



Bridgehaven Bugle



Summer 2022

Poem by Timothy B, 'Hello, Tomorrow'

Hello, tomorrow.
I greet you with doubt
As well as anticipation.

I do not yet know
The names of
Your worries or
Of your joys.

I only greet you
With a hopeful heart.

Hello, tomorrow.
My dreams come true
Under your sky.

My pain recedes
With your sunlight
At evening.

Hello, tomorrow,
And now goodbye,
Until we meet again.

Creative Journaling

Timothy B

I think kindness is more important than intelligence. It has been said that "people don't care how much you know until they know how much you care." Intelligence can help us understand others, but it cannot meet their need for love and compassion the way kindness does.

Intelligence informs and illuminates the mind, but kindness warms the heart in a way intelligence never



could.

Living with my illness has been a journey that I've had to take one day at a time, one year at a time. Life itself is a journey for everyone, and I think whether you have an illness or not, everyone has their own individual journeys within their larger journey of life. Everyone, whether they have a mental illness or not, has their own set of troubles to deal with. I think the important thing is to realize that these are all parts of each person's life journey, and that ultimately it is worth it to have the strength to muddle through them.

I have made great progress with my illness since I came to Bridgehaven, especially within the last few years. My journey is not over, and at times there are still obstacles in the way, but I still continue on knowing that no matter what trouble may come my way, I have the strength to rise above it.

Kontika C's Jewelry Box



Poem By Audrey L, titled, 'I Don't Feel

pt1

Wanted'

pt 2

I Don't Feel Wanted by Audrey L.

Since I was born,
And throughout childhood,
I don't feel wanted.

Throughout alcoholism,
Abuse and neglect,
I don't feel wanted.

Throughout separation,
And the child welfare system,
I don't feel wanted.

Through school,
Through playing games,
I don't feel wanted.

Through college I failed,
Through churches that abused,
I don't feel wanted.

Through hospitalizations,
Through job losses,
I don't feel wanted.

Through various groups,
I sought support,
I don't feel wanted.

Throughout so-called friends,
That rejected and abandoned me,
I don't feel wanted.

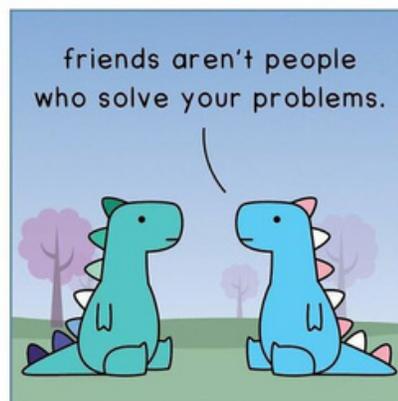
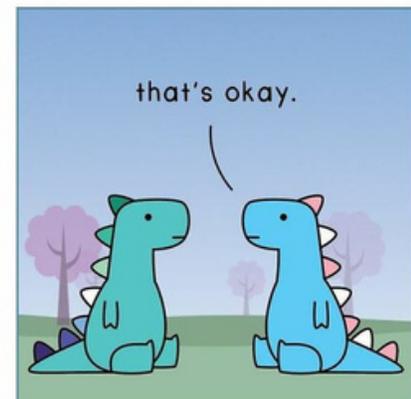
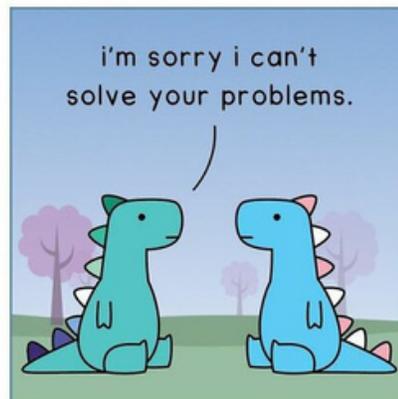
Throughout this world
Being a person of color,
I don't feel wanted.

However, with the workers,
At Bridgehaven,
I felt wanted.

When I met people,
At my church,
I felt wanted.

When I met a few friends,
That means a lot to me,
I felt wanted.

