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Suddenly he had an idea!

Expect The Unexpected

'I was going to change my shirt, but I changed my mind instead', said Winnie the Pooh. And then the shirt was seen again, with new open eyes, ears and heart. This is a story about how a wonderful group of people of different generations came together to share stories, animate history and imagine new and hopeful futures. Just one year ago, not far from this day, (a typically Edinburgh like wet-dry, sunny-rainy, windy-calm afternoon) a small group of passionate folk, desperately trying to help bring the old Bridgend Farmhouse back to life as a community space were talking with other folks, down by the allotments, about what they dreamt about seeing in that farmhouse. They realised that there are so many people out there who have great visions and ideas but who we do not see. Well, we must go to them they said, for they have tales and dreams which must also be shared and become part of the bigger picture (it's slowly being drawn). And, so, they set about trying to bring together some of the wise elder residents in the area, with some of the youthful, energetic and active younger residents, so that together they could share their stories and experiences and activate a living memory and create new activities that would appreciate and understand both young and old, create new activities that would be fun, inspiring and based on their lives, create new activities that could be invigorated and brought to the life in the farmhouse.

Well, not long after, they received a small but special packet of gold from the council of Edinburgh's great city to help them along the way. They felt blessed and thankful for this and so set to work on creating this exchange. The winter hit, hard and biting, and the team began to muster up some ideas and began to talk to those who could help us bring this to life. Whilst things brewed away, some folk came, some folk went, and some of the words flew from house to house, like father Christmas, never to be seen again. Yet, bubbling under and over into the new year, signs of life rose up,

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in its beginnings with the new buds of spring, whence forth some incredible wordsmiths, storytellers and kind-hearted souls joined us. Professionals with years of expert experience and firmly rooted in the histories and circles of story-sharing and story-gathering. From here the stage was set, almost. The team now began to approach groups, both young and old, and start to form the bounds within which this could take shape. Liberton Primary school were soon to join us, full of encouragement and generosity of time they would bring forward 15 or so of their P6 pupils, keen and excited about taking part. Then too did Inchview residential care home, which through a joyful commitment of care would consult carefully with residents to find between 6 and 8 interested residents who felt happy and glad to be sharing stories and involved in this exchange. The folk had begun to hear ripples of what would soon begin, and it would not be long that they would now have to wait. By now the team had sought out further funds to help advance what was slowly growing, and soon the Scottish Book Trust were also to help cross our palms to sponsor the dedicated work of these seasoned storytellers.

Now we had our team, and with the storytellers working hard and imaginatively to compose games, exercises and stories, we had what was soon to be the 'Three Bridges' Intergenerational Living Memory and Storytelling Project. There had been crises on the way, plans hatched and then re-hatched, illnesses had struck, weather had changed, Easter break had opened up, but the team persevered, kept their heads up, and shirts on. Through it all, I'm glad to say, the tales of 'Three Bridges' were soon, at last, to begin.

This is a book about what happened next. It explains what happened and how, session by session, as younger pupils and older residents began to experience magnificent tales, compose their own, become story detectives, meet, greet and hear each other, and finally make their own scarecrows, Dr. Who and Amy Pond, who have now taken their rightful places guarding over the edibles on the Bridgend Allotments, full of the memories sprung of past, present and future life that help the plants to grow strong, tall and reach towards the sun.

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There were four times in total everyone met between Liberton Primary school, Inchview care home, and the barn at Bridgend Allotments, and perhaps again into the future. These sessions were carefully and creatively crafted and brought to life by the unique and impressive work of Lea Taylor, Mille Gray, Jane Mather and a final tale from Claire Druett, and ideas and original input from Jack Martin too. This was to 'build bridges' between people of different ages through sharing stories and experiences of the area and how it has changed or what is important to people here. By building up a collection of stories and experiences they had hoped to stimulate thought and discussion over what is great about the area and how the renovation of Bridgend Farmhouse could be done to promote those things or to add anything new that has been lost. The future of Bridgend farmhouse is at the heart of this project and by encouraging people to entwine their future stories with the life of the farmhouse they hoped to create awareness about it and offer new and innovative ideas for its use.

In the next pages we hear about the process, and how it worked, for those of you interested in the method behind the magic. We then get to read stories written and told by the pupils involved, and living memories and oral history of the older residents who as you will see were 'giants in their time' as Millie describes. There are then tales from the storytellers themselves, and even some about the farmhouse itself. Interspersed are photos of the folk involved to give you a sense of what it was like, and let the memories live on and grow in the eyes, ears and hearts of those who took part, and those who can now read about it and experience it in their own way.

So, what did we learn from all this? We learnt about the joy with which people can bring words to life. We learnt that the events of ordinary life, so full of adventure, exploration and diversity, can be shared through storytelling.. We learnt about how stories can be drawn out, they are there, we have lived them, we have felt these experiences, it is for us to lead them from each other and hear each others tales, live each other's lives, begin to see how each other sees. We learnt of the need for clarity, and specificity, which once established can unleash the freedom for others to create without other

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burdens or worries. We learnt about how reality can be animated and taken beyond function. We learnt of the merging of science and art, of nature and culture. We learnt the value of the wisdom of older people, and the value of the energy and engagement of young people. We learnt that when you remember you also re-assert new ways, new things and new visions. We learnt to expect the unexpected, and when something comes up against you, the wind blows the other way, or you don't know where else to turn, or who else to ask, don't change your shirt, change your mind. Finally, we learnt, as Anna says, that 'you might start out with a certain objective, and you might end up with a completely different result, but you might end up with things even more valuable in fact'...which is something that should be seen as a good outcome, and everything that has been achieved in this project has been phenomenal...and who knows, hopefully the next storytelling project will be in the renovated farmhouse!

