

## CCAP Partners Award Nomination

The Chester County Youth Center (CCYC) proudly nominates AHHAH (Arts Holding Hands and Hearts, Inc.) for the County Commissioners Association of Pennsylvania Partners Award (CCAP). AHHAH 's mission is to building connections, foster vibrant thriving communities rooted in the expressive and healing arts and they do this with a foundation of kindness and acceptance of all. AHHAH provides programs to our Detention youth, Shelter youth, and our Evening Reporting Center (ERC).

AHHAH offers a weekly yoga practice to all of our residents and students in ERC; every Tuesday in the Shelter and ERC program, and every Wednesday for our detention youth. AHHAH 's classes use yoga, breathing techniques, and guided meditations to help youth reduce stress, anxiety, and depression. The class also provides our youth a greater focus, promotes creativity, self awareness, and a new coping mechanism which many of our residents never thought they possessed. Our youth are eager to attend, and staff also enjoys practicing in the class which has provided great role-modeling for those youth apprehensive about trying yoga for the first time. The yoga programs provide tangible ways that our youth can handle stress and even practice their new set of skills in real life situations. We have had many youth say that they have used the breathing techniques after bad phone calls and during court hearings. The best quote I received was from one of our most challenging residents in CCYC history, he said, "Ms. Carrie, we need to have this every day, it really works!"

In addition to the weekly yoga classes, AHHAH offers Expressive Arts Workshops. The workshops are once a month for 2 hours. Our residents and staff join together to collaborate and explore their own unique voices through workshops. The themes covered in the writing workshops this past year have been 6 word memoirs, Music and Lyrics, Monologues, Letters to my Younger Self, Coat of Arms, I Wish/I Want/I Dream, You Don't Know Me, Daily Reminder to Myself, and I am/What Am I doing. Our ERC and Shelter youth are also afforded the chance to attend these workshops in the community at the Coatesville Public Library where they come together with other youth from their home communities and dinner is provided at no charge. About 30% to 40% of our youth come from the city of Coatesville and having the workshop in their home community, in walking distance, helps provide continuity when transitioning home. Professional actors are brought into the Coatesville site that have performed winning monologues from the Philadelphia Young Playwrights Monologue festival, a Hip Hop Slam Poetry workshop with Dr. Bernard Hall from West Chester University, a Hip Hop Yoga Dance workshop with a professional dancer, and on February 19<sup>th</sup> will be "The Art of Poetry" with professional artist and poet Donnell Powell.

AHHAH is a member of Art-Reach in Philadelphia which supplies discount tickets to underserved populations. This year we were able to take our shelter girls to see "The Devil's Music" at People's Light and Theater, "Circle Mirror Transformation" at Theater Horizon, "Water by Spoonful" at the Arden Theater and both ERC and the girls attended a trip to the Franklin Institute. On Christmas Eve 2014, the shelter girls went to the Brandywine River Museum to see the holiday exhibition and then we treated to lunch at the museum.

Lastly, AHHAH created a special 8 week workshop series titled "Grains, Brains, and Tissues" for our shelter girls. The program combines discussion about diet and tasting of healthy food with journaling on our relation with food, our bodies, and our thoughts about ourselves. "Grains, Brains, and Tissues" then combines gentle yoga movement and breathing to get centered which creates a sacred circle to share their authentic voices. Each week AHHAH brings a recipe and the food to make one healthy snack, salad, or main course. This 8 week workshop was repeated 3 times in 2014. The feedback was overwhelmingly positive from the girls about the increase in their self esteem.

The Chester County Youth Center culture has been transformed by AHHAH. From June 2013 until June 2014, the AHHAH program served 362 ERC participants, 251 girls in our shelter program, and 101 youth in detention with yoga programs. In addition, there were 88 ERC, 141 shelter, and 43 detention youth that participated in the Expressive Arts Programs. The youth and staff have an overall better outlook on their health and wellbeing

and how important it is to just “breathe.” AHHAH will be conducting staff workshops in 2015 on February 25<sup>th</sup>. AHHAH is such a strong presence in our facility which has truly built an enormous amount of trust among our youth. AHHAH has proven their mission to build communities with a foundation of kindness and acceptance of all. CCYC is a better community because of the work of AHHAH!

