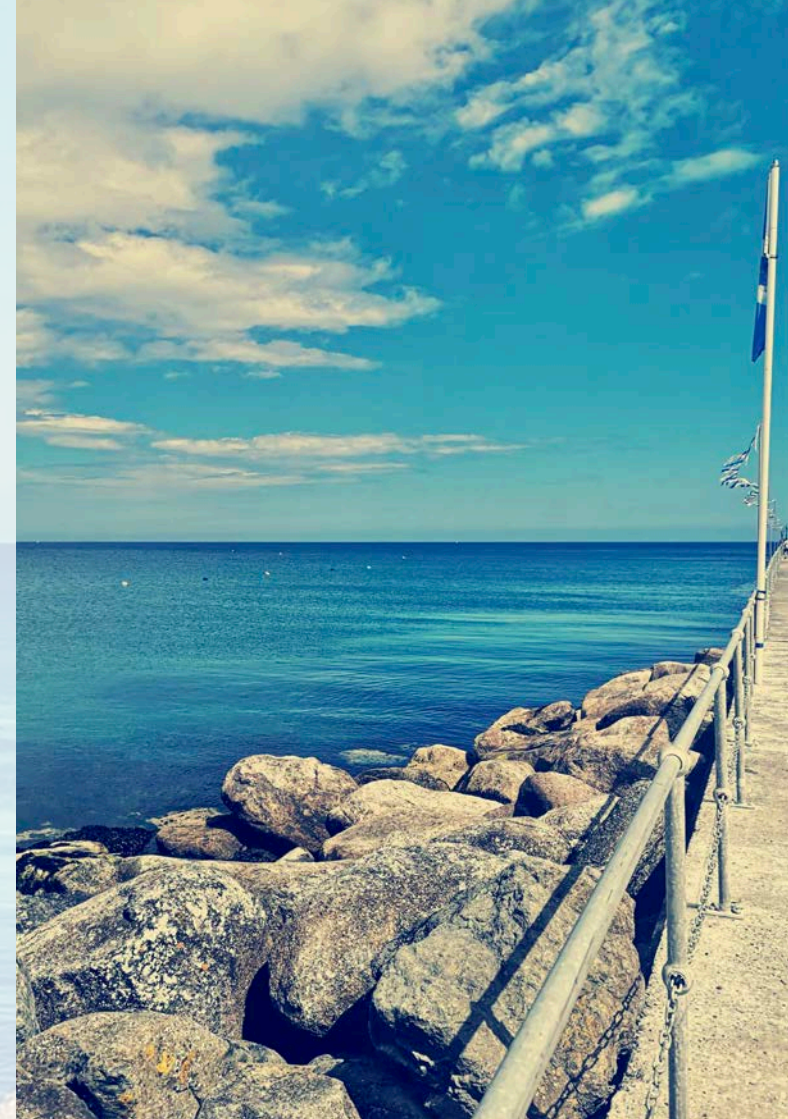
Life like this can feel like heaven is touching our souls,
Beautiful Wicklow with such a glaze where we forget our goals,
Laughs are heard with ice cream on babies faces all smeared,
Dirty faces till home time with kids full of greed.

It's days like this where we feel so free and smile with pride,
Put down that drink and sit it beside,
The beauty of Wicklow where grown men have cried,
Where memories been chaps off the pier with a dive.

This poem is off the top of my head but I remember the fun,
In different places as a young Wicklow son,
So from me to you all,
Enjoy this day and have a ball.

CRAIG

Photo: Craig



Group of Happy Women

I am immediately struck by the image which has appeared before me. I have to double check because the woman in the forefront of the photo looks entirely like my late mother, who rests in heaven.

The likeness is astonishing. When it is explained that these buoyant women are in Dublin's city centre, I cannot see that this is my woman laughing from her heart through the lens of the camera.

I am reminded of a vision I was gifted with nearly two years ago, when as I knelt to pray in my room in my hostel, my Mam appeared in front of me as if it were a TV screen. There was no volume but there was movement in the floating images which gently and silently enraptured me. My Mam looked radiantly beautiful. Her face was filled with joy and laughter, as she laughed with the excitement she could feel and communicate for my future.

