

# Older & Bolder

May / June  
2015

Older Women's Network Inc. • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • olderwomensnetworknz@gmail.com • www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz



# Darling Blooms Of May

***A blooming good day!***

See all the photos from the 2015 OWN Festival on pages 4, 6, and 7



Read our stories commemorating  
**ANZAC Day 2015**



***“We celebrate, honour and empower older women”***

## Dear OWN members ...

As a Chairperson of barely three weeks, I am still on a learning curve. I thank those members who have come forward and supported me in this role. I welcome *Judy Brocherie* as Vice Chairperson and look forward to the **Committee** working together as a team.

We all owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to *Edna Peters* who inspired us with her vivacity, intelligence, enthusiasm, and dedication to **OWN**. She is sorely missed.

After twenty-one-plus years **OWN** has come of age, and it is time to reflect on our present values and future direction. We hope to encourage new members to join our network and bring their ideas and enthusiasm to share.



We look forward to an active and satisfying year ahead.

*Joan Lardner-Rivlin*  
Chairperson

*As this goes to print Joan is in Canada and the United States catching up with family and family celebrations. We wish her a safe and joyful journey.*

## Wanted

**Don't be shy!** We welcome material from all **OWN** members, not just those in the writing groups. Stories, poems, articles, jokes, comment on interesting topics – we would love to hear more from members.

Please send any items to *Rosemarie Carr*,  
email: [rrcarr@extra.co.nz](mailto:rrcarr@extra.co.nz) or by post to:  
The Editors, Older & Bolder  
Older Women's Network Inc.  
PO Box 34-383  
Birkenhead  
Auckland 0746

We shall be preparing the next issue of **Older & Bolder** during July.



## OWN Committee 2015 – 2016

Sincere thanks to our outgoing **Committee** who have worked hard on your behalf and welcome to the new **Committee**.

At the helm – the new crew for 2015 are ...

### Chairperson: *Joan Lardner-Rivlin* QSM

*Joan* was born and raised in South Africa, studied social and health work at the *London School of Economics* in the UK, and has worked in community development in Zambia and Hong Kong before coming to New Zealand. She writes stories for her three children, grandchildren, and family members scattered around the world. A strong advocate of positive ageing *Joan* is involved in many organisations as well as **OWN**, including community access radio **Planet FM**.

### Vice Chairperson: *Judy Brocherie*

*Judy* was born in Christchurch, educated in several schools around New Zealand, and eventually trained as a book keeping machinist. She married into a family of French heritage, and has three adult children and seven grandchildren throughout New Zealand and Australia. *Judy* is actively involved in her church and charitable affairs, is a committed member of **Writing For Our Grandchildren** and enjoys board games, quizzes, reading, going for walks, socializing, and travelling.

### Secretary: *Patricia Russell*

### Treasurer: *Beate Matthies*

### Committee Members:

*Heloisa Barzak*  
*Rosemarie Carr*  
*Julia Masters*



# Group Contacts

## Saturday Events / Workshops

Meets on the third Saturday of each month. For details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.

## Writing for Our Grandchildren

*Browns Bay Group* meets on the second Saturday of each month. For details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.



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

## OWN Discussion Group

Meets on the second Tuesday of each month. For details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.

## OWN Theatre Group

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



## Tai Chi for Older Women

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



*Friday Group*: For details, contact *Shirley Knight*, ph: 418-2322.

## OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on Sundays twice monthly at the Fairview Retirement Village, Fairview Avenue (off Oteha Valley Road), Albany. For details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

## Rummikub Club

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



## OWN Coffee Meetings

Meets fortnightly at various venues. For details, see box on the right or contact *Barbara Heath*, ph: 419-0026.

# Up-coming Events



## Coming Soon!

Check out details in the next issue of *Oh! What Next?*

The new Committee is busy working on the programme of events for the next few months.