This project could not have in anyway happened without the help of a hoard of incredibly talented and dedicated people to which we are all hugely grateful. To all of you and all who took part, we hope you enjoyed it, with specific mention of thanks and appreciation to:

Lea Taylor, Millie Gray, Jane Mather, Jack Martin, Clare Druett, David Brewer and all his P6 pupils (Liberton Primary school), Margaret Johnson, Heather Gray and Elaine Forsyth (Inchview), Chris Macefield (Bridgend Growing Communities), Colin Stearn (Bridgend Allotments Committee, Ruby Alba, Liz Jones, Pau Navarro, Mary Turner Thompson, Daisy's Diner cafe, Mags Campbell (Edinburgh City Council), Clare Rodgers (Scottish Book Trust), and all of the Bridgend Inspiring Growth trustees.

Will Golding – Bridgend Inspiring Growth

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How the project worked,

Lea - Our first session took place at Liberton primary school with 30 lively primary 6's. They were excited at the prospect of being story detectives and were indeed hungry for stories. We used a variety of techniques to bring out the best in the children. From group work to games, songs and short stories. In this way we could ensure that all abilities could be accommodated and they felt comfortable with the idea of standing up (in a group) and telling a story. It was a great experience to see the children try out their new skills, add their own little twists to the stories and most importantly have fun whilst they were doing it. They were like wee sponges, taking in everything we had to share with them and turning out some wonderful tales. For their quest as story detectives we left them questions to ask the residents at the nursing home as well as questions to ask family members who were born and brought up in the area. This served two purposes - encouraging the children to learn more about their area and also forge bonds with the residents of the nursing home. Our next stop was Inchview...

Millie - At Inchview we met the residents and we managed to have them tell us their memories and their stories, and it really was just so rewarding. These people in the home had been giants in their time, they had been in the war, and they had been in times when there was no health and safety at work, and they worked for ten hours a day, etc. When we looked at the home and compared it to the poor house of former times, what a difference! Now, each resident has their own room and they all have en suite facilities. It's such just a joy. What also was a joy was the staff, the staff were just so enthusiastic to have us there, because I've worked in places where you're not welcome, but the staff there were lovely, the stories were lovely and we really enjoyed our time in this magical place.

Now David here, do you remember when we came and we were telling the stories, and you said the most enjoyable thing was watching the children make

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the scarecrows. You loved that didn't you. Seeing the kids young, enthusiastic, and actually it stimulated the memories from when you and I were running down the brae, and that is what it did, and that is what storytelling is all about. It's having people remember and tell their stories. So it was actually very successful.

Jane - It's been a pleasure to be involved with this project, and going into the school and teaching the kids how to tell their stories and share their stories was really exciting. One of the boys in my group said, 'I'm really glad my teacher booked you', and asked 'Have you ever been camping in Hawkhill Woods'? I said 'No, I haven't', and he replied, 'Well, I go up there about once a month with my Scout group and we have a fire, and we share stories', and he told me a story he shared around the fire, and then he asked 'You know the story we learnt today, have you got any tips of how I could make it even better?', I could see he was going to take it away and share it around the fire, and I thought that was brilliant. Then when the kids came into Inchview at the end I thought what a mess, when they were making the scarecrows straw was flying, and it was piling up on the floor, and I was thinking maybe we should have picked a slightly tidier craft activity, but the energy was really positive, and they were getting really into it, so these are not just scarecrows, these are in fact, Dr. Who and Amy Pond, as they named them. It was great fun.

Anna - Lea, Millie and Jane have put a huge amount of effort into this. It's shown for me the value for storytelling, and you might start out with a certain objective, and you might end up with a completely different result, but you might end up with things even more valuable in fact, remembering stories, remembering the joy of childhood and the wisdom of elderly people, which is something that should be seen as a good outcome, and everything that has been achieved in this project has been phenomenal. There have been so many unexpected events on the way, and we've all had to work with them, and in the end it's been so brilliant, and we really appreciate it, and who knows hopefully the next storytelling project will be in the renovated farmhouse. So before we finish we would like to officially present Dr. Who and Amy Pond to Chris and Colin to look over Bridgend Allotments.

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A story inspired by, "The Clay Man", a Saami tale sourced by Claire Hewitt and adapted by Jane Mather.

The clay man part 1

A long time ago there was a man called Albert and a woman called Seany. They lived half way up a hill. One day the man went to take a walk but Seany did not want to. So the man went by himself but when he went to the river there was no water. The man saw a small puddle was a bobam of the river so he scooped it up and decided to make a clay man and he gave it to Seany. "EYYC" she said "what is wrong" but Seany ran half way to the city and was not seen for weeks.



JOSEPH

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The farmer's children

There once lived an old farmer living with his three children in a small farm. Sadly his wife died a year ago, and he was wondering to himself "who will I give the farm to when I die?" Suddenly he came up with a great idea, his idea was to hold a competition between his three children. The farmer gave all his children 2 coins to spend in any way they liked, but they have to fill the room in the barn. The first child was a boy. He went down to the market and he saw a man selling a big bag of feathers. When he got back from the market, he ripped the big bag open but they just fell to the floor. Next the youngest son went to the market as well and he bought 2 big candles for 2 coins. He struck a match and lit both of the candles. They went out slowly with a big puddle of wax on the floor. This time it was a girl she gave the money back to her father and called all of her friends to come round to the barn. They all sang and told stories all through the night and therefore she won the farm.