*Written by **Mervyn** during an online creative writing meaningful activity held with clients in our Detox service.*



Photo: Craig

Photo: Craig



Photo: Craig

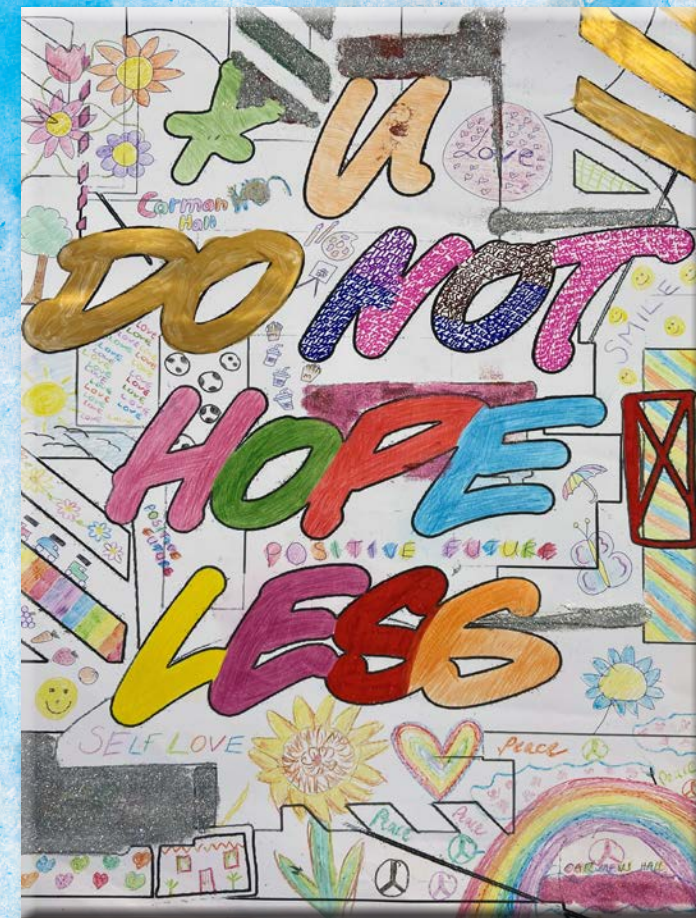


Artist: Anthony



Artist: Leon

*This wonderful artwork was created in a time of personal reflection and growth for **Leon** while in the Detox service.*



*Created by residents in **Carmans Hall** as part of the Dublin Simon Community "U Are Not Less" campaign.*

BEHIND THE BLUE EYES

Life once shone and beauty foregone to the chirp in the tree.

One summer night with the gentle breeze

I saw it from a near holding hands out the north pier.

Watching the pilot boats bring in the ships with local men behind the wheel.

Eyes so bright with blue eyes piercing into the hills from afar.

Yet I took a step back watching the beauty like a shooting star

'twas like a dream playing out like life could be forever.

It never crossed my mind it would be now or never.

The ripple of the waves gently touching the sand.

Young lovers embraced on the shore of the strand

as a poet writes of dreams, of lives foregone in worlds fantastical.

Looking back, it was magical.

CRAIG



*Residents in **Dorset** completed a canvas sharing the word **Motivation** in a number of different languages represented in the service.*

Snowie

Four legs, waggie tail.

A mouth to bark.

When he is out with mammy

he is running around in the dark.

He is so cute and his name is Snowie

his coat is so glowy.

He runs as fast as a rabbit in the field

when he started to know daddy.

He started to heal, he walked everyday.

Mummy was affected when he had to go away.

We love him, we love him, we love him and all

together our hearts will always be with him

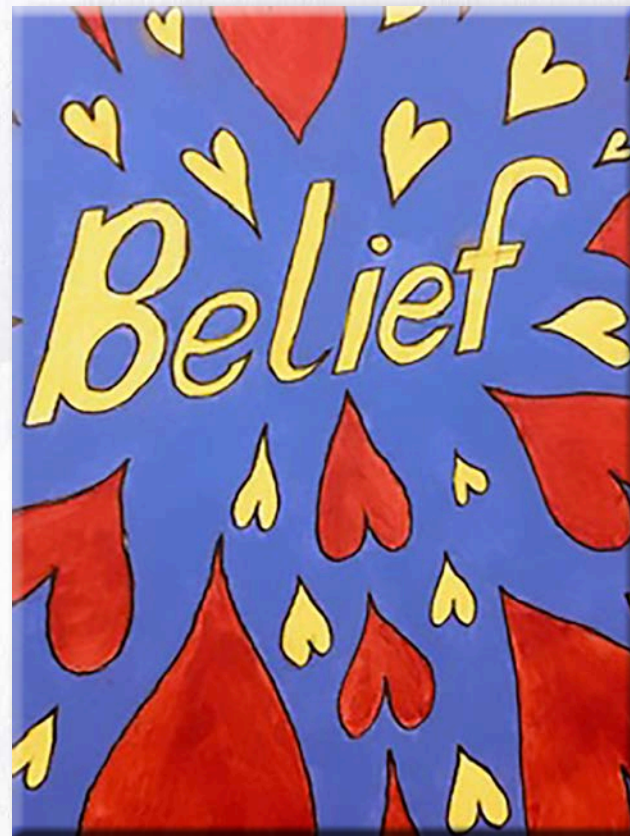
wherever he goes...

