

we're not a
write-off!



**A collection of creative writing from disabled people to
mark UK Disability History Month 2022**

December 2022

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Welcome

Welcome to 'we're not a write-off!' – a collection of creative writing from disabled people across Humber, North and West Yorkshire.

This anthology was created by disabled people who live, work and / or volunteer across our region to mark UK Disability History Month 2022.

About UK Disability History Month

[UK Disability History Month](#) is an annual event which grew out of the UK disability rights movement.

The event provides a platform to focus on the history of the struggle disabled people continue to face for equality and human rights.

It also provides an opportunity for the valuable contributions of disabled people to be acknowledged and celebrated, for us to focus on reducing the inequalities disabled people experience and to raise awareness of the 'everyday ableism' disabled people face.

A note on the work included

This collection of creative writing reflects the diverse lived experiences of disabled people across Humber, North Yorkshire and beyond and as such, includes language and subject matter that some may find difficult to read.

Please do take care of yourself and [reach out for help and support](#) if you've been affected by any of the issues covered in these works.

Copyright

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Light through a million broken pieces

Written by Amanda Heenan and edited by Dorothea Christiana, October 2022



Image 1: A bowl repaired in the style of Kintsugi (golden joinery) - a Japanese art of repairing cracks with gold to denote strength and healing.

Image source: [Austin Kleon](#)

Light through a million broken pieces

We start off whole
Like smooth vessels
To carry our soul

Our vessels each
With our own unique
Shape; feel; dimensions

The patterns of life's experiences
Etched deep as we travel our paths
Peppered with society's expectations: Proportions; depth; shape; capacity

Some vessels fit the mould, some break and defy it
There is an illusion of separation
All vessels on their own paths

But a secret within burns bright
All beloved, cherished, and deeply connected
None out of shape or place

This secret light often unnoticed
All eyes on the vessel's shape and function

And then
The cracks and the shocks
That bruise, that rock, that shatter

Love lost... crack
Feeling unseen... crack
Feeling unheard... crack
Not good enough... crack

And the shame
Driving the endeavour
To fit the mould

Society expertly delivering those blows
That crack, that bruise, that rock, that shatter

But the soul inside holds the secret:

The cracks let the light in
The cracks let the light out

The soul's deep knowing
Of universal craftsmanship
Of filling those cracks with healing veins of gold

Gold for strength
Gold for beauty
Gold to illuminate

And the wisdom and courage
To endure the cracks
To nurture a world where all vessels are beloved and valued

Your vessel – cherished
The cracks – its beauty

Invite the light in

© Amanda Heenan, October 2022

My cancer journey

Written by Tracey Noon, January 2020

my head is full of thoughts right now
I cannot quite workout
my head is full of thoughts right now
I want to scream and shout.

I know I'm not on my own
but feel so very lost
If only I could understand why
I feel so very happy but also very sad
I feel so very confused right now, but also very glad.

My world's a different place right now
A world of not understanding and wishing why
I sit alone wondering and yes it makes me cry.

I'm thankful to be alive right now
I'm thankful to be here
But please someone tell me why I have this total sense of fear.

My scars are just a Reminder and I know will fade away
But my thoughts they just keep coming, they are with me every day
I want to be just me again I want to be just free
No thoughts or fears or what ifs
I just want to be me!

© Tracey Noon, January 2020

Her choice to be an ally

Written by Liesel Dickinson

When she saw such under-representation of diverse women and all those belonging to minority groups, in organisations, around decision-making tables... all places of power

She was really grateful for the active allies, who shared the load, used their power and privilege well, to challenge, create space – working together, they could advance equality of opportunity, innovate, really make a difference - inclusively engage and empower

And though for her to be an ally she had never... didn't really have a choice

She had to challenge, speak up, call out, take space for herself, create space for others marginalised and excluded, if she and others didn't, she knew they were sometimes labelled 'hard to reach', just wouldn't have representation or a voice

Was a heavy emotional labour... exhausting able-passing, facing every barrier - the microaggressions, ableism, gaslighting, bullying, harassment, discrimination

Required courage, a certain resilience and sometimes took some real grit and determination

She'd always had to take the inclusive lead else feel the pain, frustration, injustice of exclusion...

