

Dreams of Spring



*On a frozen twig,
The little bird dreams of spring.
Oh! To see the sun!*

Haiku and painting by Kerry Hartjen
(Hedgehog Haiku No. 5)



K. HARTJEN '16

Haiku Competition! See inside for details ...

“We celebrate, honour and empower older women”

Dear OWN members ...

I've been reflecting on the messages that *Noa Gross* gave us in our **What is Ageing?** event last month. Her recipe for a happy life as older women included having at least one good friend who supports you, gives you companionship, and in whom you can confide.

I was speaking to one of our members and she said that, on becoming widowed, she had lost her best friend and talked about how long it takes to compensate for that loss.

We also have many OWN members who have come

to New Zealand to join their family, leaving behind friends of long-standing.

I like to think that being a part of OWN helps us to make new friends. Coming along to an event for the first time can be overwhelming, but I would encourage our new members to come to as many events and coffee meetings as they can. You'll find a welcoming and friendly group to engage with.

I look forward to meeting up with you in the events ahead.

Edna Peters
Chairperson

"It is one of the blessings of old friends that you can afford to be stupid with them."

Ralph Waldo Emerson
(poet and philosopher)

"A friend is one who knows you and loves you just the same."

Elbert Hubbard
(artist and philosopher)

"There is nothing on this earth more to be prized than true friendship."

Thomas Aquinas
(philosopher)

A Doggerel A Poem About a Labrador



I rest my nose upon my paws,
My eyes upon my missus,
I give a groan and sigh because
I know she's going jogging, and
She's ready in her togs of blue
That iPod thing gripped in her hand.

Oh rats, I know what's coming now,
My lead comes off the door
She slaps it on her thigh, and how
I hate it when she says, "Lets go,"
"You need some exercise old thing."
I'm young and fit I'll have you know.

Why does she have to go so fast?
Just give a chap a break, slow down!
I've missed a dozen smells, oh blast,
Now she's jogging even faster
The lamp posts all go whizzing past
I know we're heading for disaster.

I've had enough, I go all stiff,
I brace my legs and puff and pant
I roll my eyes and groan as if
My poor old heart will be my death
But does she care? Not for a minute.
I moan and wait with baited breath.

"Pity," says she. "I'd planned the beach."
WHAT! she could've told me this before,
Drat! Now there's little time to reach
The sea, to swim, and splash, and chase.
These humans are the queerest bunch
I sometimes hate the human race.

Helen Walsh



Up-coming Events ...

Bella Notte

Our mid-year social event.

Beat those winter blues. Relax with your OWN friends with lasagna, ciabatta, and a warming glass of vin brule (mulled wine). Croon along with *Frankie and Dean* with music from the '50s. Plus a special guest appearance by the *Has Beens* who will entertain and delight us.

Not to be missed!

Family, friends and neighbours welcome to this event.

When: 5:00pm – 7:00pm
Friday, 15 August

Venue: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
Glen Road, Browns Bay

Cost: \$5, includes supper and mulled wine (\$10 for non-members)

For catering purposes, please register beforehand with *Edna*, ph: 445-8452, or email: edna@pl.net

For more information, please contact
Edna, ph: 445-8452,
or *Joan*, ph: 483-9671.



Seasonal Celebrations

Spring Celebration

Saturday, 27 September
Time and venue
to be confirmed

We welcome all members and their friends. For more information, please contact *Linda Tisch*, ph: 418-2971 or email: tisch.geoffandlinda@gmail.com



All the World's a Stage

Can OWN be the Players?

Here is your opportunity to share in a "slice of life". Come and share one of your funnier or interesting 'moments', or write it as a short script for *The Players* (you and your cast, or our thespian group) to bring it to life. Be ready to be the audience and the participants. Be prepared ... to be entertained.



When: 10:30am – 12:30pm
Saturday, 20 September

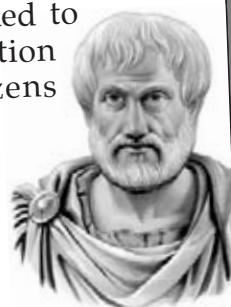
Venue: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
Glen Road, Browns Bay

Cost: Gold coin, plus a small plate to share (\$5 for non-members)

For more information, please contact *Edna*, ph: 445-8452, or *Joan*, ph: 483-9671.