Submitted by Carrie Handy Avery, B.A., M.S.

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Attachments included: Detention, ERC, and Shelter writings from the Expressive Arts Workshops, AHHAH information sheet

I Come From Poem

By Jay J.

Detention Center Chester County Youth Center

1/21/15 Workshop facilitated by Jayne Thompson and AHHAH

I'm from a small town that half burnt.  
I'm from a house with bathrooms full of smoke.  
I'm from PineSol and Windex.  
I'm from knives and guns,  
And sisters that all wanted to be an only child.  
I'm from track runners and football throwers.  
I'm from drug dealers and money stealers.  
I'm from anger and violence but also love and forgiveness.  
I'm from spaghetti dinners and wild parties,  
I'm from sex and fighting.  
I'm from steps and toilet seats (I've been thrown into both),  
I'm from hot summer shootings and cold trapping winters,  
I'm from smoke sessions and bottle drinking  
and wild sex without thinking.  
I'm from all these things but they don't control me.  
I'm from a world where you can be whatever you want to be.

*My name is Jay J. I was born May 12, 1997 in Coatesville, PA. Class today helped me share some things about my life that I never really expressed to anyone.*

## Feedback: "The Objects Stories Hold" 10/21, 22

### Detention Center:

*You three are bright young women who do what you love and I respect that but I have to say you are wrong about one thing, we don't have a choice we are sent to where they want us and have to do what they say there are crooked people in this business nothing anyone can do.*

*It was pretty nice. It was weird at first doin some things with a bunch of dudes. Thanks. A-*

*It allows you to open your mind. It was good. Should have food maybe. Overall, B+.*

*I like the work out things it was good to have ya'll here with me and the residents, so I want to say thank you for coming here today.*

*I like it because I was able to express how I felt on different subjects but overall it was a good group and I didn't get bored I kept myself occupied. A-*

*It was exercising and fun but one so far still wanna go home.*

*It helps you learn how to write and how to speak up and be yourself.*

### ERC:

- *Liked that everyone had humor*
- *It was fun*
- *Everyone friendly*

*It was fun writing stories about objects.*

*Really like it, I enjoyed it, couldn't of been funnier.*

*I enjoyed the picking of the 3 objects and writing a story about them.*

*Honestly, this is my favorite writing workshop that we do. It really opens people up and allows them to be creative.*

## Student/ Staff Writings

- *Detention Center:*

Orange, baseball, flashlight

The color of the moon was orange and I felt sick. I threw baseballs at the house breaking the windows. I saw flashlights in the distance so I ran. I came to a fence and jumped over but they were waiting for me now I'm dead.

The undertaker handling his body announced the eulogy:

"This man was destined to this fate, staring at it his whole life, but don't we all?"

My Life, My Money, My Freedom

Choices that are made should not reflect or be dictated by a higher power. People should be free to make their own choices without worrying if it's right or wrong, if everyone was on their own to figure life out this world wouldn't be so messed up.

Soapbox

Everything about this life and the way we are taught to live it is wrong and this world will end soon. Culture religion laws death is all fake you see and hear what they want you to and that is all nothing more.

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Pumpkin, Spoon, Shades

One day, decided to put on shade and make pumpkin pie. Anyway as I'm makin it and mixing the batter I change it from a plastic spoon to a big spoon 3 hours later it's done.

Football, Winning, Never Losing

Just fun and never losing gives you a good feeling makes your adrenaline just move and it makes me happy and excited also most the time makes other people excited to see me happy.

Dear Andrea,

If I'm not there this is what I want u to know I'm not bad just stupid I'd do anything to be there as u r born and hold u wit your mother can't yet but when I do u will understand I'm not bad just don't know what I'm doin yet but by the time I get home hope u can walk cus you're goin everywhere wit me.

Soapbox

I just wanna get out a here be free can't do nothing weirdos be in here. They be talkin bout rape like I got a baby mom to get back to instead I'm in here can't even see my daughter before I'm out on the street causin wreck takin niggas to (?)...That's it I just wanna go home ain't nothing here for me.

