

An eclectic Zine  
exploring mental health &  
wellbeing in Moray

# THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SPACES...

Issue No.1

MORAY  
wellbeing  
HUB

**THE SPACE BETWEEN THE SPACES**  
is a Zine produced by  
Moray Wellbeing Hub.

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support of The Wellbeing Fund.

The Zine is created  
collaboratively by  
Champions of Moray  
Wellbeing Hub. It is a  
judgment free space to  
explore issues  
surrounding mental  
health in a creative,  
brave and sometimes  
irreverent, challenging  
way through scribbles,  
photos, writing, poems,  
drawings, doodles &  
abstract stuff.

A place to somehow  
connect the dots and  
explore the edgelands...

(Zine graphic  
design Jonny)

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## Words connecting people

Perception –

Ego – I'm alive.

Egolessness – I'm well.

Love – It's relationship between you and me.

We are identified by our words.

Love is not permanent,

Love goes,

Ego suffers and learns to grow;

Ego goes,

Egolessness remains.

The difference is neither right nor wrong,

Yesterday is now.

This moment is ever changing.

Hope grows stronger.

Love passes from one to another,

Peace flowers in both brain and heart.

We are connected.

### 《大爱无疆》

博闻强识

自我--生存一时

无我--大爱长存

大爱--关乎你我

字里行间辨识你我

爱非永恒

亲友消逝

自我考验与成长

自我逝去

无我永存

一时一刻

一念之差

昨是今非

万变不离其宗

希冀在壮大

博爱在弘扬

平和在修行

你我手拉手

Matt (JUNFEI HU)



(Photo Michael)





(Drawing Becky & Jean)

This is a shout out to the golden people, the Tipp-Ex white ones, the ones with rainbow sparkles and bright purple lights, the multicoloured ones. For the ones with fuzzy brains or fluid ones, the ones with particular wirings. The ones that identify as heavy rain storms or wind rustling through the trees. The ones that are savoury, bittersweet, umami, zesty and the ones with a little chilli kick at the end. This is a shout out to everyone, unique in our own way. Let's celebrate our specific strengths and fight the stigma. Never underestimate your superpowers. We are all different and...

**WE.ARE.FABULOUS!**

(Words Tini)



**"I have recently  
been using my  
photography for  
mindfulness and  
focusing on one  
particular colour  
per day to make  
a colour montage"  
- Rosanne**



SCOTLAND



## THE OCEAN

The stones shift beneath careful feet, a melody of movement felt rather than heard as waves crash against the shoreline a few feet below. It's far enough, and yet somehow not far enough. Robin stands, staring out over the wild, grey ocean, watching as wave after wave hurtles towards the pebbled shore, dashing itself against it over and over. The sky is darkened, overburdened with the weight of all the world, pressing down and howling with wind that whips flecks of rain and salty spray against everything before it.

Robin's jacket is pulled tighter, arms crossed, one tiny, fragile human being teetering on the edge of the world. There are houses some way distant, nestled beyond the dunes, but no one else stands alone before the storm. No one else faces the raw, seething mass of churning water, the piercing cut of the wind, the furious, intermingled tears of sea and sky. No one else sees what there is to see, because they are hidden away, safe and warm behind stone walls where yellow light falls and heat bleeds from one close room to the next. Blinded by their cocoons of safety, there is nothing for them to see.