Most of all,
When I met my Higher Power,
I definitely felt wanted.



comic credit: DinosandComics on Instagram



My Philosophy of Life by Audrey L

My philosophy of is to treat people the way I wish to be treated and believe in the inherit worth and dignity of every human being regardless of age, race, sexual orientation, or gender identity. I believe in treating everyone with dignity and respect. My philosophy is to allow everyone to believe what they want or not to believe, no matter what religion, lack of religion, or political bent. I believe in allowing people to live with who they want or how they choose to live. I do not push my beliefs on other people. I believe in paying my bills on time. I believe in not taking anything that does not belong to me. I believe when I go to the store to get my items, pay for them, and get out of the store. I believe when I get in someone's car to put on my seatbelt.



A Poem/Parody by April J

These Aren't a Few of My Favorite Things
Chewing and popping, the gum that you're chomping;
Snot bubbles blowing, Noshing mouths that are open

So many mannerless, horrible pains
These aren't a few of my favorite things.
Talking o'er others when your turn to listen
Fighting for nothing and all of the bitchin'
Lying to save your skin, drama does reign
These aren't a few of my favorite things.

When the lights on
And you're not there
Makes me feel so sad
Then I remember that I hate these things
And that's why I stay so mad.

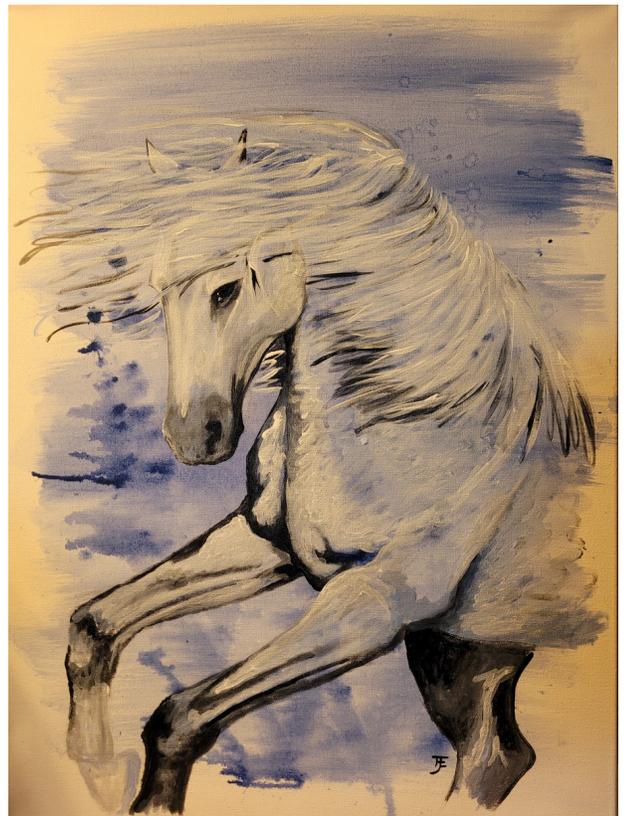
Keyboards a clacking and pens that are clicking
Obnoxious laughter, something that's sticky
So many mannerless, horrible pains
These aren't a few of my favorite things
Rudeness in general, or bad attitudes
Talking in movies will ruin the mood
Crunching your chips or choosing to sing
These aren't a few of my favorite things.

When you leave rooms
Shut the cabinets
Ooo I get so mad
I simply just hate all of these things
And that's why I stay so sad.