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The End by Sarah McLaren

The Farmer's Children

Once upon a time there was a small farm. The farmer's wife died a couple of weeks ago and he was going to die soon too. He had a best for his two sons and his daughter. He gave them money to buy something to fill a room of the farm. The oldest son bought a big bag of feathers and ripped it open. The feathers filled the room for two minutes then fell to the floor. The youngest son bought two candles. They lit the room for two minutes, then melted. Suddenly the room was dark. The youngest of them all, the farmer's daughter, she gave her money back and got all her friends to come over and for the whole night the room was filled with music, stories and, most of all, laughter. She won the farm. The End



By JADE JENKINSON

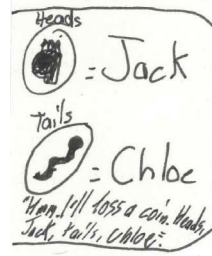
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Jack, Chloe and the naughty dog

Once upon a time there were 2 kids called Jack and Chloe. Three months ago, they got a dog and named it Bug. "Now, let's get back to the story, shall we? Right?" "Jack! Chloe!" shouted Mum. "Uh-oh. Now look what Bug has done!" Bug had done a poo and a wee-wee on the floor.



Their gran (who had just come out of hospital after an eye operation) had stepped in it and now her slippers were ruined. "Sorry," chorused Jack and Chloe but their mum said "Your grand mother's new pair of slippers comes out of your pocket no Along with a new towel...." Jack was pushed outside, then Chloe, then Bug. "And don't come back till that dog is trained!" Then the door slammed. "What are we going to do?," said Jack. "I have an idea! Follow me," said A They walked up to Grandad's house and knocked on the door. "Come in Jack and Chloe walked in and explained their problems to Grandad. Grandad said, "Why don't I train Bug? Good. Now, who's Bug boss?" "Me!" they cried. "Ahh. I'll toss a coin. Heads, Jack, tails, Chloe." It came up heads so Jack and his Grandad had the dog trained within an hour. So they all lived happily ever after. The End! By E.E.



By Emma Fales

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A bit about our Inchview participants,

Mary. - b. 1932 Went to St. Margarets in Edinburgh (private school). Worked as a lollipop lady at Abbeyhill Primary - uniform consisted of stick coat and yellow cap (like a jockey's). Stopped working because husband's ill health. Enjoyed it except for weather. Never had a cold in all the time she had the job (6 years).

David - Attended Broughton School and then later Portobello High School. b. 1921 Moved to Northfield. Worked as a tram driver - No 15, it went along the Braids Road. Trams had conductors. Saw the last tram in action in 1957. He then went on to drive buses, esp. No 31 which went to Hyvots bank.

Margaret - From Granton. Her mother born in Leith in Bonnington Road. Margaret was born in the Elsie Ingles. Went to Trinity school which was fee paying - 'some of the girls were wild'. Wore blazers. At the time you had to wear smart uniforms. Worked in an office - Lloyds at Orchard Brae. It was a finance firm. Worked on a manual typewriter then moved on to an electric one and finally a computer just before she left. Went to Leith hospital - was in for weeks. Parents weren't allowed to visit in early days - could see you through the glass. Mother would bring in freshly laid eggs with her name written on them.

Jack. - Lived in Abbeyhill - went to Abbeyhill primary and then Stenhouse. Work. He was an apprentice to trade - printing at Watsons. He made bank notes. The Royal bank workers would ask 'did you get any pockle?' During the war he would go to a dance hall in Morningside. It was down a side street and you had to go up a stair into a small hall. Every time he went there he saw a tall Canadian in uniform dancing with the same girl and they would dance cheek to cheek like Fred Astair. At the Plaza all the people were good dancers. A friend's mum lived in the same district as the

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Palais and she told him that at one time the girls would attend the dance in big ballgowns and white cotton gloves - there were even fountains in the hall then. During the war Jack was in the Royal Air Force - travelled all over England, Scotland and abroad, notably Wigtown in the south west. From his office there was a hill 'if you couldn't see it (hill) you knew it was raining'.

Margaret - aged 81. Lived in Gilmerton in the miners rows and went to Gilmerton school then Jimmy Clarks school (it overlooked Arthurs Seat). She was 14 when she left school. At first she worked in the laundry at Gilmerton then went on to a private shop. She would give her Mum her wages and was then given pocket money. Was brought up with the mind-set that you should always be friendly to people. In the wartime she recalls the phrase 'Have you any sugar left?' Her father was a miner - brought up with a strong community philosophy 'helping each other' Her father worked at Gilmerton pit. She loved the Gala Day - was a maid of honour in the Gala Day She was 20 when she married and had 2 sons.

Barbara - Lived in Orkney, Kirkwall. Never married. Travelled with a few people down to Edinburgh and never went back to live in Orkney. Her family were crofters - recalls using peat in the fire but never collected seaweed. She said the school she attended was a good one. There were hens, ducks, pigs and sheep on the farm but she didn't recall having to do any chores.

Margaret - (worker)

Remembers her first time taking the bus across the Forth Road Bridge. Her mother was terrified because she could see over the side of the bus down to the water below. After that trip she refused to take the bus that route again and always resorted to using the train.

A lot of men died with building of the bridge. Many people came from Leith (300). They had the skills for bridge building having worked in the docks.

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The children do some research,

At a meeting on Tuesday 29 May 2012 between five of the residents of Inchview Residential home and four of the children from Primary Six of Liberton Primary School the following questions were posed by the children and the residents supplied the answers:

Question (Bailey): Which primary school did you attend?

Answers: Gilmerton Primary, James Clerk Secondary, a village school in Orkney.

