

Welcome to Harmony Hub Radio a place to  
listen, share, reminisce and get inspired.  
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### **Episode 16 - Family**

We'd love to hear your thoughts about the show and have you be part of the Harmony Hub Magic. We are really keen to hear about a memorable, favourite song and what it means to you or to hear a recording of you reading a favourite poem. If you have anything you'd like to share or need help to share something, please get in touch with me, Kaye, on 07591157841 or by email at [kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk](mailto:kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk)

This week on Harmony Hub Radio, we'll be reading homes and hearing songs and stories of paying attention to the little things and appreciating that which we usually take for granted. These are the poems I'll be reading on the show and I'd love it if you'd read along with me.

Here's a quote by Argentinean poet, Jorge Louis Borges on the art and power of reading poetry out loud:

*"Truly fine poetry must be read aloud. A good poem does not allow itself to be read in a low voice or silently. If we can read it silently, it is not a valid poem: a poem demands pronunciation. Poetry always remembers that it was an oral art before it was a written art. It remembers that it was first song."*

## **Life's Scars—Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

They say the world is round, and yet  
I often think it square,  
So many little hurts we get  
From corners here and there.

But one great truth in life I've found,  
While journeying to the West-  
The only folks who really wound  
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise  
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true;  
Annoyance in your heart will rise  
At things mere strangers do;

But those are only passing ills;  
This rule all lives will prove;  
The rankling wound which aches and thrills  
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,  
Are oft to strangers shown;  
The careless mien, the frowning face,  
Are given to our own.

We flatter those we scarcely know,  
We please the fleeting guest,  
And deal full many a thoughtless blow  
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,  
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.  
Alas for those who only see  
This cut across a tomb!

But, soon or late, the fact grows plain  
To all through sorrow's test:  
The only folks who give us pain  
Are those we love the best.

## Ode on the Whole Duty of Parents by Frances Cornford

The spirits of children are remote and wise,  
They must go free  
Like fishes in the sea  
Or starlings in the skies,  
Whilst you remain  
The shore where casually they come again.  
But when there falls the stalking shade of fear,  
You must be suddenly near,  
You, the unstable, must become a tree  
In whose unending heights of flowering green  
Hangs every fruit that grows, with silver bells;  
Where heart-distracting magic birds are seen  
And all the things a fairy-story tells;  
Though still you should possess  
Roots that go deep in ordinary earth,  
And strong consoling bark  
To love and to caress.  
Last, when at dark  
Safe on the pillow lies an up-gazing head  
And drinking holy eyes  
Are fixed on you,  
When, from behind them, questions come to birth  
Insistently,  
On all the things that you have ever said  
Of suns and snakes and parallelograms and flies,  
And whether these are true,  
Then for a while you'll need to be no more  
That sheltering shore  
Or legendary tree in safety spread,  
No, then you must put on  
The robes of Solomon,  
Or simply be  
Sir Isaac Newton sitting on the bed

## **Human Family By Maya Angelou**

I note the obvious differences  
in the human family.

Some of us are serious,  
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived  
as true profundity,  
and others claim they really live  
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones  
can confuse, bemuse, delight,  
brown and pink and beige and purple,  
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas  
and stopped in every land,  
I've seen the wonders of the world  
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women  
called Jane and Mary Jane,  
but I've not seen any two  
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different  
although their features jibe,  
and lovers think quite different thoughts  
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,  
we weep on England's moors,  
and laugh and moan in Guinea,  
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,  
are born and die in Maine.  
In minor ways we differ,  
in major we're the same.