Christina P.





Residents in
Chester House
during a meaningful
activity art workshop.



Artist: Daryl



Artist: MMcM



Artist: Anthony

Pavement Rules

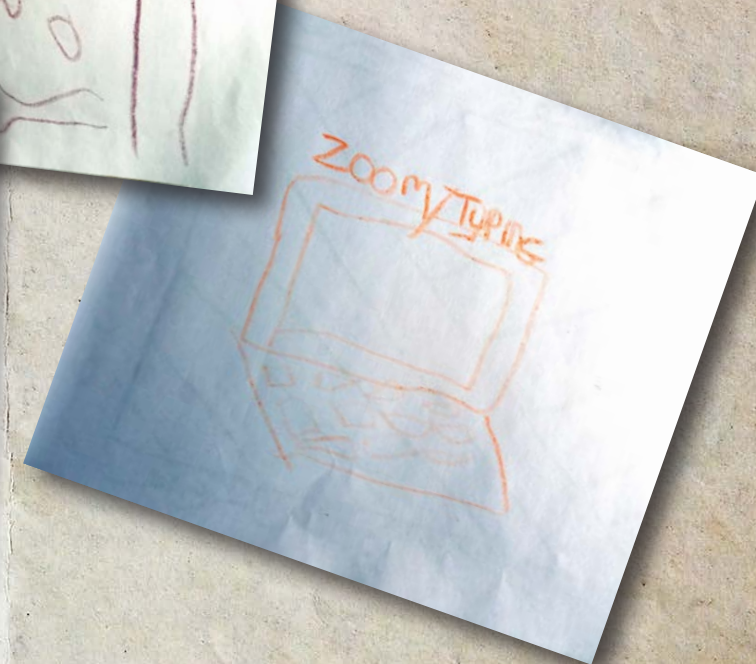
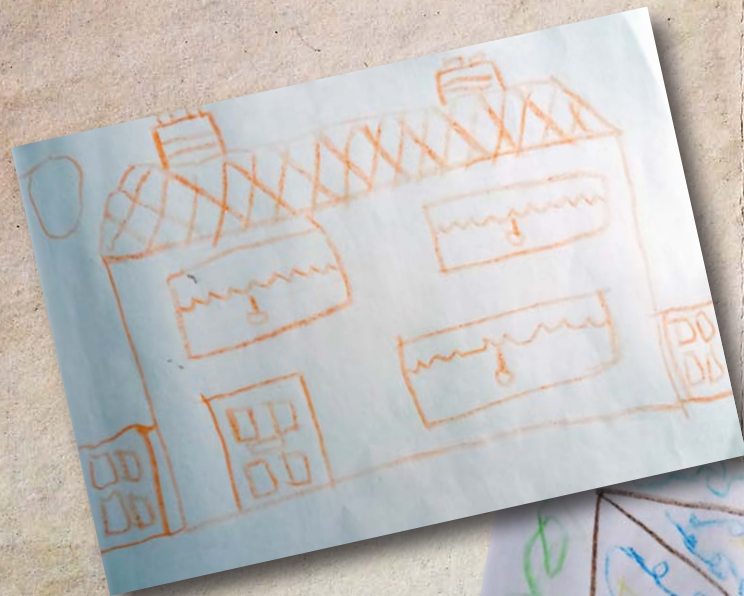
I'm starting a campaign
and I hope you join me too.
We need rules for the pavement
because some people haven't a clue.
You'd be walking down Grafton
and the person straight ahead
is looking into their phone
and then they suddenly stop dead.
You nearly run into the back of them.
It's a very close call.
It causes a pile up.
They're oblivious to all.
And then there's the clowns.
Head bet into the phone.
Walking blindly towards you.
No doubt accident prone.
We've people coming from shops.
Don't stop or look left or right.
Straight into the flow of pedestrians.
Not a care in sight.
We need a slow lane
and a lane in which you can pass.
Cos getting stuck behind a crawler
is a pain in the ass.

And a ban on hoppers
four people walking abreast.
Have they no consideration
putting your patience to the test.
I nearly had a bad one
only the other day.
The pace was moving well.
Everything was okay.
Then the person in front
abruptly stops the chase.
And bends down ever casually
to tie his effing lace.
I nearly went over him,
had to veer in a flash.
That could've been a seriously
very, very, bad crash.
So join my campaign.
Walk in protest with me.
We want rules for the pavement,
Minister please hear our plea.