And so with dignity and sometimes feeling quite alone, still she battled on and through

She couldn't make a competition out of struggle, she was an ally to others because she didn't want them to be excluded, discriminated against, carry such emotional labour, to have to fight (and often discreetly) in the way that she has had to do

But that challenging question she asks herself... the elephant sitting uncomfortably with her in the room

And in consideration, she really does check her bias and privilege because, she wouldn't want to just assume...

If she were part of the majority, would she choose to lean into discomfort, take the time, learning what it was like to walk in another's different, less privileged, (often quite unsafe) really uncomfortable shoe?

If she benefitted from the system that disadvantages others but for her, remained a 'good fit', working quite well, with a probable promotion in future - if she had a fuller majority privilege, would she be an active ally - just what would she do?

...While the diverse and intersecting voices – Black, Asian, Disabled, LGBTQIA+, other diverse women, people, leaders with their different perspectives, around almost every decision-making table by every count, remained after all these years, still far too few

As the quote encourages “We rise by lifting others” - lifting diverse others is how we can advance equality of opportunity, make things better, equitable too

And so she concluded, part of the majority or in a minority, she would have always been an ally - perhaps something intrinsic... it was something she just knew

© Liesel Dickinson



Image 2: Two pairs of the same shoe, one worn and one brand new, reflecting the differences in our lived experiences (walking in another's shoes).

You never know days

Written by Martin Batstone, November 2022

Dull days,
Make it through days.
The darkness of a proverbial 'black dog',
Wading through thick fog.
A weight on my shoulders,
Dragged down by heavy boulders.
A narrative of worthlessness,
Thoughts of purposelessness.
Serpent voices sighing,
My value denying:
"A waste of space
Let's leave the race".
Who would notice or care,
If I am not there?
Does my life matter,
Through the endless chatter?
A daily disconnected mind,
A meaning I cannot seem to find.

Dull days,
Make it through days.
I mask the truth and numb the pain,
Shielding against the energy drain.
But I'm still here,
Conquering the fear.
Making it through the darkness,
Carrying on regardless.
Days better connected,
Or less dejected, rejected.

In the race,
And able to face.
Finding meaning, even hope,
That I'm not really the interlope.
I guess I do sometimes matter,
Invited to join the chatter.
Darkness becoming brighter
The burden that bit lighter.

Dull days,
Make it through days.
Maybe even good days,
You never know days...

© Martin Batstone, November 2022



Image 3: The sun rises to start a new day (maybe even a good day) over the Humber Bridge.

All you need is love

Written by Liesel Dickinson

Imagine the peace promoting Beatle (Lennon) quite cruelly mocking a disabled person on stage, as the fans screamed and applauded, he did, sometime around 1963

Singing 'all you need is love' but, he'd shown no love, nor respect for someone like her, someone with CP

And with 2020 vision in the local online news

An article about people not following the covid rules

... And readers didn't hold back in sharing their quite unfiltered views!

Among them, a twenty something family man comments "they're all spastics!"

And the comment had not been deleted, it might have been later, but it had been a long time since he'd made it and, the comment was still there

So casually ableist but it had gone unchallenged, seemed just as if no one could care

Because the words 'spastic', 'spaz', 'a bit special', and 'retard' used in the pejorative, abusive, mocking context (or otherwise mocking disabled people) causes (often untold of) pain, and to use such terms is NOT okay

Words prevalent in use in her school, college, and university days, but she was taken to a more recent memory, in her forties and one otherwise, quite ordinary day

On the way to her hairdresser and from nowhere he's behind her a (hurting?) menacing, quite harassing teen

"You walk like a spastic"

She ignored him, was angry, quite frightened, had really wanted to scream

“You walk like a spastic”

“You walk like A SPASTIC”

“Did you know YOU WALK LIKE A SPASTIC”

“YOU WALK LIKE A SPASTIC”

“YOU WALK LIKE A SPASTIC”

“Did you know YOU WALK LIKE A SPASTIC?”

“YOU WALK LIKE A SPASTIC!”

He continued for what seemed like forever – verbal hate, harassment on continuous repeat

And getting louder, really shouting it, as they both walked along the street

Did she know she walked like a SPASTIC? – she has the spastic type of cerebral palsy of course she [exasperated expletive] knew!

But made vulnerable by his hostile intent... if the attack turned physical, what could she do?