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Baseball, Shades, Hair Clip

Baseball makes me think of being in here and not being able to play any sports. The shades make me think of being home and getting money cause I just got new Ray Bans before I came here. The hair clip makes me think of females that I would talk to. But mostly my mom because she has a lot of them just the smaller version.

When I played baseball I wore sunglasses. And when my mom came to my games she would wear a hair thing.

#### Money, Violence, Family

I'm passionate about money because that's my biggest motive. I can't ever get enough of it. Violence because whether you like it or not it affects everybody in some way. Family because they are there no matter what.

#### Soapbox

I wanna go home right now and I think that the reason I'm in here is dumb and by me being in here it's not helping anyone. It's only making things worse, so what's the point?

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#### Baseball, Sunglasses, Soap

I choose baseball because I used to play. I also picked the sunglasses because it reminds me of going to the beach and the soap reminds me of being home because it smells like my bathroom.

I played a nice hard game with my new Oakley shades on and then went home to take a hot shower.

#### Family, Money, Guns

I hate guns because it brings unnecessary violence to the world and puts people's lives in danger. I also don't like them because I was shot. Someone felt powerful with the gun. It victimized not only me, but a lot of people around me like my family and friends.

#### Soapbox

The courts should be more open to your ideas because it's your life and you know yourself better than anyone else so they should listen and do more of what you think than your probation officer.

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#### Family, Money, Girls

Bull had all the money. He got it with his homie. His homie is like his brother so they're family. His homie left him for a broke shot. So what happened was Bull left his man dead for a girl...

The End

#### Soapbox

I think people who are fake should all be punished. I'm not sure why God created liars and fakes, but I feel that maybe they should be in their own colony. It's crazy tho cause your right hand man could be a liar or fake, or your girl could be a fraud there's too many frauds. I hate snakes too. They should all die. That's why I keep my dream strong. And I always cut the grass.

#FREE ROB!\*

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### Family, Phone Home

Home because I'm not away from home and people that leave with me at home and I'm in another place. Be home with the things that I love.

### Soapbox

I don't like the court system because it treats people different then others like it someone did the same thing as someone else the court system treat them different from other we all should have equal rights about different situations. What else I don't like about it they think they know what's best for us but really they don't because everybody not the same person it different because some know what's really best for them selfs than the court system.

### Dove, Off Spray, Baseball

I at home taking a good shower the type of soap I was using was Dove. After I got out of the shower, I used OFF spray because I was outside with my friends after that I watched a baseball game at home. He, plate do you want to come and chill with and walk around the town then plate said sure I will meet you at the store.

ERC:

### Flip Phone, Clementine, Flashlight

I got a call on my flip phone. It was an advertisement for Dove soap. Then I hung up. I went to the baseball game and I brought the bug spray with me. After the game I went home ate clementines and play with my knight toy. The toy then got boring. I started to play maccala with my bag of marbles. The game ended. I went to the kitchen and ate the icing off the spoon. The lights went out, so I grabbed my flashlight. The batteries ran out, so I took batteries out of the camera. Wow, what a night.

*(Illustrations were included!)*

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### Baseball

I was at the park playing baseball. After I was done I checked my phone. I had 7 missed orange calls and two messages. The messages said be careful coming on the way home. I responded, "Why?" Then all of a sudden I started getting pegged by oranges. I took a moment and thought to myself and I put it together that's why I got the text.

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### Baseball, OFF Spray, Soap

I was at the store and I had a baseball. It was a decent size baseball. So I felt like I should throw it so I did. I hit two things with it. A dove soap and the OFF Spray and they both came tumbling to the ground. And then this couple came and picked the two items up. The girl got the OFF Spray and the guy got the soap. And it slipped out his

hand cause there was OFF spray all over it and as well did the girl drop the spray cause it had soap on it and reached for it again and bumped heads.

*This one also had an illustration!*

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### Marbles, Orange, Flashlight

I was playing marbles in the kitchen

One marble rolled under the fridge.

It settled next to a rotten orange that had fallen under there several weeks ago.

I tried to find the marble but it was too dark.

I grabbed a flashlight and found the marble.

