



SEASONS OF MISTS ... AND MIXED EMOTIONS

August is a month of mists. It is also a month of mixed emotions at Glencree. Our programme year ends on the 31st so the 'wind-down' has already begun and some of the normal pressures have eased. The last week has been set aside for an evaluation of the year - programmes, resources, relationships, policy - so that the fruits of our experiences will not be lost. There will also be time for recreation together.

But a note of sadness slips into our anticipation when we realise that most of our volunteers will be leaving at the end of the month. The Centre cannot afford a full salaried staff and our volunteers have limited time to spare - some give a year, others six months and yet others give up their summer holidays. This annual exodus is a painful experience for those left behind. There is a real sense of loss which takes time to heal. Thankfully, departures do not always mean that friendships are sundered: over the years, many of our past volunteers have kept in touch. We hope it will be the same this year.

To all our Volunteers, Glencree extends grateful thanks. Your help has been invaluable. We know that your time here has sometimes been painful and that conditions have always been trying. We in turn have been challenged by you, sometimes been frustrated by you. But we hope that for you, as for us, it has been a time of growth.

You have our very best wishes.

Sean Mac Nialluis

Me, Myself, I



As my volunteer year at Glencree draws to a close, it's good to look back on my experiences here. I realise how much my year has both changed and enriched me when I compare the present to the first few months at Glencree.

My work was a huge challenge, one I cannot describe or quantify. Intellectually, physically and emotionally, I was stretched to my limits and I met the challenge as best I could.

Overall, it was both a stimulating and exhausting year and I am now looking forward to a long holiday through Europe.

Adie Clarke

Jenny - Our Resident Literary Genius

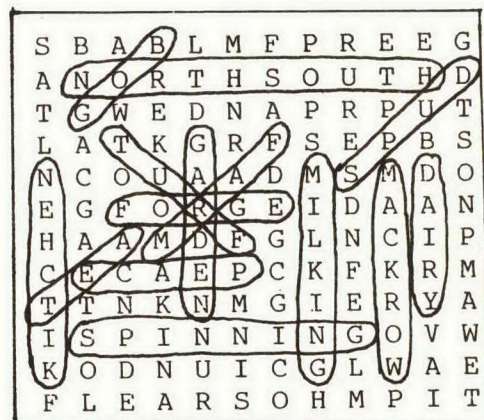
Dia Huit; Borri dda,

Here we are, out on the farm, on a nice sunny day in Glenree (it must be the third since Christmas). Ray, the mad tractor driver, is attempting the ancient art of dry stone walling; I am attempting the not so ancient but equally difficult art of writing a report with half an hour left until the final deadline.

Here comes the boss, the elusive James. A good half of all the volunteers' time here is spent looking for James, but I've got him sussed. All I have to do is sit down for two minutes when I should be working, and he appears by magic from nowhere. The good news this time is that Ray's wall is crooked.

Now for the update - for everyone who hasn't been down on the farm in the last 3 months - WHY NOT ?? We've some gorgeous calves, half an acre of potatoes, a freshly painted barn, an almost completed dairy and forty tons of silage. We also have an acre of fodder beet rapidly disappearing in a forest of weeds, miles of fencing and walls to be built and a massive system of drains to be dug. I've a set of calluses on my hands that would be the envy of any navvie, more cuts and bruises than an entire primary school and I'm starting to show a very unlady-like aptitude for arm wrestling. If anybody fancies getting back to the land - we've got more than enough to go round ... the fodder beet needs you!

P.S. It has just been revealed to me that I am in danger of a sudden and very painful death if I don't point out that Ray's wall is now straight. It's lovely. It's beautiful. It's the best bit of walling I've ever seen. (Will you stop twisting my arm now Ray?). Come up and see it sometime.



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