The Civil Society

David Haigh will be discussing this fascinating topic which is vital to the wellbeing of our communities. Based on *Aristotle* and the Greek philosophers, Civil Society is closely linked to democracy, and in an election year we need active citizens who care for one another.



When: 10:30am – 12:30pm
Saturday,
18 October

Venue: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
Glen Road, Browns Bay

Cost: \$5, plus a small plate to share (\$7.50 for non-members)

For more information, please contact *Edna*, ph: 445-8452, or *Joan*, ph: 483-9671.



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.
www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz

Thank You to our Phone Tree ladies

Lorrena Stening
Ros Dady
Shirley Martinenga
Anne Mutu

Organisations wouldn't
function so smoothly
without willing helpers.



Did You Know?

The haiku is a fairly new style of poetry which became popular in Japan in the 17th and 18th century. The term "haiku" is derived from the word "haikai" (a humorous form of linked-verse poem) and the word "hokku" (the initial stanza of a linked-verse poem). It became known as the "haiku" late in the 19th century, when it was entirely divested of its original function as an opening a sequence.

Haiku may have even older roots in China, with the Japanese "haiku" character built from two Chinese characters meaning "playful phrases".



OWN Group Contacts

Saturday Events / Workshops

Meets on the third Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Edna Peters*, ph: 445-8452.



OWN Theatre Group

Exploring more theatre visits and other activities For details, contact *Joan Lardner-Rivlin*, ph: 483-9671.

OWN Coffee Meetings

The *Shore Group* meets fortnightly at various venues. For more details, see page 5 or contact *Audrey Kendall*, ph: 489-6035.



OWN Discussion Group

Meets on the second Tuesday of each month. For more details, contact *Julia Masters*, ph: 483-6258.



Rummikub Club

A good way to keep your brain active. For more details, contact *Dawn Watson*, ph: 414-5351.

OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on the last Sunday of the month for lunch, and at other times. For more details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

Writing for Our Grandchildren

The *Browns Bay Group* meets on the second Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Edna Peters*, ph: 445-8452, or *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.



The *Beach Haven Group* meets on the fourth Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704.

Seasonal Celebration Group

Meets throughout the year to celebrate the seasons and cycles in our lives (see **Seasonal Celebrations** on page 3 for the next date). For more details, contact *Linda Tisch*, ph: 418-2971.



Tai Chi for Older Women

For more details, contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.

OWN Coffee Meetings Shore Group



Thursday, 28 August

Gold Card bus and train trip to *Sylvia Park Shopping Centre*. Catch buses to arrive at Britomart Train Station, Auckland Central, by 10:30am (meet at the café by the ticket counter).

Thursday, 11 September

The Pumphouse French Rendezvous Café, Manurewa Avenue, Takapuna (in Killarney Park, by the Takapuna Leisure Centre).

Tuesday, 23 September

Gold Card bus and train trip to Papakura town centre for lunch. Catch buses to arrive at Britomart Train Station, Auckland Central, by 10:30am (meet at the café by the ticket counter).

Thursday, 9 October

Stanley's Café, 58 East Coast Road, Milford. Parking on Stanley Avenue in front of the café.

Tuesday, 21 October

Gold Card bus to *Parnell Rose Gardens* and *Barry Court Café*. Catch buses to arrive at bus shelter by *Yealand Wines*, Auckland Central, by 10:30am (then bus 703 to Parnell).

Thursday, 13 November

The Lake House Café, 37 Fred Thomas Drive, Takapuna.

Tuesday, 25 November

Gold Card bus and ferry trip to Waiheke Island. Catch the bus to the ferry at either Auckland Central (10:15am) or Devonport (10:30am).

For more information, please contact **Audrey**, ph: 489-6035, or **Barbara**, ph: 419-0026.

Haiku Competition

We discovered amazing talents among the OWN members who entered our recent **Limerick Competition**, as you can see from reading some of the entries on pages 6 and 7.

So what about having a try at haiku?

Haiku are short poems that use sensory language to capture a feeling or image. They are often inspired by an element of nature, a moment of beauty, or a poignant experience.

Dr Kenneth Yasuka said, "All haiku worthy of the name are records of 'an instant of insight'. The last line of any decent haiku is always a surprise – a twist, a punch line, or an observation."

