



Winter 2016

# News & Views

**Our Women's Network**  
North Shore

Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • [info@own.org.nz](mailto:info@own.org.nz) • [www.own.org.nz](http://www.own.org.nz)

# WINTER TIME



**DON'T FORGET!**



## OWN AGM 2016

We need your attendance. Hear the special guest speaker. See page 3 for all the details.

**See you there!**

**?**

**Special Guest Speaker**

*The OWN newsletter for women who want to learn, use, and share their talents, who nurture, respect and support each other*

# Dear OWN members ...

As I write this we are making the final preparations for our "Come Cruising With Us" OWN Festival on Saturday, 28 May. I want to thank all the ladies who have worked so hard in preparing for the Festival. Special thanks to *Rachael*, our Community Co-ordinator. We are indeed blessed with *Clara*, who performs miracles in setting the scene for our Festivals and can teach dancing too!



Thank you also to those who came to our **Brainstorming** event on 30 April, where many new ideas were brought up for discussion with enthusiasm. Our brochure and our Constitution have been updated. Many thanks to those of you who sent in your comments, which have been noted.

Our **2016 AGM**, on Saturday, 18 June, will begin at 10:30am in the Rothesay Room of the *Bays Community Centre* in Browns Bay (see page 3 for details). The guest speaker will be well-known New Zealand author *Tessa Duder*. I do hope many of you will attend. The updated Constitution will be tabled for adoption and the new Committee members elected.



We are indeed fortunate to belong to an organisation like **OWN**, where one can make so many new friends and share in activities and events. We are looking forward to a year ahead of sharing ideas, learning new things, enjoying each other's company and seeing our different groups flourishing.

Concern has been expressed by people in the community about women who feel isolated and lonely. The remedy, we are told, is that everyone needs to feel a sense of belonging and know that people care about them.

**OWN** has given me a feeling of belonging to a vibrant group of women with a wide variety of interests. Today, a member told me that every **OWN** event is a happy occasion, for which she is grateful, and doesn't know what she would do without it. So, to all of you, thanks a million!

*Joan Lardner-Rivlin*  
Chairperson

## Wanted



The **OWN** Publicity officer, *Julia Masters*, will be standing down at the **AGM** this month. We are seeking nominations for someone to fill this position after the **AGM** (see page 3 for details).



**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 for publication in future newsletters.

Please send any items to:

*Rosemarie Carr*,  
email: [rrcarr@extra.co.nz](mailto:rrcarr@extra.co.nz),

or

*Judy Brocherie*, ph: 473-5016,  
email: [jgbrocherie@ihug.co.nz](mailto:jgbrocherie@ihug.co.nz),

or by post to:

*Patricia Russell*  
34A Redwing Street  
Browns Bay,  
Auckland 0630

“I've learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.”

*Maya Angelou*  
(American writer & entertainer)

# Up-coming Event ...

**Diarise  
now!**

## OWN Annual General Meeting 2016

Your *Committee* invites you to attend the OWN AGM for 2016 – we need your attendance.

The updated Constitution will be tabled for adoption and the new Committee members elected – we need nominations for the Publicity position.

**When:** 10:30am – 12:30pm, Saturday, 18 June

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

**Cost:** Koha. Morning tea provided.

For more details, please contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.

**Special Guest Speaker**  
*Tessa Duder (author)*



**We look forward to seeing you there on 18 June!**



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

## OWN Group Contacts

### Saturday Events / Workshops

To be confirmed – see the next issue of *Oh! What Next?* for more details.

### Writing for Future Generations (WFFG)

*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 in Browns Bay. For details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.

### Tai Chi for Older Women

Meets on Wednesdays. For details, contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.



### OWN Theatre Group

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



**NEW**

### Singing for Joy

Sing songs, old or new, together only to help maintain or develop our abilities – *no concerts*. For details, contact *Heloisa Barczak*, ph: 489-4638.

### Rummikub Club

A good way to keep your brain active. Meets on the last Friday of the month in Beach Haven. For details, contact *Rika Werner*, ph: 950-6501 or mobile: (022)151-3957.



### OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on Sundays twice monthly at the *Fairview Retirement Village* in Albany. For details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.



# Happy Birthday *Patricia Russell*

What did our *Patricia Russell* get up to on a significant birthday this year? A trip to Japan!

Many of you know *Patricia* from the **Writing for Future Generations** group, but she is also the Secretary who keeps all the administration of OWN ticking over. She certainly deserved a holiday!



Himeji Castle (aka White Heron Castle), Japan



Turning 70 in Kyoto, Japan!

## Candidates



Candidates, oh Candidates! Are you really “candid”, mates?  
Are you really frank, outspoken, and unbiased? Do you cherish transparency as the highest?  
Candidates – expected to say the truth. Candidates – expected to have truth.  
New life, job, position, or politics. Different goals in life, different techniques.  
Dreaming of being the person of choice. Think of the people – hear their voice!

Candidates, oh Candidates! Are you really “candid”, mates?  
Turn on the news and hear your voice. Be sincere and don’t just make noise.  
Your voters put hope and trust in you. Take them for real – avoid a coup.  
A good candidate is often rare. A person who understands and is fair.  
Campaigning for chair and seat. False compromise could lead to heat.

Candidates, oh Candidates! Are you really “candid”, mates?  
Candidates, oh Candidates!

*Beate Mathias*



# My Samoan Sister-in-law



I first met *Palavale* in 1958, when my husband and I arrived in Apia with our baby son, *Hans*.

Quite a crowd of family members were on the shore waiting to meet us. There were the *Vaotogo* family and the *Sumeo* family! The *Sumeo* family had adopted *George*, when he was a teenager and he had lived with them in Apia, where he could go to school.

We went off with the *Vaotogo* family in two taxi cabs all the way to the village of Samusu, which was 43 miles away. We arrived close to midnight and entered our house, built for us by the family. *George* had sent

money from New Zealand and probably instructions too.

The first thing we saw was his mum, *Lina*, getting up from the floor, where she had been asleep inside a mosquito net together with some grandchildren. Half of the room was prepared for us. *Palavale* had hung some big curtains, which divided the room and gave us privacy. There was a big new mattress and pillows filled with Kapok from their own trees.

*Palavale* had one son and three daughters. The girls were all named after flowers: *Fuaselela*, *Fuarosa*, and *Fuapepe*. The son, *Logo*, had come to New Zealand the year before and had stayed with us.

*Palavale's* husband was a retired Methodist Minister, and worked the land to help feed the family. *Palavale* was a self-taught midwife and had delivered many babies in the village and beyond. I forget whether she said she had delivered as many as 200 children. It was a lot anyway and she was proud to say, she had never lost any!

Her eldest daughter and husband lived at home in the village with the family. They had moved back recently. Firstly, because the daughter was a teacher and could speak English, which

was a great help to me. Secondly, because she was pregnant and would need her mother in a few months.

I was very interested in the approaching delivery, which happened on 2 July, 1958. I couldn't see the baby very well, because he was born at night and there were only kerosene lamps in the house. *Palavale* had asked me for a razor blade to cut the cord with. She first put it in a bowl and poured boiling water over it before using. I asked her, what was done with the afterbirth. *Palavale* said it had been taken down to the shore and put into the sea to carry it away.

The following year *Palavale* offered her help when I was due to have my second child. However, I decided to go to the local hospital for that, and *Palavale* came too. We left the village on the first bus before daylight. We took the bedding and everything for the baby. The little hospital only provided the medical attention. The family brought cooked food for us every day. We left the hospital after two weeks. That night the house was full of people who had come to celebrate the arrival of the new baby. There were prayers, and singing, and speeches. Then they were all given a meal and they stayed for ages to talk and enjoy each other's company.

Continues ►



*Palavale*

◀ continued.

Every evening we had prayers, mostly led by *Palavale's* husband. The family always sang a couple of hymns. We could hear the Catholic neighbours praying next door, as all the houses were open-style. The village only had Methodist and Roman Catholic churches. You could tell who the Methodists were on Sundays because they always wore white for church.