She was terrified and angry at this teen – who some with less care and empathy, might describe a really nasty little s***

And who she knew with her intelligence, sarcastic retort, if she were safe and chose to, she could easily outwit

But she had CP and there was no choice for her to run or escape from the scene

And he didn't know he was accurate in diagnosis, he was focused to intimidate, bully, harass – just being [exasperated expletive] mean!

And that man that had walked past them, he couldn't have failed to have noticed, he must have heard the abuse, the fear on her face, he couldn't have failed to have seen!

Why hadn't he acknowledged her? Started a conversation, just tried to distract or intervene?

Cos all it might have taken for the teen to stop was a challenge, being called out by this (older) male

But the man was no ally, no knight in shining armour, comfortable wearing a suit of cowardice, he was a disappointing bystander by her assessment, a total fail

Because a bully – on the street, at school, in the workplace, [useful to note harassment isn't always quite so overt] can only bully if the world remains silent and chooses to look away

And that was that man's choice, to keep his head down, complicit in his silence and enabling the bullying teen, that particular day

... She did make it to her safe refuge (such relief) almost flew through the hairdressing salon door

And safe and among friends, he could bully - harass her, no more

And she watched through the glass window as the teen harasser walked on as though nothing had happened and everything was fine

Did he know, what did he care that he had perpetrated a hate incident, might have been recorded as a disability hate crime?

But she didn't report it – battling everyday ableism, can be exhausting

... And that day, shaken up and low on spoons, she just didn't have the energy or time.

© Liesel Dickinson



Image 4: A collection of spoons, some gold, some silver, some steel, some old, some new, in a disorganised pile on a green surface.

“Low on spoons,” is a reference to ‘spoon theory’.

Spoon theory is a way for people with chronic illnesses or impairments who experience fatigue to plan or manage their day. You may see people who use spoon theory refer to themselves as #Spoonies on social media.

You can [read more about spoon theory on The Brain Charity's website.](#)

Agony

Written by David Philpott, aged 53 ³/₄

The ambulance arrived on a cold winter night
The place was deserted with no-one in sight
There I was just slumped in a heap
To the untrained eye I just looked asleep
A friend had gone to fetch my folks
10 minutes before I was all laughs and jokes
My Mum, a nurse, put me in ³/₄ prone
If it wasn't for my mate I'd've collapsed all alone.
"His pulse is weak" said a guy to another
"Has he taken something?" one asked my Mother.

So in the ambulance to Hull I went but the pressure in my head was increasing
One thing for it. They're going to have to drill to do some releasing.
So to save my life they drilled my skull no time to make it numb
The pain was absolute agony, the end of it for some
So there I was I could see it all unable to move or speak
Now every time I see a drill it turns me rather weak

© David Philpott

A press of a Button

Written by Tracey Noon

Zoom is where we all meet
All on our computers
Together we all greet
Head and neck cancer our weekly chat
Where we all chat away about this and that
A click of a button and there we all are
Some of us local some from afar
Supporting each other thank god for zoom
Support love and friendship in our own front rooms

