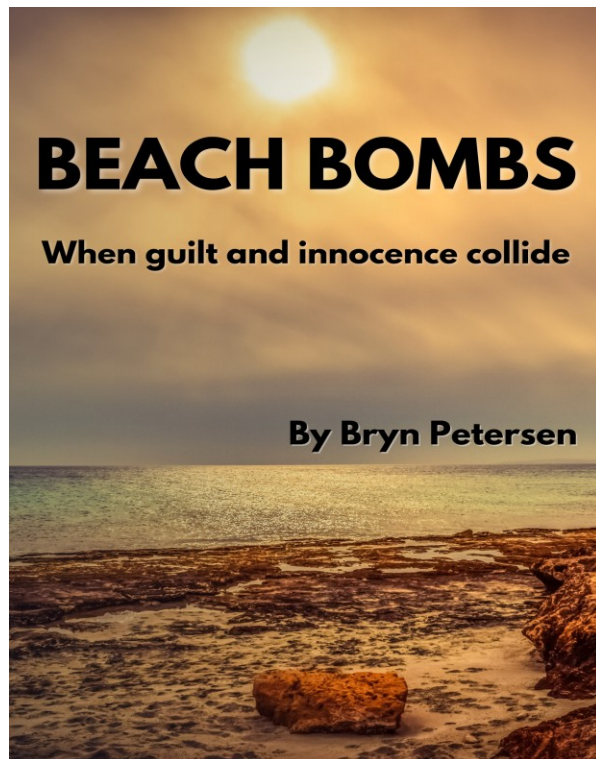


2023

BRYN AND FRIENDS



Bryn Petersen

27th March 2023

BRYN AND FRIENDS

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FOREWORD

Bryn and Friends is a free to download magazine. The magazine is a forum to introduce readers to some very dear friends and fellow writers.

Dear friend and fellow author Lorraine Buxton is a 'Bryn and Friends' regular. In this edition, Lorraine's contribution is a longer length poem, 'The Rainbow House'. Lorraine has added some words by way of introduction and to explain her thinking when composing her long poem. For me, the poem is a beautiful commentary on the value of listeners and provides a fascinating insight into the thoughts and feelings of the listener, something we very rarely hear about, because (of course) a good listener does just that and is happier hearing words, rather than using them.

Another regular contributor is dear friend Hunter Boydell. For anyone who has read previous 'Bryn and Friends' magazine issues, Hunter started Breaking Jar in an effort to take short feature film-making to those on a limited budget. Hunter has already had great success with his first short feature, Paxford. For this edition, 'Bryn and Friends' is looking to help publicise the latest Breaking Jar project, 'Sparks May Fly'. Please see Hunter's article for details on how you can help.

As you may know, my first novel, 'Another Arbor' was self-published in January and has since garnered two five star reviews! On the back of excellent feedback for several sample poems, I self-published my second book, a poetry collection entitled 'Shattered' last week. One of the sampled poems featured in a recent issue of 'Bryn and Friends' – you may recall 'The Price We Pay'. I talk more about 'Shattered' in the 'Final Word' section of this edition, where you will also find an image of the book cover.

Many thanks for reading and for your support; take care,

BP

Foreword to 'The Rainbow House' by author Lorraine Buxton:

Hi. My name is Lorraine Buxton and I am an author.

This poem 'The Rainbow House' comes from my book Tapestry of Life. Some of my poetry has appeared in the magazine before, but I felt that this poem needed some sort of explanation for you to understand why I wrote it. I also hope it brings a bit of colour to your day.

'The Rainbow House' started as an idea for a children's story, then as it developed it became much more. I wanted it to have humour and be bright, but then I started to think about the character and her role in the story. The house became a place where people went to share their stories, feelings, troubles, and over a cuppa with cake and biscuits they would unburden themselves.

What makes a good listener? Not everyone can 'listen' and I believe you have to be a certain type of person that people can open up to. Some people are wonderful listeners, people go to them, sometimes without realising, that they need someone to talk to.

