



# Adult Literacy and Numeracy



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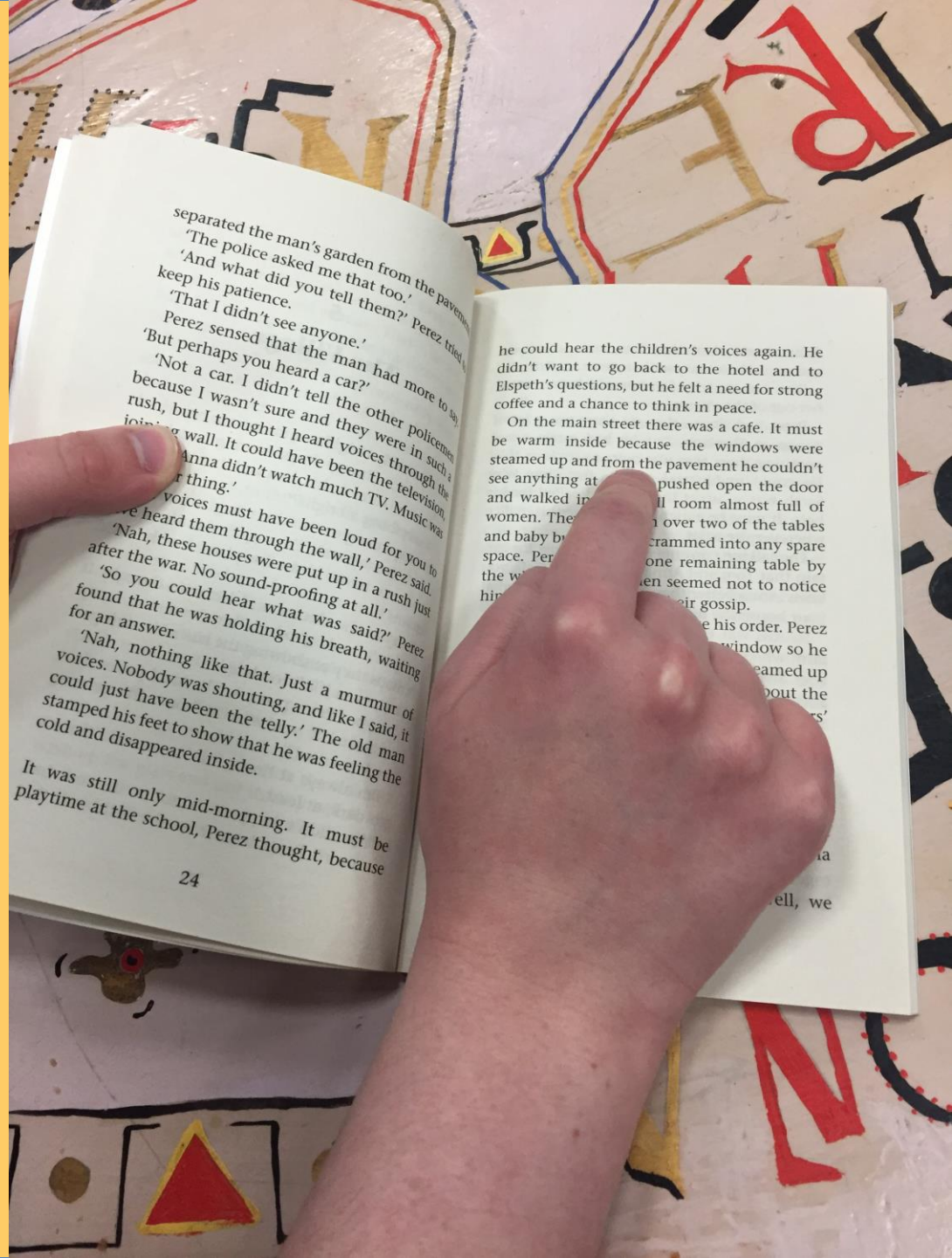
- 45% of adults in Scotland do not have the knowledge and skills required to understand and to use information from texts (Scottish Survey of Adult Literacies Report 2009)
- Lower literacy skills are linked to poverty and people with lower literacy scores are more likely to have health problems, suffer from depression, be unemployed.
- Less likely to participate in society.



- Learning is at the heart of everything we do.
- Increasing women's confidence, skills, knowledge and understanding and nurturing their desire to learn more.
- Using our collections to remove barriers to participation, to increase women's cultural capital, to enable women to participate fully in society and to find their voice.



“Before, I was so isolated. I was excluded because I was different. These classes have made me belong to something and feel good about myself.”



separated the man's garden from the pavement.  
'The police asked me that too.'  
'And what did you tell them?' Perez tried to keep his patience.  
'That I didn't see anyone.'  
Perez sensed that the man had more to say.  
'But perhaps you heard a car?'  
'Not a car. I didn't tell the other policemen because I wasn't sure and they were in such a rush, but I thought I heard voices through the joining wall. It could have been the television, Anna didn't watch much TV. Music was a different thing.'  
'Voices must have been loud for you to have heard them through the wall,' Perez said.  
'Nah, these houses were put up in a rush just after the war. No sound-proofing at all.'  
'So you could hear what was said?' Perez found that he was holding his breath, waiting for an answer.  
'Nah, nothing like that. Just a murmur of voices. Nobody was shouting, and like I said, it could just have been the telly.' The old man stamped his feet to show that he was feeling the cold and disappeared inside.  
It was still only mid-morning. It must be daytime at the school, Perez thought, because

he could hear the children's voices again. He didn't want to go back to the hotel and to Elspeth's questions, but he felt a need for strong coffee and a chance to think in peace.