© Tracey Noon

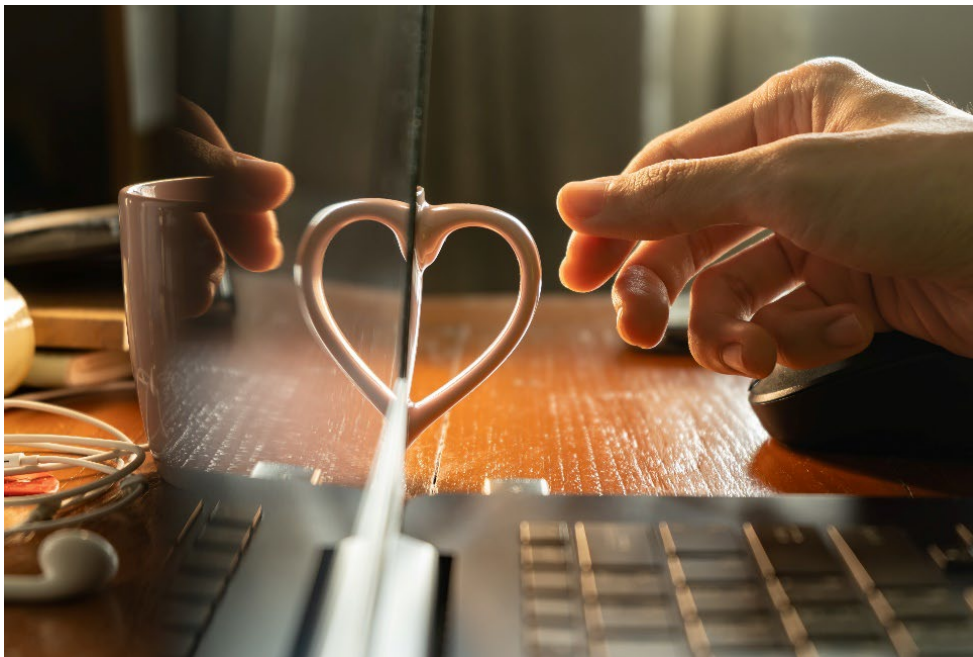


Image 5: A hand reaches for the handle of a mug of hot drink next to a laptop screen, which forms the shape of a heart.

Snapshots

A short story written by Frank Goacher

I'm looking at a young man. He's starting his first day at work as an office junior, ill at ease in his ill-fitting suit. It's a cheap thing, bought with money his parents didn't have. It's different from his normal clothes, but he wears it with pride because it means the start of a career where he doesn't have to go down a dark hole in the ground and die coughing like his grandfather did, like his father will. His father has started coughing too. He thinks the young man hasn't noticed.

I see a slightly older man, laid low in hospital. Bad football tackle, he says. Doesn't want to admit to the pretty young nurse that he tripped over a bicycle because he didn't look where he was going. He's desperate to talk with her more, to ask her to the dance, but all too soon he's discharged. The next time he'll see her is ten years later when both are married.

I see the man older still. He is in the park, trussed up warm against the November chill. He pushes a small girl on the swing. She has disposed of her own coat somewhere and is in no hurry to find it. She glories in the simple act of swinging. The man received some bad news the other night and wears a Stepford smile. He finds himself fixated on the girl's flying brunette hair, and he wonders if she is the one.

I see a young boy trotting to school for the first time. His shorts are too long and his blazer's sleeves are slightly too short. His hair looks like a small animal has made its nest there and he has a permanent drip from his left nostril. His mum calls him a 'handsome little man'.

There's blood in the sink.

The handsome little man is in trouble. He's forgotten his book, and the teacher has dragged him to the front of the class to scold him for his negligence. The class jeers him as he sits down, part happy for the entertainment of seeing another laid low, part

relieved it was not their transgression. One nearby boy is not jeering. His freckled brow is creased in an empathic frown, unusual in one so young. He reaches over and gives the scolded boy a Mickey Mouse rubber.

I see an older man now, perhaps forty years of age. His hair has thinned and he has taken to wearing glasses. His suit is sharply creased and moderately expensive. He is talking to a boy of sixteen and explaining that, because of new Governmental policies, his company can no longer afford to keep the boy on. It's a lie. They both know this. Both pretend to believe the lie for the sake of politeness.

Later the man goes home and helps his 14-year-old son with his maths homework. The boy tells him of his day at school and gossips about a disliked teacher. Then he looks at his dad, smiles shyly and talks about the new girl. The man smiles at his son with warm eyes and churning stomach, and wonders if he is the one.

I see a younger man now, on honeymoon with a woman he barely knows. His new ring feels odd on his finger and he keeps rubbing it with his other hand, a habit that will stay with him, until there's blood in the sink.

Six years-old and a boy watches his friend beaten with a plimsoll for the heinous crime of forgetting his PE kit. Tears stream down his friend's freckled face as he is finally released. The boy makes sure to find the weeping child and presents him with a Donald Duck pencil.

The man has returned home from his appointment. His oldest son is there, having stopped home from his first day at work. The man coughs a little as his son tells him about his day stacking shelves, and smiles a little, as he wonders if he is the one.

Two men stand by an altar. One is relaxed and joking, the other too nervous to do more than smile as he awaits a woman he barely knows. Their tuxedos are smart and tailored, the shoes brightly polished. The nervous man wears Mickey Mouse

cufflinks, his friend wears Donald Duck. A private joke, proof of a twenty-year pact.

The man meets the nurse again at some work do or another. She's married someone else who works at his company and is there as a plus one. She has put a little weight on, but it suits her. She smiles at him in passing. She doesn't recognise him.