Question (Emma): Were your schools very strict?

Answers: Yes. More so than today and the belt was a daily occurrence. Children were afraid of being punished by the belt. In the morning the teacher would take the leather strap out of her desk and put it on the table so all the bairns could see it and that kept us quiet.

Question (Bona): Did you wear school uniform?

Answers: Yes. Gym slips and long black stocking that were hard to keep up. Boys wore short trousers, even in the winter and their legs got cold. A school tie was mandatory.

Question – Did your school ever get bombed in the war?

Answers: No – not our schools but we hoped that they would and we would have gotten a halfie (half- day). However David Kilpatrick's in Leith, a long way away, was hit by a mine in 1941. There were air raids at night and bombs fell out of the sky. It was very frightening and the noise of the bombers and the guns were very loud – scared you that did. In Craigmillar we all had air raid shelters that had been built in the back greens. We ran into them when the sirens sounded.

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Question: What was your favourite subject at school?

Answers: All the ladies replied: 'Cooking' nobody liked English or Arithmetic.

Question: What did you do in the holidays?

Answers: Just went to Portobello when the days were sunny. They had an open-air pool. It was so cold you turned blue but you didn't bother especially when the waves came on. Tam Connery, who changed his name to Sean when he got to America, was a life guard at the pool and he would stand on the high dive so everybody could admire him. After the war we would go to beautiful North Berwick for the day and you always had fish and chips and Luca's ice cream before you went home. We would also go over to Burntisland and Kinghorn in the train. It was exciting going over the Forth Rail Bridge and we flung pennies out of the windows for good luck.

Question (Terry): Did you have any pets?

Answers: I had a border terrier because I didn't like Alsations.

Children now told of their dogs: Black Labs, Mongrels, Staffies (Kaiser and Deisel). Baileys stated she had eight bull dogs her father bred them. Everyone laughed.

Question: What was your favourite film and film star?

Answer: Sound of Music, Gone with the Wind, Cowboy Films: Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Roy Rogers and his horse Trigger.

David joined us late in the session and he remarked when observing the animated making of the two scarecrows: "What a mess. I wonder who's going to clean that up." He smiled when the children began to sweep the floor and gather up the straw. He also said how much he had enjoyed just watching the children. The ladies also echoed this remark. All agreed it was a joy to see young enthusiastic children in their home.

Transcript by Millie Gray

Suddenly he had an idea!

Lea's Story,

A Traditional Slovenian Tale

Long ago there lived a prince who hated his father. The two of them were always quarrelling and the king would give his son no part in ruling the kingdom.

The prince married and had a daughter of his own, but he found his life tedious. He had nothing useful to do and could only bide his time, while his father grew older and ever more cantankerous.

At last the old king died and the prince, who had now reached middle age, suddenly found himself a king with great power. Unfortunately, he had neither the wisdom nor the experience to use his power well. The first thing he did was to send out a decree that all the old people in the kingdom must leave within a week, or else they would be killed.



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“Old people are useless,” he announced. “They stand in the way of younger men with new ideas.”

Soon the roads of the kingdom were clogged with old people fleeing for the shelter of neighbouring lands. A week later, there was not an old man or woman to be seen throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Then soldiers were sent out to search for any who might be hiding, to kill them and anyone who had sheltered them.

“Now,” said the king, “my land is free of old fools, and we shall all be the better for it!”

But unknown to the king, one old man still remained. There was a young farmer whose parents had died when he was a child and who had been brought up by his grandfather. The old man had taught him all he knew about growing crops and caring for animals.

The young farmer loved the old man and valued his wisdom, so he hid him in a big empty water-barrel. When the soldiers came to search, the farmer gave them his home-brewed ale to drink so that they grew drunk and careless and did not look in the barrel. Years passed, and things did not go well in the kingdom.

With no wise old counsellors to advise him, the king acted upon any whim which took his fancy, often with disastrous results. This was especially true when the time came to find a husband for his own daughter. He did not take the trouble to seek out young men of good family and character, from whom the princess could make her choice. Instead, he announced that all the young single men in the kingdom must come to the palace and the one who could best solve three riddles would be granted his daughter's hand in marriage. The princess was not pleased, but she knew it was useless to oppose her father's whims.

The farmer was one of the young men summoned to the palace and he returned that night to tell his old grandfather about the first riddle. “We must all gather on a hill before daybreak,” he said, “and guess the exact moment

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when the sun will rise." The old man smiled. "All the other young men will look to the east, where the sun rises, he told his grandson. "But you must look westward to the high mountains. The moment you see the sun's first rays catch the topmost peak, you must cry 'Now!' for at that very instant the sun will rise into view in the east."

The young farmer did just as his grandfather had told him, and the king was delighted by his quickness. "Let us see how you fare with the next riddle," he said.

The young farmer went home and told his grandfather, "Tomorrow we must come into the king's presence 'wearing shoes and yet barefoot'." "Why, this is simple," said the old man, and taking a pair of his grandson's shoes, he carefully cut away the soles. From above, the shoes seemed whole, but beneath them the young man's feet were on the ground.

Most of the other suitors arrived next day with one shoe on and one shoe off. A few even turned up in their socks, but the king judged that the young farmer was the only one who had solved the riddle correctly. But when the young man was given the third task, he returned in a state of deepest gloom. "This time," he told his grandfather, "we must bring to the princess the flower which in all the world smells best and looks most beautiful. Richer men will seek far and wide for the most exotic blooms, while I can choose only from the wild flowers that grow around the farm." But the old man just laughed. He gave his grandson a single ear of wheat to take to the princess, and told him what to say to her.