On the main street there was a cafe. It must be warm inside because the windows were steamed up and from the pavement he couldn't see anything at all. He pushed open the door and walked in to a small room almost full of women. There were over two of the tables and baby bottles were crammed into any spare space. Perez found one remaining table by the window. The women seemed not to notice him as he sat down to their gossip.

He ordered his coffee and waited for his order. Perez looked out the window so he could see the street. He steamed up the window and looked about the street. The women's voices were still coming from the cafe. 'Well, we





My Name is Katherine Black My Son  
 John William Black was  
 called to the Army on his  
 17th birthday. He was  
 sent to the front lines  
 in the middle of the  
 war. He was very  
 brave and he was  
 always doing his  
 best. He was  
 killed in action on  
 the 11th of November  
 1918. He was  
 only 21 years old.  
 I was very upset  
 when I heard the  
 news. I was  
 young and I didn't  
 understand what  
 was happening.  
 I think I have  
 been holding  
 on to the memory  
 of him for a long  
 time. I think I  
 should let go of  
 it and move on.  
 I want you to  
 be happy and  
 successful. I  
 love you very  
 much.

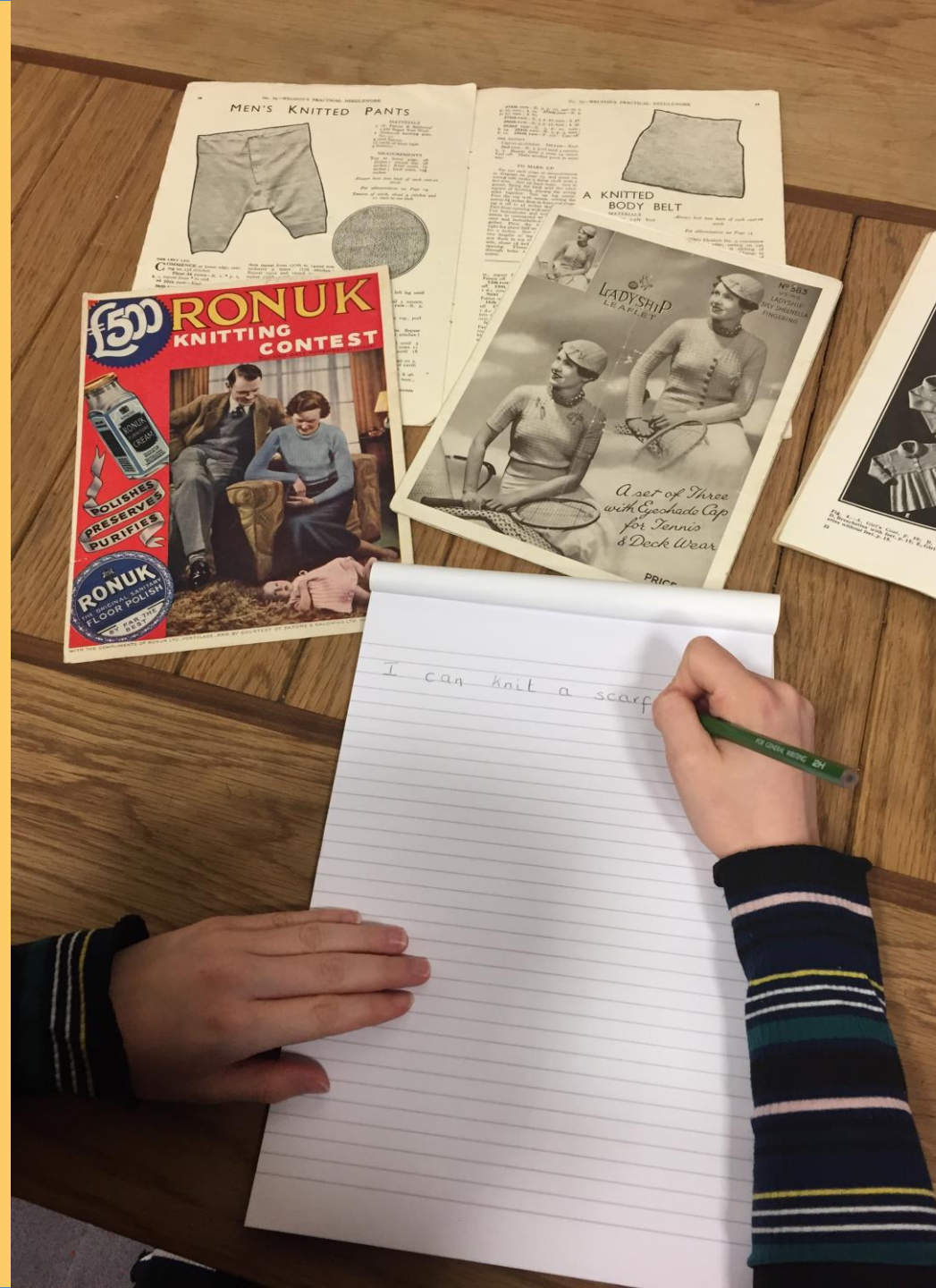
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"I feel proud of the things I have written. I have so much more confidence in everything I do now."