Ed



Artist: Daryl



Alan had experienced some health issues but has been very motivated to develop his skills, so took part in online courses. These are images he shared of his online learning journey.



Friend

You came in here a broken woman,
But a few weeks in, you just keep on coming
Be very proud of the work you're putting in,
Because when you leave here your better life will begin.

Dark days are over and hopefully no more tears,
So, keep on going girl and let's face your worse fears
I got to get to know you in your own special way
You are wise beyond your years, in just the things you say.

I hope I've got to help you in the things I might have done,
Forget about that past life you now can become someone.
I know about your struggles and all that stuff in your past,
So, keep on going, so your loving family don't come last.

With your lovely smile and all your caring ways
For someone who is so young just look what you've done in just a few short days
So, keep on going in everything that you're doing
You're not that little girl you're now a strong confident woman.

Jonathan

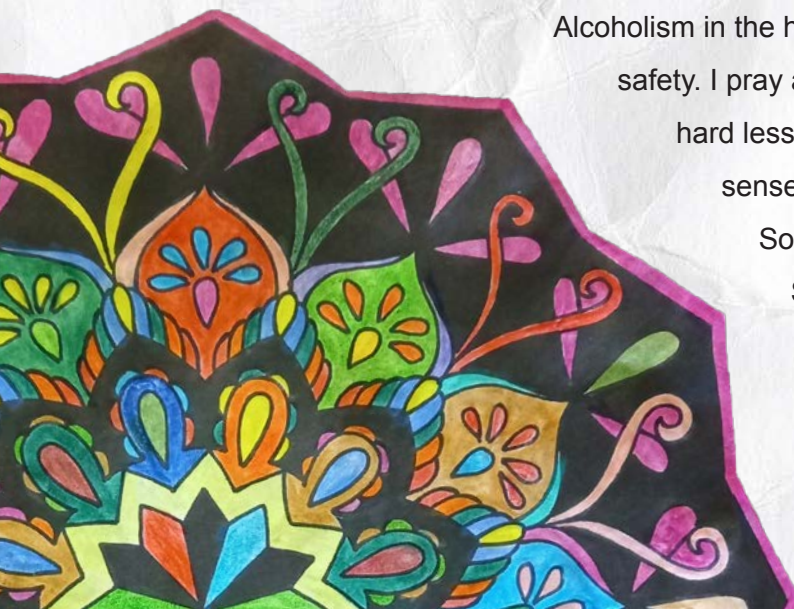
Artist: Donal

*Clients in **Detox** created this wonderful art piece
which is used as the cover for their workbooks
and acts as a reminder of their personal strength.*





The child in the window looks over at me. Daydreaming over her fantasy. Of course she is not really noticing me, but she fixes her stare hopefully. She is looking outwardly because inwardly is too painful. I know her parents argue incessantly. My heart is touched by her bravery. Her daydream is achieving the comfort she seeks. To be loved and to be listened to.



Alcoholism in the home has deprived her of a sense of safety. I pray and hope she realises her potential. Life's hard lessons have already arrived, but trying to make sense of these is more than her mind can handle. So her confusion prevents her from mentioning anything. Still, I continue to admire her bravery. Her focus is promising her a brighter future.



This gaze will permit possibilities. So she dreams and she dreams. Her parents are dreaming too. To get sober and to be there for their daughter. Ironically, they all live together. The space between them in the house is the gap that must be filled.