(staff)

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### Baseball, Camera, Phone

Ohh the pictures that were taken, the places we have been. The crazy things we experienced together are all on this little rectangle box. I am sure you will send one of these pictures that you took so long ago and send it to my first real girlfriend. To try and embarrass me, but little do you know you could never embarrass me.

(Chris, staff)

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### Baseball, Flashlight, Phone

*(Little Chris's fantasy story)*

So it started in high school. I was in 12<sup>th</sup> grade. I play baseball for Kennett High School. I was an all star pitcher. I was the best pitcher and hit on the team. I always carried my flashlight around ever since I was 5 this flashlight was my lucky flashlight. So my phone rings LSU told me they would like me to pitcher for there college so I was so happy and this is my story. So I went off to LSU.

The End.

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### The Life of a Bug Spray

I help people but they never say thanks. I get passed around like a cheap cigar.

People are always pushing on my head. In the cold months, no one picks me up. After I'm all emptied out, I get tossed out and replaced. I help people but they never say thanks. (Torez)



## **6 WORD MEMOIRS FROM THE DETENTION CENTER**

Chester County Youth Center and Arts Holding Hands and Hearts, Inc.

AHHAH facilitators Jan Michener, Brianne Murphy and Caitlin Reilly

11 Boys and 3 staff participated April 30, 2014

### **Memoirs of What Is/What Was**

I never did the right things

Was told Dad had 6 months

The right things, the wrong time

Rock bottom means you've been high

I have a 6 memoir paper

So I only get 6 words?

You are not better than me

My past will not define me

I'm not scared to be me

I'm so real, can't you tell

I was raised better than this

Intelligence is a really great quality

Hilarious, that's how I roll, playah!

Took a trip, never came back.

Love me or leave me alone

I want a future with her.

This beard is manly and awesome

Silence is golden so shut up.

Heads up, even when I'm down

Started from the bottom, now I'm here.

## 6 Word Memoir in Ten Years

I want to go to college.

Love what I do every day.

I want to be a psychiatrist.

Married, greasy dad, working on cars.

All I want, to be free.

On my own, living a dream.

Full life, impossible to summarize in.....

Living the dream you always wanted.

Making a change every single day.

Making a difference in this world.

Look Mom - See? We did it!

Father to a 12 year old.

Can't tonight - watching Law and Order.

Life's not over, it just began.

I was broken down and rebuilt

Minor setback for a major comeback!

## What Am I Doing?

by Terrence H. 1-30-14

What am I doing?

I'm not on the court playing basketball,

Instead I'm in here at ERC missing my season!

What am I doing?

I feel like I'm at a breaking point,

like I could explode at any moment of any day,

but instead, I'm hanging on by a thread,

Staying positive, but how....

What am I doing?

I'm staying strong,

Keeping my head up, trying to make something

and be a positive somebody in life.

That's what I'm doing.

I'm a young African American male who doesn't wanna live up to the stereotypes

of being locked up,

or a failure ,

or another black boy who was good at basketball and could of made it,

but unfortunately DIDN'T.

That's what I'm doing.

So what I'm basically doing is trying to continue to mature

and be a more better positive person.

That's what I'm doing!

Daily Reminder to Myself

By Terrence H . 1-30-14 CCYC

Dear Self,

My daily reminders:

I remind myself every day that I will never fail to try again if I don't succeed in a task.

Although, I'm at a point in my life where times seem hard and rough.

I have to tell and remind myself on a daily basis

To Not Give Up.

My passion for the love of basketball is unspeakable.

The ups and downs, the positives and the negatives.

I gotta remember to stay strong,

and to remain positive on a daily basis.

I been through a lot,

Throughout my life, I been through more,

And seen things in life that as a young man ...

No, it may seem hard,

and at times I want to quit and give up and sit down.

I was told I couldn't make it.

I was no good,

I was put down,

but at the end of the day,

I never frown, I smile, get up, and try again

And

I will get up and try again and again

Until I Win.