He meets a woman in the pub. He smiles and buys her a drink and at the end of the evening they are wrapped in meaningless passion. They say their goodbyes with no empty promises. He doesn't even know her name.

The man has done well in life. He is now middle management at a company he no longer recognises. He is to interview for the first time. He shuffles through CVs for the look of it, but he has his instructions. He is to hire young, so they do not need to pay minimum wage. The successful candidate will get a few months of work experience before being fired on some pretext.

It is later that year and there is a woman he does not know at the door. Her belly is swollen with their meaningless passion and she begs him to make it right. He promises to do right by her and is a man of his word.

There is blood in the sink.

He gets in from the office and switches on the news. There on the telly is a man he last saw as an angry 16-year-old. He is standing as an MP and vowing to stand up for worker's rights. He coughs a little as he watches.

He is arguing with a woman he has never cared for. She dislikes his smoking, his temper and his stubborn nature. He dislikes her drinking, her flirting and slovenly behaviour. Then she stuns him with the ultimate low blow. She informs him she is a mother of three, while he is a father of one. Marriage goes on, but now he always

looks at his children and wonders which is the one.

He is in a doctor's office being told the bad news. That it's terminal and has spread to his lungs. He is asked why he didn't see the doctor sooner. He says there was always too much work, not enough time. Now there is no time, and there is blood in the sink.

I'm looking at an old looking man, who is not yet sixty. He is dozing in a hospital bed. Next to him are assorted cards and flowers. A prominently displayed one informs him that Mickey Mouse is wishing him a speedy recovery. Sender and recipient know it's a pleasant lie. He wakes briefly as a nurse checks in on him. She doesn't know him, but it's her he thinks of as he drifts back to sleep. He thinks that the pretty girl has become a beautiful woman, and his last thought is wondering how life would have turned out if he'd managed to ask her to the dance.

© Frank Goacher



Image 6: A collection of old sepia and black and white photographs (snapshots) in a pile on the floor.

What it's like to be me...

Submitted anonymously

Swap places with me briefly and experience my view upon the world – being neurodiverse, so called non-typical.

In other words, let me explain how it is looking from the inside out at those who look at you from the outside in! Take a brief walk in my footsteps.

Have you ever:

- doubted yourself?
- considered your own thoughts, views, actions verbal and non-verbal to not be synchronised or outside the norms of your peers?

You are questioned in such ways as:

- “I really don’t understand your reaction to this” ... (having just been told the employment/vocation you were entering had been taken away from you)
- “Are you trying to gain some additional time or advantage in your work by saying that you think you are ill?” a comment made by a course leader who could not see the internal strife that certain subjects and ways of teaching were affecting me.
- “What difference would a label make?” The comment of a consultant psychiatrist whose ability did not cover what I have.

They are all ignorant, not discourteously or rudely ignorant but ignorant all the same, lacking the knowledge or awareness of the subtle distinctions between the world of typical and non-typical, in terms of neurodiversity.

Should those people care?

Well, from my perspective, yes, they should, they shatter a fragile being having to deal with a situation which they themselves are trying to explain in language that can be understood to supposed experts. It takes years to put the being back together and develop confidence, life is too short for this.

Oliver Sacks wrote “An Anthropologist on Mars”, a seminal book for myself... but I’m not a visitor from another planet, just simply a human being trying to understand this

world, measuring my every action and word against those of my peers and the norms of the society in which I commune with the world, I am simply wired differently to the majority.

What is it that I am...

I'm autistic, an individual whom for almost five decades of life was undiagnosed and had good times and some seriously debilitating bad times, such that there seemed no future whatsoever, what was the point? That's how serious this "thing", the thing that I am AUTISTIC, can get you.

I once had Asperger's Syndrome, but I'm now reclassified as having an Autistic Spectrum Disorder (ASD) or is it because of medical ethics dating back to the second world war!

The self-questioning, the measuring against norms of groups is not a passing phase of my life, this is my life every minute of every day, uncertainty and indecision is trying to crush me. I don't look different, I can communicate, reason, argue and abide, I just process things differently.

Some believed that at eighteen years, the age of majority and adulthood autism was miraculously cured! Again, ignorance, a lifelong pervasive development disorder (PDD).

So here I am just an aging, still raging, autistic who now makes no apologies, this is me, love me or loathe me!

