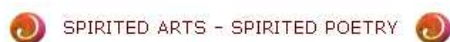


SPIRITED ARTS

A NATRE project to link creativity with Religious Education for schools



2011

Cystadleuaeth a drefnir gan y National Association of Teachers of Religious Education
A competition organised by the National Association of Teachers of Religious Education

<http://www.natre.org.uk/spiritedarts/>

Being Human			
Winning entrant	Poem title	School	Age
Madeleine Ireton	I Am Not An Animal	West Bridgford School, Notts	5
Zayn Hussain	Being Human Is and Isn't	Gearies Junior School, Ilford	7
Patrick McNicol	The Flickering Lights: Being Human	Teddington School, Richmond	13
Maryam Anaba	Being Human: What can I do?	King Edward VI High School, Birmingham	15
Where is God?			
Winning entrant	Poem title	School	Age
Patrick Corley	Searching for God: Hide and Seek	Kibworth CEPS, Leicestershire	8
Daniel Barrow	Just Like You	Nutgrove Methodist Aided School, St Helens	8
Luke Broughan	Everywhere, Anywhere	St John's RC Primary, Banbury	9
Alice Brewer	Where God Is!	Bristol Cathedral Choir School	11
Chris Turner	Where Is God?	Queen Elizabeth Hospital School Bristol	12
Jacob Schafheutle – Evans	The Grand Old Overseer	Priestnall School, Stockport	13
Path of Life			
Winning entrant	Poem title	School	Age
Sergio	My Path of Life	Selwyn Primary School, Plaistow	9
Tomos Turtle	Destination GOLDEN Station	Ysgol Botwnnog, Llyn, North Wales	12
Evalyn Usher	A Lifetime	Ysgol Botwnnog, Llyn, North Wales	13
Reflections			
Winning entrant	Poem title	School	Age
Aidan Tompkins	My Beatitudes	St Mary's Clophill, Bedfordshire	8
Daru Muralitharan	Looking at my Reflection	St James Junior School, London	10
Andreas Richardson	Wise, Wise Man	Queen Elizabeth Hospital School, Bristol	11
Ciara Regan	Imago Dei	King Edward VI High School, Birmingham	13
The Promise			
Winning entrant	Poem title	School	Age
Anna Beresford	Keep a Promise	Jesse Gray School, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire	5
Caitlin Nolan	The Promise	Priestnall School, Stockport	12
Charlotte Fletcher	A Mother's Promise	Wodensborough City Technology College, Sandwell	15

Destination Golden Station

Tomos Turtle, age 12, Ysgol Botwnnog, Llŷn, Gwynedd

I am on a train-but aren't we all?
My train hurtles along barely touching the tracks,
But the ticket inspector reassures me,
I am safe while he is onboard.
I don't think I am quite first class, never mind,
I have a comfortable seat and a window.

I haven't always been on this train or in this carriage, oh no,
I've seen third class too, and experienced
Delays, missed connections and cancellations.
Some of my friends are travelling on the tube trains
Deep underground, they tempt me to join them,
But I prefer fresher air and sunlight.
Some are stuck on the same train going nowhere,
Some journeys end sooner than others.
The rail network can be full of surprises.

So many trains: fast, slow, luxurious, uncomfortable,
Crowded, empty, and well, just plain ordinary.
Trains can take you to the secret places.
But all of us passengers have one thing in common:
We can only relax and enjoy the journey as long as
We buy a ticket and place out trust in the driver.

Where am I going? Well, where am I going?
Don't ask me, my journey is only just beginning!
The ticket inspector has recommended somewhere –
A golden station with friendly and helpful staff
With escalators that only go up!
I like the sound of that destination,
But there is a long way to travel yet
And I am looking forward to the journey.

A Lifetime

Evalyn Usher, age 13, Ysgol Botwnnog, Llŷn, Gwynedd

A seed was planted, a baby born.
Muffled sounds replaced by strong white light
A whole new beginning. What path will she take?
Where is she heading? Is the future bright?

The older she grew the more she knew,
But the less she understood.

Limbs growing, places going, new people to meet
Learning to play
Express emotions and cope with fears
Mountains to climb, rivers to cross
Days passing by, the months, the years.

The older she grew the more she knew,
But the less she understood.

From birth to present, a chest of feelings and thoughts
An old wrinkled woman draws her last breath,
Some times were hard. Some times were good
Knowing that she had lived. At peace with death.

The older she grew the more she knew,
And now she understood.