*Palavale* was very hospitable. When we were having a meal at home, she always looked out for anybody walking past on the road. She would run out and greet them and invite them to stop and eat with us. Her mother was the same. However people seldom accepted the invitation. They all knew that most families didn't have a lot to go around.

*Palavale* came to New Zealand and stayed with us and other family. She was 79 years old when she passed away. We had her body in our house for some days. It was a big funeral. There were lots of visitors bringing gifts. The family cooked all the time for several days. They were very busy days.

I could have written a book about *Palavale*, but that has not happened. I and many others treasure our wonderful memories of *Palavale*.

Betty Vaotogo



## Observations

### Made While Sitting on a Bench on the Village Green

There goes a beagle spotted and fat,  
It's following a woman in a straw hat,  
There goes a man; with tattoos, his feet bare,  
And there goes a child who hasn't a care.

The Magnolia flowers are fading and dying.  
Oh! There skips a girl, her ponytail flying,  
And there goes a woman with ebony skin,  
Here comes a youth who's alarmingly thin.

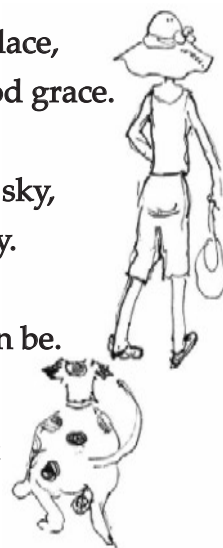
There goes a girl in shorts, my but they're brief,  
The things people wear, are beyond ones belief!  
A pensioner follows her, riding a scooter  
Oh, what a racket she makes on that hooter

A man hurries by with two dogs on leads,  
And a willowy woman, with cascades of beads.  
The people who practise Tai Chi on the green,  
Are finished today; and so not to be seen.

Now it's a matron, her bosoms a 'bouncing,  
Giving her husband a bit of a trouncing  
She certainly shatters the peace of the place,  
But he seems to be taking it all with good grace.

I sit on this seat 'neath the blue summer sky,  
And happily watch the world floating by.  
I ponder and contemplate all that I see,  
And marvel how different we people can be.

Helen Welsh  
(poem and illustration)







## Honey Ginger Chicken



### Ingredients

- 6 Chicken Legs
- 2 tablespoons Soy Sauce
- 2 tablespoons Honey
- 2 tablespoons Malt Vinegar
- 1 tablespoon Brown Sugar
- 1/3 cup Tomato Sauce
- 1 heaped teaspoon Crushed Ginger
- 1/3 cup Hot Water

### Method

1. Lay the chicken legs in a casserole dish.
2. Pre-heat the oven to 180°.
3. Put all the other ingredients into a jug and mix together.
4. Pour over the chicken legs.
5. Cook uncovered for 40 minutes.
6. Thicken with a heaped teaspoon of cornflour in a little water.

**A very tasty dish.**

The sauce is also great to cook with pork chops.



**Enjoy!**

## The Flag

I love to go walking along the beach in the morning when the sun is rising over the water and the only people about are the locals walking their dogs. At Omaha there are lots of walkways on to the beach and from the water's edge they all look the same as there are no houses in view and you must look for a landmark. *John*, my son-in-law, has a flag pole on the back fence, and when he is in residence he puts the flag up, and this of course is what guides me home.

This takes my mind to the discussion of our national flag. As I write this we are in the middle of a referendum which has everyone talking and I wonder how important it is as to what is on it.

The dictionary gives the definition of a flag as "a piece of cloth that is raised on a pole and used as an emblem". Regardless of which design is chosen by the people of New Zealand, at the Olympic games or rugby games, we will all be very proud of seeing it raised in honour of our country. We will all stand proudly behind it. It is the people who make the country and make us proud of their achievements – not just the piece of cloth.