Would I change anything, hell yeah – earlier diagnosis, and hell no – I am me, this is who I am and I'm proud, to be the puzzle piece, the universal symbol of autistic awareness ... I know I have a place and fit in somewhere!

How do I know whether I have found that somewhere?

© Anonymous author, November 2022

tell it to the bees

Written by Rach McCafferty, November 2022

i've always thought bees were wonderful things
all fluff, buzz, wings and hovering
when i'm limping or struggling, they're always around
busy busy with their bloom bothering

when my world shifted and life tilted and things felt upside down
there they were, in the garden, still floating around
still dancing and chatting and crafting with nectar
as changes in life hung like heavy, dark spectres

i always thought i was more butterfly at heart
brightly coloured and fragile, all music and art
but when clouds grew and hurting was sent on the breeze
i found strength in the quiet resilience of bees

perhaps i'm yellow, black and hovering underneath
perhaps i'm fuzzy, buzzy when crouched on my knees
perhaps i'm a worker, chatter, a lover of trees
perhaps i'm dancing, crafting, perhaps i'm a bee

they say bees are the messengers to places we can't see
to people we've lost or the dreams we can't flee
so when things change, i struggle and hurt's sent on the breeze
i'll always find comfort in telling the bees

i tell them i'm floating or quiet and still
i tell them i'm flying and slurping my fill
i tell them i've loved and i tell them i've lost
i tell them in sunshine and brisk springtime frost

beauty isn't all colour and brightly marked things
it isn't all warmth that our happiness brings
it's the quiet soul shaking of gossamer wings
busy deep in the petals as your blooming heart sings

so when the world tilts and turns and 'what was' is 'what's not'
when the hours seem like days on life's old haunting clock
when it's dark and you're lost and hurt's sent on the breeze
step outside, breathe;

tell it to the bees

tell them you're floating or quiet and still
tell them you're flying and slurping your fill
tell them you've loved and tell them you've lost
tell them in sunshine and brisk springtime frost

tell them you're strong and you will soar again
tell them you'll laugh in warm summer rains
tell them you're yellow and black underneath
tell them you're hovering, tell them you're free

i've always thought bees were wonderful things
all fluff, buzz, wings and hovering
when i'm limping or struggling, they're always around
busy busy with their bloom bothering

it's not a sting to find i'm a bee underneath
that i need a hive of others to breathe
that it takes more than high heels and dancing, for peace
that 'what is' is acceptance; is hope; is release

for i told them

i told them

i told it to the bees

that i was what i thought i wasn't

and they told me

they told me

the bees said to me

all kindness and dancing, and hope on the breeze

what you are is 'what is'

'what is' is what's real

what's real is what lies underneath

and with singing wings and love on the wind

i wear my hidden stripes beneath

for a butterfly flutters, but a busy bee mutters

i'll always tell it to the bees

for me

i'll always tell it to the bees

© Rach McCafferty, November 2022



Image 7: A bee gathers pollen from a purple flower.

Letter to Santa (with postscript for 2022)

Written by Liesel Dickinson

Santa this Christmas I have but one ask

With every parcel delivery, please leave the gift of a mask

And on this precious gift, a festive message to say

Please wear this mask for Santa, you'll help people feel safe(r),

able to be included, thought about this Christmas by making some clinically vulnerable and / or immunocompromised person's day

Postscript for 2022

Santa, I know this is my second year of asking, and I am, because you seem like an inclusively fun-loving ally and a well-rounded kind of guy

And as you'll know in the pandemic the risk and impact for Disabled people has been ... remains disproportionate - Covid is still circulating and admissions to hospital intensive care in the UK for flu infections, it is reported is now (compared to other years) really quite high!

While a majority feel quite safe to party, enjoy themselves... well tis the season of glad tidings and good will!

The precious gift of a mask wear would mean the world to the clinically vulnerable person (colleague), many, still mostly shielding / remote working, to stay safe and well...

– to be out in public for them, the anxiety, the sad reality that this Christmas time 2022, the risk to life from Covid, remains a risk for them still.

© Liesel Dickinson

Who am I?

Written by Helen Greer-Waring

On the outside I'm hard, solid.
On the inside I'm soft.
In a certain position I'm super strong
But I'm also fragile and easily broken.
Some days I wonder... am I an egg?