When You Look At Me

By Courtney at the CCYC 1/20/15

*I am Courtney, strong, wild, smart, loving, kind, mean at times, supportive, a great friend, impatient, waiting, 17, bold, black, afraid, disappointed, full of tears, wishful, hopeful, full of mistakes, notable to think, loud, full of anger, full of sadness, only happy with my boyfriend, in love with James, I'm funny, outgoing, making a difference.*

When you look at me you see  
Someone who pretends to be happy  
Even when I am burned and ready to die.  
Someone who continues to cry inside  
And bury herself with more than she can handle.  
Someone who is calling out for help  
But doesn't know how to scream.  
Someone who has been hurt so many times,  
And finally found her love within herself.

I'll tell you a secret that no one knows  
Something I don't know.  
I've been lost before  
And still get lost at times.  
I lose myself every day.  
I forget how far I've come  
When times get rough.  
I forget all the tears I've shed  
And all the pain I stressed.  
I forget all my enemies I've made and all the friends I've lost.

If only you could see the real me  
And all the happiness I dream about  
And all the things I see in my head  
And the nightmares I have about my past  
And how it could be my Future  
And how scared I am to go on my own and turn 18  
And how badly I want to be a kid  
And how badly I wish my mom and dad was there  
And how badly I want to curl in a ball and pretend  
I'm not here and cry.  
How badly I try to turn my life around  
And how badly I try to escape the pain.

When you Look at Me...

Gabby 10/26/2014

When you look at me you see..

A smiling face

Pretty eyes

Acne

Chubby face

Weird teeth

Ok smile

Medium curley light brown hair

I'll tell you a secret..

I think I'm ugly

I think I'm annoying

I think I'm not beautiful in or out.

I think I'm not worth anyone's time

I believe I'm different

I believe I'm fat.

If only you could see

My inner beauty

What I've been through

My perspective on things

Who I really was,

My past,

The Real Me!

## **BEAUTY IS...**

By the girls in the shelter at CCYC 1/30/14

Corlayzha, Lexi, Caitlin, Jackie, Rachel

Beauty is...

**ME!**

People's opinion -" Beauty is in the eye of the beholder"

Beauty is....

Just being yourself.

Thoughtfulness.

Individuality.

Confidence and Kindness.

The mind, body and soul.

Beauty is...

Objective.

Helping others.

Personality.

Self-worth.

Your Soul.

Making me laugh

Beauty is being happy.

## Just an average girl

always wore a smile

she was cheerful & happy for a short while

now she's older, things are getting colder

Life's not what she thought,

she wishes someone had told her.

She told you she was down, you let it slip by

so from then on she kept it on the inside.

She told herself she was alright

but she was telling white lies.

Can't you tell? Look at her dull eyes.

Tried to stop herself from crying

almost every night.

But she knew there was no chance of feeling alright.

Summer came by,

all she wore was long sleeves

cause the cuts on wrists were bleeding through, you see?

She knew she was depressed,

didn't want to admit it.

Didn't think she fit,

everyone seemed to miss it.

She carried on like a soldier with a battle wound.

Bleeding out from every cut her body consumed.

She had no friends at school,

all alone she sat,



and if somebody were to notice,  
she would blame the cat.  
but no cuts on her wrists  
they were no mistake.  
But no one cared enough  
to save her from this self hate.  
things were going down ,  
never really up,  
she is now stuck in this stupid rut.  
She knew exactly what she had to do next,  
just stand on a chair and tie that rope around her neck.  
She wrote a letter with her hands shaking  
"Now look at me now, are you proud of your precious child"  
but she knew her parents weren't the ones to blame.  
It was the world that should bow down its head in shame.  
She stood up on the chair and looked at the moon.  
Just don't think, it'll all be over soon.  
The chair fell down as she took  
her final breath.  
It's all over now,  
she's greeting death.  
Her mom walks in,  
she falls down to the floor  
Nothing can take back what she just saw.  
The little girl she raised is hanging there,

her body's pale and her face is violently bare.

She sees the note and unfolds it with care.

All she does is stare, "How can this be fair"

She starts reading as the tears roll down her face.

"I'm sorry mom, this world is just not my place,

I've tried for so long to fix this and fit in,

but I've come to realize this world is full of sin.

There's nothing for me here,

I'm just a waste of space,

I've got no reason to stay here with this awful race.