A haiku usually comprises three lines, with five, seven, and then five syllables, a total of 17 syllables ... but rules are made for breaking. The 5-7-5 formula can be messed around with. Some poets have used from 15 to 25 syllables.

This is a challenge for us!

We can be subversive and break rules. So have a go! Email your haiku to *Edna Peters* at edna@pl.net or bring it along to the next event. The winner will be announced at the **All the World's a Stage** event in September (see page 3 for details).

**WIN
PRIZES!**

Here are four examples of haiku:

This is my space . I
am content, where ivy grows
on a computer.

Pale in the moonlight,
a blank page waits, beckoning,
a moving target.

Grey hairs! This must be
the right moment to assert
my vintage wisdom.

A long winding road
becomes the shortest distance
between two ideas

Limerick Competition

1st

The judge couldn't decide between them, so these three entries by *Helen Walsh* were all awarded the first place prize ...

A glamorous chick from Peru,
Got all tarted up for a 'Do',
But she made a mistake,
She pole danced at a wake,
So now everywhere she's taboo.

Helen Walsh

Mad Mick from the City of Sails,
Took out his boat to catch whales.
He fought a great fight,
And caught a large white,
And returned like a
dog with two tails.

Helen Walsh

A curious curate from Kew,
Put his head through the bars at the zoo.
The lion gave a smirk,
And got down to work,
And now all that's left is a shoe.

Helen Walsh

2nd

There was a young lady from Picton,
Who suffered a windy affliction.
She said, "When I sneeze,
I make quite a breeze,
It's affecting the climate of
Picton."

Edna Peters

Writing a limerick is hard,
Only few have the gifts of the bard.
Words jump up and down,
And make ones face frown,
And the brain gets so thick,
just like lard.

Jenny Goldsbro

As she walked in to work early Monday,
With her mind hoping wildly that one day,
She would marry the boss,
Get the next three weeks off,
But he told her go home,
it is Sunday.

Rosalita Snafflehousen

There was a young lady called Betty,
Who liked to swim off the jetty.
She jumped over the side,
A passing shark opened wide,
And that was the end of poor Betty.

Margaret Tomlin

The Festival went with a roar,
Inhibitions went out the door,
Shame 'bout the weather,
Didn't spoil the endeavour,
It all left us wishing
for more ...

Pat Bish

House is sold

The house is sold we are moving away
The Apartment's not ready where do we stay?
Logic would say to rent a house here
Checked the expenses far too dear
So it's off to the beach house in Matheson Bay

Judy Brocherie

n – Entries & Winners



Story of the Old Man Whose Nose Grew Too Long

3rd

An old man who planted a rose
Declared: "If you choose to suppose
That my nose is too long –
You are certainly wrong.
It's a feature I knowingly chose.

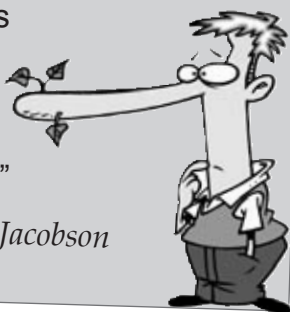
At my age, alas and alack,
Lumbago has stiffened my back.
So if ever I chose
To bend down to a rose,
I would be stopped dead in my track.

It's always been my keen intent
To savour my rose's sweet scent.
As this urge gets stronger,
My nose just gets longer –
I can sniff to my heart's content!"

The old man's as pleased as can be
And he chortles aloud with glee:
"My problems are ending
No need now for bending;
My nose does the reaching for me.

For my nose, with its length, is unique –
See the point even now as we speak –
It continuously grows
And will soon reach
my toes,
And it makes me the
talk of the week!"

Leah Jacobson



A certain woman from OWN,
Went to the bank for a loan.
She claimed that the store,
Had bargains galore,
Including the latest smartphone.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin

SALE



There was an old lady from Torbay,
Who had nothing to do on a weekday.
So she contacted OWN,
They said please do not moan,
Come to our meeting
next Friday!