Next morning, the steps of the palace looked like a vast florist's shop. The other young men had spent all they had on the most colourful scented blooms they could buy. The princess was growing quite bored sniffing them all. When the young farmer presented her with a single ear of wheat, she raised her eyebrows in astonishment. The king frowned.

"What is this?" he demanded angrily. "Do you think my daughter merits no better gift than an ear of wheat?" "I am a simple farmer, your majesty," said

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the young man, "and I have brought the princess the loveliest flower I know. There is nothing more beautiful to look upon than a field of golden wheat rippling in the wind, and nothing smells better than a wheat loaf fresh from the oven."

"He is right, Father!" said the princess, laughing, and the king nodded. "It is true, indeed," he said, "and if you will have him, daughter, he shall be your husband and rule after me."

The princess agreed, for she liked the look of the young farmer. They walked back into the palace together and as they went, the king asked the young man how he came to have so much wisdom at so young an age. The farmer hesitated, fearing the king's wrath if he told the truth. Then, plucking up his courage, he confessed how he had hidden his old grandfather. The king frowned, and thought for a while before he spoke. He had begun to see that he would soon grow old himself, and he wanted a son-in-law who would love and respect him when that time came. What better choice could he make, he thought, than one who had risked his own life, for his old grandfather? "I see now," he told the young couple, "that the wisdom of old people is something to be valued."

Then the king gave orders that all the old people who had fled the land could return and would be treated with great honour. So wisdom came back into the land, and from that day on, the people flourished because of his great love for him and because the old man had always given him such good advice.

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Millie's Story,

Tattie Hawking

Millie – *When the war was declared we were all told we were going to have to grow our own food, did you grow your own food?*

David – *O yeah, we grew the cabbages*

Other – *My dad would grow the vegetables*

The Story,

All our lovely gardens were dug up, and we'd have our anderson shelters, so that we'd grow our own food. Anywhere you had a space you had food. Everybody had to have chickens because we had to have our own foods. The funny thing is when you wanted to have a chicken you went to your neighbour and got their chicken and killed it, because you didn't want to eat your own, but they could come and get yours too when they wanted when, and that was how we lived then.

We also got a week off in October. Did anyone go tattie picking?

We got a week off school in October to go Tattie Hawking, and that was my brother and I. I said to him 'will it be alright?' and he says 'oh, it'll just be like picking the strawberries and the raspberries in the summer', but it's not like that is it? You can't stop every 5 minutes and have a nice raspberry or strawberry, no. My fingers were in mourning. They were all black because of this tattie hawking. It was cold and it was wet, and I said to my brother 'I've had enough, I want me mammie', and he says 'look, we're a month arrears in the rent, and we need another months rent, and we're gonna get 3 pounds and 6 shillings' which was a fortune' for picking up these potatoes, and that'll pay the arrears, this months rent and next months rent, we'll only need to worry about Christmas, and maybe Santa Claus will come, you never can tell'. So I said 'No I can't go on!' Do you remember that, you were bent

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down the whole day, and when you tried to straighten up at the end of the day it was awful. It stays with you forever. They don't actually do the potatoes like that now. Did you have the tractor that went forward and you had to run behind it and you had to pick so many potatoes? While I was feeling bad and arguing with my brother the farmer came up and he said 'what's going on here, there's only a wee drizzle', and it was bucketing with rain, and he says 'you have to go on, we've got to get the tatties lifted, because we needed them, because we'd won the war and lost the peace, and potatoes were rationed, remember they were rationed after the war, do you remember that?'

There was an Irish couple working beside us, and it was a woman and she had a sack as an apron that she'd tied round her, and she says to my brother, 'Have you no got a pair of mitts for it'? And my brother says 'no, we cannae afford gloves'. She had, remember the mitts were finished off and your fingers were free, but they knitted. Well she took off her mitts and she gave them to me, and my brother says 'what about you', and she says, 'oh, she says, my skin is as hard as that farmers' heart, so you can have them'. Well, anyway, I thought I still didn't feel good, and my brother says 'Come on, I'll tell you what I'm gonna do, I will actually pick half of your potatoes as well as my own, and we'll be alright, and we'll get the money, and we won't get evicted'. Well the thought of being evicted and going to a home, I looked up at him and I said 'Alright then', and I stayed for the other two days and lifted the potatoes.

It stays with you for the rest of your life, and you never waste a potato, you always make sure you use your potatoes, and if there's any left you use them the next day.

Millie - *Jack, are you still in love with me?*

Jack - *Oh yes! My mind and heart is all yours.*



Suddenly he had an idea!

Clare's Story,

Emily and the Bridge

There was once a girl called Emily Wurlybirch. They called her Emily Wurlybirch because she was always in a tizz, and she was always in the woods. Every September mid month, Emily would go into the woods and she'd go nutting. She'd get sweet chestnuts and walnuts, and beechnuts and acorns, and her favourite which were hazelnuts, and she'd crack them there and then and eat them all. Then she'd sit down because she was so full. She was just about to crack one of the lovely hazelnuts that she had found, when she noticed something wiggling on it, and she looked closer, and to her shock she saw a fat shiny maggot on top of the hazelnut. She was going to scream, but then for some reason she looked a little bit closer, and something happened. There was some kind of appeal about this little creature, its shiny white segments, and it had a little black pointy nose, and little eyes. So Emily gathered some sheep wool in a matchstick box and took it home with her and she started to feed it.

She fed it nuts, and it grew as big as a bee.

She fed it pieces of cheese, and it grew as big as a mouse.