## OWN Coffee Meetings



### Thursday, 25 June

12:00 noon lunch at the *Northcote Tavern*, 37 Queen Street, Northcote Point (along the road from the *Bridgeway Cinemas*).

### Thursday, 9 July

10:30am at *Robert Harris Café*, Highbury Shopping Centre, Mokia Road, Birkenhead. Lots of parking underneath.

### Thursday, 23 July

12:00 noon lunch at *Birkenhead RSA*, Recreation Drive, Birkenhead. Good parking.

### Thursday, 13 August

10:30am at *Craft Shop Café*, corner of Milford Road and Kitchener Road, Milford. Park in the shopping mall carpark and walk across.

### Thursday, 27 August

Movie trip to *Bridgeway Cinemas*, 122 Queen Street, Northcote Point. Time and film choice to be arranged.

For more details and to register your interest, please contact *Barbara Heath*, ph: 419-0026. She will contact you nearer the time with full details, and maps, etc. for the trips.



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.  
[www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz](http://www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz)



# Darling Blooms Of May



## OWN Festival Report

The 2015 OWN *Darling Blooms of May Festival* held in Takapuna on Saturday, 16 May was attended by approximately 50 ladies. Upon walking into the beautifully decorated hall it certainly looked like the Blooms of May, with huge vases of very colourful flowers, plants everywhere, and floral posters on the walls. Thanks must go to the artistic ability of *Clara Gillanders* and her team of helpers.

The **Festival** began with an Opening Welcome by *Cathy Casey* from The Auckland City Council, who demonstrated to us by the use of the *Weekend Herald* that not as many women were mentioned in that day's news as men. This was followed by a welcoming Karakia by *Esther Davis*.

Next *Dawn* had us up on our feet with a very energetic warm-up to ensure those muscles were moving.

The morning workshops, *Rock 'n' Roll* with the North Harbour Rockers Club, *Kitchen Table Herbal Medicine* with *Anissa Ljanta*, *Pastel Painting* with *Heloise Barczak*, and *The Philosophy of Learning* with *Dr Ann Kerwin* were well attended and proved very popular.



The afternoon sessions were just as popular – *Latin Dance* with *Olya Mayes* and *Richard Peters*, *Growing Great Gardens* with *Dee Pigneguy*, *Mothering in Interethnic Relationships* with *Lucia Davis*, and *Reiki* with *Dr Ann Kerwin*.

As it was only possible to attend one of each of the morning and afternoon sessions the suggestion was made that we approach some of the presenters to give an extended session at our meetings during this year.

The OWN Festival 2015 was made possible by the generosity of our sponsors and the hard work of our enthusiastic Festival Committee.

Thank you to ...

- Takapuna North Community Trust,
- Devonport Takapuna Local Board
- Auckland City Council and the many donors of prizes.

Thank you also to the Festival Committee ...

- Rachael Bro, Takapuna Community Co-ordinator
- Judy Brocherie
- Betty Faeson
- Clara Gillanders
- Joan Lardner-Rivlin
- Julia Masters
- Betty Vaotago
- Jan Ziegler-Peri



Judy Brocherie



Latin Dance workshop



OWN Festival 2015

See pages 6 and 7 for more photos ... in colour!

# To the Glories of the Third Age



Today I shuffled off to see  
The doctor who looks after me.  
It was the umpteenth time this year,  
He'll soon be sick of me I fear.

In the mirror I can see,  
The young blonde girl I used to be.  
Specs back on, alas alack,  
It's crumpled *ME* reflected back.

My brain is shrinking soft and addled,  
With memory loss I feel I'm saddled.  
My joints all creak and squeak and rattle,  
Oh ... life's become an endless battle.