Marje Eynon



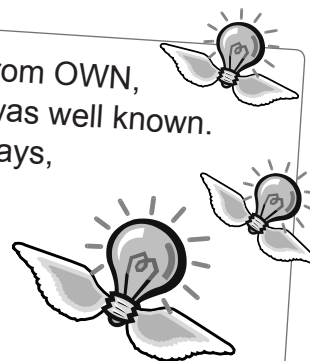
There was an old lady from Nile,
Her mouth tasted really quite vile.
She swilled a red wine,
and now it is fine,
She goes around wearing
a smile!

Julie Wright



There were eight ladies from OWN,
Whose knowledge of all was well known.
They sometimes met Fridays,
To discuss all their ideas,
To find into the ether
they'd flown.

Julia Masters



But wait, there's more ...

More of the Limerick Competition entries will be printed
in the next issue of *Older & Bolder*.

The Health Benefits of Tai Chi

Everyone who practices Tai Chi wins in terms of health benefits. Given the situation with rising health care costs, maintaining and improving physical health is on the minds of many.

Tai Chi not only exercises the muscles, it twists and stretches all parts of the body. This feels like a massage for the internal organs. With all of this twisting and massaging, blood, other fluids, and energy can better flow throughout the body.

Tai Chi practitioners experience a sense of aliveness, of vitality. They gain more co-ordination, balance and a simple confidence in moving. With this inner and physical grace, falls and other stumbling mishaps are less likely.

(From *Beginners' Tai Chi*)

Here are comments on the benefits of as experienced by some members of the **Tai Chi for Older Women** group ...

“I enjoy the flowing movements together with the calming music. Brings a wonderful sense of peace. I am sure it helps my balance.

Patsy

“A lovely social group. Have made great friends! Tai Chi is a wonderful exercise, so relaxing and enjoyable.

Gloria

“Tai Chi with the ladies' group is fun and relaxing as we use our minds and gently remember to practise the 'forms' we learn over time.

Paula

“I find the gentle movements of Tai Chi keep me calm and healthy.

Lannie

“Tai Chi has improved my balance. Also helped to relax my neck and shoulders.

Maureen

For more details about this Tai Chi group, please contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.

OWN Recipes

Bella Notte Crostini

Ingredients

- 1 small Baguette
- 100 grams fresh Soft Ricotta Cheese
- 50 grams Dark Chocolate

Method

1. Slice the baguette diagonally and thinly.
2. Toast lightly under a medium grill.
3. Top with a spoonful of Ricotta cheese.
4. Shave slivers of chocolate over the top with a vegetable peeler.
5. Serve warm.
6. Options: Add some honey, chocolate sauce, or sliced fresh fruit such as strawberries, peaches, apricots, or grapes.



Buon Appetito!

OWN Annual General Meeting 2014

Barbara Stanley – reflections on the occasion of the 21st AGM of the Older Women's Network, 12 April, 2014

*This article about OWN co-founder Barbara Stanley (written by her husband Bernard) is continued from the May 2014 issue of **Older & Bolder**.*

Barbara Mary Sumpter was born in Invercargill on 4 May, 1929 of strong North Otago stock.

Her mother, *Mary Finlay*, a foundation graduate of the trailblazing *University of Otago Home Science School*, was the daughter of a large staunch Irish Catholic immigrant family.

Her father, *Howard Sumpter*, was a second generation New Zealander of English origin and Anglican persuasion, and a notable sprinter and tennis player in his youth at Provincial level. He was in fact a lay preacher in the established church while teaching at *Waitaki Boys High School*, but by premarital agreement, their off-spring were to be brought up in the Catholic faith. And so they were, mainly attending Catholic schools and Catholic obligations.

Howard became a journalist reporter on the *Southland Times* after their marriage, but in 1937 the family moved to Auckland, settling in Takapuna where her father managed the local chain of the then flourishing *London Book Club*, which he and a partner had established. In this role he won legal and literary acclaim for successfully defending prosecution for publicly

displaying indecent literature on the club shelves – to wit *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

In Auckland the family was completed in short order at seven children – five girls and two boys, *Barbara* being second oldest.

There was quite some degree of rivalry between her and her older sister who was a conforming achiever, whereas *Barbara* was of strongly independent spirit and something of a rebel against authority.

Her scholastic career was distinguished more by the number of schools (five in all) that she attended, rather than academic or sporting achievement, because she consistently bucked the system. She did, however, develop a passion for literature, becoming an avid reader, especially of women authors. She could, and did often, read and knit at the same time, without dropping a stitch.