well dang



Art by April J



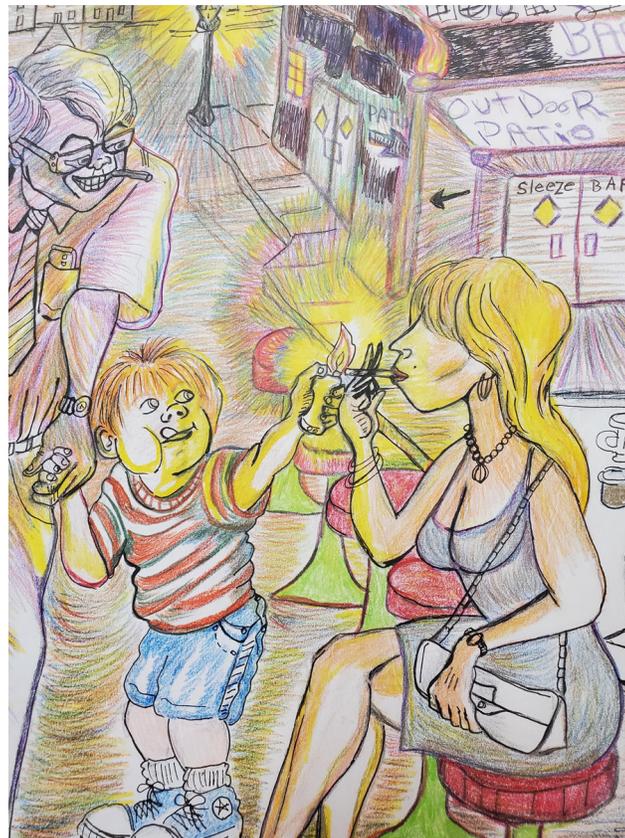
Poem by Paul W, titled, 'Hell's Journey'

pt1

Stop flowing moments against the nights sky
above
my heart was interested
as could be
but there was no lady to
tackle my soul are
me
True this evening was beginning
to look unfair in every way
but then she came
This begin to shack me up
deep inside
but would she want me
are should I
cry
Now there I was thinking
at my worst
then she spoke don't look
so stupid
you don't seem to be a
big jerk
Well I figured this was my

pt 2

calling card for this
night
should I move forward
are maybe bad advice
Then she said you look
so timid and shy
if I kiss you would your
heart come back
alive
I raised my head saying
please give me
and my heart a treat
then start loving on me
so my soul will fill
complete
And just by chance you're
in need of romance
even trills
then I'll still be here when
the mourning arrives
you'll find the heal
in me
couldn't hide are
die



Art by Wayne (Bucky)

A poem by Virginia R titled, 'My Quest for Inner Peace'



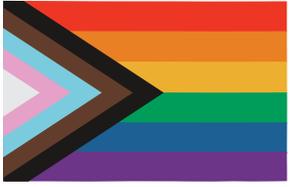
I've searched high and low
Where else can I go?
In my quest for inner peace
For my happiness to increase.

I've never felt happy
And have always hated me.
Does God have the key
That would set me free?

Where is God in my quest
For inner peace? I try my best
To ask him for direction,
Then I pause for reflection.

I will focus inside me not out.
Then inner peace will come about.
I will love myself more
Than I ever have before.

Writings by Virginia R



Titled, 'Words from the Rainbow'



One of the many things I love about Bridgehaven is its diversity. Everyone here at BH is treated with dignity and respect no matter their race, sexual orientation, religion (or none), or diagnosis.

I'm not saying that disagreements between members or members with staff don't occur, but, when they do they are handled fairly and respectfully. Keep up the good work BH and special thanks to our LGBT community here at BH.

Titled, 'Physical and Mental Health'

I've been through a lot of both physical and mental therapy. Both have been painful while going through them yet both have lessened my pain upon completion.

The results have been most beneficial when I'm participating in both therapies at once. After a day of mental therapy at BH then going to a PT office and doing what is asked of me there, I am totally exhausted yet happy that both my physical and mental pain is LESS. I thank God that I have the strength and opportunity to do them both.



A poem by Erica R

Walls and rooftops lift from the earth
And disappear into the dark
The pieces whirl high
Swept clean from the landscape
She watches as it disappears
She still standing
Not moving
The deadly storm is coming
Straight for her
She's leaving everything
Her hope is that
She survives.