But what happens to the person who has been listening to their worries? When the kettle and cups are tidied away, the cakes have been eaten, and as the night draws in how are they left feeling? I know myself how draining it can be, and how you can be affected by what has been shared. But I also know how nice it feels to think you have helped someone, and how they also feel to be able to open up. You learn you can't hold on to those emotions, you have to learn to let them go, or you would end up feeling overwhelmed by the things you have heard. What better way to deal with that sadness. Make a Rainbow. After the tears have been shed there is often something to smile about.

THE RAINBOW HOUSE

One morning very early, I heard knocking at the door.

The knock was a very loud one, from the long arm of the law.

‘Hello.’ I said politely, at the policeman standing there.

‘Is there something wrong?’ I asked, if there was, I wasn’t aware.

‘Well people are wondering, and asking if it is true.’

‘Is what true?’ I asked the policeman, as I didn’t have a clue.

‘I’m not sure what you refer to, is there something I should know?’

People ask all kinds of things, they’re quite nosy some I know.

They ask me if I’m keeping well, and why my garden grows
so much wonderful fruit, and veg, and roses I could show!

They ask how everything grows so well. How I keep away the weeds.

I simply give them lots of love, that’s all they seem to need.

Oh and water of course, lots of water helps to make my garden to grow.

But they always have lots of questions, and the things they want to know,
like why I like to bake so much, and why my cakes are yummy.’

‘Because.’ I say, ‘you call on me, and always fill your tummy!’

All my cakes and buns are gone, by the end of every day.

With all the questions that they ask, and they always want to stay,
for a cuppa and a bite to eat and tell me all their woes.

But I don’t mind, it’s company, and that’s how my day goes.

I listen to their worries, their problems and their fears,

I’ve known these people all my life, for years and years and years.

I take on board their cares and woes, and then at the end of the day,

I lock them in a little box, and hide their cares away.

When they are safely tucked away, I take myself to bed,

With all the things I’ve heard that day still fizzing in my head.

So, when I wake the next morning, after dreaming through the night

I put my dreams in a little box and place them out of sight.

And then I sit and start my day with a cuppa and some toast.
I simply must say, of all my day, that's the time I love the most.
That little bit of me time, before my day begins.
Before I start my baking and fill those empty tins.
Then when people start to call on me and visit for the day.
There is nothing that needs doing, so nothing gets in the way.

'Excuse me.' Said the policeman. Oops I'd forgotten he was there!
'I didn't come about your garden. And the neighbours I don't care!
But are you? Are you aware of? Is it something that you know?
Your house is always covered by a beautiful rainbow>'
'Why no.' I said astounded, although I was aware,
'There really is a rainbow. Well, I never, well how dare
they put a rainbow, right above me in the sky!
I wonder who put it there, and more so tell me why?'
'I hope they don't expect me to pay for the pleasure that it brings.
It's there of its own volition. A rainbow of all things!'
'I don't suppose you'd take it down, but then where would it go?'
The policeman began to scratch his head and said he didn't know.
'Well, I suggest we leave it there, and although it's quite odd,
I think that we should just let it shine, let it do its job.

The long arm of the lawman, still scratching as he went,
had no idea the rainbow was there at my intent.
I buried all those worries at one side of my home,
and my dreams around the other so they could be left alone.
The rain will wash the cares away. The dreams will fly up high.
That's why there is a rainbow when the clouds are flying by.
It is filled with the emotions that my neighbours gave to me.
It is filled with dreams I dream of how I wish their lives could be.

The angels take the worries and their fears and cares away,
They mix them with my hopes and dreams, so that the following day
The beautiful arrangement that the mixture has become,
is turned into a rainbow, and above my house its shone.

I asked if they would leave it there, then everyone would know,
That if you share your worries and give away your woes,
To someone who will listen. To someone who will care.
To someone who will help you through, just by being there.
For troubles that can weigh you down, and make you feel so low,
may be followed with your hopes and dreams, like a beautiful rainbow.
After every rainstorm and clouds up high above,
there will always be a rainbow in the sky that's filled with love.

LORRAINE BUXTON

HUNTER BOYDELL OF BREAKING JAR

shares with us the following update:

I hope you're having a fantastic week!