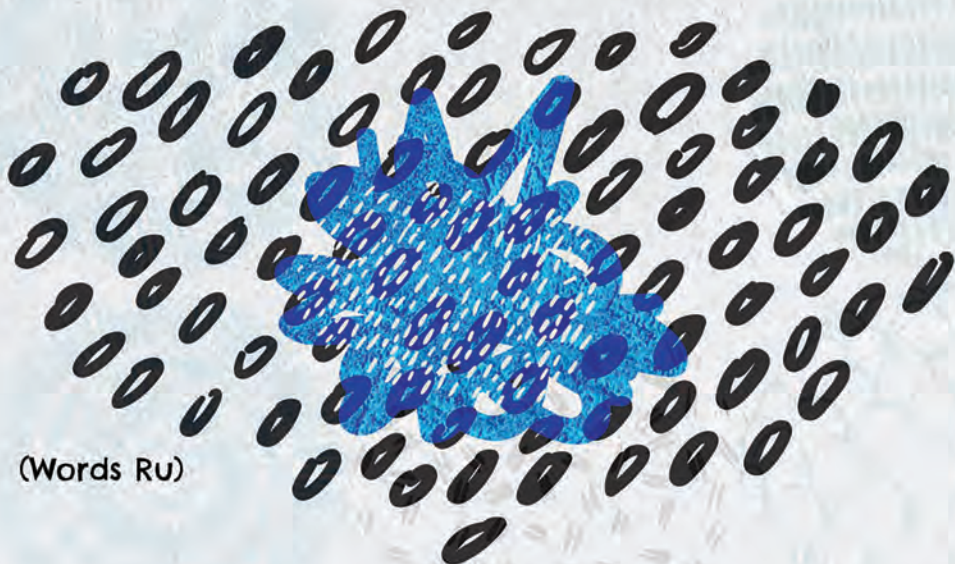
Alone, Robin contemplates the waves, the violent, ceaselessly shifting landscape of peaks and troughs and swirling foam, dark shadows and even darker hollows flowing and ebbing and rolling. Somewhere out there is the memory of all the ships that went to sea, the fragile craft held in the unsteady palm of an unforgiving ocean. They were all at the mercy of the waves that crashed against the bow, breaking over the sides, towering above the mast in a show of all nature's might. Beneath the waves, the world is darkened to night, the ever-changing boundary between sea and sky in violent tumult, the shifting limit of the ocean challenged with every thunderous crash of waves against the shore. The wind howls, whipping towards the land, battering a path for the ocean to move forward, but Robin leans into it, letting it be an embrace. Long before time this began, and long after time will it continue. For a moment, the briefest flicker in time, Robin is witness to something raw and ageless, something nameless in its power.



Far from feeling small, a sense of endlessness wells up within Robin's chest, surging forward against the storm – no, not against; to meet. To be part of. A notion forms to scream, to let the expression be lost in all of nature's rage, but instead something else finds voice. The wind, when it whips the sound away, takes with it not a raw expression of anger or defiance, but a laugh.

Powerless and small, alone at the edge of all the ocean's furious might, Robin feels nothing but alive. With cheeks stung by cutting wind and searing spray, stained by tears the wind forces to flow, the laughter shifts to something else. There's a rhythm to the storm, something peaceful in the power of it. Robin answers with a song, a melody that shifts and flows, forming with more and more certainty as the storm rages on. The unknown hymn is snatched away by the wind, answered by the cacophonous chorus of waves crashing against the shore, until each note is spent, the melody complete.

Robin stands, at peace with the endlessness within.  
The storm rages on, eternal.




(Words Ru)



**MY CONNECTION TO CHERRI**

**YOU HAD THE BRIGHTEST EYES I'D EVER SEEN  
WHEN YOU WERE THAT SMOKING HOT TEEN  
I KNEW RIGHT THEN WE'D BE IN LOVE FOREVER  
AS WE TRAVELLED THE WORLD ON OUR GREAT ENDEAVOUR  
TWICE ROUND THE WORLD WE BOTH WENT TOGETHER  
I CAN'T REMEMBER A SINGLE FIGHT WE HAD  
OR MAYBE WE DID AND THEY WERE NOT THAT BAD  
WE FILLED EACH OTHER WITH SO MUCH JOY  
AS WE PLAYED WITH EACH OTHER LIKE CHILDREN WITH TOYS  
SO MANY BEACHES WE LAY ON WITH EACH OTHER  
STARING AT STARS AND ACTING LIKE LOVERS  
EVERYTHING SEPARATELY FOR US CHANGED BUT OUR  
LOVE FOR EACH OTHER STAYED THE SAME  
WITH YOU SWEET CHERRI THERE WAS NEVER REGRET  
NEVER A WORRY WHO WHY OR A FRET  
I DREAM OF SEEING THOSE BRIGHT EYES ONE LAST TIME  
YOU WERE STOLEN FROM ME AND THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY  
YOU WERE THE ONE I WOULD ALWAYS RELY ON  
EXPLAINING WHY IT WAS I FELT BAD FOR SO LONG  
I KNOW THAT NOW I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN  
UNLESS IT'S IN MEMORIES PHOTOS OR MESSAGES  
WRITTEN IN PEN  
LOSING YOU CHERRI I'VE LOST HALF OF MYSELF  
AND I HOPE MY LOST HALF IS CLOSE TO YOUR CHEST  
KEEPING YOU COMPANY IN YOUR ETERNAL REST**