*Betty Faesen*



## Are You a Member of **OWN** ?

**Do you belong to any of our groups? Do you join in any of our activities?**

**If not, we would like to know what interests you and we will see if we can accommodate it ... because what interests you may also interest others.**

**Please send your suggestions to *Judy*, email: [jgbrocherie@ihug.co.nz](mailto:jgbrocherie@ihug.co.nz)**

# “Murder House”



The email reminds me of my check-up date,  
At the dentist on Monday at half past eight.  
I'm all of a dither and can't keep still,  
Dreading the whine and whirr of the drill.

All too soon, Monday is here,  
And I tell myself I've nothing to fear.  
My teeth are clean and trouble-free,  
Hardly worth going and paying the fee.

Still, I arrive at the appointed time,  
To find that I'm about the fourth in line.  
So I pick up a book to put me at ease,  
Only to find it's about gum disease.

Finally, I'm summoned by a dentist called *Claire*,  
Who says, "Make yourself comfortable in the chair."  
"We'll just have a look and a bit of a prod,"  
With a mouth open wide, I can only nod.

The minutes tick by as she works with skill,  
Hoping to find some holes to fill.  
Not a cavity in sight, she has to concede,  
As she jerks my chair upright with alarming speed.

With the ordeal over, I rinse and spit,  
As she takes off her mask, I say, "Is that it?"  
"Yes, just remember to brush and floss,  
I'll know if you don't, 'cos I'm the boss!"







Rather rude, I thought, upon reflection,  
My clackers invariably pass inspection.  
Caring for my "pegs" is fundamental,  
I'm beyond reproach in matters dental.

My six monthly visits to this house of pain,  
Are destined to be repeated again and again.  
When will they stop, I often wonder,  
Probably when I'm six feet under.

Patricia Russell



## Top Tips for Writing by Hand

-  Hold your pen or pencil lightly.
-  Use a pen / pencil with a large rubber, foam, or textured grip. (Stationery shops sell a slide-on grip for pencils and some pens.)
-  Don't push your pen / pencil too hard into the paper.
-  Use cursive writing rather than printing (except when the text needs to be easily read, such as official forms).
-  Stop frequently to relax your grip, shake out your hand and gently stretch (drop your shoulder, relax your elbow and wrist, and spread your fingers out wide).
-  Use a stable surface – a hand-held notepad is great for making quick notes, but not when writing a lot.

Source: Text adapted from  
Hands On Rehabilitation Ltd.



# Dad's Ashes

I gazed out of the window wondering if the sun would appear from behind the grey clouds but the rain drizzled down continuously. This was the day we had chosen to scatter Dad's ashes.

The family all agreed that the beach where Dad had spent most of his life would be a fitting place for his last remains to be scattered. We planned a picnic by the beach where those who were closest to him could remember him with love and laughter.

Dad's wife, *Pat*, had held on to the little box of ashes for two and a half years, and now that the decision was made to "let him go" to "free him from the box", *Pat* was not going to have a wet day delay the moment any longer. The picnic lunch could be held at home and we would go ahead as planned.

After lunch our party of 13 made their way to the beach. Huddled under rain coats and umbrellas, we drew attention from curious neighbours who quietly watched from their windows above. Their patience was rewarded by the pantomime that played out below.

The ashes, collected from the crematorium, are kept in a plastic box, a little smaller than a shoe box. The idea is to unscrew the plug in the bottom by inserting a coin

into the slot, then twisting to release the plug. None of us were quite prepared for this to be such a difficult operation. One by one we battled with this stubborn plug until finally it came free and we could go ahead with our little ceremony.

We had decided that Dad's remains should rest beneath the Pohutukawa tree which he had almost put an end to forty years earlier, during a fit of pyromania, one Guy Fawkes Night. *Pat* sprinkled some of the contents from the box at the base of the tree. Perhaps "poured" would be a better description because the size of the box seemed to have no bearing on the amount of its contents. I read a short poem and then we moved on a few metres to the promenade where a ramp led to the water's edge.

This day and time had been specially chosen for the high spring tide and, so as the waves washed up and down the ramp, we gathered there together, beneath our cheerful umbrellas.