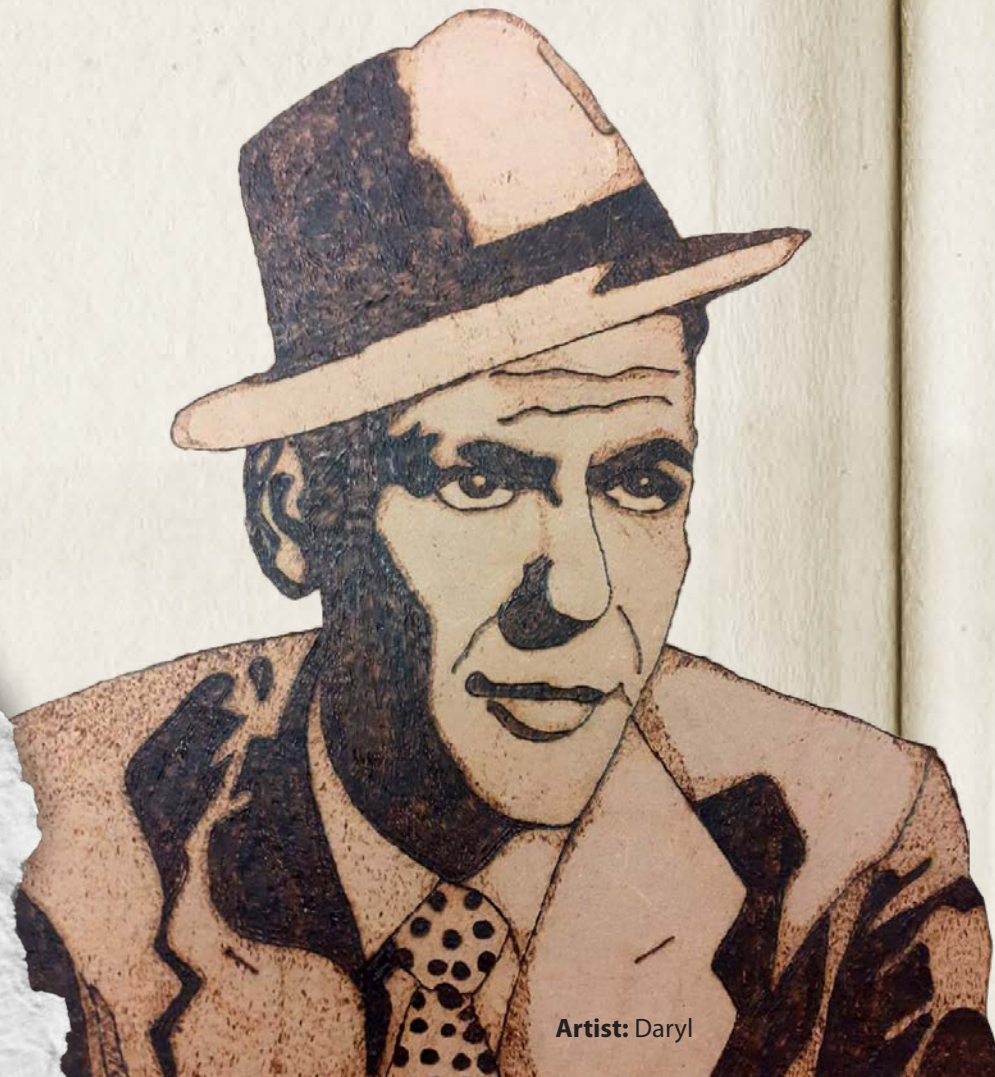
*Written by **Mervyn** during an online creative writing meaningful activity held with clients in our Detox service.*



Am I here?
Do you see me?
Please let me know.
I don't see myself.
I am not sure I ever have.
Don't touch me.
I am dirty, soiled.
Reach inside me.
Enter the place that's
lost, broken. Fill the void.

There is no place I can be.
Eaten to redeem me.
When I choose to accept
the gift of redemption
I will know I have arrived.
I will see myself in the eye
of one who is loved. My eyes.
They have always been enough.
I deserve to have the wonder
that is love.

SMCG



Artist: Daryl

ALWAYS READ THE LABEL

May contain traces of nuts. Please
be careful sharp instrument can cut.
Please don't walk on the grass.
Do not tumble dry/iron or machine wash.