She fed it fish, and it grew the size of a cat, and she'd sit by the fire with it.

She fed it bones, and it grew to the size of a dog, and it'd follow her everywhere. She fed it scraps and old roots, and it grew to the size of a hog, And its white skin got really tight like it was going to burst at any minute.

It even grew too big for the house so she put it outside, and all that was left to feed it was the grass. So it ate the grass, and it grew to the size of a cow, and at that point the maggot took charge. It ripped off the shed door and ate that, it ate bricks, it ate floors, it ate pigs and sheep, and then it went on a feeding frenzy throughout the town, eating beds, baths, people, the roof off the house, the next door neighbours house. It ate everything it came across. It grew to be the size of a house.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer

The people of Bridgend gathered together and they hurled and threw stones at it and chased it all the way through Bridgend back to the woods, where it had come from. One of them had a spear and he got as close to the maggot as he could and he threw the spear and prodded the maggot just enough to touch and pierce the side of the creatures white, shiny, crackling skin. There was a huge explosion. Everyone hit the deck, with their hands covering their eyes and ears. When it subsided they looked up and there was nothing there. There was just bits of silk and slime and bits of white cracked skin on the floor. It had simply disappeared. Puzzled by this they just didn't know what to do or what to think. In the end they thought 'it's gone, at least its gone and disappeared'. So they just went home. But if they'd bothered to look up, they would have seen high in the sky, spiralling round, riding the thermals in the air, a freshly hatched young baby dragon. Those bits of white cracked skin, and silk and slime on the forest floor stayed on that floor for years and years and gradually solidified into rock and were eventually used to build a house called Bridgend, and its out towards Craigmillar Castle.

In Bridgend, there lived, a very poor tailor called John, and his wife. They'd kind of fallen across Bridgend and it was ramshackled, and it had been left half ruined. John had started to suddenly have repetitive dreams. There was a man in his dream standing by him, wearing a green coat, and he said 'go to old bridge'. Again the next night, 'meet me on old bridge'. John kept telling his wife, who just said, 'dreams are dreams, we all dream, you don't need to listen to them, just go back to sleep'. But the man in green



Suddenly he had an idea!

kept returning and kept saying the same message, 'meet me on the old bridge, meet me on the old bridge', but John just couldn't get the dream out of his mind. He asked his close friend, and his friend said the same as his wife, 'We all dream...I dream of buying Bridgend so it can all be nice for all of you, so you can start letting people come and stay there. Just enjoy the dream John, don't worry about it'.

Eventually though, it was starting to really niggle and niggle him, and was so fed up, so he set off and went to the old bridge and he waited, and waited, and waited, and after a few days a man approached him and said, 'I've been watching you, you've been stood here for days, what's going on'. John told this man why he was there and about his dream, and the man said, 'what a waste of time, only fools follow dreams, why, last week I dreamt that there was a chest of gold under a hawthorn tree. It was some tailor's house, something to do with Bridgend'.

John went home, back to Bridgend, and he sat there at sunset quietly in the allotment, and as he sat there he looked over to his left, and in the sunset the most beautiful blue hawk swirled and soared down into the garden, and sat on the branch of a nearby tree. John looked and then he stood, and then he went over to the tree and he took a shovel and he put one dig in the floor and then, bam! He hit the top of a chest under the hawthorn tree! Sure enough it was a full chest of gold. Bridgend had been rich all along. So John and his wife were able to tend to the land around Bridgend, and renovate the house properly, and it became a famous haunt and drop-in because it was on the main road and route for travellers, and musicians and various people, and they began to come and take shelter there and rest their heads.

Now, it's said that the windows in Bridgend at that time we always open, because regardless of the season, the time of year, the weather, the very walls of the house are warm to the touch, as if they're naturally heated by dragons breath, and it's said that every ninety years, on the new September moon, if you stand in those allotments by Bridgend, you will see up in the sky, spiralling, what could be a glider, or a large bird of prey, but we know, it's Emily's dragon.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer

Jane's Story,

The Farm House and the Trees

Once upon a time there was a burn, it ran through pasture and woodland and people came to live beside it, they hunted and fished and farmed and gave thanks.

By and by small villages grew up and grand estates. In the 16th century a chapel was built on this land, near the hunting lodge of King James 5th the remains of a similar chapel can be seen at Craigmillar castle further up the hill. Later the chapel became used as stables, the only clue to its' former purpose, a niche in one wall where once a statue had stood.

In 1566 Mary Queen of Scots fled to Craigmillar Castle after the murder of her faithful Italian secretary David Rizzio and spent many weeks there in deepest despair. She was six months pregnant and in an unhappy marriage to her jealous, drunken husband, lord Darnley. It may have been then that Mary discovered the healing power of planting a humble seed...Below the walls of Craigmillar Castle, in Little France where many of her French advisors stayed, Mary planted the seed of a plane tree. This tree grew and grew, living for more than three hundred years. In 1881 after a storm damaged it, the local landowner made an application to cut some branches off. By the 1950's only a stump remained with a plaque to say who'd planted the tree, but now the site is wasteland, Queen Mary's tree only a memory, it's former location a mark on a map...

However near Melville castle on the banks of the river Esk, standing to this day, is an ancient sweet chestnut tree that David Rizzio, planted as a token of his love for Mary. An extravagant act of devotion which kindled Lord Darnley's jealousy toward the unfortunate man.

Suddenly he had an idea!

In 1800 the stables, which had once been a chapel, were renovated to become a labourers cottage, a farmhouse...