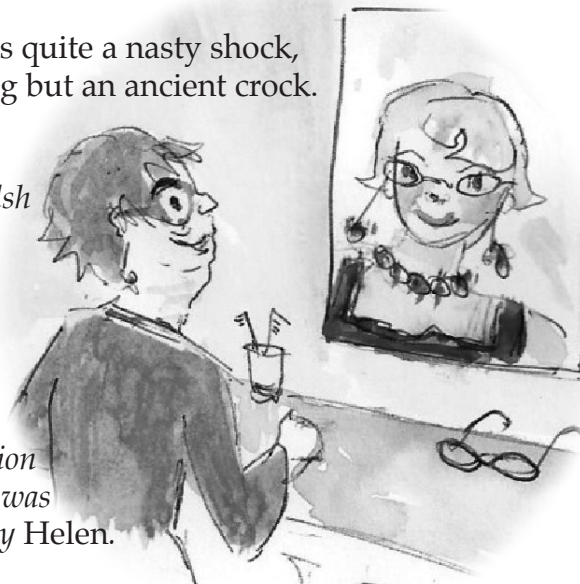
It's comes as quite a nasty shock,  
I'm nothing but an ancient crock.

My northern bits have drifted south,  
I've fewer teeth inside my mouth.  
My eyesight has become quite hazy,  
And what's more I'm getting lazy.

Helen Welsh

My sense of smell has gone to pot,  
At least I can't smell must and rot.  
My perfect skin alas no more,  
I sweep it from the bathroom floor.

The illustration  
for the poem was  
also drawn by Helen.



## OWN Recipes

### Thai Curry Pumpkin Soup



Grandma knew a thing or two about the goodness of winter soups. Check out Rosemarie Carr's delicious soup recipe. It is a great winter warmer and good for a two-week or one-month winter detox programme (you don't need to be on a detox programme). It has the benefit of coconut cream, which is a good fat, especially if you can get good quality organic coconut cream.

#### Ingredients

- 1 Crown Pumpkin
- 1 can Coconut Cream
- 200ml Water
- 2 dessertspoons Butter
- 2 dessertspoons Authentic Thai Red Curry Paste
- 1 dessertspoon Crushed Garlic (or 6 Cloves)
- ½ teaspoon Ginger
- ½ teaspoon Cumin
- 1 teaspoon Thyme

#### Method

1. Chop the pumpkin into 1 inch cubes and boil until soft. Then drain, mash, and set aside.
2. Melt the butter, stirring in the dried herbs and spices, and then sauté for one minute.
3. Stir in the garlic, curry paste, and coconut cream.
4. Finally add the pumpkin mash and allow to simmer, stirring gently.
5. Blend the soup in a blender until smooth and creamy.
6. Serve with fresh coriander and a swirl of cream.



Enjoy!

# Darling Blooms Of May

Saturday, 16 May, 2015 • Positive A



Betty Faeson with the raffle prizes



Kitchen Table Herbal Medicine workshop



Latin Dance workshop



Quiz Round



Lunch Break



Patt



Growing Great Gardens workshop



Kitchen Table Herbal Medicine workshop

This Event is Supported By  
Devonport-Takapuna Local Board  
Auckland Council

# Ageing Centre, The Strand, Takapuna



*Festival Opening with Cathy Casey*



*Participants in the Latin Dance workshop*



*Quiz Round*



*Philosophy of Ignorance workshop*



*Esther Davis and another woman*



*Rock 'n' Roll*



*Philosophy of Ignorance workshop*



*Pastel Painting workshop*

# Nana's Knitting



*Bessie Violet Goldsbro* was a prolific knitter. She could knit anything, on two, four, or circular needles, in any yarn, silk, cotton, wool, even ribbon. Everything was done at great speed. She didn't need a pattern; she just did it. When the design was intricate, she just followed the picture, never reading the instructions.

I was a great admirer of her skills, as I was a very slow, inadequate knitter. On several occasions, after laboriously following the pattern's instructions, I found I had been so slow the knitting was then too small for the child, so I had to give it away.