**(WORDS VYTIS)**



It takes the lives of 12 worker bees to make just one teaspoon of honey: something to ponder when you pour it on porridge or spread on toast. Perhaps bees are a reminder to be grateful for the sweet things in life, and not to waste a drop of it?

I also like to think of bees as small miracles: tirelessly collecting pollen and nectar in all sorts of British weather, sometimes against the odds. They say that the bumblebee manages to fly because it doesn't know that it can't. But I also see them as symbols of connectedness. They are able to signal to other bees where the best nectar is to be found, and work together for the benefit of all. But they also connect to us. Whether or not you care for honey, they help pollinate the crops we depend upon. We'd be lost without their help.

Perhaps we could see ourselves as more like the bees - savouring the sweetness of working together and helping each other, with the resulting benefits rippling out to the wider world. And who knows, we too might be able to fly, even if - like the bumblebee - we're not aware that we can't!

NC July 2020

See best

BEE  
MINE!

Ella M Age 8



“3 Years ago I started doing Wild Swimming.

For me, that is my personal go-to for wellbeing because it changes things so quickly.

Your whole mental state can change with that physiological experience - instantly”.

- *Marion*

An extract taken from the video “Wild Swimming” as part of the Chime In Action video series. To watch go to our YouTube channel by searching ‘Moray Wellbeing Hub YouTube’

**Wild Swimming**



# Community Connection

“The best thing about meeting up through the Community Connector project is engaging with someone else, giving myself time to relax, no pressure. For me it’s being out in nature, going for a walk, sharing thoughts and ideas and just having a conversation which sometimes we don’t do. Sometimes we’re so focused on the acts we’re doing, or the work that we’re doing that we don’t have time to just be ourselves and reflect.” - *Deborah*

An extract taken from the video “Being A Community Connector” as part of the Chime In Action video series. To watch go to our YouTube channel by searching ‘Moray Wellbeing Hub YouTube’

《你我之间》

Word

我

Ego

自我

Egoless

本我

Egolessness

无我

Self

他

Selfless

有他

Selflessness

无他

Spaciousness

天宽地阔

Matt (JUNFEI HU)

(Photo Michael)

From Vanda:  
Nanna's magic soup

Serves 6

1 tablespoon olive oil  
1 red onion  
1 veg stock cube  
750 ml water  
1 medium sweet potato, peeled and roughly chopped  
2 carrots peeled and roughly chopped  
2 red peppers deseeded and chopped  
400g tin chopped tomatoes

Fry onions in oil for 5 minutes add the rest of the vegetables, add the water and stock, bring to boil, simmer for 25 minutes. Blend until smooth.



Nanna's  
magic soup



## The Yew Tree

Alone upon a hill there stands a lonely tree. It watches as the years go by, observing solemnly. Time passes, people come—they go; and something starts to change. Row on row, little lines of saplings start to grow. Alone above a sea of green, there stands a patient tree. It watches as the saplings grow. It waits and waits to see. How quickly they shoot up, they grow beneath the sun. Their roots spread out and intertwine; the forest becomes one. At home upon a hill there stands an old yew tree. It watches, at peace, beneath a sheltering canopy.

(About the yew tree, which predates the forest around it, on the path up to Nelson's Tower, Forres).

(Words RU)