While we cast white daises into the waves, *Pat* began to tip

the remaining contents of the box into the sea. The daises bobbed on the water and Dad's remains swirled into the tide.

Then suddenly a rogue wave crashed onto the ramp, sending spray high in the air and drenching *Pat*. At that moment she let go of the plastic box and sent it sailing out towards the channel. *Richard* reached out with his umbrella handle to gather in the box, just as I dropped my glasses into the swirling foam. As I crouched down to retrieve my glasses, he could not resist giving me a gentle nudge and suddenly I was in the water. *Linda* reciprocated on behalf of her sister and *Richard* found himself joining me. Now *Pat* also decided to enter into the fun and there we stood, splashing in knee deep water with Dad's ashes washing around us and our laughter echoing above the waves.

I'm sure I could hear Dad laughing along with us.

*Cherrie Keane*



# The Cracked Pot

An Elderly Chinese woman had two large pots, each hung on the ends of a pole which she carried across her back. One of the pots had a crack in it while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walks from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily with the woman bringing home only one and a half pots of water.

Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it could only do half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be bitter failure, the cracked pot spoke to the woman one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your house."



The old woman smiled, "Did you notice that there are flowers on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side. That's because I have always known about your flaw, so I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back, you water them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate the table. Without you being just the way you are, there would not be this beauty to grace the house."



Each of us has our own unique flaw. But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding. You've just got to take each person for what they are and look for the good in them.

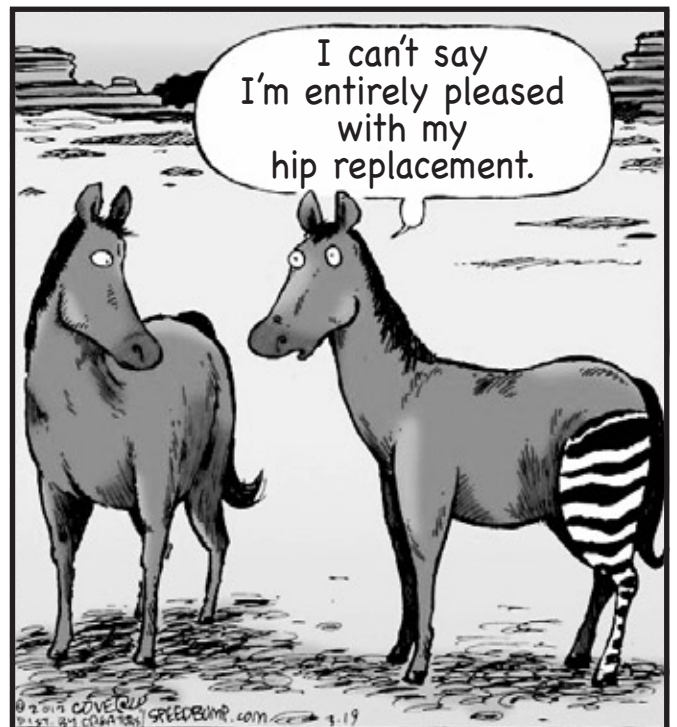
So, to all of my cracked pot friends, have a great day and remember to smell the flowers on your side of the path.



## Limerick

*Someone I once knew in Torbay  
Did press-ups and weights every day,  
But her arms turned to jelly  
She flopped on her belly,  
Then the ambulance whisked her away.*

Helen Welsh  
(limerick and  
illustration)



# Experiences of a Teacher Aide

In the 1970s, when our children were small, I was fortunate enough to obtain a position as a Teacher Aide at the school they were attending. It was a Catholic School in the South Island. The Principal was a Mercy Nun, as were three of the other teachers. *Sister Anna* ruled the school with an iron hand and had great respect from parents and pupils alike.