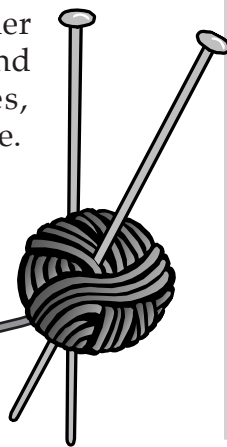
*Nana* usually knitted without looking at her work. She often read a book while knitting, or watched TV. She never dropped a stitch, ever.

*Nana* and her friend used to go to the movies every week when their children were young, leaving the husbands in charge at home. It was the regular girls' night out and *Nana* always took her knitting. The arrangement was that *Nana* knitted in the dark, while her friend paid out the wool from the ball at a measured pace. This arrangement worked beautifully until one particularly memorable evening.

The movie was exciting, and the two women were glued to the screen, wondering whether the hero would overcome the villains. At the climax *Nana* stopped knitting, but the friend continued to pay out the wool. When the movie eventually finished and the lights went on, they found that they were both completely covered in unravelled wool, much to their embarrassment, and the mirth of the other movie goers. They had to painfully rewind all the wool, sorting out the tangles, before they could stand and leave the theatre.

That was the last time *Nana* took her knitting to the movies.

*Jenny Goldsbro*



*If you are a knitter, or even if you are not, you might want to try your hand over winter knitting something simple to fill a need (a couple of worthy organisations are listed above). You can often find good knitting wool oddments in Op shops, ask friends, and **Operation Cover Up** has wool to give to people knitting for them.*

## Middlemore Wool Programme

*Diane McEntee* is the co-ordinator for the scheme and receives the parcels of knitted goods. She can give details of the knitted things that are needed, and can send you a letter about the scheme. The need is great – in some cases newborn babies even going home wrapped in somebody's T-shirt, and little children who are admitted with chest complaints and don't have adequate warm clothing.

Contact:

*Diane McEntee,*  
Wool Programme Co-ordinator,  
ph: 270-8808 (Mon and Wed)

## Operation Cover-Up

The **Mission Without Borders** organisation has now sent nearly 100,000 blankets and over 500,000 other items to Eastern Europe. This is a very worthwhile cause, sending blankets, clothing, and supplies to children in orphanages. The work and caring which goes into this knitting for children is wonderful. In July of this year a container of goods will be shipped to Holland for transportation to Eastern Europe, last year vast quantities were sent to the Ukraine. More information is on their website: [tinyurl.com/OperationCoverUp](http://tinyurl.com/OperationCoverUp)

Contact:

*Jill Devonshire,* ph: 473-1931



*This first story comes from Maryke Penman, granddaughter of Betty Faeson, about her visit to Gallipoli for ANZAC Day this year. It is a pleasure and a privilege to publish a story from one of the younger generation.*

# We Remember

It's 5:00am when the call to prayer echoes over the city of Istanbul. In the cover of darkness we pile onto our tour bus ready for the five hour journey to the Gallipoli Peninsula.

We are the proverbial black sheep of the group. Two Kiwis making the pilgrimage to ANZAC Cove with 25 Australians on an organised tour. We arrive at our first of three security check points and are labelled bus number 20 out of around 400 ferrying people to the Commemoration site by dawn.

A pair of volunteers board the bus to check our ballot passes and our passports in exchange for a wrist band.

We wind our way out of the narrow carpark, passing a dozen other tour buses on the way.

Mimosa Beach is our second stop and where we are held before walking the three kilometre stretch to ANZAC Cove. After passing a security screen, much like airport customs, we find a seat at a picnic table with two Australian-born Londoners who we become fast friends with. A six hour wait flies by as we share stories and chat about the night ahead.

The queues are never ending for the three food stalls selling over-priced kebab meat rolls and coffee to the thousands of people holding tight at the beach site, as are the lines for the portaloos.

Documentaries are shown on a big screen and an opportunist local runs an instant photo booth superimposing people's images onto the famous ANZAC Cove backdrop.

As our bus number is called over the loud speaker we gather our overnight packs and take off along the coast to the commemoration site. A line of plodding Kiwis and Aussies snakes along the dusty roadside verge adjacent to the Dardanelle Strait, and towards the final checkpoint. Mounted Turkish military trot back and forth alongside the crowd.