I awaken and slowly rise
At my peak I'm dazzling and bright
I help people feel - all is good
And then I slowly fade away...
Some days I wonder... am I the sun?

And today, today I thought I was ok
I thought I was useful
But I was wrong
I was discarded, again.
Today I am rubbish

© Helen Greer-Waring, December 2022

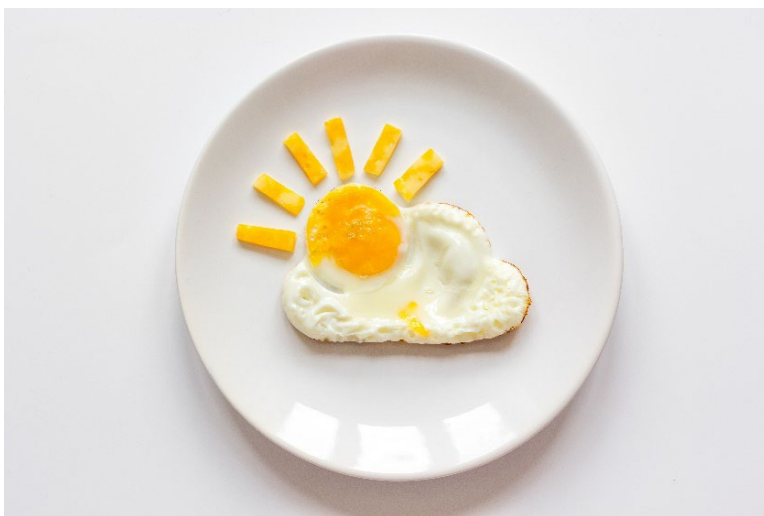


Image 8: A fried egg in the shape of the sun shining over a cloud sits on a white plate.

you may not hear it (a thought of thanks)

(An anonymous thank you to health and care staff and volunteers)

there's a quiet, gentle thrumming on the day that we first meet
i can hear a distant drumming as you help me to my feet
a two-kick rhythm in reception as you stop to hear me breathe
and I realise that it's beating, that big heart upon your sleeve

i wish that you could know just how much help you gave
when you stopped to smile, to listen, or the tiny change you made
it's the care i know is there within the busiest of souls
in the darkest circumstances, when some hearts are feeling cold

you may not hear it but i feel it, the difference your heart makes
for i see you more than most do and i'm grateful every day
for your kindness and your guidance and your quiet expertise
for the lengths that you will go to, to make me feel at ease

don't ever underestimate the value of your smile
the power that exists in careful listening for a while
the gentle hand you're resting on a tired and worried shoulder
you're sanctuary, you're safety as my creaky joints grow older

so please take comfort that you're treasured

trusted

valued

cherished deeply

so please take comfort that you're loved for all you give of yourself, freely

this is a heartfelt thank you for helping me to be
don't ever hide your heart at work

it belongs upon your sleeve

© Anonymous author, December 2022



Image 8: A stethoscope in the shape of a heart resting on a folded set of blue scrubs.

Thank you and further information

A sincere thank you to everyone who has submitted their work as part of this anthology and to all those involved in Humber and North Yorkshire (HNY) Health and Care Partnership's UK Disability History Month (UKDHM) celebrations.

It takes a great deal of courage to share something so personal and the hope of our HNY Disabled Staff Network of Networks is that the work within this collection can provide an insight to the diverse lived experiences of our disabled colleagues and volunteers.

We also hope to show that disabled people are more than their health conditions and / or impairments as we push for a society that is free from ableism.

Taking care of yourself this UK Disability History Month

We hope reading this collection of creative writing has allowed room for reflection around the experiences and inequalities faced by our disabled colleagues. But we also recognise it can be quite difficult reading.

Help and support is available for anyone working or volunteering in health and care across Humber and North Yorkshire Health and Care Partnership from our partnership's resilience hub.

The HNY Resilience Hub provides free, confidential help and support and can be contacted by:

- calling 03300 022 044 (Monday to Friday, 9am-5pm)
- visiting the [resilience hub website](#)

Further information or enquiries

For further information around supporting disabled colleagues, please contact the disabled staff equality network within your own organisation or your organisation's equality, diversity and inclusion team / lead.

For further details about this anthology and its contents, please contact Rach McCafferty, project lead for equality, diversity and inclusion by emailing Rachel.McCafferty4@nhs.net.