In 1942, her mother died of breast cancer at age 40, with *Barbara* aged 13 and the youngest sibling aged three. The paternal grandparents and a maiden aunt moved up from Oamaru to help run the household.



Continues ►

◀ continued.

In 1946, at age 16, Barbara was accepted for nursing training at *Christchurch Hospital*, which proved a pivotal event in her development. Friends of the family, the *Youngs*, living in Christchurch, had a daughter, *Jan*, the same age as *Barbara*, and the pair of them embarked on nursing training together and the *Young* home became *Barbara's* home away from home. This was a liberal environment in the extreme for those days, which resonated with *Barbara's* freewheeling nature. In particular *Jan's* mother, *Anne Young*, exercised a big influence on *Barbara*. She was a practicing psychoanalyst associated with *Dr Bevan Brown*, a trailblazing psychiatrist of the day, and she stimulated in *Barbara* an interest in personal psychology (or “knowing yourself”, as she termed it) which became an enduring quest and principle in her life.

Despite numerous escapades, *Barbara* and *Jan* duly completed their training and attained registration. *Barbara* returned to Auckland where she again nursed the physically disabled young at the *Wilson Home* – where she had worked as an aide after leaving school and awaiting entry to nursing training in Christchurch.

Later she became a practice nurse for paediatrician, *Graeme Fox*, in Symonds Street. That's when I met her, rather by chance, through her older sister, *Nanette*, who was a contemporary of mine at *Otago University*. The relationship flourished and we were married on 4 July, 1952 in the Auckland registry office, *Barbara* having forsaken the Catholic faith during her maturing years in Christchurch. I think the selection of the date and venue was a significant gesture to me and the world at large that she was going to be no meek and mild junior partner.

By this time, I had been transferred to Wellington where we bought a beautiful three-quarter acre property in a rather secluded neck of the woods called *Pinehaven* in the Upper Hutt Valley, where we lived in

the previous owner's two-room weekend bach while we literally built our own home (which you couldn't do under today's building regulations).

Barbara quickly linked up with the more progressive female spirits in community activities – the *County Library Committee*, *Helen Brew's Parents Centre* promoting natural childbirth and breastfeeding, and, of course, *Play Centre*, while progressively producing and nurturing our growing family, ultimately numbering eight – one daughter and seven sons, in that order. I well remember pushing a pram with our eldest up *Lambton Quay* in a howling Wellington southerly in a *Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament* protest march as one of our areas of community involvement.

In 1970, we moved to Auckland with automatic choice of North Shore bays for location. *Barbara* was pretty much a full-time mum for some years, apart from local *Play Centre* involvement. With our youngest off to school, *Barbara* resumed nursing at the *Wilson Home* followed by some years at *St Joseph's Little Sisters of the Poor* retirement home and hospital in Herne Bay, highlighting her abiding love and compassion for the disadvantaged, and the elderly and infirm.

From there, in 1986, she gained employment as a Community Health Worker at *Raeburn*



House, attached to North Shore Hospital and operating under the Waitemata Health Board's community health programme. It was here the seeds of OWN were sown 21 years ago. The modus operandi was for Raeburn House staff to facilitate and monitor the establishment of community interest groups in the wider health and wellbeing field to the point of independence, e.g. the *East Coast Bays Community Project*. And that's what happened with OWN – under Barb's guidance – with she herself moving out to run it. The rest is history (or "her-story") in the *Society's* records.

During this latter period of her life, Barbara really flowered and flourished intellectually. She took up painting under the tutelage of Marg Barley at the *Garage Artists* in Birkenhead, writing with the formation of the *OWN Writing Group*, and, perhaps the somewhat controversial, *Spirituality Group* with Juliet Batten. It continues to amaze me that she combined and exercised all these interests and activities, plus chairing OWN and the *Raeburn House* committees, in such a quiet, calm, and efficient manner, while maintaining a pivotal and much-loved matriarchal role in our considerably expanded family – including 15 grandchildren.