And this old farmhouse, stood there as long as people could remember. It used to be a working farm, but as the city grew around it, it was swallowed up and forgotten. As the years passed it fell into a state of disrepair, slates came off the roof, it leaked and wind whistled through cracks in the windows and by and by it was boarded up and left to decay. Next to the farmhouse the land was given over to allotments where people could once more learn how revitalising it is to grow food, flowers and herbs. People came to the land, some seeking something lost, a connection, a wholeness and healing their hands in the earth they learned once more to feel the passing seasons, investing hours of care and patience tending their plots and by and by the most important thing of all began to grow, hope.

Some of these people thought it would be wonderful to share all they'd learned on the land to help others and rejuvenate the old farmhouse to welcome the whole community.

"Where should we begin?" the people wondered and as they talked about the history of the place, it's possibilities and who might come, one man said "What we need is a really good story"...

Once upon a time there lived a farmer

The Farmer's children Lewis

Once upon a time there lived a farmer that owned a small farm, he had three children. One day he thought "When I die who will look after my farm? Suddenly he had an idea! "I know, I will set a competition for my three children". So the next day he called his three children down "right, my children" he said "I have called you down because I am going to set a competition. whoever can fill the old barn with something will get to keep the farm". So he handed the children some money and they went to the market.

Suddenly he had an idea!

A light hearted exercise at the end of a lesson,

“The five days of ...” to the tune of “The twelve days of Christmas.”

Jane: “Does anyone know the song the twelve days of Christmas?”

Some of the girls hands go up. Groans from the boys.

Jane: “Well we’re not going to sing that, but we are going to use the tune and instead, we’re going to sing about the five days of summer and the kinds of things you find in your lunch box.”

Suggestion from one of the children: “What about the five days of school?”

Jane: “Yes! That works even better. Ok let’s give it a try: On the first day of school my mother gave to me...”

Joe: “A sandwich and a Beech tree”

Jane: “Not sure if BeechTrees are very edible...how about a cup of tea?”
(Although, I’ve since discovered that young beech leaves can be eaten as salad - Jane)

Jane: “On the second day of school my mother gave to me...”

Suggestion: “A nice pencil case...”

Jane: “Not exactly edible, but you do need one for school, Why not! A nice pencil case, a sandwich and a cup of tea...On the third day of school my mother gave to me...”

Once upon a time there lived a farmer

Suggestion: Strawberry yoghurts...

All together: ...A nice pencil case, a sandwich and a cup of tea”

Jane: On the fourth day of school my mother gave to me

A lot of raking in a desk drawer followed by the triumphant pulling out of “A packet of Chedds”

All together: ...Strawberry yoghurts, a nice pencil case a sandwich and a cup of tea!”

Jane: “On the fifth day of school my mother gave to me...”

Suggestion from one of the girls: “The gateway to freedom”

Jane: “I like it but we can’t eat it!”

Suggestion from the boys: “A chocolate bar”

All together: “A chocolate bar, a packet of Chedds, strawberry yoghurts, a nice pencil case, a sandwich and a cup of tea!”

Sing back one more time all together.

Jane: “Well done everyone!” clap.

Suddenly he had an idea!

Dr. Who and Amy Pond: The Scarecrow making project,

During the devising of the workshops the storytellers and the Bridgend Inspiring Growth team discussed the use of Bridgend Allotments for our final event. We figured this would be an appropriate and wonderful place to hold our final story-sharing, right next to the iconic farmhouse and out by lots of blooming flowers, herbs and plants, full of life, growth and vitality.

We wanted to ensure though that we were building bridges with the allotment users too, and showing them all the participants care and concern for this life, and to offer thanks for the use of the barn.

The idea sprang forward, thanks to the ingenuity of Jack Martin, that together the children and the older residents could make two towering, commanding and watchful scarecrows to look over the allotments with diligence and mindful protection. Thanks to a donation of two big bales of straw from Gorgie Farm, and from a selection of old and new clothes gathered by Inchview residents, and at the last minute by some of the storytellers, these two giants were put together in the third session of the project at Inchview with the pupils and residents together. As you can see from the photos, the straw managed to spread itself all over the place, piling up around the room, almost making a real pig sty! but as Jane says 'the energy was really positive and they were really getting into it'.

Dr. Who and Amy Pond, as they were affectionately named, then made their way over to the allotments for the final handing over ceremony to Chris Macefield of Bridgend Growing Communities on Saturday June 9th, and you can now find them both standing guard over the edibles in the heart of Bridgend Allotments, to go and visit again at any point.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer



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Some feedback on the project,

From the observations I made everyone that participated had a great time, feedback I receive from Heather and the residents was very positive and I feel that the experience is a memory that will stay with both the young pupils and the residents at Inch View.

It is always a pleasure to watch three generations participating in meaningful activities.

Kind Regards

Maggie Johnson
Inchview

It was great that BGC was able in a small way able to be involved in the story telling event. From the varied number of people who attend it brilliantly showed how reflecting and sharing can be a such a powerful way of bringing people of all ages together.

Chris Macefield
Bridgend Growing Communities

Some feedback on the project,

Jane received some feedback after a session:
'Joe, who had been in my group, asked',

"You know the story we learnt today, have you got any tips of how I could make it even better?...I'm glad my teacher booked you."



Once upon a time there lived a farmer

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BIG: Who we are and what we do,

We are a small voluntary group and charity working towards a community-led renovation of Bridgend Farmhouse.

Vision:

The renovation of Bridgend Farmhouse for exciting, tailored and supportive educational activities, training and projects for residents of Bridgend and the surrounding communities of the Inch, Liberton, Moredun and Craigmillar. They utilise the Craigmillar Castle Park, develop traditional crafts and skills, and provide social space and facilities for allotment users, park users, local residents and visitors.