Patience is a virtue as we creep closer to the gate. An older woman to my right collapses just in front of the metal detector and a paramedic rushes to her aid. By this stage we are well accustomed to standing in queues, but the long journey does not fail to claim a few.

When we are finally clear of the gates we are reminded of how fortunate we are to be here. Grandstands form a square steel fortress surrounding the memorial site. A paved footpath cuts a way through the centre and to either side are the grassed areas where we will lay down for the night.

The early start proves to have been worth it. We find a clear patch just metres from the stage and VIP seating. Dusk is beginning to

Continues ►



Memorial Wall, ANZAC Cove, Gallipoli



◀ continued.

set in and the warmth of the sun is soon lost to an aching cold. I lay down a rubbish sack as a groundsheet and a friendly Aussie lends me his canvas swag upon learning that I forgot to bring a sleeping bag. Thermal leggings, track pants and four layers on top, including a goosedown jacket, still does not keep the piercing chill at bay.

We lie like sardines facing the onyx sky. Strangers soon become little spoons as there is not a spare inch to roll over. The floodlights are dimmed for short films and documentaries to play on two big screens either side of the amphitheatre.

I leave my treasured grass patch only to buy food and go to the toilet. With 10,000 people arriving at staggered times throughout the night there are heavy queues for everything. Despite the tiresome wait, there is no tension, only friendly chat and trans-Tasman banter. I doze off intermittently, woken only by the icy stab of wind on my kidneys or a call over the loudspeaker to squeeze ever tighter as more people arrive.

The floodlights break the milky darkness when the clock strikes 4:30am and the dignitaries file into place. His Royal Highnesses *Prince Harry* and *Prince Charles* sit in rows on stage next to *John Key* and *Tony Abbot*, and dozens of other distinguished guests from as far afield as Canada and Nepal.

The speeches commence and I feel immense national pride when *John Key* takes the podium. Even the Aussies agree that his words strike a chord. He credits the Turks for fighting hard to defend their home and speaks the truth when he says that Kiwis would fight with the same patriotic vigour to protect our coastline, much of which bears resemblance to the Gallipoli Peninsula. In place of "Lest We Forget", he suggests a more timely statement is, "We Remember".

Although 100 years have passed, the sacrifice of our ANZAC soldiers has never faded.

A lone bagpiper stands a statuesque figure on the stone wall in the centre of the arena. He pipes in the shadow of the looming 'Sphinx' rock formation at the crown of the steep cliff above. I get a prickly lump in my throat and warm tears pool in the corners of my eyes.

The sun rises over a corn-blue sky and *The Last Post* begins. Not a sound comes from the crowd as we stand to attention, and remain still and silent as a sign of enduring respect for our late ancestors.

When the official ceremony concludes I stand there, heavy and motionless as people begin to gather their things around me. I have nothing to say for a long while afterwards. I feel at peace staring glassy-eyed over the water. One hundred years ago the soil beneath my feet was crimson-soaked, and the air thick with bullets and smoke from artillery fire. Searing cries from the wounded and brave roars from the determined would have rung in the ears of the men landing in waves on the sharply sloping beach. But now all I hear is silence. All I feel is pride. All I see around me are people who hold the timeless spirit of those who fought here and those who perished – the ANZAC spirit.

We do remember.

Maryke Penman





## **An ANZAC Day Discussion**

*The Beach Haven Writing For Our Grandchildren Group's discussion at their meeting on ANZAC Day ...*

ANZAC Day fell on the fourth Saturday of April this year – the same day as our story day in Beach Haven. After consulting with our members, I found that most of our members were free to come, so we held our meeting as usual.

*Kathleen Sharkey* told the story of her family member's war, and showed a lovely photo of her father-in-law in his uniform.

