Engaging the Disengaged using the web & web 2.0 technologies

“Web 2.0” refers to a perceived second generation of web development and design that facilitates communication, secure information sharing, interoperability, and collaboration on the World Wide Web. Web 2.0 concepts have led to the development and evolution of web-based communities, hosted services, and applications such as social-networking sites, video-sharing sites, wikis, blogs, and folksonomies.

Presented by: Jude Butcher & Michael Griffith ACU
The Linking of Worlds
Earl Shorris


Bloggers Start Literature at Mission Australia Sydney

Tuesday, 14 September 2010
Dear Ms Wright

A few months ago I started a Literature course at the Nagle Centre in Campbelltown. This course comprised of three segments, Poetry, Prose and Drama. I was not very keen on the first segment as I always found poetry too difficult to understand and time-consuming till I studied your poem, ‘The Wattle Tree.’

What a marvellous piece of work you have enriched my life with! I did find it a bit difficult to understand it initially but after discussions with my teacher, my learning partners and my classmates I now have a much deeper understanding of this poem. Every day when I wake up in the morning these days I am more appreciative and grateful for the four truths, the earth, the air, the water and the sun, which previously I just took for granted. It has made me realise that just like the wattle tree I also have been blessed with the truths and all I have to do is be truthful to my own self and move forward in any direction I choose, with truth and honesty, of course. I know that truth will bring joy to others around me. Your ‘Bird’ and ‘Age to Youth’ have also inspired me to enjoy freedom and to see myself more and more as part of nature, to love myself and to be free.
Above all, Ms Wright you have motivated me not only to read more poetry but also to write some of my own, to use the hidden voice I have found within myself to express myself. I consider myself very lucky to have discovered the Nagle Centre and your works and will attempt to immerse myself with nature, the four truths, and live a life of honesty and freedom and perhaps one day, might also emerge like the wattle.

Judith Wright “The Wattle - Tree”

The tree knows four truths - earth, water, air, and the fire of the sun. The tree holds four truths in one. Root, limb and leaf unfold out of the seed, and these rejoice till the tree dreams it has a voice to join four truths in one great word of gold.
Mood: 😊 hyper

"Dark Daze" by Matt Donnelly

Oct. 26th, 2008 at 12:34 PM

Darkness awaits within
Black cave
Pit of despair

Cringing
Vibrating

Colour without light
Fear but no flight
Cowardly heroic

Dryness
Parched

Can taste
Nothing but ashes
Climb the depths

Reality
Terror

Horrid necessity
Face what's hated
Day by day

End
Dancing Dolphins

Oct. 4th, 2008 at 7:31 PM

I went fishing with my old man yesterday and had an awesome experience and attempted to write a poem about it. I hope I did my two new friends justice.

"Dancing Dolphins" by Matt Donnelly

Three miles out to sea
Been wettin the lines
Trying to catch what is free
On the shore the distant pines
Sing a story like clemintine's

Sparkling bright the great blue wonder
A glorious day, the fish on the bite
This gives me a beautiful time to ponder
There is peace to be had, on the ocean's light
Hoping the big feller will put up a fight
michaelgriffith wrote:
Oct. 5th, 2008 02:45 am (UTC)
That is great Matt... I could make a few corrections, but don't want to just now. That is a beautiful poetic moment captured with fresh immediacy.... Love the last line! Overall this is a fabulous start... you were a poet and didn't even know it!
Michael


carmel_dobson wrote:
Oct. 14th, 2008 04:18 am (UTC)
Comment on your poem...
I was reading through some other people's livejournals and came across this poem you wrote.
I think I like the simplicity of your poem. You manage to make something so simple sound so beautiful, and I particularly like the rhyming pattern and the beat of the poem; it gives it a nice flow and puts the reader in the situation... I was able to clearly see or actually experience being on that boat and seeing those dolphins. I also like the last line of the poem... it's amazing that nature can have such an affect on people, and I can also feel what you are feeling here, I can just imagine being at peace at the sight of these beautiful creatures while out in the middle of a calm ocean. Your choice of language captures the moment perfectly. I'm the type of person who likes simple and beautiful poems, being a bit of a romantic, so that's another reason why this poem stood out to me.
mattyd2 wrote:
Oct. 14th, 2008 05:43 am (UTC)
Re: Comment on your poem...
Thanks for your feedback. It was a fantastic experience one that will be cherished for an age. I am an addict, what they call a poly-addict, Alcohol, drugs etc. I am in rehab at the moment, living in transitional housing and for the first time since I was 14 years old I am completely clean and have been for 19 months (I am 33).