"One day I hope I can help other people learn that they too have a talent and to believe in themselves"







Literacy learning taking place in the archive





Taking the archive out into communities













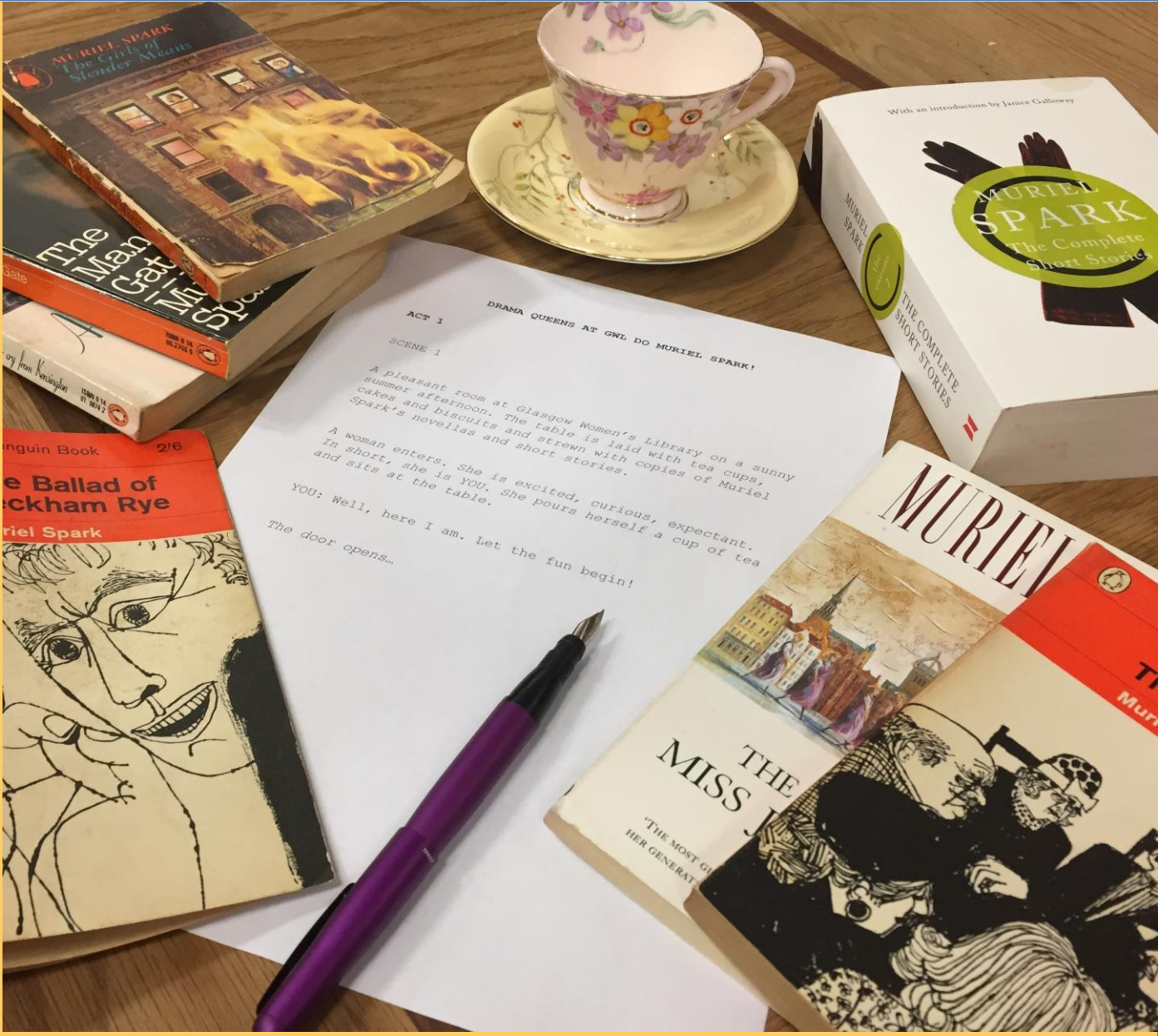
# Story Cafe







# Drama Queens



# Drama Queens do Muriel Spark





# Voices From The Belvidere







# Voices From The Belvidere - Performance



Silence and Song

Partnership with the  
National Theatre of  
Scotland.







—♡—  
EMBROIDERY AND  
Cups of tea!



Embroidery

Film

Found Poetry

Discussions



# Ceartas Advocacy – Writer in Residence