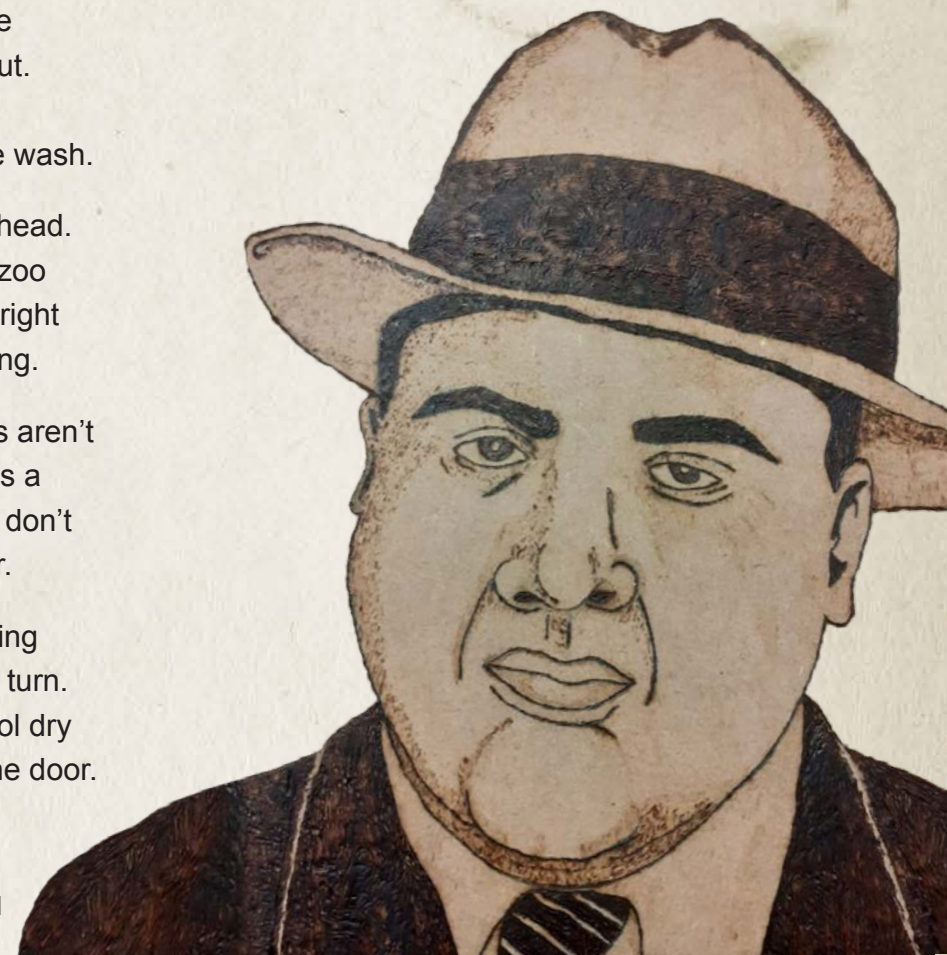
Wash separately and watch your head.
Please remember animals in this zoo
are not to be fed. We reserve the right
to admission. No dog and no fishing.

This is a one-way street and seats aren't
meant for feet. But, Q here there is a
3.8% beer. In wet weather please don't
stand close to the edge of the pier.


Warning please look out for crossing
cows/sheep/horses/deer. No right turn.
Do not piece or burn store in a cool dry
place. Best before please close the door.

CONOR

Artist: Daryl



Recovery



So here it is for all to see,
This is my time my road to recovery.
It's taken many attempts to get where I am,
But if I stick with it, I have a great plan.
To where I am now getting rid of my crutch,
Its because of this place I'm learning so much.
From hurting family and all my siblings,
Because of this I'm walking the landings with Mr Gibbons.
Sometimes we laugh, sometimes we cry,
Ha-ha you're on-dish washer, what are you laughing at you're on the fry.

Well dark days are over and only bright ones to come,
I'm sick of them days, I just want some honest fun.
As weeks go by, I'm finding my true voice,
I keep telling myself I didn't have to stay; I did a have a choice.
Well, being clean is one thing but being mentally sound is better,
I'm eating good and just feeling much fitter.
Well, the hard work is just beginning I have to keep the foot down,
Nine weeks is nothing so no acting the silly clown.
This has been great it's been all about discovery,
I will practice for a lifetime, my road to recovery.

Jonathan

Sun is shining bright.
Up in to the hill I can see.
Money doesn't matter much to me.
Everyday I have to stay.
Recovery is where I am.

*A collaborative poem written by
clients in **Amberley House** during
a poetry workshop.*

My Fears

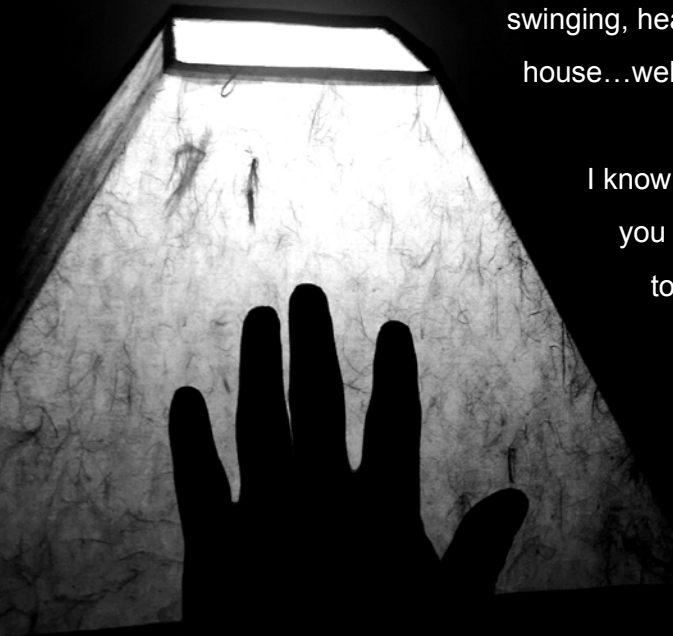


Photo: Craig

I fear I might fail this test, then be back in here,
back down from the top. I'll be doomed and doomed
as I'll get lost. As it's stuck in my head that I can't
achieve a goal on my own. I feel the pressure hitting
my chest and the fear, it never ends. My moods are
swinging, heart is racing. And I'm not even near the
house...well not yet.