I have been introduced to the wonderful world of literature at the catalyst/clemente program at mission Australia at surry hills with Michael as our lecturer. This course has opened a creative outlet that I have never experienced before and I am loving it.

cheers
matt
The last 12 weeks has been one of the best experiences of my life. Through this introduction to literature I have been exposed to poetry, prose and drama for the first time in my life. It has open my mind and more importantly my spirit to an art form that I thought I would never understand let alone be able to do.

The ability to write, particularly in the form of poetry, has opened a whole new world to me. I have been influenced by all the poetry that I have read and I have learned that not only is poetry an art form but that more importantly it is an educational tool. Jack Davis in "Urban Aboriginal" had a deeply profound affect on my emotional state, causing me to feel guilt and shame at what my ancestors had done to his people, as well as telling the story of what the Aboriginal people went through. A beautifully written piece of art and very educational at the same time, this shows me that literature has profoundly affected my life not just educationally and emotionally but also spiritually.
The Ramblings of a simple Man

Overall with the variety of readings that were offered, with the differing styles of poet's from Yeats to Shakespeare I have been given a gift beyond compare. I am grateful to have been exposed to literature because it has given me the ability to express myself in ways I never thought possible. I now write every day, mostly poetry, although I try prose as well. Through my poetry I have been given the opportunity to have the benefit of healing from my past experience of life as well as a chance to educate people so hopefully they do not have to go through what I have, the brutality of addiction. Today I am clean and sober, recovering from a life of pain and misery, now I able to tell my story through an art form that I have come to love.

It has even got me thinking that in my future that I will need to have this as a part of my life, quite possibly as an English teacher or something even deeper. I will always continue to write and read poetry now and there will be more entries in this space. I simply cannot stop writing. I will ever be grateful to MJ for his encouragement and support, I am especially grateful to those classmates of mine at the Clemente program, whose feedback and support have been outstanding, not to mention how good their work is (puts mine to shame). I am filled with a kind of joy and love for those who have helped me on my journey through literature and I will be eternally grateful to them......... Watch this space!!

matt xoxo
April 25th, 2006

Course literature

April 25th, 2006 at 11:16 AM

well I have just completed reading Patrick Whites story 'Down at the dump.' I found it really interesting that the most endearing characters in the story are the children and Aunt Daise. These poor kids are portrayed in a way that really reveals their frustration at being restrained within the confines of the families they were unfortunate enough to have been born into. Though one family is all prim and proper while the other is a little rough around the edges and not at all worried about social conventions, neither of them seems to instill in the children a sense of wholesomeness or security that kids seem to innately crave. Interestingly Daise seems to hold some kind of middle ground between the two family extremes and commands real sympathy from this reader.

leave a comment | add to memories | tell a friend | track this | flag | link

April 25th, 2006

12:49 PM

Here is my poem that Michael requested from us in class on Wednesday. It sounds really corny I think but inspiration was lacking. So here goes......

BETTER DAYS

I've lived so long as another man
Never really knowing who I truly am.
Through clouded horizons I never could see,
from tumultuos storms I would ever be free.

A child of abuse and a victim of crime.
A life on the edge and a doer of time.
Locked into behaviour I could not repel
Believing you make your own bed where you dwell.
From parties to prisons and pill packs and more,
syringes and pot pipes were all I'd adore.
And never a Searchlight and never a kiss,
Could pierce the veneer of my protective bliss.

And now in my midlife something strange I detect,
A shifting perspective on which I reflect.

**wow**

*tiaaaaaa*  
2006-06-14 08:20 am UTC (link)  
This is just wonderful, very inspiring, I especially like the way present the past and present. The contrast between the old days and what took your fancy then... and how you view life now and your new delight in and positive strides. It conjures up so many images, the strongest one is of a phoenix rising through ashes...

Your poem gives me much encouragement and strength to "keep going", even when is so hard...

T
(Reply to this) (Thread)

**Re: wow**

*johannes123*  
2006-06-17 04:49 am UTC (link)  
Thank you so much Tiiza for your very kind words. I never know what to make of my writing and can find myself being quite unnecessarily critical. This can stop me in my tracks. Then I read a comment like yours and I am both encouraged and inspired to keep on going. I'm so glad that my poem has been an encouragement to you and that you were able to draw strength from it. I really like the idea that I might be able to be an inspiration to others just as many others were an inspiration to me. Hang in there my friend and keep going. There is an overcomer lurking in each of us. I love your thoughts on the image of the phoenix rising.
(Reply to this) (Parent)

**jennibean**  
2006-07-27 04:09 am UTC (link)  
This is fantastic work. I love the simplicity of the images. I find with so many budding poets that they try to pack so much into their words. I think the beauty of your poem is that it is raw and honest. I especially love the last stanza. It seems to be an honest conclusion to one's search for identity.
I like the rhythm you've got going there too, the poem flows exceptionally well.
Keep writing. Your work is not corny at all...its very good.
(Reply to this)
Short Anthology of Clemente Creative Works
SOLITUDE poem by Pete Stone

A pair of eyes a wee small crack,
seeking eyes staring back,
I'm safe in here nobody knocks,
my prison cell, my secret box.
Weathered cracks that do appear
exposing what I hold so dear,
I have my tool kit spread apart,
to mend my box and my heart.
Black as night and all alone,
this desolate place I call Home.