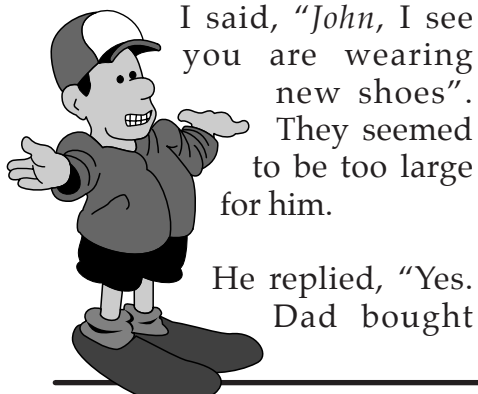
Approximately 300 children attended the school. It was not long before I knew all the children by name.

From time to time I was also asked to relieve a teacher in a classroom for the day. I also used to take children for remedial reading.



One of the pupils, a boy named *John*, was from a European country. It was known the family were very frugal.

As *John* walked towards the reading room, I noticed he had a rather ungainly gait.



I said, "*John*, I see you are wearing new shoes". They seemed to be too large for him.

He replied, "Yes. Dad bought

them a size bigger so that they will fit me for two years. Dad showed me how to walk so they would not fall off."

It resembled a *Charlie Chaplain* walk, with both feet out turned. I never did find out if they lasted the predicted two years.



Morning talks were times when the family secrets were often unintentionally divulged.

*Stephen's* father was a well-known personality whose employment often took him overseas. There was doubt in the area as to who *Stephen's* father was.

*Stephen* excitedly raised his hand to be the first to share his news. He started his story, "My Dad has just come back from America and bought me this toy, from Disneyland. When Dad is away overseas my *Uncle David* comes and sleeps with Mum to keep her warm."

Thank you *Stephen*...



During a spelling session in the classroom, a little girl named *Juanita* asked me how to spell "*Bram*". I was not sure what she



meant, so asked her to put the word in a sentence.

*Juanita* said, "Its *Bram* ma. I stayed at *Bram* ma's house last night."

Children often confused Bs with Gs.



In one of the classes there were twins, *Simon* and *Peter*. *Simon* had a particularly bad temper.

It was reading time. *Simon*, who was sitting in the front row, was the first to read his book. He stumbled over quite a few words, so I corrected him. It seemed to me as though the story was beyond his reading ability.

After the fourth correction he picked up his chair and threw it at me. Luckily he missed.

A quick note sent to the Principal soon had the child out of the room and the

Continues ►



◀ continued.

classroom was returned to normal.



One afternoon as I waited at the school gate for our children, *Matthew*, a boy aged eight, came off his bike, landing face-first on the hard concrete footpath. One of his front teeth got knocked out.

Being the first adult on the scene, I took him into the school office and sat him on a chair. I knew the tooth should go straight back into the gum. I gingerly did this.



That evening *Matthew's* mother rang me. She had taken him to the dentist who had said the lady who put the tooth back in certainly saved it ... but she had put it in back to front!

*Judy Brocherie*

## “Home Schooling”

Most of our generation of 50+ years of age were “home schooled” in many ways. Our parents taught us ...

- **Appreciation of a job well done:**  
“If you’re going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning.”
- **Religion:**  
“You better pray that will come out of the carpet.”
- **Logic:**  
“Because I said so, that’s why.”  
“If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you’re not going to the store with me.”
- **Meteorology:**  
“This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it.”
- **Genetics:**  
“You’re just like your father.”
- **Foresight:**  
“Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you’re in an accident.”
- **The science of osmosis:**  
“Shut your mouth and eat your supper.”
- **Contortionism:**  
“Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!”
- **Medical science:**  
“If you don’t stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way.”  
“If you don’t eat your vegetables, you’ll never grow up.”
- **ESP:**  
“Put your jumper on; don’t you think I know when you are cold?”
- **Gratefulness:**  
“Clean up your plate, there are millions of children in China starving.”
- **Stamina:**  
“You’ll sit there until all that spinach is gone.”
- **Hypocrisy:**  
“If I told you once, I’ve told you a million times, don’t exaggerate!”
- **Our roots:**  
“Shut that door behind you, do you think you were born in a barn?”
- **Wisdom:**  
“When you get to be my age, you’ll understand.”