I know in my heart it's what I need, and to thank
you all for picking me. I'll try my damn hardest not
to let any of you down. Stupid stuff like this has me
crying and down on my knees. I'm so afraid of losing
the plot, messing the house up before I get a step.
I'm sorry! But may I admit I'm afraid, mostly being alone.
But only God knows this is my start.

Chaz is currently waiting to move into her forever home. She has had some nervousness about the move, so to express her fears she penned this poem.

Recovery

Tears in my **eyes**,
pain to the **heart**,
torture when **family** fall **apart**.

I miss **those**,
for those I **love** the **most**,
family is the **key**.

The one way to **work** is

Recovery

Jimmy P.



Artist: Darryl

I feel so therefore I am.
But if I'm numb then how can I be.
And if I'm not, then do I even exist.
Drifting through life in the midst of a mist.

And the mist is so thick
and it's making me sick.
I'm losing visibility. I need a
candle and wick, reach into my pocket.

Take out my lighter and click
and in a split second it's bright.
I can finally see through all the darkness
and what was encroaching around me.

It was all my emotions, buried so deep
and I hadn't got clarity.
They were so out of reach. My life was a mess,
I was begging for charity.

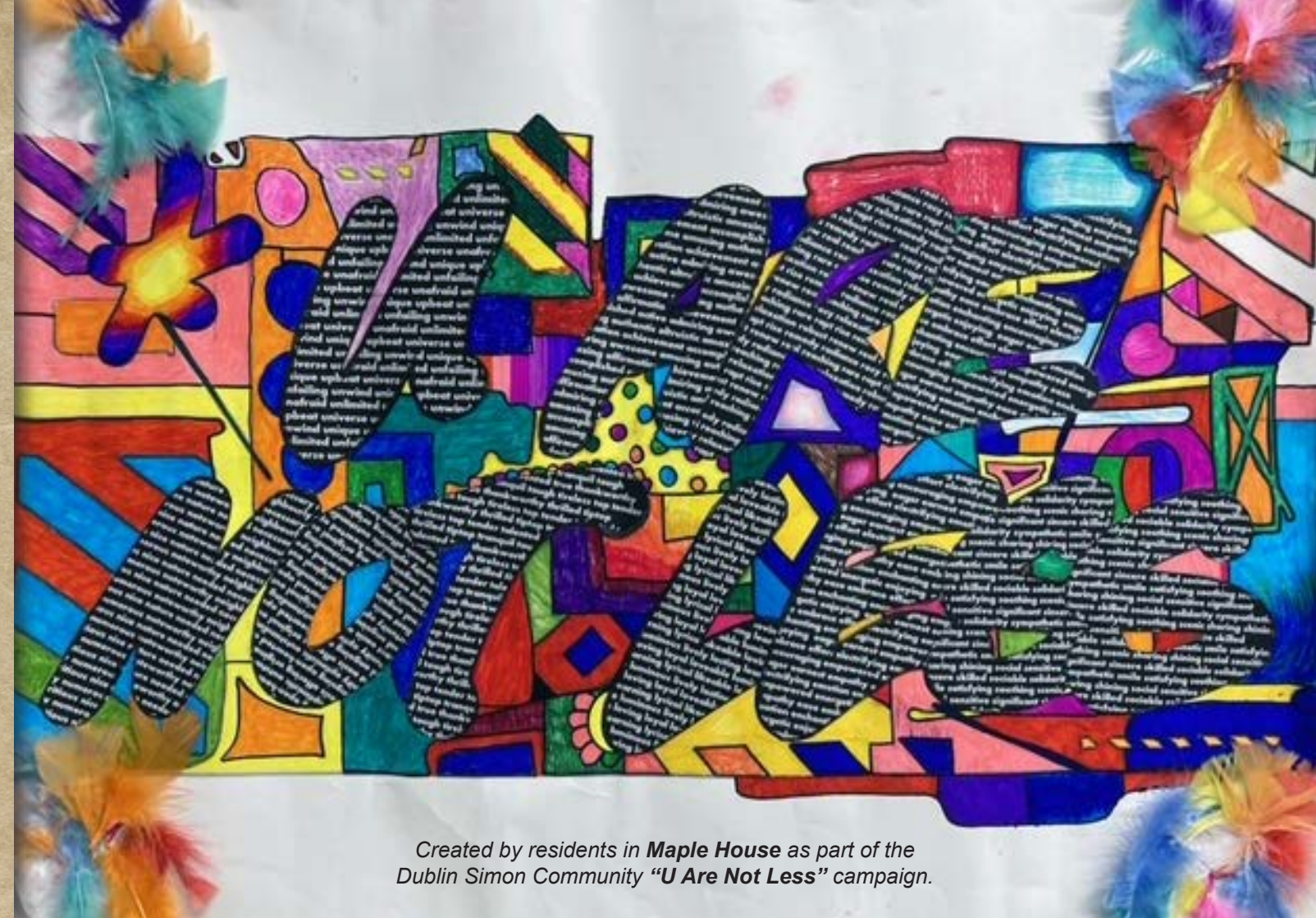
I hated myself. I couldn't see people helping me
just cos they pitied me.
But I rejected it angrily
and at the time understandably.