SHAKEN Haiku by Pete Stone

2 Responses

Heather Says:
April 7th, 2010 at 7:11 pm [edit]
beautiful very meaningful poetry full of all those things (symbolism, metaphor imagery etc) that we're supposed to be discussing and analysing.

Suzanne Says:
April 13th, 2010 at 1:37 pm [edit]
Amazing poem, Peter. The imagery gives me chills. Rhyming and flowing freely with beautiful metaphors. Certainly heart touching.
my poety

Sep. 24th, 2008 at 5:09 PM

i never knew my father well
he was always there, as if i could tell
his brutality was an inhearted one
passed on & on from father to son
he worked hard night and day
at least thats what he would say
to put some food on our plate
but all i needed was a freind a mate
the things he gave me were important ones
lessons of life that seemed so dumb
he never looked in side of me
to see the things that i could see
a life of youth with reason to fight
but never quite finding that distant light

Your stupid stupid stupid & dumb
thats what i;ve got for a son
night keeps silent vigil over those in flight.

I see caricatures from my window,

Their hopes passing them by.

But in the clear light of day

when dawn’s first rays fell on ordered pastures,

I stood stock-still at the sight of it-

My own hideous reflection in the window.

My eyes were cold and staring; marbles set in granite.

Caricatures at the window, looking in;

Eyes at the window, staring out...’
A leaf floats falling falling.

Earthward from a majestic tree.

A tear slides down a cheek.

Flight from absolute enchantment takes place unwittingly.

Reality enters fills the vacuum expands into infinity.

A solitary leaf falls unnoticed descending endlessly.

copyright April 2010
COLOURS

by Leon Harper

How wonderful it is

To feel the fresh, cool breeze in my face,

The buds of an autumn dawn,

And an inviting smile-

There is eloquence unspoken.

People come and go through automatic doors

That take them out of yesterday,

Back in again today-

And footfalls on cobblestones
And another milestone missed.....

April 15th, 2009 (12:03 pm)

I was sick yet again and missed my anniversary. This blog turned 3 on the 1st of April. A quick browse through the back posts and you can see a lot has changed emotionally, geographically, artistically and spiritually.

However did I survive without it?

April 15th, 2009 (11:20 am)

I am hungrily breathing in the liberty that comes from a more primitive existence.
The rushing of the unseen river after intermittent showers.
It seems that all I need is to be immersed.

To bathe in the full-moon light and the silence of the cold.

It is so bright that I can see it all, perhaps even better than at high noon.
And the silence is so complete that I can almost hear my heart beating, the rush of blood in my ears.
Only when the clouds come up to tuck in the shining face of the moon is it time to retreat into my jibli cave of low ceilings and white-washed walls.

The first few crouched steps awaken in me a sense of coming home that I have never felt in any home of mine given on loan.
A simplicity of vibrant carpets adorning every curve of chalked white that offers total calm.
Jim McNeil

Author “How Does Your Garden Grow.”

(1935-1982)

Dear Jim

You started life as a very unstable child like so many people that have been convicted of crimes. You also had a wish that you had money and fame. But you come from a poor background hanging around the streets of St Kilda committing petty crime.

During your teenage years you worked for the infamous Painters and Dockers Union where you had grown to become a major criminal. Armed robbery plus killing a Police Officer at Wentworth Falls you are sentenced to 17 years goal at Parramatta. During this time you found that you had a good writing skill and proceeded to write a few plays. I believe the plays are sacrament to the times spent in goal. During those tough years you still had a talent or passion for writing. With your time in goal you joined debating teams; you were reading a lot of novels which helped you become a playwright.
Dear William Play (cont...)
Linda on May 28th, 2010

Poem 9  I Write

I write to share a part of me, that I was born to give.  
I write, because I want that part, to be in you and live.  
I feel such joy, I want to share, this joy with all to show  
That joy and love and peace abound, within, when you let go.  
So shed the hold you have on fear and pain and doubt within,  
For nothing else exists in life, except what you let in.  
The big mistake appears to be, distraction from what is real.  
It is not the outer life that counts, but inside where we feel.  
So when you feel the inner life reflects what you want here  
Then you will know, that it is come, hold tight this gift, my dear.  
Hold tight this gift, this inner life, no matter what you see  
Imbalance will correct itself, hold tight to this inner Me.  
I write because I love you, I write because I care.