It was 10 years ago, on *St Patrick's Day* 2004, that she died as the result of a massive cerebral haemorrhage that had struck her down 17 hours previously, and from which she never regained consciousness. Her ashes have been distributed to sea and land in accordance with her philosophy of the universality of the life cycle, with the bodily elements perhaps returning in some



One of Barbara Stanley's paintings

other life form. She would have loved to be a gannet, I'm sure – they utterly captivated her, soaring wide and free on the wind at *Muriwai* and were the subject of a number of her earlier paintings.

In conclusion, it comes as something of a shock to me from time to time to realise I am now in my 90th year and I think if only I could have shared with her the bonus years I have somehow accrued, we could have her with us still. Regrettably, the life bank does not offer this facility. But we can rejoice her legacy of the *Older Women's Network* lives on as we celebrate its coming of age today. While acknowledging the sterling work of successive committees and groups who have carried the *Society*

forward in the ensuing years, we honour the memory of its founder – that splendid role model of "Older and Bolder Womanhood" – Barbara Mary Stanley. Long may her legacy and memory live on.

Bernard Stanley

If anyone would like the full transcript of Bernard's speech, email Edna Peters at edna@pl.net



Jack and Ray, and the Skeleton



The year is 1934.

The place: *Mataraua Valley*, 10 miles west of Kaikohe in the north of the North Island.

My two brothers, *Jack* and *Ray Barrott*, are walking around the bush covered hills with their shanghais looking for birds to aim at.

They stumble into a cave.

"Look *Ray*, look," calls *Jack* as he picks up a long bare bone. Their gaze is fixed on a human skull.

Ray is not so sure about those bones or that skull with the big empty eye sockets. "Those aren't animal bones, *Jack*," he says. "Let's get out of here."

Jack is too excited to listen to his brother. He takes the arm bones and folds them across the skeleton ribs, then reorganises the legs and feet bones.

"Come on," says *Ray*. "I don't like this cave."

At school the next day, *Mr Corpe*, their teacher, listens to *Jack* and his exciting news. But he is not impressed with the antics and excitement of *Jack* and *Ray*, and their cave discovery.

That day after school, *Mr Corpe* takes the boys home to talk to our parents about the boys and their discovery. Parents, boys, and *Mr Corpe*

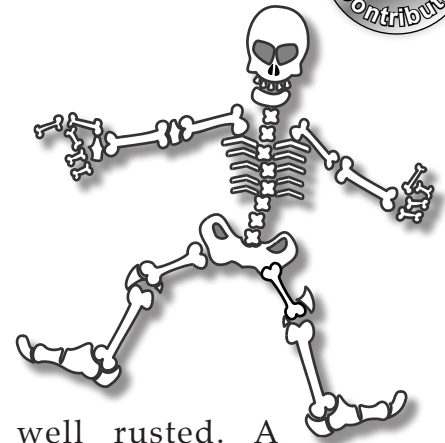
go back to the cave. *Jack* has to replace the bones exactly as he found them.

Father rolls a stone across the entrance to the cave, telling the boys, "You boys are never to come near this cave again or *Mr Corpe* will have a policeman after you. Those bones are sacred. They belong to the tribe of *Hone Heke*, a Ngapui chief," he firmly explains (more for the benefit of *Mr Corpe*, the school teacher).

Prologue

It was necessary for me to go back to *Ray* to fill in details and check on the authenticity of this discovery by my two brothers in their early years, when living in *Mataraua Valley*. *Ray* is now 86 years old and *Jack* has died.

Ray now tells me that due to a gun found in the cave, and the buttons on the clothing, it is understood that the body was that of a British soldier. The gun, a six-barrel revolver, had been placed at the back of the cave. The handle had rotted away and the mechanism



well rusted. A policeman from Kaikohe, *Mr Robinson*, took it away.

In our discussion, *Ray* told me, "It was figured that the British soldier was wounded in heavy bush that surrounded the area and managed to crawl into the cave taking his gun with him." There were no roads in that area in those days. The fighting between Maori and Pakeha would have followed the river. This particular river flows from Waimatanui down to Waitangi, on the coast of the *Bay of Islands*.

In 1941 our family left those bush covered hills. The second World War was taking place and our father was called up for war duty in the Soloman Islands.

Jean Sandford

Gardening Rule

When weeding, the best way to make sure you are removing a weed and not a valuable plant is to pull on it. If it comes out of the ground easily, it is a valuable plant.