It's a disgrace,

I was misplaced.

Born in the wrong time, and the wrong place.

It's ok though cause you'll see me soon.

You'll know your time has come, just look at the moon.

Please remember everyone is facing their own fight

but I can't deal with the pain

I'm not a fighter,

you'll make it through the night,

just hug your pillow tighter.

So let the world know I died in vein.

Because the world around me,

is the one to Blame.

and I know in a year you'll forget I'm gone,

cause I'm not something to be dwelling on.

That's what they used to tell me,  
all those kids at school.  
So I'm going by majority rules.  
My presence on this earth is not needed any longer.  
And if anything I hope this makes you stronger.  
You're the best friend I ever had.  
Such a shame I had to make you so very sad.  
But just remember that you meant everything to me,  
and to my heart.  
You're the only one to hold the key now.  
It's time to go ,  
I'm running out of space to write.  
Yes , I lost my fright so please just hold on tight.  
I'm watching over you, from the clouds above and sending down  
the purest and whitest dawn to watch over you  
and be my helpful eye, so this is it world, "good bye"

written by a girl at the girls' shelter at Chester County Youth Center 6/12/14

"the song was based on my gang rape by 3 of my best friends (they planned it)

I was drugged and beaten. I tried to kill myself two days later."

She wrote about the AHHAH writing workshop, "everyone was so very very nice and kind. I felt more brave and courageous. **DO THIS MORE!**

### Amber's Monologue 9-25-13

I remember walking down Germantown Avenue smelling the summer atmosphere. A group of men came up behind Isis, my best friend, and shot her in the neck. She made it for about an hour, then passed away.

Ayee Isis, how have you been? Are you doing okay up there? What is it like? Do you think I'll ever see you again?

I mean honestly, I think I will. If not, then I will just imagine I'm holding your hand. But there is something I want to tell you. I am so sorry that I let my adrenalin get to me.

But please believe me when I state this. No one will ever and I mean EVER replace you. No one will ever share the laughs like you and I did. No one will ever, take the Journeys like you and I did and lastly NO ONE will ever be Isis Monae Carter.

I remember when we first met. You told me all the abuse you grew out of. I shared the same story. Then it was each other we were part of.

You said you came from a family with no love. That's what brought us into a loving acquaintance hug.

As the days, weeks, months and years passed, we grew co-joined to one another? I shared my mother and you shared your father. From there on we were more than best friends, we were family.

I remember meeting up with you to go our secret trail, no one knew about but you and I. Now, it's only me walking. Every 5 minutes I stop to talk to you in the sky.

You told me we would never separate from each other, but I guess I can't put you to blame since some dumb man decided to play the trigger game. Well, I know you are in a better place now.

It all happened so quickly.

## I am Human

By Kayla

a girl in the shelter at the Chester County Youth Center

I am me.

I am smart, stubborn and open to new ideas.

I am beautiful, gorgeous and unique.

I am loud.

I am crazy, daring and adventurous.

I am loved.

I am in love.

I am creative and artistic.

I am brave.

I am strong.

I am human.

I make mistakes but I learn from them.

I face problems but I don't run from them.

I sometimes fall but I get up again.

I am human.

## Girls of CCYC week of December 3 -5, 2013

### Bios and reflections

**C.M.A.** I am a 16 year old girl. I am originally from Southwest Philly, but I now live in Coatesville. I've been through a lot of obstacles in life and many battles, and some I'm still battling. No matter what I go through I will always remain **S.T.R.O.N.G.**

**A.E.** has been writing on and off throughout her life and she enjoys English as her favorite subject in school. I'm just getting into writing again and I love it because it helps me when I'm going through hard times in life. It feels good to write my emotions out on paper. It really comes back to mind whenever I think of how I felt in the past. I love memories and it's just so crazy for me; to get inspired by some writers. Believe it or not, it's helped me ALOT! I love writing and I'm not going to stop.

**S.B.** I'm a young 15 year old girl. I enjoy writing but I write when I'm going thru things. I want to write about me and what I went thru or how I feel just to kinda help ya'll out. Writing is the best way to let everything out. I've been thru everything but you must stay strong. I'm from Coatesville. I'm very caring, helpful and a great listener.