For here I find my freedom, here you will find Me there.  
Writing gives me freedom, that I `inside’, have found.  
For direction from all aimlessness, inner truth and love abound.  
The truth is in our vision, our colours shine within.  
No eyes can tell what, what hearts can feel.  
Here radiant colours sing.
Letter to Will

24 May 2010 / Uncategorized

Dear Mr Shakespeare, what's doing with those strange words of yours? Yes I am enjoying working with your play but not sure if I like being in drag?

On a serious note Mr Shakespeare, the play has been fun and I have exceeded my own expectation already. Now this exceeding business kinda scares me. But on the other hand, I'm really excited about getting into the role of Flute (Thisbe).

My experience of drama so far has been enlightening, and just really fun to do. I never saw myself acting in a play before so it is surprising to say the least.

I enjoy very much seeing and hearing my class mates acting in character, especially Steve o and Ben. It was encouraging to see Fernando have a go as well.

I like Sarah, she particularly brings out the potential best. So overall Mr Shakespeare, I think there is something special going on here, and I love being a part of your play.
Dear Bill,

Over the past few months I've had the pleasure of reading through a portion of your work for my university course. Namely "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and your sonnet "My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like the Sun". I must say that reading your prose has been inspirational - so much so that I've fondly reread some of your other works with greater appreciation.

Your humour, both veiled and open strike a chord with my own sense of humour. And while I could never hope to match your flawless rhythm, I have been inspired to continue with my own work.

I feel empowered, having written several pieces of various types and styles. All of which have been warmly critiqued.

In closing, my dear Bill I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for helping me realise my writing potential.

Your enchanted reader,

Ben
To Jim McNeil.

First and foremost I would like to ask what drove such a gifted man to end up in prison. Your gift as a playwright has given me an insight into the world of prisons, the hardships, frustrations and relationships that are formed not only between the prisoners but with the warders as well. The play is down to earth the way it has been written and you have made it easy for everyone to understand [for which I thank you].

The ending of the play when Brenda finds the tiny flower growing out of the wall was a beautiful touch, bringing it home how truly starved your fellow inmates are for just a little beauty, how such an everyday thing to most of us can bring together a group of people. I enjoyed the way you managed to play on our, the audiences, emotions, a fitting end to a great play. Once more I thank you and look forward to reading more of your works.
Language and Expression
Suzanne on May 16th, 2010

This course has inspired me to greater heights and challenges. To be in my first drama class last week was very exciting. Sarah from the Bell Shakespearean Company had us all captivated, and so much so we were yelling abuse at each other. Of course, this was a simple exercise of voice and body expression where I laughed until I cried.

Reciting a few lines of Shakespeare’s “A Mid Summer Night’s Dream” has given me a hunger to learn more about Shakespeare’s use of language. His words sing in one’s mind.

During this course I have learnt to express my inner thoughts on paper and, I am eager now to learn how to use my body to portray characters in such a way as to tell a story.

Having participated in this unit of study and exploring language I now have a far greater understanding of myself, the world I live in, the written word, and expression in communication.
bye for now

Post by leanne on Friday May 28, 2010 Under Uncategorized

Oh how I will miss our daily meetings
in the upstairs rooms.

Where every one down stairs could here our noisy cheers
it has been so much fun with all the things we have talked and laughed about

Thank you Michael, Steven, Emma and our extra talkative Linda for endless hours of laughter and cheer.
i will be looking forward to next semester’s unit.
Hello Professor Griffith,

As one of the former Clemente students. Now a fully fledged ACU student, I just want to say thank you to yourself and the rest of the staff at ACU for making me feel so welcome.

FYI I have enrolled in THEO128 - GOD FAITH & SEARCH FOR MEANING.

Although I’m not in any of you classes this semester I hope to drop by one of your lectures at some stage (if that’s ok) I’ll also be hanging around MAC, this semester to take advantage of the Learning Partners.

A special thankyou, to you also MG for making my first Clemente experience so enjoyable and memorable. If not for your compassion and understanding during my time in your Sacred Australia unit I wouldn’t have continued with the Catalyst Clemente Program. I look forward to running in to you around campus.

Shayne
“... to teach is to create a space in which the community of truth is practiced - I need to spend less time filling the space with data and my own thoughts and more time opening a space where students can have a conversation with the subject and with each other... (p.120).”

The Courage to Teach,
Parker Palmer

“If we regard truth as something handed down from authorities on high, the classroom will look like a dictatorship.... If we regard truth as emerging from a complex process of mutual enquiry, the classroom will look like a resourceful and interdependent community”

The Courage to Teach,


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matt xoxo