

## Updates – Next Meal

We held the Bristol launch of Next Meal here at the Bristol Methodist Centre – an app that helps the public have a greater understanding of what is going on in Bristol to help our guests growing needs for shelter, food, clothing, information and advice. The aim of the app is to hopefully help reduce the amount of begging that is seen by educating and equipping the wider community in this app and encouraging them to direct homeless or rough sleepers to it – [www.nextmeal.co.uk](http://www.nextmeal.co.uk)



## Updates – Art with UWE

We were very fortunate enough to have a student from UWE come into the centre and run an eight week art workshop for our guests, these sessions included work in paint, photography, drawing, clay and many other materials. The guests really enjoyed this session and what it added to our provision at the centre – from this we are launching our very first photography competition for guests.



### Heroin

(by a resident of St. Mary's Hostel Bangor)

Behold my friends, I am Heroin,  
Known by all as a destroyer of men,  
I entered this country, without passport,  
And ever since, I've been hunted and sought,  
Whole nations have gathered, to plan my destruction,  
I'm the breeder of crim and corruption.

I'm more valued than diamonds,  
More treasured than gold,  
Try me you'll see, you too will be sold,  
I'm a powder that looks no more than waste,  
I'm soft and fluffy and bitter to taste,  
I'm brown, I'm white and fantastic to use,  
But once you're hooked, I really abuse.

I'll take a rich man and make him poor,  
I'll take a virgin and make her a whore,  
I'll make beautiful women forget their looks,  
I'll take honest men and make them crooks,  
I'll make you lie, steal, borrow and beg,  
Then search for a vein in your arm or your leg,  
I'll make you selfish and fill you with greed,  
Who care of colour, religion or creed,  
My gift is illusion, my blessing is take,  
Only Death and destruction, follow my wake.

My friends are many but I'm loyal to none,  
I've come to destroy and my work will be done,  
Run from me if you like, for I never chase,  
Sooner or later, you'll return for a taste,  
Once in your blood, you'll not think I'm mean,  
You'll praise me as master and nod in a dream,  
You've heard my warnings but will you take heed,  
Put your foot in the stirrup, mount this great steed,  
So sit in the saddle and hold on real well,  
For the great horse of Heroin, will take you to hell.

## Community update

The Bristol Methodist Centre continued programme of community integration and co-operation has recently seen the artists running workshops at the centre. Bianca and Steph from Studio Meraki, a local community arts group, have been working with our guests on a popular bug hotel project.



The workshops have been part of a wider strategy of organised events for Gaunts Ham Park and are being run in conjunction with 'Up Our Street' and Barton Hill Settlement. A planned event for a Family Fun Day on August 15th will feature work done by our guests. The involvement of Studio Meraki with the centre has proved so popular that an ongoing programme of artistic projects is now being proposed and we are delighted to be working with them.

By Chris



### Grown Up

By David

I'm dried up,  
I'm sour,  
I've stopped learning.  
I've lost some of  
the variety of feeling.  
I used to pinpoint an emotion  
and live within it,  
write about it,  
write myself out of it.  
But that's no longer me.  
I've lost some humanity.

### Mother (Earth)

By Ziggy Dave

I have drunk from the well of bitterness, filled with crystal shattered tears,  
I have gone beyond the shadows and realised my fears,  
The bitter waters from your well has filled me full of hate,  
You chose to give me nothing! No olive branch nor dove,  
When all I ever wanted was a little bit of love...