I thought I'd share a bit of behind-the-scenes with you today, on why I decided to launch a crowd-funding campaign for our next short film production, *Sparks May Fly*.

Over the years, I've made films by myself, and I've made films with a whole team.

I've made films with some funding or support, and I've also made (lots) of films with no budget at all!

Recently, I made a short film called *Paxford* as a completely solo project, working alone and just using what I could find around the house. It was a powerful experience for me, and I'm really pleased with the finished film and the positive impact it has been making (read all about it [here](#))!

Now, as I'm ready to take that impact to the next level, I know there's only one way to do it - through *collaboration*.

Back in 2019, I worked with a full cast and crew on *Sweet Cicely*, and we ran a small crowd funding campaign for that film. It proved to be a wonderful way of inviting a much wider group of people to contribute to the project, and letting them share the adventure with us!

It also meant we could access specific locations, costumes, props, materials, and resources which played a crucial part in our story, and which allowed us to craft a much higher quality film overall.

So now, for *Sparks May Fly*, as I work alongside another young team of fellow creators, I've realised that this project is definitely not one for us to do all by ourselves!

So we recently launched a crowd funding campaign, at gofundme.com/sparks-may-fly, and we're so grateful to see supporters starting to join us! 🙏

If you would like to give any amount whatsoever towards this production, we would be thrilled to have you on board! Mindful of the economic uncertainty that everyone is facing right now, we've decided to keep our budget tight and the funding goal much lower than what a similar production would usually seek to raise, at just £1,000 - so every contribution really does make a big difference.

We will be using everything available to us to create the absolute best short film that we can, and we're so excited for you to see the finished product!

And if this project inspires you, even if you aren't in a position to give, we would just love your help in spreading the word and letting people know! It means a lot that you are interested in our work, and as we seek to provide high quality stories and valuable opportunities through film, we're so grateful to have you in our community! 🙌

See you on the crowd funding page for more info, a quick video, and to get involved - gofundme.com/sparks-may-fly

All the best, *Hunter*

WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND

No-one's exempt; death comes in the end
No tax, no insurance, no yearly stipend
Can shoo Death's deadly call to eternal sleep
At Heaven's Gate we broker our soul to keep

Our last journey's one we all make alone
To account our life and our sins atone
With no backward glance, we travel on
What's left behind us our life to mourn?

Whether there's a sea of crumpled faces
Or empty pews to see off the traces
Of earthly life however long or short
Brings a gift, a reason, a lesson taught

Who knows what value or how to weigh
What each brings to the world of their day
Who's to choose what's to keep or to discard
Who's says which one's most precious to guard

Is the purest gold or diamond the best prize
Or the dimpled smile of innocent surprise
On the face of a precious child – yours or mine
On sandy beach or playing as the sun shines

Is solitude worth less than companionship
Can a life be weighed in tears or grief
What will it say at Heaven's accounting
Live well and save worrying for the doubters

B RYN PETERSEN

THE FINAL WORD



'Shattered' is my first foray into the realms of poetry.

I've loved poetry since I was a child. One of my favourite books as a small child was 'A Child's Garden of Verses' by the wonderfully talented Robert Louis Stevenson. Later, one of my Literature teachers introduced me to John Donne and Wilfred Owen, and playwright Arthur Miller, just a few of my literary heroes.

'Shattered' contains the poems I have written broadly in the order I wrote them. I can see how much I've improved as I work my way through the anthology, but perhaps readers may disagree?

The proof as they say is in the eating (or, as in this case, reading), and now ‘Shattered’ is available on Amazon and Kindle, it remains to be seen over the next weeks and months.

Over the next couple of months, I shall do my very best to concentrate on my next project, the sequel to my debut book, Beach Bombs. Have we yet mentioned how easily distracted writers can be, overtaken by other ideas, inspiration and life generally? I hope to be able to self-publish ‘Beach Bombs’ in the early part of August so watch this space!

Until the next issue of ‘Bryn and Friends’, please take care of yourselves and each other and be kind!

BP

THE END