

## Appendix F.

### An Example of sense-making writing

An example of using writing to sense-make. I start by reflecting on a piece of facilitation work and the process of co-facilitating. In the writing I then go on to explore my feelings evoked by some non-collaborative behaviour, which enables me to push-into more painful areas of fear about my illness and my loss.

Through this writing I came to be able to speak with my supervisor and then my tutor group more clearly about my feelings, my needs and the links between these personal issues and the wider political context for my clients.

#### **FILLING THE SILENCE WITH HARSH WORDS**

(Written after co-facilitating a workshop with A.)

Why do alone what you can do together – or something like that. Who said it? I don't remember, but I wholeheartedly agree.

So what does co-facilitating mean for me?

The pleasure of collaborating on design/the frustration of being pragmatic, having failed to convince the other!

The gentle power struggle in collaboration, in-company.

The testing the design together.

The anxiety about another (person) that cannot be controlled

The anger when a companion fails to be perfect

The joy when you can let go and trust

The pleasure of a job done well, together.

The reassurance of the feedback from someone you know and respect

The pain of being observed to try and fail

**The resting place of it being OK to try and to fail.**

But the spell breaks if there is no connectedness,

The silence of no feedback – filling the silence with harsh words, my mother finding me wanting.

Me wanting my mother to find me, to want me, to accept me.

Holding my need for inclusion and my need to be myself, to have my space.

Mirroring this in facilitating collaboration and accommodation.

Why it's so painful, the non-collaboration of others, especially women, from whom I want and expect more ("be there for me")

Being held "outside" brings fears of abandonment and extinction.  
But I need to feel the edge, to work the edge.  
To know I'm alive I need to feel the discomfort and to fight for survival.  
Giving myself up to the extremes of the experience, outside in the cold,  
inside in your arms.

The silence of the daily experience of my condition, bound not to talk  
about that which is likely to depress others.  
How to answer the casual question "How are you?" Hearing myself say  
"I'm fine" or "I think we're OK , we've been so busy" .  
Deflecting the inquiry to which the answer can only be "Tired" or  
"Exhausted" or "Frightened" or "Angry" – angry beyond words, but not  
beyond tears still.

The mourning continuing, constantly transforming with each new loss.  
They must soon end, these new losses, so that they become familiar, so  
that I can feel at home, at rest.

(How can I hold the prospect of at-rest-ness in constant loss?  
I'm unspeakably angry as I read this.  
Is it going to be one bloody long inquiry into the nature of loss, less, a  
decline into insensibility?  
Suddenly I'm really angry about all these inquiries into working and  
remaining healthy. I've had my options stolen.  
I don't want to take responsibility for this condition. )  
How to accommodate the double answer that is the reality;  
"Exhausted and elated, and exhausted and elated".

I can't remember the wanting to be taken care of in this way before.  
I notice I want my line manager to mother me. To think about me, to put  
my needs first, "put me first not them.  
Don't let me have to ask. It means nothing to receive having asked for it,  
not at this moment.  
I shall be so angry with you if you don't care for me, take care of me.  
And if you do I shall be jealous, I shall adore and despise you.  
You will fail me.  
I shall find myself outside, more isolated than before. Having dared to  
hope".

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