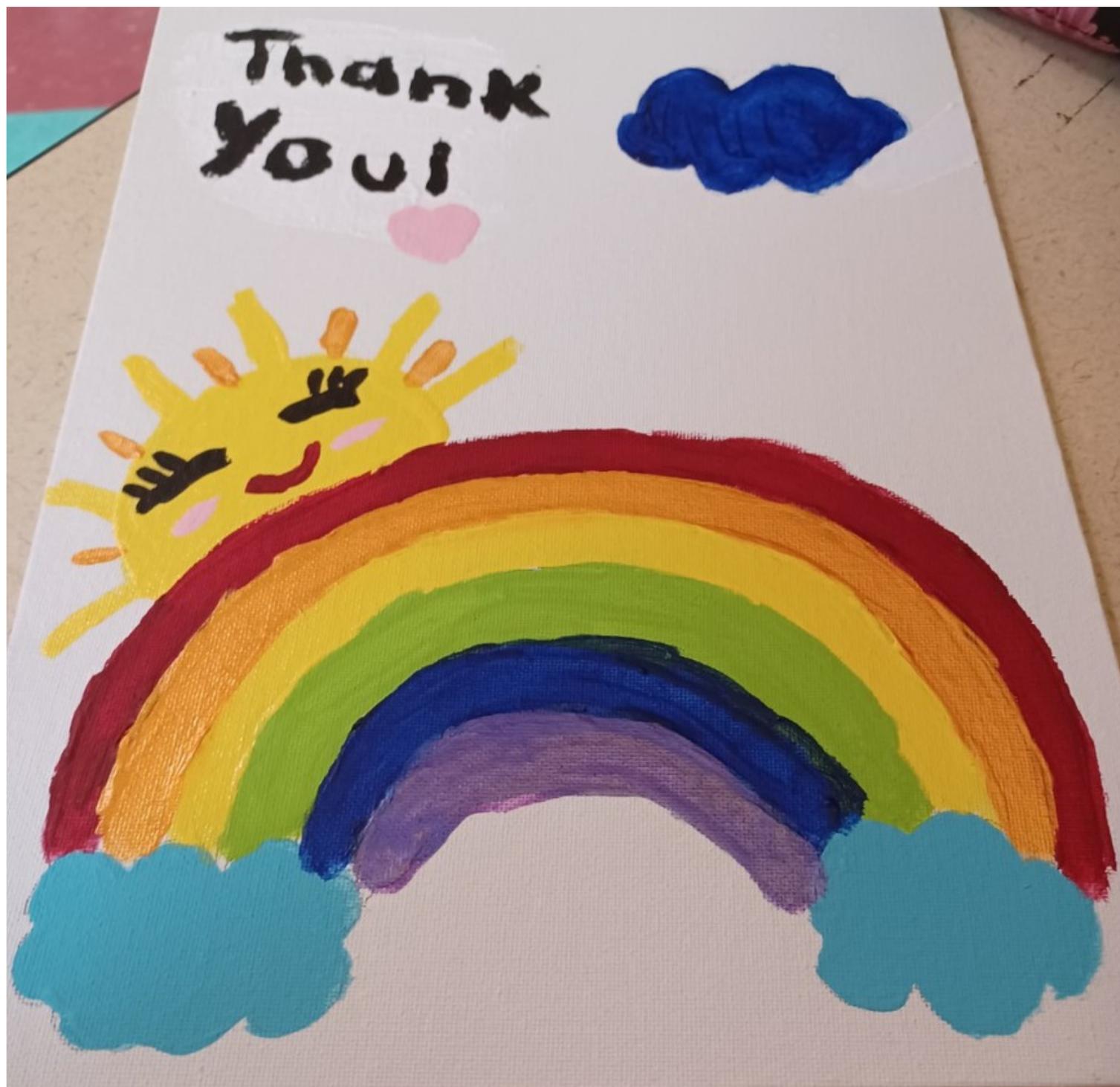
Poem by Anita A



Folding its massive pinions
The beautiful blue Hyacinth Macaw
Tries to hide among the Hyacinths
Where a butterfly is kissing each blossom
As it tastes the sweet nectar



Art by Brittany P





**Art by Alexis P
pt 1**

Art by Alexis P pt 2



Want to be in the next issue? Email art or writing to
eferguson@bridgehaven.org