*Beate Matthies* told the story of her German grandparents who were ousted from their homes, in what later became Czechoslovakia, and how they became refugees in Germany. She spoke of how it felt for her in all the publicity of the 100 year anniversary of Gallipoli and the fighting by the ANZACs. She certainly gave another perspective.

*Anne Shaw* then spoke of having just come from church mass where they had begun by singing the National anthem, but the rest of the mass had emphasised the sacrifices that were made by people involved in conflicts, and

prayers were said for all those who had lost loved ones. It was a very moving reflection.

A long discussion ensued. We talked about the futility of war, the suffering of refugees forced from their homes, and the importance for young people growing up to be given a balanced view of warfare and not just the glorification of war and the heroism. We recognized that the soldiers were brave, but became cannon fodder as a result of the blunders made by those in command.

*Bonnie Ritchie* then read her story of hearing her father, yelling and screaming in the night from nightmares, and her mother sending the children outside while she tried to calm her crying husband. Post-traumatic stress disorder was not recognised then, and no help was given in those days to soldiers to help with it. It was left to the family to cope with it as best they could.

*Anne Shaw* then read her story about refugees. She told of living in a town close

to Paihiatua after the war, where 837 Polish refugees had been housed, 755 of them were children. She had written of how her aunt had married one of them – a father of six children who he had lost track of in the conflict, and his wife had died in a camp. He had searched for his children and found most of them. *Anne* had written that she had always remembered his sad eyes.

We touched also on the treatment of conscientious objectors in previous times. They also suffered and became victims of war. We spoke of so many people, even here in far-away New Zealand who suffered the effects of war – the families who lost their men, the women who had to adjust to a husband who had been changed by war, a different man to the one she had married.

I felt our discussion that day was a fitting tribute to the centenary of ANZAC and I am very proud to be a member of such a thoughtful and mature group of women.

*Anne Mutu*





## A Visit to Gallipoli

As April this year marked the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Gallipoli, I thought it fitting to write about our trip to Turkey in June 2012.

Following a cruise in the Mediterranean, we flew to Istanbul which really is an astonishingly beautiful city.

From Istanbul we took an organized tour to Gallipoli to visit *ANZAC Cove*, *Lone Pine Cemetery*, *Johnston's Jolly* (Turkish and Allied trenches and tunnels), the Nek, and the *Chunuk Bair* New Zealand and Turkish memorials. With all the television and radio documentaries surrounding the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary, these names have no doubt become familiar to many New Zealanders.



The tour was extremely enlightening for me as I knew very little about this part of New Zealand's history, and moving for my husband who has taken great interest in this invasion of Turkey. A war that cost so many lives, largely due to the total ineptness of the British command's initial planning. The beautifully kept cemeteries on the foreshore; the Australian Lone Pine, the Turkish cemetery and the New Zealand one on Chunuk Bair are a moving testament to the total futility of

badly planned campaigns and war in general.

It was particularly moving for me to read the words of *Ataturk*, the famous Turkish Commander, who so articulately wrote about all the soldiers who lost their lives and were buried on Turkish soil ...

Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives ... you are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the johnnies and the mehmetts to us, where they lie, side by side here in this country of ours ... you, the mothers who sent their sons from faraway countries wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land, they have become our sons as well.

*Kemal Ataturk*

After a very emotional and informative tour of the area we crossed by ferry to Canakkale for our overnight stay before visiting the archaeological site of Troy the next morning.

*Rosemarie Carr*

*Rosemarie will continue with her time in Turkey in the August issue of **Older & Bolder**.*

### Our Own Stories for Future Generations

Stories from both our OWN Writing for Our Grandchildren Groups published last December were very well received. We have had enquiries about further copies. Providing we have sufficient orders we will organise a second printing so more members can own a copy. They cost \$15 each with payment required on ordering. To order your copy and arrange payment, contact *Patricia Russell* (email: [redwingst@xtra.co.nz](mailto:redwingst@xtra.co.nz) or ph: 479-7519).