**Lexi** has been writing for one year. She one day hopes to enlist and become an Army Ranger. A lot has happened the past year and as she said, "writing frees your soul." She also says, "I think writing has been the only thing keeping me sane. " She would also like to thank her mom for never giving up on her.

**A.O. (Lilly)** is a strong, independent girl who has a lot going on in her life. She is out going and doesn't care about negative people. She's been writing for 3 years and hopes to keep doing it.

"I enjoyed learning about what other people went through"

"It got a lot of feelings out.

"I got closer with my fellow peers"

"It was challenging telling my true feelings and emotions.

"It was challenging opening myself up"

## "The Stories Objects Hold"

Caitlin will bring mask, red nose, glasses, and 3 coats

Jan will bring writing supplies, posters, pens, tchotchke bag

- **Introductions**

- Welcome! Names?
- Guidelines for Creativity
  - Sticky Notes for suggestions/ expansion
- Centering: Yoga
- 3 Thumps/ ShaZAAM!

- **Tchotchke Bag**

- **"A Scarf is Not a Scarf"** – We all use one object and find a new use for it. What is this comb/ scarf/ candle/ tennis ball to you? Show me what it does!
- **"The Stories Objects Hold"** – Everyone blindly picks an object. What does it remind you of? Story from life? Share.

- **Writing**

- **Write the story you just told.** Care to add anything? As you tell it a second time on paper, does anything new pop up? Details? Events?

- **Masks**

- **EXERCISE/ FACE YOGA**

- Everyone gets in a circle. Use your own face to make a mask. Everyone make an angry face. Smile for the camera! Act sad or disappointed. Be embarrassed. Surprised! Now, just let your face rest. What is that natural face? Notice how they are all different. How do we change as we notice others? As others notice US?

- **EXERCISE/ BODY LANGUAGE**

- Everyone walk around the circle or space we have. Notice others who walk by you. What is their body language? What do you think they are saying with their posture, gait, etc? Become aware of how YOU move. Slowly? Quickly? In patterns? Random directions? SWITCH! How does each make you feel when you walk:

- Quickly and High Strung
- Slow and Tired
- Skipping like you haven't a care in the world
- Sneaky, like you're a cat burglar
- Smugly, strutting like you are the best out there
- Meekly, like you are being very humble
- Fabulously! You're a Calvin Klein super model on the runway
- Peacefully, like you're just strolling through the park on a nice day

- **MASKED SOAP BOX**

- **What are you passionate about?** What makes you angry, makes you happy, or just makes you PAY ATTENTION to the world? Write a list on white board.
- Take one of the topics. Write your opinion/ thoughts about it. Next we take turns putting on the mask and speaking our mind. Now take the mask off and read it again. How is it different? Voice? Tone? Expression? Energy?
- **BROTHERHOOD OF THE TRAVELING COATS**
  - Groups of three. One group gets a rain coat. One group gets a fleece coat. One group gets a peacoat. Make up a skit. One person wears the coat. (Each coat is large and gender neutral.) The whole group pretends to wait at a bus stop. The group makes up a story of who the person in the coat is. At the end of the skit. The person in the coat reveals themselves for who they really are.
- **WRITING ABOUT COSTUMES**
  - Describe what you typically wear. Clothes, shoes, and attitude.
  - Do you wear a costume/ mask everyday to fit in or get respect? To be feared or seen as friendly?
  - Do your clothes and attitude represent you? Do people misjudge you by how you look? Are you trying to be someone else, or "what you see is what you get?"
  - Have you ever judged someone by how they look? Did any of those people turn out to be different than how they appear?
  - *Looking at me, looking at you, what do you see?*
  - *If you could only see the real me, what would you see?*
- **WRITING ABOUT SHOES**
  - **IF THE SHOE FITS...**
    - Everyone put shoes in the circle. Each person goes and take a different pair. Write about the shoes. Describe them. What does it say to you about their owner?
    - Walk back and say "These are the shoes of a person who..."
- CUP A-ZI
- Pebbles in the Pond
- Closing Evaluations