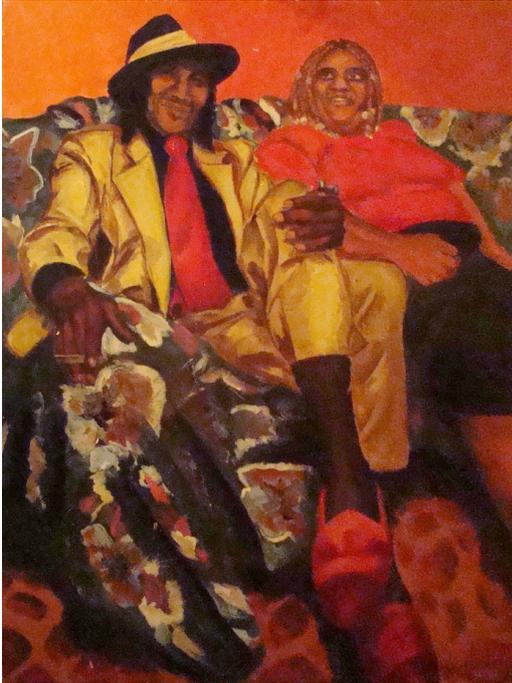
I note the obvious differences  
between each sort and type,  
but we are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

## Art Activity

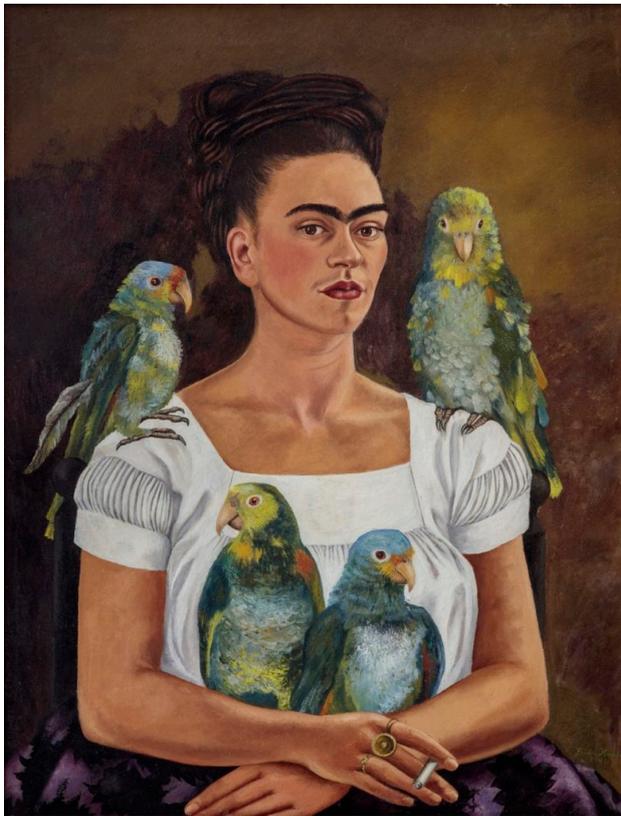
This week our theme is family. Here are some ideas for how you could create an image on this theme. As ever, please feel free to interpret the theme in anyway that feels right for you, these are just some ideas or starting points.



I love this painting because of it's familiarity - it feels so normal. What do we spend so much of our time with our family doing? Sitting on the sofa... It's so human. What do you do with your family that's really normal and everyday? Could you paint or draw that scene and elevate the everyday?

I choose this painting because it's quite funny and quirky. It's a strange scene and it raises questions for me like; what are doing; are they enjoying themselves? And I think it's got a sweetness. It's also not a typical painting, in the it's not traditionally 'well' painting and so I think it gives the encouragement just to paint how you do or however you can and see what you get.





Sometimes our actual human family is too much, too tricky or they have all moved out or moved on. And then we build our own family with pets or with friends. Sometimes our pets or friends are there for us even more than our family. Celebrate whichever person or creatures you feel are your family in a painting or drawing. You could even get out your camera.

Here's a painting by Francene Christianson of a family memory of a simple moment something you might not pay attention to at the time but as the years pass that memory might have become more poignant. Could you find an old photo or maybe you have a memory you could recreate and paint or draw a happy moment from a family gathering from your past, childhood or your children's childhood.