I didn't want to say it, but I was the enemy
because I hated my reflection.
I knew that he'd be the death of me
until I learned to be accepting.

Of that guy cos he's a part of me.
He is the exception.
He's a liar and he hates me
and he's full of deception.

But today I just ignore him.
I'll be here quite a while.
He may see me in the mirror
but he doesn't understand
that I'm happy and I've got him
in the palm of my hands.

KMcD



*Created by residents in **Maple House** as part of the
Dublin Simon Community "U Are Not Less" campaign.*



Artist: Glen F.



Photo: Craig

A CoSy winter night in Dublin

I love to see peoples' homes when you are walking home or maybe getting the bus. Sometimes you can see inside some of the homes when you're alone sitting on the bus or the dart. Their lamps are lit of all colours from yellow to red when it's nearly time to go to bed. Very cosy and rosy.

The rain is belting down, everywhere is wet and we always forget to bring our umbrella and raincoats. Because it's early autumn the trees turn brown and everybody is wearing a frown. Gloomy and wet, we're not home yet. Everybody is in a hurry to get home, maybe a stew or don't bother to cook, just order a curry. Oh, I love the winter nights, so cosy under the cover with our lovers.

Sandra



Photo: Craig



LOST IN A CITY

I am a lonely soul in a country I do not know,
Work is slow yet I am trying to make enough to feed my soul,
I go to mass every Sunday morn,
I am in a foreign land oh so alone.

I am afraid to ring home for a loan,
I want to show my family I am strong,
In London town where the loneliness is like grief,
Oh Ireland I do mourn.

In a flat four walls to talk to,
Beautiful Ireland I miss you,
My dwelling and places I call home,
I think my decision was wrong.

I want to belong,
I don't know why I took this path,
I thought I would be glad,
But I think it's time to leave and be free again.

Back on the sand finer sand,
It may be ballad where the sand is bland,
But the Wicklow joy hearing the pipe band,
To home I go and I'll be grand.

CRAIG





Artist: Anthony

Artist: Ed



My alarm has just sounded
and it's woken me up.
So I just hit the snooze button
because I refuse to get up.

I know what's ahead of me,
the day that I'm facing.
I try close my eyes
but my thoughts are now racing.

The worry, the fear, in my mind rumination
and now all I want is instant sedation.
I'm already stressed, now it happens so quick.
I've got cramps in my stomach and I'm feeling quite sick.

And that's the anxiety
which of course doesn't help.
Because I make up excuses
I'm protecting myself.

And it's only just dawned on me
I've to wash and get dressed.
But instead I'll just whinge,
oh my life is a mess.

This is only my morning
I guess I'm depressed.
You should never, if possible,
neglect mental health.

KMcD

Roses

Like a rose without the right nutrients and proper feeding, like a child without the right nutrients and proper caring, just like a rose the child might never reach it's full potential to develop into something. So nice that we'll continue to keep growing. Can come back healthier and stronger. But for that to happen, like a child, a rose needs a lot of tender loving care.

Niall

Artist: Niall



Like a Rose's with out
the Right Nutrients and
Proper Feeding it with a
Rose's like a child with
out the Right Nutrients
and proper Caring just
like a Rose the child
Mite Never Reach its full
potential to develop
into something so nice
that will continue to
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back Healthier and Stronger
But for that to happen
like a child a Rose needs
a lot of Tender loving Care.

Artist: Anthony





Artists: Detox Clients



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**Serving Dublin, Kildare,
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