Mission:

To develop an inclusive community-led organisation that is empowered to confidently and skilfully take on and develop an asset (Bridgend Farmhouse) to provide appropriate, sustainable initiatives for the local community.

Who we are:

Will Golding (who got involved through the Bridgend Allotments and is currently a youth worker in Craigmillar)

John Knox (resident of the Inch who got involved through discontent over the degradation of the farmhouse and wanting to save it from complete demolition and is also chair of Craigmillar Woods Action Group)

Anna Danby (who got involved through her passion in Environmental Education and now works at Dynamic Earth as Education Officer)

Ruby Alba (who got involved through Bridgend Allotments and through a training event we ran). A passionate ecologist and advocate of permacultural principles with much experience of beekeeping and garden design.

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How you can get involved:

Fundraising

Offer funding or donations

Help run community events

Help write business plans

Offer construction services or advice

Help us provide training and education opportunities for future users

Become organisational partners

Write us a letter of your own or your organisations support

We would like you to get involved!

This is open for anyone and totally free to join.

If you would like to join us please get in touch:

bridgendfarmhse@gmail.com

Find out more at:

bridgendfarmhse.blogspot.com



Bridgend Inspiring Growth

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BIG: What we've achieved so far,

- > Open public meeting in June 2010 with over 40 people attending.
- > Stakeholders event in January 2011 with over 80 people attending including organisational representatives, local councillors and school representatives.
- > Given out and received back over 60 questionnaires.
- > Website and email membership database established.
- > Bridgend Winter festival in collaboration with Bridgend Growing Communities.
- > Created a oral history book with older social clubs in the area called 'Winter During the War'.
- > Helped at other local seasonal events (Bridgend Apple Day, Bridgend Open Day, Bridgend Potato Day).
- > Gathered informal feedback, suggestions and support through different participation approaches at public events at Bridgend Allotments.
- > Put on various training events for the committee and other members of the public:
 - Structure and Governance (Greenspace Scotland) April 2011
 - SWOT analysis and group work (Sus-it-out) February 2011
 - Place-based learning (Open Ground) June 2011
 - Community-led design (Glasshouse Design) September 2011
 - Community Action Planning (Development Trust Association Scotland) March 2012
- > Attending a wide range of different meetings with different organisations, local authorities and charities.
- > Ran an open summer skill share including workshops on Beekeeping, jam jar lantern making, bramble jam making, sewing and the History of Bridgend Farmhouse in August 2011.

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- > Ran workshops at local nursery (Liberton) and local volunteering fair (Gilmerton).
- > Produced 150 leaflets that were distributed locally.
- > Held monthly committee meetings for a year (from September 2010). Anyone is welcome to attend.
- > Maintained close dialogue with the local authorities and organisations.
- > Supervised a placement Ecology student from University of Edinburgh and created a design and information for a Bridgend wildlife garden on the farmhouse land (in collaboration with Soraya Bishop from University of Edinburgh and local allotmenters).
- > Had an environsearch report done on the building and developed basic structural plans that show the structural safety of the building and the land that it is on.
- > Began a research project into the building and surrounding lands history.
- > Study visit to Moffat CAN for 6 members.
- > Created a booklet of similar case studies which we have studied and learnt from.
- > Workshops and Visioning with Development Trust Association Scotland.
- > Formed and established ourselves as a SCIO (Scottish Charitable Incorporated Organisation).
- > Raised £500 in donations.
- > 'Three Bridges' Intergenerational Living Memory and Storytelling Project with Liberton Primary and Inchview.
- > Began carrying out a Social Return on Investment for possible uses of the farmhouse.



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A huge Thank You to everyone involved,

About Liberton/Gilmerton Neighbourhood Partnership

The Liberton & Gilmerton Neighbourhood Partnership (LGNP) area includes a number of smaller communities including Liberton, Gilmerton, Inch, Southhouse/Burdiehouse, Gracemount and Moredun. Since 2008, the LGNP has identified and tackled a wide range of local issues, in particular those that affect our most vulnerable residents. The Neighbourhood Partnership Community Grants Fund is a small grants scheme (provided by the Council)...for local community activity that supports the work of the Neighbourhood Partnerships and their Local Community Plans.

About Scottish Book Trust:

Scottish Book Trust is the leading agency for the promotion of literature, reading and writing in Scotland. It runs innovative projects to encourage adults and children to read and write, supports professional writers through skills development and awards, funds a variety of literature events and promotes Scottish writing to over 10 million people worldwide.

About Creative Scotland:

Creative Scotland is the new national leader for Scotland's arts, screen and creative industries, aimed at helping Scotland's creativity shine at home and abroad. www.creativescotland.com.

About Bridgend Growing Communities:

Bridgend Growing Communities is an organic community garden and allotment project based in Edinburgh that aims to give participants a sense of personal effectiveness and well being. We promote the close connections between food, physical activity, the natural environment and working outdoors in our Craigmillar area facility. We engage in a number of ways, from

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open access volunteer sessions to specific programs of work to develop life and employability skills. More info: <http://bridgendcommunity.blogspot.co.uk/>

About Liberton Primary School:

Liberton Primary School is based in Inch Park, just off the Gilmerton Road. It serves the south east of Edinburgh and was built in 1954. The school is a two-storey build set in extensive park grounds.

About Inchview residential carehome:

Inchview is a residential care home in the Inch with 60 permanent residents. It was purpose built in 2011 by Edinburgh City Council with a range of new services and facilities.



Suddenly he had an idea!



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